

THE SPIRIT OF GOD.

They should be dear to the hearts of the people of the world...

Our Pulpit.

Patience, Job, and the Baffled Enemy.

BY C. E. SWINSON.

"In all this Job smelt not, nor charged God foolishly."—Job 13:17.

That is to say, in all this trial, and under all this temptation, he kept right with God...

"All this Job smelt not, nor charged God foolishly."—Job 13:17.

My ownself so live that it may be said of me as it was said of Job...

Job's affliction had never severed a faithful word from his lips...

Our first head shall be, in all our affairs the main thing is, not to sin.

Job never sinned against God, for he was never accused against God...

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And brings out the genuine of every man...

Knows God. They are safe to buy, they will know how to use them...

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...of which with our good brother, ... Sec. of the State ...

For Nervous Prostration ... Dr. E. B. Nugent ...

A Pastors' Change ... Three weeks ago I was called from ...

Perry is the largest town in the New Territory ...

It was distinctly a Baptist speech ...

...the Board, as was no place in ...

ECTROPOISE ... IT FLOATS ... The Simplex Printer ... Ladies and Misses' Suits ...

LATEST CREATIONS IN ... DOTTED SWISS DRESSES ...

HOW TO ORDER A SUIT ... STYLE OF COAT ...

OUR MEN'S SUITS ... COAT MEASURE ...

DR. ... CREAM ...

(Continued on page 1)

The Family Circle

WHY FERRY

Why fret if today is not bright
 And the sun does not shine
 And the wind is heavy with rain
 And the clouds are dark and gloomy
 And the birds are silent
 And the flowers are faded
 And the leaves are falling
 And the grass is withered
 And the trees are bare
 And the sky is leaden
 And the earth is cold
 And the heart is sad
 And the soul is lonely
 And the spirit is desolate
 And the life is dreary
 And the death is certain
 And the resurrection is distant
 And the kingdom of God is afar off
 And the glory is hidden
 And the power is weak
 And the love is cold
 And the peace is broken
 And the joy is gone
 And the hope is vain
 And the faith is dead
 And the charity is empty
 And the grace is lost
 And the mercy is withheld
 And the forgiveness is denied
 And the redemption is refused
 And the salvation is rejected
 And the inheritance is forfeited
 And the crown of life is lost
 And the throne of glory is empty
 And the kingdom of heaven is shut
 And the gates of paradise are closed
 And the angels are silent
 And the saints are weeping
 And the martyrs are suffering
 And the virgins are knocking
 And the brides are weeping
 And the bridegroom is absent
 And the wedding feast is broken
 And the banquet is spoiled
 And the feast of life is ruined
 And the feast of joy is spoiled
 And the feast of peace is spoiled
 And the feast of love is spoiled
 And the feast of mercy is spoiled
 And the feast of grace is spoiled
 And the feast of glory is spoiled
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 And the feast of joy is spoiled
 And the feast of peace is spoiled
 And the feast of love is spoiled
 And the feast of mercy is spoiled
 And the feast of grace is spoiled
 And the feast of glory is spoiled

The next morning I walked slowly toward the coal mines. I noticed several men in the street. The men were just passing over the mountains; the little stream trickled away in a narrow channel. A group of angry men stood silent, waiting the return of their leader who was with the overseer. It seemed as though nature herself had broken through my mind. "Be still and know that I am God," said the top of the incline and, to my great surprise, saw baby Nellie seated in a tram car. Her little brother began pushing the cart to give her a ride. The car started down the incline.

A mother's shrill scream broke the stillness of the air.

"Oh! God my child!"

"Quick man, pull the rope!"

A hundred hands were ready, but the rope was gone.

Faster, faster, faster moved the cart. Only one thing could be done, the iron bar must be dropped into the mine, but they realized they could not reach it in time.

Something was before them!

With one look toward the bar too large for him to move—and an effort of angelic sweetness and courage toward the mother—she stepped across the track and lay motionless.

Faster, faster, faster came the cart. It struck the boy and the girl caused the cart to jump from the top of a pile of boards to the floor.

