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MORAL EXPANSION.

DR. TALMAGE ON OUR DUTY IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

Leaving Political Questions to the Statesmen, He Gives His Views of What We Should Do For Their Religious Welfare.

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WASHINGTON, June 4.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage steers clear of the political entanglements of our time and recommends that which will meet the approval of all who hope for the perpetuity of our republic and the welfare of other lands; text, Genesis xxviii, 14, "Thou shalt spread abroad to the west and to the east."

Since the Americano-Hispanic war is concluded and the United States embassador is on the way to Madrid and the Spanish embassador is on the way to Washington the people of our country are divided into expansionists and antiexpansionists. From a different standpoint than that usually taken I discuss this all absorbing theme. I leave the political aspect of this subject to statesmen and warriors and pray Almighty God that they may be enabled rightly to settle the question whether the islands in controversy shall be finally annexed or held under protectorate or resigned to themselves, while I call attention to the fact that a campaign of moral and religious expansion ought to be immediately opened on widest and grandest scale.

At the close of this war God has put into the hands of this country the key to the world's redemption. Heretofore the religious movement in pagan lands had to precede the educational. After in China and India and the islands of the sea the missionaries have labored over 50 or 75 years the printing press and the secular school came in. Now to better advantage than ever before religious and secular enlightenment may go side by side, and so the work be accomplished in short time and more thoroughly. Starting with the fact that in Cuba and Porto Rico and the Pilipinne Islands at least three-fourths of the people can neither read nor write, what an opportunity for school and printing press! Within five years every man in those islands may be taught to read not only the Bible, but the Declaration of Independence and the constitution of the United States and the biography of George Washington and of Abraham Lincoln.

It seems to me that the government of the United States ought by vote of congress afford common schools and printing presses to those benighted regions. Our national legislature by one vote appropriated $50,000,000 to give bread and medicine to Cuba. Why not by a similar generosity give $50,000,000 for feeding and healing the minds and souls of those ignorant and besotted archipelagoes. In the name of God I nominate a school for every neighborhood of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. As soon as the gavel falls at 12 o'clock of next Dec. 4 on the table of senate and house of representatives and the roll has been called and the preliminaries observed let some member of our national legislature, with mind and soul and voice strong enough to be heard not only through those halls, but through Christendom, propose a measure for the mental and moral disenthralment of the islands in controversy.

What has made American civilization the highest civilization the world has ever seen? Next to the Bible and the church, schools, common schools, schools reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from British America to gulf of Mexico. Five years under such educational advantage, and this whole subject that keeps our public men agitated, some of them to frothing at the mouth, will settle itself. Give those islands readers, spellers, arithmetics, histories, blackboards, maps, geographies, globes. Let the state legislatures at their next meeting, some of them assembling in early autumn, take parts of those islands under their especial educational patronage. What is needed is state and national action in this matter of schools.

Work of the Printing Press.

Then let the editorial associations of the United States, as many of such organizations as there are states, resolve at the next convocation to establish in every region of those islands a printing press, to be supported by people of this country until it can become self supporting. Each of these state editorial associations sending out to those islands at least one editor and two reporters and enough typesetters, down will go the ignorance and superstition of those islands as certainly as the Spanish fleet under Cervera sank under the pounding of our American battleships, and into their every port will go intelligence and love of free institutions as certainly as into the harbor of Manila went Admiral Dewey on that famous night when he was not expected. Hoe's printing press! Nothing can stand before its bombardment. Editors of American newspapers and publishers of American books! Take the ordination for such a magnificent service. Eloquence on yonder Capitol hill cannot meet the exigency. Epigrams of political platforms or in state legislatures will not hasten the desired consummation one week or one hour or one moment.

