

THE PROGRESS

CAL D. HICKS, Editor.

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Disturbing Elements

For more than eighteen months the Democracy of Louisiana has been engaged in civil strife. The contest has been long and bitter and has left as mementoes all feelings which time may never erase. The cause of all this has been the lottery question which, in its multitudinous forms has presented itself as a foe to all that was pure, wholesome and just in the body politic, and was, therefore fought in all its shapes and guises by those who favored better government. It is to be hoped, however, the fight has been reached, that the light ended with Tuesday's primary. That is to say that for the present both sides can lay aside their arms and again enter the peaceful pursuits of their general vocations, and no doubt all will be glad to do so. The scenes which our State has passed though have been trying ones and the old commonwealth has been shaken as by a volcanic eruption. Her peace and quietude has been greatly disturbed and public feeling has suffered seriously in consequence. A spirit of general depression prevailed among the people, and at one time the outlook was far from encouraging. The cause has now been removed for the present and no doubt better spirit would prevail, but for another common foe which is rearing its serpentine head to take the place of the lottery which has been crushed for awhile, and that is the saloon politics. This is likewise a disturbing element which is almost as formidable as the lottery. This is equally as bold and unscrupulous; equally as avaricious and heartless; equally as corrupting and defiant; equally as ruinous to good government, and left to itself, will in a few years, be equally as powerful in legislative and judicial halls.

The struggle of Tuesday was participated in by some of the best of our community—some on either side. On that one issue the best men differed, but on the saloon politics there should be a union of all those who favor honest politics, for with that gang in control of the party machinery justice, honesty and decency will no more be heard or seen in our councils. Arrogant and vindictive, the dram shop political bosses seek to elevate themselves into positions of honorable preferment and then dole out to their better such crumbs as they see fit to cast to them. They and the sycophantic demagogues, thirsty for promotion, set up a depotism in the party which Honor will not, cannot endure, which Fair Play will not submit to. Unless their influence is curtailed, unscrupulous officials will hold the reins of government and Dishonesty and corruption will sit in judgment upon the rights of our people. The lottery and dram shop rule are twin sisters in vice, and pollute any politics that they touch. We have for the once eradicated one evil, now let us combine all the forces of good government against this other element which threatens the same disturbing influence which has recently caused such an upheaval in our State; let the best people of both the McEnery and Foster faction combine forces and crush it before the State's purity is prostituted and ruined by it.

Protracted Meeting.

For the last two weeks there have been revival services at the First Presbyterian Church of our city, conducted by the Rev. Dr. Guerrant, of Kentucky, assisted by the resident minister, Rev. Matthew Van Lear and the members of the congregation. Dr. Guerrant is a preacher of sound doctrine, convincing argument and persistent logic, and has done excellent service for the cause of Christ during his visit here. Everyone who has heard him has been exceedingly entertained, edified and elevated spiritually, and speak in pleasing terms of the good he has done. The Master has need of such servants as Dr. Guerrant, and is no doubt well pleased to have him labor in the vineyard of Shreveport. This is a good field for such work, and it is to be hoped that this eminent divine can be prevailed on to remain in our midst as long as any sheaves can be gathered for the harvest tide.

Matters Religious.

HYMN

"Jesus keep me near the cross,  
These a precious fountain  
Free to all—a healing stream,  
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

In the Cross, in the Cross  
Be my glory ever;  
Till my raptured soul shall find  
Rest beyond the river.

Near the Cross, a trembling soul,  
Love and mercy found me;  
There the bright and morning star  
Shed its beam around me.

Near the Cross! O Lamb of God,  
Bring its scenes before me;  
Help me walk from day to day,  
With its shadow over me.

Near the Cross I'll watch and wait,  
Hoping, trusting ever,  
Till I reach the golden strand,  
Just beyond the river.

"Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross."

Ah! if we would always sail around in the waters whose waves wash the shores on whose rocky eminence is erected the Cross of our Savior, how tranquil would be our voyage! How smoothly and happily would our bark glide over the bosom of the sea! How joyous would be the sailors' songs who man that vessel, because Christ is always the pilot of those crafts which enter that harbor.

Christianity is made to shine forth in its wonderful beauty, is made to reflect itself fully and forcibly in our characters when we keep near the Cross. With that lighthouse ever in view no mariner was ever known to be wrecked; no sail ever lost; but with its brightened rays cast over the waters, making grand, silvery and sublime the smooth channel where the deep water of Truth runs; and bringing into view the dangerous reefs of Transgression, the fleets which belong to those combinations Faith and Trust have ever passed in safety through the channel, and on until they reached "that golden shore just beyond the river."