The youth was so strikingly handsome that I paused to look at him. He better to see him. His hair was of that soft, subdued auburn that I had seen only once before in a rare old painting of the holy child. His mouth was small for a boy's mouth, and his complexion remarkably white and clear. But his eyes, I cannot describe, were like the sun with which to describe their soft sweet color. One moment they reminded me of the sea when the last rays of the setting sun fall upon it; the next moment, of the sky through which the rainbow begins to break.

When we stopped talking, the boy and little girl came close to us, and then I noticed a peculiar expression on the lad's face that in midnoon seemed the God on the setting sun. We stood where the overseer, Mr. Sanford, could explain the workings of the elevator.

When we came to a long trip the tram cars have to make. They go down that way through the long tunnel to where the cars are waiting. Then fill the cars with coal and then start them up the incline. We receive the cars at the top and unload them.

Suppose the chain would break, what would stop a car?

"Nothing, Mine, after the car passes the middle platform, when it is only half the way down, the car starts off slow at first; by the time it reaches here, it is well under way, and if we see anything in the way, we drop down on the bars and the car is thrown off this platform. If it passes, no earthly power can stop it. There, I take the chain and the car is up. He finished speaking, and the boy, who until that moment stood with his eyes fastened on Mr. Sanford, turned and led the child to the car.

"Mr. Sanford, do tell me what that boy is."

"Why, Mine, that is Cecil, or God's child, the night, ten years ago, we were all started by hearing the church bell ring again and again. I hurriedly we dressed, hearing that first must have given the cause for the alarm. We could not find out what was the matter, and, seeing no flames, we went to the old church to ask the cause of the ringing.

"The door was locked."

"We found the sexton, opened the door, and there we saw a little boy, shivering with cold and fright, clinging to the bell rope. Ragged, thin and hungry, he was the most pitiable looking little fellow I had ever seen. I took him in my arms and carried him home. We questioned him, but he did not seem to understand, and then we saw by his eyes he was with the Germans tenderly call 'God's child.'"

"We have never heard who he was or whence he came, but suppose that someone, wishing to be rich and to leave his sleep in the old church and when he was in bed, he had his right of the bell rope hanging near."

"We have kept him ever since. My wife called him Cecil for the first time. He is devoted to my Nellie and takes good care of her. Hiding in his room, he learned to read and to write to him so sweetly. She talks to him as if he were a child. He said, 'See, Cecil, when the boys were their heads, they are saying God's child because you are only looked to out of his brother's hand.'"

"I believe if anything happens to Nellie, God will take Cecil, too, for men are not working here, they are striking for higher wages, and we are desperate now. They are always threatening to go down the mine, they have taken down there, if they are not helped—don't you see it, but the men will hold it to the tunnel."

The morning of her birthday was rainy. "It's a good day for a party," said Alice, as she came downstairs.

After breakfast, Grandmother Wardfield went to the village, and when she returned an hour later she drove the yard, and noticed a large pile in the back of the wagon.

"I hope you have a letter for me from several," he added, talking of the cover. "I had to buy this mail to bring it in. I had no pocket to send them."

The pile was filled with mail for Alice; letters big and little, with postal cards of all three states. All the relatives and friends who were near enough to know about her illness had been asked to remember her birthday by letter, and they had remembered it.

One very long envelope stuck up above all the rest, and was directed to Jack's hands. It was like a letter from the "New Present," and it stated that "Jack Wardfield of the town of Montrose, county of Middlesex, and State of Massachusetts, unmarried, did solemnly promise never to tell any man, woman, or child that Alice Wardfield, spinster, also of the town of Montrose, county of Middlesex, was afflicted with the wasting disease known as Mumps!" This was signed in the presence of twenty-three of Jack's neighbors.

Then there was a thick letter from father and a thicker one from mother, both of them expressing their anxiety about the girl friends who would have been at Alice's party if she had one. Uncle John wrote a brief but earnest note, telling her to keep it to herself. He feared either hemiplegia or cyanosis (tracheitis) would be the result. In fact, in Dr. Fuller was unkindly in curing that disease.