Still further, here is a wide open door for Christianity. First of all, we have the attention of those people. The heathen nations are for the most part soporific. The American missionaries heretofore had great difficulty in getting heathendom to listen. They excited some comment by their attire, so different was the parting of the hair and the shape of the hat and the cut of the coat and the formation of the shoe of the evangelizers, but the questions constantly arose in regard to the missionary: "Who is he?" "What is he here for?" And then the interrogator would relax into the previous stupid indifference. But that condition of things has passed. The guns of our American navy have awakened those populations. They do not ask who we are. They have found out. They are now listening to what American civilization and our Christian religion have to say on any subject. Now is the time, while their ears and eyes are wide open, to tell them of the rescuing and salvable and inspiriting power of the gospel of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world. The steam printing press which secular education plants there may be used and will be used to print religious newspapers and tracts and sermons and mighty discussions of questions temporal and eternal.

Influence of Homes.

The comfortable homes of those populations, when Christianized, standing side by side with the degraded huts of those who remain pagans will be revolutionary for good. The Porto Rican and the Filipino will come out from this uncleansed and low roofed and uninviting kennel and say to his neighbor of beautiful household, "Why cannot I have things as you have them?" And when he finds that it is the Bible, with its teachings on family life and personal purity and exalted principle, and the church of God that proposes the rectification of all evil and the implantation of all good, he will cry out, "Give me the Bible, and the church, and the earthly alleviations, and the eternal hope which have wrought for you such transfiguration."

Now, church of God, now, all Christian philanthropists, is your opportunity! Nothing like it has occurred since Christ came. Perhaps there may be nothing like it till his second coming. Here is a definiteness of aim that is most helpful and inspiring. The millions of dollars given for the redemption of the world and the thousands of glorious missionaries who have as volunteers gone forth among barbaric nations were given and enlisted under a great and immeasurable idea. But when they come to add to the great and immeasurable idea the idea of definiteness we will infinitely augment the work. More than three hundred million of heathen in India, more than three hundred million of people in China and more millions of heathen than can be guessed outside of those countries sometimes stagger and confound and defeat our faith. But here in these islands of present controversy we can farm out the work among the churches and in five years, under the blessing of God, not only fit the people for the right of suffrage, but prepare them for usefulness and heaven. The difference between the general idea of the world's evangelization and some particularized field of evangelization is the difference between the improvement of agriculture among all nations and the improvement of 75 acres put under one's especial care and industry. By all means let the general work go on. But here is the specific field for religious concentration and development. This is not chimerical or impractical. I read this morning that the American Missionary association of the Congregational church has already begun the work at San Juan, Utuado and Albonito, and all denominations of Christians in six months will be in those islandy fields, and we all need with our prayers and contributions to cheer them on to take for God and righteousness those regions which our American navy has captured from Spanish perfidy.

It has been estimated that this Americo-Spanish war cost us $300,000,000. It would not cost half of that to proclaim and carry on and consummate a holy war that will rescue those archipelagoes from satanic domination. Who will volunteer? I beat the drum of a recruiting station. Who will enlist under the one starred, blood striped banner of Immanuel? Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippines are stepping stones for our American Christianity to cross over and take the round world for God. We need a new evangelical alliance organized for this one purpose. In all denominations there are those with large enough hearts and who have been thoroughly enough converted to join in such an advanced movement—men who, putting aside all minor differences of opinion, "believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, his only begotten Son," and who would march shoulder to shoulder in such a gospel campaign. The result would be that those islands, after such a scene of gospelization, would assort themselves into denominations to suit themselves, and some would be sprinkled in holy baptism and others would be immersed in those warm rivers and some would worship in religious assemblage silent as the Quaker meeting house, and others would have as many jubilant ejaculations as a backwoods camp meeting, and some of those who preached would be gowned and surpliced for the work, and others would stand in citizen's apparel or in their shirtsleeves preaching that gospel which is to save the world.

Religious Teaching Needed.

Mark you well that statesmanship, however grand it is, and wise men of the world, however noble, cannot do this work. Mere secular education does not moralize. Some of the most thoroughly educated men in all the world have been the worst men. Quicken a man's intellect, while at the same time you do not make his morals good, and you only augment his power for evil. Geography and mathematics and metaphsyics and philosophy will never qualify a people to govern themselves. A corrupt printing press is worse than no printing press at all, but let loose an open Bible upon those islands and let the apocalyptic angel once fly over them, and you will prepare them to become either colonies of the United States government or, as I hope will be the case, independent republics.

