

BILL ARP'S LETTER

Walker in Satirical Strain of That "Growing Sense of Justice."

HOWEVER, HE IS STILL VERY HOPEFUL
Many Prominent Northern Men are Cited as Condemning the Folly of Civil War—Bill Finds a Rift in the Clouds.

The Constitution says there is a growing sense of justice in the north that will hereafter be heard from in putting negro officials over southern communities. The New York Herald has opened a rift in the clouds by rebuking the president, etc. We hope so, but now that Roosevelt has appointed a Boston coon to a high office, The Herald may change front and say he is consistent. That growing sense of justice is a chameleon of many colors. It was quite visible a little while after Grady made his charming speeches in New York and Boston, but the preachers withered it and McAleny made more appointments and kept making them as long as he lived. This growing sense does not seem to flourish in many places. The fact is, we have almost despaired of ever seeing justice grow at the north. Lately I have received three letters from up there that indicate the growing sense, and I have read and re-read them with comfort. One of these is from an old Mexican veteran who says that of the 2,700,000 soldiers who fought against us, one million were from the east fighting to free the negroes, Grants included. One million from the west fighting for the union and the other 700,000 were the riff-raff and scum, the flotsam and jetsam of all nations who joined the army for bounty and booty and beauty, and they were the element that Sherman employed to make war hell. He speaks of the war as unholy, unrighteous and unjust. Another letter is from Portland, Oreg., and says the writer recently got hold of one of my letters which said that General Grant was a slave holder and hired out his negroes up to the close of the war and lived off of their hire. He says: "I didn't believe it, but was induced to examine his biography and I found it was so." He says that nobody in that country ever heard of it and it is amazing and astonishing that Lincoln would appoint a slaveholder to be the head of the army. The writer of this letter was brought up to believe that the south brought all the negroes from Africa. Another letter is from a New Hampshire man, a veteran, who says that he and seven others from his town joined a company in 1862, and only one besides himself got back. Ever since then he has been reviewing his folly as the folly of the war and is ashamed of his people and says that I do not score them in my letters as hard as they deserve. He has Hinton Rowan Hesters' famous campaign book, in which he says:

"We are going to free your slaves and arm them with pikes and torches and butcher your families and burn up your homes."

This book is indorsed by sixty-seven members of congress, including John Sherman. Appleton says that 167,000 copies were sold in three months and it precipitated the raid of John Brown, at whose execution all the church bells of New England tolled a requiem. And so I have found three northerners who have this growing sense and I have heard of one more who is a suspect. I am keeping a tally sheet and as soon as I hear of any more growing sense I will record it. My Oregon friend's generation came up since the war and never had time to bother themselves about the history of the war or slavery. The south was outside of their concern and Jeff Davis was the area traitor that Roosevelt told about in his history. That is all he cared to know. But he says your late letters have excited our curiosity and if when your book is out, you will let me advertise and sell it in my own way, I will sell 100,000 copies north of the line. This man is a big advertiser with headquarters in Chicago and sent to me a big lot of his cards and literature.

Well, Mr. Byrd will see about that, but to my opinion his northern customers don't care a baubee about me or Grant or his niggers. They remind me of two fellows who went off to camp meeting, and as they were standing by a table one of the brethren came up and invited them to go up to the altar and give 'em in gittin' religion. The men seemed somewhat indignant and replied: "You must excuse us, sir, we don't live in the county."

