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J. LLOYD McFEELY & CO.

March 10, 1892. Adjoining the Old Bank.

First Annual Report

OF THE BALTIMORE

Building and Loan Association

OF BALTIMORE CITY,

For the Year Ending April 15th, 1892.

ASSETS:

Mortgages, First liens on Real Estate	$76,850 00
Loans granted in course of completion	39 550 00
Dues, Interest, Premiums, etc., April	22,077 65
Balance in Treasury	863 71
	$139,341 36

LIABILITIES:

Paid into Loan Fund Installment Stock	$44,066 00
Paid Up Stock	51,460 00
Advance Payments Installment Stock	916 40
Accrued Interest on Paid Up Stock	514 28
Due to Complete Loan granted	39,550 00
Amount Saved from Expense Fund	2,494 68
	$139,341 36

FRED. C. WHEELER, Secretary. W. J. SNEERINGER, President.

BALTIMORE, April 23, 1892.

To the Stockholders of the Baltimore Building and Loan Association of Baltimore City.

It is with satisfaction that we present to you the Statement of our Association's business during the past year, believing that it will be a source of self-congratulation to every member.

This report gives the best assurance possible, that the Baltimore Building and Loan Association is firmly established as one of the leading National Associations of the day, progressive in the extension of its business, and conservative in handling the funds of its members. Our work is being carried steadily forward in this and other States, and we have at this date 120 Local Branches in active operation, and are placing new organizations rapidly and successfully. We now have in force, in good standing, $2,030,000.00 of Installment Stock, and $52,000 00 of Paid Up Stock.

Every business man knows, that the expenses in the first year of any enterprise, reach the highest limit. The business has to be organized and systematized, and its advantages brought to the attention of the public, all of which costs money. With the results shown in our first year's operation, our Directors feel more than satisfied, and as the full earning power of any Association is most difficult to develop within its first year, we hope to present even much better results in the future. In the continuance of our work, we solicit the co-operation and support of each Stockholder.

Thanking you for the many courtesies extended, and the confidence so generously expressed in our management, I beg to remain, Yours respectfully,

E. K. LEGG, General Manager.

LOCAL BOARD FOR KENT COUNTY, MD:

H. W. VICKERS, President. JAMES A. PEARCE, Attorney.
H. L. BOYD, Secretary. LEWIN W. WICKES, Treasurer

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

R. D. HYNSON, R. F. PARKS,
JAS. T. DIXON, W. H. McFEELEY,
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SAMUEL VANNORT.

For Stock, apply to H. L. BOYD.

POWELL'S PURE DISSOLVED SOUTH CAROLINA BONE **$12.00 a ton**

Cash, including bags in car load lots of 12 tons or over, less quantities $12.50 per ton, no charge for drayage. **Powell's Dissolved S.C. Bone** is generally conceded to be the best made. As proof of this in the States where it is most largely sold the Agricultural Experiment Stations give it the following values:—Ohio, $25.96 per ton; W. Va., $24.81 per ton; which is from $2.00 to $4.00 per ton greater than other brands.

This article is sometimes called **Dissolved Rock**—if Potash is wanted with it we charge 50 cts. a ton additional, which includes the cost of thorough mixing. Dry and in good condition for drilling. Powell's Raw Bone $20.00 per ton. Valuation in Pa. $14.39 per ton. **Powell's Green Bag, Yellow Bag** and **Red Bag Fertilizers** are considered the best complete Fertilizers for Wheat and Grass. Full information about freight rates.

A pamphlet on Wheat and Grass by twelve leading agriculturists mailed free on receipt of three 2-cent stamps. Private formulas, Alliance, Grange, and Farmers' Clubs orders, manufactured specially without extra charge.

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FERTILIZERS, FOR

All Crops AND Permanent Grass.

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Higher in Essential Qualities than any other Goods on the Market.

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COME AND SEE THE NEW

CHAMPION MACHINE!

Before you buy. I will give you just what you want for Harvest. The Champion only eight cogs on the Binder and two on the six-foot-cut Mower. Repairs on hand for the old Champion.