God did not exhaust himself when he built this nation. Those islands will yet have their Thomas Jeffersons, qualified to write for them declarations of independence; and George Washingtons, capable of achieving their liberties; and Abraham Lincolns, strong enough to emancipate their serfdoms, and Longfellows and Bryants, capable of putting their hills and their rivers and their landscapes into poems; and their Bancrofts and Prescotts, to make their histories; and their Irvings, to write their Sketch Books; and their Charles O'Conors and Rufus Choates, to plead in their courtrooms; and their Daniel Websters and John J. Crittendens, to move their senates.

The day cometh—hear it all ye who have no hope for those islands of bedwarfed and diseased illiterates—the day cometh when those regions will have a Christian civilization equal to that which this country now enjoys, while I hope by that time this country will be as superior to what it now is as today Washington and New York are better than Manila and Santiago. Do you see by this process of gospelized intelligence those archipelagoes will as a nation be protected from the two woes prophesied in regard to this country—the one woe prophesied by the expansionists and the other woe prophesied by the antiexpansionists? It is said by those who would have us take all we can lay our hands on as a nation that, unless we enter the door now open for the enlargement of our national domain, we will decline the mission which God in his providence has assigned us. But surely no woe will come upon us or upon them if we Christianize them as we now have the opportunity of doing. The political technicalities are nothing as compared with the importance of this movement. I implore all political expansionists to augment us in this work of moral and religious expansion, for unless those islands are moralized and elevated in intelligence and habits we do not want them, and their annexation would be political damnation. On the other hand, I implore all antiexpansionists to take a hand in the gospelization of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands. The only way to prepare them to take care of themselves is to give them the Ten Commandments that were published on Mount Sinai and let them hear the groan of sacrifice that was breathed out on the heights of Golgotha. What they most want is the gospel, the pure gospel, the omnipotent gospel, the gospel that helps heal the wounds of the body and dissipates the darkness of the mind and [illegible]eves the ransom of the soul.

One Platform For All.

But on this platform the so called expansionists and so called antiexpansionists will yet stand side by side. Though I am not a prophet or the son of a prophet, within five years, if this religio-educational work is properly attended to, there will be a Cuban republic, a Porto Rican republic and a Philippine republic, none of them on a large scale, but they will all have their schools and printing presses and evangelical churches, their presidents, their senates and house of representatives, their mayors and their constabularies, and as good order will be observed in their cities as now reigns on Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, or Broadway, New York.

Christ has started for the conquest of the nations, and nothing on earth or in hell can stop it. The continents are rapidly rolling into his dominion, and why not these islands, which for the most part are only fragments broken off from continents, the interval lands having been sunk by earthquakes, allowing the ocean to take mastery over them? Each mother continent has around it a whole family of little continents. If the continents are being so rapidly evangelized, why not the islands? If America, why not Cuba and the Bahamas? If Asia, why not the Philippines and the Moluccas? If Europe, why not the Azores and the Orkneys? If Africa, why not Madagascar and St. Helena? The same power that broke them off the mainland can lift them into evangelization.

In the old book, which has become a new book by reason of modern discoveries, especial attention is called to the islands. "Declare the Lord's praise in the islands," commands Isaiah. "Let the multitudes of the islands be glad thereof," says the psalmist. "All the islands of the heathen shall worship him," writes Zephaniah. "He shall turn his face to the islands," prophesies Daniel. "The inhabitants of the isles shall be astonished at thee," foretells Ezekiel. "Hear it and declare it to the islands afar off," exclaims Jeremiah.

You see from this the islands are not to be neglected. Perhaps they are the Lord's favorites, as in households, if there is any favoritism at all, it is for the weakest. The islands, too small to take care of themselves, have the eternal God to take care of them. Let nations look out how they tread on the islands, however small and weak, for they are omnipotently defended. They may not be able to marshal large armies or to send out natives to sweep the sea, but, better than that, they have the chariots of heaven on their side and the drawn swords of the Almighty. I have as much faith in the salvation of the smallest island of the Falklands, of the Canaries, of the Ladrones, of the Carolines, of the Fijis, of the Barbadoes, of the Cape Verdes, of the Society islands, as I have in the salvation of America.

