



O fatherland, so great and free!
The prize that valiant heroes won,
Not like the Mars who battles won,
Commemorate thy noblest son.
To him we give our thoughts today,
A thankful, childish, patriot band;
We twine the laurel and the bay,
And crown him father of our land.

Oh, not like proud Ambition's son
That waded to fame in ancient Rome,
Not like the Mars who battles won,
And found Helena for a home,
No chains were forged thy name to raise
Above the legal lords of earth,
No greeting captives sang thy praise,
Or flattered crimes to deeds of worth.

Sleep on, O hallowed shade!
Sleep on, the father of the free!
The trees that guard the southern glade
Their tender souls are all for thee!
The oak that decks our northern vale
And boldly braves the drifting snows,
Through summer calm or winter hail,
Shall teach defiance to thy foe.

M. V. Gormley.

A WASHINGTON RELIC.

Mansion in Which He Wrote His Farewell Address. Well Addressed.

That marvel of prophetic wisdom called Washington's Farewell Address annually stirs many hearts in hundreds of the celebrations throughout the country, but the very house in which Washington labored to prepare that masterpiece of American patriotism is now barren of anything to mark the fact that it once sheltered the greatest figure in the nation's history. The house is filled with a rollicking crowd of Italians who, perhaps, never heard of Washington, or, at the best, have a very hazy idea as to the part he played in forming the country that affords them so many advantages.

Yet this house, dirty, shabby, run down and ugly now, forms a conspicuous figure

of the roof of the veranda and obtain a splendid view of the surrounding country. The Berrien place was splendidly kept up in those days, the lands immediately surrounding the house having the appearance of a beautiful park. Now a hundred clothes lines, each burdened with the assorted wash of an Italian family, disfigure the once handsome grounds.

In Washington's time there were a number of cabins some distance in the rear of the mansion. These were occupied by the slaves on the estate. The cabins disappeared long ago, but masses of debris still mark the places where they once stood.

Accompanied by members of his military staff, Washington rode every day to Princeton to confer with the legislators. Those were busy times, for the British army still occupied New York, and when the treaty of peace was signed it was Washington's first endeavor to get the last of the enemy out of the country. Many important conferences were held in the old house, which finally led to the evacuation of New York by the British. Then, when this was accomplished, Washington prepared for his historic visit to that city to take formal possession of it. A few days later he took leave of his Generals at Fraunce's Tavern, and then departed for his Mount Vernon home to reassume the quiet country life which had been so roughly interrupted seven years before.

Notwithstanding the grime and dirt in the Berrien house to-day it could easily be restored to its revolutionary glory. The house was built to last for all time, and to-day it is as strong as ever. The room now used by the Italians as a general eating place, and formerly the banquet hall, where Washington and his military and legal aids dined and talked over the affairs of the country, has still the look of a handsome apartment about it. The doors are heavy and paneled, and although the great fireplace is disfigured by an ugly cooking range its dignified proportions attest its old-time splendor. Massive oak beams supporting the floor above show through the plaster, which has been smeared over the ceiling. Altogether this room, if properly restored, would furnish one of the finest examples of genuine colonial workmanship in the country.

The Berrien house was an old one even in Washington's time. It was erected at the beginning of the eighteenth century by the first of the Berriens to settle in this country. The last one of that name to occupy it was John Berrien, who died in 1772 after a distinguished career as Colonel Justice of the Supreme Court of New Jersey. It passed through many hands before it became the property of the company which has been working the

visit to this city he stopped with Mr. Peter. At that time there was a long balcony in front of the house. The George-



WHERE WASHINGTON STAYED.

town College boys, Mr. Cranch said, serenaded Washington on this occasion, and the latter addressed them from the balcony.



AN AMERICAN GENTLEMAN.

