Quincy Adams Sawyer

BY CHAS. F. PIDGIN.

A New England Story Dedicated to the Memory of James Russell Lowell.

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(Chapter XXVIII, Continued.)

The well-known clergyman at Mason's Corner came forward, ascended the platform, took the chair, and recognized Deacon Mason's claim to be heard.

"I have heerd the motion to accept this check, an' I desire ter say thet I am teetotally opposed to the town's takin' this money. If the Hon'rable Nathaniel Sawyer, who's the dead man's brother, or Mr. Quincy Adams Sawyer, who's his nephew, had known that he wuz a pauper, they would 'er relieved the town of any further charge. We hev no legal claim agin either of these two gentlemen. Our claim is agin ther town of Amesbury, in which Mr. James Sawyer was a citizens and taxpayer. If Mr. Quincy Adams Sawyer wishes to pay ther town of Amesbury after ther town of Amesbury has paid us, thet's his affair and none o' our business, but we've no legal right to accept a dollar from him, when our legal claim is agin the town in which he hed a settlement, and I hope this motion will not prevail."

As Deacon Mason regained the platform loud cries of "Vote! Vote! Vote!" came from all parts of the hall.

Tellers were appointed, and in a few moments the result of the vote was announced. In favor of Mr. Strout's motion to accept the check, 85. Opposed, 280. And it was not a vote.

"We will now proceed," said the Moderator, as he resumed the chair, "to consider the question of appropriating money for the support of the poorfarm."

The next matter on the warrant of general interest was the appropriation of a small sum of money to purchase some reference books for the town library, which consisted of but a few hundred volumes stowed away in a badly-lighted and poorly-ventilated room on the upper floor of the town hall.

This question brought to his feet Zachariah Butterfield, who was looked upon as the watchdog of the town treasury. He had not supported Strout on the question of accepting the check, because he knew the position taken by the Moderator was legally correct, and he was very careful in opposing appropriations to attack only those where as it seemed to him, he had a good show of carrying his point. He had been successful so often, that with him success was a duty, for he had a reputation to maintain.

"Mister Moderator," he said, "I'm agin appropriatin' any more money for this 'ere town lib'ry. We hev got plenty of schoolbooks in our schools; we hev got plenty of books and newspapers in our houses, and it's my opinion thet those people who spend their time crawlin' up three flights er stairs and readin' those books had better be tillin' ther soil, poundin' on ther anvil, or catchin' fish. Neow, I wuz talkin' with Miss Burpee, the librari'n, and she sez they want a new Wooster's Dictshuneery, 'cause ther old one iz all worn eout. Neow, I looked through the old one, and I couldn't see but what it's jest as good as ever; there may be a few pages missin', but what's thet amount ter when there's more'n a couple of thousan' on 'em left?"

Mr. Tobias Smith was again fidgeting in his seat. He evidently had something to say and was anxious to say it.

Mr. Butterfield continued: "Neow, to settle this question onct fer all, I make ther motion that this 'ere lib'ry be closed up and the librari-n discharged; she gits a dollar a week, and ther town ken use that $52 a year, in my opinion, to better advantage."

"Mister Moderator," came again from Mr. Tobias Smith, "I rise to a question of privilege—"

Mr. Butterfield kept on talking: "Mister Moderator, this is not a question of privilege; this is a question of expenditure of money for a needless purpose. Yes, Mister Moderator, for a needless purpose."

Mr. Butterfield had evidently lost the thread of his discourse and Mr. Smith, taking advantage of his temporary indecision, said: "I agree with the gentleman who has just spoken; I am in favor of closing up this musty, dusty old room and saving the further expenditure of money upon it."

Mr. Butterfield, hearing these words and not having sufficiently collected his thoughts to say anything himself, nodded approvingly and sank into his seat.

Mr. Smith continued, "I have a proposition to submit in relation to the town library. I hold in my hand a letter from Mr. Quincy Adams Sawyer, whose name has been previously mentioned—"

Mr. Strout jumped to his feet.