The continents themselves are only larger islands, and the world in which we live is only a still larger island, and the solar system is a group of islands, and the universe is an archipelago studded with islands of worlds, surrounded by the great ocean of infinitude and immensity. So you see when God planned the universe he diagrammed it into islands, and he will look after the interest of each of those islands, however small, and England and Holland and France and Germany and America must not treat the smallest and weakest island that comes under their sway any different from the way they treat the strongest nation of all the earth. God may chiefly deal with individuals in the next world, but he deals with nations only in this world, and when persistently a nation practices injustice against other people it is only a question of time when the offender will find his doom. The path of time is strewn with the carcasses of nations that because of their maltreatment of other nations perished. The higher such offending empires rise, the harder will be their fall.

Perpetuity of Our Government.

I believe the United States government will last as long as the world lasts. I believe the fires of the judgment day will leap on the domes of our state and national capitals while yet they are in their full power. I believe the last earthquake will put its explosion under our national foundations while yet they stand firm. I believe that Republican and Democratic form of government will be the universal form of government for all nations when they have been evangelized, for then the nations will be capable of self government and will have demanded and secured that right. It will be either that or a theocracy, which will be the direct government of Christ in his personal reign on earth, as many Bible students believe. Yet that jubilant expectation is founded not on the skill of human statesmanship or human legislation, but upon the belief that this nation will submit to divine guidance and obey the divine law and carry out its divinely imposed mission. But if we defy the God of nations our doom is fixed.

It required the pen of an Edward Gibbon, through four great volumes of more than 500 pages each, to tell the story of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," concluding his monumental work with the words, "It was among the ruins of the capital that I first conceived the idea of a work which has amused and exercised near 20 years of my life, and which, however inadequate to my own wishes, I finally deliver to the curiosity and candor of the public." What, the Roman empire dead! Did she lack warriors? No. Behold her Pompey and her Julius Cæsar. Did she lack lawmakers and lawgivers? No. Think of the masters of Roman jurisprudence, our American attorneys today quoting those laws in our courtrooms more than 15 centuries after they were enacted. In poetry did she not have her Virgil and Ovid? In history did she not have her Sallust and her Livy? In eloquence did she not have her Scipio and Cicero? In satire did she not have a Juvenal and a Horace? What pens were wielded by her Cato and her Terence and her Pliny! All nations heard the cry of her war eagles, the voices of her oratory and the chime of her cantos. But the day of judgment came for that nation, and Hannibal crossed the Apennines, and the Goths and Vandals swooped, and the Carthaginian fleet assailed and Numidian horsemen galloped, and nations combined, and Rome sank. The tourist now on the banks of the Tiber sees the ruins of her forum, the ruins of her coliseum, the ruins of her art, the ruins of her aqueducts, the ruins of her catacombs, the ruins of her palaces.

If our nation forgets its duty to other nations and practices injustice against other people, however insignificant, it will not take another Edward Gibbon 20 years and through four great volumes to tell the story of the decline and fall of American institutions. By so much as our opportunities have been greater than any nation that ever lived, and the mission to which she has been ordained is more stupendous than any bestowed by the Almighty upon any people, if we forget our God and enact wickedness our overthrow will be quicker and more tremendous, and yonder capitoline hill, with its architectural magnificence, will become a heap of gigantic ruins, to be visited by the people of other times and other nations, who will read in letters of crushed and crumbled marble that which David wrote many hundred years ago upon parchment, "The way of the wicked he turneth upside down."

Garlands For Our Heroes.

