



The Richest Gift

"What shall I give?" asked the angel,
"The dwellers of earth to rejoice?
Power to see through futurity's veil?
Power to quiet tempestuous gale?
Or might that makes right though
justice shall fall
And Error throttle Truth's voice?"

"Nay, let it be sunshine," said one,
"To tint with its splendor the sky;
Giving its warmth to the dwellers of
earth;
Filling their souls with the essence
of mirth;
Plenty of sunshine—of sorrow a
dearth—
When sunshine forever is nigh."

"Nay, let it be rain," said another,
"For sorrow is every man's share.
Sorrow for wrongs never righted by
men;
Sorrow for wounds caused by deed,
word or pen—
Sorrowing now for the deeds of the
then—
Bearing a burden of care."

"Nay, let it be both," spake another;
"Mixture of sunshine and shower,
Sunshine to lighten his pathway
below;
Raindrops to cause the rich harvests
to grow;
reaching him praises on God to be-
stow
For His omnipotent power."

The last is the blessing bestowed—
Sunshine and rain each in season,
Sunshine to drive away sorrow and
gloom;
Rain drops to swell the green buds
into bloom;
Beacons of hope in the dark of the
tomb,
Pointing the future elysian.

A Bit Personal

While city ministers are worrying over the question, "Why do men not attend church in larger numbers?" perhaps one man's experience may help them reach a solution.

The writer happens to be the son of a minister (now laugh and get off the usual witty remark about "preachers boys") and was raised to attend church regularly. In his boyhood days such a thing as a choir was utterly unknown in the country precincts. Usually the organ—if there was one in the church—was stationed about midway of the church, and everybody joined in singing the old hymns. Usually some man accounted a singer of note stood up and led the singing. But there were no solos, or duets, or quartettes in those days. Very few people really needed the hymn books that were passed around, for everybody knew the songs and loved to sing them. Some of those old songs—now seldom heard, but still the best ever written, come to mind. "Old Hundred"—with its majestic swing and its inspiring words, "Before Jehovah's awful throne!" "O, thou fount of every blessing" was another one. Usually the leader would pronounce the "every" as if it were spelled "ev-ri," with the accent on the "ri." "My soul be on thy guard," "King Jesus, reign forevermore," "Antioch," "Hark! Ten thousand harps and voices," "O could I speak the matchless worth," "My faith looks up to thee," "Am I a soldier of the

cross?" "Come, ye disconsolate," "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "Rock of Ages," "Sweet Hour of Prayer," and scores of other old-time songs surge through the memory as one writes.

Honestly, now Mr. Tired Business Man, Mr. Fatigued Toiler from shop or factory, who happened to be raised in a village community a score and a half years ago, and who seldom go to church these days, wouldn't you like to find some old-fashioned church that had no choir, and where they sang the old-time songs instead of letting a quartette sing some new-fangled ones that are so awfully classic that not even the quartette knows what the words mean?

Don't you wish that you could walk quietly into a church like that, take a seat about midway, pick up one of the old-fashioned hymnals and join with everybody else in singing one of those old-time songs?

Bless the modern ministerial heart, these latter day sermonettes smothered in semi-operatic concerts don't grip the heart like the virile sermons and the soul-inspiring songs of other days. You used to sit for an hour while the pastor preached a scriptural sermon, and you didn't get restless and fidgety, like you do now if the pastor talks longer than twenty-five minutes. The congregation always sang two or three, maybe four, rousing songs before the sermon began, and they set your blood to going rapidly, warmed the cockles of your heart and put you in a receptive mood mentally.

"At the conclusion of the sermon the congregation will sing hymn number 345," the good pastor would say while he was turning to his text.

You didn't have to turn to the book to see what 345 was. You knew. It was "Come, let us anew our journey pursue," or "My Gracious Redeemer I love," we've forgotten just which. And when the sermon was over you stood up and sang lustily, knowing that even if your voice was a little off the key and your tuneful abilities not exactly par no one would notice it in the grand chorus.

It's different now. You go into a church and the first thing you notice is a sort of "cock-loft" back of the pulpit, and in it is an organist and four salaried singers. The pastor announces a hymn and after the organist has performed a few gymnastics on the keys the quartette rises, and the congregation follows suit—not enthusiastically as of old, but spasmodically, as it were. Then the quartette sings, and here and there through the congregation a few faint voices are heard—sort of weak and ashamed like, don't you know. After the agony is over everybody sits down with a sigh of relief and waits while the organist and the quartette gets ready to sing something "way up" in the musical line—something full of trills and warblings and broad "a's" and as empty of soul-stirring sentiment as a miser's heart is of charity. The pastor delivers a sermon on almost anything but the Jerusalem gospel, and then the quartette sings another song that nobody else knows, the benediction is pronounced, the people depart to their homes, and all during the week the pastor is wondering how he may induce more people, and especially more men, to attend divine worship.

Mr. Preacher Man, you've experimented a lot in trying to find something to attract the average man to your church, and you are forced to confess that you have experimented in vain. Now try just one more thing—not an experiment, but a tested thing. Give the salaried quartette a vacation, pick out the old-time Zion songs that even the present generation knows by heart, and get back to the good old congregational singing style of song worship. Cut out the operatic didos, make everybody feel that they have a part in the services other than merely listening—and then watch for the results. Don't be too impatient, for in this busy age it takes time for even a good thing to become noised around. But in good time you'll get results—our word for it.

