N. Y. & P. R. R.

Willing Time Table.

No 1	No 3	STATIONS	No 1	No 3
a m	p m		p m	p m
7 00	1 45	Oswayo	6 50	3 30
7 05	1 50	Tyler	6 45	3 25
7 10	1 55	Woodville	6 40	3 20
7 18	2 03	Rose Lake	6 32	3 12
7 25	2 10	Andrews Settlement	6 25	3 05
7 30	2 15	Millsburg	6 20	3 00
7 35	2 20	Okanump	6 15	2 55
7 45	2 30	Genesee	6 05	2 45
7 55	2 40	Fayneville	5 55	2 35
8 00	2 45	Ceylon	5 50	2 30
8 05	2 50	Whiteville	5 45	2 25
8 08	2 53	Edward's Crossing	5 42	2 22
8 11	2 56	Barney's Mill	5 39	2 19
8 16	3 00	Revere	5 35	2 15
8 20	3 05	Rough & Ready	5 30	2 05
8 25	3 10	GREENWOOD	5 25	2 00
8 40	3 25	Norton Hollow	5 10	1 45
8 45	3 30	Hornellsville	5 05	1 40
9 00	3 45	Fall Creek	4 50	1 25
9 05	3 50	Canisteo	4 45	1 20
9 15	4 00	Erie Junction	4 35	1 10

AMONG OUR NEIGHBORS.

GREENWOOD.

Mrs. Samuel Pease returned Thursday from a visit to her sister, Mrs. Emery Crusen.

Lelia Smith, who has been quite low with peritonitis, is much better.

J. B. Woodbury of Hornellsville was in town Friday.

Miss Ora Dennis was in town Saturday on her way from Alfred to her home in Jasper.

Mrs. Marian King of Canisteo is visiting her son, Wm. Reimann, on Christian street.

James O'Connor and wife visited Hornellsville Wednesday.

We congratulate Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Sutton upon the birth of a son at the M. E. parsonage on Saturday, tipping the steelyards at ten pounds. We predict for the young son a brilliant ministerial career, that is, if there is anything in hereditable genius and being born an x pounder.

Mrs. Moses of Whitesville visited her daughter, Mrs. E. W. Plaisted, last week.

E. E. Cole and wife are spending the week at Savona.

Miss Mabel Lewis is making a brief visit at her home in Sonora.

L. H. Goff of Hornellsville was in this city Monday and Tuesday.

J. D. Cheesman and sister Etta of Andover were visiting friends in town Monday.

Will Stephens commenced work as clerk for Woodward & Young Monday.

Mortimer Stiles of Hornellsville was in town on business Monday.

Joshua Saunders and Jerry Saunders of Saunders were in Greenwood Monday.

Miss Daisy Harris returned to her home in Canaseraga Monday for a week's vacation.

Burr Smith of Hornellsville was a visitor in town Monday.

Mrs. Fred Hastings of Bath was the guest of Mrs. W. O. Slocum last week.

Misses Lura Reynolds and Lotta Afgar of Hornellsville are visiting friends in Greenwood.

It is rumored that Francis Freeland has taken unto himself a wife.

Albert Halsey of Whitesville was calling on friends in town Monday.

Mrs. Mott Allison and son Isaac of Canisteo were guests of Mrs. S. Kellogg last week.

James Moran of Rexville was in town Monday.

Mrs. David Ferris visited her son Edwin at Hornellsville Friday.

Merritt Knight has moved in the J. O. Sebring house on Andover street.

Michael Shanley has purchased the M. Shaut house in Rough and Ready and moved therein last week.

Mrs. S. U. Hauber and daughter went to Rexville Monday.

Mason Hollenbeck of Jasper was on our streets Monday.

John Young of South Main St. is down with grip.

L. Vo Schoonover of Woodhull was in town on business Saturday.

Mrs. Palmer of Whitesville was the guest of Mrs. E. W. Plaisted last week.

The Republican caucus on Wednesday, April 11th.

Uncle Josh Crosby's troupe of Whitesville Thursday evening, April 12th.

Ed. Ferris, formerly of this place, moved from Penn Yan to Hornellsville last week.

