Three Pictures Known.

BY REV C H SPURGEON.

"For this cause also thank we God without ceasing, because, when ye receive the word of God which ye heard of us, ye received it not as the word of men, but, as it is in truth, the word of God, which effectually worketh also in you that believe." etc.—1 Thess ii: 13, 14

Paul reads very much at home when he is writing to the church at Thessalonica. In his letters to that favored people he unveils his inmost feelings. He is rather rapt to do so when he feels himself quite at ease; for Paul is by no means a man shut up with himself, who is never at home to any one. When he is battling with an ungrateful people he keeps himself to sharp words and strong arguments; but when he is writing to a loving, attached, affectionate church, he lets them have the key of his heart, and he lays bare before them his secret emotions. I feel as if we were interviewing Paul today—as if we were all sitting in a room with him and Silas and Timothy, and were hearing their private conversation. We are come to a Round Table Conference with them, and we are listening to their talk about the ministry which God had committed to them. They were not obliged to be reticent about their own conduct or their experience with the Thessalonian friends; they were able to tell the story of their transactions with the church of Thessalonica from the very beginning. It is a happy thing to be the pastor of a church where one may wear his heart upon his sleeve. In certain positions prudence demands that we keep ourselves to ourselves until we know more of the character of those who surround us. This is by no means pleasant; indeed, it is a painful thing to go through life like a man in armour, who scarcely dares to move a single plate of steel, lest somebody should wound him in an unguarded place. To return to our text: We find the apostle at home, telling out his thoughts in the freest manner. Indeed, he seems to me to show us three sights of the most interesting kind, which it will be pleasing and profitable for us to consider with care. I shall try to speak upon these three things, one after the other.

I. To begin, then: we are asked out to a little social party. These three godly ministers are holding what, if I use a Greek word, I may call a holy Eucharistical service—a service of thanksgiving. "For this cause also thank we God without ceasing." It is a pleasing sight to see anybody thanking God; for the air is heavy with the hum of murmuring, and the roads are dusty with complaints and lamentations. It is a delightful vision to see hard-working, earnest ministers of Christ met together and occupying their time with thanksgiving; for many waste their hours in speculations, doubtings and discussions. Let us turn aside and look into their smiling faces. It will do us good to see who these good men were, and how they came to be in this thankful condition.

And, first, I would remark that this thankfulness of theirs followed upon sure travail. It is of no use for you to say, "I shall thank God for a harvest," if you neither plough nor sow. You will have no harvest without labor and patience. In the cause and kingdom of Christ, although the race is not to the swift, it certainly is not the to sluggish; and although salvation is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, it certainly is not of him that does not will and does not run. We may sit and sigh as long as we like, but we shall see no result from lethargy. Paul and Silas and Timothy, you would not be sitting together thanking God, if you had not for many a day put your shoulders to the wheel. Ministers giving thanks to God are ministers who have worked.

And this work of theirs had been backed by holy living, for the apostle is bold to declare, "Ye are witnesses, and God also, how holily and justly and unblamably we behaved ourselves among you that believe." Brethren, we shall not win success unless we hunt for it by careful lives. You wish to see your Sunday-school class converted. You are anxious to be blest on your tract-district. You want to see that little mission-hall crowded and souls converted. Begin by looking to your own life. As the man is, depend upon it, so will his life-work be. Personal piety is the backbone of success in the service of God.

Notice that this thankfulness was of a social kind. "Thank we God." They all joined in it. Why, if there is a soul saved anywhere, we ought all to thank God for it! What does it matter which church they join? We hear of God blessing Mr. Moody or somebody else right away in America. Glory be to God for it! Their success is our success. It is all in the family. Let us praise God for it. But some are accustomed to look with a rather jaded eye at God's blessing other denominations, or other preachers. Let us fight against this spirit. O brethren, those of us who have had the most of God's blessing, what a mercy it would be if we were cut out altogether by better and more useful men! At any rate, let us rejoice with those that do rejoice, and triumph in the success of our brethren.

One thing more is to be noticed: this was a continual thanksgiving day; for the apostle says, "For this cause also thank we God without ceasing." Our gratitude to God should be as lasting as life, as constant as the bounty to which it bears witness. Our American friends have one Thanksgiving Day in the year, but it was Thanksgiving Day all the year with Paul and Silas and Timothy when they thought of the Thessalonians. They felt as if they never could leave off thanking God for the Thessalonians, for they knew by sad experience that all churches were not of the same happy kind.

