

PROFESSOR TADD'S METHOD FOR TRAINING OF CHILDREN

The new idea of education is to fit the youth to make a living, and at the same time enjoy life. This requires that both hands and eyes be trained. Judgment and character developed, as well as storing the brain with facts. This must be done in such a way as to improve the health, strengthen the will and conserve the vital energy. Thus the new education aims to discover one's special bent, then to train the individual along the line of his natural capacity, and thus equip young men and women to go out into the world capable of doing its work.

The old education, on the contrary, so fills the mind with book learning that too often the will power is weakened, the health is injured, desire for work is lacking, there is little or no power to apply the hands efficiently, and the chief ambition is for a "soft job." The consequence is that boy or girl taught in the old way has to unlearn much unpractical theory in the stern school of experience.

The new methods have to be applied in such a way as to lighten the pupils' work in school, at the same time making their work more effective. It won't do to load down the already overworked course of study with more facts. There has been too much of that already. The processes and apparatuses of the new education must be simple, so as to be readily taught and applied without material cost to large numbers of children. The so-called manual training high schools have their place, like the high schools of science and literature, but only a fraction of the pupils, five or ten out of every hundred, reach the schools.

The vital problem is to get the 90 or 95 per cent who quit school after going through the grammar grades, that they can apply hand, eye, judgment and industrious application to their work, whatever it may be.

PROF. TADD'S METHOD.

Much progress has been made toward this end. One of the most notable successes is in Philadelphia, where industrial art methods have accomplished such results in the public schools that they have been introduced throughout the parochial schools also. The director of these new methods, Prof. J. Liberty Tadd, says:

"I begin early to train the hands and eyes, not the brain alone. The mind is educated even more by doing things than by reading about them. The common way is to fill the children with disconnected facts out of books, which they soon forget. Much of the book learning is of little avail because it cannot be recalled when needed. But if we learn by doing, if we study the actual things all around us in nature and art, instead of reading about them, we get our knowledge first hand, we lock it into the mind by making the forms or doing deeds or taking in the inspiration of nature. Instead of getting only a faint impression from print through the eye or from speech through the ear. Facts thus learned are never forgotten, but become a part of one's self that can be used whenever needed. We also employ the art idea—that is the doing of work well and in an artistic manner. When a child's eye is trained to recognize, grace, fitness, harmony, beauty, proportion, space, distance, etc., it will be satisfied only when it has done as perfectly and as well as possible. It will have no patience with ugly, slovenly, shiftless ways or results."

"In what way do you proceed in applying these methods?"

FREE HAND DRAWING FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

"We begin with free hand drawing, followed by creative drawing and painting. Along with this go modelling in clay and wood carving. The children work in all four departments in rotation. This gives dexterity to the hand and trains the hand and eye in a great variety of ways, whereas drawing alone would train in but one way."

"At what age would you begin such training?"

"In the kindergarten and primary schools. Look at these little children drawing on the blackboard with large, free, swinging lines. How quickly the eye becomes able to direct the hand in drawing a big picture of what the child sees or remembers. Little children should first get control over the larger muscles and nerves of arm and hand, making large, free movements. The fine work of paper pricking, weaving, etc. should not be allowed; it is now applied in too many kindergartens."

"In this lot of photographs of little children drawing and modeling they are using both hands. The geometric forms, cubes, prisms, etc., are conspicuously absent. How is that?"

"The children are ever so much more interested in natural forms, in cats, dogs, chickens, birds, fish, fruits, leaves, etc. These seem with life and interest and with many points upon which valuable lessons can be given—they are real actualities that the children are fascinated with whereas geometric forms are meaningless to the very young, are abstract and uninteresting and should not be produced until much later. We use both-hand drill work in drawing, a few minutes only to each lesson, to develop skill in the left hand as well as the right, and to make the most of the natural balance of the organism. In almost every occurrence of the ability to use both hands with equal facility, the child needs great assistance. Many adults have never learned to use both hands together in any way."

"How much time is given weekly to all this work in art and manual training?"

"Only two hours a week for the public school pupils. Only ten minutes or so of each period should be allowed for free hand drill at the blackboard. The exercises are such as have proven best for imparting manual and eye skill. The child creates the design in his mind (he never made one exactly like this before), and executes it on the board in five or ten minutes. The right hand draws the right-hand side of the picture, while the left hand does the left side. All this is done in a very few minutes by clear, swinging touches, no line being repeated, and the chalk not even being raised from the board until one side of the design is finished. This implies a remarkable dexterity of the hands and its unconscious obedience to the mind while the eye automatically guides the hand in executing its work gracefully and artistically. When you realize that few artists even can do this you can better appreciate the working together of hand, eye and mind that it involves."

