

ARP'S LETTER

Solicitous for Welfare of Country Boys and Girls.

THEY NEED REFERENCE BOOKS

And Suggests That, When Possible, They Should be Supplied With Standard Encyclopedia—Origin of Our Alphabet.

I am very much perplexed to know what to do for the country boys and girls. Of course they can get a little schooling under the present system, but that will be only in textbooks of reading, writing and arithmetic. What they need is books of reference that will answer their many questions. Every mail brings me letters wanting to know things that they cannot learn in their country schools. Their teachers cannot tell them nor their neighbors. Of course not more than half of them are about knowing anything outside of their school books, but the other half do, and on that half depends the culture and progress of our country. Why should these boys and girls have to ask me and Joel Chandler Harris and John Temple Graves and others so many questions? When they inclose a stamp I answer all I can, but these young people need books that they can refer to. If Mr. Carnegie would place in every country school a standard encyclopedia, such as Appleton's sixteen volumes of universal knowledge, or Dodd, Meade & Co.'s International of sixteen volumes, the young people would have a library that would answer all their questions. Add to this Appleton's seven volumes of American biography, and a country youth can get an education without anything else. A young farmer in Alabama asks me what books he must buy to improve his mind and store up knowledge by reading and studying at night. Well, it will take near \$100 to buy the above named books and he had better skip over all the modern trash that does nothing but entertain and amuse and strain his farm and his cattle and everything else to get that hundred dollars. I think he could get them from Wannamaker for \$75.

Now, of course a boy or a girl not yet in their teens would prefer books to suit their age, and they ought to have them. I still treasure with delight my enjoyment of such books as "Robinson Crusoe," "Arabian Nights" and Jules Verne's works, "Swiss Family Robinson" and some of Scott's novels, like "Rob Roy" and "Kenilworth." Children must have entertainment. As they grow up they must have knowledge, for as Lord Broughman said, "I had rather trust the schoolmaster to perpetuate this government than all the armies of England."

Now, here is a youth who writes to me to know who invented the alphabet. Well, that is going far back, but it is a question that should be answered, for the alphabet is the very beginning of knowledge. The alphabet goes away back a thousand years before Moses was born. The Phoenicians made the first one that we know of. They lived in a narrow region that lies between Palestine and Syria, a country about 200 miles long and 20 miles wide, and yet they dominated the civilized world for a thousand years, for they had control of commerce and manufactures of the gold of Ophir and the silver of Tarshish and the brass and copper of other lands were all theirs, and it was a fact that as Isaiah wrote, "Silver was heaped up as dust in the streets and was more plentiful than iron." Hiram, the king, was the friend of Solomon, but a thousand years before their time these Phoenicians had made an alphabet and used it in writing and engraving. But that alphabet has passed away. In course of time the Grecians conquered Phoenicia and the Greek language prevailed. Their alphabet is the origin of ours, the very word being compounded of the first two letters, alpha and beta. Just as the Phoenician language was lost and went into disuse just so has the Greek and Latin language been abandoned and our English will no doubt be the language of the civilized world before this century ends.

Nearly a hundred years ago an Englishman by the name of James Smithson bequeathed to the United States something over a million dollars to be used to promote the diffusion of knowledge among men. That sum has been increased by our government from year to year until now the Smithsonian institute is one of the world's wonders. But you cannot see it unless you go to it, and only the rich and members of congress can do that. The common people are still in the woods, and that is why I wish Carnegie or some other philanthropist would do something for our country schools. The spirit of progress is doing well in the towns and cities. Right here in Cartersville our good women have organized a public library as an attachment to their club work. The corner

stone will be laid next Saturday, and I have been honored with an invitation to unhoist the first shovel full of earth, which I shall certainly do if I am strong enough to lift the shovel. I feel a deep interest in this educational work and hope to live long enough to see it in successful operation. Not long ago a lady asked me who designed the confederate flag and who first suggested our Memorial day. When our history is well supplied they will not have to ask these questions but will go there and find out.