"Mister Moderator, I rise to a question of privilege."

"I second the motion!" cried Abner Stiles.

"State your question of privilege, Mr. Strout," said the Moderator.

"I wish to inquire," answered Strout "if the time of this town meetin' is to be devoted to the legitimate business of the town, or is it to be fooled away in hearin' letters read from a person who is not a citizen of the town and who is not entitled to be heard in this town meetin'?"

"Mister Moderator," said Mr. Smith, "I am a citizen of this town and I'm entitled to be heard in this meeting, and the matter that I'm about to bring to the attention of this meeting is a most important one and affects the interests of the town materially. I consider that I have a right to read this letter or any other letter that relates to the question before the meeting, which is, 'Shall money be appropriated to buy books for what is called the town library?' I say NO and my reason for this is contained in this letter, which I propose to read"

"Go on, Mr. Smith," said the Moderator.

"Well," continued Mr. Smith, "Mr. Quincy Adams Sawyer, in this letter, offers to the town of Eastborough the sum of $5,000 to be used either for purchasing books and paying the expenses of a library to be located in the town hall; or a portion of the money may be used to build a suitable building and the balance for the equipment and support of the library."

Mr. Butterfield was on his feet again.

"Mister Moderator, I'm agin accepting' this donation. If we take it, we shall only jump outer the fryin-pan inter the fire; instead of buyin' a few books and payin' the librari'n a dollar a week, we shall hev to hev a jan'ter for the new buildin' and pay fer insurance, and we shall hev to hev a librari'n ev'ry day in ther week, and by'm by the ungodly will want to hev it open on a Sunday, so thet they kin hev a place to loaf in; and I'm agin the whole bizness teetotally. I've sed my say; neow, you kin go ahead, and do jest as you please."

This was Mr. Butterfield's usual wind-up to his arguments; but on this occasion it seemed to fail of its effect.

The Moderator said, "Was Mr. Butterfield's motion seconded?" There was no response. "Then the matter before the meeting is the question of appropriating money for the support of the town library."

"Mister Moderator," said Mr. Smith, "I move that the donation from Mr. Quincy Adams Sawyer be accepted, and that the library be named "The Sawyer Free Public Library of the Town of Eastborough."

"Second the motion!" came from a hundred voices.

Strout was on his feet again.

"Mister Moderator," said he, "I move to amend the motion by havin' it read that we decline, that the town declines the donation without thanks."

Abner Stiles had evidently misinterpreted Mr. Strout's motion, for he called out, "Mister Moderator," and when he got the floor, "I move to amend so that the motion would read, this library shall be called the Strout Free Library of the Town of Eastborough."

This was greeted with shouts of laughter, and Strout grasped Abner by his coat collar and pulled him violently back upon the settee.

"Shut up, you fool," cried he between his teeth to Abner; "do you want to make a laughin' stock of me?"

"I kinder thought I wuz a-helpin' yer," said Abner, as he ran his fingers down under his chin and pulled away his shirt collar, which had been drawn back so forcibly that it interfered with his breathing.

"The question now," said the Moderator, "is on the adoption of Mr. Smith's motion. Those in favor will please stand up and be counted."

When the tellers had attended to their duty the Moderator said, "Those opposed will now rise and be counted."

The vote was soon announced. In favor of accepting the donation, 301; opposed 58.

"It's a vote," declared the Moderator.

A dozen matters of minor importance were quickly disposed of, and but one remained upon the warrant, with the exception of the election of town officers. Little squads of the members were now gathered together talking over the most important question of the meeting, which was the election of town officers for the ensuing year. The last item on the warrant read: "Will the town appropriate money to buy a new hearse?"

Mr. Butterfield had evidently been holding himself in reserve, for he was on his feet in an instant, and he secured the eye of the Moderator and the floor.

