

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"HEAVENLY RECOGNITION" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Text: "I Shall Go to Him"—Second Book of Samuel, Chapter XII, Verse 23—The Future Life of the Just.



HERE is a very sick child in the abode of David the king. Disease, which stalks up the dark lane of the poor and puts its smothering hand on lip and nostril of the wan and wasted...

ing over the pillow, blows into the face of a young prince the frosts of pain and death. Tears are wine to the King of Terrors. Alas! for David the king. He can neither sleep nor eat, and lies prostrate on his face, weeping and wailing until the palace rings with the outcry of woe.

What are courtly attendants, or victorious armies, or conquered provinces, under such circumstances? What to any parent is all splendid surroundings when his child is sick? Seven days have passed on. There, in that great house, two eyelids are gently closed, two little hands folded, two little feet quiet, one heart still. The servants come to bear the tidings to the king, but they cannot make up their minds to tell him, and they stand at the door whispering about the matter, and David hears them and he looks up and says to them, "Is the child dead?" "Yes, he is dead," David rouses himself up, washes himself, puts on new apparel, and sits down to food. What power hushed that tempest? What strength was it that lifted up that king whom grief had dethroned? Oh, it was the thought that he would come again into the possession of that darling child. No gravedigger's spade could hide him. The wintry blasts of death could not put out the bright light. There would be a forge somewhere that with silver hammer would weld the broken links. In a city where the hoofs of the pale horse never strike the pavement he would clasp his lost treasure. He wipes away the tears from his eyes, and he clears the choking grief from his throat, and exclaims, "I shall go to him."

Was David right or wrong? If we part on earth will we meet again in the next world? "Well," says some one, "that seems to be an impossibility. Heaven is so large a place we never could find our kindred there." Going into some city without having appointed a time and place for meeting, you might wander around for weeks and for months, and perhaps for years, and never see each other; and heaven is vaster than all earthly cities together, and how are you going to find your departed friend in that country? It is a vast realm. John went up on one certain of inspiration, and he looked off upon the multitude, and he said: "Thousands of thousands." Then he came upon a greater altitude of inspiration and looked off upon it again, and he said: "Ten thousand times ten thousand." And then he came on a higher mount of inspiration, and looked off again and he said: "A hundred and forty and four thousand and thousands of thousands." And he came on a still greater height of inspiration, and he looked off again, and exclaimed: "A great multitude that no man can number."

Now I ask, how are you going to find your friends in such a throng as that? Is not this idea we have been entertaining after all a falstify? Is this doctrine of future recognition of friends in heaven a guess, a myth, a whim, or is it a granitic foundation upon which the soul pierced of all ages may build a glorious hope? Intense question! Every heart in this audience throbs right into it. There is in every soul here the tomb of at least one dead. Tremendous question! It makes the lip quiver, and the cheek flush, and the entire nature thrill. Shall we know each other there? I get letters almost every month asking me to discuss this subject. I get a letter in a bold, scholarly hand, on gilt-edged paper, asking me to discuss this question, and I say: "Ah! that is a curious man, and he wants a curious question solved." But I get another letter. It is written with a trembling hand, and on what seems to be a torn-out leaf of a book, and there and here is the mark of a tear; and I say: "Oh, that is a broken heart, and it wants to be comforted."

The object of this sermon is to take this theory out of the region of surmise and speculation into the region of positive certainty. People say, "It would be very pleasant if that doctrine were true. I hope it may be true. Perhaps it is true. I wish it were true." But I believe that I can bring an accumulation of argument to bear upon this matter which will prove the doctrine of future recognition as plainly as that there is any heaven at all, and that the kiss of reunion at the celestial gate will be as certain as the dying kiss at the door of the sepulchre.

four times that is taken for granted. The whole New Testament is an arbor over which this doctrine creeps like a luxuriant vine full of purple clusters of consolation. James, John, and Peter followed Christ into the mountain. A light falls from heaven on that mountain and lifts it into the glories of the celestial. Christ's garments glow and his face shines like the sun. The door of heaven swings open. Two spirits come down and alight on that mountain. The disciples look at them and recognize them as Moses and Elias. Now, if those disciples standing on the earth could recognize these two spirits who had been for years in heaven, do you tell me that we, with our heavenly eyesight, will not be able to recognize those who have gone out from among us only five, ten, twenty, thirty years ago?