But I must stop now for fear I will not only overtax my bodily strength, but will strain my mind besides.—BILL ARP, in Atlanta Constitution.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

King Edward is sixty-one years old. M. Bonnier, the French Minister of Finance, commenced life as a book agent.

Senator Hoar lives on land in Worcester, Mass., that was formerly owned by John Hancock, the patriot.

A French translation of President Roosevelt's book, "The Strenuous Life," is arousing widespread interest in Paris.

Professor M. I. Pupen, of Columbia University, who invented the ocean telephone, started his career in America as a Turkish bath attendant.

Dr. Nansen, the Arctic explorer, announces a polar expedition for next year to explore King William Land, on the east coast of Greenland.

The Duke of Buccleugh is one of the richest noblemen in the world. He owns 450,000 acres of land and has a yearly income of over \$1,500,000.

Speaker Henderson has notified the trustees of Upper Iowa University at Fayette, his alma mater, that he donates his entire private library to the college.

Mrs. Hetty Green, America's said-to-be richest woman, has instituted foreclosure of a \$12,000 mortgage on a Chicago church, saying, "All I want is my money—and interest."

Former President F. L. Patton, of Princeton University, is sitting for his portrait to John W. Alexander, on an order from the alumni. The portrait is to go to the university.

General Booth, in an address at Buffalo, said that a corps might be formed to go slumming among the rich. He also said the army's teachings were being preached in thirty-seven different languages.

Secretary Shaw gave out a neat epigram during his recent speech in Boston. "The difference between the politician and the statesman," he said, "is the difference between a young man who is looking for work and one who is looking for a situation."

NEWSY CLEANINGS.

The forthcoming municipal loan of Berlin will amount to \$56,250,000. Mussolino, the condemned Italian brigand, is starving himself to death.

The annual auction of boxes for the New York Horse Show netted \$35,000. Flour rates from San Francisco, Cal., to Central and South American ports have been advanced.

The arsenal grounds at Indianapolis, Ind., have been bought for a technical school for \$150,000.

Newspaper guessing contests have been declared legal by the Superior Court at Cincinnati, Ohio.

It is announced that a good many more valuable coal beds have recently been discovered at Rosario, in the Sudan.

France has granted pensions to widows of civil and military officials who lost their lives in the Martinique disaster.

The University of Chicago has agreed to absorb the Rush Medical College if the latter raises \$1,000,000 by next July.

The city of Bloomington, Ill., is building a big schoolhouse all on one floor to save children the strain of stair climbing.

Electric trains on the Zossen-Berlin military railroad have been successfully run at a speed of seventy-five miles per hour.

It is reported that the Dutch Government has secured the right for twenty-five years to build Holland submarine boats.

An international music festival will be held in Berlin, Germany, in October next year. One day will be devoted to American and English music.

Professor Ledochowski, Vienna's noted "weather sharp," predicts that this winter will be the coldest Europe has had in half a century.

Germany does a large business in toys. Every year she sells over 11,000 tons to Great Britain and about 6000 tons to the United States.

Statistics of coal mine accidents in 1901, as furnished in the Geological Survey report on mineral resources, show that 1,467 men were killed and 3,643 injured. For each life lost 188,658 tons of coal were mined. In bituminous mines 954 were killed and 2,400 injured out of a total of 340,235; in the Pennsylvania anthracite mines 513 were killed and 1,243 injured out of 145,309 at work. The casualties in Pennsylvania's bituminous coal mines for the year were 301 killed, 656 injured, or one life for every 273,288 tons of soft coal mined. In the anthracite field 131,524 tons were mined for each life lost—the proportionate fatality being more than double that in the soft coal section, counting tons mined.

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ON "THREE WAYS OF TREATING A SINNER."

The Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman Tells of the World's Treatment, the Law's Treatment and the Saviour's Treatment of the Erring.

NEW YORK CITY.—The distinguished evangelist, the Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, has prepared the following sermon for the press. It is entitled "Three Ways of Treating a Sinner," and was preached from the text: "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." John 8: 11.

