

VOLUME XV

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N. B. Wescott, B. T. Gunter, Jr., WESCOTT & GUNTER, Attorneys-at-Law, Offices—Accomac C. H. and at home of N. B. Wescott, near Mappysburg. Practice in all courts on the Eastern Shore of Virginia.

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STEWART K. POWELL, Attorney-at-Law, Will practice in all the courts of Accomac and Northampton counties. Offices—Accomac C. H., every Wednesday and court days.

L. J. HARMONSON, W. M. STURGIS, DR. HARMONSON & STURGIS, DENTISTS, Onancock, Va. Will visit Parkley second Monday of each month. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

DR. THOS. B. LEATHERBURY, DENTIST, Onancock, Va. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

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THE BEST OF THE INDOOR RECREATIONS. But Rev. Dr. Talnago Favors All Indoor Sports—He Shows, However, That They Are Not a Fit Foundation For Soul Building. WASHINGTON, March 29.—In his sermon today Dr. Talnago discussed a subject of universal interest—viz, "Our Social Recreations." His text was chosen from I Corinthians vii, 31, "They that use this world as not abusing it." Judges xvi, 25: "And it came to pass, when their hearts were merry, that they said, call for Samson, that he may make us sport."

There were 3,000 people assembled in the temple of Dagon. They had come to make sport of eyeless Samson. They were all ready for the entertainment. They began to clap and pound, impatient for the amusement to begin, and they cried, "Fetch him out, fetch him out!" Yonder I see the blind old giant coming, led by the hand of a child into the very midst of the temple. At his first appearance there goes up a shout of laughter and derision. The blind old giant pretends he is tired, and wants to rest himself against the pillars of the house. So he says to the lad who leads him, "Show me where the main pillars are!" The lad does so. Then the strong man puts his right hand on one pillar and his left hand on another pillar, and with the mightiest push that mortal ever made, throws himself forward until the whole house comes down in thunderous crash, grinding the audience like grapes in a winepress. "And so it came to pass, when their hearts were merry, that they said, call for Samson, that he may make us sport. And they called for Samson out of the prison house, and he made them sport."

In other words, there are amusements that are destructive, and bring down disaster and death upon the heads of those who practice them. While they laugh and cheer, they die. The 3,000 who perished that day in Gaza, are as nothing compared to the tens of thousands who have been destroyed by sinful amusements.

For Use, Not Abuse. But my first text implies that there is a lawful use of the world, as well as an unlawful abuse of it, and the difference between the man Christian and the man un-Christian is that in the former case the man masters the world, while in the latter case the world masters him. For whom did God make this grand and beautiful world? For whom this wonderful expenditure of color, this graceful ground of line, this mosaic of the green, this fresco of the sky, this glowing fruitage of orchard and vineyard, this full orchestra of the tempest, in which the tree-branches flutes, and the winds trumpet, and the thunder drum, and all the splendors of earth and sky come clashing their cymbals? For whom did God spring the arched bridge of colors resting upon buttresses of brother-storm cloud? For whom did he gather the upholstery of fire around the window of the setting sun? For all men, but more especially for his own dear children.

If you build a large mansion and spread a great feast, and celebrate the completion of the structure, do you allow strangers to come in and occupy the place, while you thrust your own children in the kitchen, or the barn, or the fields? Oh, no! You say, "I am very glad to see strangers in my mansion, but my own sons and daughters shall have the first right there." Now, God has built this grand mansion of a world, and all the splendors of the world, and while he spreads a glorious feast in it, and while he sends in strangers to enjoy the grace may come in, I think that God especially intends to give the advantage to his own children—those who are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, those who through grace can look up and say, "Abba, Father." You cannot make me believe that God gives more advantages to the world than he gives to the church bought by his own blood. If, therefore, people of the world have locked with down sympathy upon those who make profession of religion and have said: "Those new converts are going down into privation and into hardship. Why did they not tarry a little longer in the world and have some of its enjoyments and amusements and recreations?" I say to such men of the world, "You are greatly mistaken," and before I get through I will show that those people who stay out of the world, who have the hardships and self-denials, while those who come in have the joys and satisfactions.

In the name of the King of heaven and earth I serve a writ of ejectment upon all the sinful and polluted who have squatted on the domain of earthly pleasure as though it belonged to them, while I claim in behalf of the good and the poor and the true, the eternal inheritance which God has given them. Hitherto, Christian philanthropists, clerical and lay, have not only neglected, but positively hindered, and I feel we have no right to stand before men and women in whose hearts there is a desire for recreation amounting to positive necessity, denouncing this and that and the other thing, when we do not propose to give them something better. God helping me, and with reference to my last account, I shall enter upon a sphere not usual in sermonizing, but a subject which I think ought to be presented at this time. I propose to lay before you some of the recreations which are not only innocent, but positively helpful and advantageous.

The Charms of Music. In the first place, I commend, among indoor recreations, music—vocal and instrumental. Among the first things created was the bird, so that the earth might have music at the start. This world, which began with so sweet a serenade, is finally to be demolished amid the ringing blast of the archangel's trumpet, so that as there was music at the start there shall be music at the close. While this heavenly art has often been dragged into the uses of superstition and dissipation, we all know it may be the means of high moral culture. Oh, it is a grand thing to have our children brought up amid the melody of musical instruments.