You know very well that our joy in any circumstances is augmented by the companionship of our friends. We cannot see a picture with less than four eyes, or hear a song with less than four ears. We want some one beside us with whom to exchange glances and sympathies; and I suppose the joy of heaven is to be augmented by the fact that we are to have our friends with us when there rise before us the thrones of the blest and when there surges up in our ear the jubilate of the saved. Heaven is not a contraction. It is an expansion. If I know you here, I will know you better there. Here I see you with only two eyes, but there the soul shall have a million eyes. It will be immortality gazing on immortality—ransomed spirit in colloquy with ransomed spirit—victor beside victor. When John Evans, the Scotch minister, was seated in his study, his wife came in and said to him, "My dear, do you think we will know each other in heaven?" He turned to her and said, "My dear, do you think we will be bigger fools in heaven than we are here?"

Again, I accept this doctrine of future recognition because the world's expectancy affirms it. In all lands and ages this theory is received. What form of religion planted it? No form of religion, for it is received under all forms of religion. Then, I argue, a sentiment, a feeling, an anticipation, universally planted, must have been God-implanted, and if God-implanted, it is rightfully implanted. Socrates writes: "Who would not part with a great deal to purchase a meeting with Orpheus and Homer? If it be true that this is to be the consequence of death, I could even be able to die often."

There is a mother before the throne of God. You say her joy is full. Is it? You say there can be no augmentation of it. Cannot there be? Her son was a wanderer and a vagabond on the earth when that good mother died. He broke her old heart. She died leaving him in the wilderness of sin. She is before the throne of God now. Years pass, and that son repents of his crimes and gives his heart to God and becomes a useful Christian, and dies and enters the gates of heaven. You tell me that that mother's joy cannot be augmented. Let them confront each other, the son and the mother. "Oh," she says to the angels of God, "rejoice with me! The dead is alive again, and the lost is found. Hallelujah! I never expected to see this lost one come back." The Bible says nations are to be born in a day. When China comes to God will it not know Dr. Abee? When India comes, will it not know Dr. John Scudder? When the Indians come to God, will they not know David Brainerd?

I see a soul entering heaven at last, with covered face at the idea that it has done so little for Christ, and feeling borne down with unworthiness, and it says to itself, "I have no right to be here." A voice from a throne says, "Oh, you forget that Sunday school class you invited to Christ! I was one of them." And another voice says, "You forget that poor man to whom you gave a loaf of bread. I was that man." And another says, "You forget that sick one to whom you gave medicine for the body and the soul. I was that one." And then Christ, from a throne overtopping all the rest, will say, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it to me." And then the seraphs will take their harps from the side of the throne, and cry, "What song shall it be?" And Christ, bending over the harpers, shall say, "It shall be the Harvest Home!"

One more reason why I am disposed to accept this doctrine of future recognition is that so many in their last hour on earth have confirmed this theory. I speak not of persons who have been delirious in their last moment, and knew not what they were about, but of persons who died in calmness and placidity, and who were not naturally superstitious. Often the glories of heaven have struck the dying pillow, and the departing man has said he saw and heard those who had gone away from him. How often it is in the dying moments parents see their departed children and children see their departed parents. I came down to the banks of the Mohawk River. It was evening, and I wanted to go over the river, and so I waved my hat and shouted, and after awhile I saw some one waving on the opposite bank, and I heard him shout, and the boat came across, and I got in and was transported. And so I suppose it will be in the evening of our life. We will come down to the river of death and give a signal to our friends on the other shore, and they will give a signal back to us, and the boat comes, and our departed kindred are the oarsmen, the crew of the setting day tinging the tops of the paddles.

Oh, have you never sat by such a deathbed? In that hour you hear the departing soul cry, "Hark! look!" You hearken and you look. A little child pining away because of the death of its mother, getting weaker and weaker every day, was taken into the room where hung the picture of her mother.

