

This and That

BEECHER AND HIS FIRST REVIVAL.

Henry Ward Beecher relates that when he was a pastor in Indianapolis he visited Terre Haute and took part in a revival meeting which was in progress there, the first meeting of that character in which he had ever worked. "I came home from that meeting," he says, "praying all the way." When he reached home he gave an enthusiastic account of what he had seen and heard. The next night he began a series of protracted meetings. He had looked for a large response, but the room was not more than two thirds full and "the people were apparently dead to spiritual things." Such was his own verdict. On the second night he made an impassioned appeal for any who felt their need of salvation or a spiritual quickening to remain after the meeting had dismissed. Only one person, a poor German servant girl, responded to his invitation. "All the children of my friends, the young people that I knew very well," declared Mr. Beecher, "got up and went out. I remember that there shot through me a spasm of rebellion. I had a sort of feeling, 'For what was all this precious ointment spilled?' Such sermons as I had preached such an appeal as I had made, with no result but this!" But immediately there flashed through him a conviction of the value of any soul bought with the blood of Christ. Tears came to his eyes. His pride was all gone. He felt that he would be willing to labor all his days, if only he might be the means of winning one such "little one" to the Master. That was the spirit that was needed, and the results followed as a matter of course.

enacted, and he said: "Well done, my son; that was well done for your first shot. You will soon be a fine sportsman." "Never, father; never again shall I destroy any living creature. If that is sport, I will have none of it. Life is more beautiful to me than death, and since I cannot give life, I will not take it."—Dumb Animals

LORD ROSEBERY'S RESTLESSNESS

A peculiarity of Lord Rosebery's temperament is a certain, almost morbid, restlessness, says Mr. T. P. O'Connor, in "Pearson's Magazine." An acquaintance of his told me that once he paid a visit to Dalmeny, his beautiful seat, immediately in the neighborhood of Edinburgh. They lunched, and the acquaintance sat down to have a quiet chat and a smoke after the meal, and he felt more inclined for it because it was a very hot day in summer, but Lord Rosebery suddenly rose, proposed a walk at once in Edinburgh, and his request was a command; but it was a dreadful walk. Everybody who has ever spent any time in Lord Rosebery's society in the country is struck with this intense restlessness. He sits down under a tree, but in a few minutes he is again rambling over the grass. Sometimes at night he seems to revive the strange manner and freaks of another century, for at ten o'clock the carriage drives up to the doors, and the master of the mansion goes out for a long drive, either alone or in the society of some of the guests whom he has bidden to his table. Any ordinary reader of the daily paper can also read that Lord Rosebery is constantly out of England at Vienna or Castilleu, at Madrid, or at Naples.

HIS RESIGNATION.

A certain Dr. H. was called to a church. He reached the town on a late train Saturday night, was entertained at the home of one of the deacons, and the next morning entered the pulpit and preached his first sermon as pastor. Returning after service to the home of his host, he learned incidentally that the call tendered him there had not been the unanimity that he supposed was implied. The vote had been twenty-eight for and twenty against him. Imagine the surprise of the congregation at the evening service to hear the following: "Inasmuch as I was not correctly informed concerning the voice of this church in the call extended to me to become its pastor, I hereby tender my resignation, to take effect at the close of this service." To show that he was in earnest he rose at five o'clock the next morning, quietly left the house where he was entertained, and walked six miles to another station in order to escape the questioning of his parishioners.

An Irish clergyman, during his first curacy, found the ladies of the parish too helpful. He soon left the place. One day thereafter he met his successor. "How are you getting on with the ladies?" asked the escaped curate. "Oh, very well," was the answer. "There's safety in numbers." "I found it in Exodus" was the quick reply.—Youth's Companion.

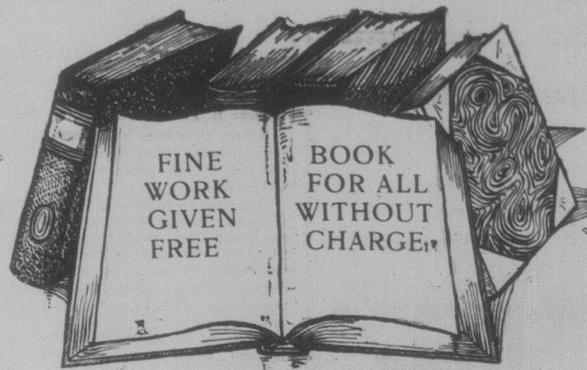
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Rejected on Account of "Coffee Heart."

Life insurance companies have fully established the fact that the use of coffee causes an organic derangement of the heart shortening the long beat and imperiling life. For this reason habitual coffee drinkers are refused life insurance in many cases. A well-known merchant of White's Creek, Tenn., proprietor of a large store there, says:—"Three years ago I was examined for life insurance and to my surprise was rejected because my heart action was at times out of place 15 beats in 60."

"I consulted several good doctors and was invariably advised by them 'Do you drink ardent spirits? use tobacco? or drink coffee?' To the first I answered 'Very little' to the second 'No' to the last 'Yes' and they would all say 'Quit coffee!'"

"I determined to do this. I had read about Postum Cereal Coffee and bought and used it and I liked it as well as the best of real coffee and as a result of its use in place of coffee I find myself without a skip in my heart action and I can get insurance on my life cheaper by 25 per cent (notwithstanding the advance in age), than I could when I first commenced using Postum." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.



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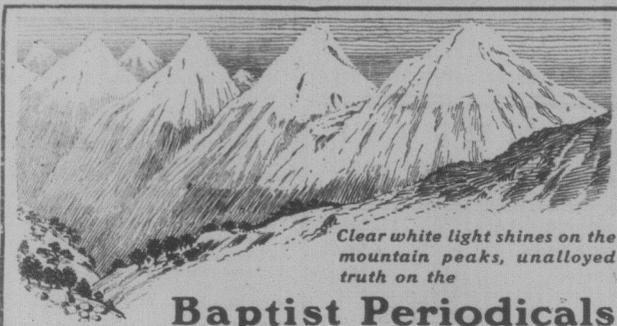
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