Mrs. Anna Stickney of Prattsburg is visiting her cousin, Mrs D. Ferris of South Main street.

E. French is going to move to Andover. He expects to go into the livery business there, having rented the Wescott barns.

Oliver Jackson is preparing to build on his new purchase in Woodward Hollow.

The young ladies' quartet, accompanied by Miss Harris, of Greenwood, visited Andover Tuesday evening, and took part in the reception.

Floyd Smith of Canisteo, accompanied by his brother Charles of Hornellsville, were in town Saturday.

There is quite a commotion in town over the question of using meters in the consumption of gas. Quite a number appear to be in open revolt at the attempted change

T. O. Swan is delivering timber for the new railroad bridges in Greenwood.

Ed. Underwood has been advanced to conductor of the freights 5 and 6 on the N. Y. & P. R. R.

A. W. Baker has established his undertaking rooms in the Shaut Gallery, corner of Main and Andover streets.

G. W. Smith & Co. are temporarily located in the Newell Austin building

F. D. Young has moved into his house on North Main street.

Wesley Osborn and wife of Elm Valley were guests of G. M. Webster Friday.

See N. E. Coston's new ad. in this issue.

The local telephone company were putting up wires Monday. They now extend to Canisteo.

Thos. Egan and wife have gone to Oswayo for a week's visit.

Mrs. L. A. Shelley is in Tyler visiting her daughter, Mrs. Geo. York.

The Geo. Stephens' cheese factory commenced operations Tuesday.

William Conley of West Hill was buried Thursday. The services were conducted by Andover Lodge, F. & A. M.

D. W. Putman has moved to his farm at Coby Creek.

Week's vacation in school on account of Regents examination, many Rexville students in attendance.

Vern Mayo and wife visited Jasper Friday.

Mrs. Chapen Manning was the guest of Darius and Miner Shaw.

James Baker has gone to New York.

Mrs. Jesse Webster and Mrs. G. M. Webster were in Hornellsville Tuesday.

Mr. Foote, representative of the Elkland Bank, was in town Friday to start up the Snyder cheese factory, but has not completed arrangements as yet.

We learn that our former townsman, M. F. Smith, is a candidate for Sheriff.

Have you seen the display of shirts in Coston's window? It is attractive.

Miner Shaw and wife and Mrs. H. Guernsey visited Hornellsville Tuesday.

Cheese meeting at village factory Friday evening.

Millions Given Away.

It is certainly gratifying to the public to know of one disease which is not afraid to be cured. The proprietors of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds have given away thousands of bottles, and have the satisfaction of knowing it has cured thousands of hopeless cases. Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, Sore throat, chest and lung diseases are surely cured by it. Call on L. A. Burrows, Andover, or on your near-by druggist, and get a free trial bottle. Regular size 50c and $1. Every bottle guaranteed.

Church Directory.

M. E. CHURCH.

Preaching at 11 a. m.
Class meeting at 12 m.
Sunday School at 12 m.
Junior League at 3 p. m.
Epworth League at 6 p. m.
Preaching at 7 p. m.
Rev. C. E. Sutton, pastor.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

Young People's Christian Union at 3 p. m.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Sunday School at 12 m.
Y. P. S. C. E. at 3 p. m.
Preaching at 7 p. m.

Little Colds Dangerous—Thousands of lives sacrificed every year. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures little colds—cures big colds—too, down to the very verge of consumption.

YOUNG HICKORY.

Mud, snow and ice, what going it makes.

Rev. F. F. Dunham preached his farewell sermon April 1st. Now this place is without preaching.

The Ladies' Aid was held with Mrs. C. Hall on Wednesday last.

Mrs. Vilesca Fenton is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hardy, of this place.

Mrs. Geo. Plaisted's father made her a short visit last week.

The outcome of the cheese meeting last Friday afternoon was not very flattering, as the patrons and Mr. McKinley could not come to an understanding. He wanting more for making the cheese than the patrons wanted to give and so the question is, Will the factory run this season or not?

It is reported that the Mormans contemplate erecting a temple of worship in this place. Perhaps this place will yet be known as Salt Lake City No. 2. How will that sound in your ears?