She seemed to enjoy looking at it, and then she was taken away, and after awhile died. In the last moment that wan and wasted little one lifted her hands, while her face lighted up with the glory of the next world, and cried out, "Mother!" Do you tell me she did not see her mother? She did. So in my first settlement at Belleville a plain man said to me, "What do you think I heard last night? I was in the room where one of my neighbors was dying. He was a good man, and he said he heard the angels of God singing before the throne. I haven't much poetry about me, but I listened, and I heard them, too." Said I, "I have no doubt of it." Why, we are to be taken up to heaven at last by ministering spirits. Who are they to be? Souls that went up from Madras, or Antioch, or Jerusalem? Oh, no! our glorified kindred are going to troop around us.

Heaven is not a stately, formal place, as I sometimes hear it described, a very frigidly of splendor, where people stand on cold formalities and go around about with heavy crowns of gold on their heads. No, that is not my idea of heaven. My idea of heaven is more like this: You are seated in the evening by the fireplace, your whole family there or nearly all of them there. While you are seated talking and enjoying the evening hour, there is a knock at the door, and the door opens, and there comes in a brother that has been long absent. He has been absent, for years you have not seen him, and no sooner do you make up your mind that it is certainly he than you leap up, and the question is who shall give him the first embrace. That is my idea of heaven—a great home circle where they are waiting for you. Oh, will you not know your mother's voice there? She who always called you by your first name long after others had given you the formal "Mister." You never never anything but James, or John, or George, or Thomas, or Mary, or Florence to her. Will you not know your child's voice? She of the bright eye and ruddy cheek, and the quiet step, who came in from play and flung herself into your lap, a very shower of mirth and beauty? Why, the picture is graven in your soul. It cannot wear out. If that little one should stand on the other side of some heavenly hill and call to you, you would hear her voice above the burst of heaven's great orchestra. Know it! You could not help but know it.

Now I bring you this glorious consolation of future recognition. If you could get this theory into your heart it would lift a great many shadows that are stretching across it. When I was a lad I used to go out to the railroad track and put my ear down on the track, and I could hear the express train rumbling miles away, and coming on; and to-day, my friends, if we only had faith enough we could put our ear down to the grave of our dead, and listen and hear in the distance the rumbling on of the chariots of resurrection victory.

O heaven! sweet heaven! You do not spell heaven as you used to spell it, h-e-a-v-e-n, heaven. But now when you want to spell that word you place side by side the faces of the loved ones who are gone, and in that irradiation of light and love, and beauty and joy, you spell it out as never before, in songs and hallelujahs. Oh, ye whose hearts are down under the sod of the cemetery, cheer up at the thought of this reunion. Oh, how much you will have to tell them when once you meet them.

Oh, how different it is on earth from the way it is in heaven when a Christian dies! We say, "Close his eyes." In heaven they say, "Give him a palm." On earth we say, "Let him down in the ground." In heaven they say, "Hoist him on a throne." On earth it is, "Farewell, farewell." In heaven it is, "Welcome, welcome." And so I see a Christian soul coming down to the river of death, and he steps into the river, and the water comes up to the ankle. He says, "Lord Jesus, is this death?" "No," says Christ, "this is not death." And he wades still deeper down into the waters until the flood comes to the knee, and he says, "Lord Jesus, tell me, tell me, is this death?" And Christ says, "No, no, this is not death." And he wades still further down until the water comes to the girdle, and the soul says, "Lord Jesus, is this death?" "No," says Christ, "this is not." And deeper in wades the soul (ill the billow strikes the lip, and the departing one cries, "Lord Jesus, is this death?" "No," says Christ, "this is not." But when Christ had lifted this soul on a throne of glory, and all the pomp and joy of heaven came surging to its feet, then Christ said, "This, oh transported soul! this is death!"

The Principles of Jesus. The principles of Jesus plainly are that God is an Infinite Spirit; that He is infinitely good; that the best qualities of humanity are but hints of His excellence; that all souls are His children; that evil is our most dreadful foe; that God desires our rescue from it; and that Christ is the expression of that desire, and his holy and unchanging love.—T. S. King.

Here Words. We are not as careful with our words as we ought to be. We often wound and are wounded by hasty or angry or rude words; we say things not soon forgotten by the hearer, and for which we feel sorry ever afterward.—Rev. O. F. Gregory.

Ahead of Time. "And now, little children," said the Sunday-school superintendent, "if you are good children, some day you may wear a golden crown." "Paw's got one on his tooth now," chirped the smallest and newest boy.—Indianapolis Journal.

