

EGHOES FROM SUNNYSIDE.

[Written for THE COURIER.]

HOME, 'tis the sweetest word in our language. About each letter is twined the most sacred memories of the human heart. Its very sound has a charm that soothes the bitter pain of a broken heart. Heaven is a dear word. But heaven is far away. We have never tasted its joy, know nothing of its pleasures, but the warm passionate earth-love of home we all know. It is not hard for those who have known what home is, to believe in heaven. Surely they who have had the joy of having a good home, have had a foretaste of the joys of heaven. But alas for those who have known what a home is and have lost it. To such there comes a misery, as they see the homes of their friends, such as must come to lost souls as they hear the music of heaven across the immeasurable gulf. When the home is broken up, when death comes in and takes the dearest inmates, or when worse sorrows than even death comes, then the heart knows its first bitter anguish that never is healed this side of the grave. Then cherish your home; all you that have one, lavish the richest love of your heart upon it, worship its inmates and hallow its walls. Relentless time will scatter your loved ones, tear down the beloved walls and leave you nothing but a memory, but let that memory be the sweetest and the holiest that your life shall know.

When the world has used you roughly, when the way seems hard to travel, even though you are a man grown, what a great relief it is to be able to go to mother's side and kneel down and put your arms around her. You will not need to tell her in words; she will understand you. Mothers know our thoughts; they read in our eyes the troubles and heartaches that our poor trembling lips refuse to utter. What a tender, sweet comfort comes over you as she gently presses her hand on your head and pets you once more, as she did when you were a boy, and came to her with a thorn in your finger to be extracted, or some little hurt to be remedied. Then her kiss could heal the wound that smarted so grievously and now the deeper wound of the heart is healed in the same sweet way. When life goes hard with you go back to mother's side and she will help you, but if you have no mother, God pity you.

I see a home where love reigns supreme. Where all is well ordered and everything moves without friction or discord. It is not in a palace but in a humble cottage. The mother with her glorious crown of white hair, the father with his gentle and lovable nature, the children noble and pure and true. It is the very vestibule of heaven. No one can enter that place but he feels an uplift to a better and purer life. There is no severe moral atmosphere about the place, no rigid law that says that such and such things must be done, but a liberty for all its members. The right way is shown and the wrong. The way is left for each one's choosing. The reward of the upright is in sight, the punishment of the wrong may be seen, and the right way is always chosen. Above the door is written a welcome to all who are good and true. The hand is extended to the sorrowing and the fallen. Human love reigns in that home, God's love reigns above it and when the last days come and earth fades away, that home will be on one of the white streets of heaven close by the great white palace.

See the pink and white apple blossoms fall on the green grass. Like a fragrant snow they fall and fall. There is the old orchard with its long rows of trees. Down at the foot of the orchard the currant bushes grow. Over to that side the bee-hives are ranged. There is the old swing where we spent so many happy hours. See the yellow dandelions. How many times we have plucked their yellow discs and put them in the button holes of our jackets and strutted about in the glory of a uniform. How many times we have taken their hollow stems and made curls of them with our tongues. The grass too, how cool and fresh it looks. How we long to pull off our shoes and run through it with freedom and abandon of days gone by. How we would like to roll in it, pluck it up by the hand full and toss it in the soft breeze. But those days are over. We must walk along and cruelly flip the yellow blossoms with our cane, and never say a word of our longing to the one who walks beside us, even though we may know that in his own heart he feels

the same passionate longing for days that are gone. But come away, we are not out in the old orchard. This is only a little plot of green in the great dusty city. There is only one little apple tree and its blossoms, some of them fall on the hard pavement and are trodden upon by a careless throng and are forgotten.

WILLIAM REED DUNROY.

HOW HE DID IT.

"I understand that your son went west, intending to rise with the community," said the neighbor.

"Yes. An' he did what he started fur."

"How?"

"He hadn't been there a week before a cyclone struck the town."

THE STEREOPTICON FOR SAVING SOULS.

Sunday evening at the Trinity M. E. church Dr. Paine celebrated the close of his three weeks' revival services.

Dr. Paine during these services used his stereopticon nightly, and great crowds came to see the pictures and hear the revivalist talk.

Sunday night, when the revival came to an end, there was scarcely a vacant seat in the big church. There were a great many children present.

First the words of familiar hymns were shown on the canvas, and it was really inspiring the way the people sang. The childish treble rang out clear in the great volume of song.

After that there were some particularly vivid pictures illustrating the hymn "Nearer My God to Thee."

And then Dr. Paine told of the last days of Christ and the resurrection, aided by views from the stereopticon.

The pictures were highly colored. Christ and the other principal figures were shown in bright green and red robes.

In one picture the figure of Christ rose on the canvas and ascended to heaven, or to the top of the canvas.

Following this Dr. Paine spoke at length on the excuses that people give for not accepting Christ. He told stories that made some of the children laugh, and made use of illustrations that were more or less striking.

"A man slips and falls into a dirty pool of water," said the doctor, "and if I ask him why he doesn't get up he says that he would probably fall down again. And so he stays in the pool and rolls over in the mire. His excuse for not getting up is like the excuse some people make for not getting up out of sin and taking Christ.

"Then some people resort to a very old dodge and say that they do not join the church because of the misdeeds of this or that church member. These people gather together all these crippled Christians they can find and when they appear before the judgment seat they will throw the whole lot down and say, 'that's the reason I am not a Christian.'"

The doctor discountenanced dancing. "I won't say that all people who dance are bad, but the influence of the dance is always bad. Men assume improper positions with women and because they have on the sign, 'I Am Dancing' it is all right. Suppose I am seated on a sofa with a woman and there is an orchestra close by. Pretty soon some fast music is heard and as I sit there on the sofa I squeeze the woman's hand and put my arms around her. What would you think of that? And yet what is the difference between that and dancing?"

At the conclusion of Dr. Paine's remarks he invited all those who desired to acknowledge Christ to come forward. Fifteen or more children approached the altar and knelt down while the congregation sang and prayed.

The Spring Medicine

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