But I did find a rift in the clouds a good much comfort. In the 18th volume of John Lord's "Beacon Lights of History" I find a sketch of Robert E. Lee by Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, that is a loving tribute to that great soldier. Such a glowing tribute hardly to be expected from a northern source. Especially from one

born in New Hampshire, educated at Brown university and who joined the army while 18 years old and who lost an eye at Petersburg. As an educator he rose rapidly in his profession and became president of his alma mater. Next he was called to Chicago to take charge of her public schools and later on was chosen as chancellor of the University of Nebraska, where he now is. Since the war he has frequently championed the cause of the south and became unpopular with our malignant enemies. Of course as he joined the army so young and lost an eye, we must let him keep his convictions, but he is a big-hearted, brainy man or he would not have dared to have written that tribute. I wonder how it happened that such men as Andrews and away back, such men as Webster and Hawthorne and Emerson and Story and Choate, could grow up and mature among the noxious weeds of New England. I still recall with much pleasure a good speech I heard in 1844, at Amherst college—a commencement oration by Rufus Choate, who was regarded as the most brilliant, eloquent and impassioned orator of America. I had a schoolmate there, and my Boston uncle said he would go with me, for he had to look after Mr. Choate, for he was an intimate friend. I didn't know exactly what that meant, but found out later.

The great hall was crowded with the best people of New England. My uncle was with others seated upon the platform. Mr. Choate's face was all nerves and muscles, his large eyes and mouth conspicuous. For half an hour his voice was almost a monotone with every word carefully and distinctly uttered, but this was but the breathing of a gentle wind before the storm. Soon he seemed to lose control of his own emotions and soared away among the stars, and his features took on an unearthly glow, his arms responded to every sentence, his frail body swayed to and fro and his audience unconsciously swayed with him and held their breath for fear they would lose a word or a motion.

No, I will never forget that speech. He stopped because he had to stop, for with the last eloquent sentence he became exhausted and was bodily lifted up by my uncle and others to the ante room, where he was stripped and rubbed down like an exhausted race horse. In an hour or so we were renewed and revived. This was Rufus Choate—a bundle of quivering passionate nerves—whose eloquence no audience could calmly listen to and no jury withstand.—BILL ARP, in Atlanta Constitution.

MARINATE OF MUTTON.

Order the mutton two or three days in advance, letting it hang meanwhile in the butcher's ice box. Have it skinned and the fat cut off and out before it is sent home. With a fork make small holes all over the meat and rub well with salt and pepper. Make a marinate as follows and use it cold: Grate six onions of medium size, and add juice of two lemons, a tablespoonful salad oil, with four tablespoonfuls of any kind of sweet pickled small fruit, with two tablespoonfuls currant jelly. Pour this mixture slowly over the meat and set in the ice box, basting with the liquid whenever it is necessary to go to the refrigerator through the day. Roast the mutton, allowing ten minutes to the pound. When the meat is put in the pan there is enough liquid to baste with, and the jelly soon melts on the meat. The same marinate used in basting serves also for the gravy.

ALMOND FLAMMERY.

Soak half a box of gelatine in a cup of cold milk for half an hour. Take two ounces of almonds, one of sweet and one of bitter, blanch and pound them to a paste, adding gradually three cups of milk. When the gelatine is soft add the milk and almonds and put the whole into a double boiler and heat slowly. Then boil for ten minutes and strain through a fine sieve or piece of cheesecloth. Sweeten to taste and flavor with a teaspoonful of orange-flower water. Turn into a mold wet with cold water and set in a cold place to stiffen. Serve with sweetened cream, custard or Devonshire cream. Fresh fruit may be served instead of the sauces. Mash the fruit and sweeten to taste and pour around the cream.

"Doctor of Engineering will be the highest degree granted in the new graduate school for engineering research to be established by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. German schools confer this degree. Special research work will be begun at the institute within a year." Civil, sanitary, mechanical, electrical and marine engineering, architecture, mining and metallurgy will be included in the advanced courses.

Franchise Tax Law Void.

The appellate division of the New York supreme court third department handed down a decision Tuesday declaring the special franchise tax law unconstitutional.

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED "UPPER AND NETHER SPRINGS."

The Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman Uses an Old Testament Story as a Parallel to Illustrate the Great Blessings We Receive From Our Heavenly Father.

NEW YORK CITY.—The following sermon is one of a series prepared some time since by the Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, the distinguished evangelist. It is entitled "The Upper and the Nether Springs," and was preached from the text "And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs." Joshua xv. 19.

