

MORNING DAILY FOUNDED 1881 WEEKLY (NOW DAILY) 1887

THE LATEST NEWS

CHARLOTTETOWN, CANADA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1911.

FIRST OF ALL

(\$50 A MONTH BY MAIL IN ADVANCE) (12.50 PER YEAR BY MAIL IN ADVANCE)

THE BIBLE THE GREAT BOOK OF ALL BOOKS

The Fundamental Facts of the Christian Religion Discussed in This City.

(The outline of a sermon delivered by Rev. J. F. Floyd in St. James' Church, Jan. 5, 1911, before the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society.)

In dealing with the Bible we are dealing with that which is fundamental in our religion. The least creature of God are great. We may study the grass of the field, the flowers of the garden, or the leaves of the forest; we may consider the dew of the morning or the snowflake of the noon-day; we may view the insects beneath our feet and the birds that fly in the air; we may admire the diamonds of the mine and the pearls of the ocean—all because these are the creatures of God and because there are some things about them that are not understood by the greatest minds. But by common consent there are a few things that we regard as the greatest of all. The greatest being in the universe is God. Drummond has said the greatest thing in the world is love. It is evident that the greatest book in the world is the Bible. It outweighs in importance all other books the world has produced or will produce. The Bible has the widest circulation of any book. It is printed in more languages than any other book being now printed in whole or in part in nearly five hundred languages and dialects. It has been quoted more than any other book, the quotation of the first four centuries of the Christian era being sufficient, it is thought, to produce the entire New Testament. It is also read more and loved more than any other book. Let me give you a few reasons for believing that the Bible is the greatest book in the world:

1. The literature of the Bible has no equal. Its style is simple, correct, dignified and grand. Its poetry is exact, beautiful, lofty and inspiring. We admire the plays of Shakespeare, Milton's Paradise Lost, Pope's Essay on Men and Campbell's Pleasures of Hope; but these are all surpassed by the poetry of Job, David and Solomon. We read with interest the stories of Scott, Dickens and the Arabian Nights, but the books of Ruth and Esther are still more fascinating. The latter are admirably planned and beautifully executed, and they have the advantage of being true stories.

2. The history of the Bible is thoroughly reliable and up-to-date. Profane history is unreliable that a great historian has said that when we go back a few centuries it becomes difficult many times to tell what is history. Hence books on history must be frequently revised. No one would read Rollin's Ancient History or Gibbon's Rome, standard works, without regret. But the facts of the Bible need no revision. At one time the claim that Moses could have produced the Pentateuch, and actually did so, was denied on the ground that there was no sufficient literature at that time. But it has lately been discovered that Babylon had her libraries before Moses was born, and that writing in an advanced form existed long before the time of Abraham and Melchisedec, as told in the book of Genesis, was disputed. But the monuments have confirmed the story. The journey of Israel from Egypt to Canaan through the wilderness, has been questioned. But the facts have been practically followed by scientific men. The monuments confirm the seven years' famine in Egypt. Skeptics declared the Pharaohs of Exodus to be myths. But several of these Pharaohs' mummies now lie in the Gizeh museum in Cairo. Not long ago the Christian world was asked "Where are Goshen and Pithom?" Later Goshen was surveyed and Pithom with its bricks, with straw, with stables, and without straw, as the Bible represents it, was discovered. Then looking to Palestine, we find the correspondence between the land and the book is nearly perfect. All the references of the Bible writers to the manners and customs of the people, the cities, towns, mountains, hills, valleys, plains, lakes, streams, relative levels, etc. are correct. Mistakes have been found in all other guide books to the Holy Land; but the statements of the Bible have been found thoroughly reliable. The discoveries of archeology tell the same story. Many of the monuments confirm the history of the Bible, and the highest authority declares that not one of them contradicts it.

