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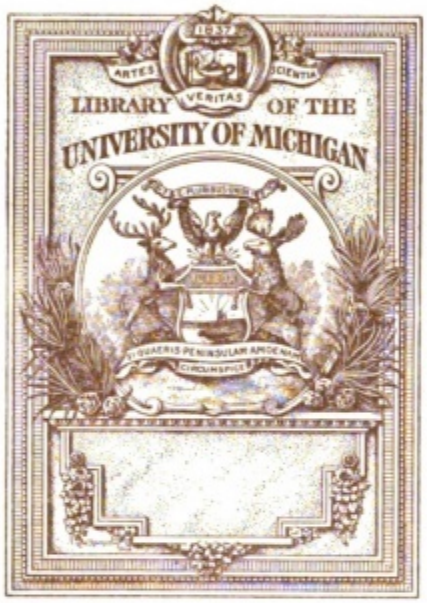

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Talmage Speaks.

The first suffering of the drunkard is in the loss of his good name. God has so arranged it that no man ever loses his good name except through his own act. All the hatred of men, and all the assaults of devils, cannot destroy a good man's name, if he really maintains his integrity. If a man is industrious and pure and Christian, God looks after him. Although he may be bombarded for twenty or thirty years, his integrity is never lost and his good name is never sacrificed. No force on earth or in hell can capture such a Gibraltar. But when it is said of a man, "He drinks," and it can be proved, then what employer wants him for a workman? What store wants him for a clerk? What church wants him for a member? Who will trust him? What dying man would appoint him his executor? He may have been forty years in building up his reputation—it goes down. Letters of recommendation, the backing up of business firms, a brilliant ancestry, cannot save him. The world shies off. Why? It is whispered all through the community, "He drinks! he drinks!" That blasts him.

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His self respect is gone, he says things he would not otherwise say; he does things that he would not otherwise do. When a man is nine-tenths gone with strong drink, the first thing he wants to do is to persuade you that he can stop any time he wants to. He cannot. The Philistines have bound him hand and foot, and shorn his locks, and put out his eyes, and are making him grind in the mill of a great horror. He cannot stop. I will prove it. He knows that his course is bringing disgrace and ruin upon himself. He loves himself. If he could stop, he would. He knows his course is bringing ruin upon his family. He loves them. He would stop if he could. He cannot. Perhaps he could three montes or a year ago; not now. Just ask him to stop for a month. He knows he cannot, so he does not try.

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I had a friend who for fifteen years was going down under this evil habit. He had large means. He had given thousands of dollars to Bible societies, and reformatory institutions of all sorts. He was very genial, and very generous, and very lovable, and whenever he talked about this evil habit he would say, "I can stop any time." But he kept going on, going on, down! down! down! His family would say, "I wish you would stop!" "Why," he would reply, "I can stop any time if I want to." After awhile he had delirium tremens; he had it twice; and yet after that he said, "I could stop at any time if I wanted to." He is dead now. What killed him? Rum! Rum! And yet amongst his last utterances was, "I can stop at any time." He did not stop it, because he could not stop it. Oh, there is a point in inebriation beyond which, if a man goes, he cannot stop!

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A victim of the drinking habit said to a Christian man, "Sir, if I were told that I couldn't get a drink until tomorrow night unless I had all my fingers cut off, I would say, 'Bring the hatchet and cut them off now.'" I have a dear friend in Philadelphia, whose nephew came to me one day, and when he was exhorted about his evil habit, said, "Uncle, I can't give it up! If there stood a cannon, and it was loaded, and a glass of wine sat on the mouth of that cannon, and I knew that you would fire it off just as I came up and took the glass, I would start, for I must have it." Oh, it is a sad thing for a man to wake up in this life and feel that he is a captive. He says, "I could have got rid of this once, but I can't now. I might have lived an honorable life and died a Christian death; but there is no hope for me now; there is no escape for me. Dead, but not buried. I am a walking corpse. I am an apparition of what I once was. I am a caged immortal beating against the wires of my cage in this direction and that direction; beating against the cage until there is blood on the wires and blood upon my soul, yet not able to get out. destroyed without a remedy!"