That the public observance of Washington's birthday began during his life is evidence that no public services only but personal character as well gave him his commanding position among the great men of all time. It has happened to no other man in history to become so distinctly the representative of a nation, in the achievement of its national independence, and to stand at the same time for what is truest and best in its national character. There have been great statesmen, great soldiers, great patriots, whose public career was admired, but whose life or motives or methods in some way repelled; this man, patriot, soldier and statesman, holds our reverence also by his clear and upright personality. The mousing modern historian is fond of finding little flaws in Washington's character, and inasmuch as he is clearing away the blemishes of glory that for a time surrounded the father of his country and showing him to be human like the rest of us, the historian has been doing a good service. For there was nothing of the supernatural or phenomenal in Washington. He was simply a good, honest American gentleman, who did his duty seriously and strenuously, with unflinching integrity and devotion, gaining breadth of view and strength of intellectual grasp as unsought opportunity broadened out before him, and by weight of character not less than by the splendor of achievement that character made possible, writing his name undyingly in the hearts of his countrymen, of his own day and for all time. In the fresh accession of popular interest in this anniversary it is well to bear these things in mind. Washington stands not alone for devotion to a sentimental cause, but for devotion to everlasting principle. He was able to become the Father of his Country because he deserved it, and by his wisdom and judgment, his honor and truth, he rose above the turmoil of party passion and the intrigues of selfish men, and pointed the way to national strength in national righteousness.

MARTHA WASHINGTON LETTER.

Lay Hidden in the Capitol Archives for More than Ninety Years.

A copy of the only letter and signature of Martha Washington is in possession of the United States Government, says Kate Field's Washington. This letter lay for more than ninety years hidden among some dusty archives at the Capitol, and was lately discovered by Walter H. French, clerk of the department of files, House of Representatives. The spelling and punctuation are carefully reproduced: Mount Vernon, Dec. 31st, 1790.

Sir, While I feel with keenest anguish the late Disposition of Divine Providence, I cannot be insensible to the mournful tributes of respect and veneration which are paid to the memory of my dear deceased Husband—and as his best services and most anxious wishes were always devoted to the welfare and happiness of his country—to know that they were truly appreciated and gratefully remembered affords no inconsiderable consolation.

Taught by the great example which I have so long had before me never to oppose my private wishes to the public will—I most consent to the request made by Congress—which you have had the goodness to transmit to me—and in doing this I need not say what a sacrifice of individual feeling I make to a sense of public duty.

With grateful acknowledgments and unfeigned thanks for the personal respect and evidences of condolence expressed by Congress, and yourself,

I remain, very respectfully,
Your most obedient & humble servant,
MARTHA WASHINGTON.

Precaution.

Reporters—Why have you hedged your cherry tree in that fashion, farmer? Farmer Sibby—Johnnie's Sunday school teacher has jus' giv' him th' life of Washington.



DR. TALMAGE here shows the style of Christian character required for the times in which we live and pleads for more heroics. The text is Esther iv, 14, "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

Esther the beautiful was the wife of Ahasuerus the abominable. The time had come for her to present a petition to her infamous husband in behalf of the Jewish nation, to which she had once belonged. She was afraid to undertake the work lest she should lose her own life, but her cousin, Mordecai, who had brought her up, encouraged her with the suggestion that probably she had been raised up of God for that peculiar mission. "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

Esther had her God-appointed work. You and I have ours. It is my business to tell you what style of men and women you ought to be in order that you meet the demand of the age in which God has cast your lot. So this discourse will not deal with the technicalities, but only with the practicalities. When two armies have rushed into battle, the officers of either army do not want a philosophical discussion about the chemical properties of human blood or the nature of gunpowder. They want some one to man the batteries and take out the guns. And now, when all the forces of light and darkness of heaven and hell have plunged into the fight, it is no time to give ourselves to the definitions and formulas and technicalities and conventionalities of religion. What we want is practical, earnest, concentrated, enthusiastic and triumphant help.

Aggressive Christians.

In the first place, in order to meet the special demand of this age, you need to be an unmistakable, aggressive Christian. Of half and half Christians we do not want any more. The church of Jesus Christ will be better without them. They are the chief obstacle to the church's advancement. I am speaking of another kind of Christian. All the appliances of your becoming an earnest Christian are for you into the broad daylight of God's forgiveness. You may think me the bodden of the world, and the next moment you may be prince of the Lord God Almighty. You remember what excitement there was in this country, years ago, when the Prince of Wales came here—how the people rushed out by hundreds of thousands to see him. Why? Because they expected that some day he would sit upon the throne of England. But what was all that honor compared with the honor to which God calls you—to be sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty—yes, to be queens and kings unto God. "They shall reign with him forever and forever."