Simeon Lewis of Woodhull was calling on his uncle, A. H. Lewis, on Sunday last.

Mrs. J. O. Potter was a visitor at the home of Mrs. Silas Lewis on Friday last.

Mrs. Vilesca Fenton was a pleasant caller at J. O. Potter's and Silas Lewis' during her stay in the place.

C. O. D.

Two million Americans suffer the torturing pangs of dyspepsia. No need to. Burdock Blood Bitters cures. At any drug store.

JASPER.

Court set at Jasper March 31st. Several hard cases on hand.

E. Austin is moving back to his former home in Troupsburg. P. Williams takes his place on the M. Timerman farm.

Frank Boyd of Boyd Corners was in town Saturday.

Billy O'Conners was seen on our streets Saturday.

Leverett Simpson, Esq., of Canisteo, a former Jasper boy, was counsel for plaintiffs on Adams vs. Houghtaling suit Saturday.

Otis Hulbert has taken the sugar bush of George. S. Dennis' to work on shares.

Fred Vanorsdale has moved to the C. V. House farm.

Charles Sutton of Woodhull moved to the George Dennis farm and has engaged to work for Mr. Dennis.

Ross Dennis is in Elmira for a few days.

M. B. Campbell is hauling his hay to Greenwood.

Miss Ora Dennis arrived home on Saturday and will remain a week.

Seymour Dennis is failing very fast.

W. B. Miller and Marcus Milligan hauled about 600 logs on the new mill site on the Halt farm.

J. D. Dennis has moved on the farm recently bought of Coston & Kellogg.

George Dennis has a very sick horse which is being treated by Dell Putman.

Ralph Hale and wife and Abijah Potter were guests of Wm. Hale on Sunday.

A breakdown in the mill on the G. Dennis job has caused much delay in sawing and the delivering of lumber.

Mrs. Perry, who recently moved from Michigan to Jasper, met with a very sad accident while attempting to kindle a fire. Her clothing became ignited and she was so badly burned that she died Tuesday morning. The sympathy of the community is with the bereaved husband.

The young people are getting ready for Easter. A great program is expected by all.

Ralph Lewis was home over Sunday.

Margaret Anderson is visiting friends in Genesee Forks this week.

Miss Rose Lewis and Ross Bennett visited the former's parents, Sunday.

The Best Remedy for Rheumatism.

QUICK RELIEF FROM PAIN.

All who use Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism are delighted with the quick relief from pain which it affords. When speaking of it, Mr. H. N. Stokes of Troy, Ohio, says: "One time I had a severe attack of rheumatism in my arm and shoulder. I tried numerous remedies, but got no relief until I was recommended by Messrs. Geo. Parsons & Co., druggists of this place, to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm. They recommended it to me as that it could, a bottle of it was soon rub of all pain. I have since recommended it to many of my friends, and agree with me that it is the best remedy for muscular rheumatism in the market." For sale by Benedict & Van Noy, Andover, and N. E. Coston, Greenwood.

To Repair Broken Articles use

Major's Cement

Remember MAJOR'S RUBBER CEMENT, MAJOR'S LEATHER CEMENT.

G. W. SMITH & CO.'S.

A Testimonial from Old England.

"I consider Chamberlain's Cough Remedy the best in the world for bronchitis," says Wm. Savory, of Warrington, England. "It has saved my wife's life, she having been a martyr to bronchitis for over six years, being most of the time confined to her bed. She is now quite well. Sold by Benedict & Van Noy, Andover, and N. E. Coston, Greenwood.

Good horse for sale. 7 years old. Inquire of John Wright, Greenwood, N. Y. 3w30-32

WANTED—Honest man or woman to travel for large business; salary $85 monthly and expenses, with increase, position permanent; inclose self-addressed stamped envelope. MANAGER, 330 Caxton building, Chicago.

ELM VALLEY.

Mr. Stebbins of Almond was in this place Friday and Saturday on business, stopping with A. E. Beebe.

Miss Ruby Sherman of Whitesville passed a week here with relatives.

Eugene Hann has been visiting in Hatchville, Pa.

Wesley Osborn and wife were visiting at G. M. Webster's, Greenwood, last Friday.

