

THE WHITE RIBBON

"For God and Home and Native Land."

Conducted by the Ladies of the W. C. T. U.

OFFICERS: President—Mrs R. Y. Jones. Vice-Presidents—Mrs. Hale, Mrs. R. Reid, Mrs. A. Johnson. Recording Secretary—Miss Knowles. Cor. Secretary—Miss Minnie Fitch. Treasurer—Miss Annie S. Fitch. Auditor—Mrs. Rosevear.

Next meeting in Temperance Hall Thursday, Aug. 27th, at 3.30 p. m. The meetings are always open to any who wish to become members.

A Prohibition Candidate.

A correspondent for the Halifax Herald under date of Aug. 3d, writes:

Prohibitionists were very much in evidence in Baltimore last week. The state convention met and the notification committee formally notified Joshua Levering of his nomination for the presidency. Prior to the mass meeting at the Lyceum a thousand or more enthusiastic cold water advocates, carrying banners and transparencies, paraded the streets and entered the already well-filled theatre headed by a brass band.

The Rev. W. O. Stewart, of Illinois, chairman of the notification committee, was then presented. In addressing Mr. Levering he said: "Your position in the politics of the nation is a peculiar one. There is only one candidate for the presidency who deserves to be elected, and you are that one. In the affairs of this nation the prohibition party holds a unique position. Other so-called third parties rise and fall, but this goes on forever. It will continue to call attention to the awful havoc of the saloon, and the wreck and ruin caused by the liquor power until a majority of voters have been whipped and scourged into its ranks by the stinging lash of an aroused conscience. No other party can hold one whose heart has been crushed and whose soul has been pierced by this evil. In asking you to accept this nomination we offer you a platform long and wide. It goes far enough before us to include the needs of humanity; back of us it takes in all the people wounded in the Chatsworth disaster, was in the fourth car with her husband. In this car was a party of six young people. In order that they might sit together, Mr. and Mrs. Grant changed seats with a man and his bride. Their courtesy saved their lives, for the young people were both killed. Mrs. Grant thought this party were concert singers, they were so jolly and so merry. They could sing, and they laughed and told stories and anticipated the pleasure of the trip until late at night. Then Mrs. Grant composed herself in her chair and covered her face with her handkerchief to go to sleep. Nearly everybody was quiet in the car except the jolly party of six. About this time the young bride was requested to sing "Nearer My God to Thee." Something in the desire to sleep and recall the dear old song. The young woman sang and all listened while the train sped on. As the little gleam of fire appeared far ahead the track their voices were heard in:

"Or if on joyful wings," which stanza was blessedly realized in her own experience two years later, for she closed the earthly pilgrimage while engaged in repeating this last stanza she had written.

"Or if on joyful wings."

The late Mrs. Merriam Grant, one of the people wounded in the Chatsworth disaster, was in the fourth car with her husband. In this car was a party of six young people. In order that they might sit together, Mr. and Mrs. Grant changed seats with a man and his bride. Their courtesy saved their lives, for the young people were both killed. Mrs. Grant thought this party were concert singers, they were so jolly and so merry. They could sing, and they laughed and told stories and anticipated the pleasure of the trip until late at night. Then Mrs. Grant composed herself in her chair and covered her face with her handkerchief to go to sleep. Nearly everybody was quiet in the car except the jolly party of six. About this time the young bride was requested to sing "Nearer My God to Thee." Something in the desire to sleep and recall the dear old song. The young woman sang and all listened while the train sped on. As the little gleam of fire appeared far ahead the track their voices were heard in:

"Nearer my God, to Thee."

The speed of the train increased down the grade. Again the song swelled: "There let the way appar, steps unto heaven." (The way was already in sight.) "All that thou sendest me in mercy given."

And then with but a moment of life left for each of them, even when poor El. McClintock's hand was giving its last desperate wrench to the engine, the singers sang to their God, who seemed not to be holding them in the hollow of His hand:

"Angels to beckon me, Nearer my God, to Thee."

Enough. It was finished. The engine struck the frail bridge and sank. The car containing the singers crashed like a bolt of fire through the two cars in front of it, killing and grinding as a foot kills a worm. In the same instant another car crashed through it and the singers were dead.

They Deserve Pity.

Safety and Life Depend Upon Pain's Celery Compound. We must sympathize with, and pity the poor, weary and jaded sufferer whose life is made miserable and almost unbearable in this hot weather. The healthiest of us have all we can do to withstand the enervating effects of scorching days and sweltering nights. The sick mortals—leaves help them—must suffer increased agony during these hot days.

"Nearer my God, to Thee."

SARAH FLOWERS ADAMS.