But you need to be aggressive Christians, and not like those persons who spend their lives in hugging their Christian graces and wondering why they do not make progress. How much robustness of health would a man have if he hid himself in a dark closet? A great deal of the piety of to-day is too exclusive. It hides itself. It needs more fresh air, more outdoor exercise. There are many Christians who are giving their entire life to self-examination. They are feeling their pulses to see what is the condition of their spiritual health. How long would a man have robust physical health if he kept all the day feeling his pulse instead of going out into active, earnest everyday work?

Strong Characters Needed.

I was once amid the wonderful, bewitching cactus growths of North Carolina. I never was more bewildered with the beauty of flowers, and yet when I would take up one of these cactuses and pull the leaves apart the beauty was all gone. You could hardly tell that it had ever been a flower. And there are a great many Christian people in this day just pulling apart their Christian experiences to see what there is in them, and there is nothing left in them.

This style of self-examination is a damage instead of an advantage to their Christian character. I remember when I was a boy I used to have a small piece in the garden that I called my own, and I planted corn there, and every few days I would pull it up to see how fast it was growing. Now, there are a great many Christian people in this day whose self-examination merely amounts to the pulling up of that which they only yesterday or the day before planted. Oh, my friends, if you want to have a stalwart Christian character, plant it right out of doors in the great field of Christian usefulness, and though storms may come upon it, and though the hot sun of trial may try to consume it, it will thrive until it becomes a great tree, in which the fowls of heaven may have their habitation. I have no patience with these flowerpot Christians. They keep themselves under shelter, and all their Christian experience in a small, exclusive circle, when they ought to plant it in the great garden of the Lord, so that the whole atmosphere could be aromatic with their Christian usefulness. What we want in the church of God is more strength of piety. The century plant is wonderfully suggestive and wonderfully beautiful, but I never look at it without thinking of its parsimony. It lets whole generations go by before it puts forth one blossom. So I have really more admiration when I see the dewy tears in the blue eyes of the violets, for they come every spring. My Christian friends, time is going by so rapidly that we cannot afford to be idle.

No Time for Inertia.

A recent statistician says that human life now has an average of only 32 years. From these 32 years you must subtract all

the time you take for sleep and the taking of food and recreation; that will leave you about 16 years. From these 16 you must subtract all the time that you are necessarily engaged in the earning of a livelihood. That will leave you about eight years. From these eight years you must take all the days and weeks and months—all the length of time that is passed in sickness—leaving you about one year in which to work for God. O my soul, wake up! How darrest thou sleep in harvest time and with so few hours in which to reap? So that I state it as a simple fact that all the time that the vast majority of you will have for the exclusive service of God will be less than one year.

"But," says some man, "I liberally support the gospel, and the church is open, and the gospel is preached, and all the spiritual advantages are spread before men, and if they want to be saved let them come and be saved—I have discharged all my responsibility." Ah, is that my Master's spirit? Is there not an old book somewhere that commands us to go out into the highways and hedges and compel the people to come in? What would become of you and me if Christ had not come down off the hills of heaven, and if he had not come through the door of the Bethlehem caravansary, and if he had not with the crushed hand of the crucifixion knocked at the iron gate of the sepulcher of our spiritual death, crying, "Lazarus, come forth?" Oh, my Christian friend, this is no time for inertia when all the forces of darkness seem to be in full blast—when steam printing presses are publishing infidel tracts, when express trains are carrying messengers of sin, when fast clipper are laden with opium and strong drink, when the night air of our cities is polluted with the laughter that breaks up from the 10,000 saloons of dissipation and abandonment, when the fires of the second death already are kindled in the cheeks of some who, only a little while ago, were incorrupt! Oh, never since the curse fell upon the earth has there been a time when it was such an unwise, such a cruel, such an awful thing for the church to sleep! The great audiences are not gathered in Christian churches. The great audiences are gathered in temples of sin—years of unutterable woe their baptism, the blood of crushed hearts the awful wine of their sacrament, blasphemies their litany, and the groans of the lost world the organ dirge of their worship.

Get Out of Old Ruts.

Again, if you want to be qualified to meet the duties which this age demands of you, you must on the one hand avoid reckless iconoclasm and on the other hand not stick too much to things because they are old. The air is full of new plans, new projects, new theories of government, new theories, and I am amazed to see how so many Christians want only novelty in order to recommend a thing to their confidence, and so they vacillate and swing to and fro, and they are useless and they are unhappy. New plans—secular, ethical, philosophical, religious, casuistic, transatlantic—long enough to make a line reaching from the German universities to Great Salt Lake City. Ah, my brother, do not take hold of a thing merely because it is new! Try it by the realities of the judgment day. But, on the other hand, do not adhere to anything merely because it is old.