A great many souls have been congregationally sung into glory that never would have reached there by the operatic choir route.

Salaried choirs! When we get to the point where we have to hire somebody sing our Zion songs for us we're going to hire somebody to say our family prayers, ask the blessing at the family table, read the Good Book for us while we go about our business and act as our proxy at prayer meeting.

The Difference

"There goes the worst bloodsucker in this town."

"Who is he?"
"That's Grabberly, the ten-percent-a-month loan shark who is always taking advantage of the necessities of the poor. Everybody hates him."

"I notice that very few speak to him, but who is that benevolent old gentleman whom everybody greets with a smile?"

"O, that's our most distinguished citizen the Hon. Don G. Stoneabody."

"What's he famous for?"
"Why, he's the man that got up a trust in foodstuffs, and with a capital of a few thousand dollars has made millions by cornering food and making the people patronize him. I tell you he is a financial wonder. He has given us a temple, subscribes to our missionary funds, and is always giving our young men valuable advice."

"But it strikes me that both men are playing the same game, only one is able to play the stakes a little higher than the other."

"Great Scott, man! You don't mean to class the benevolent Mr. Stoneabody with that grasping, sordid Grabberly! Why that is little short of anarchy, and is a cruel injustice to a good man."

Under the Mistletoe

My sweetheart stood 'neath the mistletoe

When the Christmas morn dawned bright and fair;

I saw the love in her eyes aglow

As she waited, smiling, for me there.

I caught the challenge she flung at me—

I couldn't help it to save my life—

And springing forward I planted square

A kiss on the lips of my sweetheart-wife.

The Tip

The multi-millionaire handed the waiter a dime with the admonition to be careful.

"Always be frugal and saving," said the financial authority. "What do you do with your money, my son?"

"Well, it's just this way," said the waiter. "After I've paid my family expenses I keep out a few dollars for personal expenses and crowd the balance into a barrel and keep it in the cellar."

Charles 29 yrs
1909
Tubular "A"

The latest model of the greatest cream separator ever built. The Tubular "A" represents everything good and desirable in cream separator construction. An advanced type of the best known separator in the world.

The celebrated Tubulars are used by the best dairymen in every section of the earth where cows are milked.

Our new illustrated catalogue No. 306 free for the asking.

THE SHARPLES SEPARATOR CO.,
West Chester, Penna.
Chicago, Ill. Toronto, Can. Portland, Ore.
San Francisco, Calif.

Build Your Own Incubators and Brooders

and save half the purchase price. Any one can do it with my plans. I furnish the mechanical parts, lamps, regulators, etc., at low prices. My New Heater, Gasless Thermometer, and Special Heater, will save half the oil, half the time, and cost of operation. Fit my Incubator or Brooder. More than 25,000 have built their own incubators and brooders with my plans and fixtures. Not a single failure. My New LAMPLESS BROODER costs you only \$4. I will send you my complete plans and catalog, prepaid, for only 25 cents to cover cost. Worth Dollars to you.

H. M. SHEER, 516 HAMPSHIRE STREET, QUINCY, ILL.

240-Egg \$10 Incubator

Other sizes Incubators and Brooders too low to price here. Write for our free catalog and learn why we can sell at such low prices. Why pay double our prices for machines not as good as the BILLANCE? Our book will give you full particulars and tell you how to raise poultry.

Write for our **Free Book** and Save Money!

Reliance Incubator Co., Box 523, Freeport, Ill.

TREES THAT GROW

Apple 7c, Peach 5c, Plum 10c, Cherry 10c, Grapes \$1.50 per 100. Grafted trees, not seedlings. We pay the freight. Full line of nursery stock and seeds. Large illustrated catalog free. Write today.

GERMAN NURSERIES, Box 77, BEATRICE, NEB.

20 BUDDEN PEACH TREES \$1

40 Concord Grape Vines \$1.00, 8 Budded Cherry Trees \$1.00. All healthy, vigorous, ready to grow. Free 25c due-bill with tree catalog. Write for it now and make selections early.

Fairbury Nurseries, Box E, Fairbury, Nebr.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED

Free report as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book, and List of Inventions Wanted, sent free.

EVANS, WILKENS & CO., Washington, D. C.

FENCE STRONGEST MADE

on-tight. Sold to the user at Wholesale Prices. We Pay Freight. Catalogue free.

COILED SPRING FENCE CO., Box 234, Winchester, Indiana.

ORNAMENTAL FENCE

25 DESIGNS, ALL-STEEL. Handsome—cheaper than wood—more durable. Special prices to churches and cemeteries. Don't buy a fence until you get our free catalogue.

Kokomo Fence Machine Co., 498 North St., Kokomo, Ind.

ZIMMERMANN STEEL CO.

Rolls stamp 7 feet diameter. Only Steel Stamp Puller Factory in the world making their own Steel Castings. Guaranteed for 500 horse power steam. Catalogue and discounts. Address:

ZIMMERMANN STEEL CO., D32 Lone Tree, Iowa.