So I have painted for you an ancient interior—you can see those three good men singing together to the praise of God as they think of their Thessalonian converts.

Ah, my hearer, if you have been blessed, do not hide it. If you do, you will rob us of our wages, for our wages come to us very much through our knowing that God has blessed our ministry. Think of this, and treat us fairly and kindly, even as we have sought your good. Now we leave the ministry, and think of the people.

II. The second sight we have to look at is, hearers receiving the Word.

Notice, first, these people received the Word of God. They were willing to hear it; they were anxious to hear it; they heard it, and they were attentive in the hearing of it. They lent a willing ear and a ready mind. They did not cavil and dispute and question, but they received the Word of God. Happy preacher who has such people to deal with! If we have them not, let us work on till we gather them. Whether they will hear or whether they will forbear, let us tell the people our Lord's message.

But next, these people had doubly received the Word of God—at least, the Word is twice mentioned in our version. "When ye receive the Word of God which ye heard of us, ye received it." In the Greek those are two different words altogether. The second "received" might, perhaps, better be read, "accepted." I do not think that I should be straining a point if I read it, "Ye welcomed it." They first received it by eagerly hearing it. They wanted to know what it was all about; they were attentive, and wanted to understand it. When they had heard it they rejoiced, and said, "Oh, yes, yes, yes; this is the very thing we want!" They embraced it. That word will do—they embraced it. They put their arms around it, and would not let it go.

And then, if I may trouble you to look at the text again, you will notice that the word "it" is in italics; and so is the word "as." Let me read the text again: "When ye receive the Word of God which ye heard of us, ye receive not the word of men." You see I have left out the "it" and the "as," because they are really not there, though they are correctly added by the translators as giving the meaning of the apostle. Verbally they are not in the text. I take the sentence out of its connection and say that these Thessalonians received not the word of men. And I like them for that. You may know the Lord's sheep by the fact that "a stranger will they not follow; for they know not the voice of strangers." They will not receive the word of man; it is too light, too chaffy, too frothy for them. They will not have it; they want something more substantial.

To come back to our translation: they received not the Gospel as the word of men.

There is an essential difference between man's word and God's word, and it is fatal to mistake the one for the other. If you receive even the Gospel as the word of man you cannot get the blessing out of it; for the sweetness of the Gospel lies in the confidence of our heart that this is the Word of God.

Are we, then, infallible? No, but the Book is. Do we infallibly understand the Book? No, but the Spirit of God will teach us what he himself means; and of those truths which he teaches us we get so firm a grip that we say, "No, no; I am never going to argue about this any more! This is proved to my heart and soul beyond all further question. Thus have I learned the Gospel of Christ." Have you learned it in this fashion? Then you have received the Gospel aright, but not else.

"Oh," says one, "but I do not believe in your spiritual experience!" I did not say you did; on the contrary, I expected you not to believe in it. But what does that prove? Why, only that you have no spiritual perception! That you have not perceived spiritual things, is true; but it is no proof that there are none to perceive. We receive God's Word as the Word of God, because it comes to us with that power which effectually worketh in them that believe. It works in us a horror of sin, a detestation of self-confidence, and an aspiration after holy and heavenly things. It works in us love to God and good-will to men. It works in us victory over evil from day to day; and while it does that, the proof of it is within us.

III. Now my time has gone; otherwise my third point would have been a very interesting one. These three men are rejoicing in converts exhibiting a family likeness.

I only call your attention to the fact that the apostle says, "Ye brethren, became followers of the churches of God which in Judea are in Jesus Christ." Here are people converted in Judea, and they are of a strongly Jewish type; quite another set of people over at Thessalonica become converted to Christ, and though they are thoroughly of the Greek type, they are very like the converts in Judea. They know nothing about the law of Moses; they have been heathens, worshipping idols; and yet, when they are converted, the strange thing is they are exceedingly like those Jews over yonder, to whom idolatry was an abomination. Greek believers are like Hebrew believers. They have never spoken to one another, and nobody has been there to tell them the peculiarities of Christians, and yet a family likeness is distinctly visible.