3. The science of the Bible is also correct. Its purpose was not to serve as a text book on science. But when it deals with science its statements are true. The critics thought Solomon made a mistake when he represented the ants of Palestine as storing up food in the summer for their winter's supply. We were told that an abundance of such evidence in the Bible has been discovered that the ants of Palestine and some other countries do just as represented by Solomon. Until recently Christians were asked for some confirmatory evidence of the Bible flow. But the modern geologist now has no trouble in pointing to an abundance of such evidence. In the creation story of Genesis God is placed first, and matter is created by Him. The earth for a time exists without life and covered with water. The waters are gathered together and the dry land appears. Plant life first appears, and then the animals in order, from the lower forms up to the crowning act of God in the creation of man. Light appears before the position

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

January 29. JEHOSEPHAT'S GOOD REIGN IN JUDAH.

2 Chron. 17: 1-13. GOLDEN TEXT.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all things shall be added unto you."—Matt. 6: 33.

POINTED SUGGESTIONS. By Rev. D. W. Snider.

It is too bad that the records of the lives of men have had so often to reveal the fact that their "first ways" were their best ways. It was not so with David. But the Bible does not conceal the painful fact, and the story of his heroes may therefore be received as being true to history. Jehoshaphat wisely chose to follow the "first ways" of his father David. Too many are apt to imitate the inferior and to be satisfied with that which is less worthy than the best. Because a father is the user of tobacco the son ought not to say to himself, "If I do no worse than my father, I guess I shall do well enough." No father talks of indulging in his vice as being a part of his first or best ways. And wisdom lies in choosing only the first and best.

The records show that while Jehoshaphat took the precaution to strengthen himself against Israel as an enemy he lacked the foresight to beware of Israel as a friend. His kingdom came close to absolute wreck in after days because of the friendly and marital alliance he made with the house of Ahab. The friendship which is formed with the bad is too often the ruin of the good. Better not.

But the reign of Jehoshaphat in Judah on the whole was exemplary and good. He is classed as a good king. And without a doubt that is so when comparison is made with the kings of the other nations. Being one of the other kings of Judah he was in his time a burning and shining light.

This is evident from the references which are made to character and conduct and kindly doings in the lesson. They are a strong series and strikingly suggestive. They are moral and spiritual in character, and close at hand. Just list some of them:

1. He strengthened himself against Israel. Every man under obligation to protect and overcome that which is committed to his trust.

2. He walked in the first ways of his father David. Not less than the pure and the best should be the goal of ambition.

3. He sought not Baalim but sought the God of his fathers. Neither national prejudice nor bigotry should be permitted to affect the choice of the God to whom we shall worship, but purity, should and holiness and the record of achievement.

4. He walked in God's commandments. He kept them and made them his guide. No one can be a worshiper of God and be disobedient to His word. "Nor every one that saith unto me, 'Lord, Lord,' etc., Matt. 7: 21.

5. His heart was lifted up in the ways of the Lord. Enthusiasm for one's religion, glad testimonies for one's Lord, earnest and eager discipleship are fine exhibits of faith. They are the evidence of a true heart and the record of achievement.

6. He took away the high places. The persistent presence and influence of an evil thing cannot be tolerated by those whose purposes for themselves and others are thereby menaced.

7. He sent the princes and Levites among the people to teach the law of the Lord. In other words, he brought both the Church and the State into combination to teach the highest morality and to conserve the purest religion. Whether that combination should exist in a favored or established way or not, it is true that the purpose of both the Church and the State should be alike, namely, the social and moral and eternal uplift of the people. God will prosper such a nation, even as it is said that Jehoshaphat waxed great exceedingly.

responsibility of keeping a wife and home in comfort.

"These views led me to look upon the unexpected situation in which I found myself as a real calamity, and I fought with all my might against the strange feelings that had taken possession of my breast. What could I do with a wife? In the first place I was without any settled income, and had no immediate prospect of finding one, having just separated myself not only from business but from the people in whose ministry I had the prospect of a call.

"However, we looked carefully at each other and at our circumstances and found that we were both quite prepared to wait a number of years that might be necessary before marriage; and that with this understanding we entered into an engagement that lasted for nearly forty years in this world, and will, I fondly believe, last forever in the world to come."