As a garden without a rose, such would be a collection of hymns without this one. About 53 years ago the daughter of an English editor and writer and wife of an English engineer composed a hymn that has undertaken to rival in popularity that magnificent Marseillaise of the church, "O-sonation." Her father, Benjamin Flowers, was proprietor of the Cambridge Intelligencer, and trained her literary tastes that early manifested themselves. Her husband's name was William Adams, and she is best known as Sarah Flowers Adams. She was of the Unitarian faith, but all denominations have adopted her inimitable hymn, and it is now incorporated into almost every hymn-book extant for sale. It is sung in nearly every language in which the Bible is read, and is every day accompanying the gospel into the distant lands that lie beneath the shades of overcast and gloomy death. In itself it is the same as Cowper's "Oh for a closer walk with God," and Wesley's "My God, the Spring of all my joys." It contains the fresh and touching expression of aspiration after God, and is the best expression of burning desire for more intimate acquaintance with God that can be found in any of our hymns. Intimacy in any terms is the language of the hymn.

Ever upward is the song, though a cross be the ladder. Ever upward, though the chariot be the whirlwind. Ever upward; though the pinnacles be flames.

By the thorny way of deep affliction she had brought nearer to God, and her experience was God's answer to the simple prayer which she has embalmed in song.

"Nearer to Thee,"

When passing under the rod, she read the experience of Jacob at Bethel, the waking, and from the inspiration came the song.

Get the hymn had not yet been finished. There was another petition to add, and this was done some time after. Her much-loved sister Eliza, who was as famous for music as she was for poetry, was taken with consumption, and a new experience of sorrow gave the poetess to see another round in the ladder, another mode of transportation, and turning over her old manuscript, as she saw the shades of coming departure on the countenance of her much-loved sister, she added to the manuscript of her favorite hymn one verse more.

"Or if on joyful wings," which stanza was blessedly realized in her own experience two years later, for she closed the earthly pilgrimage while engaged in repeating this last stanza she had written.

"Or if on joyful wings."

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"Nearer my God, to Thee."

Enough. It was finished. The engine struck the frail bridge and sank. The car containing the singers crashed like a bolt of fire through the two cars in front of it, killing and grinding as a foot kills a worm. In the same instant another car crashed through it and the singers were dead.

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Scraps for Odd Moments.

A gallon of coal oil poured on the live coals in the stove will clean out the stove, also the kitchen.

"What helped you over great obstacles of life?" they asked a successful man. "The other obstacles," he answered.

Mrs. O'Brien—Sure, it's a dandy hat entirely. Come over here, Patsy, an' see how elegant ye look at a distance.

Visitor—Johnny, do you ever get any good marks at school? Johnny—Y-yes'm, but I can't show 'em.

An agricultural exchange asks: "How can we prevent cider from working?" You might get it a government position.

Minards Liniment Cures Dandruff. She—When they hear you are going to be married, dear, won't they raise your salary? He—Yes, I am afraid, not, but they have heard it so often before.

A good man is the best friend, and therefore someone to be chosen, longer to be retained, and indeed never to be parted with, unless he cease to be that for which he was chosen.

"Now, Eleanor, you weigh 130 pounds, and the weight gauge on the hammock registers 300 pounds. Where did that other 170 pounds come from?" "From N-new York, I think."

Minards Liniment for sale everywhere.

Judge (to prisoner)—Did you really call this gentleman an old fool last night? Prisoner (ring to collect his thoughts)—The longer I look at him the more probable it seems to me that I did.

Aunt Dorothy—How many commandments are there, Johnny? Johnny (glibly)—Ten.

Aunt Dorothy—And now suppose you were to break one of them? Johnny (tentatively)—Then there would be nine.

"Brown had to give up trying to be an after-dinner speaker." "Why so?" "He at last came to the conclusion that he was one of the unfortunate men who cannot talk when they are sober nor think when they are drunk."

Minards Liniment relieves Neuralgia. Mrs. Maloney—I beat that yer good man is into the asylum wit' softenin' of the brain!

Mrs. Maloney—Arrah, that an' it is true. Poor man, he fell off a four-story house, an' his plump on the top of his poor head, an' he's been actin' queer ever since!

Mrs. Figg—What on earth did you get a new lawn-mower for? I'm the old one good enough for all the work we have to do!

Mr. Figg—Yes, it's good enough, but it's a surprise which does not fit your foot the first time you wear it.

"My daughter now attends the girls' college. It is so difficult to find husbands now, that we have concluded to let her study law."

"And your son?" "Oh, he declares that no girl is profuse in cooking nowadays, and, epineure that he is, he has decided to qualify as a professional cook!"

Minards Liniment Cures Burns, etc. Belows—Talk about your moving speech! I never heard a more thrilling and effective one than Sparkins delivered at the mass meeting last evening.

Fellow—Sparkins made a moving speech? Impossible! Belows—You're right. You'd never think so, if you'd been at the meeting last night when he got up and yelled "Fire!"

In that newspaper we picked up on the street, each of them, even when poor El. McClintock's hand was giving its last desperate wrench to the engine, the singers sang to their God, who seemed not to be holding them in the hollow of His hand:

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