Half way between Hebron and Beersheba there once stood the ancient city of Debir. It was the city of brains and books and the centre of intellectual culture of the olden days. At the same point now may be seen a rude assemblage of stone hovels, many of which are half standing, but the others are entirely broken down.

One of the names given to this city, being translated, means the City of Brooks, or of learning—what Athens was to Greece the city of Debir was to Southern Palestine. It was supposed that all the records of antiquity of the nation were stored there. It was, indeed, a famous place.

Caleb, the son of Hebron, of the tribe of Judah, was very anxious to secure possession of the city. It is this fact which gives rise to the text. His name is very familiar to us. He was one of the twelve spies sent by Moses over into Canaan, and he and Joshua were the only two born in Egypt who were given the privilege of entering Canaan, with the possible exception of the Levites, and that, not only because they had brought a truthful report of the land they had explored, but were also willing to take God at His word, and put all their trust in Him.

Forty-five years after, when the wanderings were over, Caleb applied to Joshua for the share of the land which had been promised him, and among other portions there was granted to him Debir, the city of learning. It was still, however, the stronghold of the giants of Canaan, and must be captured to be possessed.

Caleb then made the proposition that he would give his daughter Achsah in marriage to any one who was able to take the city, and one Othniel, who had been much of a warrior, for he had delivered the children of Israel from the King of Mesopotamia, marched against Debir. After a great struggle the gates were broken down, the giants were captured or driven away, and the City of Books lay at the feet of the conqueror. When the victory was won Caleb was as good as his word, and his daughter was given in marriage to the soldier. With her he also gave as an inheritance, a peculiar piece of property, known as "The South Land," valuable for some reasons, but it was mountainous and sloped southward toward the deserts of Arabia, the hot winds of which again and again swept across it. Before Achsah left her father's house she besought him for his blessing. The south land was not enough, she would also have springs of water, and Caleb responded at once, and gave her more than she had asked, for we read in the text: "He gave her the upper springs and the nether springs." From an exceedingly fertile territory the land was chosen. It contained no less than fourteen springs. The valley was beautiful, for look which way you would you could see them gushing forth. Their presence in the field meant not only a blessing for the field in which they were found, but for all the country around them.

I find in this beautiful story a good illustration of all that we receive from our Father.

All that has been bestowed upon us is associated with victory, and that was won by Him whose name was called in the prophecy the Conqueror. It was for Him a heroic struggle, but He came off more than conqueror. Then, after that, He was called the bridegroom of the church, which is to be His bride, and with Him we have received not only the gift of salvation, but in Him we are also blessed with all spiritual blessings. Paul gives us this when he writes to the Ephesians, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus."

I. God starts His children in this world as Caleb started his daughter, with an inheritance. No one is so poor but God has given him something.

Some have taken the inheritance and treated it as the man with the five talents, they have gained other five also; others like the man with one talent, have wrapped it in a napkin, and so they leave the world as poor as when they entered it. God has been very good to us. He has given us this world with all its beauty, its green pastures, its still waters, its rivers and its seas, its starry canopy stretching out above. The world is filled with forces of all kinds, but man has seemed to gain control over them, until to-day he stands himself like a conqueror in the midst of them all.

But the inheritance is better than that. He has given us all the faculties of mind and all the powers of body. The mind, the heart, the hands, the feet—no one is sent into the world a pauper. God has thus placed a fortune in the grasp of every child of His. It is such a great thing to have a mind, for with it man is able to search the deep things of God and really take hold of the thought of the Eternal. The science of geometry was worked out from a few simple principles by Euclid and Archimedes, by pure reasoning out of their minds, and on the sands of the floor of the room where they were studying Archimedes traced the curves in which, according to science, the heavenly bodies must move. And long after, when the telescope was invented, the Galileos and the Newtons beheld with reverent wonder that the heavenly bodies were sweeping along in the same curves described so long ago by the great Mathematician. It is, indeed, a wonderful thing to have a mind.

