

A GRATEFUL SPIRIT.

Should Be Cultivated by One and All, Says Dr. Talmage.

We Should Rehearse All Our Blessings and Give Praise to God for Them—The Gospel of Good Morals.

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In this discourse Dr. Talmage calls attention to the duty of thanksgiving that are seldom recognized and shows how to cultivate a cheerful spirit; text, Psalms 33:2: "Sing unto Him with a psalter and an instrument of ten strings."

A musician as well as poet and conqueror and king was David, the author of my text. He first composed the sacred rhythm and then played it upon a harp, striking and plucking the strings with his fingers and thumbs. The harp is the oldest of musical instruments. Jubal invented it, and he was the seventh descendant from Adam. His music was suggested by the twang of the bowstring. Homer refers to the harp in the "Iliad." It is the most consecrated of all instruments. The flute is more mellow, the bugle more martial, the cornet more incisive, the trumpet more resonant, the organ more mighty, but the harp has a tenderness and sweetness belonging to no other instrument that I know of. It enters into the richest symbolism of the Holy Scriptures. The captives in their sadness "hung their harps upon the willows." The raptures of Heaven are represented under the figure of "harpers harping on their harps." We learn from coins and medals that in the Maccabean age the harp had only three strings. In other ages it had eight strings. David's harp had ten strings, and when his great soul was affire with the theme his sympathetic voice, accompanied by exquisite vibration of the chords, must have been overpowering.

With as many things to complain about as any man ever had David wrote more anthems than any other man ever wrote. He put even the frosts and ballistics and tempests and creeping things and flying fowl and the mountains and the hills and day and night into a chorus. Absalom's plotting and Ahithophel's treachery and hosts of antagonists and sleepless nights and a roaming sore could not hush his psalms. Indeed, the more his troubles the mightier his sacred poems. The words "praise" and "song" are so often repeated in his psalms that one would think the typewriter's case containing the letters with which these words are spelled would be exhausted.

In my text David calls upon the people to praise the Lord with an instrument of ten strings, like that which he was accustomed to finger. The simple fact is that the most of us, if we praise the Lord at all, play upon one string or two strings or three strings when we ought to take a harp fully chorded and with glad fingers sweep all the strings. Instead of being grateful for here and there a blessing we happen to think of, we ought to rehearse all our blessings so far as we can recall them and obey the injunction of my text to sing unto Him with an instrument of ten strings.

Have you ever thanked God for delectable food? What vast multitudes are a-hungered from day to day or are obliged to take food not toothsome or pleasant to the taste? What millions are in struggle for bread? A Confederate soldier went to the front, and his family were on the verge of starvation, but they were kept up by the faith of a child of that household, who, noticing that some supply was sure to come, exclaimed: "Mother, I think God hears when we scrape the bottom of the barrel."

Have you appreciated the fact that on most of your tables are luxuries that do not come to all? Have you realized what varieties of flavor often touch your tongue and how the saccharin and the acid have been afforded your palate? What fruits, what nuts, what meats regale your appetite, while many would be glad to get the crusts and rinds and peelings that fall from your table. For the fine flavors and the luxurious viands you have enjoyed for a lifetime, perhaps you have never expressed to God a word of thanksgiving. That is one of the ten strings that you ought to have thrummed in praise to God, but you have never yet put it in vibration.

Have you thanked God for eyesight as originally given to you or, after it was dimmed by age, for the glasses that brought the page of the book within the compass of the vision? Have you realized the privation those suffer to whom the day is as black as the night and who never see the face of father or mother or wife or child or friend? Through what painful surgery many have gone to get one glimpse of the light? The eyes so delicate and beautiful and useful that one of them is invaluable! And most of us have two of these wonders of Divine mechanism. The man of millions of dollars who recently went blind from atrophy of optic nerve would have been willing to give all his millions and become a day laborer if he could have kept off the blindness that gradually crept over his vision.