Plow Castings

for all kinds of Plows, and Repairs for all kinds of Machinery.

Road Wagons, arts, Farm Wagons

and all kinds of Agricultural Implements

AT LOW PRICES.

Yours truly,

J. C. WALTERS,
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OWING to the scarcity of money we will sell at a very small advance above cost FOR THE CASH. Remember, we sell

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WHICH IS THE BEST WHITE ASH COAL FOR GENERAL USE.

Probably it will be to your advantage to get our prices and examine our stock before you purchase.

2240 POUNDS FOR ONE TON.

Office on Cannon street, near Princess.

J. T TWILLEY.
July 31, 1890—tf.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

Perfectly Well.

FILLMORE, Dubuque Co., Ia., Sept., 1889.

Miss K. Finnigan writes: My mother and sister used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for neuralgia. They are both perfectly well now and never tired of praising the tonic.

It Was Indeed a Miracle.

384 FIRST ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y., Aug. 3, '90.

I wish to state what a wonderful benefit Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic has been to my brother, who has suffered from rheumatism since 1885 and has not been able to do work of any kind since that time. He has tried all kinds of patent medicines and different doctors of skill, but all without benefit, until he took the Tonic. He has continually improved since, and I will say and hundreds besides me who have seen him during his sickness, that it was indeed a miracle to see him restored to health.

W. D. GRAHAM.

In Baltimore, Md., by A. C. Hathwalker, 608 W. Saratoga St.

PILES "ANAKESIS" gives instant relief and is a positive cure for Piles. Price $1. By Druggists or mail. Samples free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 2416, New York City.

TOWER'S TRADE MARK FISH BRAND

Oil Clothing

is warranted the Best in the World!

Is more WATERPROOF,
Is STRONGER, and
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Ask for the "FISH BRAND." take no other.

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ICE CHESTS, WATER COOLERS,

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OPPORTUNITY.

The Baccalaureate Sermon by Rev. S. Reese Murray, in Christ M. P. Church, Chestertown, June 19.

"Behold, I have set before thee an open door."—REV. 3: 18.

The church at Philadelphia was commended for its adherence to the Christian religion, and a promise given it of future triumph and glory. Alone of all the seven churches of Asia, it survived the assaults of its enemies; and to this day it maintained at least the semblance, if not the spirit, and power of true worship in a region otherwise given up to heathen and Muhammedan influence. Even the infidel historian Gibbon, while sneering at the prophecy of John the divine, says of this church. "At a distance from the sea, forgotten by the Emperors, encompassed on all sides by the Turks, her valiant citizens defended their religion above fourscore years, and at length capitulated with the proudest of the Ottomans." Among the Greek colonies and churches of Asia, Philadelphio is still erect—a column in a scene of ruins—a pleasing example that the paths of honor and safety may sometimes be the same." Of the other six churches of Asia scarcely so much as a trace is left. Ephesus is obliterated. Laodicea "is peopled with wolves and foxes." Sardis is an obscure village, though once the memorable capital of Crœsus. Thyatira and Pergamos are the seats of Muhammedan power; and Smyrna, once the second city of Asia, is wholly dependent upon its small foreign commerce for its existence. Now, what conspired to the success of the church at Philadelphia? Was it favored by some glorious providence and grace above all its sister churches? Had it a larger number of adherents, copious wealth and wider sources of influence whence it derived strength? Nothing of this appears in its history. The conspicuous element in its success seems to be but this: *that it used its opportunity.* It entered the door of privilege and labor God opened to it, and his blessing was immediately and continuously vouchsafed it.