THE TRADE REVIEW.

DUN & CO. REPORT A STEADY IMPROVEMENT.

While Prices Range Low, Sales Are Increasing—Apprehension of Money Disturbance Has Passed Away—The Week's Failures—Earnings of the Railroads.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says:

There is more business, though not at better prices. There is larger production, but as yet not as much increase in consumption, and there is larger buying of materials, but at present only because better prices are expected in the future.

Wheat, corn and cotton exports are the key of the financial situation, and during the past week wheat has declined ½ cents, and corn ¼ cents, while cotton is unchanged. There has been a general reduction in prices of cotton goods, which at present stimulates larger buying.

The woolen industry is as slow as ever and no real improvement appears in the demand for goods, although owing to the lateness of the season there is a little more doing, both in spring and in winter goods, without quotable change in prices.

In the minor metals a stronger tone is general, and with an output of 17,619 tons in the United States and 7,685 in other countries, which is larger than in any other month since July in other countries, and except in October larger than any other month since March last in the United States.

Copper is slightly stronger at 12 cents. Lead has improved a little with \$3.07½ asked, and tin is steady at \$13.40, with a stronger market at London.

The iron industry is engaged in settling relative prices, and the slow operation retards business in many branches, since the future of prices is uncertain.

Failures for the week have been 409 in the United States against 373 last year, and 65 in Canada, against 61 last year.

The aggregate gross earnings of all railroads in the United States reporting for the first half of January is \$9,737,724, a decrease of 4.4 per cent, compared with last year and of 10.1 per cent compared with the corresponding period in 1893.

WILL SELL THE ROAD.

Government Will Foreclose Its Mortgage on Pacific Lines.

Attorney-General Harmon has entered into an agreement with the reorganization committee of the Union and Kansas Pacific railroads by which the government is to join the committee in foreclosure proceedings. The committee guarantees to the government that at the foreclosure sale it shall receive a bid of at least the original amount of the bond, less payments made by the company to the government, with interest at the rate of 3-1-3 per cent per annum. The agreement has been signed, and active steps will be taken in a few days.

In official circles the agreement is regarded as highly advantageous to the government, although the interest which the government has paid and will continue to pay until the last of the outstanding bonds mature was at the rate of 6 per cent, the figure obtained by the attorney-general is regarded as very liberal.

FIREMEN ADJOURN.

Matter of Federation with Other Organizations Not Discussed.

The regular session of the union meeting of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen is ended. First Vice Grand Master Hanrahan said that the statement which had been extensively published to the effect that the convention had taken up and discussed the matter of federation between the firemen and other railway employees' organizations was erroneous. This matter, he said, had been fully canvassed by the last biennial convention and referred back to the local lodges to vote upon. Consequently this meeting had no jurisdiction and could not properly discuss the subject. The next district meeting will be held at Oil City, Pa., in April next.

Cuban Victory Reported.

A special to the Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune from Key West, Fla., says that news has been received in Havana from Cuban sources that a fight occurred at Pijua, Matanzas province, last week, in which the Spanish lost 100 men killed and wounded.

Fuller May Be an Arbitrator.

Chief Justice Fuller may be one of the arbitrators to settle the boundary dispute between Venezuela and Great Britain. He has been invited to represent the republic of Venezuela on this court and has the invitation under consideration.

McCallagh's Successor Named.

Captain Henry King, chief editorial writer of the paper, has been appointed to succeed the late Joseph E. McCallagh as editor of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. No change will be made in the policy or style of the paper.

The agricultural implement house of L. P. McReynolds & Son, at Stanford, Ill., has been closed by the sheriff. After the sheriff took possession the McReynolds assigned to Miles F. Brooks. Liabilities, \$2,622.54; assets, \$1,263.48. L. P. McReynolds' liabilities, \$10,087; assets are principally of lands much greater in value.

The New York board of health will hereafter treat cases of pulmonary tuberculosis in the same manner as cases of diphtheria and scarlet fever are treated.

WAIT ON UNCLE SAM.

Europe Won't Take Initiative for Monetary Conference.

