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THE DYING CHILD. Mother, I am tired, I long to sleep so!

A SERMON By Rev. Howard Sprague, A. M.

PREACHED IN THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, ST. STEPHEN, MARCH 28th, 1882.

Phil. iii. 13. "Forgetting those things which are behind."

The Epistle to the Philippians was occasioned by the fact that the church at Philippi had sent a timely present to Rome to the imprisoned apostle to whom they owed so much.

The subject given to us by these words is that if we would make the best progress we must not permit ourselves to be unnecessarily weighed with our past.

"Yes," you say, "we would be glad to do that, if the past were so easily buried out of sight."

"From this it follows that we all—some more, so, less, but all of us—carry disabilities into the future, imposed upon us by our sin."

"On the other hand there are results of the past we must try to take with us, and are foolish if we do not."

for which we shall be the wiser and the richer. We ought to have learned much of our dangers and how to avoid them.

There are especially two difficulties or temptations which come to us from the past, which are quite unnecessary, but to which we are apt to yield.

(1.) First we are apt to be hindered by the memory of its sin. Though committed long ago, though wept over and forsaken, it still weighs heavily upon the memory and burdens our consciousness.

We must throw off this weight of the past. It was bad enough to have sinned and to have suffered the wound of conscience and the enfeebling of soul.

We cannot undo the sins, correct the errors, repair the wrongs. Let us leave what cannot be mended and go on.

"God doth not need Either man's work, or his own gifts, who best Bear His mild yoke; they serve Him best;

It is kindly. Thousands at it His bidding speed. And post or lead and own without rest, They also serve who stand and wait."

But while such thoughts are the joy of the sick and the old, there is no such defence or comfort for those who, growing careless or idle, rest in the achievements of the past.

Out of this living over of the past, which can bring no good but a brief pleasure of memory, we can be lifted into a real and glorious present, by making the great unmet future to be to us what manhood was when we were young; and there is no other way.

The farmer that ran rapidly through his property wore a red shirt, and had his bridle bull behind him.

English royalty has furnished several names. Maryland was named after the wife of Charles I. Queen Henrietta Maria; Virginia after Elizabeth, the virgin Queen; the Carolina—not from Caroline as some think; they are the Latin form of Charles, Carolus, referring either to Charles IX. of France, or Charles I. of England, it is not absolutely certain which.

Maine means the main land of New England, assigned to the Massachusetts Bay colony; Vermont is French, meaning mountains; Florida, Spanish, meaning the Land of Flowers.

There is a reason for believing that Kentucky means not the famous "dark and bloody ground," but "at the head of a river," or "long river."

Michigan is not "lake country" as generally given, but "great lake," first given to the lake of that name and afterwards transferred to the State.

It is related that one of the Syndicate's great American engineers, who was sent out to the North-West to lay out the plans for a town in a certain district, set to work and forestalled his employers and everybody else by buying up all the land.

Cardinal Newman says that a gentleman is one that never inflicts pain; a non-identist can be a gentleman.

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There is an interesting incident mentioned in the life of Charles Wesley, which led him to writing one of his best known hymns.

"When I moved down into Arkansas from Tennessee risin' of sixteen years ago I was purty—I was for a fact. I had a dozen skule-mans in love with me to once, and hang me up if every gal in the ball-room wouldn't break her neck for the honor of dancin' with me."

"You said you had the ague?" "Said so? Do you 'spose all the other calamities in this hull kentry could have busten me up in this way? You bet I had 'er! I struggled with 'er right along fur 'leven straight 'ars without a let up."

"I hain't long to live, and don't keer to stretch this thing any. Tellin' the truth has allus bin my strong pint, and allus will be. Maybe ye'll get some idea of what I mean."

"The sand blast." Among the wonderful inventions of the times is the sand blast. Suppose you desire a piece of marble for a gravestone; you cover the stone with a sheet of wax no thicker than a wafer; then you cut in the wax the name, date, etc., leaving the marble exposed.

"Father," said Johnny, "what is a log?" "A log, my son," replied Mr. Brown, stealing a hasty glance at Mrs. Brown, to see if she was listening for his answer.

"It tells in this story about heaving the log, and it says the ship went fourteen knots an hour. What does it mean by knots, father?"

"Knots, Johnny—knots? Why, you have seen a log—alot always covered with knots—haven't you? Well, that's what it means—fourteen of them—the ship got by fourteen of them in an hour."

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