But if these things which I have mentioned as our natural inheritance are all what we possess, then, with the success that may be gained by means of them we may still be of all men the most miserable. For they are like the south land of Achsah, they stretch off toward the deserts of sorrow and care and darkness, and the hot winds of despair come sweeping past us again and again. The most miserable people in the world sooner or later, are those who have just the world and nothing else. Men are born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward, and this south land of the world is a poor portion. It is beautiful; it is the handiwork of God. But we must have more than that if the soul be satisfied. "The stars are beautiful, but they pour no light into the midnight of a troubled soul. The flowers are sweet, but they pour no balm into the wounded heart." There are times when the hungry, thirsty, fevered soul must have what the natural inheritance can not give, and God has made provision for that.

Man sighs with groanings which can not be uttered for the infinite. If you put a seashell to your ear you will find in its reminiscences of its original home, the roar of the sea, the wail of the wind, the groop

of the dying wave, all discernible therein. It has the witness in itself that it belongs to the mighty deep. And if you listen attentively to your own heart you will find constant proofs of its destined abode. The sighs, the yearnings, the dreams, the tears, the sadness, the music, all testify that we are made for God, and that only God can satisfy our wants. And God knew this, and so, as well as giving us the south land He has also given us the springs of water from which we may drink and be satisfied. God pity the man who has failed to accept the proffered gift.

II. The springs of water were given to Achsah because of her marriage with Othniel, and they are a perfect illustration of that which comes to us because of our union with the Son of God. The springs were a free gift, and so is the nether spring of the gospel, which has come to us. "For by grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God."

And never a spring bursting from the plains of Gerar, or from the mountains of Lebanon, or from the valleys of Canaan, perform such a mission as this nether spring of the gospel which is the gift of our God.

We have seen the fields in the time of a drought looking parched and apparently dead and worthless, and then suddenly, almost in the night, the meadows were clothed with green, and the grain lifted up its head rejoicing, all because the rain had fallen. But in this nether spring of the gospel there is a more marvelous power than that—he who comes to drink of its waters goes away with new life, and his whole nature is changed. The ancients believed in the existence of a spring in which, if a person bathed, he would renew his youth and live forever. We have found that spring to-day in the text, for "The gift of God is eternal life." "The Bible is all a sparkle with wells and springs, rivers and seas. They toss up their brightness from almost every chapter. And water is many times the type or figure of that which enlivens, beautifies and gives new life."

Solomon, refreshed by the story of the well, exclaims, "As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." Isaiah, speaking of the blessedness of the children of God, writes, "They shall spring as willows from the water-courses." The prophet, cloving with the thought of the millennium, says, "Streams shall break forth in the desert."

The mission of water in this world is to bless and refresh and help. "But all the waters that ever leaped in the torrents, or rained in the cascade, or fell in the shower, or hung in the morning dew, have given no such comfort to the parched heart, no such rest and refreshment to the sin-sick soul, as that which is drawn by you and by me from the nether spring of the gospel."

It is a good type of illustration of the gospel because of its brightness. Yet here fails of giving us perfect description or idea, for where can you find such brightness as gleams in this nether spring?

David, unable to put it into words, plays it on his harp. Christopher Wren, unable to put it into language, springs it in the arches of St. Paul's. Bunyan, failing to present it in ordinary story, but in the form of allegory, which lives on to-day with constantly increasing power. Handel, with ordinary music unable to reach the height and sound the depth of the theme, thrills us with his oratorio. O, the gladness, the brightness, the joy unutterable in that life which is hid with Christ in God. And this I may drink in as I come to the nether springs.