The lesson derived from the course and permanent history of this church and the lesson of the text is that of opportunity. A nobler lesson than this divine goodness has seldom set before the righteous ambition of the world. Man needs but opportunity to accomplish all that is designed in his creation, so far as God is concerned, and all that enters into the sacred purpose of life, so far as himself is involved. But of this fact he is not always and at all periods of his life alike, aware. It is the province, and one might almost say the imperative duty of God, to establish this truth before the understanding of man. He must be enabled to realize where he stands in this creation and how he is related to it in every part of his nature. If he is the dominating force here—if he is the soul of all that power which is to shape the interests and destiny of this earth—there must be some way open to his apprehension of this fact, and some further intimation that nothing but *himself* can bar his progress or defeat his success. And each man must know the same. He must discern the truth that nothing really valuable which life offers him is beyond his reach. He may be what he wills to be. The door of opportunity is opened wide before him. The mysteries of existence and the confusions of daily toil are no hindrance to him. If he has a definite and orderly purpose in his life and that purpose harmonizes with the great end of his being, nothing stands before him which he cannot overcome or in some way shape to his use.

This is the divine assertion. Let the men of to-day, and especially such of them as I am now called upon to address—men with youth and education and ambition on their side, and with the open fields of the world's industry and fame alluring them to effort—give ear to it!

Of course, in the main, this instruction is ideal and spiritual. It relates to the moral rather than to the physical environment of man. It is an incentive to holiness rather than an impulse to the conquest of the natural world; and yet it is far from having reference to these matters alone. God as certainly intends that each man shall succeed in his honorable worldly aims as in working out his salvation with fear and trembling. The one is to be the complement and equipoise of the other. But the subjection of self is the fiercer struggle. Manhood glorified in the Son of God is the further goal; and therefore it is much more certain that each will, if he so desire, triumph in righteousness than in mental or physical acquisition. He will win heaven, however much he may lose of earth. Nevertheless, as a general truth, the door to worldly usefulness and even some measure of fame is open to every man.

These two truths we are to discuss this morning:

1. The divine government over man embraces the giving of opportunity rather than the providing of means for fulfilling the noble ends of life. Such a scheme permits deliberate choice, develops personality and conduces to robust character. To provide everything beforehand is to leave the individual no chance for original thought, no scope for his ingenuity, no exercise for his feelings, no stimulus for his will. Under such a regime he would mechanically complete his round of performances and pass off the stage of action with nothing accomplished.

If individuality is lost in the great mass of figures who are toiling together, all labor is fruitless, so far as its ultimate aim is concerned. One develops nothing that lifts itself into prominence or distinguishes itself by so much as a single trait from the characteristics of the herd about him. Hence he fails to realize *himself*, to set up ideals, to work toward a destiny that is his very own and is different by all that personality supplies from that of every one of his fellows. Now, such a juiceless creature as this God could not have made. But such an one man must necessarily have been if anything more than an ample opportunity to succeed had been offered him.

There are many who know the value of gradually opening the means of success to their children, rather than of lifting them at once into the seat of success. To bestow a chance upon your lad, to encourage him, direct him and assure him against failure until he can manage his affairs for himself, is far better than to give him wealth at the beginning of his career. For in the one case he will rely upon himself and give his energy to his schemes. In the other he will rely upon his gold, and ambition will die unborn in him. In case of achievement there is strong manhood in the one instance, while in the other there is only a weak and pulseless semblance of it. In case of disaster there is resiliency in the former. He returns again with greater courage and stronger determination to succeed because of his misfortune. But with the latter there is utter collapse. As his riches were his all and he had nothing in himself, there are not even a few fragments of resolution out of which to construct a future hope. Simple opportunity would have grounded him in the arts of buoyant daring, but that fortune which was thrust upon him made him craven*.

It is somewhere said that a lobster when left high and dry upon the rocks has not instinct and energy enough to work his way back to the sea, but waits for the sea to come to him. If it does not come he remains where he is and dies, although the slightest effort would enable him to reach the waves, which are perhaps tossing and tumbling within a yarp of him. The world is full of human lobsters—men stranded on the rocks of business, who, instead of putting forth their own energies, are waiting for some grand billow of good-fortune to set them afloat. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred pecuniary help to a beginner is the devil's blessing. It is the Upas tree, that paralyzes and reduces to the last gasp the moral integrity of every man who inhales its poisonous atmosphere. Peril is the very element in which power is developed. "Ability and necessity dwell near each other," said Pythagoras.