There is not a single enterprise of the church or the world but has some time when men derided even Bible societies, and when a few young men met in Massachusetts and organized the first missionary society ever organized in this country there went laughter and ridicule all around the Christian church. They said the undertaking was preposterous. And so also the work of Jesus Christ was assailed. People cried out: "Whoever heard of such theories of ethics and government? Whoever heard of such a style of preaching as Jesus has?" Ezekiel had talked of mysterious wings and wheels. Here came a man from Capernaum and Genesaret, and he drew his illustrations from the lakes, from the sand, from the mountain, from the hills, from the cornstalks. How the Pharisees scoffed! How Herod derided! And this Jesus they plucked by the beard, and they spat in his face, and they called him "this fellow." And the great enterprises in and out of the church have been a great multitude who have thought that the chariot of God's truth would fall to pieces if it got out of the old rut. And so there are those who have no patience with anything like improvement in church architecture, or with anything like good, hearty, earnest church singing, and they deride any form of religious discussion which goes down walking among eye-bay men rather than that which makes an excursion on rhetorical stilts. Oh, that the church of God would wake up to an adaptability of work! We must admit the simple fact that the churches of Jesus Christ in this day do not reach the great masses. There are 50,000 people in Edinburgh who never hear the gospel. There are 1,000,000 people in London who never hear the gospel. The great majority of the inhabitants of this capital come not under the immediate ministrations of Christ's truth, and the church of God in this day, instead of being a place full of living epistles, known and read of all men, is more like a dead letter postoffice.

Work to Be Done.

"But," say the people, "the world is going to be converted; you must be patient; the kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdoms of Christ." Never, unless the church of Jesus Christ puts on more speed and energy. Instead of the church converting the world, the world is converting the church. Here is a great fortress. How shall it be taken? An army comes and sits around about it, cuts off the supplies and says, "Now we will just wait until from exhaustion and starvation they will have to give up." Weeks and months and perhaps a year pass along and finally the fortress surrenders through that starvation and exhaustion. But, my friends, the fortresses of sin are never to be taken in that way. If they are taken for God, it will be by storm; you will have to bring up the great siege guns of the gospel to the very wall and wheel the flying artillery into view, and when the armed infantry of heaven shall confront the battlements you will have to give the quick command, "Forward! Charge!"

Triumph of Truth.

I remark again, that in order to be qualified to meet your duty in this particular age you want unbounded faith in the triumph of the truth and the overthrow of wickedness. How dare the Christian church ever get discouraged? Have we not the Lord Almighty on our side? How long did it take God to slay the hosts of Sennacherib or burn Sodom or shake down Jericho? How long will it take God, when he once arises in his strength, to overthrow all the forces of iniquity? Between this time and that there may be long seasons of darkness, and the chariot wheels of God's gospel may seem to drag heavily, but here is the promise and yonder is the throne, and when omniscience has lost its eyesight and omnipotence falls back impotent and Jehovah is driven from his throne, then the church of Jesus Christ can afford to be despondent, but never until then.

Despots may plan and armies may march and the congresses of the nations may seem to think they are adjusting all the affairs of the world, but the mighty men of the earth are only the dust of the chariot wheels of God's providence. And I think before the sun of the next century shall set the last tyranny will fall, and with a splendor of demonstration that shall be the astonishment of the universe God will set forth the brightness and pomp and glory and perpetuity of his eternal government. Out of the starry flags and the emblazoned magna of this world God will make a path for his own triumph and returning from universal conquest he will sit down, the grandest, the strongest, the highest throne of earth his footstool.

I prepare this sermon because I want to encourage all Christian workers in every possible department. Hosts of the living God, march on! march on! His spirit will bless you. His shield will defend you. His sword will strike for you. March on, march on! The despots will fall and paganism will burn its idols and Mohammedanism will give up its false prophet and the great walls of superstition will come down in thunder and wreck at the long, loud blast of the gospel trumpet. March on, march on! The besiegement will soon be ended. Only a few more steps on the long way; only a few more sturdy blows; only a few more battle cries; then God will put the laurels upon your brow, and from the living fountains of heaven will bathe off the sweat and the heat and the dust of the conflict. March on, march on! For you the time for work will soon be passed, and amid the outflashes of the judgment throne and the trumpeting of resurrection angels and the upheaving of a world of graves and the hosanna and the groaning of the saved and the lost we shall be rewarded for our faithfulness or punished for our stupidity. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen and amen.

