

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

T. E. HARTER, Editor and Prop'r. MIDDLEBURGH, PA., JUNE 15, 1896.

COLUMBIAN FAIR NEWS ITEMS

THE FAIR WAS OPEN SUNDAY.

THE GATES REMAINED UNDER A SUSPENSION OF THE CLOSING INJUNCTION BY CHIEF JUSTICE FULLER.

The Chicago "Record" says that Sunday's attendance at the World's Fair, as officially reported, was: Adults, 68,124; children, 3,640, total, 71,764.

Chief Justice Fuller on Saturday granted the suspensions asked by the World's Fair management, suspending the operation of the injunction closing the gates.

Considerable work was done in the Manufacturing Building, the drawing contest, the Japanese pavilion were barred and two guards stood outside.

The free band concerts began at 8 p. m. The program of sacred and popular selections was liberally approved.

THE INFANTA AT THE FAIR.

THE GREATEST CROWD SINCE THE OPENING OF THE EXPOSITION GREETED THE SPANISH PRINCESS.

Princess Euclalie and suite visited the World's Fair on Thursday. Thousands of people cheered the royal procession en route.

In the evening the Infanta viewed the special display of fireworks in her honor. When the music set some in the crowd yelled and cheered for the royal guest.

TEMPERANCE CONGRESS MEETS.

At the World's Temperance Congress, which convened in the Lake Front Art palace, many famous workers were present.

At the Columbus Caravels started from New York on their journey up the coast to the St. Lawrence river, and through the lakes to Chicago.

BILLS APPROVED.

The Governor Takes Action on a Number of Measures. Two More Vetoed.

At Harrisburg the Governor approved the following bills:

Authorizing railroad companies organized in this State to increase or diminish the par value of the shares of their capital stock; authorizing Courts of Common Pleas to appoint a competent person to inspect school houses on complaint of taxable citizens of any school district in which boards of school directors or controllers have failed to provide aid to maintain proper and adequate accommodations for the children who are lawfully entitled to school privileges in the district, and prescribing a penalty by removing from office for neglect of duty on the part of school directors; Neeb's bill to provide for the appointment of one or more deputy coroners, and defining their powers and duties in the several counties; providing for the acknowledgment and recording of plots of lands or lots, prohibiting the erection of toll houses and toll gates in boroughs; providing for the relief of needy sick, injured, and in case of death, burial of indigent persons whose legal place of settlement is unknown to provide for the consolidation, government and regulation of boroughs; requiring Boards of school directors and controllers to provide suitable out-houses to provide for the registration of births and deaths, authorizing and regulating the taking, use and occupancy of certain public places under certain circumstances for par uses of common school education; to prevent entering of trotting or pacing horses out of their classes.

The Governor approved all the items in the General Appropriation bill except a few demanding the payment of claims originally made before the year 1883, the Governor maintaining that the bill did not extend beyond 1883 and 1884.

Among the items in the General Appropriation bill approved are these:

For payment of salaries of State officers and clerks and employes in the several State departments for 1895 and 1894, \$552,639.29; Judiciary, \$1,185,200; Senate, \$134,862; House of Representatives, \$410,021.90; for the support of the common schools of the State \$11,000,000.

The Governor has vetoed the bill exempting from the operations of the law allowing a premium for the killing of foxes and racoons in Greene county on the ground of unconstitutionality. He also vetoed the bill to repeal the law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors in Verona borough, Allegheny county.

—THERE are two extensive clusters of spots on the sun just now. Each of the spots is more than six times as large as the earth. You can see them with an opera glass.

IN QUIET BAYS.

In quiet bays by storms unspent I moor my boat with calm content I sought of yore the deep, wide sea. The tempest set my spirit free; I loved to match my puny power With Nature in her stormiest hour. But now I bring my little boat In quiet bays, to drift and float Idly upon the idle tide; The sea for me is all too wide; I seek no more my spirit's mate, The awful, wind-swept sea of fate. —Charlotte Penleton, in Lippincott.

EBEN.

BY EVELYN A. KING.

N the days before the railroads were established, the arrival of the coach was a matter of much importance to the inhabitants of the little village of Kinhope, which was situated within fifty miles of Boston.

As the coach approached the village this beautiful morning in May, it ascended a long, steep hill, from the brow of which could be seen the many hills lying about, with the pretty wooded valleys between; and away off to the right a mountain peak, which was Mount Wachusett.