There is no life on earth so happy as the Christian's. Take the humblest child of God you know, and why shouldn't he be happy? According to the Bible he is all the time under the shadow of God's wings. If he walks the angels bear him up; if he sleeps they let down ladders from the skies, up and down which the angels go to and fro, bringing down blessings of God, and bearing away his heavy burdens. Why, to have a place, not the nearest, but on the very outer circle, to bear the lowest title of all the redeemed, to be the weakest child of all the family of God, to be the dimmest jewel in His crown of rejoicing, to be the least, yet, less than least of all the saints is a hope which sets the heart a-singing. All this I find and more, a thousand times more, as I stoop and drink at the nether springs.

Water is also like the gospel in its power to refresh. I remember the River Jordan the day when Naaman came to its banks with his leprosy. I see him going down into its waters, once, twice, three times, and then on until he had, according to the instructions of the servant of God bathed seven times, and then, marvelous change! his flesh became as it were the flesh of a little child.

But here is a greater change for the sinful soul who will come to the nether spring. Here came Newton, and left behind him his sins which were as scarlet. Here came Bunyan, cursing with every step until lewd people rebuked him, and he went away, so changed that he gave to the world the book that stands in the estimation of some next to the Bible for sweetness and power. Here came Magdalen and the Philippian jailer, Zachaeus, and the poor trembling thief on the cross, and they drank of the waters and stand to-day in the company of the redeemed.

I stand by the side of the waters to-day, and with all the tenderness of a saved sinner, with all the assurance of a pardoned child of God, with all the alarm of a friend who sees his friends and neighbors going down to death, away from the living water, I bid you come, come, come; "Whosoever will, let him come."

It is a marvelous spring of which I speak. I recall the fact that when the Master met the man who was blind from his birth He acquainted his eyes with clay and spittle and then told him to go wash in the pool of Siloam; and when he had washed he came seeing. I imagine that first of all he saw the face of the Master Himself. This is the power of the nether spring of the gospel. The touch of its waters will cause the scales to drop from our eyes, and we shall be able to see the wondrous things written in the book of God, and not only so, but we shall have given unto us the vision of the face of the Master Himself. It is not strange that we are unable, in our sinful condition, to see things as they are in the kingdom of God, for we are blind. But if you will only come with your blindness to the nether spring you shall go away rejoicing. It is like the pool of Bethesda. It has healing power, and we are not only saved from the guilt of sin, but we may likewise be saved from its power. The only difference is that in the pool the sick people must wait until the waters are troubled before they may step in and be healed, while in this nether spring the waters are always ready. This is no new idea so to represent the gospel of Christ, for I read in the gospel of John these words: "But whosoever shall drink of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst. But the water I shall give him shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life." And in the Apocalypse these words are found: "I am the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst, of the fountain of the water of life freely." O thirsty souls, come and drink!

I know what springs of water have done for the world. Found in Gerar by Isaac, they make the field fruitful in abundance. Bursting forth in Lebanon, they send their waters down the mountain side, and as they go through the valley they make it the very synonym of fruitfulness. Closely akin to that is what the nether spring of the gospel does for us. No one knows the fulness of his own being until he is filled with the influence and power of the gospel. You walk, in the month of January, over the most fertile place in a field or through the forest, and you will see the illustration of what man is in his natural state. The earth is full of roots and the trees are full of buds, all of which are closely banded so that they can not expand, but when the spring time comes the roots in the earth commence to push forward and the buds on the trees begin to unfold, and in a very little time all nature is rejoicing. What a marvelous change, simply because the roots have been warmed by the sun and kissed by the light! and yet it is not worthy to be compared with a change which might be wrought in you, if you will but come to the nether spring and drink of its life-giving waters, for there you will meet Him who has said: "I am come that you might have life, and that you might have it more abundantly."