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God only knows what the drunkard suffers! Pain files on every nerve, and travels every muscle, and gnaws every bone, and burns with every flame, and stings with every poison, and pulls at him with every torture. What reptiles crawl over his creeping limbs! What fiends stands by his mid-night pillow! What groans tear his ear! What horrors shiver through his soul! Talk of the rack, talk of the Inquisition, talk of the funeral pyre, talk of the crushing Juggernaut?—he feels them all at once! Have you ever been in the ward of the hospital where these inebriates are dying, the stench of their wounds driving back the attendants, their voice sounding through the night? The keeper comes up, and says, "Hush, now be still! Stop making all this noise!" But it is effectual only for a moment, for as soon as the keeper is gone they begin again: "Oh God! oh God! Help! help! Rum! Give me rum! Help! Take them off me! Take them off me! Take them off me! Oh God!" And then they shriek, and they rave and they pluck out their hair by handsfuls, and bite their nails into the quick, and then they groan, and they shriek, and they blaspheme, and they ask the keepers to kill them. "Stab me! Smother me! Strangle me! Take the devils off me!" Oh, it is no fancy sketch. that thing is going on in hospitals, aye, it is going on in some of the finest residences of every neighborhood on this continent. It went on last night while you slept, and I tell you further, that it is going to be the death that some of you will die. I know it! I see it coming!

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Love and Death.

BY MRS. JANE T. H. CROSS.

'Tis all a whirl, a dizzy whirl,
And men and women come and go;
'Twas thus when I was but a girl—
Now years have sent their flakes of snow
Upon the locks that erst were brown;
And still I see about the town
The eager faces; and the street
Is thronging still with busy feet.

I hear the sound, I hear the rush,
The trampling, trampling, o'er and o'er;
But in my heart there is a hush,
A pain for steps that come no more;
I listen still to catch their ring,
My own glad foot prepared to spring,
To greet, as they approach the door,
The blessed steps that come no more.

But men and boys go in and out,
And merrily the world goes on;
I listen midst the joyous rout
To catch the voices that are gone;
I go about the household cares,
See how the dog or kitten fares,
I sweep the rug or make the bed.
Still thinking—thinking of the dead.

And they? Do they, amid the host,
That throng along the golden street,
A moment pause—in memory lost—
And listen for *our* coming feet?
While angels all around rejoice,
Remember they our earthly voice?
O can those pearly gates above
Shut out from them our yearning love?

Or do they sometimes sit apart,
And ponder on the precious past?
Remember they, with loving heart,
That trembling kiss—it was the last?
They cannot sure forget its thrill;
Its presence lingers round them still,
For 'twas a soul—'twas not a breath—
And Love is mightier than Death!

"Kept for the Master's Use."

BY ALICE M. GUERNSEY.

Annis Brown was puzzled! She had thought herself given wholly to the Lord, and that her offerings for His cause were all that could be expected from having so small an income. "A tithe?" Yes, certainly! The Christian dispensation required no less of giving, at least, than devolved upon the Jews!

But really, after the necessary expenses of living were met, the tithe of what was left was not very much of an addition to the Master's Treasury. Now and then conscience gave a little twinge as the question, "What are 'necessary expenses?'" forced itself to mind. And it was this uneasiness which sent her one day to the story of the first tithes brought "into the storehouse."

There was Jacob's vow at Bethel "Of all Thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto Thee;" there were the directions to the Irraelites to bring the first fruits—"the tithes of the ground"—for the maintenance of the Levites; there was the blessings of the people when,in Hezekiah's time theybrought "in abundance" the tithe of oxen and sheep and the tithe of holy things which were consecrated unto the Lord their God." Everywhere a tithe of *all*—no mention of a reserve from which they themselves should live, and then a tithe of the remainder given to God. It is always, "Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of *all* thine increase; *so* shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine."

This was decidedly a novel view of the case, a troublesome as well well as a puzzling view. After a firm belief that one's purse is soundly converted, a comfortable feeling of having always been generous, and a real contempt for stingy people—after all this, you will acknowledge that it is mortifying to find not only that one has never *given*, but that one has actually withheld what was due—has stolen from the Lord. Add to this the surprising revelation that one is not quite willing to lay aside one dollar out of every ten received, for the Lord's service, and you will not wonder that Annis Brown was both puzzled and troubled

But there it stood! A duty so plainly shown that she could not pass round it without entering a "by and forbidden path." "Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power." There was nothing to do but pray for the spirit of the "cheerful giver."

The victory once gained, how delightful it was! Somehow, money never seemed to go so far before! From each payment for services, a tithe went promptly into the box on the bottom of which was written, "Kept for the Master's use."

Missionary Sunday came and the pastor made a stirring appeal. A year ago she had heard just such another, and the twenty-five cents which she meant to give was doubled, as a result of the eloquence, when the box was passed; but by the time she had reached home her enthusiasm had somewhat cooled, and she decided that a quarter was really all she ought to have given. But this time she knew just where she stood. She had noted the contents of her box that very morning, and the question was simply, "How much of this money does the Lord wish put into the missionary treasury?" And the two-dollar bill that dropped into the collection, knew—if money has consciousness—that the three dollars left behind were waiting till the claims of the "Woman's Foreign" were presented. Forgive her, dear brethren, that, being a woman, woman's work came a little nearer to her heart than the general work!