Eben was going home after having spent several years as an apprentice with Cobbler Gore in Boston, while two years of work in addition to the apprenticeship, in which he had been industrious and saving, had enabled him to lay by a little sum.

On leaving the coach Eben made his way hurriedly to his home, where he was received with a shout of welcome, and turned about to be praised and admired to his complete satisfaction.

After the exclamations had subsided somewhat, Eben said with a little embarrassment: "How—how is Molly?"

"An' how should I know; go an' see for yerself," said Eben's mother good-naturedly, understanding his impatience to see the girl who was so soon to be his wife.

As Eben crossed the road, Molly saw him coming, and with a first impulse started to run down the garden path to meet him. Then suddenly a feeling of bashfulness coming over her, she drew back into the house.

When Eben disappeared, Molly went in through the shop. There everything had been put away, and the shop cleared of the shoemakers' tools. It looked so desolate as Molly took the seat Eben used to occupy that her self-control gave away and the sobs came quick and hard.

It was a May day like the one when Eben had come home and said, "This day week, Molly," and Molly had so shyly answered "Yes." It was the time of day when few customers came in. In the back part of the shop or store sat a woman about thirty-five years old, still fair to look upon, but with an expression in her face which told of anxiety and disappointment.

She did not notice the entrance of any one, being so absorbed in the thought. The memory of another May was alive still and she was living those early days over again. Until a man's voice close to her aroused her, saying without further preface:

"Molly, I came for the answer." Molly looked up at him without agitation, but there came no reply. It seemed to her she could not speak. The man continued:

"You know, Molly, Eben is dead, for your last word from him that he was dying with the fever, and James brought you the news from the California mining camp five years ago. Surely I have waited patiently for my answer. What is it?"

And the reply in a low voice was: "I will go with you. I've waited hoping against hope to hear again from Eben, but I believe now that he died at that time."

A few days later, a ceremony was quietly performed at the parson's, and the shop was closed for Molly forever. A chaise carried the two to a distant town, which for many years became a peaceful home for Molly. After these quiet years had passed the man whom Molly had married died. His sickness had been long, and the little money which he had possessed had been spent, only enough being left to give him a decent burial.

So Molly was to go in her old age back to Kinhope. As the carriage in which she rode slowly ascended the hill toward the comfortable looking white farm house, from the brow of which could be seen the hills lying about, and the pretty valleys between, and a mountain peak rising in the distance at the right, an old, old man, digging potatoes in the field, stopped his work and looked at the carriage coming up the road. While he had

with her usual light way, but meeting no response asked:

"Eben, what's the matter of you?" Then Eben, lifting his head, said heavily, "Molly, I am ruined." "Ruined!" "Yes, ruined. Mr. Simms, one of the head ones on the road, has just been in, and said the road'll not touch this town. It is goin' by on the other side."

Molly's face blanched, for she well knew what this meant. Money nearly spent on the larger shop. No one would buy it. All their bright hopes dashed in a moment. Recovering somewhat, she put her arms about Eben, saying:

"Even so, Eben. We can begin again and live as we have lived these past few years. You are but twenty-eight now."

At last her sensible words and comforting touch reached him, and he agreed to try to regain his cheerfulness. A year passed. Molly saw with dismay the change wrought in Eben by his misfortune. He was restless, longing to do something, to go somewhere; irritable even, at times; so unlike the gay, good-humored husband of other days.

Molly feared, she scarcely knew what, and when sitting at their evening meal one evening, Eben said:

"I've made up my mind, Molly, to leave this place." She felt the blow had fallen. "Well, Eben," she answered quietly, "when and where shall we go?"

Eben glanced down at his plate, not liking to see a look of surprise and pain, which he knew would come to the face of his wife, at the words he was about to say.

"I've been thinkin', Molly," he said, slowly, "as how you might stay on here a while, an' I'll go to Boston first an' see what I can do, an' if I don't find the right lay of the land, mebbe I'll go farther till I do."

"But Eben—" Molly remonstrated. Eben did not wait for her to finish, and continued:

"There's a little money I'll leave ye, which will keep ye for a while, until I find a place to settle; then I'll send for ye."

"Yes, Eben," said Molly, "the money will keep me for a little while, but I want to go with you. Do let me be behind. I feel, Eben, as though we'd both be sorry for it, if you don't let me go with you now."

