

mouth and having it buried ashore. And after his death the world rushed in to take an inventory of his goods, and the entire aggregate was the garments he had worn, sleeping in them by night and traveling in them by day, hearing on them the dust of the highway and the saturation of the sea. St. Paul in my text hit the mark when he said of the missionary Prince, "For your sakes he became poor."

Treading the Wine Press.

The world could have treated him better if it had chosen. It had all the means for making his earthly condition comfortable. Only a few years before, when Pompey, the general, arrived in Brindisi, he was greeted with arches and a costly column which celebrated the 12,000,000 people whom he had killed or conquered, and he was allowed to wear his triumphal robe in the senate. The world had applause for imperial butchers, but buffeting for the Prince of Peace; plenty of golden chalices for the favored to drink out of, but our Prince must put his lips to the bucket of the well by the roadside after he had begged for a drink. Poor? Born in another man's barn, and eating at another man's table, and cruising the lake in another man's fishing smack, and buried in another man's tomb. Four inspired authors wrote his biography, and innumerable lives of Christ have been published, but he composed his autobiography in a most compressed way. He said, "I have trodden the wine press alone."

Poor in the estimation of nearly all the prosperous classes. They called him Sabbath breaker, wine bibber, traitor, blasphemer and ransacked the dictionary of opprobrium from cover to cover to express their detestation. I can think now of only two well to do men who espoused his cause—Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea. His friends for the most part were people who, in that climate where ophthalmia or inflammation of the eyeball sweeps over and anon as a scourge, had become blind, sick people who were anxious to get well, and troubled people in whose family there was some one dead or dying. If he had a purse at all, it was empty, or we would have heard what the soldiers did with the contents. Poor? The pigeon in the dovecot, the rabbit in its burrow, the silkworm in its cocoon, the bee in its hive is better provided for, better off, better sheltered. Aye, the brute creation has a home on earth, which Christ had not. A poet says:

If on windy days the raven Gambol like a dancing skiff, Not the less he loves his haven On the bosom of the cliff. If almost with eagle pinton O'er the Alps the chamol's roam, Yet he has some small dominion Which no doubt he calls his home.

But the Crown Prince of all heavenly dominion has less than the raven, less than the chamol, for he was homeless. Aye, in the history of the universe there is no other instance of such coming down. Who can count the miles from the top of the throne to the bottom of the cross? Cleopatra, giving a banquet to Antony, took a pearl worth \$100,000 and dissolved it in vinegar and swallowed it. But when our Prince, according to the evangelist, in his last hours took the vinegar, in it had been dissolved all the pearls of his heavenly royalty. Down until there was no other harassment to suffer, poor until there was no other pauperism to torture. Billions of dollars spent in wars to destroy men, who will furnish the statistics of the value of that precious blood that was shed to save us? "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor."

The Holy Land.

Only those who study this text in two places can fully realize its power—the Holy Land of Asia Minor and the holy land of heaven. I wish that some day you might go to the Holy Land and take a drink out of Jacob's well, and take a sail on Galilee, and read the sermon on the mount while standing on Olivet, and see the wilderness where Christ was tempted, and be some afternoon on Calvary at about 3 o'clock—the hour at which closed the crucifixion—and sit under the sycamores and by the side of brooks, and think and dream and pray about the poverty of him who came our souls to save. But you may be denied that, and so here, in another continent and in another hemisphere, and in scenes as different as possible, we recount as well we may how poor was our heavenly Prince. But in the other holy land above we may all study the riches that he left behind when he started for earthly expedition. Come, let us bargain to meet each other at

the door of the Father's mansion, on the bank of the river just where it rolls from under the throne, or at the outside gate. Jesus got the contrast by exchanging that world for this; we will get it by exchanging this world for that. There and then you will understand more of the wonders of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, "though he was rich, yet for your sakes became poor."

Yes, grace, free grace, sovereign grace, omnipotent grace! Among the thousands of words in the language there is no more queenly word. It means free and unmerited kindness. My text has no monopoly of the word. One hundred and twenty-nine times does the Bible eulogize grace. It's a door swung wide open to let into the pardon of God all the millions who choose to enter it.

John Newton sang of it when he wrote:

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me.

Phillip Doddridge put it into all hymnology when he wrote:

Grace, 'tis a charming sound Harmonious to the ear, Heaven with the echo shall resound, And all the earth shall hear.

One of John Bunyan's great books is entitled "Grace Abounding." "It is all of grace that I am saved" has been on the lips of hundreds of dying Christians. The boy Sammy was right when, being examined for admission into church membership, he was asked, "Whose work was your salvation?" And he answered, "Part mine and part God's." Then the examiner asked, "What part did you do, Sammy?" And the answer was, "I opposed God all I could, and he did the rest!" Oh, the height of it, the depth of it, the length of it, the breadth of it, the grace of God! Mr. Fletcher having written a pamphlet that pleased the king, the king offered to compensate him, and Fletcher answered, "There is only one thing I want, and that is more grace." Yes, my blood bought hears grace to live by and grace to die by. Grace that saved the publican; that saved Lydia; that saved the dying thief; that saved the jailer; that saved me. But the riches of that grace will not be fully understood until heaven breaks in upon the soul. An old Scotchman who had been a soldier in one of the European wars was sick and dying in one of our American hospitals. His one desire was to see Scotland and his old home and once again walk the heather of the highlands and bear the bagpipes of the Scotch regiments. The night that the old Scotch soldier died a young man, somewhat reckless, but kind hearted, got a company of musicians to come and play under the old soldier's window, and among the instruments there was a bagpipe. The instant that the musicians began the dying old man in delirium said: "What's that? What's that? Why, it's the regiments coming home. That's the one—yes, that's the tune. Thank God, I have got home once more!" "Bonnie Scotland and Bonnie Doon!" were the last words he uttered as he passed up to the highlands of the better country, and there are hundreds homesick for heaven, some because you have so many bereavements, some because you have so many temptations, some because you have so many ailments—homesick, very homesick for the fatherland of heaven, and the music that you want to hear now is the song of free grace, and the music that you want to hear when you die is free grace, and forever before the throne of God you will sing of the "grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, though he was rich, yet for your sakes became poor."