Three years as a matter of fact, elapsed before the marriage was celebrated. These years were devoted by the General in making the most of his opportunity for saving the people to whom he ministered. "In all this," he went on, "this beautiful woman

LETTER OF CONDOLENCE SO SHINES A GOOD DEED

INTERESTING SHORT STORY

We haven't any culture at Bakers-town—especially musical culture. Cecilia knows, because one time she went to New York and stayed there three weeks—and you can't get musical culture outside of New York. We have the Bakerstown orchestra. Rob Schlegel conducts it, besides teaching music in the high school. It plays in little towns around and brings him about \$40 a month. We'd always thought it was pretty good till Cecilia heard it on Sunday morning as we were walking by the Catholic afternoon where it was playing. That regarded in himself, because Rob Schlegel was engaged to marry my sister, Linna. I said Rob's conduct was just beautiful. And I bragging of himself, because he would make some-

"I want Cecilia to meet Rob," said Linna. "It'll be such a treat to him to know a person of real musical culture."

Linna isn't very bright or very pretty; just sweet. She's little, with brown eyes and auburn hair. She has a sweet little pipe that she can play well enough to accompany Rob on the piano when he wants her to. And she'd die for Rob's musical career. As for him, ever since he was fourteen the sun has risen and set in Linna.

Cecilia is tall and her hair is reddish gold. It was a sort of dark drab when she was a child. It changed. The sun was glorious that Sunday afternoon when we three were out walking over beyond the cemetery. Rob lives about a quarter of a mile from there. While we were walking he began to play his cornet. The music came stealing across the stony street and it made me cry. Linna Rob, and with tears in her eyes, too. That evening Rob came to take Cecilia where they are both in the choir. Cecilia came out on the porch while he presented her. He was handsome as well as musical and for a boy of twenty-three he has fine address of twenty-

"I heard such fine cornet music," said Cecilia. "Do you happen to know Mr. Schlegel, or any gentleman who plays the cornet about here?" He was astonished to say he would. It reminded me of things I've heard in New York."

Rob is daft over music. "Oh," he cried, "do you know the big artists?" "Do!" exclaimed Cecilia. He sighed. "I haven't heard much of anything."

Linna winced a little. You see, Rob hadn't heard very much, because he'd saved his money to make a home for himself. He used to say he wouldn't go away and hear music until he could take Linna with him.

"I would love to hear you play, Mr. Schlegel," said Cecilia. "And perhaps I can really help you with advice. 'Oh, no, I don't sing or play myself. I think the more musical culture you have the more you hate what so often passes for music. And as I couldn't make great music I've got to hang on for people with less sensitive ears. But I do greatly love the art."

She and Rob became so much interested that she went to church with Linna. By and by Rob and Cecilia came back, with Linna still about Rob's feet. I understood about Rob's that care of his. "There are times when I'm more to him than even Linna can be; and Cecilia had come from outside and knew things he was just thirsty to be told. But when they two sat on the porch talking and Linna went away by herself and looked at the moon through the vines—I just burst out and said something to my friend the doctor.

But he didn't see the point. "Really," he said, "I think it's a fine thing for Rob to meet a person of real musical culture. Besides, anybody who has been three weeks in New York ought to be able to give him letters to managers and such people that would help him break into grand opera. Besides, Monday night Rob called with his cornet. Cecilia was simply charmed with his playing! Tuesday Rob called again and played. Wednesday he spent the evening, and after Linna had played his accompaniment she slipped out on the porch by herself. He and Cecilia went on a crescent stars and soloists on wind instruments and Linna didn't return to them. About midnight I heard a little soft smiling noise beside me and reached over and in my hand across her eyes—Rob! Linna never knew any mother but me, and she's all the baby I've got! She just cuddled up to me and cried. "It's awful hard to lose him, honey!" I said.

The next evening she had it out with Rob. You see, Linna is proud. I always knew her pride was the only thing that could ever part her from Rob. She went at the matter just the way talking to meet a person when she heard him coming. She broke of a rapt piece she had been playing wretchedly on the piano and went out to speak to him. Rob opened the way. He said—"what he'd said right then. Linna pucker her lips and whistled a bar or two from the Good Old Summer Time." Then she said, slowly: "I play rapt music because I like it. And I've been thinking, Rob, that you and I haven't the same tastes about things. I think we both feel we made a mis-

THE FARMERS MOTOR CAR.

