

## THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

### The Cream of the News of Seven Days.

#### CANADA.

Mr. Thomas Elliott is a candidate for the mayoralty in Brantford.

Bishop O'Connor, of Peterboro, was given an audience by the Pope.

About 9,000 pounds of turkeys were shipped from Brockville to Boston.

R. W. Jameson was elected Mayor of Winnipeg by 639 majority over D. W. Boie.

Hon. David Mills will address a series of meetings in his constituency before the opening of Parliament.

Rev. John Curry, late of the Orillia Baptist Church, has been called to the pastorate of the Cornwall Church.

Dauphin Conservatives have selected Mr. Glen Campbell as their candidate for the Manitoba Legislature.

Track laying on the Tisonburg, Lake Erie & Pacific Railway is completed from Tisonburg to Port Burwell.

C. P. R. employees at Montreal have received notice of an increase of 15 per cent. in their salaries, to begin with the new year.

At Sault Ste. Marie Matthew Mattson and Jules Sauve were each sentenced to ten years in penitentiary for manslaughter.

Many Canadian vessels have started out in search of the abandoned Strathelys, believed to be floating in the Pacific. She will prove a rich prize to the craft that overhauls her.

Mr. Dan. J. McDonald, son of the late Col. James McDonald, formerly of the Glen, Williamstown, Glengarry county, dropped dead from heart failure while returning home from a neighbor's the other day.

A four-years-old child of Mr. Sylvester Aigue, of Cornwall, was choked to death the other day. It was playing with peas, and in swallowing them one lodged in the windpipe, causing death before a doctor could be summoned.

#### UNITED STATES.

President Cleveland is reported to be preparing for another issue of gold bonds.

Ex-United States Consul-General to Ottawa Thomas W. Hotchkiss died at his home in Northport, L. I., of heart disease.

A girl baby born the other day in Komoko, Ind., is the fourteenth daughter of a fourteenth daughter—a record which is thought to be unprecedented.

It is reported in Havana that the insurgents have suffered a series of defeats. A seven hours' battle is also reported, in which about 4,000 men were engaged, and only 200 killed.

W. Hazell Wilson, President of the Belvidere Railroad, a part of the Pennsylvania system, is probably the oldest railway president in the world in active service. He is 86 years old.

An accident occurred at the Mid-valley colliery, at Shamokin, Pa., whereby a number of men were injured, four of them fatally. A coupling broke and a train of cars dashed down a steep incline.

Prof. E. Otis Kendall has resigned the chair of astronomy at the University of Pennsylvania. He served that institution for just forty years, having become its professor of mathematics in 1855.

Nathan W. Baker, of Lewisburg, Pa., claims to have completely recovered from inflammatory rheumatism through the application of a handkerchief blessed by Francis Schiatter, the healer, of Denver.

#### GREAT BRITAIN.

Two large Clyde shipbuilding firms have seceded from the Union of the Ship Building Masters, and announce that they will reopen their yards upon the terms demanded by their employees, who have of late been locked out in pursuance of agreement between the Belfast and Clyde masters, the former of whose employees are on strike.

Barney Barnato, the Kaffir King, will leave London for Cripple Creek, in a few days. He will be accompanied by Sam Newhouse, the Colorado agent of the Rothschilds. It is understood Barnato will visit Chicago on his way to the mine. Chicago is the national point for the handling of Cripple Creek stocks, and he will make his arrangements for something of the sort, probably after he has cast his eye over the new Colorado Eldorado.

#### GENERAL.

Rebellion is threatened in Servia. Emperor William visited Prince Bismarck at Friedrichsruhe.

The Cretans are said to have defeated the Turks in a pitched battle.

M. Adrian Lachenal, who was Vice-President of Switzerland during the last regime, has succeeded to the Presidency by popular vote, and without the death of his chief.

The latest despatches from Cape Coast Castle, in British West Africa, indicate that King Prempeh is preparing to offer a stubborn resistance to the British, and that the Ashantee expedition will not be the walk-over that at one time it was expected to be.

On the ground that she was hypnotized, the St. Petersburg Court of Appeals has reduced the sentence of death imposed upon a girl to five years' imprisonment, the evidence showing that she was completely under the control of the man who compelled her to poison her father.

Lord Glasgow, the Governor of New Zealand, recently attended a cattle show at Napier. He particularly admired a certain shorthorn bull. The bull did not admire the Governor, and expressed that fact by unceremoniously tossing his Lordship over a convenient fence. Then the Governor went home.

## A WORLD OF TROUBLE.

Rev. Dr. Talmage on the Petty Annoyances of Life.

The Hornet on Its Mission—Varieties of Insect Annoyances—Necessity for Little Troubles—They are All Blessings in Disguise.

Washington despatch says: Dr. Talmage chose for his sermon a theme that will appeal to most people, namely: "The Petty Annoyances of Life." His text was, "The Lord thy God will send the hornet."—Deut. vii., 20.

It seems as if the insect world were determined to extirpate the human race. It bombards the grain-fields and the orchard and the vineyards. The Colorado beetle, the Nebraska grasshopper, the New Jersey locust, the universal potato bug seem to carry on the work which was begun ages ago when the insects buzzed out of Noah's ark as the door was opened.