You may have noticed how Christ's sympathies were stirred for the blind. Ophthalmia has always been prevalent in Palestine, the custom of sleeping on the housetops, exposed to the dew and the flying dust of the dry season, inviting this dreadful disorder. A large percentage of the inhabitants could not tell the difference between 12 o'clock at noon and 12 o'clock at night. We are told of six of Christ's miracles for the cure of these sightless ones, but I suppose they are only specimens of

hundreds of restored vision. What a faithful apostle Saul of Tarsus, the mighty man, three days led about in physical as well as spiritual darkness, he who afterward made Felix tremble by his eloquence and awed the Athenian philosophers on Mars hill and was the only cool-headed man in the Alexandria cornship that went to pieces on the rocks of Miletus, once the mighty persecutor of Saul, afterward the glorious evangelist Paul, for three days not able to take a safe step without guidance!

Have you ever grieved thanks for two eyes—media between the soul inside and the world outside, media that no one but the infinite God could create? The eye, the window of our immortal nature, the gate through which all colors march, the picture gallery of the soul! Without the eye this world is a big dungeon. I fear that many of us have never given one hearty expression of gratitude for treasure of sight, the loss of which is the greatest disaster possible unless it be the loss of the mind. Those wondrous seven muscles that turn the eye up or down, to right or left or around. No one but God could have created the retina. If we have ever appreciated what God did when he gave us two eyes, it was when we saw others with obliterated vision. Alas, that only through the privation of others we came to a realization of our own blessing! If you had harp in hand and swept all the strings of gratitude, you would have struck this, which is one of the most dulcet of the ten strings.

Further, there are many who never recognize how much God gives them when He gives them sleep. Insomnia is a calamity wider known in our land than in any other. By midlife vast multitudes have their nerves so overwrought that slumber has to be coaxing, and many are the victims of chloral and morphine. Sleeplessness is an American disorder. If it has not touched you and you can rest for seven or eight hours without waking—if for that length of time in every 24 hours you can be free of all care and worry and your nerves are returned and your limbs escape from all fatigue and the rising sun finds you a new man, body, mind and soul—you have an advantage that ought to be put in prayer and song and congratulation. The French financier, almost wealthy enough to purchase a kingdom, but the victim of insomnia, wrote: "No slumber to be bought in any market." He was right. Sleep is a gratuity from Him who never sleeps. Oh, the felicities of slumber! Let all who have this real benefaction celebrate it. That is one of the sweetest strings in all the instrument of ten strings.

Further, celebrate on the instrument of ten strings our illumined nights. They spread their tents over us, and some of us hardly go out to look at them. During the nights other worlds come in sight. The author of my text chimed the silver bells in the tower of the midnight heavens, saying: "When I consider the heavens, the work of Thy fingers; the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of him?" We thank God for the day, we ought also to thank Him for the night. Worlds on worlds in sight of the naked eye, but more worlds revealed by telescopes. At least one night in his lifetime every man ought to go into astronomical observatory and see what has been done by the great World Builder. Thank God for lunar and stellar illumination!

Another string of this instrument I now touch—friendships, deep and abiding, by which I refer to those people who, when good or bad motive may be ascribed to you, ascribe the good; those concerning whom you do not wonder which side they will take when you are under discussion; those who would more gladly serve you than serve themselves; those to whom you can tell everything without reserve; those who are first in your home by person or by telegram when you have trouble. Oh, what a blessing to have plenty of friends! Aye, if you have only one good friend, you are blessed in that glad possession. With one such friend you can defy the world. But he must be a true friend. You cannot tell who are your real friends till disasters come. As long as you collect vast dividends and have health, joy and popularity unboued you will have crowds of seeming friends, but let bankruptcy and invalidism and defamations come, and the number of your friends will be 95 per cent. off. If you have been through some great crisis and you have one friend left, thank God and celebrate it on the sweetest harpstring.

"While all this is so," says some one, "there are so many things that others have which I have not." I reply, it is not what we get, but what we are, that decides our happiness. With the bare necessities of life many are unappreciable happy, while others with all the luxuries are impenetrations of misery. In the Roman empire there was no man more wretched than the Nero who ruled it. The porticos of his palace were 3 miles long. A statue of him in silver and gold 120 feet high stood in the vestibule. The walls of his palace were mother of pearl and ivory. The ceiling was arranged to shower flowers and pour perfumes upon the guests. His wardrobe was so large that he never wore a garment twice. His slaves were shod in silver. He dined with hooks of gold. A thousand carriages accompanied him when he traveled. His crown was worth \$500,000. He had everything but happiness. That never came. Your heart right, all is right; your heart wrong, all is wrong.

