

# The St. Tammany Farmer

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.  
COVINGTON, LA.: LOUISIANA

## MY TRUST.

A song was born in my heart one day.  
But warm and sweet on my lips there lay  
A baby mouth, so dear, so dear,  
I could not wish it away.  
And the song that it stirred in the world again,  
The song that had stirred the souls of men,  
In the depths of their despair.  
A thought as sweet as the summer rain,  
For the weary heart's ease for pain,  
From God's own heart sought out by me,  
And I would I share its gain.  
But little hands hung to me all day long;  
And faint, though its blessing had made me strong,  
The white-winged dove had flown.  
And what was the loss, and what the gain?  
Long years passed—in a nobler strain  
My song was sung—the blessing world  
Was hushed at its glad refrain.  
And into a matchless world was wrought  
The balm and blessing of my lost thought—  
My dove with its pinions furled.

## In the Painted Woods

Copyright, 1901, by Anthony Rudinowsky.

YOUNG MASON, who lay on the couch in the portico, ground his teeth, it was about the only thing that he could do, and cursed the road, the home, the accident that held him a prisoner in this dense wilderness—a prisoner, bandaged and shorn of his strength.

As the days passed his evil star rose slowly to the zenith. The perfume of the vanished summer was in the fern-bed that grew knee-deep beyond the porch; the maple branches glowed red as rubies; the beech trees illumined the woods, and from behind a fallen log, near by a Bob White sent his clear, exultant call. He clenched his hands and groaned. To be free once more! To walk through the sweet-scented fern, gun cocked, eyes alert—since the time of the Pharaohs, it seemed, he had been chained to the cot.

His evil star, that had reached the zenith, dropped suddenly below the horizon and the atmosphere was flooded with light of a celestial, rosy hue.

She was his sister's friend, she told him, as she stood on the porch, a tall, distinguished girl; she had heard of his accident; they were camped only a half-mile away; she had come hoping she might, if ever so slightly, relieve the tedium of his days.

He had heard of her social triumphs—her beauty; he had heard that she had saved her, although they said she had no soul, and in this sweet, friendly way she had come to him in his hour of need.

After that afternoon there was always a look of expectancy in young Mason's eyes turned toward the brilliant forest. He blessed the accident that held him a willing prisoner.

The cushions on which he was propped were hers, the books were hers. She came each afternoon. She laughed with him, talked to him, read to him, sang sweet old-fashioned songs while the sun, blood red, dropped behind the mountain side, and his boy-heart swelled.

From the camp below half a dozen men came ostensibly to inquire of his health, but in reality to accompany her home, and it pleased him to see her haughty and indifferent to them—to him she was all tenderness, all friendliness and womanly gentleness. Whimsically, as is the privilege of a sick man, it pleased him to think her a princess who came through the sunlit, painted woods, to him, an exile in pain. There were other fancies too—beautiful fancies.

One afternoon he watched for her, his brows knotted with a puzzled frown. He held an unopened letter addressed to her; a servant had found it in a lot of old rubbish.

He remembered that she had been one of the gay party that camped in the old farmhouse two summers before—it was there she had known his sister, and Boyd had been of the party.

## SOME GREAT EVENTS.

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Our eyes dilate and our heart quickens in its pulsations as we read of events in the third century, the sixth century, the fourteenth century, but there were more far-reaching events crowded into the nineteenth century than into any other, and the last 29 years eclipse any preceding 20. We read in the daily newspapers of events announced in one paragraph and without any special emphasis—events which a Herodotus, a Josephus, a Xenophon, a Gibbon would have taken whole chapters or whole volumes to elaborate. Looking out upon our time we must cry out, in the words of the text: "Wonders in the heavens and in the earth."