Loring Cole was home for a few days last week.

Will Yeager of Hatchville, Pa., passed last Sunday with Wess. Osborn's family.

E. R. Leonard is confined to the house caused by injuries received from his stock, while choring at the barn.

Mrs. A. J. Cole and daughter have returned home, after two weeks visit with her parents in Andover, Mr. and Mrs. J. Cook.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE's signature is on each box. 25c.

SAUNDERS.

We are glad to see good weather again.

Arthur Cooper of Andover is working for Joshua Saunders.

Last week Mrs. John Wilson slipped and fell on the stove, burning her hand very badly.

Mrs. David Smith, who has been quite ill, is about the house again.

George Carr died at his home Friday night. Funeral at Northfork Sunday at one o'clock.

C. B. Brown is visiting his sister, Mrs. Joshua Saunders.

Edith A. Howard is staying at Rev. John Wilson's at present.

Boys, when you go to see the girls, why not go a little earlier so you won't have to wake the neighbors up to inquire if they are at home?

Mary Lewis is home again.

Bert Saxton and wife, Rev. Wilson and wife and Mrs. J. Saunders visited D. D. Smith one day last week.

WANTED—Several persons for District Office Managers in this state to represent in their own and surrounding counties. Will pay early $600, payable weekly. Desirable employment with unusual opportunities. References exchanged. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. S. A. Park, 320 Caxton build'g, Chicago.

YOU will find that the best

PERFUMES,

STAVONERY,

CONFECTIONERY,

DRUGS,

GROCERIES, &c, &c.

Can always be found at

G. W. SMITH & CO.'S.

Nerves Unstrung.

Weak Stomach: Pain in the Chest; Sleepless, Nervous, Irritable; all run Down. Cured by

Dr. Miles' Nervine.

Nearly every disease is the sign of poverty, either of the blood or of the nerves. When the brain cells and nervous tissues are used faster than they are repaired, not only the brain and nerves, but every vital organ of the body cries out for help. Headaches, neuralgia, heart-disease, nervous dyspepsia and liver and kidney troubles run rampant in the helpless system, destroying whatever strength remains until at last the break-down comes and then—

Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine is doing a world of good for such weak, nervous people, whose brain and body are overtaxed, but who may yet be saved from a state of indescribable wretchedness, and restored to lives of happiness and industry. By soothing and strengthening the secretive glands of the digestive organs it facilitates digestion and assimilation, while the nervous system is rapidly built up again and put to work without confusion, thus bringing all the important organs into harmony and restoring perfect health.

"About seven years ago I was all run down with nervousness and heart trouble and was so bad that I had to give up work. I was nervous, sleepless and irritable all the time and although several doctors treated me I did not improve any under their care. Hearing Dr. Miles' Nervine well spoken of for such troubles I commenced using it and grew better from the start. When I had used three bottles I felt that I was cured; but I still keep a bottle of the Nervine on hand, and when I am unusually tired or nervous I take a dose and am all right again. I took Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills along with the Nervine and found them the best Liver Pills on the market." ALBERT CRANE, Newark, Ohio.

Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold at all drug stores on a positive guarantee. Write for free advice and booklet to

DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

Farmers Attention.

This being about the season to begin to repair fences, on and after April 1st next, we will sell you 100 pounds of Nails to build and repair fences for $1.50. We are independent of the nail trust and are willing to give you the benefit. Also have a complete line of Hardware, Tinware, Stoves and Ranges.

We are Headquarters for Timothy and Clover Seed.

SHAW & PLAISTED,

GREENWOOD, N. Y.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series for April 8, 1900. Christ's Precepts and Promises.

[Prepared by H. C. Leuington.]

TEXT OF LESSON (Matthew 7:1-14).