But we must tighten the cords of our harp and retune it while we celebrate Gospel advantages. The highest state of civilization the world has

ever seen is American civilization, and it is built out of the Gospel of pardon and good morals. That Gospel rocked our cradle, and it will epitaph our grave. It soothes our sorrows, brightens our hopes, inspires our courage, forgives our sins and saves our souls. It takes a man who is all wrong and makes him all right. What that Gospel has done for you and me is a story that we can never fully tell. What it has done for the world and will yet do for the nations it will take the thousand years of the millennium to celebrate. The grandest churches are yet to be built. The mightiest anthems are yet to be hoisted. The greatest victories are yet to be gained. The most beautiful Madonnas are yet to be painted. The most triumphant processions are yet to march. Oh, what a world this will be when it rotates in its orbit a redeemed planet, girdled with spontaneous harvests and enriched by orchards whose fruits are speckless and redundant, and the last pain will have been banished and the last tear wiped and the last groan uttered, and there shall be nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mountain! All that and more will come to pass, for "the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

So far I have mentioned nine of the ten strings of the instrument of gratitude. I now come to the tenth and the last. I mention it last that it may be the more memorable—heavenly anticipation. By the grace of God we are going to move into a place so much better than this that on arriving we will wonder that we were for so many years so loath to make the transfer. After we have seen Christ face to face and rejoiced over our departed kindred there are some mighty spirits we will want to meet soon after we pass through the gates. We want to see and will see David, a mightier king in Heaven than he ever was on earth, and we will talk with him about psalmody and get from him exactly what he meant when he talked about the instrument of ten strings. We will confront Moses, who will tell of the law giving on rocky Sinai and of his mysterious burial, with no one but God present. We will see Joshua, and he will tell us of the coming down of the walls of Jericho at the blast of the ram's horn and explain to us that miracle—how the sun and moon could stand still without demotion of the planetary system. We will see Ruth and have her tell of the harvest field of Boaz, in which she gleaned for afflicted Naomi. We will see Vashti and hear from her own lips the story of her banishment from the Persian palace by infamous Ahasuerus.

We will see and talk with Daniel, and he will tell us how he saw Belshazzar's banqueting hall turned into a slaughter house and how the lions greeted him with loving fawn instead of stroke of cruel paw. We will see and talk with Solomon, whose palaces are gone, but whose inspired epigrams stand out stronger and stronger as the centuries pass. We will see Paul and hear from him how Felix trembled before him and the audacity of skeptics on Mars hill were confounded by his sermon on the brotherhood of man, what he saw at Ephesus and Syracuse and Philipp and Rome and how dark was the Mamertine dungeon and how sharp the ax that beheaded him on the road to Ostia. Yes, we will see all the martyrs, the victims of ax and sword and fire and billow. What a thrill of excitement for us when we gaze upon the heroes and heroines who gave their lives for the truth. We will see the gospel preachers Chrysostom and Bourdigne and Whitefield and the Wesleys and John Knox. We will see the great Christian poets Milton and Dante and Watts and Mrs. Hemans and Frances Havergal. Yes, all the departed Christian men and women of whatever age or station.

But there will be one focus toward which all eyes will be directed. His infancy having slept on pillow of straw; all the hates of the Herodian government planning for his assassination; in after time whipped as though he were a criminal; asleep on the cold mountains because no one offered him a lodging; though the greatest being who ever touched our earth, desirously called "the fellow;" His last hours writhing on spikes of infinite torture; His lacerated form put in sepulcher, then reanimated and ascended to be the center of all heavenly admiration—upon that greatest martyr and mightiest hero of all the centuries we will be permitted to look. Put that among your heavenly anticipations.

Now take down your harp of ten strings and sweep all the chords, making all of them tremble with a great gladness. I have mentioned just ten—delightful food, eyesight, hearing, healthful sleep, power of physical locomotion, illumined nights, mental faculties in equipoise, friendships of life, Gospel advantages and heavenly anticipations. Let us make less complaint and offer more thanks, render less dirge and more cantata. Take paper and pen and write down in long columns your blessings. I have recited only ten. To express all the mercies God has bestowed you would have to use at least three, and I think five, numerals, for surely they would run up into the hundreds and the thousands. "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever." Get into the habit of rehearsal of the brightnesses of life.

