Apologies are dangerous. They are always weak and often are a make-weight for your advocacy. Yet every man desires to much credit with his fellow men that he will make them as a sort of note of hand in lieu of cash.

Now I never came to fulfill a promise given and sealed with so much reluctance as my promise to help in this Bible Society Service.

First because of a prevailing consciousness of being unprepared with substance equivalent to the demand of such an occasion.

I know this is weak. Because with a genial smile, my adversary will ask the pertinent question, "Why not? Why are you not prepared?"

Then I must add in explanation, that one mind & heart should be filled with this subject;
To sender:

Subject: New expansion of the company

Dear [Name],

I am pleased to inform you that we have decided to expand our operations. This decision comes after careful consideration and analysis of market trends, customer feedback, and internal assessments.

We have identified several new markets that present significant growth opportunities. Our strategic plan involves investing in the infrastructure and hiring the necessary personnel to ensure a smooth transition.

We are also exploring the possibility of acquiring a new facility to accommodate our anticipated growth. This acquisition will require a substantial investment, but we believe it is essential for our long-term success.

I understand that this news may be sudden, so I encourage you to take some time to review the details. We will provide you with all the necessary information and support to help you make an informed decision.

Looking forward to your feedback and support.

Best regards,

[Your Name]
Should he familiar with the doings of
the society & write the pleasing result which
the secretaries & missionaries so clearly & so
ardently present. There is no one a sort of an
unintentional of longing that the Bible might
go out to every house, to every man & woman,
and be carefully read and conformed to,
but my mind & my heart are impressed with
the daily calls of my official duties &
responsibilities. so that I hate with the desire.

Apology Second: And a curious shadowy
kind of skepticism creeps into my head
a skepticism touching our methods &
our results. "Good, Good!" whispers to my
adversary. "Now we have you! You
are making weight for the side of the scales.
You are over on our side. For me in
only skeptical as to the Bible society methods
and the Bible society's work.

See then my friends what a fog our two
apologies have led us into. Apology one is with new
born of unfitness. I apologize to a good word born of unaccountable ignorance.

Still my adversaries, I have much respect for your shrewdness and have learned to attend you. In checking, restraining, and training regard the checking, restraining, and training power of your prompt hostility.

Your shrewdness spiced with just a little malignity and your hostility to every good cause being a little too prompt. Like the hidden spring disk in the hands of the highwayman, make you unfair.

It is most unfair to judge a cause by the weakness of its defenders. It is most unfair and imposterous to condemn a cause on the ignorance of a weak advocate.

If now my friends you will look upon what Ihave said in the light of a locomotive getting up steam, putting off, away, and arriving back to the starting point, I will be obliged to you. We will start from the depot, even
though we have to go up the mountain of difficulties as slowly as the Allegheny camel-backs or as smoothly as the S S of the narrow gauge.

Our depot contains the Bible. In it are
 plain and unmistakable declarations, a
 great many of them it is true, and declarations
 that would be abundantly confusing, but for
 the fact clear as the daylight that there is a
 common germ to them all. They fit into their
 place like the quarters of an apple just cut. there
 is a wholesomeness about them when
 put together that delights the ear and the heart.

For example how glad it makes the
 Christian to hear it read in church: Thou
 shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart,
 and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.
 And this is the first and great commandment.
 And the second is like unto it; Thou shalt love
 thy neighbor as thyself. On these two command-
 ments hang all the law and the prophets.

Just to think of it! The whole Bible, all the
 laws of Moses, all the proverbs of Solomon, all the
 sweet precepts of David, all the clear visions
Daniel and all the glorious things of good news announced sent down to us by our Lord and His Apostles. All these condensed into one double sided silver tablet with shining letters of gold upon each face. Down go on one side “Love Man” on the other. Or if this does not suit the taste of the artist, make a single tablet and as Moses did when he said: “In the image of God created He him; let us make man.” Let man resemble God with man or better man write God and write before them, or above them or after them or under them in shining letters the word LOVE.