"I don't quite understand your meaning here. I thought drawing was done with sketchy lines and tentative touches."

"So it is by feeble artists who do not possess manual dexterity. But the great masters have such obedience of hand, such training of the eye, that their minds were occupied solely with the thoughts they wished to express. They didn't have to stop to think how their hand should do the work, or how the eye should guide the hand. That was all automatic."

"You don't mean to say that ordinary children can obtain this facility?"

"I can show you many children, of all grades of society and environment, who have acquired this power to make either or both hands obey the mind, and they do it artistically, because their eye has been trained aright. They draw automatically just as you write, and equally as a mode of expression."

"In all the drawing I ever saw, at least by children, they had to take the utmost care with each line."

"Precisely," Mr. Tadd replied with a smile. "But the time required to learn drawing in that feeble way is enough to get this facility of execution if only the child is properly taught by art methods, real manual training and nature study. You must first realize how much automatic power there is in the human body. The tongue utters your thought automatically; you don't have to stop to see which way you shall wag your tongue; it works automatically, because that function, learned in infancy long since became automatic. So with walking and many movements. So with writing or the expression of thought in characters that compose words and sentences. You never think how you shall connect the letters and form them; your mind is wholly centered on the thought you wish to express, while the hand, unconsciously guided by the eye, automatically indites your thought. Just so the children draw on blackboard, paper or clay, and eventually carve in tough oak."

"Then they don't take carving until after a course in drawing and modeling?"

"On the contrary, they rotate all exercises. One lot of children will take blackboard drill for a few minutes, then do free-hand drawing of original designs or from objects of memory. At the next lesson they will model in clay the forms they have drawn or carved them in wood. This teaches them form all around and develops a wonderful close connection between hand, eye and brain, and is marvelous control over the muscles that give dexterity to the two hands."

MEMORY WORK EXEMPLIFIED.

"Perhaps I ought to emphasize here the memory work," said Mr. Tadd. "The children learn to see things, to grasp the essentials and then to draw or model them accurately. It is much easier for children who have had this training to thus represent an object than to describe it orally or in writing. I will have a child draw the various parts of a dandelion from memory."

"This girl dissected the flower, pictured the various parts and named them, thus locking all these facts in the mind so that now they are accurately and very quickly drawn from memory."

"Why can't this facility be used in various studies? If children can be taught from the real things so that they can not only call up in the mind the mental picture and all its parts, terms, etc., but be able to draw it correctly with a few master strokes, I can see how this may wonderfully help one's learning power."

around us, even in the commonest of things. Many of us go through the world more than half blind, thus being deprived of much that would expand our minds and increase our power of enjoyment, whatever our vocation, at the same time that our earning power has increased."

MACHINERY DISPENSED WITH.

"I don't see any machinery in your manual training school. Is not machine shop essential to this training?"

"Not at all. We tried the various forms of carpentering work, lathe work and blacksmithing, plumbing, mechanical drawing, etc., but found that beyond a very limited range of trade processes they did not impart the fundamentals—the sure hand, the artistic eye, the balanced mind, the firm will, the desire for work. More than twenty years' experimenting with thousands of pupils and teachers in public schools, private and parochial schools, night classes and vacation schools, reformatory institutions, hospitals for the insane, etc., has resulted in perfecting the elementary methods in art, manual training and nature study, of which I have but briefly spoken, so that without any material expense the masses can be trained in the fundamentals mentioned. You will find hundreds of our grammar pupils have more actual dexterity of hand and eye than most of the graduates of the manual training high schools, who have only had the usual instruction in a few trade operations. Our pupils having acquired this dexterity, they quickly become experts in all kinds of mechanical drawing, and in constructions in wood made from such plans. These constructions, joints, patterns, geometric forms, etc., are all made by hand. No lathes or machines are used, but the hand becomes so cunning that it makes all the constructions with ease."

TRADES ARE NOT TAUGHT.

"You don't teach the trades?"

"No, sir. But our pupils possessing this manual dexterity and understanding of fundamental processes by eye and mind quickly master a trade or any of the mechanical pursuits. That is why you find many of these boys, at quite an early age, in responsible positions in the factories of Philadelphia. On the other hand, those whose bent is for art take many of the scholarships at the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts."

"Do you mean to say that your methods bring out the natural bent or capacity in the individual, so that he or she can be trained in the line which one is naturally best fitted to pursue?"