In my text the hornet flies out on its mission. It is a species of wasp, swift in its motion and violent in its sting. Its touch is torture to man or beast. We have all seen the cattle run bellying under the cut of its lancet. In boyhood we used to stand cautiously looking at the globular nest hung from the tree branch, and while we were looking at the wonderful covering we were struck with something that sent us shrieking away. The hornet goes in swarms. It has captured over hundreds, and twenty of them alighting on one man will produce death.

The Persians attempted to conquer a Christian city, but the elephant and the beasts on which the Persians rode were assailed by the hornet, so that the whole army was broken up and the besieged city was rescued. The burning and noxious insect stung out the Hittites and the Canaanites from their country. What gleaming sword and chariot of war could not accomplish was done by the puncture of an insect. The Lord sent the hornets.

My friends, when we are assailed by great behemoths of trouble, we become chivalric, and we assault them. We get on the high mettled steed of our courage, and we make a cavalry charge at them, and if God be with us, we come out stronger and better than when we went in. But, alas, for these insects, annoyances of life, these foes too small to shoot—these things without any avoirdupois weight, the gnats, and the midges, and the flies, and the wasps, and the hornets! In other words, it is the small, stinging annoyances of our life which sting us out and use us up. In the best conditioned life, for some grand and glorious purpose, God has sent the hornet.

I remark, in the first place, that these small, stinging annoyances may come in the shape of a nervous organization.

People who are prostrated under typhoid fevers or with broken bones get plenty of sympathy, but what pity anybody that is nervous? The doctors say, and the family say, and everybody says, "Oh, she's only a little nervous; that's all!" The sound of a heavy foot, the harsh clearing of a throat, a discord of music, the clatter of a rattle, the rustle of a shawl and the glove on the same person, a curt answer, a passing slight, the wind from the east, any one of 10,000 annoyances opens the door for the hornet, the fact is that the vast majority of us people in this country are overworked, and their nerves are the first to give out. A great multitude are under the strain of Leyden, who, when he was told by his physician that if he did not stop working while he lived, his poor health he would die, responded, "Doctor, whether I live or die, the wheel must keep going round." These sensitive persons of whom I speak have a bleeding sensitiveness. The flies love to light on anything raw, and these people are like the Canaanites spoken of in the text or in the context—they have a very thin covering and are vulnerable at all points. "And the Lord sent the hornet."

Again, the small insect annoyances may come to us in the shape of friends and acquaintances who are always saying disagreeable things. There are some people you cannot be with for half a conversation but you feel cheered and comforted. Then there are other people you cannot be with for five minutes before you feel miserable. They do not mean to disturb you, but they sting you to the bone. They gather up all the adverse criticisms about your person, about your business, about your home, about your character, and they make you hear the fun. Into which they pour it. They laugh heartily when they tell you, as though it were a good joke, and you laugh too—outside.

These people are brought to our attention in the Bible. In the book of Ruth, Naomi went forth beautiful and with the finest of worldly prospects, and into another land, but, after awhile, she came back widowed and sick and poor. What did her friends do when she came to the city? They all went out, and instead of giving her common sense consolation, what did they do? Read the book of Ruth and find out. They threw up their hands and said, "How awful bad you do look!" When I entered the ministry, I looked very pale for several years, a hundred times a year, I was asked, "I had not the consumption, and passing through the room I would sometimes hear people sigh and say, 'A-ah, not long for this world!'" I solved in those times that I never in conversation would say anything depressing, and by the help of God I have kept my resolution. These people of whom I speak reap and bind in the great harvest field of discouragement. Some day you greet them with a hilarious "good morning," and they come buzzing at you with some "depressing information." "The Lord sent the hornet."

When I see so many people in the world who like to say disagreeable things and write disagreeable things, I come almost in my weaker moments to believe what a man said to me in Philadelphia one Monday morning. I went to get the horse at the livery

stable, and the hostler, a plain man, said to me, "Mr. Talmage, I saw that you preached to the young men yesterday?" I said, "Yes." He said: "No use—our man's a failure."

The small insect annoyances of life sometimes come in the shape of local physical trouble, which does not amount to a positive prostration, but which bothers you when you want to feel the best. Perhaps it is a sick headache which has been the plague of your life, and you appoint some occasion of mirth or sociality or usefulness, and when the clock strikes the hour you cannot make your appearance. Perhaps the trouble is between the ear and the forehead, in the shape of a neuralgic twinge. Nobody can see it or sympathize with it, but just at the time when you want your intellect clearest and your disposition brightest you feel a sharp, keen, disconcerting thrust. "The Lord sent the hornet."

Perhaps these small insect annoyances will come in the shape of a domestic irritation. The parlor and the kitchen do not always harmonize. To get good service and to keep it is one of the greatest questions of the country. Sometimes it may be the arrogance and inconsiderateness of employers, but whatever be the fact, we all admit there are these annoyances warring their way out from the culinary department. If the grace of God be not in the heart of the housekeeper, she cannot maintain her equilibrium. The men come home at night and hear the story of these annoyances and say, "Oh, these home troubles are very little things!" They are small, small as wasps, but they sting. Martha's nerves were all unstrung when she rushed in, asking Christ to send Mary and there were tens of thousands of women who are dying, stung to death by these pestiferous domestic annoyances. "The Lord sent the hornet."