Isaac T. Marcosson, who has been known for some years as a writer on leading agricultural and industrial topics in the Saturday Evening Post, a striking paper on the extent to which the motor car has been purchased by farmers in the American West.

ready, he says, in many sections, the buggy is regarded as a well-nigh superannuated institution." In some countries it is only the time taken for courting. He finds that there are now in this country 85,000 automobiles or practically one-fourth of the total output, owned and used on farms. Two thirds of the machine owned in Kansas are owned by farmers and in Nebraska, 80 per cent. In Iowa, one out of every 32 farmers owns one. He continues: "Between January and June of this year the farmers of six middle-western States spent more than twenty million dollars for automobiles, and they bought for cars. Where the Dakotas, to the Texas border, you will find the trail of the gasoline car across the farm. It has made rural life more attractive; it has destroyed the isolation of the ranch to the town; it has brought the market to the farm's door, and in various vicinities it is working out a social and educational revolution. In short, it has become an implement of utility instead of a luxury."

circumstances pleasing or painful to me as fully and self-denyingly to my task."

Mrs Booth did not speak at any of her husband's meetings until some years after her marriage, always giving as her reason her conviction that she was called to the duty.

"We had had a number of testimonies," said the General, referring to a meeting at Gagethead, "and when I saw my wife rise from her seat, and trembling with emotion, walk up the aisle, asking for permission, as she did so to deliver a message which had happened to her and so did the people. Stepping down from the pulpit I asked, 'What is the matter my dear?' She replied, 'I want to say a word.' I was so taken by surprise that I could only say, 'My dear wife wishes to speak, and then I sat down. The influence which rested upon the congregation convinced every thoughtful person present that this was the beginning of a marvellous career. When men listened to her all questions of sex were forgotten. That it seldom thought of her personality was lost in the message she delivered."

"I shall never forget," says the General, in conclusion, "the day that my darling wife crossed the room in which we were sitting, and putting her arms round me, told me how she had received the sentence of death in herself. She had been to consult some eminent surgeons and they had each informed her that she was smitten with the terrible disease of cancer, which in a couple of years' time unless some miracle were performed would certainly have taken away. The agony I suffered through the thirty-two long months which intervened between the announcement of her sad fate and its realization I could not describe. All that time I saw her death drawing nearer and nearer, until her mother's hand pointing to the text, 'My grace is sufficient for thee,' which was hanging before her she passed away into the presence of her Lord."

Mrs. Booth was buried at Abney Park Cemetery on Oct. 13, 1890.

HYMN WRITER'S 91ST BIRTHDAY.

Mrs Maud Penndyffryn, Overton, Pictoushire, yesterday attained her 91st birthday and was the recipient of numerous congratulations. This venerable lady, who is the authoress of the well known hymn, "Thine, mother of ever, God of love," is the mother of Mrs. Chavasse, wife of the bishop of Liverpool.

Shakespeare Tells of the Mighty Force of Good Deeds in This World.

(Copr. 1909 by Bradley-Garretson Co., Ltd.) So shines a good deed in a naughty world. Merchant of Venice, Act V., Sc. 1.

There is no mightier force in the world than good deeds. Whole libraries have been written on how to act, and righteousness, charity and love, but on noble deed has more far-reaching influence than any book or sermon. The act of the Good Samaritan has been speaking eloquently for two thousand years to the civilized world.

A good deed has two-fold influence. It blesses him that gives and it enables the inhabitants to see a good deed. So a good deed illuminates the soul of the doer. It enables him realize his mission on earth is not self-pleasing and self-serving. It is to do good, not to shine out into the world, but to dispel the outer darkness, and to know a person of real musical culture."

Linna isn't very bright or very pretty; just sweet. She's little, with brown eyes and auburn hair. She has a sweet little pipe that she can play well enough to accompany Rob on the piano when he wants her to. And she'd die for Rob's musical career. As for him, ever since he was fourteen the sun has risen and set in Linna.

Cecilia is tall and her hair is reddish gold. It was a sort of dark drab when she was a child. It changed. The sun was glorious that Sunday afternoon when we three were out walking over beyond the cemetery. Rob lives about a quarter of a mile from there. While we were walking he began to play his cornet. The music came stealing across the stony street and it made me cry. Linna Rob, and with tears in her eyes, too. That evening Rob came to take Cecilia where they are both in the choir. Cecilia came out on the porch while he presented her. He was handsome as well as musical and for a boy of twenty-three he has fine address of twenty-

"I heard such fine cornet music," said Cecilia. "Do you happen to know Mr. Schlegel, or any gentleman who plays the cornet about here?" He was astonished to say he would. It reminded me of things I've heard in New York."

Rob is daft over music. "Oh," he cried, "do you know the big artists?" "Do!" exclaimed Cecilia. He sighed. "I haven't heard much of anything."

Linna winced a little. You see, Rob hadn't heard very much, because he'd saved his money to make a home for himself. He used to say he wouldn't go away and hear music until he could take Linna with him.

"I would love to hear you play, Mr. Schlegel," said Cecilia. "And perhaps I can really help you with advice. 'Oh, no, I don't sing or play myself. I think the more musical culture you have the more you hate what so often passes for music. And as I couldn't make great music I've got to hang on for people with less sensitive ears. But I do greatly love the art."

She and Rob became so much interested that she went to church with Linna. By and by Rob and Cecilia came back, with Linna still about Rob's feet. I understood about Rob's that care of his. "There are times when I'm more to him than even Linna can be; and Cecilia had come from outside and knew things he was just thirsty to be told. But when they two sat on the porch talking and Linna went away by herself and looked at the moon through the vines—I just burst out and said something to my friend the doctor.

But he didn't see the point. "Really," he said, "I think it's a fine thing for Rob to meet a person of real musical culture. Besides, anybody who has been three weeks in New York ought to be able to give him letters to managers and such people that would help him break into grand opera. Besides, Monday night Rob called with his cornet. Cecilia was simply charmed with his playing! Tuesday Rob called again and played. Wednesday he spent the evening, and after Linna had played his accompaniment she slipped out on the porch by herself. He and Cecilia went on a crescent stars and soloists on wind instruments and Linna didn't return to them. About midnight I heard a little soft smiling noise beside me and reached over and in my hand across her eyes—Rob! Linna never knew any mother but me, and she's all the baby I've got! She just cuddled up to me and cried. "It's awful hard to lose him, honey!" I said.

The next evening she had it out with Rob. You see, Linna is proud. I always knew her pride was the only thing that could ever part her from Rob. She went at the matter just the way talking to meet a person when she heard him coming. She broke of a rapt piece she had been playing wretchedly on the piano and went out to speak to him. Rob opened the way. He said—"what he'd said right then. Linna pucker her lips and whistled a bar or two from the Good Old Summer Time." Then she said, slowly: "I play rapt music because I like it. And I've been thinking, Rob, that you and I haven't the same tastes about things. I think we both feel we made a mis-

Linna isn't very bright or very pretty; just sweet. She's little, with brown eyes and auburn hair. She has a sweet little pipe that she can play well enough to accompany Rob on the piano when he wants her to. And she'd die for Rob's musical career. As for him, ever since he was fourteen the sun has risen and set in Linna.

Cecilia is tall and her hair is reddish gold. It was a sort of dark drab when she was a child. It changed. The sun was glorious that Sunday afternoon when we three were out walking over beyond the cemetery. Rob lives about a quarter of a mile from there. While we were walking he began to play his cornet. The music came stealing across the stony street and it made me cry. Linna Rob, and with tears in her eyes, too. That evening Rob came to take Cecilia where they are both in the choir. Cecilia came out on the porch while he presented her. He was handsome as well as musical and for a boy of twenty-three he has fine address of twenty-

"I heard such fine cornet music," said Cecilia. "Do you happen to know Mr. Schlegel, or any gentleman who plays the cornet about here?" He was astonished to say he would. It reminded me of things I've heard in New York."

Rob is daft over music. "Oh," he cried, "do you know the big artists?" "Do!" exclaimed Cecilia. He sighed. "I haven't heard much of anything."

Linna winced a little. You see, Rob hadn't heard very much, because he'd saved his money to make a home for himself. He used to say he wouldn't go away and hear music until he could take Linna with him.