1. Judge not, that ye be not judged.
2. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.
3. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considereest not the beam that is in thine own eye?
4. Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye?
5. Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.
6. Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you.
7. Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.
8. For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.
9. Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?
10. Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent?
11. If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in Heaven give good things to them that ask him?
12. Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets.
13. Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat:
14. Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.—Matt. 7:12.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

With this lesson we conclude the study of the sermon on the mount. Therefore verses 24-27 should be taken in connection with the text. They close the sermon and very graphically describe the two types of men in the world. Those who found their lives on the principles laid down by Jesus will abide, those who refuse the words of eternal life will come to the close of life empty, having built according to the figure of the Master, a house on the sand, or by a like figure much in common use, only a house of cards. The lesson analysis will follow the text:

The Passing of Judgment.....vs. 1- 5
Concerning Prayer.....vs. 7-11
The Golden Rule.....vs. 12
Entrance to the Kingdom.....vs. 13-14

The Passing of Judgment.—In this passage Jesus lays down very clearly the rule of conduct regarding censorious judgments. In life we have to judge our fellows and acquaintances. Only by passing a mental judgment can we deal fairly and honorably, protect our own interests and rights, which is due to those about us. But Jesus warns us against censoriousness.

And concerning censorious judgment Jesus lays down four declarations: (1) We will be judged by the same standard that we judge others. This is just, for if we maliciously, or ignorantly and unnecessarily, misrepresent another's character, no judgment can be too hard for us. Another thing: We cannot see all around the affairs of this life, and in the majority of cases ill-judgment is uncalled for, therefore we should temper with mercy whatever estimates of another's character we must make. A third reason presents itself against censorious judgment, and establishes the declaration of Christ, and it is found in the constitution of the human mind. It is that it is the tendency to judge another by oneself. Therefore by judging another a man does little more than reveal his own weakness of character, besides, of course, the harm that is done that other's reputation. David says (Psalm 1:20) "Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such as thyself; but I will reprove thee, and set them in order before thee." Where love is there is no toil.—H. S. Bernard.

True life is righteousness, love, joyy, peace. It is out of doors and in intellectual and spiritual sunshine. It is never among the dissonances of nature nor the jar of affairs.—Eli Fay.

Right living in the fullest sense of the word, the spirit of love to God and man, carried into every relation of life, brings the soul into such a state that it is sensitive to moral truth, and appreciates it as by instinct.—G. S. Merriam.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF COD-LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES

should always be kept in the house for the following reasons:

FIRST—Because, if any member of the family has a hard cold, it will cure it.

SECOND—Because, if the children are delicate and sickly, it will make them strong and well.

THIRD—Because, if the father or mother is losing flesh and becoming thin and emaciated, it will build them up and give them flesh and strength.

FOURTH—Because it is the standard remedy in all throat and lung affections.

No household should be without it. It can be taken in summer as well as in winter.

50c. and $1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

A BIG BARGAIN

Cut this out and return with $1.00 (money order or currency) and we will order the following "Family Combination" sent prepaid.

N. Y. WEEKLY TRIBUNE, 1 YR.
THE GENTLEWOMAN, 1 YR.
NATIONAL ILLUSTD MAGAZINE, 1 YR.
AMERICAN POULTRY ADVOCATE, 1 YR.
HAPPY HOURS FAMILY MAGAZE, 1 YR.
VERMONT FARM JOURNAL, 1 YEAR.

Our Price $1. Regular Cost $4.

This combination fills a family need. We will substitute the Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean, Toledo Weekly Blade, Kansas City Weekly Star, Denver Weekly Times, Twice-a-Week Louisville Courier-Journal, San Francisco Weekly Post, or Montreal Weekly Gazette in place of the N. Y. Tribune if desired, but no other changes are allowed. Clubbing list for a stamp.

O. H. JONES, Room 508,
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CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS

Beware of Counterfeits. Refuse Substitutes.

Safe. Always reliable. Ladies, ask Druggist for CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutions and imitations. Buy of your Druggist, or send 4c. in stamps for Particulars, Testimonials, and "Relief for Ladies," in letter by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Sold by Druggists.

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Notice to Creditors.

IN pursuance of an order made by Hon. S. M. Norton, Allegany County Judge, on the 5th day of January, 1900, notice is hereby given to all creditors and persons having claims against the estate of Uriah Davis, deceased, late of the town of Andover, county of Allegany, state of New York, that they are required to present their claims with the vouchers thereof duly verified, to the subscriber, at the office of Van Fleet & Phillips, in the village of Andover, county of Allegany, and state of New York, on or before the 22 day of July, 1900.