For Our Sakes.

Yes, yes, for your sakes! It was not on a pleasure excursion that he came, for it was all pain. It was not on an astronomical exploration, for he knew this world as well before he alighted as afterward. It was not because he was compelled to come, for he volunteered. It was not because it was easy, for he knew that it would be thorn and spike and hunger and thirst and roasting of angry mobs. "For your sakes!" To wipe away your tears, to forgive your wrongdoing, to companionship your loneliness, to soothe your sorrows, to sit with you by the new made grave, to bind up your wounds in the ugly battle with the world and bring you home at last, kindling up the mists that fall on your dying vision with the sunlight of a glorious morn. "For your sakes!" No; I will change that. Paul will not care and Christ will not care if I change it, for I must get into the blessedness of the text myself, and so I say, "For our sakes!" For we all have our temptations and bereavements

and conflicts. I want to be! We who deserve for our sins to be expatriated into a world as much poorer than this than this earth is poorer than heaven. For our sakes! But what a frightful coming down to take us gloriously up!

When Araxerxes was hunting, Tirshazus, who was attending him, showed the king a rent in his garments. The king said, "How shall I mend it?" "By giving it to me," said Tirshazus. Then the king gave him the robe, but commanded him never to wear it, as it would be inappropriate.

But see the startling and comforting fact—while our prince throws off the robe he not only allows us to wear it, but commands us to wear it, and it will become us well, and for the poverties of our spiritual state we may put on the splendors of heavenly regalement. For our sakes! Oh, the personality of this religion! Not an abstraction, not an arch under which we walk to behold elaborate masonry, not an ice castle like that which the Empress Elizabeth of Russia, over 100 years ago, ordered to be constructed, winter, with its trowel of crystals cementing the huge blocks that had been quarried from the frozen rivers of the north, but our Father's house with the wide hearth crackling a hearty welcome. A religion of warmth and inspiration and light and cheer, something we can take into our hearts and homes and business, recreations and joys and sorrows. Not an unmanageable gift, like the galley presented to Ptolemy, which required 4,000 men to row, and its draft of water was so great that it could not come near the shore, but something you can run up any stream of annoyance, however shallow. Enrichment now, enrichment forever.

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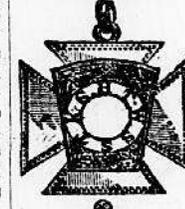
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The Secret Societies.

MASONIC.



Lodge Room—In third story Scott building, on Market street—Ascension Commandery, No. 6, meets first Monday in each month at 7 o'clock from October to April, and 7:30 from April to call off. T. B. CHASE, E. C. L. C. ALLEN, Rec.



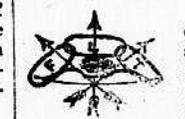
Shreveport Royal Arch Chapter No. 10 meets second Monday in each month at same hours as Ascension Commandery. L. E. THOMAS, E. H. P. S. M. WATSON, Secretary.



Shreveport Lodge No. 115, F. and A. M., meets first and third Thursdays of each month at same hours. J. D. WAGNER, W. M. J. D. JENKINS, Sec.

Caddo Lodge No. 179, F. and A. M. meets first and third Saturdays of each month at same hours. L. E. THOMAS, W. M. H. B. HEARNE, Sec.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.



October and 8 o'clock from October to April.

Shreveport Lodge No. 163 meets every Friday evening at 7 o'clock from April to October and of 8 o'clock from October to April. JOHN W. TABER, N. G. H. H. PRESCOTT, Sec.

REBEKAH—Queen Esther No. 12 meets every Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock at Odd Fellows Hall. Mrs. DR. S. H. HICKS, N. G. Miss Mary Leaton, Sec.

IMPROVED ORDER RED MEN.



Osceola Tribe No. 7 meets first and third Fridays in each month at Wigwam over Levy & Son store at 7 p.m. from October to April, and 7:30 p.m. from April to October. W. F. THOMAS, Sachem. J. D. JENKINS, C. of P.

Pontiac Tribe No. 12 meets every Wednesday evening at Wigwam over Commercial National Bank at 7 o'clock from October to April, and 7:30 o'clock from April to October.

A. J. WAGNER, Sachem. Jules Bernstein, C. of R.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Damon Lodge No. 2 meets every Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock at Castle Hall on Spring street. H. B. HEARNE, C. C. R. T. VINSON, K. of R. & S. Calantha Lodge No. 13 meets at Castle Hall first and third Wednesdays of each month at 7:30 o'clock.

KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

Knights of the Golden Eagle, Shreveport Castle No. 10, meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30 at Castle Hall over Commercial National Bank. R. A. GRUBBS, N. C. G. H. BREWER, M. of R.

ANCIENT ORDER UNITED WORKMEN.

A. O. U. W. meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock over M. Levy & Son, corner of Spring and Texas Street, F. MARTEL, Jr., M. W. L. S. CRAIN, Recordr.

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