

HOW IT HAPPENED.



HEN GEORGE WASHINGTON was a He didn't have no Fourth July, Er didn't get it... I'll just bet that's why He cut down that cherry tree— Didn't have nuthin' else to do. Now just 'agine George was An' Fourth July come roun'— Not a firecracker in the town, Er a church bell you could ring, Er anything! Couldn't even light an' blow a cūnk Or punk. Er stick a 'Nited States flag Up on a pole, er brag 'Bout 'freedom's banner,' like the men; 'Cause they wasn't no 'Nited States Er flag er nuthin', then. You know how a feller hates To just set down Chawin' grass. Er diggin' his big toe in the ground, 'Less they's some one else to pass The time away. Well, that was why George Wash'ton one day Got mad an' said he'd have some fun Er know the reason why, fer one. So he got the 'M'issis boys an' two Er three other fellows that he knew An' they went roun' just raisin' Ned— To make a Fourth July, they said— An' had a de'clar'ion independence wrote So's ever'body'd have a vote. An' they shot off ever'thing an' went An' made George Wash'ton president; An' since then ever' boy an' man Just has all the fun he can On Fourth July, bekuz George Wash'ton said it should have wa'

How Bob Missed His Fourth of July

REAT was the excitement, for it was the night before the glorious Fourth. Bob had prepared everything for a grand time. For months before he had been saving up his pennies, and with these his papa had bought all sorts of things that little boys like; things that go bang when you touch a light to them. First there were fire-crackers of all sizes, of course, for a Fourth of July without fire-crackers would be like a Thanksgiving Day with no turkey or a Christmas Day with no Santa Claus; then there were torpedoes all done up in beautiful tinfoil, while for the evening he had pinwheels and sky rockets, full of beautiful stars, and roman candles, with five balls in them, all different colors, and—oh! I can't tell all the rest for the list would fill a whole page.

Suddenly a big ten-cent cracker with two pig tails, the biggest in the box, cried out: "Be quiet, all of you." The little crackers trembled and made faces at him behind his back, but they stopped talking to hear what he had to say. When all was quiet the ten-cent cracker said haughtily: "I want you all to understand that I'm king here. I'm the biggest and I can make the most noise." "He thinks he's a lot," whispered the skyrocket to his neighbor, "just because he came from China." "Did anyone speak?" said the big fellow, rolling over to where the skyrocket lay trembling. The little crackers giggled and winked at each other. Then a roman candle spoke up: "You needn't be so proud," he said, "you go off with a bang and then you are dead." "Well, I make more noise than any of you when I go off," he retorted. "Yes, but you are not pretty, like I am," continued the candle. "When I go off beautiful sparks come out of my mouth and then balls of all different colors. Even after I have been used I am beautiful, for I have a fine pink jacket and the boys find me useful." By this time the skyrocket had plucked up his courage.

Flizz-boom-z-z-zizz-z! Crackety - flizz-bang!

The crackers cracked and the roman candle went off and the pinwheel spun around, making an awful racket that roused every one in the house. Bob woke up, hearing the noise, and ran down stairs, thinking the Fourth had come. When he got down he found his papa



HOME FOR THE FOURTH.

standing by the box that had held the fire-crackers, with an empty pail in his hand. "What's the matter?" asked the little boy, rubbing his eyes. "Why," said his papa, "you left a lighted piece of punk in the box and your fireworks celebrated all by themselves."—Elwood Fraser, in the Brooklyn Eagle.



The Fourth in 1832.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale has said that of all Fourths of July in Boston that of 1832 left the deepest mark in the history of the century. He said he had spent his last cent and bought medals, drunk root beer, eaten oysters and other things, and was slowly returning home when at Park Street Church he saw a procession of children entering. They were Sunday-school children. It was then and there

Their Quiet "Fourth."

A Case of Being Next to Killed With Kindness.

HOSE of us who are still alive, "clothed and in right mind," will no doubt take pleasure in considering some who are a trifle less fortunate. There was one couple in particular, nice people, who detest noise, especially when they don't help make it themselves. They had a wretched time last year, and naturally decided that this year's experience should be another story.



MAKING READY FOR THE TRIP.