"I would love to hear you play, Mr. Schlegel," said Cecilia. "And perhaps I can really help you with advice. 'Oh, no, I don't sing or play myself. I think the more musical culture you have the more you hate what so often passes for music. And as I couldn't make great music I've got to hang on for people with less sensitive ears. But I do greatly love the art."

She and Rob became so much interested that she went to church with Linna. By and by Rob and Cecilia came back, with Linna still about Rob's feet. I understood about Rob's that care of his. "There are times when I'm more to him than even Linna can be; and Cecilia had come from outside and knew things he was just thirsty to be told. But when they two sat on the porch talking and Linna went away by herself and looked at the moon through the vines—I just burst out and said something to my friend the doctor.

But he didn't see the point. "Really," he said, "I think it's a fine thing for Rob to meet a person of real musical culture. Besides, anybody who has been three weeks in New York ought to be able to give him letters to managers and such people that would help him break into grand opera. Besides, Monday night Rob called with his cornet. Cecilia was simply charmed with his playing! Tuesday Rob called again and played. Wednesday he spent the evening, and after Linna had played his accompaniment she slipped out on the porch by herself. He and Cecilia went on a crescent stars and soloists on wind instruments and Linna didn't return to them. About midnight I heard a little soft smiling noise beside me and reached over and in my hand across her eyes—Rob! Linna never knew any mother but me, and she's all the baby I've got! She just cuddled up to me and cried. "It's awful hard to lose him, honey!" I said.

The next evening she had it out with Rob. You see, Linna is proud. I always knew her pride was the only thing that could ever part her from Rob. She went at the matter just the way talking to meet a person when she heard him coming. She broke of a rapt piece she had been playing wretchedly on the piano and went out to speak to him. Rob opened the way. He said—"what he'd said right then. Linna pucker her lips and whistled a bar or two from the Good Old Summer Time." Then she said, slowly: "I play rapt music because I like it. And I've been thinking, Rob, that you and I haven't the same tastes about things. I think we both feel we made a mis-

Linna isn't very bright or very pretty; just sweet. She's little, with brown eyes and auburn hair. She has a sweet little pipe that she can play well enough to accompany Rob on the piano when he wants her to. And she'd die for Rob's musical career. As for him, ever since he was fourteen the sun has risen and set in Linna.

Cecilia is tall and her hair is reddish gold. It was a sort of dark drab when she was a child. It changed. The sun was glorious that Sunday afternoon when we three were out walking over beyond the cemetery. Rob lives about a quarter of a mile from there. While we were walking he began to play his cornet. The music came stealing across the stony street and it made me cry. Linna Rob, and with tears in her eyes, too. That evening Rob came to take Cecilia where they are both in the choir. Cecilia came out on the porch while he presented her. He was handsome as well as musical and for a boy of twenty-three he has fine address of twenty-

"I heard such fine cornet music," said Cecilia. "Do you happen to know Mr. Schlegel, or any gentleman who plays the cornet about here?" He was astonished to say he would. It reminded me of things I've heard in New York."

Rob is daft over music. "Oh," he cried, "do you know the big artists?" "Do!" exclaimed Cecilia. He sighed. "I haven't heard much of anything."

Linna winced a little. You see, Rob hadn't heard very much, because he'd saved his money to make a home for himself. He used to say he wouldn't go away and hear music until he could take Linna with him.

"I would love to hear you play, Mr. Schlegel," said Cecilia. "And perhaps I can really help you with advice. 'Oh, no, I don't sing or play myself. I think the more musical culture you have the more you hate what so often passes for music. And as I couldn't make great music I've got to hang on for people with less sensitive ears. But I do greatly love the art."

WHERE DO THE PENNIES GO.

Although the Philadelphia mint coined 146,000,000 pennies last year, and many others millions in years before, the mystery of where the little coppers go still is unsolved. The director of the Mint, George E. Roberts estimates the big plant will make another 100,000,000 this year. Pennies, more than any other sort of coin, disappear from circulation mysteriously. The Government does not mind coining them, for it yields a fine profit. A pound of copper, costing now about 13 cents, will make 51