As she clung to him, Eben almost yielded to her sweet persuasion, but suddenly answered with determined obstinacy:

"No, Molly, I'm a-goin' first." It was with a sad and heavy heart that Molly prepared Eben's valise for his journey. The next morning, as she stood watching him going down the road, Eben, turning, saw her there and for the instant his heart prompted him to turn back, she looked so sorrowful, and he thought of her words, "I feel as though we'd both be sorry if you don't let me go with you now."

But he would not give in to such feelings, and soon he was on his way lost in bright hopes of future success, when he and Molly would be living in luxury.

When Eben disappeared, Molly went in through the shop. There everything had been put away, and the shop cleared of the shoemakers' tools. It looked so desolate as Molly took the seat Eben used to occupy that her self-control gave away and the sobs came quick and hard.

It was a May day like the one when Eben had come home and said, "This day week, Molly," and Molly had so shyly answered "Yes." It was the time of day when few customers came in. In the back part of the shop or store sat a woman about thirty-five years old, still fair to look upon, but with an expression in her face which told of anxiety and disappointment.

She did not notice the entrance of any one, being so absorbed in the thought. The memory of another May was alive still and she was living those early days over again. Until a man's voice close to her aroused her, saying without further preface:

"Molly, I came for the answer." Molly looked up at him without agitation, but there came no reply. It seemed to her she could not speak. The man continued:

"You know, Molly, Eben is dead, for your last word from him that he was dying with the fever, and James brought you the news from the California mining camp five years ago. Surely I have waited patiently for my answer. What is it?"

And the reply in a low voice was: "I will go with you. I've waited hoping against hope to hear again from Eben, but I believe now that he died at that time."

been working he sighed often, and there came to him the memory of a young man in the springtime of youth, and in the spring time of the year going home to claim a happy bride. It was all gone, leaves decaying, frost soon to come. When he looked at the carriage turning into the driveway, he thought:

"What poor man or woman is this, who, like myself at the end of life's journey, comes here to the poorhouse, to be taken care of by the town?" He did not see who alighted, nor hear the kind voice of the overseer's wife ask an old woman if the journey had been hard. For this was the first journey Molly had taken in the train, strangely enough.

The overseer's wife, Mrs. White, made her comfortable and then going to Mr. White, said:

"How shall we tell old Eben?" "Oh," her husband answered easily, "we will wait, and it will work about itself."

The great bell rang for dinner. Those of the inmates who were able to work in the field left their labor and after washing themselves, sat down to the midday meal. Those who still preserved any interest or curiosity concerning what passed on about them eyed the new comer curiously. Eben particularly felt himself looking again and again. Not that he knew of ever having seen her, but he felt a pity that had never before been experienced when others had come. Presently Mr. White said:

"Eben, how did the potatoes seem in that patch this morning?" At the name the woman gave a start and looked at the old man addressed, but as the man answered she turned away again with a sigh, and the momentary gleam of interest in her eyes passed away.

As the dinner ended, Mrs. White said to the old woman:

"Molly, if you are ready now, you may pare those apples for sauce." Eben went out saying to himself, "Molly, Molly," and all the afternoon one could hear him muttering, "Molly, Molly."

During the afternoon Mrs. White took the occasion to say:

"Molly, wasn't your first husband's name Eben Eames?" As Molly answered "Yes, it was; he has been dead these many years," one caught something of the old sweetness of tone, though it did quaver and crack.

"Did you notice Mr. White spoke to a man, calling him Eben?" "Yes," answered Molly, without much interest.

"This man once lived in Kinhope many years ago, when he was young." Molly gave her whole attention now.

"And," continued Mrs. White, "after living here several years, he went away, went to California, where it was afterwards reported he was dying. He did not die. After recovering, the luck he had been striving for did not come immediately, and determined not to return to his home and wife until he was rich, he remained until his ambition was attained. In all this time he had not sent any news of himself but once, to his home, and that was immediately after his recovery from the illness. This news never reached his wife. He returned to Kinhope full of the thought of the bright future, to find his wife had left Kinhope, married again. We have often heard him say:

"How could I have stayed any so long for money, money; I was blind." But Molly had not heard the last sentence. With one gasp she had laid her head back and for the first time in her seventy-eight years of life, fainted.