"Just that," Mr. Tadd replied with convincing confidence. "This is one of the most valuable features of the work. Any good teacher of this method can pick out from a class that has been getting this training for two or three periods weekly in the grammar or high schools those most likely to succeed in the fine arts, or in the trades or professions."

"This method then, does not involve a lot of special apparatus of patented supplies?"

MAIN THING IS THE TEACHER.

"That is right. The main thing is the teacher. Hundreds of teachers in the common schools have mastered the method and apply it successfully in their own schools. Some clay and wooden modeling tools, pencils and paper, brushes and water colors and ink can be had anywhere for a few dollars. A few benches and tools for carving, with the wood to be carved, are also inexpensive."

"The idea throughout the whole method is to make the children use their own minds and hands, instead of blindly following any set exercises or formulated system that obliges the pupil to follow fixed rules instead of thinking for himself. The energy of spirit thus created by working out one's own ideas is a great thing in these days, when the tendency of too much book study is to give a disinclination for energetic action and manual work, and when machine work tends to make even human movements mechanical."

"A slight expense will equip a room for fifty or sixty boys to work at drawing, designing, modeling and carving. The boys from the street get so interested in this work that usually there are a dozen waiting for every vacancy. They unconsciously begin to realize their capacity, while the making of original and beautiful things influences them morally as well as mentally and manually. Hundreds of self-respecting, earnest and successful young men today will testify that they owe their start to the night schools for art and manual training, but for which most of them might have developed from street Arabs into shiftless good-for-nothings, if not worse. So successful have these night schools been, which were first started by the Boys' Guild of St. James' Episcopal church, W. W. Frazier, Jr., treasurer, that the city is now introducing the work in its vacation schools and truant schools."

All that was said by this remarkable man was more than confirmed by a visit to the Philadelphia school of industrial art, to the Roman Catholic high school, and to the private night schools. These new methods are rapidly being adopted elsewhere, in Baltimore, St. Louis, Los Angeles and in many other cities and towns; also in England and on the continent. One can but be fascinated by the simplicity of these new methods and the results they accomplish in the children. And they are free to all, like nature itself, unrestricted by proprietary rights."

Talmages' Sermon.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 13.—To all those who feel they have no special mission in the world this sermon of Dr. Talmage will come as a cheering revelation. Text, John xviii, 37: "To this end was I born."

After Pilate had succumbed tradition says that his body was thrown into the Tiber, and such storms ensued on and about that river that his body was taken out and thrown into the Rhone, and similar disturbances swept that river and its banks. Then the body was taken out and moved to Lausanne and put in a deeper pool, which immediately became the center of similar atmospheric and aqueous disturbances. Though these are fanciful and false traditions, they show the execration with which the world looked upon Pilate. There is too much when he was in the desire for work. More than twenty years' experimenting with thousands of pupils and teachers in public schools, private and parochial schools, night classes and vacation schools, reformatory institutions, hospitals for the insane, etc., has resulted in perfecting the elementary methods in art, manual training and nature study, of which I have but briefly spoken, so that without any material expense the masses can be trained in the fundamentals mentioned. You will find hundreds of our grammar pupils have more actual dexterity of hand and eye than most of the graduates of the manual training high schools, who have only had the usual instruction in a few trade operations. Our pupils having acquired this dexterity, they quickly become experts in all kinds of mechanical drawing, and in constructions in wood made from such plans. These constructions, joints, patterns, geometric forms, etc., are all made by hand. No lathes or machines are used, but the hand becomes so cunning that it makes all the constructions with ease."

And it is impossible for me to believe that any ordinary human being who has in his muscular, nervous and cerebral organization more wonders than Christopher Wren lifted in St. Paul, or Phidias ever chiseled on the Acropolis, and built in such a way that it shall last long after St. Paul's cathedral is as much a ruin as the Parthenon—that such a being was constructed for no other purpose, and to execute no mission, and without any divine intention toward some end. The object of this sermon is to help you to find out that you are made for, and help you find out what you are made for, and that condition where you can say with certainty and emphasis and enthusiasm and triumph: "To this end was I born."

First, I discharge you from all responsibility for most of your environment. You are not responsible for your parentage or grand-parentage. You are not responsible for any of the cranks that may have lived in your ancestral line, or who a hundred years before you were born may have lived a style of life that more or less affects you today. You are not responsible for the fact that your temperament is sanguine, or melancholic, or bilious, or lymphatic, or nervous. Neither are you responsible for the place of your nativity, whether among the granite hills of New England, or the cotton plantations of Louisiana, or on the banks of the Clyde, or the Danube, or the Rhine, or the Seine. Neither are you responsible for the religion taught in your father's house, or the irreligion. Do not bother yourself about what you cannot help, or about circumstances that you did not decree. Take things as they are, and decide the question so that you shall be able safely to say: "To this end was I born." How will you decide it? By direct application to the only being in the universe who is competent to tell you—the Lord Almighty.