It was a good day to persevere through the letters, and Alice called the boys and the girls, and the Grandmother and Grandpa Wardfield listened and laughed with her.

"Two gallons of letters are as good as a party, eh, Alice?" inquired Grandpa, in the afternoon.

"Just exactly as good," said Alice, as she opened the first envelope of the mail. It was from Aunt Alice and contained five lines:

There was a young girl of Montrose,
 Whose name was Alice,
 That was starting away,
 To see her friends,
 But she couldn't in spite of her weep.
 —Youth's Companion.

Children's Attending Church.

By GEORGE L. VANDERBILT.

The Rev. Dr. Strong, in the *New Era*, speaking of regular attendance at church, says: "Ideas of duty are not so strong as formerly, and we must therefore more readily yield to indolence. The present generation of young people have had a training very different from that which the fathers or even their parents received. In most families the rod, like Aaron's rod, has budged and brought forth a forest of all sorts of children are hired and coaxed instead of being commanded and required, and accordingly grow up to acquire indolence rather than obedience. At attending church is not now commonly considered a sacred duty. People go if they feel like it, and for a great variety of reasons most people do not feel like it."

All who have had experience in church and Sunday school work can testify to the truth of this statement. It is not taught that to attend the services of the sanctuary is a duty; to be present in the Sunday-school and to be in the church is a privilege. On the contrary, this is left optional, and whether the child goes or absent often depends upon the presence or absence of some other child, or teacher, or some excursion, or entertainment—in short, upon anything other than a sense of duty.

"Shall you go to-day?" asks someone of the family.

"No, the child declines. 'If I don't want to go, it's no going.' Or, 'It is too cold.' 'Annie isn't warm, so I won't go.' 'The teacher won't be there to-day. She is sick.'"

The matter rests entirely upon the decision of the child, and is dismissed with the remark of the parent as if there were a question of going out to play.

Under such circumstances can we wonder that the child "does not form a habit of regular attendance"—that is, being a matter of apparently so little moment?

The consequences involved in this habit of indifference to church and school are serious in the extreme. Whereas formerly parents and children did their duty in the house of God, now many children are content with learning their duty from the lips of the minister, the children are reading at home or gossiping with the children of their neighborhood. This is a fertile source of that Sabbath desecration which is becoming so common. We are drifting to a state where the children are content with the house, and instead of setting aside those hours to learn out of the God, they are, more than half the time, of the week, devoted to pleasure-seeking.

Many who tell you that they need

of having the best paint, and that is to use established brand of strictly pure white lead oil, and pure colors."

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Strictly Pure White Lead

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NATIONAL LEAD CO., New York

She was a little old woman, very kindly natured, and she had been married to a man who was a very old-fashioned, plain, steady man, but her husband was very old-fashioned, and people stared at her, looking up at the side of the great people who were so much more modern in their learning, his intellect, and goodness, and they wondered at the presence of the old woman. She had heard of the fame of the preacher, she went into the pew of the richest member of the church, and took a seat there. The three ladies who were seated there, beckoned to the sexton who bent over the intruder and whispered something; but she was hard hearing, and smiled a little withered smile, as she said gently:

"Oh, I'm quite comfortable—quite comfortable."

"But you are not wanted here," said the sexton, pompously; there is no room. Come with me my good woman; I'll see that you have a seat."

"Oh, no, no," said the old woman, looking at her shrunken proportions, and then at the fine ladies. "Why, I'm not crowded a bit. I rode ten miles to hear the sermon to-day, because—"

But here the sexton took her by the arm and shook her roughly in a polite, unceremonious way, and then she took the hint. Her faded eyes filled with tears, her hair quivered; but she arose meekly and left the pew. Turning quickly to the ladies who were speaking their rich dresses over the space she left vacant, she said gently: "I hope, my dears, there'll be room in your pews for me to-morrow."

Then she followed the pompous sexton to the rear of the church, where, in the last pew, she was seated between two other women who were old men. "She must be crazy," said one of the ladies in the pew which she had first occupied. "What can an ignorant old woman like that be doing here? She won't be able to understand a word he says."