Dated Andover, N. Y., January 6, 1900.

LEWIS E. DAVIS, Administrator.
VAN FLEET & PHILLIPS,
Attorneys for Administrator.

GRAY'S 25c. BALSAM

DOES NOT DRY UP A COUGH but loosens it, soothes the scratchy throat, and heals. Especially is it the best known remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Croup and Throat and Lung troubles generally. Sold by all dealers.

CHRIST THE THEME.

He Brings Happiness Into Every Life That He Enters.

All Nature Sings His Praises, Says Dr. Talmage—Hymns Heard in Infancy Have a Strong Influence in After Life.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.]

Washington, April 1.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows how Christ brings harmony and melody into every life that He enters; text, Psalms, 118:14: "The Lord is my strength and song."

The most fascinating theme for a heart properly attuned is the Saviour. There is something in the morning light to suggest Him and something in the evening shadow to speak His praise. The flower breathes Him, the stars shine Him, the cascades proclaim Him, all the voices of nature chant Him. Whatever is grand, bright and beautiful, if you only listen to it, will speak His praise. So when in the summer time I pluck a flower I think of Him who is "the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley." When I see in the fields a lamb, I say: "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." When in very hot weather I come under a projecting cliff, I say:

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

Over the old-fashioned pulpits there was a sounding board. The voice of the minister rose to the sounding board and then was struck back again upon the ears of the people. And so the 10,000 voices of earth rising up find the heavens a sounding board which strikes back to the ear of all nations the praises of Christ. The heavens tell His glory and the earth shows His handiwork. The Bible thrills with one great story of redemption. Upon a blasted and faded paradise it poured a light of glorious restoration. It looked upon Abraham from the ram caught in the thicket. It spoke in the bleating of the herds driven down to Jerusalem for sacrifice. It put infinite pathos into the speech of uncouth fishermen.

Instead of waiting until you get sick and worn out before you sing the praise of Christ, while your heart is happiest and your step is lightest and your fortunes smile and your way blossoms and the overarching heavens drop upon you their benediction, speak the praises of Jesus.

The old Greek orators, when they saw their audience growing inattentive and slumbering, had one word with which they would rouse them up to the greatest enthusiasm. In the midst of their orations they would stop and cry out: "Marathon!" and the people's enthusiasm would be unbounded. My hearers, though you may have been borne down with sin, and though trouble and trials and temptation may have come upon you, and you feel to-day hardly like looking up, methinks there is one grand, royal, imperial word that ought to rouse your soul to the rejoicing, and that word is "Jesus."

Taking the suggestion of the text, I shall speak to you of Christ our Song. I remark, in the first place, that Christ ought to be the chief song. What our mothers sang to us when they put us to sleep is singing yet. We may have forgotten the words; but they went into the fiber of our soul and they will be a part of it. It is not so much what you formally teach your children as what you sing to them. A hymn has wings and can fly everywhere. One hundred and fifty years ago there died a dead and "Old Mortality" has worn out his chisel recutting your name on the tombstone, your great-grandchildren will be singing the song which last night you sang to your little ones gathered about your knee. There is a place in Switzerland where, if you distinctly utter your voice, there come back ten or 15 distinct echoes, and every Christian song sung by a mother in the ear of her child shall have 10,000 echoes coming back from all the gates of Heaven. Oh, if mothers only knew the power of this sacred spell, how much oftener the little ones would be gathered, and all our homes would chime with the songs of Jesus!

We want some counteracting influence upon our children. The very moment our child steps into the street he steps into the path of temptation. There are foul mouthed children who would like to bespoil your little ones. It will not do to keep your boys and girls in the house and make them house plants. They must have fresh air and recreation. God save your children from the scathing, blasting, damning influence of the street! I know of no counteracting influence but the power of Christian culture and example. Hold before your little ones the pure life of Jesus. Let that name be the word that shall exercise evil from their hearts. Give to your instruction all the fascination of music morning, noon and night. Let it be Jesus, the cradle song. This is important, if your children grow up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the dwelling, and the youthful pulse will begin to flutter, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pinch at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the nursery will be empty, and the world will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No quick following from room to room. No tiptoe and wondering questions. No upturned face with laughing blue eyes come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white blossoms on the top of it and bitter desolation and a sighing at nightfall with no one to put to bed. The Heavenly Shepherd will take that lamb safely unto Himself, where you have been faithful or unfaithful, but you will not have been pleasanter if you could have heard from those lips the praises of Christ? I never read anything more beautiful than this about a child's departure: The account said: "She folded her hands, kissed her mother good by, sang her hymn, turned her face to the wall, said her little prayer and then died."