"Mister Moderator," began Mr. Butterfield, "I desire to raise my voice agin this biznez of unnnecessary and unexampled extravagance. What do we want of a new hearse? Those who are dead and in the cemetery don't find any fault with the one we've got, and those who are livin' have no present use for it, and why should they complain? I know what this means. This is only an enterin' wedge. If this 'ere bill passes and we git a new hearse then it will be said thet ther horses don't look as well as the hearse and then if the hearse gits out in ther storm, we shell hev ter pay money to git it polished up agin, and we who are livin' will hev to work harder and harder for the benefit of those who are jest as well satisfied with the old hearse as they would be with a new one. I move, Mister Moderator, that instid of buyin' a new hearse, thet ther old one be lengthened six inches, which ken be done at a slight expense."

Mr. Tobias Smith now took the floor.

"I am glad that my friend has not opposed this measure entirely, but has provided for my proper exit from this world when my time comes. I must confess that it has troubled me a great deal when I have thought about the hearse. I was born down in the state of Maine, where the boys and the trees grow up together. I stand six feet two in my stockings and six feet three with my boots on, and I haven't looked forward with any pleasure to being carried to my last resting place in a hearse that was only six feet long. I second Mr. Butterfield's motion, but move to amend it by extending the length to seven feet."

The vote was taken, and Mr. Butterfield's motion was carried by a vote of 342 to 22. Mr. Butterfield sank back in his seat with an expression on his face that seemed to say, "I've done the town some service today."

The Moderator then rose and said, "Fellow-citizens, all the business matters upon the warrant have now been disposed of. We will now proceed to the election of town officers for the ensuing year."

Mr. Stackpole rose and called out, "Mister Moderator, it is now nearly 12 o'clock, and some of us had to leave home quite early this morning in order to be in time at the meeting. I move that we adjourn till 1 o'clock, at which time balloting for town officers usually commences."

Forty voices cried out, "Second the motion," and although Strout, Stiles, and several others jumped to their feet and endeavored to secure the Moderator's eye, the motion was adopted by an overwhelming vote, and the greater portion of the members made their way out of the hall and directed their steps towards the Eagle Hotel, as if the whole matter had been prearranged. Here, Mr. Parsons, the proprietor, had set out a most tempting lunch in the large dining-room, and those who were able to give the password were admitted to the room, and feasted to their heart's content.

Abner Stiles, impelled by curiosity, had followed the party, and had noticed that each one said something to the proprietor before he was admitted to the dining-room. Going up to Parsons, he said, "What's goin' on in there?"

"Oh, I guess they're having a caucus," replied Mr. Parsons.

"When thet last feller went in," said Abner, "I saw that the table was all set, and I kinder 'magined they must be havin' a dinner. I'd kinder like some myself."

"Well, I'm sorry," said Mr. Parsons, "but I cannot accommodate any more than have already applied. You can get a lunch over to the railroad station, you know, if you want one."

"I know," answered Abner, "but I kinder 'magine they're talkin' over election matters in there, and I'd rather like ter know what's goin' on."

"Well, I guesst you'll find out when they get back to the Town Hall," remarked Mr. Parsons; and he stepped forward to greet three or four other citizens, who leaned over and whispered in his ear.

Mr. Parsons smiled and nodded, and opening the door admitted them to the dining-room.

"Well, that beats all," said Abner, as he went out on the platform in front of the hotel. "They jest whispered somethin' to him and he let 'em right in. I kinder think somethin's goin' on and thet Strout ain't up to it. Guess I'll go back and tell him," which he proceeded to do.

He found Strout and some sixty or seventy of the citizens still remaining in the Town Hall, the majority of whom were eating the luncheons that they had brought with them from home. Taking Strout aside, Abner confided to him the intelligence of which he had become possessed.

"'D'yer know what it means?" asked Abner.

"No, I don't," said Strout, "but I bet a dollar that it's some of that city chap's doin's. Is he 'round about town this mornin'?"

"No," said Abner, "he went to Bosting on the same train with Miss Lindy Putnam, for I fetched her down, and I saw him git inter the same car with her as I wuz drivin' off."