"These people are so persistent! The idea of her forcing her way into our pew! Isn't that voluntary love?" There's Dr. ——— coming out of the pulpit. Let's be grand!"

"Splendid! What a stately man! You know he promised to dine with us while he is here."

He was a commanding-looking man, and as the organ voluntary stopped, and he looked over the crowd of worshippers gathered in the vast church, he seemed to scan every face. His hand was on the Bible, who suddenly, leaning over the reading-desk, he beckoned to the sexton who obsequiously followed the steps to receive his mysterious message. And then the three ladies in the grand pew were electrified to see the sexton take the length of the church, to return with the old woman who was placed in the front pew of all, occupants making room for her. The great preacher looked at her with a smile of recognition; and then the service proceeded, and he preached a sermon that struck fire in some hearts.

"Who was he?" asked the ladies who could not make room for her, as they passed the sexton at the door.

"I have examined the list of names that functionary is an injured tone—Selected."

Like Her Elders.

Edith, who is eight years old, was invited to a children's party. Her blonde hair is perfectly straight, but was becoming arranged, and she had been examined by her mother's personal appearance. (As her return her mother asked, "Did you have a nice time, Edith?"

"I was so happy to see the great preacher and the little girl responded, "Yes, I had a good time, but I should have had a letter home if it hadn't been for my hair."

"Why, Edith, what was wrong with your hair?"

"Well, it didn't curl, and I shall go to another party without my hair can be fixed in kinks."

The next week, when another invitation came for the little girl, her hair was curled and fluffed out in the most approved style. Then her mother led her up to a mirror and said, "There, Edith, that's the way you think of it!"

Edith regarded herself soberly for a moment and then, turning slowly around, she said, "It's vain, but I love it."

When you put your sin good-bye, don't shake hands with it.

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By LILLIAN CLARKSON.

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The youth was so strikingly handsome that I paused to look at him. He better to see him. His hair was of that soft, subdued auburn that I had seen only once before in a rare old painting of the holy child. His mouth was small for a boy's mouth, and his complexion remarkably white and clear. But his eyes, I cannot describe, were like the sun with which to describe their soft sweet color. One moment they reminded me of the sea when the last rays of the setting sun fall upon it; the next moment, of the sky through which the rainbow begins to break.

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"Mr. Sanford, do tell me what that boy is."

"Why, Mine, that is Cecil, or God's child, the night, ten years ago, we were all started by hearing the church bell ring again and again. I hurriedly we dressed, hearing that first must have given the cause for the alarm. We could not find out what was the matter, and, seeing no flames, we went to the old church to ask the cause of the ringing.

"The door was locked."

"We found the sexton, opened the door, and there we saw a little boy, shivering with cold and fright, clinging to the bell rope. Ragged, thin and hungry, he was the most pitiable looking little fellow I had ever seen. I took him in my arms and carried him home. We questioned him, but he did not seem to understand, and then we saw by his eyes he was with the Germans tenderly call 'God's child.'"

"We have never heard who he was or whence he came, but suppose that someone, wishing to be rich and to leave his sleep in the old church and when he was in bed, he had his right of the bell rope hanging near."

"We have kept him ever since. My wife called him Cecil for the first time. He is devoted to my Nellie and takes good care of her. Hiding in his room, he learned to read and to write to him so sweetly. She talks to him as if he were a child. He said, 'See, Cecil, when the boys were their heads, they are saying God's child because you are only looked to out of his brother's hand.'"

The morning of her birthday was rainy. "It's a good day for a party," said Alice, as she came downstairs.

After breakfast, Grandmother Wardfield went to the village, and when she returned an hour later she drove the yard, and noticed a large pile in the back of the wagon.

"I hope you have a letter for me from several," he added, talking of the cover. "I had to buy this mail to bring it in. I had no pocket to send them."

The pile was filled with mail for Alice; letters big and little, with postal cards of all three states. All the relatives and friends who were near enough to know about her illness had been asked to remember her birthday by letter, and they had remembered it.