Were you never startled with this—that if, in the preaching of the Gospel to-day, we were to bring to the Lord Jesus a person of high rank, and another of the very lowest extraction, they have the same experience, and upon the greatest of subjects they talk in the same way? Believers differ in many things, and yet they are alike in the main thing. There are no two exactly alike in all the family of God, and yet the likeness to the Elder Brother is to be seen more or less in each one.

When I am talking sometimes with young converts, and they put their statements oddly and ignorantly, I am reminded of Father Taylor, when he was getting old. The old man sometimes lost the thread of his discourse; and whenever he did so he he used to say: "There! I cannot find the end of that sentence, but I am bound for the kingdom! Brethren, I am bound for the kingdom!" Off he went to something else; for though he could not complete the paragraph he was bound for the kingdom. Some brethren and sisters cannot see to the end of their own experience, but they are bound for the kingdom. They cannot put this and that together to make it ship shape, but you can see that they are bound for the kingdom. There is the same tear of repentance, the same glance of faith, the same thrill of joy, the same song of confidence. Each one, according to his measure, enjoys the same life, if he is indeed bound for the kingdom. The babe is like the man, and the man reminds you of the babe. We are one spirit in Jesus.

Dear friends, are you believers in the Lord Jesus Christ? If you are, joy and rejoice with me; but if you are not, oh, how I wish you were! Whatever comforts of life you enjoy, you are missing the only thing that makes life worth having. If you did but know our Lord Jesus, if you did but trust him, if you did but find salvation, then you would find that if earth cannot be heaven it can become marvellously like it. The earnest of our everlasting inheritance may be enjoyed even here. Would God you would seek my Lord and Master, for if you seek him he will be found of you. Amen!

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Jesus Close By Us.

"Make Christ your most constant companion," says my brilliant Scotch friend, Professor Drummond, in one of those practical addresses which he is scattering like golden grain over our land. This is the secret of a strong, serene, and sanctified life. "Lo, I am with you always," is His precious promise; and he is the happiest and the holiest Christian who invites the Master to be ever at his side, and who is becoming more and more changed into his image.

The godly minded Charles Simeon, of Cambridge, England, kept a portrait of the missionary, Henry Martyn, hanging on the wall of his study. Looking up at the bright, youthful face, he would often say, "There, see that blessed man. No one looks at me as he does. He seems always to be saying to me, "Be serious, be in earnest, don't trifle." Then bowing towards the benign countenance of Martyn, Simeon would add, "No, I won't, I won't trifle." If the good Cambridge preacher caught a constant inspiration by looking at the silent face of the great missionary, how much more may we do so by keeping our Saviour constantly before us and beside us. He is ever saying to us, Look at me, learn of me, live for me!

Prayer has a new stimulus and encouragement if we realize that Jesus is close by us. He is *within call*. The telephone is one of the marvels of modern invention, bringing a whole community within speaking distance of each other. Yet it has its defects and limitations; it may be out of order, or be in use by some long-winded customer, or the ear may be wanting at the other end of the wire. But the telephone of faith always reaches the open ear of our beloved Lord; yea, a million voices may all be addressing him at once without delay and without confusion. He is *nigh* unto all that call upon him; no need of sending off a messenger on a long journey. The very phraseology of his promise recalls the familiar process of telephoning: "Thou shalt call and the Lord will answer, thou shalt cry and he shall say, *Here I am.*" In every phase of prayer—whether confession of sin, or offering thanks, or supplicating help—this blessed near-at-hadness of Jesus is a blessed encouragement. His seeming delays are not denials of us; he may be only testing our faith or our sincerity. Do not let us think of prayer so often as the coaxing or the conquering of a reluctant friend, but rather as the confident appeal to One who is always wise and always willing to give us what we *ought* to have.

Not only is our loving Master within call; he is ever *within our reach*. A very present help is he in time of trouble. Peter, sinking in the waves, cries out, "Lord, save me!" and immediately the almighty arm grasps his. While all others on board the tempest-tossed ship were smitten with panic, Paul has One by his side who says to him, "Fear not, Paul, thou must be brought before Cæsar." And soon afterward, when the weather-beaten old hero faces the savage Nero with cheek unblanched, it is because the Lord Jesus stood with him and strengthened him. One of the chief purposes of trials and afflictions is to make us send for our Saviour. If the famine had not reached to the land of Canaan the sons of Jacob never would have found their brother Joseph. If there is no famine in our souls we do not hunger for Christ; blessed be the sharp trial which impells us to through out a grasping hand on our Elder Brother!