"What will you do for these pressing needs at home, for your sisters in Utah and the South?" asked a gifted speaker as she closed the sad story of suffering and ignorance and wrong. Oh, the thrill of joy that came into the heart of Annis Brown at the thought! "There is money to help supply this need, already waiting, 'Kept for the Master's use.'" From the National headquarters came the call for "thanksgiving offerings" for the W. C. T. U. The envelope which carried that of Annis Brown bore the text which she had just found—a fresh nugget from the inexhaustable mine, "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."

And if, now and then, the account in this consecrated bank was overdrawn, can you imagine the pleasure of really giving to the Lord? I have no story to tell of wonderful inflows of money that followed the new plan. But, somehow, there was a wonderous blessing "in basket and in store," a spending power like that of the cruise of oil in Zarephath. And with this came such a sweet rest and peace and communion with the Lord, in giving, that nothing tempt Annis Brown to go back to the hap-hazard way of giving "as the spirit moved," and supposing that she thus fulfilled her whole duty.

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The World of Beauty.

BY THE LATE EDWIN H. NEVIN, D.D.

I have read of a world of beauty,
Where there is no gloomy night,
Where love is the main-spring of duty,
And God the fountain of light.
And I long to be there!

I have read of the flowing river,
That bursts from beneath the throne,
And the beautiful trees that ever
Are found on its banks alone.
And I long to be there!

I have read of the myriad choir,
Of the angels harping there,
Of their holy love that burns like fire,
And the shining robes they wear.
And I long to be there!

I have read of the sanctified throng,
That passed from the earth to heaven,
And there unite in the loudest song
Of praise for their sins forgiven.
And I long to be there!

I have read of their freedom from sin,
And suffering and sorrow too,
And the peace and joy they feel within,
As their risen Lord they view.
And I long to be there!

I long to rise to that world of light,
And to breathe its balmy air,
I long to walk with the Lamb in white,
And shout with the angels there.
O, I long to be there!

A Suggestion From Dennis.

When Dennis mentioned the matter for the first time I was almost indignant. We were sitting at the fireside one evening—he had been reading the paper, and I was almost dozing over a dull book—when he looked up quite suddenly and said: "I have been thinking, Clara, that you and I should begin giving systematically."

"Giving systematically to what?" I asked in genuine surprise, and endeavored to look wide-awake and interested.

"Why, to the church and missions and so on," exclaimed Dennis.

"Give what?" I asked again, setting my lips a trifle firmer, and making it just as hard for poor Dennis as I could.

"Money, of course," he answered. "You know what I mean, dear. Suppose we keep a tithe box. At present we really give nothing worth speaking of. We mean to, but when Sabbath comes there is no small change in the house, or we neglect to take it. Then we have not felt able to pay for sittings in the church, and it is beginning to seem easier to stay away than to ask the ushers for seats every time. If we had the tithe money, things would be very different with us, I imagine."

"Whatever are you thinking of, Dennis," said I, "to talk so soberly of giving, when you know that we have not nearly enough to live on as it is? It is more of a problem every day, with our income, to make ends meet. To be sure, one tenth is small enough to be ridiculous; we would not care to have anyone know how small; but we could never do without it, that is certain."

I looked meaningly around the plain little room, with its modest, lonely looking furniture, and reminded Dennis of the rent which was overdue, and the many things which we both needed. I even quoted scripture to the effect that if any one provide not for his own he is worse than an infidel; and, being fairly started, soon talked both him and myself into a very dissatisfied frame of mind. It all ended in Dennis saying: "Oh, well! no doubt, as you say, what is impossible is impossible, and that ends it. But I do wish we were able to give something."

The matter was not again referred to between us, but it came again and again to my mind. It seemed quite out of my power to forget it; for I was conscious that the responsibility of the final decision being mine, the guilt, if guilt there were, was mine, too. But Dennis did not have his salary raised, and expenses increased rather than lessened, economize as I would. It was still true that there was frequently no money for the Sabbath collections, regular or special; and we attended services less and less frequently, feeling sure our acquaintances remarked our having no sitting in our own church.

In this state of affairs a serious illness came to me; and, as I needed constant care, Dennis, who was very busy in the office, proposed that we send for a young girl whom we had become interested in, as a child, in the orphan's home. I knew she had experience in attending the sick, and rather unwillingly consented. Maggie was a capable, well trained girl, and made herself very necessary to me from the first day. She had a peculiarly gentle and pleasing voice, and I loved to hear it so well that, during my convalescence, I kept her talking on one pretex or another most of the time. In this spirit, I asked her rather languidly one day what she kept in a little pasteboard box I had several times noticed in her hands.