Sell the tablets. Make presents of it. Make copies of it. Put it up everywhere, in the front halls, up stairs, in the parlor and in the sleeping rooms, in the stove and on the steamers and railway carriages. Let it burn itself into the memory of childhood and be furnished in pointed letters to the blindmen. Be furnished in pointed letters to the blindmen before he comes and after. Teach it to the heathen before he comes and after. Let the dumb compass its beauty and its sweetness with their increased vision. Age, Age.
My smiling adversary, let the infidels and the skeptics see it written on innumerable tablets with all sorts of hieroglyphics, that they may be pleased to decipher in all sorts of languages. They may be minded to translate, and particularly in the faces of holy men, women and children, in the faces thus drawn with radiance and gladness that it vivifies truth profounder entails. Oh, yes, let the cold, dead eyes of atheism rest upon it in colors as bright as the setting sun and seething as the sun and sea and sky. As the sun and sea and sky, I brought back to the clear visions of its own bleaching innocence. Wondrous, wonderful. Wondrous! All the scriptures, all the reminiscence of truths written in the heart, in the sun, in the stars, all eternal, eternal, in one phrase: Deo et Hominii Caritas.

It is the epigrammatic phrase of God and man. It is the translation of God's Holy Bible and who shall suppress it? Who shall dare to question it? Let us take torch-ligh to question it. Let us take torch-light and let the sun light of this glorious, unresisting
Truth of love (Godward and manward) and go back to the grand deposits of the Holy Scriptures, and take a new start. We find the door to one apartment labeled SALUTATION IN NO OTHER. Open the door and the apartment is filled with leaves and on each leaf is found: “Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved. Acts 4:12.

Now ask with a heart what name is that? Turn over a single leaf and look at the other side and spell it out: “The name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth.” That is the name.

My adversary says: “I don’t believe that, that is not God’s truth, that’s not love!” What would he think of this announcement for the body.

Human life depends on air. There is no life to the lungs that breathes other eternal substances. A man will die without air. Oh! If I do not believe that; that is not God’s truth, that is not love? The scientist will laugh at such a foolish denial. That the air is
essential to life and the fun as to health. Are most welcome truths. God provided a way to live here below and are we not glad that He made such abundant provision? Shall we shirk into caves and dens, into infected mines & cellars, and cry out against our Maker because He has not provided earth-born gases & steaming putrefactions or a hundred or more other contrivances with which to inflate the lungs, purify the blood & sustain the human frame work? Oh, my adversary, the provision is simple, not it is abundant. So with salvation that the Lord our God has provided it is simple but it is more abundant than the air. Yes, for the Master's Spirit which gives what we call salvation is free & open to all men. It can reach the prisoners in his impure cell, the miners thousands of feet under the surface of the Earth, the slave in the suffocating hold of the ship, or the crowds hurrying in the cellars of the city. It can grow stronger & more helpful
as the hungry grow weaker and continue beyond the last puff of air, the last breath of human suffering. One name, one way. Thank God that He has not confused poor weak thoughtless human beings with a half a dozen names. He has notumbered them, nor numbered His uncertain steps by the perplexing troubles of two unagreeing minds. One meaning guide will surely bring quiesce. One moment guide will surely bring peace. One man through the wilderness. Fly Him! 

Heaven. Fly Him! 

Now open another apartment at our shop and try another set of lessons to God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. 

Who is this son? This only begotten Son. Who is it? 

Sure over the leaf. Read if you can. The words of the Christian Martyr Stephen just before he breathed out his precious life, under the stoning of a quarrelling mob: "But He being full
[Handwritten text not legible]
of the Holy Ghost looked steadfastly into heaven and saw the glory of God and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, and said, "Behold He who dwelt in the heavens opened and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God."