There is something exceedingly pathetic in the beginning of this chapter where we read Jesus went unto the Mount of Olives. I know the critics say that this story does not belong to the New Testament, but did you ever see a better representation of Christ, first, in His going out to the Mount of Olives as He was accustomed to, secondly, in His rising early in the morning that He might come again in touch with the great thronging mass of people so much in need of His service. Thirdly, in His sitting down and teaching, showing that He spoke with authority. Fourth, in the scorn with which He treated the Pharisees as they condemned this poor, unfortunate woman, when He said, "He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone at her," and finally in His tender treatment of the sinner herself when He said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." This is all very like Him, and somehow I cannot get it out of my mind that it belongs just where we have ever found it, and that anything which has so genuine a ring as this must have been given to us by inspiration of God. But the pathos of the first verse comes by us when we connect it with the last verse of the 7th chapter of John. "And every man went unto his own house." Jesus went unto the Mount of Olives. They all had homes. His commonest accuser had a home. The people that helped Him all had lodgings somewhere, but the Son of Man had not where to lay His head. He was rich, but for our sakes He became poor, a homeless wanderer, although the cattle on a thousand hills were His and the very world in which He lived had been only, as it were, His footstool. It is really touching to see Him going to the Mount of Olives. It may be that He went to lodge with a friend, possibly to sleep in the open air, with only the blue sky above Him; perhaps He went to pray, for again and again do we find Him in communion with His Father on this mountain side, and He may have gone just to wait upon God that He might have some new message from heaven or that some new direction might be given to His life of self-sacrifice. He was always going in the direction of this mountain, and it is for this reason that Christian travelers always are ever delighted to do the same thing, but at this particular time He was up early in the morning. What a worker He was. The most tireless servant the world has ever seen was our Master, beginning in His childhood when He said, "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business," going out in His ministry when He declared, "I must work the works of Him that sent Me while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work," saying as He said on the well curb, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me," and then stepping into a boat and pushing off from the shore when the crowd is too great to make His ministry lawful, thus using the boat for His pulpit. By day and by night He toiled, in heat or in cold He labored, with the multitudes following Him shouting hosanna, and the mob close tracking after Him, let Him be crucified. He did nothing but work. What a joy it was to Him to say as He came up to the cross, "I have finished the work Thou gavest Me to do." How few men can say it. Most men feel as if they were but at the beginning of their life's journey when they stop it, and say with regret, if I could but live my life over again I would do something worthy of note, but Jesus finished His work. I like to picture Him rising in the Mount of Olives. The scene must have been most beautiful. There is the city of the king lying at His very feet, the city He loved with passionate devotion. That valley yonder is the Kidron, between Him and Jerusalem, and that stretch of hills in the distance with the peculiar haze of the Holy Land upon them, looking more like a string of jewels than anything else, are the Mountains of Moab. Looking off in the direction in which Jesus must have ever turned His eyes, that glimmering light in the distance comes from the Dead Sea, but He cares not for beautiful scenery, although He was in love with all nature. He taught all day yesterday and He must teach to-day, so down the mountain side He goes, past the garden where later He is to suffer, over the Kidron, in the place where the gates of the temple and takes His seat with the people thronging about Him. The day's work is begun.

I shall never take this story out of my Bible, and if others remove it I shall keep it ever in my heart till I see Him. I find in it three ways of treating a sinner.

First, the world's way, which is cruel in the extreme.

Second, the law's way, which is as relentless as death.

Third, the Saviour's treatment, which presents to us a sublimer picture than anything the world has ever seen.

I.

The world's treatment of a sinner. "And early in the morning He came again into the temple, and all the people came unto Him, and He sat down and taught them. And the Scribes and Pharisees brought unto Him a woman taken in adultery, and when they had set her in the midst they say unto Him, Master, this woman was taken in adultery, in the very act." Verses 24. Sin is an awful thing. You do not need to turn to the Bible to understand this; read the daily newspapers, keep your eyes and ears open as you walk the streets of the city; but still you may read it in this account, which is almost 2000 years old. It is a woman the mob has taken and hurried into the presence of the Master. You can understand how a man could sin, but not a woman, yet if our hearts were known how many of us, without respect to sex, would stand condemned in the presence of Him who has said that anger is murder and an evil imagination is sin.