London, Jan. 25.—It is rumored that Senator Edward O. Wolcott of Colorado, who has been visiting England in the interest of bimetalism, is not quite satisfied with the progress of his inquiries here. He finds that the position here remains unchanged from the time of the Brussels conference—namely, that the British government and the house of commons are committed to do all in their power to secure by international agreement the stable monetary par of the exchange of gold and silver.

But Great Britain under no circumstances will take the initiative in calling a new conference. She wants to see what practical steps other governments are willing to take. The continental powers are equally unwilling to take the lead in calling a monetary conference, as they unanimously believed that the United States, both by its position and importance, must take the initiative.

HOMES SWEEPED AWAY.

Fire Ruins an Iowa Town—No Fatalities Reported.

Pacific Junction, Iowa, has been wiped out by flames. Scores of people are homeless. The blaze originated in a small grocery store from unknown cause, and before it was brought under control twenty-three buildings comprising the main section of the place, had been wiped out. Among the buildings destroyed were the Pacific Hotel, valued at \$8,000, and the Odd Fellows' Hall of about the same value. Both structures were three stories in height. The total loss is estimated at between \$25,000 and \$30,000.

The whole town is built of wood, and the flames had an easy progress from building to building under the stimulus of a strong north wind. But little of the contents of the buildings were saved. No fatalities occurred.

Blizzard Was Widespread.

The severe cold wave Saturday and Sunday extended as far east as the Ohio valley and southward to Texas, where the temperature fell from twenty to forty degrees in twenty-four hours. It was below freezing in Tennessee and Central Texas; is below zero in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri, and 20 degrees below zero over the Dakotas and Minnesota. The temperature fell near zero from Virginia northward, and freezing weather extended southward to the gulf and South Atlantic coasts.

Firemen Are Badly Frozen.

Seven firemen are suffering from being frozen at a fire at Muncie, Ind., Monday morning. The injured men are: Chief Granville Shepp, Frank Buchanan, John Casey, Chat Taylor, Ollie Hall, Grant Blael, John Fahner. The men worked from 2 to 5 o'clock at the home of C. E. Wiley, and when the fire was extinguished their clothes had to be cut from their backs. Mrs. Wiley, with her child in her arms, was blinded by smoke, and stumbled and fell downstairs. She clung to the child and both were dangerously injured.

To Relocate Schweinfurth's Heaven.

Colonel George Jacob Schweinfurth, his chief apostle, John Weidon, and Attorney J. C. Woodburn of Byron have gone to Po'ean, I. T., to look up land suitable for the removal of the "heaven" which has been maintained south of Rockford, Ill., for many years. The trio will spend some time in Arkansas and Missouri on the way back, and pick a location in one or the other should they find nothing to suit them in the Indian Territory.

Potdam, N. Y., Bank Goes Under.

The National Bank of Potdam, N. Y., closed its doors Monday. The bank is one of the oldest institutions in the county, having been organized in 1851 under the name of the Frontier Bank. In the bank's last statement the capital stock was given as \$200,000; surplus, \$40,000; undivided profits, \$8,000; deposits, \$350,000; loans and discounts, \$500,000.

Will Buy No Implements.

The farmers in a number of northern Indiana counties have perfected an organization whereby it is agreed not to purchase any farm implements this year. A system of exchange has been agreed upon. The leaders in the movement disclaim the establishment of a boycott on manufacturers or dealers, and declare the organization is the outgrowth of business and financial depression.

Minority Law Declared Valid.

Michigan's famous minority representation law was declared constitutional by the Supreme Court. The question was raised by the directors of the Michigan Mutual Life Insurance Company of Detroit, which will appeal the case to the United States Supreme Court. The law provides that minority stockholders may cumulate their stock and vote the entire amount for one or more directors.

The Catholic church and schoolhouse adjoining it at Vandalia, Ill., were destroyed by fire. It was the oldest church building in Vandalia. Work on the new Catholic church building, which is to cost \$10,000, will now be pushed rapidly.

A Berlin dispatch to the London Times says that in the lower house the ministry replied indicated that the government had decided not to disallow the free produce exchange, but rather endeavor to arrive at some arrangement with the grain traders.

REGARDING PASSENGER BUSINESS.

Decision of the Illinois Warehouse Commission.