Life is so short we have no time to experiment with occupations and professions. The reason we have so many dead failures is that parents decide for children what they shall do, or children themselves, wrought on by some whim or fancy, decide for themselves, without any implication of divine guidance. So we have now in pulpits men making sermons who ought to be in blacksmith shops making plowshares; and we have in the law those who instead of ruining the cases of their clients ought to be pounding shoe lasts; and doctors who are the worst hindrances to their patient's convalescence; and artists trying to paint landscapes who ought to be whitewashing board fences; while there are others making bricks who ought to be remodeling constitutions, or shoving planes who ought to be transforming literatures, or God about what worldly business you shall undertake, until you are so positive you can in earnestness smite your hand on your plow-handle, or your carpenter's bench, or your Blackstone's Commentaries, or your medical dictionary, or your Dr. Dick's Didactic Theology, saying: "For this end was I born."

But my subject now mounts into the momentous. Let me say that you are made for usefulness and heaven. I judge this from the way you are built. You go into a shop where there is only one wheel turning, and that by a workman's foot on a treadle, and you say to yourself, "here is something good being done, yet on a small scale;" but if you go into a factory covering many acres, and you find thousands of hands plying on thousands of wheels, and shuttles flying, and the whole scene bewildering with activities, driven by water, or steam, or electric power, you conclude that the factory was put up to do great work, and on a vast scale. Now, I look at you, and if I should find that you had only one faculty of body, only one muscle, only

one nerve, if you could see but not hear, or could hear and not see, if you had the use of only one foot or one hand, and as to your higher nature, if you only had one mental faculty, and you had memory but no judgment, or judgment but no will, and if you had a soul with only one capacity, I would say not much is expected of you. But stand up, oh! man, and let me look you squarely in the face. Eyes capable of seeing everything. Ears capable of grasping everything. Minds with more wheels than any factory ever turned, more power than any Corliss engine ever moved. A soul that will outlive all the universe except heaven, and would outlive all heaven if the life of the other immortals were a moment short of the eternal. Now, what has the world a right to expect of you? What has God a right to expect of you? God is the greatest of economists in the universe, and he makes nothing uselessly, and for what purpose did he build your body, mind and soul as they are built? There are only two beings in the universe who can answer that question. The angels do not know. The schools do not know. Your kindred cannot certainly know. God knows and you ought to know.

DO NOT WAIT FOR CHANCE.

Do not wait for extraordinary qualifications. Philip, the conqueror, gained his greatest victories seated on a mule, and you may for some caparisoned steed. The pharaohs to ride into the conflict will never get into the world-wide fight at all. Samson slew the Lord's enemies with the jaw-bone of the ass, the best beast created. Shamgar slew 600 of the Lord's enemies with an ox-goad. Under God, spittle cured the blind man's eyes in the new testament story. Take all the faculty you have and say: "O Lord: Here is what I have, show me the field and back me up by omnipotent power. Anywhere, anyhow, any time for God." Two men riding on horseback came to a trough to water the horses. While the horses were drinking, one of the men said to the other a few words about the value of the soul, then they rode away, and in opposite directions. But the words uttered were the salvation of the one to whom they were uttered, and he became the Rev. Mr. Champlin, one of the most distinguished missionaries in heaven lands; for years wondering who did for him the Christian kind of work, he was not finding out until in a bundle of books sent him to Africa he found the biography of Brainerd Taylor and a picture of him, and the missionary recognized the face in that book as the man who, at the watering trough for horses, had said the thing that saved his soul. What opportunities you have had in the past! What opportunities you have now! What opportunities you will have in the days to come! Put on your hat, oh! woman, this afternoon, and go and comfort that young mother who lost her babe last summer. Put on your hat, oh! man, and go over and see that merchant who was compelled yesterday to make an assignment, and tell him of the everlasting riches remaining for all those who serve the Lord. Can you sing? Go and sing for that man who cannot get well, and you will help him into heaven. Let it be your brain, your tongue, your eyes, your ears, your heart, your lungs, your hand, your feet, your body, your mind, your soul, your life, your time, your eternity for God, feeling in your soul: "To this end was I born."