There comes a dark Sabbath morning. The pastor looks out of the window and sees the clouds gather and then discharge their burdens of rain. Instead of a full church it will be a handful of people with dripping umbrellas at the doorway or in the end of the pew. The pastor has prepared one of his best sermons. It has cost him great research, and he has been much in prayer while preparing it. He puts the sermon on a table for a clear day and talks platitudes and goes home quite depressed, but at the same time feeling that he has done his duty. He did not realize that in that audience there were at least two persons who ought to have had better treatment. One of those hearers was a man in crisis of struggle with evil appetite. A carefully prepared discourse under the divine blessing would have been to him complete victory. The fires of sin would have been extinguished, and his keen and brilliant mind would have been directed at the gospel ministry, and he would have been a mighty evangelist, and tens of thousands of souls would have under the spell of his Christian eloquence given up sin and started a new life, and through all the heavens there would have been congratulation and hosanna, and after many ages of eternity had passed there would be celebration among the ransomed of what was accomplished one stormy Sunday in a church on earth under a mighty gospel sermon delivered to fifteen or twenty people. But the crisis I speak of was not properly met. The man in struggle with evil habit heard that stormy day no word that moved him. He went out in the rain uninvited and unhelped back to his evil way and won to his overthrow. Had it been a sunshiny Sabbath he would have heard something worth hearing. But the wind blew from a stormy direction that Sabbath day. That gospel husbandman noticed it and acted upon its suggestion and may discover some day his great mistake. He had a sackful of the finest of wheat, but he withheld it, and some day he will find when the whole story is told, that he was a vivid illustration of the truth of my text, "He that observeth the wind shall not sow."

PROMPTNESS.

Dr. Talmage Talks About the Benefits of Having to Struggle Hard for a Living.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—From a passage of Scripture unobserved by most readers Dr. Talmage in this discourse shows the importance of prompt action in anything we have to do for ourselves or others; text, Ecclesiasticus 11, 4, "He that observeth the wind shall not sow."

What do you find in this packed sentence of Solomon's monologue? I find in it a farmer at his front door examining the weather. It is seedtime. His fields have been plowed and harrowed. The wheat is in the barn in sacks, ready to be taken afield and scattered. Now is the time to sow. But the wind is not favorable. It may blow up a storm before night, and he may get wet if he starts out for the sowing. Or it may be a long storm that will wash out the seed from the soil. Or there may have been a long drought, and the wind may continue to blow dry weather. The parched fields may not take it up, and the laborer will have been wasted. So he gives up the work for that day and goes back into the house and waits to see what will be on the morrow. The wind is still blowing in the wrong direction, and for a week, and for a month. Did you ever see such a long spell of bad weather? The lethargic and overcautious and dilatory agriculturist allows the season to pass without sowing, and no sowing, of course, without harvest. That is what Solomon means when he says in my text, "He that observeth the wind shall not sow."

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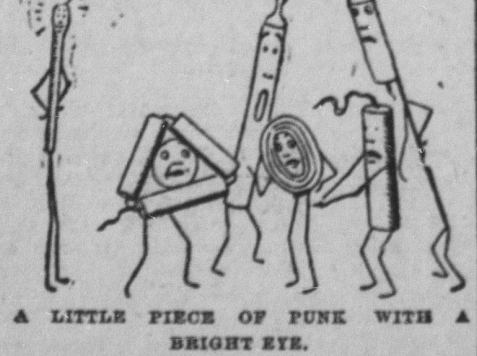


Celebrating Independence Day in New England, a Hundred Years Ago

All these beautiful things came home in a big box, in an express wagon, and when Bob saw them he danced with joy. What a fine time he would have! And how Johnny Marsh next door would envy him when he saw the things. Bob could scarcely wait for the sun to rise. He lit a piece of punk and wanted to begin to shoot crackers right away. But his papa said "No." He had better wait, or he would have nothing left for the next day. So Bob put the box out in the yard and dropped beside it his piece of punk.

"None of you are like I am," he said, timidly. "I have a lovely pointed hat, and I go sailing up to the clouds among the stars, and when I explode the people all shout 'Ah-h-h-h'!" "Pooh! You've only got one leg," said a pinwheel, who had lain hidden in a corner, "and you have to be held up with a stick; beside, you come right down again."

That the hymn, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," was sung, the first time it had ever been sung in public. Happy fate that this hymn of the nation was consecrated on the national birthday!—Saturday Evening Post.



A LITTLE PIECE OF PUNK WITH A BRIGHT EYE.

and before 8 o'clock he was in his snug little cot dreaming of the great day and the big celebration he would have. No sooner was the little boy asleep than a strange thing happened. The fireworks were not packed tight, and if Bob had been near by he would have heard strange noises come out of the box that would have surprised him. Such a commotion! All the fire-crackers and fireworks were trying to talk at once, each saying that he was the most beautiful. No one seemed to listen to what the others said. Even the little baby fire-crackers were red in the face from talking and were quite out of breath.