In the matter of the commission of the secretary of the state group, Illinois dated Jan. 1, 1897, subject to resolution of that body adopted at the December meeting, 1894, setting the board of railroad and warehouse commissioners to reduce the passenger rate from three (3) cents to two (2) cents per mile, the commission is of the opinion that to do so at this time would be unwise and unwarranted and would be unjust to the railroad interest of the state. While some of the great trunk lines in Illinois might be able to stand such a reduction, yet the smaller roads, and those which do almost wholly a local business, and which are now and have been for the last two years struggling for existence, would be most seriously affected by it.

Such action on our part would simply increase the heavy burdens under which they are staggering now. It is a well-known fact to those who have taken the trouble to investigate the amount of passenger business done by the railroads in Illinois during the past two years that there has been a large decrease in the number of passengers carried. This is due in our judgment not to the amount charged for such service but to the general depression in all lines of business, the low prices of farm products and the unsettled financial conditions which have had their effect on the passenger as well as the freight business.

And it is also a fact, as shown by the sworn reports of the railroads of Illinois that the capital invested in such property has not paid even a fair interest to the stockholder. This question was before us when we revised the freight schedule in 1895, and the whole question was thoroughly considered. We did not think then and neither do we feel now that it is just to both the public and the railroads, because each should stand on the same equality before the law, this reduction should be made at this time. If the country was prosperous our conclusions might be different.

The statistics in our office show that for the past three years, 1894, 1895 and 1896, the average amount charged by the railroads per passenger mile is a fraction above two cents, although the maximum allowed them was three cents.

For the reasons above stated we do not feel that this reduction should be made at this time. We are also asked to recommend this reduction to the legislature. In view of our conclusion we do not feel that it would be consistent for us to do so; however, the legislature has the power to regulate the maximum rate which can be charged for passenger service and we leave the matter to their wisdom.

(Signed) W. S. CANTRELL, Chairman. THOS. GAHAN, Secretary. Attest: J. W. YANTIS, Secretary, Jan. 12, 1897.

WHAT A LIE.

A Editor Says That It Takes Money to Run a Newspaper.

From the Covington (Ohio) Gazette: "It takes money to run a newspaper."—St. John (Kan.) News.

What an aggregation; what a per. It has been disproved a thousand times; it is a clean case of sky fancy. It doesn't take money to run a newspaper; it can run without money. It is a charitable institution, a begging concern, a highway robber. Godfrey the newspaper is the child of the air, a creature of a dream. It can go on and on and on, when any other concern would be in the hands of a receiver and wound up with cobwebs in the window. It takes wind to run a newspaper; it takes gales to run a newspaper; it takes a scintillating, acrobatic imagination, and a half dozen white shirts, and a railroad pass to run a newspaper. But money—Heavy money to Betty and six hands round, who ever needed money in conducting a newspaper? Kind words are the medium of exchange that do the business for the editor—kind words and church social tickets. When you see an editor with money, watch him. He'll be paying bills and disgracing his profession. Never give money to an editor. Make him trade it out. He likes to swap. Then when you die, after having stood around for years and sneered at the editor and his little jim crow paper, be sure and have your wife send in for three extra copies by one of your weeping children, and when she reads the generous and touching notice about you, forswear her to neglect to send fifteen cents to the editor. It would overhelm him. Money is a corrupting thing. The editor knows it and what he wants is your heartfelt thanks. Then he can thank the printers and they can thank their grocers. Take your job work to the job office and then come and ask for half rates for church notices. Get your lodge letter heads and stationery printed out of town, and then flood the editor with beautiful thoughts in resolutions of respect and cards of thanks. They make such spicy reading, and when you pick it up filled with those glowing and vivid mortuary articles, you are so proud of your little paper! But money—scorn the filthy thing. Don't let the pure, innocent editor know anything about it. Keep that sordid tradespeople who charge for their wares. The editor gives his bounty away. The Lord loves a cheerful giver. He'll take care of all the editors. Don't worry about the editor. He has a charter from the state to act as a court for the community. He'll be on the paper out somehow, and stand up for you when you run for office, and about your pigeon-toed daughter's tacky wedding, and how about your big-footed sons when they get a job week job, and when ever your wife's body is released from its present confinement, and with a wife's consent you can be a member of the board of directors.

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