It may be helpful if I recite my own experience in this regard. I started for the law without asking any divine direction. I consulted my own tastes. I liked lawyers and court rooms, and judges and juries, and revelled in hearing the Frelinghuysens and the Bradleys of the New Jersey bar, and as a student of the country clerk at 18 years of age, I searched titles, naturalized foreigners, recorded deeds, received the confession of judgments, swore witnesses and juries and grand juries. But after a while I felt a call to the gospel ministry and entered it, and I felt some satisfaction in the work. But one summer, when I was resting at Sharon Springs, and while seated in the park of that village, I said to myself: "If I have an especial work to do in the world I ought to find it out now," and with that determination I prayed as I had never prayed before, and got the divine direction, and wrote it down in my memorandum book, and I saw my life work then as plainly as I see it now. Oh, do not be satisfied with general directions. Get specific directions. Do not shoot at random. Take aim and fire. Concentrate, Napoleon's success in battle came from his theory of breaking through the enemy's ranks at one point, not trying to meet the whole line of the enemy's force by a similar force. One reason why he lost Waterloo was because he did not work his usual theory, and spread his force out over a wide range. Oh, Christian man, oh, Christian woman, break through somewhere. Not a general engagement for God, but a particular engagement, and made in answer to prayer. If there are sixteen hundred million different missions to fulfill, different styles of work to do, different orbits in which to revolve, and if you do not get the divine direction, there are at least fifteen hundred and ninety-nine million possibilities that you will make a mistake. On your knees before God get the matter settled so that you can firmly say: "To this end I was born."

And now I come to the climacteric consideration. As near as I can tell, you were built for a happy eternity, all the disasters which have happened to your nature to be overcome by the blood of the lamb if you will heartily accept that Christly arrangement. We are all rejoiced at the increase in human longevity. People live, as near as I can observe, about ten years longer than they used to.

By the advancement of science and the wider acquaintance with the laws of health, and the people know better how to care of themselves, human life is prolonged. But do you realize what all, is the brevity of our earthly stay in the times when people lived 700, 800 years, the patriarch Jacob said that his years were few. Looking at the life of the youngest person in this assembly and supposing that he will live to be a nonagenarian, how short the time and soon gone, while barked up in front of us is an eternity so vast that arithmetic has not figures enough to express its length, or breadth, or height. For a happy eternity you were born, unless you run yourself against the divine intentions. If standing in your presence my eye should fall upon the feeblest soul here as that soul will appear when the world lets up, and heaven entrances it, I suppose I would be so overpowered that I should drop down as one dead. You have examined the family bible and explored the family records, and you may have seen daguerotypes of some of the kindred of previous generations, you have had photographs taken of what you were in boyhood or girlhood, and what you were ten years later, and it is very interesting to anyone to be able to look back upon pictures of what he was ten or twenty, or thirty years ago; but have you ever had a picture taken of you? You may be and what you will be if you seek after God and feel the spirit's regenerating power? Where shall plant the camera to take picture? I plant it on this platform. I direct it toward you. Sit still or stand still while I take the picture. It shall be an instantaneous picture. There! I have it. It is done. You can see the picture in its perfect state, and get some idea of what it will be when thoroughly developed. There is your resurrected body, so brilliant that the noonday sun is a patch of midnight compared with it. There in your soul, so pure that all the forces of diabolism could not spot it with an imperfection. There is your being, so mighty and so swift that flight from heaven to Mercury or Mars or Jupiter and back again to heaven would not weary you, and a world on each shoulder would not crush you. An eye that shall never shed a tear. An energy that shall never feel a fatigue. A brow that shall never droop with a pain. You are young again, though you died of decrepitude, are well again, though you coughed or shivered yourself into the tomb. Your everyday associates are the apostles and prophets and martyrs, and most exalted souls, masculine and feminine, of all the centuries. The archangel to you no embarrassment. God himself your present and everlasting joy. That is an instantaneous picture of what you may be, but what you are now, oh! woman, what a poor farthing is all that this world can offer you compared with pardon here and life immortal beyond the stars, unless this side of them there be a place large enough, and beautiful enough, and grand enough for all the ransomed. Whatever it be, in what world, whether near by or far away, in this or some other constellation, hat, home of light, and love, and blessedness. Through the atoning mercy of Christ, may we all get there.

A SAVIOR ARRIVES.