It is thus God teaches us and evokes the finer characteristics of our nature. He supplies the elements of things; the things themselves are to be conceived and wrought out into their marvelous forms. Some of these things may require centuries and generations of scholars and inventors to their conception and perfecting, but when they are at last actual the world is vastly superior to its former self by reason of this "groaning and travailing" of effort to realize them. The steamship, the locomotive engine, the telegraph, are common illustrations along the lower lines of human accomplishment. God opened the door to these in nature and in man. In man was the need and the genius to express his need. In nature were the substances through which his genius wrought. To have given him a "model" of these things and let him perform the bare work of "following copy" and reproducing them, or to have shown him how to fuse and mold his materials into the substances necessary for the construction of these things, would have dwarfed the intellect which throughout sixty centuries has been expanding in this direction. All mankind would have been less useful, less happy, less spiritual, for this divine interference. But by opening the door through which enterprise and creative skill might enter to the broadening of life, men and nations have been wonderfully advanced and glorified.

Such is the method of divine wisdom in its arrangements for our welfare, and it is very important for us to know this fact, as it relates to every-day life and labor, to the common pursuits upon which so vast a portion of the race must be engaged, to the employments that take us under the open sky and away from the realm of quiet thought. Nothing is done for us, but avenues are opened for us into every kind stance, with which the millions deal and must deal. She is prolific in her gifts, but we must profoundly study her methods to understand her resources and to learn how we may come at them for their increase and our own benefit. She is not the same mistress to every man nor to every community. She is not kind in the same degree to all, nor has she *any* generosity for certain classes. What can the sluggard make of her secrets or do with her abundance? She opens doors to us for enterprise in her soils and seasons, in her sunshine and showers, in her harvests and droughts; but it is reason, experiment, unceasing wrestling with her, that bring forth from her laboratory the richest results. And this reason and experiment involve a whole round of sciences, a whole realm of physical appliance, so that chemistry, botany and mechanical invention are bound up in the ordinary occupation of the farmer. And whether he so designs or not, in the struggle to acquire the best knowledge of his vocation, he must acquire stores of information that widen and deepen his intellect just as much as they improve his craft. The individual, therefore, is vastly more a man because nature withheld her increase until he had mastered her secrets.

It was, no doubt, to the farmers of our land an unaccountable assertion of our national Bureau of Agriculture that fifty cereals, besides those already cultivated for food, grow in our fields and are as capable of sustaining human life as are the maize and wheat, the beans and pease with which all are familiar. Yet experiment has removed this statement from the sphere of conjecture into the sphere of demonstration. And now should all the common food-stuffs of our land perish within the next generation it would be possible out of the wasted and even unknown resources of our fields to satisfy the desires of the people for bread. But nature did not proclaim this secret, she only suggested the possibility of its existence. There were the seed-plants inviting investigation. That was all. But chemistry discovered their value and cultivation solved the question of their development. It was the patient, persistent genius of the laboratory and the application of new soils and careful nurture to the plants that evolved the whole matter.

Suppose the opposite of this fact were true—that nature had no secrets. Suppose she poured out her golden treasure for every wanderer and vagabond. What would be the result? Does not the stagnant life, the physical enervation, the nakedness and moral imbecility of the tropics afford an answer? Man here has no incentive, consequently has reached his lowest stage. His wants are merely animal and his intellectual movements are in the chrysalid-state—vague and fetishistic.

Illustrations of this sort might be multiplied. Man has found himself environed with wonders, and he has unraveled their mystery. He has been thrust into a world thick with obstacles, and he has removed them from his path. The "awful sea" has been made the safe highway for his commerce. The rocks have taught him what Jehovah otherwise concealed of the earth's creation, and the stars have revealed the abyssmal flow of eternity. Here there has been an open door for inquiry and invention. God did not shut him up to the everlasting bondage of ignorance. But neither did he show his creature the way of escape from his perplexity. It was left to his ambition, his thirst for knowledge, his yearning to be master and lord of this creation, to explore the home and enjoy the life in which divine power had placed him.

