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TINWARE,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL,

PHENIX SQUARE, F' TON.

(Continued.)

him on the street. If, then, you have a mother, keep her as long as you can, and love her back with the wealth of love with which she loved you before you can remember. The end will come soon enough, and it will be sad enough when it comes.

And learn too at Machpelah what religion can do for us in the great darkness that comes to us, the darkness of death and the grave. How shuddering is death! You recoil from the horror. And no wonder. But down from Heaven streams a light that lightens up death's night, and rainbows with hope the clouds that hang around the tomb. And with that light our own, we can walk amid open graves and fear not; we can wade out into the dark Jordan that stretches between the here and here after, and sing and triumph.

Sarah is dead. Abraham is widowed, and Isaac motherless. A great darkness has fallen upon their home. Its light is put out. And yet, we are taught, and we are not the dupes of a dream, that it is not death to die, that Sarah still lives and loves; that where God is, where the Christ reigns, where angels sing and shine, the good and true and beautiful of our homes dwell. There they live and love forever, and grow. They cannot die. The Sarahs cannot die. Our christian mothers cannot die. They live in our heart. Their influence lives. Their labors live. We look up—our faith looks up, and we see faces, and we hear voices, and we are helped to live on and work on, because they live and love.

O my hearer, is this sweet religion yours, the religion that the good and true in every age have lived by. It makes Abrahams of men, and Sarahs of wives and mothers. Let us seek it when it may be found; let us have it when it can be had. Now is the time to seek it, and no really seeking soul shall seek in vain.

[The above sermon is one of a Series on the Life of Abraham. The series as delivered will be published in this paper.]

Our Story.

AUNTY PARSON'S STORY.

And Hezekiah had his toothpick in his teeth, and looked down at his boots and rubbed his chin, as he always does when he's going to say something. I think there is some of us that shows a disposition.

Of course I understood that hit; but I kept still. I kept right on with my argument, and I said; yes and a pretty bad disposition it is. It's a disposition to let ourselves be helped when we ought to be helping ourselves. Its a disposition to lie still and let somebody carry us. And we are growing up cripples—only we don't grow.

Kiah says I do you hear me? Sometimes when I want to talk, he just shuts his eyes, and begins to rock himself back and forth, and he was doing that now. So I said, Kiah do you hear? and he said "some" and then I went on.

I have got a proposition, said I. And he sort of looked up, and said, have you? Well between a disposition and a proposition, I guess the proposition might be better.

He is awful sarcastic, some-times. But I was not going to be riled, nor thrown off the track; so I just said; yes do you and I get two shillings a week, out of that blessed little church of ours, do you think? says I. Because, if we do, I want to give two shillings a week to keep it going, and I thought may be you could do as much. So he said he guessed he could stand that; and I said: That is my proposition, and I mean to see if we can't find somebody else that will do the same. It will show a disposition anyway.

Well, I suppose you will hev your own way, says he, you most allers do. And I said: Isn't it most allers a good way? Then I brought out my subscription paper. I had it all ready. I didn't jest know how to shape it, but I knew it was something about 'the sums set oppos'te our names'; and so I drewed it up, and took my chances. You must head it, says I, because you're the oldest deacon, and I must go on next, because I am the deacon's wife, and then I'll see some of the rest of the folks.

So Kiah sot down, and put on his specs, and took his pen, but did not write. What's the matter? says I. And he said: I'm sort of shamed to subscribe two shillings. I never signed so little as that to anything. I used to give that to go to the circus when I was nothing but a boy, and I ought to do more than that to support the Gospel. Two shillin's a week! Why, its only a shillin' a sermon, and all the prayer-meetings thrown in. I can't go less than fifty cents, I am sure. So down he went for fifty cents, and then I signed for a quarter and then my sun-bonnet went on to my head pretty lively, and says I: Hezekiah, there is some cold potatoes in the pantry, and you know

where to find the salt, so, if I am not back by dinner-time, don't be bashful; help yourself. And I started.