The other day in a place of sinful resort a man suddenly stood up and rapping on the table with a revolver said, "Hear me," and when other men with frightened faces would have left the room he commanded them to stop and said, "I used to have a happy home, a wife and children; now look at me, a horrible wreck, my family gone, my situation taken from me, my friends have forsaken me," and before they could stop him he had sent his soul into the presence of his maker. This story of a man is of common occurrence, but I know almost identically the same wretched story concerning a woman. Satan has no respect for sex, and since women seem to fall from greater heights than men, somehow, alas, they seem to go to greater depths. I suppose that we all of us fall because we come to trifle with sin. You avoid the house that has the mark of a contagious disease upon

it, and yet you can scarcely read a newspaper but in it you will see the awful details of some heartbreaking scene, and before you know it you are as familiar with the circumstances as if you had lived in them yourself, and you place yourself in danger of being inoculated with the virus of a worse disease than the world has ever seen. Possibly we fall all of us because we allow some sin to tarry in our hearts, and with degrading influence which may be so imperceptible at first it blinds our eyes to our danger, and causes us to be indifferent to every appeal made to us. When the old elm on the Boston Common was cut down a flattened bullet was found almost at its heart, and men estimated as they could well do that the bullet had been there for 200 years, and many of us have allowed sins to enter our hearts in the days of our youth which have pursued us until old age and caused our wreck. If women are not exempt from sin God pity the men.

But this mob that hurried this poor woman into the presence of Jesus was not an honest company of men. I know it because in the seventh chapter I read they called Him a deceiver, while in the eighth they addressed Him as Master and Teacher. In the sixth verse of this eighth chapter we also read that they brought this woman, tempting Him, for they wanted to catch Him on either one of these two points, first, if He accepted Moses' law then they would turn the Roman citizens against Him and condemn Him because He would not another to death. If He repudiated the law of Moses the Jewish populace would have been His enemies, but nevertheless it is a true picture of the world. Have nothing to do with it, therefore; as you love your own souls, beware of it. It has slain its thousands and tens of thousands. What ruined Lot's wife? the world; what ruined Achan until he defeated the whole camp of Israel? the world; what ruined Judas until he sold his very soul for greed of wealth? the world; what has ruined ten thousand souls that are to-day shut away from God and hope, this same old world. "And what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

First, the world is critical. It will find every flaw that exists in your nature; imperfections to which your loved ones would be blind, and which you yourself were hardly aware of will be pointed out and vulgarly displayed.

Second, it is merciless. It has positively no excuse for the man that fails, and while never offering to help him over his difficulties when the tide is against him it laughs at his despair and mocks at his hopelessness.

Third, it is heartless. There is no forgiveness in the world. There may be some time a disposition to overlook but not to forgive, and this sort of forgiveness has nothing in it of a helpful nature to poor lost, sinning humanity. You who belong to the world, may I say to you in all seriousness, don't cast a stone at a man that is a sinner for the reason that you are, or have been, or may be, just what you condemn in others. No one of us except we are linked to the Son of God by faith and walking heartily in fellowship with Him may hope to escape from the awful grip of Satan. Don't be unforgiving. He that cannot forgive others breaks down the bridge over which he must pass himself, and he who is unwilling to forgive others makes it impossible for God to forgive him; but thank God we are not shut up to the world. There is an open door before us to that which is infinitely better than anything the world has ever seen.

II.