One o'clock soon arrived, and the large party that had regaled themselves with the appetizing viands and non-alcoholic beverages supplied by mine host of the Eagle hotel came back to the town hall in the best of spirits. The majority of them were smoking good cigars, which had been handed to them by the proprietor, as they passed from the dining-room.

When asked if there was anything to pay, Mr. Parsons shook his head and remarked sententiously, "This is not the only present that the town has received today," which was a delicate way of insinuating the name of the donor of the feast without actually mentioning it.

The election of a dozen minor officers calls for no special attention, except to record the fact that Abner Stiles, who had cautiously taken a position several settees removed from Strout, arose as the nominations were made for each office, and in every case nominated Mr. Obadiah Strout for the position, and it is needless to add that Mr. Obadiah Strout had at least one vote for each office in the gift of the town.

The nomination of a collector of taxes for the town was finally reached. Abner Stiles was first on his feet, and being recognized by the Moderator, nominated "Mr. Obadiah Strout, who had performed the duties of the office so efficiently during the past year."

Now the battle royal began. Mr. Tobias Smith next obtained the floor and nominated Mr. Wallace Stackpole.

"In presenting this nomination, Mister Moderator, I do it out of justice to an old soldier who served the country faithfully, and who lost the election a year ago on account of an untrue statement that was widely circulated and which could not be refuted in time to affect the question of his election. I hold in my hand three documents. The first one is a certified copy of the war record of Wallace Stackpole, who entered one of our regiments of Volunteers as a private, served throughout the war, and was honorably discharged with the rank of captain. This record shows that during his four years of service he was three times wounded; in one instance so badly that for weeks his life hung by a thread, and it was only by the most careful treatment that amputation of his right arm was avoided. I hold here also the war record of the present incumbent of the office. From it I learn that he entered the army as a private and was discharged at the end of two years still holding the rank of private, and sent home as an invalid. He is not to blame for this, but inspecting his record I find that within a month after he joined the army he was detailed for service in the hospital, and during the two years of his connection with the army he was never engaged in a single battle, not even in a skirmish."

Cries rose from certain parts of the hall in opposition to the speaker, and Deacon Mason remarked that while it was perfectly proper to compare the war records of the two candidates for the position, it must be borne in mind that because a man was a soldier, or, rather, because he did a little more fighting than the other one, was no reason that he would make a better tax collector.

The Moderator's remarks were greeted with applause, and Strout's face brightened.

"I am glad to see the Deacon's bound to have fair play," said he to an old farmer who sat next to him.

"Waal, I guess you're more liable to git it than you are disposed to give it," drawled the old farmer, who evidently was not an adherent of the present incumbent of the office.

Mr. Tobias Smith continued his remarks:

"I acknowledge the correctness of the remarks just made by our honored Moderator, and desire to say that I hold in my hand a third document, which is a statement of the taxes due and collected during the past twenty years by the different persons who have held the office of tax collector. I find during nineteen years of that time that the lowest percentage of taxes left unpaid at the end of the year was 5 per cent; the highest percentage during these nineteen years, and that occurred during the war, was 14 per cent; but I find that during the past year only 78 per cent of the taxes due have been collected, leaving 22 per cent still due the town, and the non-receipt of this money will seriously hamper the selectmen during the coming year, unless we choose a man who can give his entire time to the business and collect the money that is due. This statement is certified to by the town treasurer, and I do not suppose that the present incumbent will presume to question its accuracy."

Strout evidently thought that a further discussion of the matter might work to his still greater disadvantage, for he leaned over and spoke to one of his adherents, who rose and said:

"Mister Moderator, this discussion has taken a personal nature, in which I am not disposed to indulge. I don't think that anything will be gained by such accusations and comparisons. It strikes me that the last speaker is trying to give tit for tat because his candidate lost at the last election; but I am one of those who believe that crimination recrimination avail nothing, and I move that we proceed to vote at once."

"Second the motion!" screamed Abner Stiles from the settee on which he had assumed a standing posture.