One very long envelope stuck up above all the rest, and was directed to Jack's hands. It was like a letter from the "New Present," and it stated that "Jack Wardfield of the town of Montrose, county of Middlesex, and State of Massachusetts, unmarried, did solemnly promise never to tell any man, woman, or child that Alice Wardfield, spinster, also of the town of Montrose, county of Middlesex, was afflicted with the wasting disease known as Mumps!" This was signed in the presence of twenty-three of Jack's neighbors.

Then there was a thick letter from father and a thicker one from mother, both of them expressing their anxiety about the girl friends who would have been at Alice's party if she had one. Uncle John wrote a brief but earnest note, telling her to keep it to herself. He feared either hemiplegia or cyanosis (tracheitis) would be the result. In fact, in Dr. Fuller was unkindly in curing that disease.

It was a good day to persevere through the letters, and Alice called the boys and the girls, and the Grandmother and Grandpa Wardfield listened and laughed with her.

"Two gallons of letters are as good as a party, eh, Alice?" inquired Grandpa, in the afternoon.

"Just exactly as good," said Alice, as she opened the first envelope of the mail. It was from Aunt Alice and contained five lines:

There was a young girl of Montrose,
 Whose name was Alice,
 That was starting away,
 To see her friends,
 But she couldn't in spite of her weep.
 —Youth's Companion.

Children's Attending Church.

By GEORGE L. VANDERBILT.

The Rev. Dr. Strong, in the *New Era*, speaking of regular attendance at church, says: "Ideas of duty are not so strong as formerly, and we must therefore more readily yield to indolence. The present generation of young people have had a training very different from that which the fathers or even their parents received. In most families the rod, like Aaron's rod, has budged and brought forth a forest of all sorts of children are hired and coaxed instead of being commanded and required, and accordingly grow up to acquire indolence rather than obedience. At attending church is not now commonly considered a sacred duty. People go if they feel like it, and for a great variety of reasons most people do not feel like it."

All who have had experience in church and Sunday school work can testify to the truth of this statement. It is not taught that to attend the services of the sanctuary is a duty; to be present in the Sunday-school and to be in the church is a privilege. On the contrary, this is left optional, and whether the child goes or absent often depends upon the presence or absence of some other child, or teacher, or some excursion, or entertainment—in short, upon anything other than a sense of duty.

"Shall you go to-day?" asks someone of the family.

"No, the child declines. 'If I don't want to go, it's no going.' Or, 'It is too cold.' 'Annie isn't warm, so I won't go.' 'The teacher won't be there to-day. She is sick.'"

The matter rests entirely upon the decision of the child, and is dismissed with the remark of the parent as if there were a question of going out to play.

Under such circumstances can we wonder that the child "does not form a habit of regular attendance"—that is, being a matter of apparently so little moment?

The consequences involved in this habit of indifference to church and school are serious in the extreme. Whereas formerly parents and children did their duty in the house of God, now many children are content with learning their duty from the lips of the minister, the children are reading at home or gossiping with the children of their neighborhood. This is a fertile source of that Sabbath desecration which is becoming so common. We are drifting to a state where the children are content with the house, and instead of setting aside those hours to learn out of the God, they are, more than half the time, of the week, devoted to pleasure-seeking.

Many who tell you that they need

of having the best paint, and that is to use established brand of strictly pure white lead oil, and pure colors."

The following brands are standard, "Old Dutch" brand, always absolutely

Strictly Pure White Lead

"ABSTON & BEELEY" (Philadelphia) "KEYSTONE" (London)
 "DAVIDSON & CO." (New York) "SOCIETY" (New York)
 "DAVIS & CHAMBERS" (Philadelphia) "BETHLEHEM" (Chicago)
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If you want colored paint, tint any of the above strictly leads with National Lead Co.'s Pure White Lead Tinting Colors. These colors are sold in small quantities, each being sufficient to tint one pound of Pure White Lead. The desired shade is in no sense a new tint, but a color perfectly specified, and ready for use. The tinting colors are sold in a small card and get their own on paint and color-card. New York, N. Y.

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God's Child

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Suppose the chain would break, what would stop a car?

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