It had grown colder. Near the fire sat two old people at dusk. The man was saying:

"When I found ye had married again, I felt that I was receivin' my judgment from God A'mighty for not bein' contented with my lot when we was so happy together, and then I keered no more for the money I had made an' gave it away. Yes, and threw it away, an' when the war broke out, I listed hoping to die, but thank the Lord he kep' me for this last happiness. Some time after the war I grew so feeble, an' my money had nearly been lost in some speculation, so I had to come here."

And Molly, drawing her chair a little closer, laying her hand in his said just one word softly, full of quiet thankfulness: "Eben."—Yankee Blade.

Honey in a Petrified Tree. While digging a well on the place of Reginald C. Dunham, at Live Oak, Fla., the diggers' pickaxes struck against something so hard that it was impossible to bring any chips from it. The object not being more than ten feet below the surface of the earth it was disinterred, when it was found to be part of a petrified tree, and the petrification being only on the outside an inch or two the trunk was soon split open. It was found that it was filled with a soft, sticky mass adherent to the sides of the tree. On tasting this it was found to be very sweet, of the lusciousness of honey, and at last it was decided that it was honey which had been shut up in that buried tree, it was impossible to say how many years.

This was further confirmed by the discovery in the mass of objects, which, being examined, proved to be bees. It was a curious study to entomologists to observe that the insects were identically the same as of to-day and the honey cells of the same structure. Mr. and Mrs. Dunham that night enjoyed a feast such as few sit down to, but a goodly portion of it was left to send to the Smithsonian Institution, while a quantity of the honey, perhaps of antediluvian manufacture, was left in the tree where it had reposed so long, but after some hours of exposure to the air, which happened to be damp, it lost its tenacious quality and became slightly more liquid, or about the consistency of tar or turpentine.—Philadelphia Times.

TEMPERANCE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. Miss Willard puts the drunkard's career in two very short chapters, as follows

CHAPTER I.

He could have left off drinking if he would.

CHAPTER II.

He would have left off drinking if he could.

THE END.

THE TIME IS COMING.

Professor Moses Stuart in 1830 said: "The time is coming when those who use intoxicating liquors, or traffic in them, will not be able to lift up their heads in a Christian church which has any good claim to elevation and purity of character. They will be really and truly stigmatized on account of unchristian conduct as those who are guilty of vice that are now deemed palpably disgraceful."

TEMPERANCE AND BUSINESS.

We have more than once pointed out how business is coming to support temperance more and more strongly every year. There was another illustration of the fact in Philadelphia, Edwin S. Cramp, of the great shipbuilding company, employed 19500 an army of workmen appeared before the License Court to remonstrate against the granting of licenses to four saloon-keepers in the vicinity of their works. Mr. Cramp stated very concisely the grounds for his appearance as follows:

"We object solely for business reasons to the proximity of these four drinking places and I have practically nothing to add to the remonstrances already filed. The saloons are actually at our gates and have resulted in many accidents and the demoralization of our men."

There is a good deal of discussion among students of the liquor problem as to whether an increase of saloons results in an increase of drunkenness. Mr. Cramp's testimony is very positive on the affirmative side. "When the number of saloons was increased in the neighborhood," he said, "demoralization at once began. Our experience has proven that an increase in the number of saloons is a failure."—Nation.

STRONG MEDICAL EVIDENCE.

Among those who have given testimony before the Canadian Royal Commission now engaged in investigating the liquor problem is F. W. Campbell, M. D., Dean of the Faculty of St. George's Hospital, and physician of Western Hospital, and Medical Director for the Canadian Life and New York Insurance Companies. He testified that:

"A great proportion of the cases he had to deal with in his hospital practice was caused by drink. He would say at least seventy per cent. directly, and from ten to twenty per cent. indirectly. Closely questioned by the Chairman, he repeated his statement that fully eighty-five per cent. of the hospital cases were the result of drink. He further explained the statement that after nine years' experience of dealing with 120 soldiers in St. John's Infantry School, he was prepared to state that ninety-nine per cent. of all the trouble with the men in that institution was caused by liquor. Some trouble came from the canteen in the school, but more from liquor facilities outside."

None have better opportunities than medical men to know the evil effects of alcohol upon the human body and brain. Such testimony as the above ought to have much weight with intelligent, thoughtful people. The only wise and sane method of conduct.—National Temperance Advocate.

WHO PAYS THE BILLS.