The law's treatment. "Now, Moses in the law commanded us that such should be stoned, but what sayest Thou?" Verse 5. This statement is perfectly true, that is the law. It was written by Moses and written to him of God. There are only two forces in operation to-day in the moral world, law and grace. Through one or the other of these forces we have submitted ourselves and by one or the other we must hope to stand before God. By the way of the law the case would seem to be hopeless. One act of sin is sufficient to incur the penalty of death. It is always so with law; if a man takes one false step in the mountains he lands himself at the bottom of the abyss; there is no mercy shown by the law. Dr. Parkhurst gives the description of his climbing the mountains in Switzerland with a rope around his waist, held by two guides, one leading and the other following after him, when he stood upon a little piece of rock not two inches broad and looked down into the depth, which measured 3000 feet. If he had broken the law of gravitation and stepped out from the narrow ledge nothing could have saved him from a horrible death. We can quite understand this in nature; the same thing applies in morals. If you sin against your health you suffer. Law is a shrewd detective, and is ever on the watch. One wheel broken in the machinery and the whole is inefficient; one piece of a rail displaced means fearful disaster. Just one transgression of one law of God the penalty must be paid. "He that offends in one point is guilty of all," the Scriptures declare, which simply means that the least offense of the law means a breaking away from God. I repeat my statement that there are but two forces in operation to-day in the moral world, law and grace. If you have rejected Christ then your only hope is in the law, and I should think every man here must see that that is hopeless. First, you must suffer, for every broken law means a penalty to pay, and every transgression of God's plan brings down upon you a burden you cannot well bear.

Second, you will be found out. No man has sufficient ingenuity to cover up his sin, and no grave has yet ever been deep enough to save the sinner from the searching eye of God. Be sure your sin will find you out. A truer text was never written.

Third, you must die. The wages of sin is death. I beg you, therefore, that you will not allow yourself to be controlled by the law. It is like the world, merciless and heartless, and presents to you an opportunity of escape from sin, but, thank God, you are not shut up to it. There is a way opening up which leads to heaven shining brighter and brighter until the perfect day. To this way I now commend you.

III.

Christ's treatment of a sinner. "But Jesus stooped down and with His finger wrote on the ground, as though He heard them not. So when they continued asking Him, He lifted up Himself and said unto them, He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone at her. And again He stooped down and wrote on the ground. And they which heard it, being convicted by their own conscience, went out one by one, beginning at the eldest even unto the last, and Jesus was left alone and the woman standing in the midst. When Jesus had lifted up Himself, and saw none but the woman, He said unto her, Woman, where are those thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee? She said, No man, Lord. And Jesus said unto her, Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." From verse 6 to 11. You have a great picture presented to you in this story.

First, the angry crowd.

Second, the infinite Saviour. If I were an artist I should paint it, and yet no man could ever paint the picture of Christ. I know of one who attempted it and then determined that he would never paint again,

because after working upon the face of Christ no other face could be worthy of his skill. I doubt if any man could paint the trembling woman, her face now flushed and now pale, trembling in every part of her body, and yet you can see it all as you stop and think. I know why He was so merciful. You say it was because He was divine, and that is true without saying it, but it seems to me He must have been especially merciful because of the night He had spent at the Mount of Olives. I am perfectly sure that that man who prays much with Christ is ever charitable in his treatment of those who have gone astray. Mrs. Whittemore's treatment of Hubbard, the poor fallen girl, who becomes the missionary to the outcast; Jerry McAuley's arm about S. H. Hadley and his prayer, which reveal to the poor sinful man that Jerry McAuley knew Christ, are but illustrations of the spirit of which I speak. The man who has the spirit of Christ is ever gentle with the erring, and up and down the streets of our cities men go in multitudes longing for just one word of sympathy.

Said a young business man to me this week: "I have been four years in New York, most of the time with a heavy heart. No one has ever spoken to me of Christ, nor invited me to the church, nor asked if he could be my friend, and I have never craved money from any one, for I have not needed it, but my heart has been hungry for sympathy and the touch of a brother's hand." Do you notice the manner of Jesus?