Notice how many more fair days there are than foul, how many more good people than bad you meet. Set your misfortunes to music, as David opened his "dark sayings on a harp." If it has been low tide heretofore, let the surges of mercy that are yet to roll in upon you reach high water mark. All things will work together for your good, and Heaven is not far ahead. Wake up all the ten strings. Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb forever, Amen!

THE OBSERVER.

The streets of Williamsburg presented an unusual sight this week. Snowballing and sleighing. It looks strange for the "Sunny South," but the general blizzard brought us genuine winter weather, and the young people enjoyed it as only the young can.

Skating! what a delightful thing it is for us, who, in one year out of four, have ice to skate on. The young people have "skated Jones' pond blue." A great many "married folks" had a good time, too, and were very glad to be chaperones of the "younger set."

This is the time for the candidate. They are out in galore, just look at the announcements in THE GAZETTE. We see some of our best young men asking the "Democratic Primary" to endorse them. The Observer is glad to see these young men casting their lot with the Democrats. I hope they will always be as ardent Democrats as they are now, for there is a time coming soon when Democrats will have something to do. We Democrats have it all our own way now, but when the new constitution is in force—then there will be something else to contend with.

The Observer recently read a copy of "First Families," an outgrowth of Richmond. Our Capital City may be counted on for "any old thing" it seems. In speaking of a certain social function the editor said that "everybody who was anybody" was there, well we hope the "nobodies" won't feel cut at that pointed remark and however, since then the name of the "journal has been changed from "First Families," to "The Echo." What a slam to the "First Families." Are they an "Echo?"

The Observer has observed closely the action of our City Council the past few years. I have watched the reports of the meetings as published in THE GAZETTE. Mayor Joo. L. Mercer made an appeal to the Council that should touch the heart of every mother in Williamsburg. He delivered a speech, or report, in favor of turning Palace Green into a Park. I believe he recommended that the Council appropriate funds, (and urge the people to contribute to it) to beautify the now barren waste that our little ones might have a place to "rusticate" when the heat of Summer come. If I were a voter I should cast my ballot for Mayor Mercer, for his broadmindedness and his consideration for the mothers of Williamsburg. He is brave enough to come out and urge a new venture and I honor him for it. The Observer.

A Special Offer. For the next 30 days from this date, we will send any person, not a subscriber, outside of the state of Virginia, THE GAZETTE 12 months for a list of 25 names with their postoffice address, of people likely to become subscribers, or who are thinking of changing their location. We want them as subscribers as well as neighbors. Write names plainly and mail to THE GAZETTE.

A New Play. The William and Mary Dramatic Club is to give a new play at Cameron Hall on the night of February the 28th. It is entitled "John Smith." It is to be given for the benefit of the College Base Ball team.

These young ladies and gentlemen will take part: Misses Virginia Braithwaite Lucile Foster, Rosa Emory, and Messrs. W. J. Wilkinson, Harry Hundley, T. B. Smith, Robt. Holt and Peachy Spencer.

Millions Put To Work. The wonderful activity of the new century is shown by an enormous demand for the world's best workers—Dr. King's New Life Pills. For constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, or any trouble of Stomach, Liver or Kidney they're unrivaled. Only 25c at L. Henley's drug store.

Education In The South. A telegram from Milwaukee, Wis., says:— Prof. O. A. Hillyer, Professor of Biblical language at the Atlanta Theological Seminary, in an address at Plymouth Congregational church, made the statement that there were twice the facilities for the education of the negroes in the South that there are for the whites. The latter, Prof. Hillyer said, had been neglected, and it was to the advantage of good citizenship that attention be paid to this phase of development in the South.

Prof. Hillyer has come north for a three-months leave of absence to arouse interest in the poor whites of the South. He says the greatest problem in educational and religious work in the South is to secure men for the work. If one hundred churches were to be organized there to-day, there would be no men for pastors. "The poor whites" of the South are not neglected. They have the same educational advantages as the rich. Either Prof. Hillyer or the reporter is "off."