Who pays the bills? Who feeds the drunkard's children? Who provides for the drunkard's wife? Who supports the beggarly tramps, who having wasted their money in drink, wander about the country? Who repairs the losses caused by the failure of intemperate merchants and reckless and self-intoxicated business men? Who makes good the damages caused by the blunders of drunken workmen, and the hindrances of business caused by the spree of intemperate employees? Who pays for the railroad wrecks caused by drunken conductors and engineers? Who builds the asylums where crazy drunkards are kept? Who supports the idiotic children of drunken men? Who pays the attorneys and juries and judges who try drunken criminals? Who pays the expenses of trials and commitments and executions occasioned by the crimes of drunken men? Who pays for the property destroyed and burned by drunken men? Who builds and supports almshouses, which but for drink might remain unoccupied? Who endures the suffering and losses and brutality, which are due to the recklessness and insanity of drunken husbands and fathers? Who pays for the funerals held on drunkards' funerals? Who pays for the digging of a drunkard's grave in potter's field, when the last glass has been drunk?

Who pays the bills? The drunkard cannot, for he has wasted his substance in his cup. Will the rumseller pay them? The fact is, you and I, and the sober and industrious toiling portion of the community must meet all these bills. The drunken rowdy, who is in the street fight, is cared for in the city hospital at our expense. The hungry beggar is fed from our table; his drunken children come to our doors for bread and we cannot refuse assistance to his suffering wife; and when at last having "wasted his substance in riotous living," he comes to the almshouse, the asylum, the hospital, or the prison, honest, sober, temperate men pay the bills for supporting him there. There is no escaping it. We may protest, we may grumble at the taxes and find fault with beggars, but ultimately and inevitably we must foot the bills.—New England Evangelist.

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES.

Pomona, Cal., charges \$1000 for a liquor license.

In the world there are 81,000 breweries, nearly 20,000 of them being in Germany.

Pittsburg liquor dealers must promise on oath that they will serve free lunch in order to get a license.

If the drinking man's love for his family was as strong as his breath, there would be more domestic happiness in the world.

In 1892 New York City paid for its school bill, \$4,000,000, for its amusement bill, \$7,000,000, and for its drink bill, \$60,000,000.

Baron Liebig, the German chemist, says that as much flour as will lie on the point of a table knife contains as much nutritive constituents as eight pints of the best beer made.

A Catholic paper in Philadelphia prophesies that the time will come when a paper with a rum advertisement in it will be excluded from the mails just as lottery advertisements are.

Le Petit Journal, of Paris, lately began a leading article with the assertion that, "Of all the dangers menacing our agricultural population at the present day, the gravest and most difficult to fight is alcoholism."

It is said 80,000 persons die prematurely in Great Britain every year by the indirect influence of intoxicating drinks, from destitution, accident, violence or disease, and that 40,000 are killed annually by the direct influence of temperance.

The Tagoblast, of Liepzig, Germany, asserts that it will not be possible to produce any law adapted to really put a stop to the great evil of drunkenness without relinquishing some of our popular National conceptions about interference with individual liberty.

The London Vegetarian says the overlying of infants furnishes material of the utmost value to those engaged in opposing the sale of alcoholic stimulants. Out of 1000 deaths attributed, 280 occur on Saturday night, 170 on Monday, and then a gradually increasing number until Saturday is again reached.

RELIGIOUS READING.

Upon a life I have not lived, Upon a death I did not die, Another's life, another's death, I stake my whole eternity.

IT IS NOT DARK.

The Scripture presents man in his natural condition as a state of darkness. "We were sometime darkness, but now are in light in the Lord." It was the mission of the great apostle to the Gentiles "to open their eyes," and "to turn them from darkness unto light;" and while many from darkness desire for the light and press that love of Christ, and while people who have heard of Him who is the Light of the world, turn their faces away from the brightness of divine revelation, those who have sat enthroned in a bestial gloom, long to see the light which reveals the love of God and the hope of glory.

"Some years ago," says Bishop Whipple, "an Indian stood at my door and as I opened the door he knelt at my feet. Of course I bade him not to kneel. He said, 'My father, I only kneel because my heart is warm to a man that pitied the Red Man, and am a wild man. My home is five hundred miles from here. I know that all of the Indians east of the Mississippi had perished, and I never looked into the faces of my children. That my heart was not sad, my faith had told me of the Great Spirit, and have often gone out in the woods and tried to talk to Him.' Then he said so sadly as he looked into my face: 'You don't know what I mean. You never stood in the dark and reached out your hand, and could not take hold of anything. And I heard one day that you had brought to the Red Man a wonderful story of the Son of the Great Spirit.' That man sat as a child and heard anew the story of the love of Jesus. And when he went again he said as he laid his head on his breast: 'It is not dark; I laugh all the while.'"