There is in this art an indescribable fascination for the household. Let all those families who have the means to afford it, have flute or harp or piano or

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the ceiling. Oh, is there any exhilaration like a score of genial souls in one room, each one adding a contribution of his own individual merriment to the aggregation of general hilarity? Suppose you want to go abroad in the city; then you will find the panorama and the art gallery and the exquisite collections of pictures. You will find the museum and the historical society rooms full of rare curiosities, and scores of places which can stand plausibly the test of what is right and wrong in amusements. You will find the lecturing hall, which has been honored by the names of Agassiz in natural history, Doremus in chemistry, Boynton in geology, Mitchell in astronomy, John B. Gough in moral reform, and scores and hundreds of men who have poured their wit and genius and ingenuity through that passage of knowledge upon the hearts and consciences and imaginations of men, setting this country 50 years farther in advance than it would have been without the lecture platform.

Outdoor Sports. I rejoice in the popularization of outdoor sports. I hail the croquet ground and the fisherman's rod and the sportsman's gun. In our citizen life is so unmanly and unattractive that when the census agent represents a city as having 400,000 inhabitants there are only 200,000, since it takes at least two men to amount to one man, so depleting and unmanly and unattractive is this metropolitan life. We want more fresh air, more sunlight, more of the abandon of field sports. I cry out for it in behalf of the church of God as well as in behalf of secular interests. I wish that our ponds and our rivers and our croquet grounds might be as well used with heart and the shout of the swift skater. I wish that when the warm weather comes the graceful air might dip the stream and the evening tide be resonant with boatman's song, the bright prow splittling the crystalline billow.

We shall have the smooth and grassy lawn, and we will call out people of all occupations and professions and ask them to join in the ball player's sport. You will come back from your work, exhausted and weary, and with strength in your arm and color in your cheek and a flash in your eye and courage in your heart. In this great battle that is opening against the kingdom of darkness we want not only a consecrated soul, but a strong arm and stout lungs and mighty muscle. I bless God that there are so many recreations that have not on them any taint of iniquity, recreation which we may engage for the strengthening of the body, and the clearing of the intellect, for the illumination of the soul.

There is still another form of recreation which I commend to you, and that is the pleasure of doing good. I have seen young men, weak and cross and sour and repelling in their disposition, who by one heavenly touch have wakened up and become blessed and buoyant, the ground under their feet and the sky over their heads breaking forth into music. "Oh," says some young man in the house today, "should like that recreation above all others, but I have not the means." My dear brother, let us take an account of stock. You have a large estate if you only realize it. Two halves, two feet. You will have perhaps during the next year at least \$10 for charitable contribution. You will have 2,500 cheerful looks if you want to employ them. You will have 5,000 pleasant words if you want to speak them. Now, what an amount that is to start with!

You go out tomorrow morning, and you see a case of red destitution by the wayside. You give him 2 cents. The blind man hears the pennies rattle in his hat, and he says, "Thank you, sir; God bless you." You pass down the street, trying to look indifferent, but you feel your head breaking forth into music. "Oh," says some young man in the house today, "should like that recreation above all others, but I have not the means." My dear brother, let us take an account of stock. You have a large estate if you only realize it. Two halves, two feet. You will have perhaps during the next year at least \$10 for charitable contribution. You will have 2,500 cheerful looks if you want to employ them. You will have 5,000 pleasant words if you want to speak them. Now, what an amount that is to start with!

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the ceiling. Oh, is there any exhilaration like a score of genial souls in one room, each one adding a contribution of his own individual merriment to the aggregation of general hilarity? Suppose you want to go abroad in the city; then you will find the panorama and the art gallery and the exquisite collections of pictures. You will find the museum and the historical society rooms full of rare curiosities, and scores of places which can stand plausibly the test of what is right and wrong in amusements. You will find the lecturing hall, which has been honored by the names of Agassiz in natural history, Doremus in chemistry, Boynton in geology, Mitchell in astronomy, John B. Gough in moral reform, and scores and hundreds of men who have poured their wit and genius and ingenuity through that passage of knowledge upon the hearts and consciences and imaginations of men, setting this country 50 years farther in advance than it would have been without the lecture platform.

Outdoor Sports. I rejoice in the popularization of outdoor sports. I hail the croquet ground and the fisherman's rod and the sportsman's gun. In our citizen life is so unmanly and unattractive that when the census agent represents a city as having 400,000 inhabitants there are only 200,000, since it takes at least two men to amount to one man, so depleting and unmanly and unattractive is this metropolitan life. We want more fresh air, more sunlight, more of the abandon of field sports. I cry out for it in behalf of the church of God as well as in behalf of secular interests. I wish that our ponds and our rivers and our croquet grounds might be as well used with heart and the shout of the swift skater. I wish that when the warm weather comes the graceful air might dip the stream and the evening tide be resonant with boatman's song, the bright prow splittling the crystalline billow.

We shall have the smooth and grassy lawn, and we will call out people of all occupations and professions and ask them to join in the ball player's sport. You will come back from your work, exhausted and weary, and with strength in your arm and color in your cheek and a flash in your eye and courage in your heart. In this great battle that is opening against the kingdom of darkness we want not only a consecrated soul, but a strong arm and stout lungs and mighty muscle. I bless God that there are so many recreations that have not on them any taint of iniquity, recreation which we may engage for the strengthening of the body, and the clearing of the intellect, for the illumination of the soul.

There is still another form of recreation which I commend to you, and that is the pleasure of doing good. I have seen young men, weak and cross and sour and repelling in their disposition, who by one heavenly touch have wakened up and become blessed and buoyant, the ground under their feet and the sky over their heads breaking forth into music. "Oh," says some young man in the house today, "should like that recreation above all others, but I have not the means." My dear brother, let us take an account of stock. You have a large estate if you only realize it. Two halves, two feet. You will have perhaps during the next year at least \$10 for charitable contribution. You will have 2,500 cheerful looks if you want to employ them. You will have 5,000 pleasant words if you want to speak them. Now, what an amount that is to start with!

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