HOW CAN YOU REPAY?

Timely Words to Young People on Graduation Day.

"THE LORD BLESS THEE."

In the Battle of Life It Is Absolutely Necessary for a Young Man to Have a Higher Education—Heroic Sacrifices Made by Parents—The Diploma Taken From the Lamb's Book of Life.

Entered According to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1902, by William Baily, of Toronto, at the Dep't of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Chicago, June 22.—Timely words of advice and encouragement to young men and women who in these summer days are graduating from college are given by Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage in this discourse on the text, Numbers vi, 24, "The Lord bless thee."

Last week I received an invitation. It came from one of the large colleges of the east. That invitation attracted me because it was sent by one of my old Sunday school scholars. As I held the square card in my hand I seemed to be standing again in the sacred room of the dear old Second Presbyterian church in Pittsburg. I could see this young man, then a little boy in short trousers, sitting at the feet of his teacher. I could hear the sweet young voices singing the old songs we always loved to sing. As I read between the lines of that invitation I soliloquized: "How time does slip away! My Sunday school scholar is now a grown man. Willie's name has been changed to William. He is no longer a child. Graduating from one of the greatest universities of the world, he is about to step forth to the battle of life a fully equipped recruit. He is about to take his position by my side in the ranks. We must hereafter look upon each other as brothers."

Then as I still read that invitation my study room changed again. I seemed to be a thousand miles away. I was walking through the long corridors of memory. It seemed to me as though I had gone back to the time when I myself, gowned and capped, was marching with the senior class to participate in the scenes attending my own graduation. The classmates who were then seated by my side have all scattered. Some are ministers, some lawyers, some doctors, some electricians, some merchants and some soldiers. They are living in the north and the south, the east and the west. Some are dead. That graduation scene was a sad time for many of us. College affections are very strong. We young men knew that we should never be to each other the same again.

Then, as I sat in the quietude of my study with the hopes and anxieties of my own graduation day passing in review before me, I said to myself, "I wonder if some of the young people whom I know and love who are graduating from school or college this June month would not like me to come and sit by their side and tell them what the commencement exercises truly mean in their lives." I wondered as I sat there holding that invitation in my hand if I could not at this critical time of their lives say something to inspire them, to nerve them and to encourage them not only with faith in themselves, but also with faith in God, and I bowed my head over that white invitation and made this simple, earnest prayer: "O God, help me to say something that may be helpful to the young people who are graduating this spring and about to buckle on the armor of life. O Christ, may I be able to bring my young friends nearer to thee, so thou shalt bless them. May this plea be answered in the noble lives of these young men and women, which shall be consecrated to thee and thy service. For Jesus' sake I ask it. Amen."

I congratulate the young men and women who are graduating from the different higher institutions this June because now the financial struggle which many have undergone for the sake of an education is practically over. Here and there a young man who receives a college diploma may be the son of a rich father. He may have had during his scholastic career no ambition; he may have gone through school and college merely because his rich parents compelled him to go; he may have spent most of his time in idleness and only worked enough to just slip through the different examinations by what is known in college as "cramming" with the aid of a tutor. But such a young man does not represent the great mass of college graduates. For most young men and women the acquiring of a higher education has been a struggle, an awful financial struggle. Most of the college graduates come from humble homes, and the education of these young men and women represents intense sacrifice lasting through many years not only on their own part, but also on the part of their loved ones.

One day a classmate was looking very blue and depressed. I said to him: "What is the matter? Has anything gone wrong?" "Yes," he answered, "something has gone wrong, and awfully wrong. You know father and mother do not dress very well. As I went around in the homes of the different boys and saw how well their parents dressed I began to be ashamed of my parents' wardrobe. Lately I have been upbraiding father for wearing such shabby clothes. Last night I again asked him to get a new suit. 'Why, father,' I said, 'you have not bought a new suit for three years, and mother's dress is so old and has been made over so many times that the needle marks make the cloth look like a wire netting all full of holes.' With that my father turned and looked at me. Tears came into his eyes as he said: 'Harry, I am sorry you are ashamed of the way your mother and I dress; but, my boy, I have not [illegible] get along. We do not dress as well as we might because we want you and your younger brother to be able to get an education at college. Harry, we do not dress poorly from choice. We are doing it for you and Charles.' Why, Talmage," added my classmate, "I felt so bad when I realized all that my father and mother were doing for me that I wept and sobbed like a little child."