A peculiar trial sometimes beets us. We are perplexed with the mysteries of Providence and have an intense craving for some explanation. We long for complete knowledge—on the spot. The Divine dealings with us are dark and incomprehensible. At such times if we will but listen we will hear a Voice saying to us, "I am with you; what I am doing thou understandest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." And so we discover that

"Behind the dim unknown
Standeth Christ within the shadow
Keeping watch above his own."

How encouraging is the thought to every awakened sinner that he need not go off searching after a Saviour and feeling after him in the dark. Jesus is already at thy heart's door, my friend. He is knocking for admission. Let him in! He will *come to stay*.

Some of us have known lately how close the loving Jesus is to a dying chamber. In one house the little song-bird of the family was gasping for life, and Christ just opened the cage and let the darling soar up to the sunny climes. A beloved daughter lay dying; but the Master gently said, She is not dying, she only sleepeth; so give I my beloved sleep. Our graybaired father or mother is entering the valley of the death-shade; and the calm testimony of their trust is: "I fear no evil, for *Thou art with me*; Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Cap'n Sam and the Boys,

OR "STRAIGHTENING OUT THE FURROWS."

"Well, I never saw anything like that Capt. Crotte round that old lady in all my life. He's dancing attendance from morning till night, and makes alive! if he isn't trying on her sunbonnet for her.—Well I never! Wonder what 't would seem like to have my Billy grow up to be as attentive as that?" and the voice, half scornful at first, took on a longing, yearning expression, suggestive of tearful eyes, at the mention of "my Billy."

The speaker, Mrs. Bowles, lived in Seaport, usually spoken of as a fishing village, owing to the fact that many fishermen had lived there in years gone by; but the town was an old one, and possessing great natural attractions, and being a suburban town, many fine residences graced its winding avenue.

About two years before, a weather-beaten, sun-burned man, unmistakably a sailor, had bought a tasteful little cottage near the beach. Tilts he had fitted up, beautified and embellished, until Mrs. Harris declared it to be a "perfect pink of a place."

Over this pretty house, Cap'n Sam, as the boys learned to call the genial man, had installed his white-haired mother as mistress and chief, and a more attentive, loving son, it would appear, had never lived.

In a small barn at the rear of the cottage was kept a fine, steady horse, and a low basket carriage, and every fair day the Captain and his mother "went abroad," as Mrs. Bowles expressed it, on long, pleasant drives.

As we have hinted, Cap'n Sam was a great favorite among the boys of the place. Who else would harness up the sturdy horse into a big wagon, and give them such grand drives upon occasion? Then the great hickory and chestnut trees at the foot of his lot were free for the boys to visit as often as they liked, only they must never damage in any way the fine old branches; but when it came to spanning a yarn, ah, then! who so beguiling, nay, so perfectly bewitching, as the sea-bronzed man?

It had long ago become a subject for harmless bantering among the boys, and rather relished than otherwise by the captain, that he was gallant and unceasingly attentive to his "sweetheart." "My fair old sweetheart," he had once in their hearing called his mother, and they, of course, lively little wretches that they were, would never forget it.

But one day, the boys, quite a little crowd of them, found Cap'n Sam on the rocks at the beach. There were breakers that afternoon, and particularly at such times it was a favorite diversion with the sea-faring man, to sit high on the rocky beach and watch his "second love," the sounding sea.

It was at times like these the boys delighted in finding their old friend, and coaxing him for one of their "heart's delight," which he well knew meant a story of tempestuous seas or foreign lands.

But on this particular afternoon the captain was brooding soberly, a habit he often had when by himself, and this time he couldn't throw off the mood, even at the approach of the merry boys.

In vain the better reared of them bantered, declaring "he'd had a jilting, but never mind, they expected to be jilted themselves in time to come," while the less mannerly Billy Bowles had guessed "there'd been a Caudle lecture at home."

At length, partly emerging from his brown study, the captain said soberly:—

"Boys, do you know what I've been trying to do every day for the last two years?"

Oh, why, for certain, they knew all about it, they,—the merry youngsters of the town.

"Been a courtin' chiefly," Jimmy Hollis observed, while Freddie Hollis remarked, "he'd worn himself all out a pettin' his sweetheart."