And this has been an unspeakable blessing to the race. It has kept them at work. It has fired their hearts with loftiest purposes. It has been the spur to all knowledge. It has sent men and peoples into distant climes to subjugate and settle in them. It has given birth to nations and empires, with all their manifold exploits. But had it been more than bare opportunity that was offered them mankind would have remained in dull and painful childhood throughout all its generations.

2. As with material nature, so also has it been with the spiritual universe into which Omnipotence has ushered man. The door to the kingdom of infinite glory has been opened wide to his spiritual endeavors. God has reserved nothing from the reverent study of his children. He who will may enter and possess all heaven just as he has made himself possessor of the world. The door into the "innermost holy" of things divine is the sacrifice of Jesus Christ and the "spirit of burning" within our hearts. But let us realize that it is an opportunity only, although an abundant entrance shall be ministered unto us into this blessed realm. God does not constrain man to enter these sacred portals. He does not seize upon the unwilling soul and in the grasp of his irresistible power carry it into the place of spiritual performance and delight. It is left with the individual to decide whether he shall enjoy the triumphs and mingle with the throngs of the "ransomed of the Lord." If he will he "may drink of the water of life freely." If he will not it is his awful prerogative to spurn the divine grace and go on to his ruin. But he is dissuaded from this course by the very constitution of his moral and spiritual nature. Just as his necessity and ambition have impelled him to discovery and invention, and earth with her marvels and difficulties has been his teacher, so also the spiritual aspirations of his heart leads him upward, out of self, and heaven becomes his teacher. What can man know of himself by any original research? How can he account for his existence or solve the problem of his destiny? How has he learned what he already knows of God? Why is he environed with sin yet drawn on irresistibly to contemplate and desire a sinless world? How shall he quench his thirst for knowledge of the boundless life beyond? How shall he soothe his sorrows, dispel his doubts, and satisfy the unspeakable yearnings of his heart? The answer is at hand: Let him use the divina opportunity, which is furnished him, for acquiring knowledge. Jesus is the Truth, the Life and the Light of men. In him is "all in all." He will not only be quickened in his intellect, but he will be exalted in the whole aim and reach of his life. Contact with the Son of God is an educative process for man. He is the open door unto all the hidden things of the soul. By him men know themselves heirs of eternity and priests of the mysteries of the Most High. And as they are assimilated to him by close and loving companionship even death, with all its terrors, becomes the very gate of bliss.

There is none to-day alive in his higher nature who has not been inspired and quickened by the idea which filled the life of Jesus. "This idea is not only the food of the mind, it is the fire of the soul; and when we catch sight of it *as the expression of man's relationship to God*, it has all that mysterious and beautiful mingling of the most vast and awful with the most near and personal and urgent, all that vagueness which we know includes definiteness, all that definiteness not excluding vagueness, which is the very essence of religious impressiveness. And when we think of it as the idea of Jesus it must always have this special beauty connected with it—that Jesus must have grown up into the apprehension of it as he grew into the consciousness of his own life. He must have become aware that all men were God's sons and felt the desire to tell them so and make *their sonship a reality*, kindling like fire within him, just in proportion as he came to know, softly and gradually, under the skies of Galilee and the roof of the carpenter, the deep and absorbing mystery that he himself was the son of God. Surely we cannot be wrong if we say positively that to Christ himself the truth that man was God's child by nature was the great fact of man's existence, and the desire that man might be God's child in reality was the motive of his own life and work. It was in his sonship to God that the secret of the holiness of Jesus lay. His Father's business was the sum of all his life. Duty must have been its own revealer and its own reward. And what duty was to our Master it shall be to us just as soon as we are filled with his idea, just as soon as His spirit bears witness with our spirits that we too are the sons of God."

3. The divine plan for the race is pursued in the case of every individual. Each one of you has an open door into life's best values and it depends upon you to make your opportunities triumphs or disasters.