The vote was taken. Those in favor of Obadiah Strout being called upon to stand up first, they numbered exactly 101. Then those in favor of Wallace Stackpole were called upon to rise, and they numbered 284; several citizens having put in an appearance at 1 o'clock who had not attended the morning session.

The next matter was the election of the Board of Selectmen; and the old board was elected by acclamation without a division. The meeting then adjourned without delay.

6:05 train, express from Boston, arrived on time, and at 8:20, Mr. Quincy Adams Sawyer entered the private dining room in the Eagle Hotel. There he found gathered Mr. Tobias Smith, Mr. Wallace Stackpole, Mr. Ezekiel Pettengill, Mr. Sylvester Chisholm, and the Board of Selectmen, making the party of eight which Quincy had mentioned. It was 11 o'clock before the dinner party broke up, and during that time Quincy had heard from one or another of the party a full account of the doings at the town meeting.

It is needless to say that he was satisfied with the results, but he said nothing to indicate that fact in the presence of the Board of Selectmen. They were the first to leave, and then there was an opportunity for mutual congratulations by the remaining members of the party. To these four should be added Mr. Parsons, the proprietor, upon whose face rested a broad smile when he presented his bill for the day's expenses, and the sum was paid by Quincy.

"We had a very pleasant time," remarked Mr. Parsons to Mr. Sawyer as he bade him good evening.

"I am delighted to hear it," said Quincy, "and I regret very much that my business in the city prevented my being here to enjoy it."

On the way home with Ezekiel they went over the events of the day again together, and Ezekiel told him many little points, that for obvious reasons had been omitted at the dinner party.

Quincy was driven directly to Mrs. Hawkins' boarding house, for he had explained his program to Ezekiel. He turned up his coat collar and pulled his hat down over his eyes, as he was admitted; and, although Mrs. Hawkins' eyes were natuarally sharp, she did not recognize the late comer, who proceded upstairs to his room, which Mrs. Hawkins informed him was right opposite the head of the stairs, and there was a light burning in the room and a good warm fire, and if he needed anything, if he would just call to her inside of the next ten minutes, she would get it for him.

Quincy said nothing, but went into his room and shut the door, and there we will leave him.

As Strout and Abner drove back to Mason's Corner, after the adjournment of the town meeting, nothing was said for the first mile of the trip.

Then Abner turned to him and remarked, "You ought ter be well satisfied with today's perceedin's."

"How do you make that out?" growled Strout.

"Waal, I think the events proved," said Abner, "that you wuz the most pop'lar man in ther town."

"How do you make that out?" again growled Strout.

"Why," said Abner, "you wuz nominated for every office in the gift o' ther town, and that's more'n any other feler could say."

"If you don't shut up," said Strout, "I'll nominate you for town idyut, and there won't be any use of any one runnin' agin yer!"

Abner took his reproof meekly. He always did when Strout spoke to him. No more was said until they reached home. Strout entered the boarding house and went upstairs to his room, forgetting that there was a man from Boston, to arrive late that evening, who was to have the next room to his.

Abner put up the horse and went home. As he went by Strout's door, thoughts of the rum and molasses, and the good cigar that he had enjoyed the night of the surprise party one week ago went through his mind, and he stopped before Strout's door and listened attentively, but there was no sound, and he went upstairs disconsolately, and went to bed feeling that his confidence in the Professor had been somewhat diminished by the events of the day.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

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JUBILEE SERVICE.

(Continued from Page 6.)

erals in the church and community were conducted, give a glimpse of the mission of the church to minister to every phase of human experience. And the mention of these statistics will recall to many who are still with you the joys which were heightened, and the times when sadness and grief have been alleviated by the blessed gospel of God's grace for which the church stands. Nor is it a little thing that through all of these years your church has ever stood as a staunch defender of the faith once delivered to the saints.

"It is a matter of record, too, that every agency of the church has always been loyally supported and that you have ever given active co-operation to every good cause in the community. I recall also with special satisfaction, that you were among the foremost in laying the foundations and developing the influences, and sentiments, which have resulted in the Endeavor and Christian associations, which are now recognized as an integral part of organized church work the world over.