How many there are even where the gospel is preached, who are to-day unhappy, discontented, miserable, hateful and hateful one another, and who if they could get hold of the love of God, would be glad to obey the teachings which he has given. We would find sunshine beaming on our pathway, joy rising up within their souls, earth no longer a dark and desolate waste, and like the Indian, when the love of God was abroad in his heart, could say, "It is not dark; it laughs all the while." The gospel of Christ is full of joy; it began with a burst of rapturous melody in heaven, shall culminate in rejoicings that shall like the voice of many waters and mighty billows, and the weary of earth and discontented of every kind around us may have the assurance of God in this world, and at last may enter into the joy of our Lord in the kingdom that cannot be moved.

CHARACTER ESSENTIAL.

Could we today feel every human being on the globe, whose feet were every day, set every man his fitting task, and just compensation, give each his part in civic privileges, each an honorable recognition in the society, and to the refining influences of libraries and art galleries with doors wide open, and add to the whatever else from the long catalogue of "Civilization" you may choose—would all these have come to a better day forth had we not been here?

There may be those that think so, but they err. One thing, as men are, would lacking character. The arrangements would be perfect; but while men were what they are the arrangements could not last. A completed to remain in what they were a fitter for their misery and chagrin would be the Jesus.

This greater, then, does He not care for amelioration of the human existence? For a shelter, shelter, knowledge, beauty, social joys and civic rights, are they nothing? He never forgets that the soul of Man came eating and drinking, and that was He who said, "Render unto Caesar things that are Caesar's."

We have misread his life if we suppose He indifferent to the wrong which defrauds the human being of his right of privilege and pleasure; if we suppose He regards with equanimity any system or state of things which deprives any man, woman, or child of the Father's intended gifts. But He lay the chief stress upon the chief need. He was insistent on the essential thing. He said, "You seek first the kingdom of God, and then for your own sake. He knows that nothing can supply its place if you lack that. He knows that there is no surer way to supply all other needful things, no other way to give those things any value, and make them do more good, than to have them given to and enjoy them under the kingdom of God. And this is no more true of the individual than it is of society."

The only Gospel for men, the only substantial promise of a really better future, is the one which He preached: the Kingdom of God!—(William F. Faber in Noble's Deeds.)

HINTS TO TRACT DISTRIBUTERS.

Much has been said and written about tracts, their use and misuse. And as a matter of fact, the latter is of as great importance as the former.

An essential consideration in the selection of their adaptation to the persons whom they are given.

This can only be ascertained by careful reading and selecting those which seem suited to the different persons with whom we strive to labor.

We have all heard the story of the zealous brother who gave a tract on dancing to a man who had been a cripple from childhood. But was this any more out of place than to give a tract full of the terrors of hell to a person who is a confirmed drunkard?

And the third of personal entreaty sympathy should go with each. While it may be true that a tract is often read when the giver is forgotten, if it be given with cordial grasp of the hand, backed by a sincere interest in the salvation of our fellow-men, we may have a right to expect greater results than when it is given in a cold, heartless way.

But more important than all, every tract should be followed by earnest prayer that those who receive them. The tract works a labor of which we do not see the fruit, but we should press on in faith, doing our duty to the best of our ability, and leaving the result with Him who has promised that His word should accomplish that whereunto it is sent.—[Am. Messenger.]

TO A SCEPTIC.

Perhaps, my young friend, you have been infected with the prevailing scepticism of the times. What is scepticism? It is simply not believing. It is denial, negation, darkness. There is only one cure for darkness, and that is coming to the light. If you will produce a better rule of life than the Bible, perhaps your mother's Bible, then you will find a holier saviour than Jesus Christ, and a surer Saviour than He is. I will agree to forswear my religion if you can do so.

But what is your "I do not believe" in comparison with my positive "I believe whom I have seen and heard." What is your denial in comparison with my personal experience of Christ? Scepticism never produces a victory, never slew a sin, never healed a headache, never produced a ray of sunshine, never defeated an immortal soul. It is a doom-defeat. Don't risk your eternity on that spider's web.