

A. Southern's telling words

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THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

A SERMON WITHOUT A TEXT.

While at a station, recently, I had a little sermon preached in the way I like, and I'll report it for your benefit, because it taught me one of the lessons which all should learn, and taught it in such a way that no one could forget it.

It was a bleak, cold day. The train was late; the ladies' room dark and smoky, and the dozen women, old and young, who sat impatiently, all looked cross, low-spirited or stupid. I felt all three, and thought, as I looked around, that my fellow-beings were a very unamiable, uninteresting set.

Just then a forlorn, old woman, shaking with palsy, came in with a basket of wares for sale, and went about mutely offering them to the sitters. Nobody bought anything, and the poor, old soul stood blinking at the door a minute, as if reluctant to go out into the storm again.

She returned presently and poked about the room as if trying to find somebody; and then a pale lady in black, who lay as if asleep on a sofa, opened her eyes, saw the old woman, and instantly asked in a kind tone, "Have you lost anything, ma'am?"

"No, dear. I'm lookin' for the heatin' place to have a warm fore I goes out again. My eyes is poor and I don't seem to find the furnace nowhere."

"Here it is," and the lady led her to the steam-radiator, placed a chair and showed her how to warm her feet.

"Well, now, is not that nice?" said the old woman, spreading her ragged mittens to dry. "Thank you, dear; this is comfortable, isn't it? I'm mos' froze today bein' lame and wimby, and not selling much makes me kind of downhearted."

The lady smiled, went to the counter, bought a cup of tea and some sort of food, carried it herself to the old woman, and said as respectfully and kindly as if the poor woman had been dressed in silk and fur, "Wont you have a cup of hot tea? It's very comforting such a day as this."

"Sakes alive! Do they give tea in this depot?" cried the old lady in a tone of innocent surprise that made a smile go around the room, touching the gloomiest face like a streak of sunshine. "Well, now, this is jest lovely," said the old lady, sipping away with a relish. "This does warm my heart."

Whilst she refreshed herself, telling her story meanwhile, the lady looked over the poor, little wares in the basket, bought soap and pins, shoestrings and tape, and cheered the old soul by paying well for them.

As I watched her doing this, I thought what a sweet face she had, though I'd considered her quite plain before. I felt dreadfully ashamed of myself that I had grimly shaken my head when the basket was offered to me; and as I saw the look of interest, sympathy and kindness come into the dismal faces all around me, I did wish that I had been the magician to call it out.

It was only a kind word and a friendly act, but somehow it brightened that dingy room wonderfully. It changed the faces of a dozen women, and I think it touched a dozen hearts, for I saw many eyes follow the plain, pale lady with sudden respect; and when the old lady got up to go, several persons beckoned to her and bought something, as if they wanted to repair their first negligence.

Old beggar women are not romantic, neither are cups of tea, bootlaces and coloured soap. There were no gentlemen present to be impressed with the lady's kind act, so it wasn't done for effect, and no possible reward could be received for it except the ungrammatical thanks of the ragged, old woman.

But that simple, little charity was as good as a sermon to those who saw it, and I think each traveler went on her way better for that half-hour in the dreary station. I can testify that one of them did, and nothing but the emptiness of her purse prevented her from "comforting the heart" of every forlorn, old woman she met for a week after.—Louisa M. Alcott.

That house of God which becomes noted in a neighborhood as a place in which many sinners have been "transformed by the renewing of our minds," will by a certain instinct of our redeemed humanity soon become a center of attraction, not only to those who, with scarcely any light, are groping after the truth, but even to men who are still hardly going on in sin. The greatest fame of Christianity is the fame of the cures she works, her greatest glory the glory of the saints she trains, her own unshared renown the renown of sinners renewed in the image of God; and wherever works of this kind are noised abroad in any community, there the preacher will not want hearers, there the sower will not be without a field.—The Rev. William Arthur.

A SOUTHERNER'S TELLING WORDS.