More than a chance to succeed in this world, and in the Kingdom Jesus established with his blood, should no one ask; for the greatest succeed in no other way. The hardy spirits of the past whose giant movements changed the currents of this world's history and enterprise, the modern Prometheus who transform the inert figures of their generations into men of force and daring, are such as had but the bare chance to succeed, and won by the mighty determination to traverse that chance to its end. Look at Quentin Matsys, the smith; at Bunyan the mender of pots and pans; at Carey (the immortal missionary and scholar in oriental literature,) the shoemaker; at Ben Johnson the bricklayer, Burns the ploughman, DeFoe the seller of stockings, and Franklin the printer. Look at the great anatomist John Hunter whose career opened as a cabinet maker, at Gifford the seaman, and Sanderson the marvelous mathematician and lecturer who was blind from his birth. Was it mere accident that brought fame to these lofty spirits? Was it that fortuitous combination of circumstances of which the slothful dreams and the envious man entreats? You have read also of Samuel Budget whose celebrity began with the finding of a horseshoe which he sold for a penny; and of Wm. Hutton who munched turnips for lack of choicer food on his way to renown. Was it not a camel-driver, says Matthews, that founded a new religion and changed the face of empires? Was not Pope Gregory VII a carpenter's son, Sixtus V a shepherd, and Adrian VI a bargeman. Was not Copernicus the son of a baker and Kepler the son of a publican? Was it not an obscure monk who split in twain the Catholic Church, and a still obscurer countryman of his, who, by the invention of the printing press, revolutionized the whole intellectual aspect of society? Have you not seen Cobden, a manufacturer with no brilliancy of parts, by his stubborn perseverance overthrow in a few years the long-established and deeply rooted commercial system of the British Empire? Have you never read of Arkwright, the barber's apprentice, the splendid achievements of whose mechanical genius bore the English nation triumphantly through the wars of the French revolution, and are now declared to be of greater value than all her colonies from Hisdosten to Labrador? *

It takes such spirit, it demands such unflinching resistance of obstacles, such undaunted aggression to bring out the character that is latent in us, and he who will not rouse himself to do and dare must perish in his cowardice. In such a world as ours there if naught but obscurity and moral paralysis and despair for all but those who

"Pluck bright glory from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And drag up drowned honor by the locks."

* * * * * * *

I pass at once from this thought to that grander one concerning the ultimate gain of life in the Son of God. And here at the very beginning let me warn you against that puling of mean men that you "cannot do right," that you "cannot conquer your evil nature," "cannot stand before the world as a fearless example and defender of the religion of Jesus." Let none of you say that he has not those gifts which conduce to a successful pursuit of righteousness. God has set before you an open door and whenever his Spirit directs your energies, no man has power to thwart your purpose. If you must trample upon conscience to seize some coveted preferment, if your sense of right succumbs to worldly circumstance, it is because you have averted your face and retraced your footsteps from that door.

No man has to do wrong to stand well with his fellows, or even to earn his living. Nor will anyone in whose bosom burns a single noble thought surrender his integrity, his soul's priceless honor for wealth, or pleasure or fame. Integrity may have "its price," but it is far above rubies and diamonds and all the glories of this world. Even in agony no aspect of its virtue is effaced. It cries out with Joseph in his distress, "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?". And the sequel of that cry is precipitate and earnest flight.

Young gentlemen, graduates-expectant of Washington College, the first and highest duty heaven imposes upon you is the development and maintenance at all hazards of your own spiritual life. And the next is that of uplifting toward Christ the life of all whom it is possible to influence. You will become whatever you have an aspiration to be in this direction. Your achievements will be the sum and measure of your piety. What they are, *you* are, and no more. If Christ be everything to you, you will forsake whatever deprives you of his presence. But if you have plans for self-indulgence, self-aggrandizement, however successful your life may be, it will lack love and faith, and lacking these will be useless in the Kingdom of Christ.

I hope, says Phillips Brooks in a sermon on the symmetry of life, that we may come to symmetrical completeness—the ceaseless flood of light forever pouring forth from the self-living God to fill and feed the open lives of his redeemed who live by him. This is the glory of a young man's life. Mean to be something with all your might. Do not add act to act and day to day in perfect thoughtlessness, never asking yourself whither the growing line is leading. But at the same time do not dare to be so absorbed in your own life, so wrapped up in listening to the sound of your own hurrying wheels, that all this vast pathetic music, made up of the mingled joy and sorrow of your fellowmen, shall not find out your heart and claim it and make you rejoice to give yourself for them. And yet all the while keep the upward windows open. Do not dare to think that a child of God can worthily work out his career or worthily serve God's other children unless he does both in the love and fear of God their Father. Energy, love and faith these make the perfect man. And Christ, who is the perfectness of all of them, gives them all three to any young man who at, very outset of his life, gives up his life to Him.