"Well, it's a very useful stick," exclaimed the rocket. "It's good to make kites with and when kites go up they stay up for a long time. What are you good for? They nail you to a tree and you sputter for a few moments and then you are all dead."

This generation of New Yorkers have no conception of the respect, veneration and joy that their predecessors of the first seventy years of Fourth of July paid to that day. Many New Yorkers learn of it for the first time from the bronze tablet to be read on the Mayorality side of the City Hall, placed there by the Sons of the Revolution in commemoration of the first reading of the Declaration in the park.



A Celebrated Case.

"Willie," asked the teacher, "how many days are there in a year?" "Three hundred and sixty-five and a fourth," promptly answered Willie. "How can there be a fourth of a day?" asked the teacher. "Why," replied Willie, "that's the Fourth of July."—Catholic Telegraph.

There was another person in that stormy Sunday audience that deserved something better from that pastor than extemporized nothingness. It was a woman who was half awakened to a sense of responsibility in regard to her household. She had begun to question herself as to whether it would not be better to introduce into her home a religion that would decide aright the destiny of her sons and daughters. Her home had so far been controlled only by worldly principles. She had dared the riot of the elements that morning and had found her way to church, hoping to hear something that would help her to decide the domestic question which was to her a solicitude. A good, strong sermon under the divine blessing would have led her into the kingdom of God and afterward her whole family. The children, whether they became farmers or mechanics or merchants or artists or men of learned profession or women of the head of households, would have done their work in a Christian way, and after lives of usefulness on earth would have taken thrones in heaven. It would have been a whole family saved for time and saved for eternity. But the pastor had adjourned the strong and effective discourse to a clear Sunday. The mother went home chilled in body, mind and soul and concluded not to trouble herself or her household about the future, and to let to-morrow take care of itself and keep on doing as they had been doing. No formation of thorough Christian character in the lives of those growing up boys and girls. They will go out into the world to meet its vicissitudes without any sublime re-enforcement of the gospel. What a pity it was that he did not put down the man-agement of his well prepared sermon on the Bible if he preached from notes or pour it out of his soul if he had lodged it there through careful preparation! No. He alighted at that opportunity, which could never return, to pass into eternity unimproved. He observed by the way the rain dashed against the windows of the parsonage and the windows of the church that the wind was from the east or the northeast, and he did not sow or seed that which was not worth sowing.



A COUNTRY CELEBRATION.

were reminded of all you did for us on that last visit of ours we just decided this Fourth shouldn't go uncelebrated here, even if we do live in the backwoods. This is, nothing, it's going to be great to-night!" And with that he went to teaching a small visitor how to apply punk where it would do the most good. When our disgusted visitors returned to the city, a sadder if not particularly wiser pair, their friends took unnecessary trouble to tell them that it was "an unusually quiet Fourth" in town. —Philadelphia Record.



A Fine Idea.

"The cat had daily grown for punk! Or little boys like you. But wouldn't it be splendid now! If firecrackers grow!"

willing to defy what the world should think or say or do. But there have been men and women of that kind. They stand all up and down the corridors of history, examples for us to follow. Charles Sumner in the United States Senate, Alexander H. Stephens in Georgia convention, Savonarola staking his life in time of persecution, Martin Luther fighting the battle for religious freedom against the mightiest anathemas that were ever hurled, William Carey leading the missionary movement to save a heathen world while churches denounced him as a fanatic and with attempting an impossibility. Jenner, the hero of medicine, caricatured for his attempt by vaccination to beat back the worst disease that smote the nations. They who watch the wind of public opinion will not sow. It is an uncertain indication, and is apt to blow the wrong way.

"Let us have war with England, if needs be," said the most of the people of our Northern States in 1861, when Mason and Slidell, the distinguished Southern envoys, had been taken by our navy from the British steamer Trent, and the English Government resented the act of our Government in stopping one of their ships. "Give up those prisoners," said Great Britain. "No," said the almost unanimous opinion of the North, "do not give them up. Let us have war with England rather than surrender them." Then William H. Seward, Secretary of State, faced one of the fiercest storms of public opinion ever seen in this or any other country. Seeing that the retention of these two men was of no importance to our country and that their retention would put Great Britain and the United States into immediate conflict, said, "We give them up." They were given up, and through the resistance of popular clamor by that one man a world-wide calamity was averted.

How many there are who give too much time to watching the weather vane and studying the barometer! Make up your mind what you are going to do and then go ahead and do it. There always will be hindrances. It is a moral disaster if you allow prudence to overmaster all the other graces. The Bible makes more of courage and faith and perseverance than it does of caution. It is a moral disaster if the great ocean steamers fail to sail at the appointed time because of the storm signals. Let the weather bureau prophecy "worse weather" or cyclone, or storm, on Wednesday, next Thursday, next Saturday the steamers will put out from New York and Philadelphia and Boston harbors and will reach Liverpool and Southampton and Glasgow and other ports of arrival as certain as their embarkation. They cannot afford to consult the wind, nor can you in your life voyage.

Young men, you have planned what you are going to be and do in the world, but you are waiting for circumstances to become more favorable. You are, like the farmer in the text, observing the wind. Better start now. Obstacles will help you if you conquer them. Cut your way through. Peter Cooper, the millionaire philanthropist, who will bless all succeeding centuries with the institution he founded, worked five or six years in a mill and his board, Henry Wilson, the Christian statesman who commanded the United States Senate with the gavel of the Vice-Presidency, wrote of his early days: "Want sat by my cradle, and when it is to ask a mother for bread when she has none to give. I left my home at ten years of age and served an apprenticeship of eleven years, receiving a month's schooling each year and at the end of seven years of hard work a yoke of oxen and six sheep, which brought me \$84. In the first month after I was twenty-one years of age I went into the woods, drove a team and cut mill logs. I worked hard till after dark, and received the magnificent sum of \$8 for the month's work. Each of these dollars I laid aside to me as the moon looks to-night." Wonderful Henry Wilson! But that was not his original name. He changed his name because he did not want on him the blight of a drunken father. At the President stood in my pulpit in Brooklyn, making the last address he ever made and commended the religion of Christ to the young men of that city. I thought to myself, "You yourself are the sublime spectacle I ever saw of victory over obstacles." For thirty years the wind blew the wrong way, yet he did not observe the wind, but kept right on sowing.

Just call over the names of the men and women who have done most for our poor old world, and you will call the names of those who had mobs after them. They were shunned by the elite, but were cartooned by the satirists; they lived on food which you and I would not throw to a kennel.

Many of us who are now preachers of the gospel, or medical practitioners, or members of the bar, or merchants, or citizens in various kind of business had very poor opportunity at the start because we had it too easy—far too easy. It were proper to do so, and you should stand in any board of bank directors, in any board of trade, in any Legislature, State or national, and ask all who were brought up in luxury and ease, their hand, here and there a hand might be lifted, but ask all those who had an awful hard time at the start to lift their hands, and most of the hands would be lifted.

Columbus, by calculation, made up his mind that there must be a new hemisphere somewhere to balance the old hemisphere or it would be a lopsided world. And I have found out, not by calculation, but by observation, that there is a great success for you somewhere to balance your great struggle. Do not think your case is peculiar. The most favored have been periled. The most certain of success was the Duke of Wellington whilst his wife lay dead in the house.

But my subject takes another step. Through medical science, for example, the world's mastication, and stronger defense against climatic changes, and better understanding of the laws of health, human life has been greatly prolonged. But a century is a blink of an eye. How many people do you know a hundred years old? I do not know one. We talk of a century as though it were a very long reach of time. But what is one century on earth compared with centuries that we are to live somewhere, somewhere—ten centuries, a million centuries, a quintillion of centuries? We are all determined to get ready for the longer life we are to live after our exit from things subunary. We are waiting for more propitious opportunity. We have too much business to attend to now or too much pleasure to allow anything to interfere with its brilliant progress. We are waiting until the wind blows in the right direction. We are going to sow, and sow the very best grain, and we are going to raise an eternal harvest of happiness and riches. What you say about heaven, and we are going there, and at the right time we will get ready, but my lungs are sound, my digestion is good, the examining physician of the life insurance company says my heart beats just the right number of times a minute, and I am cautious about sitting in a draft, and I observe all the laws of hygiene, and my father and mother live to be very old, and I come of a long-lived family.

So we adjourn and postpone until, like the farmer suggested by my text, we wait the seedtime to pass and sudden pneumonia or a reckless bicycle or an ungoverned automobile puts us out of life with all its magnificent opportunities of deciding aright the question of everlasting residence. A Spanish proverb says, "The road of By and By leads to the town of Never." Whether in your life it is a south wind or a north wind, a west wind or an east wind that is now blowing, do you not feel like saying: "This whole subject I now decide. Lord God, through Thy Son Jesus Christ, my Saviour, grant me, I throw myself, reckless of everything else, into the faithless ocean of Thy mercy."