Our Harvest

The day will come when every one of accountability from Christendom, irrespective of class, nationality or faith, will be placed upon a plane of equality, and before the same tribunal be forced to give "an account of the deeds done in the body." No matter how hard we shall strive to escape it; no matter how vehemently we may declare that we do not believe in the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, as sure as the sun shines and the winds blow, this day of reckoning will come, and then, "what will the harvest be?" Oh friends, this is a momentous question, and we should study it well while the opportunity is still ours for preparing the soil and planting the seed "For the reaping, by and by."

Christendom is the field, and the inhabitants thereof are the husbandmen, who must put all this soil to use for the Master's service. We must be prepared to come when He calls, and come bringing in as many sheaves as our earnest, unremitting toil could produce.

Dear readers! there is in Shreveport much idle land, which should be producing fruit. There are here in our midst many now sterile spots which could be made fertile under the care of practical husbandmen. Then let us go forth to our duty and sow the seeds of Love and Truth in these waste spots, that they may be made to blossom and bear fruit for the Savior's Kingdom, so that when God shall demand a reckoning with us, we may be able to give a good account of ourselves and report a full granary, as the result of our labors, at the harvest tide.

A kind word costs nothing, and yet it frequently is the means of dispelling shadows and bringing sunshine in another's heart. Then let us be plenteous with these expressions of sympathy, for thereby we may be doing that which will cause the Savior to think more highly of our transgressions.

"The Name of Jesus."

Jesus! How does the very word overflow with exceeding sweet and light and love and life! Filling the air with odors like precious ointment poured forth, irradiating a mind with glory of truth in which no fear can live. Soothing the wounds of a heart with a balm that turns the sharpest anguish

into delicious peace, shedding through the soul a cordial of immortal strength. Jesus! The answer to all our doubts, the spring of all our courage, the earnestness of all our hopes, the charm omnipotent of all our foes, the remedy for all our sickness, the supply of all our wants, the fullness of all our desires. Jesus! melody to our ears, altogether lovely to our sight, manna to our taste, living water to our thirst. Jesus! Our shadow from the heat, our refuge from the storm, our cloud by night, our morning star, our Son of righteousness. Jesus! At the mention of whose name "every knee shall bow and every tongue confess," Jesus our power, Jesus our righteousness, Jesus our sanctification, Jesus our redemption, Jesus our elder brother, Jesus our Jehovah, Jesus our Immanuel, Thy name is the most transport theme of the Church, as they sing going up from the valley of tears to the mount of God—Thy name shall ever be the richest chord in the harmony of heaven, where the angels and redeemed unite their exulting, adoring songs around the throne of God and the Lamb. Jesus! Thou only canst interpret Thy own name, and Thou hast done it by Thy work on earth, and Thy glory in the right hand of the Father. Jesus, Savior!—Dr. Bethune.

The recent strong and great uprising of the people against the Lottery in Louisiana, the Liquor Dealers Bill at Albany, and the race track gambling bills at Trenton should give heart and hope to all who are engaged in warfare against evil in any form. The day is not far distant, we believe, when we shall see an uprising greater than any one of these against the whole liquor traffic. Heaven haste the day!—Ex.

The Interior says of the Woman's Temple at Chicago: "It is the handsomest building in Chicago. The two wings we would call the two sisters, standing on a pedestal of granite, in graceful drapery, and with beautiful lace work covering their shapely shoulders. It looks like woman's work. They have easily distanced all other architecture in the city, nor have we seen anything anywhere so unique in architectural stateliness and beauty."

It is safe to say that this "handsomest building in Chicago" is never likely to be polluted by the presence within its walls of that courted ally of politicians and merciless foe of American women and American homes—the whisky devil.—New Orleans Christian Advocate.

You may have a rough voyage through life, but you have nothing to fear while you keep unbelief down and Christ on deck.—Way of Life.

May we all learn this lesson well, for in it is truth unto everlasting life. With Christ on deck, the old ship will always keep afloat, and will surely land in the haven of rest, where God is with the Savior, on His right hand, to bless us as we enter in.

So many people shrink from the high ideal of the Christian life. They seem to be afraid to be out-and-out Christians. But if it is worth while to be a Christian at all, it is worth while to be a whole Christian. If Christ is worth anything in this life, he is worth everything. And yet there are comparatively few who let Christ take full possession of their hearts and lives.—Way of Life.

We used to hear the old Methodists pray to God to destroy "the least and last remains of the carnal mind." We have not heard the prayer since coming to man's estate. It seems to us, though, after the struggle of these years to fathom all the depths of God's forgiving love, that these old Methodist fathers had the right idea, and that a return to this prayer and a renewal of this struggle to be rid of "the least and last remains of the carnal mind" would greatly conduce to our advance in holiness.—Nashville Advocate.

If God was one-tenth, yea one-hundredth part, as thoughtless of our necessities as we are of our duty to Him, our lives would be miserable indeed.

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