We concluded a few days ago the annual decoration of northern and southern graves. Three years ago, at this season, in memorial sermon I proposed the twisting of two garlands—one to be put upon the grave of the northern soldier and the other to be put on the grave of the southern soldier. But this year we need three garlands, the third to be put upon the graves of those who fell in this Americo-Hispanic conflict. The third garland needs to be quite as fragrant and as radiant as the other two. These last heroes braved more than bayonets and bombshell. They braved the pestiferous breath of the tropics—whole battalions, whole regiments, whole brigades, whole armies of deathful malaria. They confronted those oppositions of the torrid climes which no sword can pierce, no agility climb, no stratagem flank, no torpedo explode, no courage conquer. Under the awful charge of visible and invisible hosts about 6,000 men went down, some to instant death and others through lingering pangs in hospital.

If in this third wreath you twist the crimson rose, suggestive of sanguinary sacrifice, and the white calla lily, suggestive of glorious resurrection, put in also a few forgetmenots, suggestive of remembrance, and a few passion flowers, suggestive of the love that mourns the slain, and a few heliotropes, suggestive of the fragrance of their memory. Then let the night's dew put the tears into the blue eyes of the violets, and all the soldiers' cemeteries be so many censers burning incense before the throne of that God who has been the friend of this nation from the time of Lexington to the time of San Juan Hill, from the guns of the United States warships Constitution and Constellation, at the beginning of this century, to the guns of the United States warships Olympia, Oregon, Brooklyn and other loaded thunders at the close of this century.

Remember here and now that those brave boys opened up the way for a kind of expansion we all believe in. They swung open the gates for the speedy gospelization of islands stupid with the superstition of ages. They cleared the way for missionaries and Bibles. They set those islands free. Leaving to the United States government to decide what shall be the political destiny of those peoples, let us all join in a campaign of religious expansion—expansion of affection that can take all the world in, expansion of our theologies until none shall reject their broad invitation, expansion of hope that embraces eternity as well as time, expansion of effort that will not cease till the whole earth is saved and the time arrives when the prophecy shall be fulfilled, and "they shall come from the north and the south and the east and the west and sit down in the kingdom of God, and the last shall be first and the first last."

Week before last, in this capital of the nation, we set three nights on fire in celebration of naval and soldiery heroics, and there were rockets of fire, and wheels of fire, and sheaves of fire, and spouting fountains of fire, and bombardments of fire, and ships of fire sank in billows of fire, and those three nights were three garlands of fire. But now we are in softer and quieter mood, and the three garlands of today are woven of blossoms and corollas of all colors and all pungencies of aroma, and we bethink ourselves that this third garland was needed to chain together the northern garland of other decorative times to the southern garland of other decorative times. Floral chain of three links! For the first time in 60 years the north and south stand in complete brotherhood. Heroes of Vermont and Alabama, of Massachusetts and South Carolina, of Maine and Louisiana, shoulder to shoulder! May that alliance remain until the last oppression is extirpated from the earth and all nations stand in the liberty with which Christ would make all people free!

THERE is something about a dyspeptic stomach that makes one sour, cranky, makes the eyes see green, makes the brain dull, and the lines of the face drawn. These feelings may be overcome by the use of

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which not only wards off dyspepsia and indigestion, but cures many cases of long standing by toning up and helping the stomach. How many a cheerful smile, rich joke, and merry tale have emanated from a former dyspeptic who has had the blessed privilege of using this preparation! A man forgets that he ever had a stomach when he uses The "Best" Tonic.

At all drug stores.

JUNE BRIDES.

What Fashion Has to Suggest For Their Adornment.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, June 5.—Today I saw a bridal costume for a lovely June bride, and I must say the outfit was almost enough to repay the sacrifice. It was of a superb quality of rep silk with a moire wave in narrow width running the length of the breadths. There was a demitrain with a flounce eight inches deep in festoons of old point lace. Down the left side seam there was a cascade of lace to the bottom. The waist was simply draped around in broken lines. There was a round yoke which reached up to the ears as a collar. The lower edge had a full ruffle of the same lace. It was fine enough to put in a museum. The sleeves were snug and long and pointed over the wrists. There was a long tulle veil arranged to fall each side, leaving the face free. It was fastened at the top to a small, rather flat wreath of orange blossoms. There were no others upon any part of the whole costume.