Would Come to Ottumwa.

"The question has often occurred to me, were I to begin my pastorate again with the added and varied experiences of the years that are past since I came to you, what more or different could I have done, to make my work among you more efficient. The purpose and aim with which I lived those years I would not change. I am conscious that my purpose was to win souls, to be helpful to my people, and the community, and the cause of Christ in the world. I think, however, that I would recognize more fully than I was able to do at that time, that our race is under sorrow as well as sin, and that Christian sympathy and helpfulness is the great antidote for the sad monotone to which our race is ever marching. In this respect I would strive more earnestly and stimulate you more to love and to good works. Not in order that you might be saved, but because you are saved, and that so the spirit of the Master, working through you, might constrain men and women to come to Christ.

"It is a fitting time also to acknowledge the kindness and sympathy of which I was ever the recipient while I was your pastor and since and which, with the consciousness that though with many inperfections, I ever sought to be of service to you in the gospel, will ever remain among the most precious memories of my life.

"I will be joined I am sure by each of the pastors who have served you in the past in congratulating you on the happy and enlarged work you are accomplishing under your present pastor, and in the hope that he may long be spared to lead you in paths of righteousness and cause you more and more to abound in every good work. That it may be so let the second semi-centennial of your history whose close will find most, if not all of us, together in, the land of light and love, be entered under the spell of the injunction of the beloved Disciple, 'Love one another.' With heartiest congratulations to pastor and people, I am most faithfully yours."

The letter of Rev. Ben E. S. Ely of Des Moines, was as follows:

"To the Members of the Church and Congregation of the First Presbyterian Church of Ottumwa:

"Dear Friends—Though I can not be with you in person, I am with you in heart, joining with you in rendering praise and thanksgiving to God for the innumerable blessing bestowed upon our beloved church during the past half century.

"As I recall the many pleasant memories of my own pastorate of something over thirteen years, "there is sunshine in my heart,' and in spirit I am singing with you, as I have often in the past, with the older members of the church. 'Blest be the tie which binds our hearts in Christian love.' Looking back, I see only the hilltops all aglow with the sunshine of Christ's love, overlooking any shadows that may lie in the valleys between.

"At the earnest solicitation of Dr. Willis G. Craig of Chicago, who said he had made an appointment for me, I first visited Ottumwa in February, 1881. On my way from Chicago I was snow-bound for eighteen hours, arriving in Ottuwa at 3 o'clock on Sunday morning—weary, cold, hungry and discouraged, asking myself, 'How shall I ever be able to preach today?'. The streets were blockaded with snow; no conveyances were running, and with one fellow passenger I waded through the drifts to the Ballingall hotel, to find but one room vacant, which was not very inviting, as one window was broken and the bed clothing very scanty. That day I preached in the old frame church at the corner of Green and Fourth streets, now occupied by our colored brethren, to an audience of forty or fifty persons. The church at that time, as I was informed, was not in a very flourishing condition. Shortly afterwards, returning home, I received a call to become the pastor. For a month I hesitated about accepting the call, but the freedom with which I preached on my first visit under such discouraging circumstances and the pleasure enjoyed in attending the young people's meeting, which I was informed had been kept up for over fifteen years, led me to accept.

A Population of 8,000.

"At the time I came to Ottumwa, the population of the city was rated at eight thousand. The church reported a membership of one hundred and seventy-seven, though the actual membership was about one hundred and forty-four. During the following thirteen years, 469 were added to the church—three hundred and sixteen on profession and examination, and one hundred and fifty-three by letter. Of those whom I had the privilege of receiving into the church, seven have since been elders, four of whom I had the pleasure of ordaining. Several others have been efficient officers in the church and state; two are now honored and useful ministers of the gospel, and several of our most beloved young people are foreign missionaries.

The First Mission Established.