In the seventeenth century all Europe was threatened with a wave of Asiatic barbarism and Vienna was especially besieged. The king and his court had fled and nothing could save the city from being overwhelmed, unless the king of Poland, John Sobieski, to whom they had sent for help, should with his army come down for the relief, and from every roof and tower the inhabitants of Vienna watched and waited and hoped, until on the morning of September 11, the rising sun threw an unusual and unparalleled brilliancy. It was the reflection of the sun on the swords and shields and helmets of John Sobieski and his army coming down over the hills to the rescue, and that day not only Vienna, but Europe, was saved. And see you not, oh ye souls, besieged with sin and sorrow, that light breaks in, the swords, and the shields, and the helmets of divine rescue bathed in the rising sun of heavenly deliverance? Let everything else go rather than let heaven go.

What a strange thing it must be to feel one's self born to an earthly crown, but you have been born for a throne on which you may reign after the last monarch of all the earth shall have gone to dust. I invite you to start now for your own coronation, to come in and take the title deeds to your everlasting inheritance. Through an impassioned prayer, take heaven and all of its raptures.

From November Lippincott's: The destroying angel hovered near the earth. It had been millions of years since he had passed this way—space is large and his duties many. When the Destroyer had last seen the earth it had been a liquid, white-hot globe just beginning to solidify; but now its crust cooled greatly. Land and water divided the earth's surface between them, and on the land there were little creeping things.

"Ay," said the Destroyer, "it is time that I returned. Your time has come, ye maggots. I have seen your like before on other balls, but I have done my duty."

Now, the Destroyer was cunning and resourceful and cruel; so, instead of crushing the crawling things he put forth his hand and gently pushed the rushing ball slightly out of its circular path. Round and round the sun it sped in an ever-lengthening ellipse, and with each year's circuit the winters grew longer and colder and the summers shorter and hotter. A great sheet of snow and ice began to grow about the north pole, gradually covering the surface of the earth and driving the creeping things southward before it, so that many of them died from the cold. And the Destroyer left the creeping things to their fate and flew onward.

By the advancement of science and the wider acquaintance with the laws of health, and the people know better how to care of themselves, human life is prolonged. But do you realize what all, is the brevity of our earthly stay in the times when people lived 700, 800 years, the patriarch Jacob said that his years were few. Looking at the life of the youngest person in this assembly and supposing that he will live to be a nonagenarian, how short the time and soon gone, while barked up in front of us is an eternity so vast that arithmetic has not figures enough to express its length, or breadth, or height. For a happy eternity you were born, unless you run yourself against the divine intentions. If standing in your presence my eye should fall upon the feeblest soul here as that soul will appear when the world lets up, and heaven entrances it, I suppose I would be so overpowered that I should drop down as one dead. You have examined the family bible and explored the family records, and you may have seen daguerotypes of some of the kindred of previous generations, you have had photographs taken of what you were in boyhood or girlhood, and what you were ten years later, and it is very interesting to anyone to be able to look back upon pictures of what he was ten or twenty, or thirty years ago; but have you ever had a picture taken of you? You may be and what you will be if you seek after God and feel the spirit's regenerating power? Where shall plant the camera to take picture? I plant it on this platform. I direct it toward you. Sit still or stand still while I take the picture. It shall be an instantaneous picture. There! I have it. It is done. You can see the picture in its perfect state, and get some idea of what it will be when thoroughly developed. There is your resurrected body, so brilliant that the noonday sun is a patch of midnight compared with it. There in your soul, so pure that all the forces of diabolism could not spot it with an imperfection. There is your being, so mighty and so swift that flight from heaven to Mercury or Mars or Jupiter and back again to heaven would not weary you, and a world on each shoulder would not crush you. An eye that shall never shed a tear. An energy that shall never feel a fatigue. A brow that shall never droop with a pain. You are young again, though you died of decrepitude, are well again, though you coughed or shivered yourself into the tomb. Your everyday associates are the apostles and prophets and martyrs, and most exalted souls, masculine and feminine, of all the centuries. The archangel to you no embarrassment. God himself your present and everlasting joy. That is an instantaneous picture of what you may be, but what you are now, oh! woman, what a poor farthing is all that this world can offer you compared with pardon here and life immortal beyond the stars, unless this side of them there be a place large enough, and beautiful enough, and grand enough for all the ransomed. Whatever it be, in what world, whether near by or far away, in this or some other constellation, hat, home of light, and love, and blessedness. Through the atoning mercy of Christ, may we all get there.