This, then, is your opportunity, young gentlemen, the holy purpose of life fulfilled the loftiest reach of ambition satisfied in the divine Son. This is *life indeed*, and all short of this is but "magnificent death."

I have spoken to you as those to whom the whole realm of the Eternal is open, as those from whom nothing is reserved that may contribute to enjoyment. But be not deceived by the glamour and blare of the transitory, nor rest contented with a culture and endowment beneath the very highest. I say with Hugh Stowell: "Whatever a man's attainments, his intellectual gifts, his external circumstances, his rank, his fortune, or his fame; if he is without Christ, without the Spirit of God, he is no better than a costly wreck, a sumptums abortion. But let a man be ever so poor in circumstances, ever so lowly in lot, ever so circumscribed in capacity, ever so scanty in acquirements—yet if he live in God, with God, to God, he is the great and glorious man; angels are his attendants, Christ his brother, God his father, heaven his home, eternity the lifetime of his bliss. Wherefore the rather, brethren, give all diligence to make your calling and election sure. Here lies the true grandeur of your nature the true dignity of your destiny, the rich glory of your enjoyment. Pursue this high vocation and you lay under tribute to your powers this imperial and vast creation. O, my young friends, I covet for you the best gifts, the highest places of achievement in this world. I would see the glowing hopes of this morning made but as glimmering memories by the sweep of your career, and the value of your service to the world. But above all I covet for you the reign of conscience, the indwelling of purity, the grasp upon things divine, that your spirits may live; and then the fostering and furthering of that spiritual life, till grace mature into glory, and the star of earth brightens into the sun of heaven.

Female Weakness Positive Cure.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the thousand and one ills which arise from deranged female organs. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any lady if they will send their Express and P. O. address. Yours respectfully, DR. W. B. MARCHISI, 90 GENESSEE ST., UTICA, N. Y.

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IN A QUICKSAND.

AN ELEPHANT SWALLOWED WHOLE BY TREACHEROUS MUD.

The Unavailing Sagacity of the Doomed Creature—Calm in the Midst of Danger, the Intelligent Brute Grew Frightened Only at the Very Last.

"Did I ever see an elephant die?" said the keeper, repeating a reporter's question. "Well, I did and I didn't."

"How was that?" asked the reporter, feeling for his notebook.

"I did not see him actually die," replied the keeper, without the vestige of a smile. "He was living when I lost sight of him. He was swallowed alive."

"This is going to be a pretty stiff yarn, keeper," remarked the reporter, as a shade of disappointment crossed his face. "I guess I won't need the notebook. You saw him swallowed alive, eh? I always thought you were an antiquity, I never suspected you to be antediluvian. What did it, a megalosaurus?"

"Never heard of such a thing," said the keeper gruffly. "This was a quicksand."

"Oh, a quicksand! Go on, old man," responded the reporter, delighted, as he pulled out a pencil or two. "Tell us all about it."

"It was in India," said the old keeper, "where I learned a good deal about elephants, never thinking that it would come useful to me in after years. Elephants are common beasts of burden there, and on this day a heavily loaded one was crossing a shallow but broad stream by wading. The sagacious brute had refused to step on the badly constructed bridge which the natives had erected, but his instinct did not warn him of a dangerous quicksand which the water concealed, near the farther bank.

"I was attracted to the scene by the shouts of his owners, five Indian merchants, whose wares he carried from one bazaar to another. They did not know of the quicksand and could not understand why their elephant did not come out of the stream which he had almost crossed. When they learned the predicament he was in, their howls of grief and despair were earsplitting. I suggested that bundles of turf and branches be thrown to the elephant, and this was done. The old fellow, seemingly aware of his danger, took each bundle with his trunk and thrust it under water. Then with a mighty effort dragging up one foot out of the sucking sand, he would put it on the bundle of fagots and press it down. He got a lot of them under him in this way with more skill and precision than you would think possible, but the soft sand took them all in and still let him down farther into its depths.