III. I wish I might be able to make plain to you all that there is so much more to the Christian life than simply being saved. That is only the beginning. The whole experience stretches away from that point, and gets brighter and brighter as the days go by. With the hope that we might learn the lesson together to-day I have brought before you these two springs. Whether the strict exegesis of the text will allow the interpretation or not, I am very sure that all will agree that it is a perfect illustration. To drink at the nether spring is salvation, but to drink at the upper spring is a high privilege that is offered to every child of God. I could bring so many passages of Scripture to you which would serve as an illustration of what I mean. Take Ephesians 1: 3: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus." Or, Col. ii: 12: "Buried with Him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with Him, through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised Him from the dead."

Or, take Col. iii: 1-3: "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." Or, take Phil. iii: 20: "For our conversation is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ."

I would that we might all drink at the upper spring. What peace would then fill our hearts! When we drink at the lower spring we come to be at peace with God, but when we learn to drink also at the upper spring we have the peace of God, and there is a great difference between the two. It is something like the difference between a microscope and a telescope. With the first we can see things near, and in a bulk not larger than a grain of sand I can find a thousand million animalcules, but with the latter I can see things afar off. I can actually study the Milky Way, which is removed from me thousands and thousands of miles. At the nether spring, first of all, I see myself and all my sinfulness; then I see Christ in all His righteousness; then I hear Him say that though my sins be like scarlet they shall be as white as snow, and there at the nether spring I am made whole, but with the upper spring it is different. Like the telescope it is all about the things which are above, and as I drink at its waters I find myself being lifted above this world, and my conversation, not only, but my very life, may be in the heavenlies.

And the way to this upper spring is pointed out very plainly to us. I remember the dream of Jacob as he was going from Beersheba to Haran. It was of the ladder which was set upon earth, the top of which reached up to heaven.

This ladder is set for us. It reaches to the very brink of the upper spring. The ladder is Christ; His feet rest upon the earth. His brow is bound with the glory of heaven. The events of His earthly life are the earthward end of the ladder; His divinity, His finished Messiahship, His perpetual priesthood the topmost end. In a distant city a fire was raging. It was thought that all the inmates had been saved, when to the horror of the bystanders two children were seen standing at a third-story window. It was before the days of the almost perfect appliances for the saving of lives. Two ladders were hurriedly spliced together and lifted to the side of the building. There was a shout of terror when it was found that the ladder lacked six feet of reaching the children. In a moment a brave fireman was mounting the ladder; he reached the topmost round, and then stood for a moment balancing himself until he had caught the window sill with his hand, and then over his body, which supplied the gap between the ladder and window the children came slowly down until outstretched hands reached them in safety. And this is what the Lord Jesus Christ did for you and for me! There was no way for us back to heaven. We were estranged from God. And then He came in His incarnation, and on the platform erected by the patriarchal, legal and prophetic dispensation, He stood, as it were, in His own body, reaching up His hands. He took hold of God, and the way was made complete. And so it has come to pass that not only in Christ we are saved, but it is also true that we mount by Him into the very secret place of the Most High. And this is drinking at the upper spring.

"Thus the secret of this great blessing is to be found by abiding in Christ. Dr. Gordon used to tell a little circumstance which came beneath his eyes in New England, which presents to us a figure of it all. Two little saplings grew side by side. Through the action of the wind they crossed each other. By and by the bark of each became wounded and the sap began to mingle, until in some still day they became united to each other. This process went on more and more until they were firmly compacted. Then the stronger began to absorb the life from the weaker; it grew stronger while the other grew weaker and weaker, until finally it dropped away and then disappeared. And now there are two trunks at the bottom and only one at the top. Death has taken away the one, life has triumphed in the other.

Creeds and Doctrines.

Creeds and doctrines are the attempts to explain existing facts. Creeds do not produce the life. The creeds and opinions may change, but the realities remain and are unchangeable. They are the phenomena to be explained. The creeds and doctrines are the varying explanations. The events and active forces are the evidences of the life force. It is an intelligent personal agency. He lives. He is the life of His cause. By Him any man may come into a new life. Through Him millions have brought their lives "into tune with the universe." If we are wise we shall pay more regard to Him, to His teaching, to His work and His personal fellowship.