These small insect disturbances may also come in the shape of business irritations. There are men here who went through 1837 and the 24th of September, 1869, without losing their balance, who are every day unhorsed by little annoyances. A clerk's ill-managed plot of ink on a bill of lading, or the extravagance of a partner who overdraws his account, or the underselling by a business rival, or the whispering of store confidences in the street, or the making of some little bad guess against your judgment, just to please somebody else.

It is not the panics that kill the merchants. Panics only come once in 10 or 20 years. It is the small annoyances of everyday annoyances which are sending so many of our best merchants into nervous dyspepsia and paralysis and the grave. When our national commerce fell flat on its face, these men stood up and said, "My life is going away now under the swarm of these pestiferous annoyances." "The Lord sent the hornet."

I have noticed in the history of some that their annoyances are multiplying and that they have a hundred where they used to have ten. The naturalist tells us that a wasp sometimes has a family of 20,000 wasps, and it does so as if every annoyance of your life were a million. By the help of God I want to show you the other side. The hornet is of no use? Oh, yes! The naturalists tell us they are very important in the world's economy. They kill spiders, and they clear the air, and I really believe God sends the annoyances of our life upon us to kill the spiders of the soul and to clear the atmosphere of our skies.

These annoyances are sent to us, I think to wake us up from our lethargy. There is nothing that makes a man so lively as a nest of "yellow jackets," and I think that these annoyances are intended to persuade us to stop in. If we had a bed of everything that was attractive and soft and easy, what would we want of heaven? We think that the holier we are, the more we may think we want to correct your opinion. "The Lord sent the hornet."

Then I think these annoyances come on us to culture our patience. In the gymnasium you find upright parallel bars—upright bars, with holes over each other for pegs to be put in. Then the gymnast takes a peg in each hand and he begins to climb, one getting his time or two inches, and getting his strength cultured, reaches after awhile the ceiling. And it seems to me that these annoyances in life are a moral gymnasium, each worriment a peg with which we climb higher in Christian attainment, and higher to see patience, but it cannot be cultured in fair weather. Patience is a child of the storm. If you had everything desirable and what would there be to get? What would there be to get with patience? The only time to culture it is when you are lied about and sick and half dead.

"Oh," you say, "if I only had the circumstances of a man to do man, I would swim." You might not well say, "If it were not for this water, I would swim," or "I could shoot this gun if it were not for the charge." When you stand chin deep in annoyances, it is the time to get up and swim out toward the great headlands of Christian attainment, so as to know Christ and the power of his resurrection and to have fellowship with his sufferings.

Nothing but the furnace and the burn out of us the claim of a hipotat. I have formed this theory in regard to small annoyances and vexations. It takes just so much trouble to fit us for usefulness and for heaven. The only question is whether we shall take it in the bulk or pulverized and granulated. Here is one man who takes it in the bulk. His back is broken, or his eyesight is put out, or he has some awful calamity befalls him, and he takes the thing piecemeal. Which way would you rather have it? Of course, in piecemeal. Better have five aching teeth than one broken jaw; better have 20 blisters than one annular. There may be a difference of opinion as to allopathy and homeopathy, but in this matter of trouble and vexation, the only difference is that I like homeopathy rather than some knockdown dose of calamity. Instead of the thunderbolt give us the hornet.

If you have a bank, you would a great deal rather that 50 men would come in with checks less than \$100 than to have two depositors come in the same day, each wanting his \$10,000. In this latter case you cough and look down to the floor, and you look up at the ceiling before you look into the safe. Now, my friends, would you not rather have these small drafts of annoyance on your bank of faith

than some all staggering demand upon your endurance? But remember that little as well as great annoyances equally require you to trust in Christ for succor and a deliverance from impatience and irritability. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is staid on thee." In the village of Hamelin, tradition says, there was an invasion of rats, and these small creatures almost devoured the town and threatened the lives of the population, and the story is that a piper came out one day and played a very sweet tune, and all the vermin followed him—followed him to the banks of the Weser. Then he blew a blast, and then they dropped in and disappeared forever. Of course this is a fable, but I wish I could, on the sweet flute of the gospel, draw forth all the nibbling and burrowing annoyances of your life and play them down into the depths forever.

How many touches did Mr. Church give to his picture of "Cotopaxi" or his "Heart of the Andes"? I suppose about 50,000 touches. I hear the canvas saying: "Why do you keep me trembling with that pencil so long? Why don't you put it on in one dash?" "No," says Mr. Church, "I know how to make a painting. It will take 50,000 touches." And I want you, my friends, to understand that it is these 10,000 annoyances which, under God, are making up the picture of your life, to be hung at last in the galleries of heaven for angels to look at. God knows how to make a picture.

I go into a sculptor's studio and see him shaping a statue. He has a chisel in one hand and a mallet in the other, and he gives a very gentle stroke—little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal little vaneh! click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that looks at the statue is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul