THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

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Notwithstanding the progress of British hydrography, the last Blue Book of Rear-Admiral Wharton reports as many as 209 rocks and shoals dangerous to navigation discovered during the year 1896.

It is a pleasure for the Chicago Times-Herald to note that even the highest class music is now within the reach of all. Paderewski says he will charge only $5000 a day to play at private musicales next season.

A writer in the Frankfurter Zeitung points out that since the separation of the sexes in elementary schools has been carried out in Prussia, there has been not an improvement but a distinct deterioration in the manners and conduct of the pupils.

General Lew Wallace says that after a diligent search for a short name for the hero of his great book, he came across the name "Hur" in the Book of Genesis, and by adding "Ben," which means "the son of," he obtained a name both short and odd.

Cyprus, once the abode of the goddess of love, is turning to a baser worship, notes the New York Sun. It has been found that the island produces black truffles not to be distinguished in taste or perfume from those of Perigord. The best are found near Morfu, in the western part of the island.

St. Louis people were treated one day to the odd sight of a gang of bricklayers walling in the tenth story of a new building when the brick work from below had been carried up only to the eighth floor. This was rendered possible by the modern skeleton construction, and was done to utilize a double force of men.

Il Progresso Italo-Americano, of New York City, in an editorial on the immigration question says that if a bill excluding illiterates were passed it would exclude three-fourths of those who would naturally come to this country from the dominions of King Humbert. This is a very high proportion. But it must be remembered, adds the New York Sun, that a large number of the Italian immigrants come from points south of Naples and from Sicily, the land of olives and brigands.

Five million dollars represents the value of our average monthly exports of live cattle, dressed beef and beef products during the past eleven months, a substantial gain over a year ago. During May nearly 38,000 beef cattle were exported, and in eleven months 328,000 head. Our foreign trade in beef is most encouraging, but it would be greatly enlarged were it not for the irksome restrictions enforced by France and Germany in response to the demands of the agricultural classes there.

The American Agriculturist remarks: The English co-operative congress, which has been in session this month at Perth, brought out more forcibly the astonishing success of co-operation in this country. The English wholesale society, which supplies nearly 2000 local co-operative stores, reports a gratifying increase in its business, while the Scottish wholesale society is doing seventy-five per cent. more trade this year than last. These great wholesale associations have such an excess of capital that they are employing it to manufacture their own goods. The success of these co-operative manufacturing enterprises is quite astonishing. Indeed, the whole movement has now reached such headway that storekeepers and manufacturers are trying to cripple or restrict co-operation. This is not surprising when we reflect that the Scottish wholesale is doing a cash business of over $500,000 a week, while the English wholesale society's business reaches about $50,000 a year. The co-operators are now turning their attention to agriculture, and during the past three years have established a great number of co-operative creameries in Ireland to furnish butter direct to English consumers. Further co-operation among farmers is being planned. The present position of co-operation in England is an inspiration for all our American farmers, who realize that the way out of our present difficulties is for our people to take hold co-operatively to help themselves and help each other.

When a man becomes old, nobody wants to loaf with him.

SMALL THINGS.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls like those far starts that come in sight
Once in a century;
But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men.
—James Russell Lowell.

BRANDON'S DAUGHTER.

NO, I've never been shipwrecked nor been in a collision all the time I've been at sea—a matter now of over forty years. But I've carried some queer passengers in my time. I'll tell you about two who exercised a powerful influence over me; but whether for good or evil you shall hear presently.

It was in the fall of '72, just when on the eve of sailing, that an old gentleman stepped on board, and hurriedly approached me. He was a tall, spare man, with iron gray hair, and had a slight stoop at the shoulders.

"Good day, captain," said he. "I only heard this morning that you were sailing for England, and hastened down to ascertain if you could find accommodation for myself and daughter at so short notice."

"Certainly," I replied, in my hearty way; "I shall only be too pleased to take you. As it happens there are only three passengers booked this trip, and they are second-class, so you can have the saloon pretty much to yourselves."

He thanked me effusively, and disappeared into the saloon. I marveled at his precipitancy, and wondered where the daughter was to come from, for she was not visible anywhere.

I gave instruction to the apprentices to have their luggage conveyed on board, and myself superintended the stowing away of their trunks in the two best appointed cabins of the ship. While so engaged, I heard a light footfall behind me, and, turning around, I beheld the fairest vision of loveliness that ever brightened my saloon.

"My daughter—Captain Harnott," said Mr. Brandon, introducing us.

I was so taken aback by her exceeding beauty that I awkwardly touched my cap, and, with the wind clean out of my sails, stammered:

"Glad to see you, miss."

She placed her soft little white hand into my big, sun-browned paw, and, looking me squarely in the face out of her laughing blue eyes, said:

"I'm sure we shall be good friends, captain, during the voyage."

She spoke with a charming colonial accent, and from that moment I was her most devoted, humble servant, slave, anything you like. I went head over ears in love with her at sight. You may smile, but recollect I was a comparatively young man then.

Leaving them to arrange their cabins to their own satisfaction I ascended the companion steps and went on deck. It certainly occupied them a considerable time, for neither father nor daughter appeared on deck until the ship was well outside the "Heads" and the tug had returned to port.

That voyage I look back upon as the happiest and saddest I ever made. Miss Brandon was a splendid sailor. In fair weather or foul she'd be on deck, delighting me with the admiration she expressed for my handsome three-masted clipper, and the childlike naivete of her questions. I used to pace the quarter-deck in the morning, impatient for her first appearance. On the dullest or dirtiest day it was like a ray of sunshine suddenly bursting forth from a lowering sky, to see her emerge from the companion hatch, looking as fresh as a daisy and a thousand times more lovely.

Of course it was only natural that my mates should fall in love with her also, but she treated them with marked indifference, if not absolute coldness. Her smiles were all reserved for me, and she lavished them upon me in no niggardly manner.

There was a piano in the saloon, and often in the long evenings she would sing and play for my sole delectation, while I would sit on the settee alongside and gaze rapturously into her pretty face. The song I liked best was "Tom Bowling," and she infused such an amount of pathos into her expression that the tears would sometimes trickle down my weather-beaten cheeks as she sang. Ah! those were happy days; it was heaven while it lasted.

I have scarcely mentioned her father yet. The fact is, I was so engrossed with his beautiful daughter that I didn't pay so much attention to him as perhaps I ought. At the best he was a saturnine, unsociable sort of person, who seemed to prefer his own company to other people's. When not in his own cabin, where he spent most of his time, he was walking with his hands clasped behind him, apparently in deep thought, in the waist of the ship.

One evening, when about nine weeks out, I was sitting in the chart house alone with my idol. The second mate was stepping the planks outside, old Jobson was at the wheel away behind us, and the watch on the deck were lounging about forward. Some days previous to this I had had the temerity to confess my love to her, and asked her to be my wife. She had made me inexpressibly happy by promising, subject to my obtaining father's consent. This, after some demur, he had granted, and that night the future appeared very bright for me.

We had been sitting silent for some time, too happy for words, gazing on the setting sun as it disappeared into a glowing mass of golden rimmed clouds on the horizon, when to my infinite amazement she suddenly burst into tears.

"Darling, what is the matter?" I exclaimed in an agony of apprehension.

"Oh, Alfred, I have just heard such a dreadful story from my father. I shall never be happy again. We can never be married now."

"Never be married?" I ejaculated aghast. "Why?"

"Because my father is a—a criminal. Oh, I feel so miserable. I think I shall throw myself overboard!"

"Alice, for heaven's sake don't talk like that, or you'll drive me mad. What has he done?"

"Something dreadful. Oh, don't speak to me any more," she sobbed violently.

At that moment I was so mad that I felt half inclined to go down and tear the old scarecrow out of his berth by the cuff of the neck and demand what he had done to cause my darling such poignant grief. But I didn't. Instead I drew her to my side.

"Tell me all about it," I said soothingly.

"Well, my father, as you are aware, was an agent in one of the banks in Arlington, Victoria, and it seems he embezzled large sums of money belonging to the bank to speculate with. Of course, he meant to replace it before the audit, when the deficit would have been discovered. But he lost it, and that is why he fled the country."

"Is that all?" said I, with a sigh of relief. "It's bad enough, certainly, but I fail to see that in itself it forms a sufficient barrier to our union."

"But that is not the worst. My father is convinced that the police may have traced him to Melbourne and to this ship. He declares he will be arrested on landing."

"Nothing more likely," I thought. But I remarked casually, "Has he any plan to suggest?"

"Yes, oh, yes, if you will only assist him. But it seems too terrible to contemplate. He says it is his only chance to escape."

"What is it, then?"

"That he should die and be buried at sea!" she responded, with a perceptible shiver.

"I don't understand."

"He proposes to feign death. Then, after he has been sewed up for burial, we must find the means to liberate him and substitute something else."

The daring audacity of the proposal fairly took my breath away. If discovered, the consequences to me in aiding and abetting a felon to escape would be disastrous. I resolved to have nothing to do with such a criminal proceeding, but a look of entreaty from those tearful eyes made me falter in my resolution.

"For my sake," she murmured, pleadingly, placing her fair, white hand on my arm.

Her touch thrilled me. I hesitated no longer, but gave an unwilling consent. Ah, what folly will not a man commit when in love!

Next day it was reported that Brandon was seriously indisposed. I took out the medicine chest as in duty bound, and ordered the cabin steward to attend him. Three days later Mr. Brandon was reported dead.

When I was informed of this I entered his cabin. He was lying in the under berth, pale and motionless as death. I felt the body; it was cold and rigid. If this were not death, he simulated it to perfection. I sent for the sailmaker, who sewed the body up in my presence. When the task was completed I dismissed him, and, securing the cabing door inside with a sharp knife ripped open the stitches. My hand shook painfully. What if he were really dead?

I confess to experiencing a singular feeling of relief when the man opened his eyes, and the resuscitated Brandon sat up. I administered some brandy, which helped to revive him. He quickly and noiselessly dressed himself. Then he produced from a trunk a dummy figure which he had previously prepared and weighted, and inclosed it in the shroud. This he sewed up with his own hands. Not a word was spoken by either of us. When all was completed I stepped out to reconnoitre. Seeing the coast clear, I signalled him, and he crept swiftly across the passage into his daughter's cabin, where he concealed himself.

In the first dog watch of the same afternoon, the bell commenced to toll its solemn knell for the funeral of Anthony Brandon. Officers and men and passengers stood round me with heads uncovered as I read from the Book of Common Prayer the beautiful and impressive burial service. God forgive me, it was an awful mockery. I don't know how I got through with it. Afterward I heard it commented that I was much affected during the service. Heaven knows I was, but 'twas with guilt and fear.

After the funeral Brandon returned to his own cabin, which was kept constantly locked, and the key of which I retained in my own possession. With my connivance Alice smuggled food to him from day to day.

About two weeks afterward, while proceeding up the channel under all sail, we were hailed by a tug. Anticipating danger, I slipped down the companionway, and conveyed Brandon to my own cabin for concealment. When I got on deck again, I was just in time to see a stout, well-groomed party clambering over the vessel's side. Without any preliminaries he brusquely demanded:

"Got a passenger by the name of Brandon on board."

"I had, stranger, I had."

He gazed at me inquiringly.

"Come below, sir," I said.

As we descended, he explained that he was a detective in pursuit of Brandon, who had absconded from Australia with a considerable sum of money and valuable negotiable securities. When he had produced his warrant, I ordered the mate to fetch the log-book. Under date the 15th of January, he read this entry:

"Buried at sea in lat. 35 degrees 49 minutes N., longitude 33 degrees 16 minutes W., Anthony Brandon, cabin passenger. Cause of death unknown."

He muttered something under his breath which was quite unintelligible to me. Then he demanded to see Brandon's effects. I led the way into his cabin. He ransacked every trunk and portmanteau, but not a vestige of paper or anything of value did he discover. The expression on his face when he left the ship some hours later was not particularly pleasant.

When he arrived in the dock at London I smuggled Mr. Brandon ashore in one of his daughter's trunks, after they had been searched by the customs' officer. No one in the ship ever expected the truth. Their secret remained alone with me.

It was arranged that Alice and I should be married quietly before setting out on my next voyage, and our honeymoon was to be spent on the bosom of the deep. When we parted that night she promised to communicate with me when her father had secured some quiet retreat in the country. She kept her promise. Here is the letter. I have preserved it all these years. It has neither superscription nor signature:

"Dear old Captain—Many, many thanks for all your kindnesses. My husband and I—for Mr. Brandon is my husband, though it was not known in Arlington—will never forget them. Pray forgive the deceit we found it expedient to practice on you in order to carry out our plans. We are in fairly affluent circumstances, for my husband did not lose the money in speculation, as I thought it necessary to tell you. Dear Captain, I know I can rely upon you, for your own sake, not to inform the authorities about my husband. As he died at sea, we expect to live securely, unmolested by the bank officials or the police. Good-by for ever."

And that was the end of my romance. No, I never heard anything more about them. Whether they lived to enjoy their ill-gotten gains or whether they didn't, I cannot tell. But this I do know, she was the first woman that ever fooled me, and, by heaven, she was the last. I never gave another the chance.—Tit-Bits.

Common Soap in House Moving.

The lubricant generally used by house movers is common soap. It contains the best kind of grease for the purpose. The wooden tracks are thoroughly rubbed with it, and, as it squeezes its way into the girders, resting on the tracks, and does not easily evaporate it makes a very slippery path. In moving frame houses a single horse is used to pull it along, not as he would pull a wagon exactly, but by means of a windlass. As has been pointed out, the girders which support the house are not even chained together; the weight of the building holds them sufficiently rigid. To one of them a pulley with several sheaves is attached. Another pulley is attached to the track fifty feet or more ahead of the house, and through these a rope extends to a windlass. The horse simply winds up the rope, and the house being on runners, become for a time a floating or wandering palace.

One house was actually floated to a new destination. It originally rested opposite Holland's station, Jamaica Bay, Long Island. It was raised from its foundations and floated a mile down the shore, and now rests on piling in front of Hammell's station. One house mover in upper New York State attempted to move a house across a lake, but with disastrous results. The lake was frozen over, and the design was to take advantage of the ice, which was thought to be sufficently strong to bear the structure in course of transit. All went well until the middle of the lake was reached. Then night came on, and a rest was taken until morning. At daylight, however, the house was found to be resting at the bottom of the lake. The lake was not very deep, so that the greater part of the house was still above the surface. But a thaw took place during the day, and the house, careening to one side, began to float in earnest. It was afterwards floated to the destination at first designed for it, but a new house might have been built at less expense.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Farmer's Wife Acted as Surgeon.

About six months ago gangrene developed in one of General Spotts's feet. Mr. Spotts is a farmer about eighty years old, living at Rochester, Ind., and when his physicians informed him of the nature of the disease he asked them to amputate the member. After consultation they refused to do so, giving as a reason that in his enfeebled condition he could not endure the shock.

Thinking it was the only hope of prolonging his life, after the doctors left his wife sharpened a common butcher knife on a grindstone and successfully performed the work of amputation herself. First cutting through the flesh she then unjointed the foot at the ankle and removed it. The patient is reported improving.—New York Telegram.

Preaching of the Word.

Some 80,000 sermons are preached each Sunday in England and Wales. The average Sabbath day church attendance is computed to be between 10,000,000 and 11,000,000 persons. There is a place of worship for every 500 individuals, taking the country all through, and a stated minister for every 700.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

The Difference—The Deed of Deeds—Nothing Better—The Reason—Distinction—Breaking It to Him—Can't Be Done—She Stooped to Conquer, Etc., Etc.

The Senior finds a most surprising change,
When for the world he leaves his college hall.
In college he had always too much work,
But now he sees he can't find work at all.
—Yale Record.

Nothing Better.

"Tell me, doctor, what do you consider an ideal case?"

"A healthy man with an incurable disease."

Breaking It to Him.

Husband—"Do you need anything for the house?"

Wife—"The cook says there is not enough china to last the week out."—Life.

The Reason.

"I'm writing to Belle."

"Because you have something special to say?"

"No; because I have nothing special to do."—Puck.

Distinction.

"I wish to see some collars."

Yes, ma'am. Ah—ladies' or gentlemen's?"

"Gentlemen's, sir. For ladies' use."—Chicago Tribune.

Sauce For Geese and Ganders.

"Won't it be delightful when we all have flying machines!"

"I don't know about that; of course our creditors will have them, too."—Chicago Record.

He Stooped to Conquer.

Mrs. Fussanfeather—"I understand that Mr. Tallman kissed you on the stoop last night."

Miss Fussanfeather—"Why, yes, mamma; he's so tall, he had to."—Yonkers Statesman.

Can't Be Done.

Archie—"I always think evening dress must be so trying to a lady of humor."

Bertie—"Why?"

Archie—"Because she can't laugh in her sleeve."—Pick-Me-Up.

More Carelessness.

Excited Wife—"Oh, Professor, the cook has fallen and broken her collarbone!"

Professor—"Discharge her at once! You told her what to expect if she broke anything more."—Detroit Free Press.

Lost in the Shuffle.

"How are your geological studies progressing, Miss Climely?'

"Very nicely, indeed. I found a lovely piece of rock quartz to-day up on the hill back of the hotel. But, unfortunately, I laid it upon my soap dish when I went up to dress, and now I can't tell which is the soap."—Life.

A Learned Opinion.

Son—"Pa, what is a whisky straight?"

Father (who knows whereof)—"Er—well, my boy, a large swelled head; an erronous impression of great and sudden wealth; a disposition to fight a man twice your size; an aptness for making the world appear lop-sided and to be revolving rapidly; any one of them may be properly called a whisky's trait.—Harlem Life.

Got Her Money's Worth.

Some time ago our local operator took a telegram which read:

"Miss Maude, will you be mine?"

It was delivered to the proper party, and soon she came tripping into the office to wire her reply. It read:

"Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes."

Ten words, you see, and she paid her quarter, and then tripped out of the room with the sweetest kind of a blush.—Evansville Courier.

His Identification.

"Coming home from the American Mothers' meeting I saw such a lovely child playing in the street in front of our house. Such a dear little boy! I quite wanted to kiss him. I wonder whose child he is."

"Did he have yellow hair?" asked her husband.

"Yes."

"And blue eyes?"

"Beautiful blue eyes."

"And an old shirt waist?"

"Oh, a horrid shirt waist!"

"Then I know whose child he is."

"Well?"

"He's ours."—Boston Budget.

But He Wasn't.

One rainy day the late Stubby Childs was on his way to the corner at which he and his friend always met, when he encountered a young student whose face he recognized dimly, having seen it every day for some weeks in his morning class.

"Have you seen my friend?" he asked.

"Yes sir," replied the student, pausing respectfully in the midst of a mud-puddle to remove his cap; "he is at the corner waiting for you."

"Good," replied the professor, looking over his spectacles. "I thank you; you may be seated!"—Harvard Lampoon.

Mateo, the Cross Man, is Dead.

The widely known eccentric character, known as Mateo, the cross man, was found dead just outside of his cabin at Abita Springs, La., by a Choctaw Indian a day or two since. Mateo has been one of the most unique characters of eastern Louisiana for the past thirty-five years. He always wore from seventy-five to 100 crosses attached to his clothing, and was crazed on religion.—New Orleans Picayune.

SELECT RELIGIOUS READING.

PREGNANT THOUGHTS FROM THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORS.

The Reassurance—Believe and Be Saved—"The School of God"—"It Is I; Be Not Afraid"—Christ Must Make You—Folly to Brood—Our Greater Work.

Because the bitter winds are out,
And the mellow days of autumn gone,
Because the storm-fiends run and shout
And scrawl red fingers on the dawn,

Should we lose hope, and weeping say,
"Our joy is hid 'neath the drift on the lawn;
And love was buried yesterday,
And the tender mercy of God withdrawn"

Nay, nay, for the very winds that blow
Heavy with death will come again
With April music, and none will know
That life held ever a tear or a pain.

The lilac that sways so naked today,
With twistless arms to the sunless sky,
Will see the spring coming the same old way
And shake out her green leaves merrily.

So heart, my heart, though today be dark
And joy be burdened with doubt awhile,
Know that God holds you a smile and a lark
And tomorrow, perchance, you will meet him and smile.
—THEODORE ROBERTS.

Believe and Be Saved.

"Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," is the only, and it is sufficient answer to every anxious sinner seeking refuge from the storm. You may seek for comfort in Christ, or you will seek in vain. But apply to Him, and you cannot fail. Say as Peter did when he began to sink, "Save, Lord, or I perish," and He put forth his hand at once. It is already held out to you. Lay hold of it by faith, and salvation is yours. "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world. Look unto Him and be ye saved." You are invited to regard Him not as the Creator, but the Saviour, not as the Judge, but the Advocate, not as the Ruler, but the Mediator. When conscience accuses, hear Him say, "It is I, I who have fully atoned for thy sins; I have blotted them all out by my blood." When the thought of God alarms, listen to the voice, "It is I; I who have made peace by the blood of the cross; I, by whom the just God becomes the justifier of the ungodly." When the painful conviction of shortcomings, after all our striving, overwhelms again He says, "It is I; I whose white robe will cover all thy filthy rags, I, from whose perfect obedience, and not from thy unworthiness, thou art to look for acceptance with God." When a sense of weakness, inability to cope with the many difficulties and dangers which surround us, depresses the mind, again His voice is heard, "It is I, I who have engaged to perform things for thee; I who will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

"The School of God."

In these days of hurry and bustle we find ourselves face to face with a terrible danger; and it is this—no time to be alone with God. The world, in these last days, is running fast; we live in what is called "the age of progress," and "you know we must keep pace with the times." So the world says. But this spirit of the world has not confined itself to the world. It is, alas, found among the saints of God. And what is the result? The result is—no time to be alone with God, and this immediately followed by no inclination to be alone with God.... This "desert life," as some may call it, is of an importance that cannot be overvalued. Let us turn to the pages of God's Book. On scanning those precious pages we find that the men of God—God's mighty men—were those who had been in "the school of God," as it has well been called; and His school was simply this—"In the desert alone with Himself." It was there they got their teaching. Far removed from the din and bustle of the haunts of men—distant far from human eye and ear—there they were alone with God; there they were equipped for the battle. And when the time came that they stood forth in public service for God, their faces were not ashamed, for they had faces as lions; they were bold as fearless, yea, and victorious for God. The battle had been won already in the desert alone with Him.—London Christian.

"It Is I; Be Not Afraid."

Is it stormy weather with thee? Do disappointments, bereavements, as a dark cloud, deluge thee with sorrow? Do perpetual troubles assail thee as a hurricane drive hither and thither thy harassed bark? Do the winds and the waves beat upon thy frail bark, so that it seems almost to sink? "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest and not comforted," listen to the voice of Jesus, who comes to thee in the storm, walking upon the water, and says, "It is I; be not afraid." The design of religion is to make us of good cheer. This world is indeed a vale of tears, but the Man of sorrows has visited it, that we may rejoice. We are surrounded by causes of alarm, but the gospel bids us fear not. And that which can enable us to be of good cheer amid sorrows and of good courage amid perils is the presence of our God and Saviour. To believe in Him as always near, always mighty to save, is the true and only antidote to fear and grief. It is only in proportion as we recognize His voice as that of a friend, saying, "It is I," that we can comply with His exhortation, "Be of good cheer, be not afraid."

A Life of Leisure.

The record of our Lord's life is a record of strange, serene leisure. His Father's business was done for 30 quiet years at Nazareth. The Son of God served so long a prenticeship of patience before His ministry began. And afterwards, when He was in the vortex of eddying multitudes, He never showed a trace of hurry or excitement. Through all those crowded days of toil and controversy, He never knew what it was to be feverish or flurried or distraught. He moved like a king in his own realm, like one of the pageant that stays for his pleasure.—British Weekly.

Failure Follows One Lesson.

A student missed learning but one lesson. At the end of the year the problem given to him in the examination was in the lesson he had missed, and he failed in it. Then a hundred times in after life he stumble and make mistakes in his work and calculations, because he had missed that particular day's lesson. Thus failure in duty, any day, may fling its shadow over the close of life.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

God sows June fields with clover for the world
Broadcast with common kindness;
With plain, good souls that cheerily do
Their homely duties in the common way
Of daily life, ambitious of no more
Than to supply the needs of friend and kin;
Yet serve God's higher will as humbly.
—Samuel Longfellow.

There is only one way to get to know God, and it is along the path of obedience, the path of bowing our stiff knees, of opening our lockjawed mouths, and of giving out of our hearts, and giving out in obedience to His will.—Rev. John Hall.

Life in the soul is the tide of the ocean flowing as it has opportunity through the narrow channel of human life. Everything else is only a colorable imitation of life, and a mode of existence.—Jackson, D.D.