For the bridesmaid there was a dress of cream silk, with a large design of pale pink flowers with green leaves painted on the front of the skirt and one branch on the full baby waist. This dress was low on the shoulders and square across the front and had short festooned sleeves. A bow of stiffened narrow black velvet ribbon was placed at the left side of the bust, and above that was a bunch of pink apple blossoms. There was a wide chiffon sash tied at the back, and rows

SERGE TAILOR GOWN AND ORGANDIE DRESS.

of very narrow shirrings and ruchings were placed everywhere that it was possible to get them. The most remarkable point about this dress is that it would indicate a return to decollete wedding attire. For many years high neck gowns have been in vogue for brides and bridesmaids even for home weddings. This was considered a sensible custom, as many persons were made very ill by the exposure in chilly church weddings, but "straws show which way the wind blows."

There is a great quantity of chiffon, ruching and puffing used on almost everything. It costs rather more than silk muslin, lisse and liberty stuffs, but it is enough prettier to pay the difference. When it is well shirred and applied to a firm surface, it looks like a field of thistle down growing side by side. Nothing else looks so light. One pretty fancy is to have a dress made with a yoke, vest front or revers completely covered with the dainty shirring. The French call it bouillonne, which means boiled or bubbled. Some of the light summer hats have the same trimming on the underside of the brim. It is always light and dainty. It is not at all confined to thin dresses, for we see it even upon some very nice tailor gowns. One of this kind of costumes was in a nickle gray mohair, the skirt sewed with very narrow black soutache in lines up to the knees. There was a bolero with tabs in front. This was also sewed with the braid. The revers and cuffs were covered with silk muslin shirring, raised in as high relief as possible, and, as the house agents say, "I must be seen to be appreciated."

A few fine shirt waists have a silken lining with the surface all overpuffed this way. Others have the yokes and collars done so.

A very pretty organdie dress for summer is illustrated here. The skirt is plain except for three narrow lines of velvet ribbon. The blouse waist is also garnished with that very effective trimming. The front is open with revers covered with ruching. A ridiculously high collar, augmented by stiff tabs, finishes the neck. The cuffs and revers show the narrow shirring in lisse. The colors in the gown are pale lilac, mauve and faint green, with barrings of pale green satin. Delicate corn and canary color and white are the newest combinations, and I noticed a hat of black straw, lace and plumes with a number of shaded yellow roses. There was a short cape to be worn with this—or sold with it—of black lace over black silk. There was a deep quadrupled ruffle of black lace and yellow silk shaded. It was very pretty; yellow and black are always becoming to every one.

The newest thing in tailor suits, though not the prettiest, is to have the skirt so scant and narrow along the back that buttons are required. I saw a blue serge suit made that way. All edges of basque and skirt were bordered with white hercules braid stitched double. I almost forgot to mention those two other dresses. One was of accordion plaited white crepe lisse with rows of black chantilly insertion around the bottom and also simulating a tunic rounded up in front. The waist was a wilderness of ruffle, puff and ruche, with the black lace mingled wherever it could be. The belt was black velvet. The collar of the lisse puffed and ruched. The third was a white silk muli, soft and flimy. The skirt was loosely hung over a white taffeta. All around the skirt were bowknots made of the finest black chantilly, with tiny forgetmenots painted around the loops.

OLIVE HARPER.

A Whimsical Wager.

A young Austrian nobleman, who had the reputation of being a brilliant talker, made a wager with a club friend that during the first year of his marriage with the daughter of a certain count he would preserve a rigid silence when in her presence, and, in fact, would not speak a single word to her. This resolution he faithfully kept; but, owing to the fact that the wager was not made public, some very curious consequences ensued.

His wife, believing him to be insane, privately sent a brain specialist to examine the taciturn gentleman. He was on the point of being conveyed to a sanatarium when he disclosed the reason of his behavior. When the year was up, he claimed his wager, which was duly paid.

Origin of Quarantine.