"The limits of this letter will not permit me to write at length of the many causes of gratitude which occurred during the period of my pastorate, among the most notable of which were the erection and dedication of the new church building and the organization of the East and West End churches. In February, 1884, a mission Sabbath school with thirty-four members was organized in the men's old dining room of the East End packing house. Under the superintendance of Knox Boude and W. S. Coen, assisted by the faithful labors of the members of the church and others, and under the fostering care of T. D. Foster, the school grew in numbers and usefulness. The Rev. Dr. McElroy became its missionary and when the church was organized, its supply and pastor. To his faithful labors and the efficient help of the earnest workers to whom I have alluded, together with the generous liberality of Mr. Foster, the success of the mission was largely owing.

"In May, 1888, the church was organized with, I think, 122 members, one hundred and ten of whom were dismissed from the mother church for that purpose. The Rev. Dr. McMillan was the second pastor whose services, together with those of his excellent wife of blessed memory, contributed to its growth and usefulness, and now, looking toward the east, as a city set upon a hill, we see the beautiful building so admirably adopted in all its appointments, to be the home of its members.

The West End Mission.

"Another cause of gratitude during my pastorate, was the establishment of the West End mission school, under the superintendence of Messrs. J. F. Sterrett and George A. Brown, assisted by a faithful band of teachers, most of whom were from our Christian Endeavor society. In connection with this mission, an industrial school of great usefulness was organized and superintended by Mrs. W. S. Summers. There are many incidents connected with the pastor's personal intercourse with his people that touch the heart more tenderly than any others, which are too sacred to be mentioned in public. His ministrations to the sick, the sorrowful, the bereaved and the dying, bring him nearer to those with whom he sympathizes than any other functions and nearer also to the heart of Christ, who came to bind up the wounds of the broken hearted. Then, too, the spiritual and unseen blessings of the past are far greater than those which are the objects of observation. We are largely unconscious of the influences that have moulded our lives and characters. Often and often, coming to the house of God, we have taken of the water of life without a present consciousness of its refreshing and life-giving power. Referring to the church, the psalmist wrote: 'All my spirits are in thee.' How frequently during the past fifty years, coming to the house of God, have those who came, drank of the waters, of which if a man drinks, he shall never die? How often to those who came, has this church been as a spring by the wayside or a fountain in the desert? Eternity alone can reveal the benign influences and blessed results that have gone forth from this church as their center, to benefit the lives and homes of those who worshipped at its altars and to exert a beneficent influence upon the community and the state.

"In the home, in the social circle, in the marts of business and in the halls of our state legislature I have met with those to whom this church was their spiritual birthplace. Let me close this letter, which has already grown too long, by expressing my hearty congratulations."

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DID A WORLD OF GOOD.

The Letters to Santa Claus Through Courier Brought Answers.

More than one little heart was made glad by the gratification of fond hopes for remembrance by Santa Claus this year, through the agency of the letters written to good old Saint Nicholas through the Courier. Most of the little missives were from children whose parents could easily act as Santa Claus and supply their wants, both real and imaginary. But there were a few written by little folks who are members of families which, for one reason and another, have had a hard time to keep the wolf from the door, and it was these who were helped by several large-hearted readers of the paper. Contributions of money and wearing apparel came to the Courier office on Christmas eve and before, and helped to make a merry Christmas for more than one little girl or boy who otherwise would not have been remembered.

Expresses His Thanks.

At least one of these little fellows has not had his faith in Santa Claus shaken in the least. He is Loma Ray Adcock, living on West Sherman street He received a substantial answer to his letter, which set forth the facts that his mother was ill, and had told him that Santa Claus would forget him this year. However, he had the courage to write to Santa, and when the reply came he was overjoyed. The following letter has been received from him at the Courier office, addressed to Santa Claus:

"Dear Santa Claus:

"I wrote you a letter through the Courier, and I got so many nice presents sent to me that I have to thank you a thousand times, and I hope you will not forget me next Christmas. A merry Christmas and a happy New Year. Loma Ray Adcock."

When expectancy has taken leave the tendency is to sleep late in the morning.

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