Oh, if I could gather up in one paragraph the last words of the little ones who have gone out from these Christian circles, and I could picture the calm looks and the folded hands and sweet departure, methinks it would be grand and beautiful as one of Heaven's great doxologies! In my parish in Philadelphia a little child was departing. She had been sick all her days and a cripple. It was noonday when she went, and, as the shadow of death gathered on her eyelid she thought it was evening and time to go to bed, and so she said: "Good night, papa! Good night, mamma!" and then she was gone! It was a "good-night" to pain and "good-night" to tears and "good-night" to death and "good-night" to earth, but it was "good-morning" to Jesus — it was "good-morning" to Heaven. I can think of no cradle song more beautiful than Jesus.

I next speak of Christ as the old man's song. Quick music loses its charm for the aged ear. The school-girl asks for a schottish or a glee, but her grandmother asks for a "Italerma" or the "Portuguese Hymn." Fifty years of trouble have tamed the spirit, and the keys of the music board must have a solemn tread. Though the voice may be tremulous, so that grandfather will not trust it in church, still he has the psalm book open before him, and he sings with his soul. He hums his grandchild asleep with the same tune he sang 40 years ago in the old country meeting house. Some day the choir sings a tune so old that the young people do not know it, but it starts the tears down the cheeks of the aged man, for it reminds him of the revival scene in which he participated and of the radiant faces that long since went to dust and of the gray-haired minister leaning over the pulpit and sounding the good tidings of great joy.

I speak to you again of Jesus as the night song. Job speaks of him who giveth songs in the night. John Welch, the old Scotch minister, used to put a plaid across his bed at cold nights, and some one asked him why he put that there. He said: "Oh, sometimes in the night I want to sing the praise of Jesus and to get down and pray. Then I just take that plaid and wrap it around me to keep myself from the cold." Songs in the night! Night of trouble has come down upon many of you. Commercial losses put out one star, slanderous abuse puts out another star, domestic bereavement has put out 1,000 lights, and gloom has been added to gloom and chill to chill and sting to sting. And midnight has seemed to come darker row the fold from another midnight to wrap itself in more unbearable darkness, but Christ has spoken peace to your heart, and you sing:

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour! Hide
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last.

Songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the sick, who have no one to turn the hot pillow, no one to put the taper on the stand, no one to put ice on the temples or pour out the soothing anodyne or utter one cheerful word. Yet songs in the night! For the poor, who freeze in the winter's cold and swelter in the summer's heat and munch the hard crusts that bleed the sore gums and shiver under blankets that cannot be mended or be patched and tremble because rent day is come and they may be set out on the sidewalk and looking into the starved face of the child and seeing famine there and death there, coming home from the bakery and saying in the presence of the little famished ones: "Oh, my God, flour has gone up!" Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the widow who goes to get the back pay of her husband, slain by the "sharpshooters," and knows it is the last help she will have, moving out of a comfortable home in desolation, death turning back from the exhausting cough and the pale cheek and the lusterless eye and refusing all relief. Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the soldier in the field hospital, no surgeon to bind up the gunshot fracture, no water for the hot lips, no kind hand to brush away the flies from the fresh wound, no one to take the loving farewell, the groaning of others poured into his own groans, the blasphemy of others plowing at his every spirit, the condemnation of dying away from home and friends, and yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! "Ah!" said one dying soldier, "tell my mother that last night there was not one cloud between my soul and Jesus!" Songs in the night! Songs in the night!