By the advancement of science and the wider acquaintance with the laws of health, and the people know better how to care of themselves, human life is prolonged. But do you realize what all, is the brevity of our earthly stay in the times when people lived 700, 800 years, the patriarch Jacob said that his years were few. Looking at the life of the youngest person in this assembly and supposing that he will live to be a nonagenarian, how short the time and soon gone, while barked up in front of us is an eternity so vast that arithmetic has not figures enough to express its length, or breadth, or height. For a happy eternity you were born, unless you run yourself against the divine intentions. If standing in your presence my eye should fall upon the feeblest soul here as that soul will appear when the world lets up, and heaven entrances it, I suppose I would be so overpowered that I should drop down as one dead. You have examined the family bible and explored the family records, and you may have seen daguerotypes of some of the kindred of previous generations, you have had photographs taken of what you were in boyhood or girlhood, and what you were ten years later, and it is very interesting to anyone to be able to look back upon pictures of what he was ten or twenty, or thirty years ago; but have you ever had a picture taken of you? You may be and what you will be if you seek after God and feel the spirit's regenerating power? Where shall plant the camera to take picture? I plant it on this platform. I direct it toward you. Sit still or stand still while I take the picture. It shall be an instantaneous picture. There! I have it. It is done. You can see the picture in its perfect state, and get some idea of what it will be when thoroughly developed. There is your resurrected body, so brilliant that the noonday sun is a patch of midnight compared with it. There in your soul, so pure that all the forces of diabolism could not spot it with an imperfection. There is your being, so mighty and so swift that flight from heaven to Mercury or Mars or Jupiter and back again to heaven would not weary you, and a world on each shoulder would not crush you. An eye that shall never shed a tear. An energy that shall never feel a fatigue. A brow that shall never droop with a pain. You are young again, though you died of decrepitude, are well again, though you coughed or shivered yourself into the tomb. Your everyday associates are the apostles and prophets and martyrs, and most exalted souls, masculine and feminine, of all the centuries. The archangel to you no embarrassment. God himself your present and everlasting joy. That is an instantaneous picture of what you may be, but what you are now, oh! woman, what a poor farthing is all that this world can offer you compared with pardon here and life immortal beyond the stars, unless this side of them there be a place large enough, and beautiful enough, and grand enough for all the ransomed. Whatever it be, in what world, whether near by or far away, in this or some other constellation, hat, home of light, and love, and blessedness. Through the atoning mercy of Christ, may we all get there.

By the advancement of science and the wider acquaintance with the laws of health, and the people know better how to care of themselves, human life is prolonged. But do you realize what all, is the brevity of our earthly stay in the times when people lived 700, 800 years, the patriarch Jacob said that his years were few. Looking at the life of the youngest person in this assembly and supposing that he will live to be a nonagenarian, how short the time and soon gone, while barked up in front of us is an eternity so vast that arithmetic has not figures enough to express its length, or breadth, or height. For a happy eternity you were born, unless you run yourself against the divine intentions. If standing in your presence my eye should fall upon the feeblest soul here as that soul will appear when the world lets up, and heaven entrances it, I suppose I would be so overpowered that I should drop down as one dead. You have examined the family bible and explored the family records, and you may have seen daguerotypes of some of the kindred of previous generations, you have had photographs taken of what you were in boyhood or girlhood, and what you were ten years later, and it is very interesting to anyone to be able to look back upon pictures of what he was ten or twenty, or thirty years ago; but have you ever had a picture taken of you? You may be and what you will be if you seek after God and feel the spirit's regenerating power? Where shall plant the camera to take picture? I plant it on this platform. I direct it toward you. Sit still or stand still while I take the picture. It shall be an instantaneous picture. There! I have it. It is done. You can see the picture in its perfect state, and get some idea of what it will be when thoroughly developed. There is your resurrected body, so brilliant that the noonday sun is a patch of midnight compared with it. There in your soul, so pure that all the forces of diabolism could not spot it with an imperfection. There is your being, so mighty and so swift that flight from heaven to Mercury or Mars or Jupiter and back again to heaven would not weary you, and a world on each shoulder would not crush you. An eye that shall never shed a tear. An energy that shall never feel a fatigue. A brow that shall never droop with a pain. You are young again, though you died of decrepitude, are well again, though you coughed or shivered yourself into the tomb. Your everyday associates are the apostles and prophets and martyrs, and most exalted souls, masculine and feminine, of all the centuries. The archangel to you no embarrassment. God himself your present and everlasting joy. That is an instantaneous picture of what you may be, but what you are now, oh! woman, what a poor farthing is all that this world can offer you compared with pardon here and life immortal beyond the stars, unless this side of them there be a place large enough, and beautiful enough, and grand enough for all the ransomed. Whatever it be, in what world, whether near by or far away, in this or some other constellation, hat, home of light, and love, and blessedness. Through the atoning mercy of Christ, may we all get there.