To show what a struggle a higher education might mean, the president of Hampden-Sidney college once told this incident: Many years ago a wife and mother was left a widow with four or five fatherless little children to support. The dead father's wish was to have his eldest son follow his footsteps into the pulpit and be a gospel minister. The mother was left penniless, with a large family upon her hands. The wish of the dead father seemed hopeless, but the mother went to work. She scrubbed, she sewed, she struggled. She made her boy study night and day. She pushed him through the preparatory school. She fitted him for college. After awhile this boy was able to help himself a little, but the mother still had to bear the brunt of the battle. The young man entered college. He passed through his four years of study and came to graduation. He went to the president of the institution and asked if his mother could sit by his side when he graduated. The president, who knew of her noble life, gladly consented. When the day of graduation came, the wealth and fame of some of the noblest families about the region of the college town were gathered within the college walls. The exercises went on until they reached the climax. The valedictorian was about to make his address. This young man, the son of the poor widow, stepped forward. He was not only a brilliant scholar, who had captured every first prize in his class, but he was a natural born orator. With his first word a hush fell upon the assembled audience. At times his voice was as low and sweet as the singing birds making love to each other in the harvest fields. Again that voice rolled and swelled as though the stormclouds were crashing together after the forked lightning had hurled its bolt and ripped open the heart of a mighty tree. At times the stiletto of the tongue of denunciation cut and slashed; then the message of love would sob and plead. When the peroration was finished, the bouquets of flowers began to fall as the apple blossoms tumble at the shaking of the winds. The young man gathered up the bouquets and piled them into the lap of the little old woman, prematurely aged by overwork, who sat there in her faded gown. As he threw those flowers into her lap he said: "Mother, they are yours. I have done but little; you have done everything." Then, when the president of the college came forward and presented the valedictorian with a gold medal which had been voted to him by the faculty because he had graduated with the highest average ever held by a Hampden-Sidney student, the young man turned and pinned this medal upon the bosom of the faded dress of the little old woman as he said: "Mother, that medal is all yours—it is all yours. You won it, not I."

Again I congratulate you, young graduates, because, while your intellect has been trained and molded by the expert minds of a college faculty, your hearts have been spiritually influenced and helped during all these years by the prayers and the encouragement of godly parents. In this age for the specialization of talent it is absolutely necessary for a young man to have a higher education. The land is so filled with colleges and high schools and institutes of technology and schools of all sorts that the young man who has no education or a sadly defective one is mightily handicapped in the race of life.

But, my young friend, a man who is limited merely to a mental education is only half educated. The man whose intellectually developed brain is not ballasted by a morally developed heart is heading toward certain shipwreck. The sharper the knife that is placed in the hand of a little child the easier it is for that child to do itself injury. Aaron Burr was an intellectual giant, but Aaron Burr's wasted life was caused by a heart that was morally bedwarfed by sin. Thomas Paine had one of the greatest brains ever placed within the skull of a man; but Thomas Paine's heart was so diseased by sin that he was a drunkard, a reprobate and a practical outcast. Lord Byron "drank every cup of fame, drank early — deeply drank — drank drafts which might have quenched the throats of millions, and then died of wretchedness" because his heart was morally diseased. It is absolutely necessary for every young man and woman in order to lead a happy and successful life to have a truly developed Christian heart, yoked to a truly developed intellectual brain. ...

Now, young people, while the university teachers have been developing your brain, in all probability the moral teachers, like your Christian father and mother and sisters and loved ones, have been developing your heart. By your training and your past religious life you know what is right and what is wrong. On the day when a young man, James Harper left the home of his birth in Newtown, L.I., his mother placed her hand upon his head and said: "Jimmy, you are now about to go into the great, wide world to make a success or failure. Remember my boy, you go from a Christian home and do not disgrace it. If you disgrace this home, remember that on the great day of judgment before God, I shall witness against you and tell God that you were brought up right and dedicated by our prayers to his service, and that you went to destruction of your own accord." You know just as much what you morally ought to do as James Harper knew what he morally ought to do.

So the young student who works at his studies is sometimes willing to slight them because graduation day, like death, seems to be far away at [illegible] the student works, the farther graduation day seems to recede. But, my young friends, from now on you shall see the direct returns from your daily labors. You shall be able to get your payments for work, day by day and week by week. You shall have daily rewards, and your successes will give you daily inspiration.

But there is another side to this thought. As you are hereafter to get your rewards if you do right, so if you neglect to do your duty, you shall also receive swift punishment. Heretofore you were only looked upon as a minor, a child. If you did anything wrong in the past, the world was very apt to pardon you, saying: "Well, it was the action of a silly boy or girl. The wrong was merely the result of a college prank." But from now on young graduates, remember the world does not look upon you as boys and girls. You are full fledged men and women. As full grown men and women you must take your positions in life and do a full man's and a full woman's part, and if you do wrong from now on the world will neither forgive nor forget your errors. Oh, to-day, as you must now begin to do a full man's or woman's work, I pray you seek the help of that God in whom your father and mother trusted and who is able and ready to help you also to perform well your part in the battle of life.