"The Sabbath day came. From the altars of 10,000 churches has smoked up the incense of sacrifice. Ministers of the gospel preached in plain English, in broad Scotch, in flowing Italian, in harsh Choctaw. God's people assembled in Hindoo temple and Moravian church and Quaker meeting house and school house and log cabin chapel and high-towered cathedral. They sang, and the song floated off amid the spice groves or struck the icebergs or floated off into the western pines or was drowned in the clamor of the great cities. Lumbermen sang it and the factory girls and the children in the Sabbath class and the trained choirs in great assemblages. Trappers with the same voice with which they shouted yesterday in the stag hunt, and mariners with throats that only a few days ago sounded in the hoarse blast of the sea hurricane, they sang it. One theme for the sermons. One burden for the song. Jesus for the invocation. Jesus for the Scripture lesson. Jesus for the baptismal font. Jesus for the sacramental cup. Jesus for the benediction. But the day has gone. It rolled away on swift wheels of light and love. Again the churches are lighted. Tides of people again setting toward the sanctuary. Whole families coming up the church aisle. We must have one more service. What shall we preach? What shall we read? Let it be Jesus, everybody says; let it be Jesus. We must have one more song. What shall it be, children? Aged men and women, what shall it be? Young men and maidens, what shall it be? If you dared to break the silence of the sanctuary, there would come up thousands of quick and jubilant voices, crying out, "Let it be Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!"

We sing His birth—the barn that sheltered Him, the mother that nursed Him, the cattle that fed beside Him, the angels that woke up the shepherds, shaking light over the midnight hills. We sing His ministry—the tears He wiped away from the eyes of the orphans, the lame men that forgot their crutches, the damsel who from the bier bounded out into the sunlight, her locks shaking down over the flushed cheek, the hungry thousands who broke their bread as it blossomed into larger loaves—that miracle by which a boy with five loaves and two fishes become the outer of a whole army. We sing His sorrows—His stone-bruised feet, His aching heart, His mountain loneliness, His desert hunger, His storm-pelted body, the eternity of anguish that shot through His last moments, and the immeasurable ocean of torment that heaved up against His cross in one foaming, wrathful, omnipotent surge, the sun dashed out, and the dead, shroud wrapped, breaking open their sepulchers and rushing out to see what was the matter. We sing His resurrection—the guard that could not keep Him, the sorrow of His disciples, the clouds piling up on either side in pillared splendors as He went through, treading the pathless air, higher and higher, until He came to the foot of the throne, and all heaven kept jubilee at the return of the conqueror. Oh, is there any song more appropriate for a Sabbath night than this song of Jesus? Let the passenger by the railway hear it, let the angels of God carry it amidst the thrones. Sound it out through the darkness: Jesus, the night song, appropriate for any hour, but especially sweet and beautiful and blessed on a Sabbath night.

A Christian woman, the wife of a minister of the Gospel, was dying in the parsonage near the old church, where on Saturday night the choir used to assemble and rehearse for the following Sabbath, and she said: "How strangely sweet the choir rehearses to-night. They have been rehearsing there for an hour." "No," said some one about her, "the choir is not rehearsing to-night." "Yes," she said, "I know they are. I hear them singing. How very sweetly they sing!" Now, it was not a choir of earth that she heard, but the choir of Heaven. I think that Jesus sometimes sets ajar the door of Heaven, and a passage of that rapture greets our ears. The minstrels of Heaven strike such a tremendous strain the walls of jasper cannot hold it.

I wonder—and this is a question I have been asking myself all the service—will you sing that song? Will I sing it? Not unless our sins are pardoned and we learn now to sing the praise of Christ will we ever sing it there. The first great concert that I ever attended was in New York when Jullien in the Crystal palace stood before hundreds of singers and hundreds of players upon instruments. Some of you may remember that occasion. It was the first one of the kind at which I was present, and I shall never forget it. I saw that one man standing and with the hand and foot wield that great harmony, beating the time. It was to me overwhelming. But, oh, the grander scene I shall witness when I see my Leader, the conductor of the great harmonic band, and when I see the vast choir, the sopranos of dying sway from home and strange lands, the songs in the night! Songs in the night! "Ah!" said one dying soldier, "tell my mother that last night there was not one cloud between my soul and Jesus!" Songs in the night! Songs in the night!

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