Henry W. Grady, the silver-tongued Georgian, had this to say on the whisky traffic: *trapper*

"Tonight it enters a humble home to strike the roses from a woman's cheeks, and tomorrow it challenges this republic in the halls of Congress. *Congress*

"Today it strikes a crust from the lips of a starving child, and tomorrow it levies tribute from the government itself. *itself*

"There is no cottage humble enough to escape it, no palace strong enough to shut it out. *it out*

"It defies the law when it cannot coerce suffrage. *suffrage*

"It is flexible to cable, but merciless in victory. *no victory*

"It is the mortal enemy of peace and order, the despoiler of men and terror of women, the cloud that shadows the faces of children, the demon that has dug more graves and sent more souls unshriven to judgment than all the pestilence that has wasted life since God sent the plague to Egypt, and all the wars since Joshua stood beyond Jericho. *Jericho*

"It comes to ruin, and it shall profit mainly by the ruin of your sons and mine. *life*

"It comes to mislead human souls and to crush human hearts under its rumbling wheels. *wheels*

"It comes to bring gray-haired mothers down in shame and sorrow to their graves. *graves*

"It comes to change the wife's love into despair, and her pride into shame. *Said*

"It comes to still the laughter on the lips of little children. *children*

"It comes to stifle all the music of the home and fill it with silence and desolation. *desolation*

"It comes to ruin your body and mind, to wreck your home, and it knows it must measure its prosperity by the swiftness and certainty with which it wrecks this world. *world*

HOW NONSENSICAL IT IS.

Again and again it is stated that prohibition does not prohibit; that it is impossible to stop the traffic; that men will have liquor, and men will sell it. Which is simply another way of stating that the men engaged in the liquor business care nothing for law, defy authority, and propose to set at naught the government which protects them, and to which they, as good citizens, are bound to submit.

No other class of law breakers, so far as we are aware, take this position. The thief does not publish a paper to show that it is impossible to execute the laws against stealing; he does not insist that he shall be licensed to steal because if he is not licensed he will steal any way. No editors take it upon them to say that it is impossible to enforce the laws of prohibiting murder, and therefore it is better to regulate and control crimes which cannot be suppressed. Nor do we find any newspaper organ advocating licensing of horse thieves on the ground that it is impossible to prevent horse stealing, and therefore it is better to have the money that the licensing will bring, have the practice regulated, than it is to have horse stealing go on without any restraint whatever. *what ever*

These illustrations simply show the absurdity of the rum-seller's pleas. The man who stands up and says you cannot execute a constitutional law, thereby proclaims himself a defiant lawbreaker; and the men who urge and echo these pleas show that they themselves are disposed to abet crime and encourage criminals.—Sel.

HURFUL METHODS.

The constant appeals to the world for money to prosecute church work is an egregious blunder. Certain charitable institutions may very properly solicit funds of the world, but the church should be careful lest its sacred office be prostituted to mere money getting. Robert Cameron says: *says*

When the panic of 1893 made it necessary to use extraordinary efforts to keep many people from starving in the Silver States, the Rev. Mr. Uzzell did heroic work in Denver. Among the list of people upon whom he called for help regularly was a good-hearted Chinaman. Mr. Uzzell used to encourage "John" to give liberally because it was "giving to Christ." One day, when "John" thought the minister was coming a little too often, he said in a very serious way: "Mr. Minister, is Christ always bloke?" This

question is a small door through which we may see a great matter. At this season of the year some churches are having socials, suppers, entertainments, concerts, and all sorts of things to raise money for Christ and for his cause. This is done, usually, either because of extravagance in conducting church work or because the people of God are unwilling to give. But the constant appeal to the world has a tendency to make people feel that both Christ and his Church are "broke." It is a shame to make a begging mendicant of the Lord. A man who had married a young wife would blush to give suppers and musicals to raise money to help him give her a reasonable support. How much more should God's people be ashamed to appeal to the outside world to find the means to sustain his work. Retrench on your luxuries and learn the luxury of giving, and then these unseemly things will cease.—Living Water.

AVERAGING THINGS.

He prided himself on his morality and expected to be saved by it, and was constantly saying, "I am doing pretty well on the whole. I sometimes get mad and swear, but then I am particularly busy, but I give a good deal to the poor, and never got drunk in my life." *life*

This man hired a Scotchman to build a fence around his pasture lot. He gave him very particular directions. In the evening when the Scotchman came in from work, the man said: *Said*

"Well, Jack, is the fence built, and is it good and strong?" *strong*

"I canna say it is all tight and strong," Jack replied, "but its a good average fence anyhow. If some parts are a little weak, other parts are extra strong. I do not know but I have left a little gap. I dare say the cattle will find it a good fence on the whole, and will like it, though I canna say it is perfect in every part." *part*

"What," cried the man, not seeing the point; "do you tell me that you built a fence around my lot with weak places and gaps in it? Why, you might as well have built no fence at all. If there is one opening, or a place where an opening can be made, the cattle will be sure to find it, and will be sure to go through. Don't you know, that a fence must be perfect, or it is worthless?" "I used to think so," said the man, "but I hear you talk so much about averaging matters with the Lord, it seems to me we might try it with the cattle. If an average fence will not do for them, I am afraid an average character will not do in the day of judgment." —Sel.

BUYING A PAPER.

"Here, boy, let me have a paper."

"Can't." *Can't*

"Why not? I heard you crying them loud enough to be heard at the City Hall."

"Yes, but that was down 'tother block, ye know, where I hollered." *hollered*

"What does that matter? Come, now, no fooling. I'm in a hurry." *hurry*

"Couldn't sell you a paper on this here block, mister, cos it blongs to Limpy. He's just up the furthest end now. You'll meet him." *met him*

"And who is Limpy? And why does he have his block?" *block*

"Cos us other kids agreed to let him have it. Ye see it's a good run, 'count of the offices all along, and the poor chap is that lame he can't git around lively like the rest of us, so we agreed that the first one caught sellin' on his beat should be thrashed. See?" *See*

"Yes, I see. You have a sort of brotherhood among yourselves?" *your selves*

"Well, we're goin' to look out for a little cove what's lame anyhow."

"There comes Limpy now. He's a fortunate boy to have such friends." *friends*

The gentleman brought two papers of him, and went on his way down town, wondering how many men in business would refuse to sell their wares in order to give a weak, halting brother a chance in the field.—Exchange. *by exchange*

WOMEN WHO SHOULD NEVER MARRY.

The woman who proudly declares that she cannot hem a pocket handkerchief, never made up a bed in her life, and adds with a simper that she has "been in society ever since she was fifteen." *fifteen*

The woman who would rather nurse a pug dog than a baby.

The woman who thinks that men are angels. *angels*

The woman who would rather die than wear a hat two seasons old.

The woman who thinks that the cook and nurse can keep house.

The woman who expects a declaration of love three times a day. *day*

The woman who buys ornaments for the drawing-room and borrows kitchen utensils from her neighbors; and who thinks table decorations are of more importance than good food.

The woman who wants things just because "other women" have them.—Sel. *Sel.*

MISSIONARY MISSILES.

A prayer-laden copper cent, given for missions as a result of self-denial, has outweighed a ten dollar bill, easily and carelessly given. *given*

We must be careful not to send easy going Christians (if there can be such) to the foreign field. *field*

Have you been robbing the heathen by spending money for articles of dress which are not strictly necessary for Bible neatness and comfort?

When a church legislates to discourage or hinder missionary effort it effectually signs its own death warrant. *warrant*

The same city that is very much excited over the murder of one infant in its confines is deaf to entreaties for help to rescue thousands of such cases in heathen lands. *Said*

It is not safe to congratulate ourselves on great work by reading missionary statistics, for many missionaries, alas, like some at home, are strangers to genuine Christianity.

One street car fare will buy twenty gospel portions in Japan. *Japan*

It is very difficult to give regularly to missions. They get moved periodically at missionary meetings, but the fire often dies out soon.

If we do not hasten to get pure gospel into the field now white unto harvest, the devil will flood them with infidelity of various types. *types*

One of the best plans for lifting the debt off the home church is to give liberally for foreign work.—Christian Worker.

How Alcohol Works

A patient was arguing with the doctor on the necessity of his taking a stimulant. He urged that he was weak and needed it. Said he. *Said he*

"But, doctor, I must have some kind of a stimulant. I am cold and it warms me." *me*

"Precisely," came the doctor's crusty answer. "See here. This stick is cold," taking up a stick of wood from the box beside the hearth and tossing it into the fire. "Now, it is warm, but is the stick benefited?" *benefited*

The sick man watched the wood first bend out little puffs of smoke and then burst into a flame, and replied: *replied*

"Of course not. It is burning itself." "And so are you when you warm yourself with alcohol—you are literally burning up the delicate tissues of your stomach and brain." *brain*

A Startling Exhibit.

U. S. STATISTICS.

Table with 2 columns: Category and Amount. Rows include: Missions (\$11,000,000), Church Expenses (150,000,000), Public Education (194,000,000), Boots and Shoes (335,000,000), Cotton Goods (380,000,000), Bread (600,000,000), Tobacco (625,000,000), Meat (915,000,000), Liquor, direct cost (1,200,000,000), Indirect cost fully (1,000,000,000).

The above exhibit should be an argument sufficient in itself to cause every thinking man in the country to vote for Prohibition. —Sel.

UP OR DOWN.

The minister who preaches to people who are farther advanced in christain experience than he is, will soon go up to their standard or they will go down to his—generally the latter.

Africa is more than one and a half times as large as North America. It is more than three times as large as the United States. The area of Africa includes the combined areas of Europe, India, China, Ireland and the United States!—Sel.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

CONFESSION OF KING ALCOHOL.

Come, Alcohol, now answer me The questions I shall put to thee. What is thy age, what is thy aim, What is thy trade, what is thy name?

My age, it is a thousand years; My aim's to fill the world with tears; My trade, to kill and make expense; My name, it is Intemperance.

Long have I ruled upon the earth, To every crime I've given birth; I'm father to all grief and woe, I spread distress where'er I go.

My dwelling place is at the bar, My customers are near and far. I fill their heads, I drain their purse, I turn their blessing to a curse.

I daily breathe a poisonous breath; My drink is liquid fire and death, My lodging place is Satan's seat, My food is filth and serpent's meat.

My face is covered with a mask, My abiding place is in a cask, My business to engender strife, And put asunder man and wife.

I visit grog shops all around, Where Satan is I am always found. I am his waiter day and night, His service is my chief delight.

He is my captain and my guide, I always stand close by his side, I've killed more men upon my road Than famine, pestilence and sword.

With my deceitful, flattering tongue I draw to me both old and young, And when I get them in a snare I chain them fast and keep them there.

But temperance men I mostly dread, For they are running down my trade, And if their course should farther go I fear 'twould prove my overthrow.

Thus Alcohol disclosed to me His character and destiny. Although a liar from his youth He once has blundered into truth.

Then temperance men, be wide awake, The foe begins to fear and quake. Stand to your post, go hand in hand, And drive the monster from the land.—Roswell Peck.

WHAT I WOULD DO IF I WERE A GIRL.

One who has once traveled a road is able to give wise counsel to others who must go the same way. Young people do well to seek counsel from those who have made life a success. Let the following from the pen of Mrs. William Gibb, in the Young Pilgrim, be a personal message to every girl who reads these lines: *lines*

"1. I would surrender all to the Lord asking him to choose for me my course in life. I would then follow my Guide at any cost. This would insure for me a joyous and free Christian life, and besides I should escape many of the lifelong sorrows which come to those who insist on choosing for themselves. *themselves*

"2. I would care for health, eating and drinking properly, retiring early, breathing pure air, and engaging in such sports as coasting, skating, and snow-shoeing whenever possible. *possible*

"3. I would value an education and remain in school as long as I could. I would become acquainted with the trees, the wild flowers, the rocks, and the birds of my neighborhood. I would study music, too, in order that I might add to the pleasure of the home folks and be able to play well in church if my services were needed. *needed*

"4. I would keep my standards high—standards of purity in speech and life, of integrity, and of womanliness; and I would keep my standards of manliness equally high. *high*

"5. I would be a common sense girl, not hesitating to carry bundles or to do any necessary work, to wear a last year's hat or even another's cast-off clothing. I would learn to take care of things in general, to cut and make my own shirt waists, to mend, and to make over old clothes." *clothes*

A young man who united with the church was asked what particular person led him to take the step. He replied:

"The fellow whose desk is next to mine at the bank. We are both book keepers with plenty of work and moderate salaries. He lives such a simple, contented, trustful life that I want to know how to make my life as fine as his."—Selected.

Vertical handwritten notes on the left margin: "A. Allen's Grand Harbor, Grand Manan, New Brunswick. Province of New Brunswick to Charlotte County."

Vertical handwritten notes on the right margin: "Part of St John's Seal Cove, Charlott County."

Large handwritten notes at the bottom of the page: "The Sun Province of New Brunswick", "A. Allen's Grand Manan N.B.", "100 Seal Cove, St. John's, New Brunswick."