An aged writer once figuratively declared, "The longest half of a man's earthly life is that in which he lives before twenty years of age is reached." I think that statement is true. No matter whether a man lives to be seventy, eighty, ninety or even a hundred years old, the longest half of life is that which he passes during the first twenty years. When we were young, time seemed to have leaden feet. Time, like a snail, would crawl. It never walked or ran or flew. To a little boy the last week before Christmas is endless. Every second has the longevity of an adult's hour. The week seems as long as the average adult's year.

But as we grow older the years seem to have seven leagued boots. They grow so fast that they almost seem to be born with gray hairs. To the man in active life January seems almost to tread upon the heels of December, and spring and autumn seem to be twin sisters. My young friends, though you may hardly be out of your teens, yet in the sense in which I speak you have already lived half of your life. During that first half you have had a hard struggle to get an education. At times you were almost in despair. But in answer to your mother's and father's prayers, and also to your own, God always came to your rescue. You were able to get through somehow. Here you are at graduation day. So, in the latter part of your life, if you trust God and do your best, he will surely see you safely through. You are going to have troubles. You are going to stumble over the hillocks of new made graves. You are going to have injustices practiced upon you. But if you will place your hand in the Divine Father's hand, He will never let you go.

He is able to deliver as well as to guide. To illustrate this truth Dr. Newton, the noted English divine, used to tell a wonderful story of vicarious suffering. The scene was laid in the little German village of Ragenbach. One day a number of people were gathered in the large room of the village inn. As the party was merry-making, suddenly a huge dog appeared at the open door, the only door which afforded egress from the room. The monster's eyes were bloodshot; his long red tongue was protruding from the mouth; his lips were covered with a mass of white foam. At a glance every one saw that the dog was mad. Some of the guests were too frightened to even pray. From every lip went the cry: "Mad dog! Mad dog! My God, what shall we do?" With that the swarthy blacksmith rose. His arms were a mass of knotted muscles. "Stand back, men!" he cried, "There is need only of one man daying here. If necessary I will be that man." So, while the village blacksmith leaped forward and clutched the mad dog by the throat and bore the struggling beast to the floor, the assembled people made their escape. The mad dog buried his teeth in the arms of the blacksmith, but he would not let go until all his friends were saved. Then he flung the mad dog into the room, where the brute was afterwards shot. The brave blacksmith then went to his shop and took a long, strong chain. He riveted one end of that chain about his body and the other end about the anvil. Then he turned to his friends and said: "Now I am safe and can do no harm. Bring me food and water while I live. Keep out of my reach when I am mad. The rest I leave with God." Soon the awful paroxysm of hydrophobia was clutching at his throat. In nine days the brave blacksmith's agony was ended. God has made it possible for us all to live right for time and for eternity by sacrificing his only begotten Son for us. As the village blacksmith died in the chain which he had riveted to his own body, so Christ died for us upon the cross which he himself carried to Calvary.

Now, my young friends, who are about to graduate, I commit your earthly and heavenly life into the protecting care of your Divine Father. And as your days of learning are not closed, but have just commenced, as you go from college into the great school of life, I bid you perform your tasks well. If you will do this by the power of the Holy Spirit, there shall come a day when you shall be participants in another graduation scene. Then you shall have a diploma taken from the Lamb's book of life. That diploma shall be written in the blood of Jesus Christ. That diploma shall allow you to graduate from an earthly preparatory school into the great university of heaven, where higher lessons and nobler service await you and where you shall never cease to learn about the goodness of God and to sing the praises of Christ and his redeeming love.

"The square peg in the round hole" figuratively expresses the use of means unsuited to the desired end. A great many people who have been cured of dyspepsia and other diseases of the stomach and its allied organs of digestion and nutrition by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery say: "We tried many medicines with only temporary benefit. It was not until we began the use of 'Golden Medical Discovery' that we found a complete and lasting cure."

It is undoubtedly true that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery holds the record for the perfect and permanent cure of indigestion and other diseases of the stomach and associated organs of digestion and nutrition. It is not a palliative. It cures the cause of disease and builds up the body with solid healthy flesh, not flabby fat.

"It is with pleasure that I tell you what Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pellets' have done for me," writes Mrs. T. M. Palmer, of Peede, Kaufman Co., Texas. "Two years ago I was taken with stomach and bowel trouble. Everything I ate would put me in distress. I lived two weeks on milk and even that gave me pain. I felt as though I would starve to death. Three doctors attended me—one said I had dyspepsia, two said catarrh of the stomach and bowels. They attended me (one at a time) for one year. I stopped taking their medicine and tried other patent medicine; got no better, and I grew so weak and nervous my heart would flutter. I could not do any kind of work. Now I can do my house work very well; *am gaining in flesh and strength*, and can eat anything I want."