The last opinion evidently struck the tender spot, and the boys found that for once Cap'n Sam was in no mood for jokes or banter, and being very quick to see which way the wind blew, the kind sailor a few minutes later addressed to a row of very serious young faces what one boy afterwards termed "a perfect brick of a sermon."

"Boys," he said. "I've been trying every day of my life for the last two years to straighten out furrows,—and I can't do it!"

One boy turned his head in surprise towards the captain's neatly kept place.

"Oh, I don't mean that kind, lad. I don't mean land furrows," continued the captain, so soberly that the attention of the boys became breathless as he went on:

"When I was a lad, about the age of you boys, I was what they called a 'hard case;' not exactly bad or vicious, but wayward and wild. Well, my dear old mother used to coax, pray, and punish,—my father was dead, making it all the harder for her, but she never got impatient. How in the world she bore with all my stubborn, vexing ways so patiently will always be to me one of the mysteries in life. I knew it was troubling her, knew it was changing her pretty face and making it look anxious and old. After a while, tiring of all restraint, I ran away, went off to sea;—and a rough time I had of it at first. Still I liked the water, and liked journeying around from place to place. Then I settled down to business in a foreign land, and soon became prosperous, and now began sending her something beside empty letters as she always wrote me during those years of cruel absence. At length I noticed how longing they grew, longing for the presence of the son who used to try her so; and it awoke a corresponding longing in my own heart to go back to the dear waiting soul.

So, when I could stand it no longer, I came back; and such a welcome, and such a surprise! My mother is not such a very old lady, boys, but the first thing I noticed was the whiteness of her hair, and the deep furrows on her brow; and I knew I had helped to blanch that hair to its snowy whiteness, and had drawn those lines on that smooth forehead. And those are the furrows I've been trying to straighten out.

But last night, while mother was sleeping in her chair, I sat thinking it all over, and looked to see what progress I had made.

Her face was very peaceful, and the expression contented as possible, but the furrows were still there! I hadn't succeeded in straightening them out,—and—I never—shall! never!

When they lay my mother,—my fair old sweetheart,—in her casket, there will be furrows in her brow; and I think it a wholesome lesson to teach you, that the neglect you offer your parents' counsels now, and the trouble you cause them, will abide, my lads, it will abide!"

"But," broke in Freddie Hollis, with great troubled eyes, "I should think if you're so kind and good now, it needn't matter so much!"

"Ah, Freddie, my boy," said the weary voice of the strong man, "you cannot undo the past. You may do much to atone for it, do much to make the rough path smooth, but you can't straighten out the old furrows, my laddies, remember that!"

"Guess I'll go chop some wood mother spoke of, I'd most forgotten," said lively Jimmy Hollis, in a strangely quiet tone for him.

"Yes, and I've got some errands to do!" suddenly remembered Billy Bowles.

"Touched and taken!" said the kindly captain to himself, as the boys tramped off, keeping step in a thoughtful, soldier-like way.

And Mrs. Bowles declared a fortnight afterward, that Billy was "really getting to be a comfort instead of a pest; guessed he was a-copying the captain, trying to be good to his ma,—Lord bless the dear, good man!"

Then Mrs. Hollis, meeting the captain about that time, remarked that Jimmy always *meant* to be a good boy, but he was actually *being* one now a-days.—"Guess your stories they like so much have morals to them now and then," added the gratified mother with a smile.

As Mrs. Hollis passed on, Capt. Sam, with folded arms and head bent down, said softly to himself.

"Well, I shall be thankful enough if words of mind will help the dear boys to keep the furrows away from their mothers' brow; for once there, it is a difficult task straightening out the furrows!"—*Harriet A. Chesver.*

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"Too Little For Anything."

"I'm too little to be in the missionary s'iety. I'm too little to be in the S'iety of Christian endeavor. I'm too little for anything, I guess."

Aunt Lucy was sitting on the piazza as Jessie slipped out of the parlor window, and she heard the sorrowful words and called the little girl to her.

"What is the matter, pet?" she asked.

"Sister Isabel and the big girls are having their missionary meeting in there," said Jessie, pointing into the parlor. "They said I might listen to them, but that I couldn't be one of them cause I'm so little. I'm too little for anything, Aunt Lucy."

"Too little? I guess not," said Aunt Lucy with a very loving kiss on the woebegone face. "I think some of the little ones who came to our Saviour must have been as small as you, or smaller. And he did not send any of them away. He took them in his arms and talked with them. The Bible does not tell us what he said to them, but I am sure he never told any of them that they were too little to do kind things for each other for love of him."