COHEN STORE,

Open till 10 p. M. Saturday. Ladies' Suits and Wraps Sharply Reduced.

The Holiday Selling has left quantities of smartly tial ored Suits, Raglans, Jackers, Skirts, etc., that were or dered especially for our holiday trade. Half prices and ess are what we are selling them for now.

Table with 2 columns: Item description and Price. Includes items like 'Strictly Tailor Made Raglans of fine Grade Kersey' and 'Oxford Raglans for'.

THE COHEN CO., 11 to 17 E. Broad St., RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

State News. A warm campaign for the mayoralty of Richmond is on. Carlton McCarthy is opposing Mayor Dick Taylor for re-nomination. The fight is growing sensational. The committee has decided in favor of a primary.

Favorite Nearly Everywhere. Constipation means dulness, depression, headache, generally disordered health. DeWitt's Little Early Risers stimulate the liver, open the bowels and relieve this condition. Safe, speedy and thorough. They never gripe. Favorite pills.—L. Henley.

Exporting Poplar Logs. Mr. G. A. Styrnbrough of Magruder, is busy getting out poplar logs for the export trade. These logs will go from Lightfoot to Newport News, thence to England. This is something new for the Peninsula, and demonstrates its great possibilities.

Saved Him From Torture. There is no more agonizing trouble than piles. The constant itching and burning make life intolerable. No position is comfortable. The torture is unceasing. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures piles at once. For skin diseases

A Delightful Musicale. A delightful musicale was given by Mr. and Mrs. L. Wynne Roberts, Monday night, at their home on Duke of Gloucester Street. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Jno. B. Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. E. I. Tabor, Miss Wright all of Williamsburg, and Mrs. W. S. McAllister of Ottawa, Can. A delightful evening was spent.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The best and most famous compound in the world to conquer aches and kill pains. Cures Cuts, heals Burns and Bruises, subdues inflammation, masters Piles. Millions of Boxes sold yearly. Works wonders in Boils, Uices, Felons Skin Eruptions. It cures or no pay 5c at L. Henley's drug store.

The Busy Peninsula. The Newport News shipyard has all the work it can do with a force of 6,000 men. The Chesapeake and Ohio Railway Co. is preparing to straighten out all the curves on the Peninsula Division. Already the surveyors are at work near Lanexa.

Dangerous Forest Fire. Last Saturday fire broke out in a marsh at "Spattley's," Sheriff M. R. Harrell's pretty farm on James river. The fire raged for several hours, and destroyed one house and fence, and for a time threatened the residence. The loss was quite heavy.

When you wake up with a bad taste in your mouth, get at once to any drug store and get a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. One or two doses will make you well. They also cure biliousness, sick headaches and constipation.

Land Company Meets. The Peninsula Land and Immigration Company held a special meeting in the Peninsula Bank building, Thursday at 12 o'clock M. Pres. L. F. Barnes, of Boulevard presided.

The Last Heard Of It. "My little boy took the croup one night and soon grew so bad you could hear him breathe all over the house," says F. D. Reynolds, Mansfield, O. "We feared he would die, but a few doses of One Minute Cough Cure quickly relieved him and he went to sleep. That's the last we heard of the croup. Now isn't a cough cure like that valuable?" One Minute Cough Cure is also lutely safe and acts immediately. For coughs, colic, croup, grip, bronchitis and all other throat and lung troubles it is a certain cure. Very easy to take. The little ones like it.—L. Henley.

The Melon Crop. The Toano truckers are debating over planting a large melon crop next Spring, fearing a repetition of the state of affairs that prevailed last season.

Mr. Wheeler Got Rid of His Rheumatism. "During the winter of 1898 I was so lame in my joints, in fact all over my body, that I could hardly hobble around, when I bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. From the first application I began to get well, and was cured and have worked steadily all the year.—R. WHEELER, Northwood, N. For sale by all druggists.

When you wake up with a bad taste in your mouth, get at once to any drug store and get a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. One or two doses will make you well. They also cure biliousness, sick headaches and constipation.

A new letter head and envelope will improve your business.