I called on the Smith family first. I felt sure of them. And they were just happy. Mr. Smith signed, and so did Mrs. Smith; and long John, he came in while we were talkin and put his name down; and then old Grandma Smith, she didn't want to be left out; and so there were four of 'em. I've allers found it a great thing in any good enterprise to enlist the Smith family. There is a good many of 'em. Next I called on the Joslyns and next on the Chapins, and then on the Widdie Chadwick and so I kept going.

I met a little trouble once or twice, but not much. There was Fussy Furbur; and being trustee, he thought I was out of my spear, he said; and he wanted it understood that such work belonged to the trustees. To be sure, says I. I'm glad you've found it out. I wish the trustees had discovered that a little sooner. Then there was Sister Puffy, that's got the asthma. She thought we ought to be lookin' after 'the sperritoalities.' She said we must get down before the Lord. She didn't think churches could be run on money. But I told her I guessed we'd done enough, if that would do any good; and that I guessed we should be jest as spiritual to look into our pocket-books a little; and I said it was a shame to be tarnally beggin' so of the Board.

She looked dreadful solemn when I said that, and I almost felt as I'd been committing profane language. But I hope the Lord will forgive me if I took any thing in vain. I did not take my call in vain, I tell you. Mrs. Puffy is good, only she allers wanted to talk so pious; and she put down her two shilling, and then hove a sigh. Then I found the boys at the cooper shop, and got seven names there at one lick; and when the list began to grow, people seemed ashamed to say no; and I kept gainin' till I had just an even hundred, and then I went home.

Well it was pretty well on to candle-light when I got back, and I was that tired I didn't know much of anything. I've washed, and I've scrubbed, and I've baked, and I've cleaned house, and I've biled soap, and I've moved; and I know that almost any one of that sort of things is a little exhausting. But put your bakin' and moving and biling soap and all together and it won't work out as much genuine tired soul and body as one day with a subscription paper to support the Gospel. So when I sort of dropped into a chair and Hezekiah said: Well? I was just past speaking, and I put my check apron up to my face as I hadn't done since I was a young foolish girl, and cried. I don't know what I felt so bad about; I don't know as I did feel bad. But I felt cry, and I cried. And Kiah, seeing how it was, felt kind of sorry for me, and set some tea steeping; and when I had had my tea and my cry, and mingled my drink with weeping, I felt better.

I handed him the subscription paper, and he looked it over as if he did't expect any thing; but soon he began say ug: I never! I never! And I said: Of course you didn't; you never tried. How much is it? Why, don't you know? says he. No, I said: I ain't quick in figures, and I hadn't time to foot it up. I hope it will make us out this year three hundred dollars or so.

Amy, says he, you are a prodigy—a prodigal, I may say—and you don't know it. A hundred names at two shilling each gives us twenty-five dollars a Sunday. Some of them may fail, but most of them is good; and there is ten, eleven, thirteen, that sign fifty cents. That paper of yours'll give us thirteen hundred dollars a year! I jumped up like I was shot. Yes, he says, we shan't need any thing this year from the Board. This church, for this year at any rate, is self-supporting.

We both sot down and kept still a minute, when I said, kind of softly: Hezekiah, says I, isn't it about time for prayers? I was just choking; but, as he took down the Bible, he said: I guess we had better sing something. I nodded like, and he just struck in. We often sing at prayers in the morning, but it now seemed like the Scripture that says: He giveth songs in the night. Kiah generally likes the solemn tunes, too; and we sing Show Pity, Lord, a great deal; and we had sung Hark, from the Tombs a Doleful Sound because Kiah was not feeling very well, and we wanted to chirk up a little.