"I wish some one had written down the things, so we little ones could know, Aunt Lucy."

"The things which are written down are meant for all his disciples, little or big, dear, and there are plenty of things for every one of us to do. I have read lately of some children who formed themselves into a band which they called the 'Little Helpers.' The only thing the members had to do was to see to it that they let no day pass without doing some little kindness—something to make somebody happier."

"That's just what I'd like, Aunt Lucy," said Jessie, with a wonderful brightening of her face. "Only there ain't any s'iety like that for me to belong to."

"You might be the first one in such a society, and get the little ones to join it."

"Well, I will," said Jessie. 'But what if I shouldn't find anybody to be kind to every day, Aunt Lucy?"

"You will be sure to, dearie, if you keep on the lookout. Try it, and come to me to-morrow evening and tell me what you have done."

The sun was just sinking behind the hill as Jessie spied Aunt Lucy on the piazza, and ran to make her report.

"Well, have you seen anyone to be kind to?" asked Aunt Lucy, smiling at her glowing face.

"Oh, plenty, Aunt Lucy. Why, they began the very first thing in the morning. I was out getting a bouquet to put by mamma's breakfast plate when nurse and little Harry looked out of the window, and nurse said to Harry: 'What shall I do now that ye've dropped your belt buckle, and I can't be leavin' the baby to go and find it?' I wanted *pe'ticularly* to go down to the pansy bed, but I stopped and hunted under the bushes till I found the buckle."

"A very good beginning, Jessie."

"The breakfast bell rang before I could get the pansies. But I knew mamma wouldn't mind if she knew why I didn't get them. When I was going to school I was running after May to walk with her 'cause she's my best friend. But then I saw Susie Spencer. She's a poor little girl, and the other girls don't walk with her much. So I whispered to May about my s'iety and she said she'd join, and then we asked Susie to walk with us and she was as glad!"—

"That was well done, dear. If everybody looked out for the neglected ones how many more little happy girls there would be in the world. What next?"

"Oh—when I came home to dinner I went for the pansies, and old Peter was working in the garden, and he was just taking his dinner out of a basket. And he had a little tin of coffee and it was cold, and I asked him if he wouldn't like it warmed, so I carried it in on the stove. And I saw a pretty card and gave it to him for his little girl; but Tom laughed at me for doing it, 'cause he said it was no kindness to give a thing that you don't want yourself. But Peter was glad to get it."

"Yes, and you gave the kind thought with it, and that is always worth giving."

"When we went out into the garden to pick some berries I let Harry have the new pail and I took the old one. And then—I wanted *dreadfully* to go and play croquet with May, but Momma wanted me to carry some of the berries to old Mrs. Carter. I didn't want to, and I'm afraid—yes I am, Aunt Lucy—that I pouted a little. But I made myself feel pleasant very soon again, and when I got there I didn't hurry back, but I stayed and read to her."

"Very well, Jessie, I hope you will keep on. Your whole life will be sweet and lovely if you begin by trying to bring little deeds of kindness as offerings to your Saviour."

"But, Aunt Lucy, are you *sure* that it means such little bits of things?"

"Quite *sure*, my darling. It is of just such little every day things that Jesus says: 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me.'"—*The Examiner.*

Why Burdette Wants Quiet Sundays

Speaking of the old Puritan Sabbath, as it was observed in his younger days, Oliver Wendell Holmes says: "I have never got over the saddening effects of this early discipline; indeed, I have hardly recovered from it to this day." If the stern old Puritan Sabbath, with its sublime, saddening effects, wrought out such joyous natures as Beecher's and gave to the world such a beautiful blending of tenderness and strength, laughter and tears, heart depth and sunny humor as Oliver Wendell Holmes, let us have another century of Puritan Sabbath. Up to date the Sunday of the beer garden has failed to bring forth a Holmes or a Beecher. It has evolved a Johann Most and an August Spies, but somehow that sort of a product doesn't seem to be quite up to the old Puritan mark. If it is up to the mark we to-day, then heaven save the mark. When you run up the bunting to-morrow, remember that it was the steady-going old Puritan Sabbath that hatched the Fourth of July. "The day we celebrate," dearly beloved, wasn't born in a Cincinnati beer dive on a Sunday afternoon.

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