In the fourteenth century one-fourth of the population of Europe are computed to have died of the bubonic plague, introduced from the east. The first measures to check its spread were adopted by the city of Venice, which appointed in 1348 three guardians of the public health. In 1403 Venice established a lazaret, or contagious disease hospital, on a small island adjoining the city. This, says Surgeon General Walter Wyman, was the beginning of quarantine. The word itself means "forty" and implies 40 days, the period of detention imposed on vessels at this first Venetian quarantine.—Youth's Companion.

Money Getters.

"Do you think it pays to send our sons to college? Do they obtain the practical experience in money getting that is so necessary in these days?"

"Well, judging from the experience I have had with my son I should say they did. His practical experience in money getting increases with every letter that I receive from him."—Chicago News.

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GEMS IN VERSE.

OLD FAVORITES.

Friendship.

A ruddy drop of manly blood
The surging sea outweighs;
The world uncertain comes and goes
The lover rooted stays.
I fancied he was fled,
And after many a year
Glowed unexhausted kindliness
Like daily sunrise there.
My careful heart was free again.
O friend, my bosom said,
Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red;
All things through thee take nobler form
And look beyond the earth;
The mill round of our fate appears
A sun path in thy worth!
Me, too, thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair.
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair.

—Emerson.

Wolsey's Fall.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man—today he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; tomorrow blossoms
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth; my high blown pride
At length broke under me and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new opened. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes and their ruin,
More pangs and fears that wars or women have,
And when he falls he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

—Shakespeare.

God's Acre.

I like that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial ground God's acre. It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas, no more their own!

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth,
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow!
This is the field and acre of our God;
This is the place where human harvests grow!

—Longfellow.

The Quiet Life.

Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days and years slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night, study and ease
Together mixed, sweet recreation
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

—Pope.

Man.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder he who made him such!
Who centered in our make such strange extremes,
From different natures marvelously mixed,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguished link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt!
Though sullied and dishonored, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! A frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! Insect infinite!
A worm! A god! I tremble at myself
And in myself am lost. At home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her own. How reason reels!
Oh, what a miracle to man is man!
Triumphantly distressed! What joy! What dread!
Alternately transported and alarmed!
What can preserve my life or what destroy!
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

—Edward Young.

Of Myself.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honor I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone;
The unknown are better than ill known;
Rumor can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends
Not on the number, but the choice, of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light
And sleep as undisturbed as death the night.
My house a cottage more
Than palace, and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With nature's hand, not art's, and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space,
For he that runs it well twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish my fate,
But boldly say each night,
Tomorrow let my sun his beams display
Or in clouds hide them; I have lived today.

—Abraham Cowley.

Mercy.

The quality of mercy is not strained—
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed—
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.
But mercy is above this sceptered sway—
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

—Shakespeare.

Two Went Up to the Temple to Pray.

Two went to pray? Oh, rather say
One went to brag, the other to pray.

One stands up close and treads on high,
Where the other dares not lend his eye.

One nearer to God's altar trod;
The other to the altar's God.

Startling.

"I have come," exclaimed the large framed, athletic young woman, rolling up her sleeves "to clean out this room."

Which, being the scrublady, she immediately proceeded to do.—Chicago Tribune.

Priceless.

The Policeman—An phwat wud yez take fer the dog, now?

The Boy—Couldn't sell him. I kin git along widout money, but I cudn't git along widout de dog.—Philadelphia Ledger.

RATTLESNAKES

are not more deadly than the millions of disease germs that are floating in the air we breathe and in the water we drink—germs of typhoid fever, malaria, consumption. Compared to a disease germ, a rattlesnake is a gentleman. He is a fair fighter. He tells you to look out. He rattles before he strikes. You have a chance to fight or run. The disease germ sneaks in. It comes while you are sleeping. It gains an entrance to the blood. It propagates there. It multiplies. In a few hours, or days, your blood is full of its children—millions of them. They go all over your body seeking a weak spot. They don't rattle—they strike. You feel listless, nerveless, sluggish, feverish, and maybe you're flat on your back before you really know there is anything the matter.

The only way to keep out disease germs—to keep from being sick—is to keep your blood pure and rich, and your liver active and healthy.

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