First, "He stooped down and wrote in the dust." Some one has said that He did it just because His mind was occupied with thinking what He should do with the sinner, and it was much the same spirit as you would have if you would scribble upon a piece of paper while your mind was taking in some weighty problem. Some one else has suggested that in the purity of His nature, standing in the presence of the woman of sin, He stooped down to write because He would hide the flushing of His face. That that was then at His feet is gone forever; only God Himself could bring it back, and yet if by miracle He should bring it before us to-night I believe I know what would be written thereon. "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." And I am glad that we are not shut up to the need for a record of that truth. It is written in this book. "There is, therefore, no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus," and this record is eternal. "Heaven and earth shall pass, but My word shall never pass away."

Second, when He continued with bowed head to write the crowd became exceedingly anxious, and finally they asked Him what He had to say about the woman who was a sinner, and then comes one of the grandest sentences that ever fell from His lips, and gives us all the beauty of His manhood, as well as the power of His Godhood when He said, "Let he who is within sin cast the first stone." I doubt not the woman began to tremble, and she must have said to herself, "My punishment is upon me, for here are these Pharisees who have made loud professions of their purity, surely they will cast the first stone," but never a hand was lifted and never a stone was thrown, which only reveals to me the fact that when men are cast with those men who are sinful, not outrageously sinful, but nevertheless wrong in the sight of God, who of us could cast the first stone in this assembly to-night? The very fact that hands are not lifted and stones are not thrown is our own condemnation.

Third, in the ninth verse we read, "And they which heard it being convicted by their own conscience, went out one by one, beginning at the eldest, even unto the last, and Jesus was left alone and the woman standing in the midst." That to my mind is the most dramatic scene in all the chapter, if not in the New Testament. Godly the shouts of the mob are hushed, they have taken their hands off from the trembling woman, they are speechless in the presence of this Son of God, and without consultation they begin to slink away. I can see them go, until finally the last one is gone and there is the hush of death upon the two as they stand together. You can all but hear the throbbing of their hearts; you can detect the quick breathing of the woman, who thinks that the time for sentence has come. Mercy and pity face each other, and mercy waits for pity to speak. "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." And we are ever to remember three things in connection with our Saviour:

First, there is never a question as to how deeply we have sinned; the stories of the greatest sinners are told in the New Testament for our hope.

Second, there is power enough in the blood of the Son to blot out the deepest sin. Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be crimson they shall be as wool.

And the third thing to remember is if the man with sin is like the sands of the sea for number if he would feel the power of the shed blood of the Son of God he must by real faith and honest confession lay hold upon Him for eternal life. His kindness lifted her burden, and the world is just dying to-day for the want of sympathy. I think the time is long past when men are willing in these days to spend an hour in listening to abstract reasoning or deep theological discussions. I feel confident that the time is upon us when men are ready to explain to that church, or that minister ready to bestow a word of cheer, ready to help a little in bearing the burden of life.

A woman came with a handful of sand to her minister and said, "My sins are like that for number," and he said, "Take the sand back to the sea and let a wave roll over your handful of sand and they will be gone. To-night I bring you to the sea greater than any the world has ever looked upon."

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's vein,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

"Neither do I condemn thee," said Jesus when all her accusers had slipped away. We do not know what became of this woman, but I am perfectly sure that she never sinned again. This is the secret of victory over sin: Catch a glimpse of the face fairer than all the sons of men, listen but once to the sound of His voice, sweeter than all the music of earth. How the man that preaches the development of character can match this matchless story I cannot see; how the man who takes the blood out of the word of God and the sacrificial part away from the death of Christ can for a moment compare his message with this story of the divine Son of God is more than I can tell. I bid all burdened ones weighed down because of sin to come into His presence to-night and you can hear Him say "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

Politeness An Attitude.

Politeness appears to be what goodness really is, and is an attitude rather than an action. Fine breeding is not the mere learning of any code of manners any more than gracefulness is the mere learning of any kind of physical exercise. The gentleman apparently as the Christian really, looks not on his own things, but on the things of others, and the selfish person is always both un-Christian and ill-bred.—Ellen T. Fowler.