

SANTA ANNA DAILY NEWS

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HEARD IN THE HALL-WAY.

The squealing of hogs, braying donkeys, and lowing of cows isn't sufficient music to bring up a family on—do you hear me?

o o o

Turn loose the worst character in town with plenty of money and the girls are after him like black gnats after a nigger boy.

o o o

So many folks are trying to get into sassiety—I'm trying to keep out.

o o o

Spend less money for hard work of mules, and more for musical instruments, nice furniture, literature and your boy and girl's problems will be easier.

o o o

Respect for a vulgar, old yarn teller than for a black nigger scavenger.

o o o

Malice in your heart is not fit to handle a rap heap. You are a damned murderer sir.

o o o

Every sinner that goes to hell from this town goes through somebodys neglect.

o o o

You go to lodge and stay till 12, and if your preaher preaches 45 minutes you yawn like an alligator.

o o o

Any fool can do wrong, but it takes a man to acknowledge his wrong.

o o o

You little gum heads talkin about total annihilation—you aint got no sense.

o o o

Talk to me about sinners being hard—they are not one fourteenth part as hard as you church people sitting round like a wasp on a June apple.

o o o

I brought my knittin with me and I am going to camp right here till you get to work and help me to save Santa Anna or till you refuse.

SUNDAY 10:10, A. M.

CHILDRENS SERVICE.

Bro. Hall spoke of the Sunday School as a great work—greater in some respects than the revival. The revival is sudden, for a time, the Sunday School is gradual and perpetual. The preacher told a horse thief story. The thief was making way with a fine mare, her colt following. He was closely pursued but could not be caught. A man seeing the situation caught the little colt. The mother threw the thief and returned to the colt. If we can't catch the old folks, help us catch the children.

The preacher told of the Christ as he imagined him to be. In personal appearance attractive and winsome, so that the little children loved Him. Wouldn't we love to see Him? We will some day. What did He come to do? To save men. Here the preacher sang a solo.

"I wish that His hands had been placed on my head," with the chorus, let the little ones come unto me. The lesson was read from Rev. 21, being a description of the new Jerusalem, the Holy City.

THE BIBLE TEACHES.

Heaven is a city—1500 miles long and high and wide, besides all that surrounds it. A splendid city, its gates made of pearl, its streets paved with gold—God's capital city. There will be no bad people there—there wout anybody cuss, nor get drunk. God will give us a great reception. Here Bro. Hall sang, "I want to go there, don't you," with wonderful effect. Children there won't be anybody sick—no mad dogs—no snakes—no night. Just beautiful day all the time. Jesus in Heaven pleads with God to let us come—He is so kind. Let's all love God and be good and go to heaven after while.

CHILDREN JESUS WANTS YOU.

Wants you to give up sin and live good lives and let Him save you, bless your little hearts. Come to Him now. The choir sang "Softly and Tenderly Jesus is Calling," while the evangelist tenderly and impressively to the children, he avoided over persuasion and when some dear little tots came, who on questioning were found not to understand these things he had them return to their seats. Five professed conversion and with uplifted hand took the usual pledge: I surrender all to Jesus for salvation and service. It was a sweetly effective service.

The editor is under obligations to Mrs. Nora West for the good report of the ladies meeting at the Baptist church yesterday afternoon. Bro. Youree was the preacher of the hour and he rose to the occasion.

S. H. Phillips

DRUGS, TOILET ARTICLES, WALL PAPER, STATIONERY, and COLD DRINKS.

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THE PRICE IS THE THING.

MONDAY 11 A. M. THE SERMON.

The great tabernacle has proven too small for the occasion. Every nook and corner is occupied. The preacher is at his best. The lesson is read from Job the 14th verse. The theme is announced in three words,

BIRTH, DEATH, JUDGMENT.

It is appointed unto man once to die, and after death the judgment.

Except a man be born of the spirit he cannot see the Kingdom of God. This morning we speak of the physical birth. Outside the medical world there is no book on birth. Suppose as some say man was like a hog—died like one. We know that in the breast of the normal man there is a craving after the unseen—a longing after God. But suppose we were just animals, yet having intellectual capacity. We hear that an Immortal Man has been born at San Francisco.

We would cross continents to see that immortal being. But we don't have to cross seas and continents. The mother has but to look in the eyes of her babe.

BIRTH

means the projection of an immortal spirit from the hand of Omnipotence.

Cursed be that father or mother so thoughtless and graceless as to lead that child, born in their home in sin and unbelief.

DEATH

AS certain as man is born he must die. But strange as it may sound, death does not mean to quit living. (I was straightened out on this from reading Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World.")

Death means, not annihilation, but separation from one life to another. Even animal life does not die literally but goes back into the soil and becomes plant life.

Dying leaves make soil for the life of more leaves. Matter is uncreatable and indestructible.

We live by and feed on death.

Mother goes down into the valley of death to bring her child into life and her very life is bestowed upon through childhood years. She dies that it may live.

The fields of wheat die and herds of cattle are led to the slaughter that men may live. They become steak and biscuit that we may make blood and muscle.

We are living every day, daily feasting and fattening on death.

As far as the physical life, fish fowl and flesh, fruit, grain and vegetables die that we may live, even so Christ, the Eternal Son

died that we might have eternal life.

Death is written on everything. Die to sin we must or die the second death. The spiritual man must be born as sure as the physical man is born. One beautiful June day in California I and a friend climbed Campbell mountain, with a field glass I looked upon the the towering Sierra Nevadas with their snow clad summits glittering as with myriads of diamonds, down yonder is Kings river, speeding away and blessing the thirsty soil, nine miles away is Reedland Orange groves and vineyards gladden the eye. It is glorious to behold, but "The paths of glory lead but to the tomb." Death is written everywhere. I am saddened. Then I rejoice as I think God has a more beautiful world than this, where death is not.

President Harper, of Chicago University, lay in his last sickness. Doctor, said he, is this death? Yes, said the physician, I fear it is.

No, said Dr. Harper, this is not death, this is passing into life sure enough. You have been very sick maybe but you have never died but you will. Kill yourself this morning in your imagination and stand off and

LOOK AT YOURSELF.

The nurse says dead. See the undertaker, casket, flowers, pall bearers, hearse, procession forming, moves on to the grave. The preacher says earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. In handling the cords, placing the planks, filling the grave everybody is just as careful as they can be—but oh how it hurts—"thou shalt be missed because thy place will be empty. As sure as birth, so sure is death. Oh God help these sinners to be ready for after death shall be

THE JUDGMENT.

That means we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ. Shall all give an account to God. Shall all receive a reward. Mother, you have lived long, life has had many sorrows, the way has been hard, but you have been true—God is going to crown that dear old gray head, and there will be no more weary suffering. Father often you have come from the field so tired you could scarcely unharness the team—you were too tired to give heed to the dear sweet children of you home. The weight of toil and of years is upon you. Oh is there no rest? Yes, you may go to where men never grow old nor tired. The judgment means a pretty good thing after all for the redeemed of God. It means home, home, home, No more leaving home—no more homesickness forever. But the

SINNERS SIDE

I am too tired to discuss that. Oh, just come from sin and come to Christ. As we sing let every sinner come and surrender to God. Don't, oh don't put it off another day.

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