Short Sermons.

Faith.—The truly religious will approach the holy of holies of his fellow with respect and reverence. The primary purpose of every form of faith is to uplift man. Every religion has a high duty and destiny. It is the misfortune that there is not a better understanding between Judaism and Christianity.—Rabbi Friedman, Hebrew, Denver, Colo.

Backsliders.—Cities are filled with backsliders. They are those people who once led a good life and now they are serving Satan. Thousands of church members more from the country and the smaller towns and do not bring their church letters. They have no church-home in the city, and they soon lose their spiritual zeal. They join the religious tramps and drift from church to church. Thousands of backsliders walk our city streets who once, in some other town, were zealous workers.—Rev. W. G. Partridge, Baptist, Cincinnati, O.



THE BERRIEN HOUSE AND ITS PRESENT OCCUPANTS.

in the history of the early days of the Union of States. It was really the executive mansion when Princeton, N. J., was the capital of the new born nation. Washington lived in this house when the treaty of peace was signed with Great Britain on Sept. 3, 1783. At that time the National Congress was in session in this place, and it was necessary for Washington to be near the legislators during those critical weeks when the fruits of the long revolutionary war were about to be gathered.

Congress had assembled on June 6, of that year, and Washington arrived on the scene on the 29th of the following August. In Princeton proper there was no available house suitable as a headquarters for Washington, so he was established in what was known as the Berrien mansion, four miles from the town on the Rocky Hill road. There is a little hamlet near by now called Rocky Hill. Close to the old house is the Millstone river, and in revolutionary times the lawns fronting the house swept gracefully down to the water's edge.

It was a famous house in those days, but nothing of its grandeur remains. Now it swarms with Italian laborers employed in the nearby quarries, and their wives and children. The rooms in which Washington and his military family conferred on the momentous topics of the day are littered with dirt. Every room in the old house, with the exception of two, shelters an Italian family. All around the house are grouped numberless shanties, each occupied to its fullest capacity by Italians. The house and the adjoining lands are controlled by the Rocky Hill Stone Storage Company, and the economics of commerce have put the historic building to such ignominious uses.

There is a gleam of sentiment left, however. The two unoccupied rooms just referred to are on the second floor. One is the apartment in which Washington slept; the other was his study, the room in which he sat up the better part of many nights writing his farewell address. These two rooms were stripped long ago of every article of furniture used by Washington and distributed among several persons. The furniture of the rest of the house was disposed of in the same way, some of it now being among the treasures of Mount Vernon.

Originally the house had broad verandas on the front and at the two sides, but these have long since disappeared. Washington could step out from his study to

the roof of the veranda and obtain a splendid view of the surrounding country. The Berrien place was splendidly kept up in those days, the lands immediately surrounding the house having the appearance of a beautiful park. Now a hundred clothes lines, each burdened with the assorted wash of an Italian family, disfigure the once handsome grounds.

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WASHINGTON STAYED THERE.

House Still Standing Here Where the First President Was a Guest.

One of the oldest substantial houses in Washington is now known as No. 2618 K street northwest. The ground on which it stands was part of the farm of Robert Peter, who was an original proprietor. In the division of lots between the land owners and the Government the lots on which the house is built were assigned to Robert Peter in 1783, seven years before the capital was removed to Washington from Philadelphia. The house has a front of thirty feet and the bricks are supposed to have been imported from England. The locks on the doors are large and have the English device of the lion and unicorn.

In 1896 Christian Hines published his "Early Recollections of Washington City." He says that in 1796 he lived with his father at the corner of High and Market streets, Georgetown; that he had seen "all the Presidents of the United States from Washington to the second Washington—Mr. Lincoln inclusive," and that the first time he saw Gen. Washington was "when he came up in a boat and landed at the lower bridge, at the foot of K street north, and stopped with his nephew, Thomas Peter, Esq., who lived in the house of which I am writing.

The fact that Gen. Washington was in the habit of stopping at this house is corroborated by the statement of Mr. John Cranch, son of Judge W. L. Cranch, who told me that on Gen. Washington's last