Accept no substitute for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent *free* on receipt of stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing *only*. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the paper covered book, or 50 stamps for the cloth bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

UNCLE ELI'S FABLES.

The Sage and the Peddler Who Lost His Voice.

[Copyright, 1902, by C. B. Lewis.]

Traveling along the highway one day, the Sage came upon a Dejected Man who was making preparations to hang himself from the limb of a tree.

"I know you not," said the Sage, "but you must be in a great distress of mind to drive you to this."

"I surely am," replied the Dejected. "I am called 'John the Roarer.' I am in the street peddling business, and strawberries are my specialty. When I yell 'Strawberries!' I can be heard a mile away."

"But hast the strawberry crop for 1902 been declared a failure?"

On the contrary, O sage, it promises to be the best for the last ten years."

"And hast the bones of thy horse finally fallen apart or the wheels of thy wagon wabbled away beyond recovery?"

"Nay, kind sir. The bones and the wheels may be a little shaky, but they are still doing business at the old stand."

"And then why these grim preparations?"

"For the reason that my voice has gone back on me and I can no longer roar. The loudest yell I can now utter fails to awaken a sleeping babe a hundred feet away. Without a voice to yell what will become of my strawberry trade? How can I bring customers from their domiciles?"

"It looketh a hard case, Friend Roarer," mused the sage as he softly caressed his ear; "but, like all diseases, it hath its own remedy. You must turn from strawberries to string beans."

"But why, O consoler?"

"That they may climb up into the windows and find their own customers, while you simply make change and take care not to heap the measure."

Moral.—Nothing is so bad that it cannot be mended. M. QUAD.

How foolish it is to kick when your neighbor calls you a donkey! That would [illegible] to corroborate the [illegible]

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ANNUAL AWARD

The College days are over until September and the closing exercises at the C. B. C. came off most successfully. The sports were very successful. In the evening a promenade concert was held at the college for the students. A very pleasant program was rendered as follows:—

PART I.

Instrumental—Miss Cumming.
Reading—Mr. Wanless.
Selection—Mandolin Club.
Reading—Miss Clara Miller.

PART II.

Instrumental—Miss Kate Wilson.
Flute Solo—J. W. Wilson.
Selection—Mandolin Club.
Reception Committee — Miss Clara Miller, Minnie Adams, Ella McDiarmid, and Messrs. W. Bolton, C. Bowyer, and W. Stein.

The successful students in the examinations who captured medals were:—

Geo. Ainsley, of Wingham, gold medal for general proficiency.

Cecil Bowyer, of Ridgetown, with only 22 marks less, got the silver medal for general proficiency. Mr. Bowyer also secured the silver medal for rapid calculation.

H. M. Heaney, Owen Sound, got the gold medal for arithmetic and the silver medal for the best set of books.

David Elston, of Centralia, secured the silver medal for penmanship.

In the shorthand department Miss Emma Oldham, of Dresden secured every medal possible—the gold medal for general proficiency, gold medal for touch typewriting and gold medal for typewriting from dictation.

Miss Jean Laurie, Thamesville, secured the silver medal for general proficiency in the shorthand department.

Contentment rarely comes to the man who gives his attention to another man's advancement.

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As we intend giving up business we will sell at the following prices
— Terms Cash

30c Japan Tea	25c
25c Japan Tea	20c
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Yellow Sugar	4c
Can Corn 7c, 4 cans	25c
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You need pay nothing until you are convinced that a thorough and complete cure has been established. This should convince you that I have confidence in my Latest Method Treatment, otherwise I could not make you this proposition. It makes no difference who has failed to cure you, call or write me.

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Or each time you write it receives my personal attention. The number of years I am established in Detroit, and the cures I accomplished after given up by other doctors, has placed me as the foremost specialist of the country. CONSULTATION FREE. Call or write for blank for blank for home treatment. Perfect system of home treatment for those who cannot call. BOOK FREE. All medicines for Canadian patients shipped from Windsor, Can. All duty and express charges prepaid. Nothing sent C. O. D.

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Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of six per cent. per annum upon the paid up capital stock of this Company has been declared this day for the current half year ending June 30th, 1902, payable at the Company's Office, on and after July 2nd, 1902.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 20th to 30th June, inclusive.

By order of the Board.

S. F. GARDINER, Manager

Chatham, June 4th, 1902.

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