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But the disasters of other times have had their counterpart in later times. In 1812 Caracas was caught in the grip of an earthquake, in 1828 in Chili 1,000 square miles of land by volcanic force upheaved to four and seven feet of permanent elevation, in 1864 Japan felt the geological agony; Naples shaken in 1857, Mexico in 1858; Mendoza, the capital of the Argentine Republic, in 1861; Manila terrorized in 1863; the Hawaiian islands by such force uplifted and let down in 1871; Nevada shaken in 1871, Antioch in 1872, California in 1872, San Salvador in 1873, while in 1893 what subterranean excitement! Iseba, an island of the Mediterranean, a beautiful Italian watering place, vineyard clad, surrounded by all natural charm and historical reminiscence; yonder Capri, the summer resort of the Roman emperors; yonder Naples, the paradise of art—this beautiful island suddenly toppled into the trough of the earth, 8,000 merrymakers perishing, and some of them so far down beneath the reach of human obsequies that it may be said of many a one of them, as it was said of Moses: "The Lord buried him." Italy, all Europe weeping, all Christendom weeping, where there were friends to sympathize and Christians to pray. But while the nations were measuring that magnitude of disaster, measuring it not with golden rods like that with which the angel measured heaven, but with the black rule of death, Java, of the Indian archipelago, the most fertile island of all the earth, is caught in the grip of the earthquake, and mountain after mountain goes down and city after city until that island, which produces the best beverage of all the world, produced the ghastliest catastrophe. One hundred thousand people dying, dead!

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Wonders of self-sacrifice: A clergyman told me in the northwest that for six years he was a missionary at the extreme north, 400 miles from a postoffice, the thermometer 40 degrees below zero, he slept out of doors in winter, wrapped in rabbit skins woven together. I said: "Is it possible? You do not mean 40 degrees below zero?" He said: "I do, and I was happy." All for Christ! Where is there any other being that will rally such enthusiasm? Mothers sewing their fingers off to educate their boys for the Gospel ministry. For nine years no luxury on the table until the course through grammar school and college and theological seminary be completed. Poor widow of the Lord's! The Lord's treasury, the face of emperor or president impressed upon the coin not so conspicuous as the blood with which she earned it. Millions of good men and women, but more women than men, to whom Christ is everything. Christ first and Christ last and Christ forever.

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Dr. Talmage Discourses on the World's Advancement.

## Present Time Wonderful for Blessing.

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Washington.  
In this discourse Dr. Talmage recites some great events and shows that the world is advancing in the right direction; text, Joel 2:30: "I will show wonders in the heavens and in the earth."  
Dr. Cumming—great and good man—would have told us the exact time of the fulfillment of this prophecy. As I stepped into his study in London on my arrival from Paris, just after the French had surrendered at Sedan, the good doctor said to me: "It is just what I have told you about France. People laughed at me because I talked about the seven horns and the vials, but I foresaw all this from the book of Daniel and the book of Revelation." Not taking any such responsibility in the interpretation of the passage, I simply assert that there are in our suggestions of many things in our time.

Our eyes dilate and our heart quickens in its pulsations as we read of events in the third century, the sixth century, the fourteenth century, but there were more far-reaching events crowded into the nineteenth century than into any other, and the last 29 years eclipse any preceding 20. We read in the daily newspapers of events announced in one paragraph and without any special emphasis—events which a Herodotus, a Josephus, a Xenophon, a Gibbon would have taken whole chapters or whole volumes to elaborate. Looking out upon our time we must cry out, in the words of the text: "Wonders in the heavens and in the earth."

I propose to show you that the time in which we live is wonderful for disaster and wonderful for blessing, for there must be lights and shades in this picture as in all others. Need I argue that our time is wonderful for disaster? Our world has had a rough time since by the hand of God it was bowled out into space. It is an epileptic era—convulsion after convulsion; frosts pounding it with sledge hammer of icebergs and fires melting it with furnaces seven times heated. It is a wonder to me it has lasted so long. Meteors shooting by on this side and grazing it and meteors shooting by on the other side and grazing it, none of them slowing up for safety. Whole fleets and navies and armies and flotillas of worlds sweeping all about us. Our earth like a fishing smack off the banks of Newfoundland, while the majestic and the St. Paul and the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse rush by. Besides that, our world has by six been damaged in its internal machinery, and ever and anon the furnaces have burst, and the walking beams of the mountains have broken, and the islands have shipped a sea, and the great hulk of the world has been jarred with accidents that ever and anon have threatened immediate demolition.

But it seems to us as if the last hundred years were especially characterized by disaster—volcanic, oceanic, epidemic. I say volcanic because an earthquake is only a volcano hushed up. When Stromboli and Cotopaxi and Vesuvius stop breathing, let the foundations of the earth be warded. Seven thousand earthquakes in two centuries recorded in the catalogue of the British association! Trajan, the emperor, goes to ancient Antioch and amid the splendors of his reception is met by an earthquake that nearly destroys the emperor's life. Lisbon, fair and beautiful, at one o'clock on the 1st of November, 1775, in six minutes 60,000 have perished, and Voltaire writes of them: "For that region it was the last judgment, nothing wanting but a trumpet!" Europe and America feeling the throbb—1,500 chimneys in Boston partly or fully destroyed.