So I jest waited to see what mater he'd strike to-night; and would you believe it? I didn't know that he knew any such a tune. But off he started on Joy to the World, the Lord is Come. I tried to catch on, but he went off, lickerty-switch, like a steam engine, and I couldn't keep up. I was partly laughing to see Kiah go it, and partly crying again, my heart was so full; so I doubled up some of the notes and jumped over the others, and so we safely reached the end. But I tell you Hezekiah prayed. He allers prayed well; but this was a brand-new prayer, exactly suited to the occasion. And when Sunday came, and the minister got up and told what had been done, and said: It is all the work of one good woman, and done in one day, I just got scared and wanted to run. And when some of the folks shook hands with me and said, with tears in their eyes, how I'd saved the church, and all that, I come awful nigh getting proud. But, as Hezekiah says, we are all poor sinners; and so I choked it back. But I am glad I did it; and I don't believe our church will ever go boardin' any more.

212.

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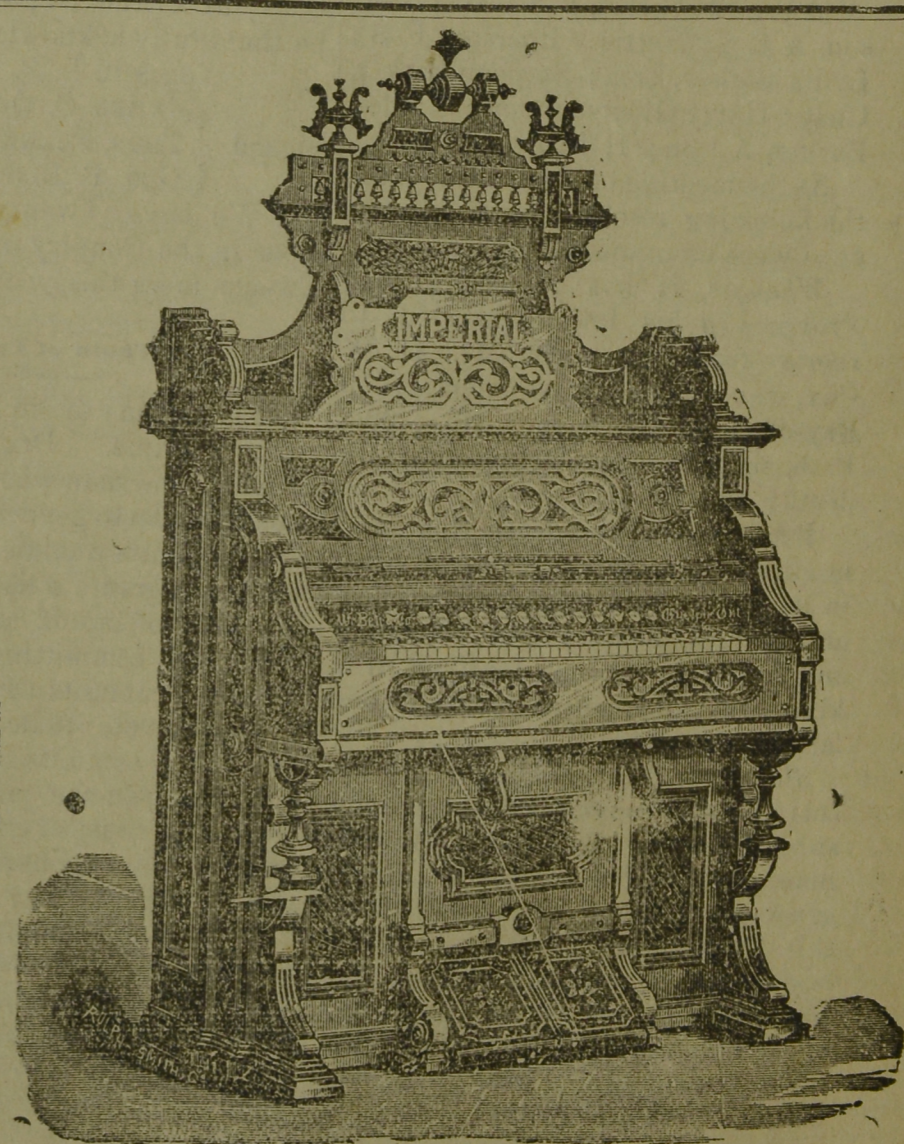
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