It is He, it is the same that was born in Bethlehem. That went to Egypt. That dwelt in Nazareth. That dwelt in Galilee. That dwelt in Galilee. That traveled over Galilee and taught. It is He that was transfigured in the garden that was tried at Jerusalem. That suffered on the cross. That rose from the dead. That walked the earth and met a host of witnesses. That ascended into the heavens from Heaven's tabernacle and there and since has watched and heard and helped his earthly friends in union with His Mother. Through His wonderful divine messenger who brought up the soul of Stephen in the hour of his
Last agony & filled his mouth with those majestic words that I have given.  
He is the Messiah.  His Christ, He is the Favour of the world.  He expresses image of the Father.  The most wonderful and yet the most simple expression of the Almighty.  It is the soul that holds fast hold on immortality, cross, redemption, unutterable, inexpressible, unwrathable, indescribable, and yet binding to it by the indissoluble tie of all penetrating & all pervading love among other willing souls and ensuring to it a peace & joy that pass the bounds of human expression.  God in Christ.  Christ in me.  Sweetly cemented by the Spirit into the eternal Heaven.  Can anybody bring in a better hope than this? Can man scatter better news?
But my adversary, with his eyes a little moist and his heart a little softened as he said:

"That is all very nice if it only were true! These old fables are quite out of a self-mystification and by the help of a lively imagination one leaves the Cross-times now. I think it would be much more practical to be engaged in relieving the present earthly sufferings of the people."

Well well my friend adversary, my friend.

We can only ask you to apply practical tests to what we call the truth. Look down. 

Our message, in its purity, raises the fallen, eons for the sick, provides for the orphan, speaks comfort to the sorrowing, makes the world better, forbids lying & licentiousness, establishes & maintains the home & family, enlightens the ignorant without repressing the learned, in brief is strictly against all wrong & earnestly in favor of the absolute right. So much for the effort here! So much for the purification & order & happiness of human beings on this earth.
Now, if our out-reaching & up-reaching visions should happen to be a little cloudy — it will not do to take from us the hope of immortality. There is no persistent living force in the hopeless, despairing soul. Show me & convince me that there is no God, no spirit, no fancies, and that when I come to die I shall be blown out like a candle — then, you have succeeded in crushing my endeavors. Right & wrong there have no foundations — and the soul itself is a reality. But the very consciousness of existence, the very linking powers of existence, the very up-reaching that bind me to other souls, the very up-reaching which stir up my mischiefs & wrongs which bitter sorrow over mistakes & wrongs which have been done. The great peace that comes in like a flood at the sense of forgiveness, the great peace that comes in the after repentance & promise & pleading. This is one of the very sweet persuasion joys that is given after the yearning of prayer in the midst of the greatest
of human trials, all the internal evidence
make me cry out against this wisdom
that is wiser than the Almighty. This serene
attitude that would tear down and spew to
prove all the glorious and wise of human
hopes, and has nothing absolutely nothing
to offer to our hungering hearts in place
of them.

We must cling to the Old Bible. Learn it
and we have no anchor-age. We go out
into the darkness where there is quaking
of teeth and call up the spirits that
require us to be more dreadful than fools
and blinder than bats—on we wander off
into the search for new philosophies
or ways to unseat the goddess of
stone, respecting to unwield the goddess of
perpetual joy by adopting some strange
theory which will not
and idiotic theory which will not
account for a fraction of the problems
that trouble us. Oh! the foolishness of
this wisdom above what is written!
We must cling to the old Bible. Then what! Why study it, think it over, ponder its sacred words, pray long for more light.

Then what? We can back again to our depot: open the apartments and read the leaves. The healing leaves spread over the world. IX. Glad tidings.

Let the glad tidings of great joy be to all people — let them go to all people — they will make earth with all its sickness, sorrow, pain & death tolerable. They will make society with all its travelling burdens with all its piercing cries, all its anguishing groans — ever melting upward into better air & better light & better health; and these tidings well needed will finally gather and these tidings well needed will finally gather its votaries into that city when there shall be no more care: x x x. And there shall be no more
Their fruit shall be like the olive tree; their light shall never be shut off.
Blessed are they that keep His commandments, that they may draw near to the tree of life and may enter in through the gates into the city.

Tell how His compassions, from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round:
How free to the faithful the offered salvation;
How His people with joy everlasting crown'd.

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing:
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!