But the disasters of other times have had their counterpart in later times. In 1812 Caracas was caught in the grip of an earthquake, in 1828 in Chili 1,000 square miles of land by volcanic force upheaved to four and seven feet of permanent elevation, in 1864 Japan felt the geological agony; Naples shaken in 1857, Mexico in 1858; Mendoza, the capital of the Argentine Republic, in 1861; Manila terrorized in 1863; the Hawaiian islands by such force uplifted and let down in 1871; Nevada shaken in 1871, Antioch in 1872, California in 1872, San Salvador in 1873, while in 1893 what subterranean excitement! Iseba, an island of the Mediterranean, a beautiful Italian watering place, vineyard clad, surrounded by all natural charm and historical reminiscence; yonder Capri, the summer resort of the Roman emperors; yonder Naples, the paradise of art—this beautiful island suddenly toppled into the trough of the earth, 8,000 merrymakers perishing, and some of them so far down beneath the reach of human obsequies that it may be said of many a one of them, as it was said of Moses: "The Lord buried him." Italy, all Europe weeping, all Christendom weeping, where there were friends to sympathize and Christians to pray. But while the nations were measuring that magnitude of disaster, measuring it not with golden rods like that with which the angel measured heaven, but with the black rule of death, Java, of the Indian archipelago, the most fertile island of all the earth, is caught in the grip of the earthquake, and mountain after mountain goes down and city after city until that island, which produces the best beverage of all the world, produced the ghastliest catastrophe. One hundred thousand people dying, dead!

Look at the disasters epidemic. I speak not of the plague in the fourth century that ravaged Europe and in Moscow and the Neapolitan dominions and Marcellus wrought such terror in the eighteenth century, but I look at the yellow fever, and the cholera and the diphtheria and the scarlet fever and the typhoid of our time. From Hurdwar, India, where every twelfth year 3,000,000 devotees congregate, the caravans brought the cholera, and that one disease slew 18,000 in 18 days in the Bosphorus. Twelve thousand in one summer slain by it in India and 125,000 in Egypt. Disasters epidemic. Some of the finest monuments in Greenwood and Laurel Hill and Mount Auburn are to doctors who lost their lives battling with southern epidemic.

But now I turn the leaf in my subject, and I plant the white lilies and the palm tree amid the nightshades and the myrtle. This age no more characterized by wonders of disaster than by wonders of blessing—blessing of longevity; the average of human life is rapidly increasing. Forty years now worth 400 years once. Now I can travel from Manitoba to New York in less than three days. In other times it would have taken three months. In other words, three days are now worth three months of other days. The average of human life, practically greater now than when Noah lived, with his 950 years, and Methuselah lived his 969 years.

Blessings of intelligence: The Lalmon P. Chases and the Abraham Lincoln and the Henry Wilsons of the coming time will not be required to learn to read by pine knot lights or seated on shoemaker's bench, nor will the Fergusons have to study astronomy while watching the cattle. Knowledge rolls its tide along every poor man's door, and his children may go down and bathe in them. If the philosophers of a hundred years ago were called upon to recite in a class with our boys and girls those old philosophers would be sent down to the foot of the class because they failed to answer the questions! Free libraries in all the important towns and cities of the land. Historical alcoves and poetical shelves and magazine tables for all who desire to walk through them or sit down at them.

Blessings of quick information; Newspapers falling all around us thick as leaves in September equinoctial. News three days old rancid and stale. We see the whole world twice a day—through the newspaper at the breakfast table and through the newspaper at the teatable, with an "extra" here and there between. Blessings of Gospel proclamation: Do you know that nearly all the missionary societies have been born within a hundred years and nearly all the Bible societies and nearly all the great philanthropic movements? Christianity is on the march, while infidelity is dwindling into imbecility. While infidelity is thus dwindling the wheel of Christianity is making about a thousand revolutions a minute. All the copies of Shakespeare and of Tennyson and of Disraeli and of any of the most popular writers of the day less in number than the copies of the Bible going out from our printing presses. A few years ago in six weeks more than 2,000,000 copies of the New Testament purchased—not given away, but purchased, because the world will have it. The most popular book today is the Bible, and the mightiest institution is the church, and the greatest name among the nations and more honored than any is the name of Jesus.