By the advancement of science and the wider acquaintance with the laws of health, and the people know better how to care of themselves, human life is prolonged. But do you realize what all, is the brevity of our earthly stay in the times when people lived 700, 800 years, the patriarch Jacob said that his years were few. Looking at the life of the youngest person in this assembly and supposing that he will live to be a nonagenarian, how short the time and soon gone, while barked up in front of us is an eternity so vast that arithmetic has not figures enough to express its length, or breadth, or height. For a happy eternity you were born, unless you run yourself against the divine intentions. If standing in your presence my eye should fall upon the feeblest soul here as that soul will appear when the world lets up, and heaven entrances it, I suppose I would be so overpowered that I should drop down as one dead. You have examined the family bible and explored the family records, and you may have seen daguerotypes of some of the kindred of previous generations, you have had photographs taken of what you were in boyhood or girlhood, and what you were ten years later, and it is very interesting to anyone to be able to look back upon pictures of what he was ten or twenty, or thirty years ago; but have you ever had a picture taken of you? You may be and what you will be if you seek after God and feel the spirit's regenerating power? Where shall plant the camera to take picture? I plant it on this platform. I direct it toward you. Sit still or stand still while I take the picture. It shall be an instantaneous picture. There! I have it. It is done. You can see the picture in its perfect state, and get some idea of what it will be when thoroughly developed. There is your resurrected body, so brilliant that the noonday sun is a patch of midnight compared with it. There in your soul, so pure that all the forces of diabolism could not spot it with an imperfection. There is your being, so mighty and so swift that flight from heaven to Mercury or Mars or Jupiter and back again to heaven would not weary you, and a world on each shoulder would not crush you. An eye that shall never shed a tear. An energy that shall never feel a fatigue. A brow that shall never droop with a pain. You are young again, though you died of decrepitude, are well again, though you coughed or shivered yourself into the tomb. Your everyday associates are the apostles and prophets and martyrs, and most exalted souls, masculine and feminine, of all the centuries. The archangel to you no embarrassment. God himself your present and everlasting joy. That is an instantaneous picture of what you may be, but what you are now, oh! woman, what a poor farthing is all that this world can offer you compared with pardon here and life immortal beyond the stars, unless this side of them there be a place large enough, and beautiful enough, and grand enough for all the ransomed. Whatever it be, in what world, whether near by or far away, in this or some other constellation, hat, home of light, and love, and blessedness. Through the atoning mercy of Christ, may we all get there.

By the advancement of science and the wider acquaintance with the laws of health, and the people know better how to care of themselves, human life is prolonged. But do you realize what all, is the brevity of our earthly stay in the times when people lived 700, 800 years, the patriarch Jacob said that his years were few. Looking at the life of the youngest person in this assembly and supposing that he will live to be a nonagenarian, how short the time and soon gone, while barked up in front of us is an eternity so vast that arithmetic has not figures enough to express its length, or breadth, or height. For a happy eternity you were born, unless you run yourself against the divine intentions. If standing in your presence my eye should fall upon the feeblest soul here as that soul will appear when the world lets up, and heaven entrances it, I suppose I would be so overpowered that I should drop down as one dead. You have examined the family bible and explored the family records, and you may have seen daguerotypes of some of the kindred of previous generations, you have had photographs taken of what you were in boyhood or girlhood, and what you were ten years later, and it is very interesting to anyone to be able to look back upon pictures of what he was ten or twenty, or thirty years ago; but have you ever had a picture taken of you? You may be and what you will be if you seek after God and feel the spirit's regenerating power? Where shall plant the camera to take picture? I plant it on this platform. I direct it toward you. Sit still or stand still while I take the picture. It shall be an instantaneous picture. There! I have it. It is done. You can see the picture in its perfect state, and get some idea of what it will be when thoroughly developed. There is your resurrected body, so brilliant that the noonday sun is a patch of midnight compared with it. There in your soul, so pure that all the forces of diabolism could not spot it with an imperfection. There is your being, so mighty and so swift that flight from heaven to Mercury or Mars or Jupiter and back again to heaven would not weary you, and a world on each shoulder would not crush you. An eye that shall never shed a tear. An energy that shall never feel a fatigue. A brow that shall never droop with a pain. You are young again, though you died of decrepitude, are well again, though you coughed or shivered yourself into the tomb. Your everyday associates are the apostles and prophets and martyrs, and most exalted souls, masculine and feminine, of all the centuries. The archangel to you no embarrassment. God himself your present and everlasting joy. That is an instantaneous picture of what you may be, but what you are now, oh! woman, what a poor farthing is all that this world can offer you compared with pardon here and life immortal beyond the stars, unless this side of them there be a place