"His master procured a small boat and poled it out to him. Then they took all his load of goods off, put them in the boat and brought them ashore. This lessened his weight a good deal, but the sand was by that time up above his shoulders and soon his entire back was covered by the water. Only his head showed now, and still the old fellow was the only calm and collected individual in the crowd. I cannot help thinking of an elephant as a person; no one can who has been with them and witnessed their intelligence as much as I have.

"Collecting some floating boards which had been thrown out to him, he made a sort of raft of them with his trunk and rested his big head on them. It was no use, however. He was doomed and we knew it. Before long the water covered his mouth. Then he lifted his long trunk and curled it back over his forehead. The water filled his ears and he flapped them vigorously for a time. Soon it reached his eyelashes, and then his big burning eyes, just at the water's edge, took on a pitiable expression.

"They seemed to beseech aid and succor from those he had served so long and so faithfully, and his masters fairly groveled in the dust as they yelled to their gods and frothed at the mouth in their frantic Indian way of expressing sorrow. The tears came into my own eyes as I looked at the old fellow and knew there was no help for him.

"As the water covered his eyes his courage gave way at last, and he uttered a piercing scream of fright through his trunk and repeated it several times. It made my blood curdle, I tell you. Have you heard horses scream in a burning building? It is almost human. So was the old fellow's death cry. The end was close at hand. His long trunk still waved wildly above the water, but nothing else of him was visible. Its length grew less and less, and finally the water poured over the top of it.

"One more bubbling, choked, gasping scream threw the water out again into a high jet, but that effort was the last. The stream quickly filled up his only channel to the air above, and the old elephant was buried before he was dead. I could have watched a dozen natives swallowed up in the same way without feeling half as bad about it."—New York Tribune.

Cæsar's Ignoble End.

Julius Cæsar is by many considered the most remarkable man who ever lived, take him all in all. As a statesman, orator, writer and soldier, he continually aroused the admiration of his countrymen and astonished his enemies. He was a many sided man, and to whatever he turned his hand he succeeded in a pre-eminent degree. He overthrew Pompey, conquered Gaul and Britain, and, having finally made himself virtual dictator of the Roman republic, was offered a kingly crown. At this culminating moment he was ingloriously assassinated by some of those whom he looked upon as his warmest friends.—Yankee Blade.

The Market Value of a Maine Man.

A Belfast man who evidently had been rejected by some pensioned widow was discussing pensions recently. He said very indignantly: "If I had my way I'd abolish the darned widows' pensions. They won't marry, preferring twelve dollars per month to a man. Abolish 'em, I say!"—Bangor (Me.) Commercial.

Barbers Use Little Wax Now.

Says a barber: "A thing that isn't used much these days is grease. This store consumed three pounds of it a day ten years ago, and we don't get away with a solitary pound now. I once calculated that 100,000 New York men carried around 150 pounds of wax in their mustaches. This was at the rate of one ounce of wax to forty mustaches."—New York Herald.

Enemies of the Salmon Fisheries.

Seals and sea lions are a great nuisance to the salmon fishermen. At the mouth of the Columbia river they watch the gill nets and grab the caught salmon by the throats, devouring those parts which they regard especially as tidbits. Bears are very fond of salmon and catch a great many of them in the streams. They eat only the heads.—Washington Star.

The Flute Is Very Old.

The flute is very old in its origin, but the flute of today is different from that of the ancients. It has been improved upon from time to time, and the old people would probably fail to recognize it now. The flageolet, which is somewhat similar, is credited to Juvigny about 1581.—Harper's Young People.

Tall Men in Asia and Africa.

The tallest men of South America are found in the western provinces of the Argentine Republic, of Asia in Afghanistan and Kaypootana, of Africa in the highlands of Abyssinia.—Yankee Blade.

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