"This is my tithe-box," said Maggie, turning her honest blue eyes full upon me. "I was just counting the money over to see how much I have for the missions next Sabbath."

"Why, child," said I, "come here and sit by me; I want to talk to you. Do you mean to tell me you give a tenth to the Lord?"

The girl was rather surprised at my vehemence; but she answered simply: "Why, yes ma'am. I'm very sorry it is so little I can give, having only my earnings. Sometimes I think it would be nearer right if I, whose whole is such a trifle, should give one-fifth. There is so much need of money, you know. It is different with rich people; one-tenth of their money is a great deal, and so much good can be accomplished with it."

I winced under Maggie's ingenious argument—such decided inversion of mine; but she, sweet child, all unconcious of my thoughts, went on to tell me of the good matron at the home, who had taught her, as a little child, that she had a Father in Heaven ready to be more to her than the father and mother she had lost. She told us," said Maggie, "that when Jesus left the earth, after His resurrection, He put the missionary work He had begun doing for three years—and, for that

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matter, all His life, the matron said —in our hands to do for him; and He said plainly that every one of us who love Him should show it by what we do of the work He loved. If we cannot preach or teach or give up all our time to Him here or over the seas, we can at least give part of our money to Him. She liked to give a tenth, because that was God's own plan for the people He loved; and so must be the division of one's money which pleases Him best. 'It is His right,' the dear matron said one day, 'to have a tenth of our all; and after that if we spare more, we can call it a gift.' She gave us a tithe-box, and the very first money I earned, all my own, I put a tenth in it. Since then I always have a little to give to the Lord's work, though it grieves me that it is often only a few cents, when hundreds of dollars are needed. But I remember the matron's saying that it is wicked to fret about that; we must pray the more for his blessings on the little."

"But how do you manage to live, Maggie? Do you have anything left for yourself?"

"Oh, yes! I earn money by working in different ways—sewing, and helping sick ladies like you; and what is left after I count out the tenth seems to go so far in buying what I need that I always have enough."

"So your matron thought that everyone should give a tenth to the Lord, Maggie?"

"No, ma'am," was the quiet answer. "She did not say we ought to; she did not think of it in that way. But she said that, like the other plans the good Lord has made for our every-day living, it is really all to make us good and happy. We are glad when we once begin to give in that way, and in the nine-tenths which we keep are blessed of Him with the one He accepts; so it is lifted above being ordinary money, and does us far more good."

My mind was busy with these sweet words long after Maggie had left me; and the question came: if she can give out of her pitiful poverty, what is my excuse? Yes, I saw clearly now. I had been all in the wrong, and a stumbling-block to my husband. So, in the evening, as we sat cosily by the fire again, both happy in my returning strength, I said to Dennis: "I have learned a lesson which makes my illness a blessing, dear. Shall I tell you of it?" And I told him of Maggie's ministering to my soul, as well as to my body, and showed him a little box on which was written "Tithes." Dennis did not speak at first, but a glad look shone in his eyes, and he clasped my hand very tenderly.

"The Lord's hand is in this, Clara," he said at last. "We will pledge a tithe of all God ever gives us over this little box, won't we?"

The first bit of money went inside the lid that very night, and a new content came into both our hearts. Any day has an added pleasure when Dennis and I sit side by side to count out the tenth and put it safely away. There is no more trouble about money for missions. We soon found that we could afford a modest seat in the church, and straightway felt at home there as never before.

It would be a half truth to say we never miss that money. It has brought us a blessing. Though we are not rich, and probably never will be, we are content, which is far better, and need to fret about matters no more. "O Dennis," I said the other day, "how well worth heeding this suggestion of yours has proved!"—[Interior.

Not every soul can extend its influence right and left, but every soul can extend its progress upward. "It's a small piece of ground," said a householder of his building lot, "but I own all the way up."—[Sunday School Times.

When the battle of Corioli was being won through the stimulus given to the soldiers by the impassioned vigor of Caius Marcius they mourned to see their leader covered with wounds and blood. They begged him to retire to the camp, but with characteristic bravery he exclaimed: "It is not for conquerors to be tired!" and joined them in prosecuting the victory to its brilliant end. Such language might well become the Christian warrior. He is tempted to lie down and rest before the conquest is complete and the triumph thoroughly achieved; but his conquests should but stir him with holy zeal and fire him with a sublime courage, that he may be faithful unto death, and then receive a crown of life.

George Marsh, who was martyred in the rein of Queen Mary, in a letter to some friends at Manchester, wrote: "The servants of God cannot at any time come and stand before God, that is, lead a godly life and walk innocently before God, but Satan cometh also among them, that is, he daily accuseth, findeth fault, vexeth, persecuteth, and troubleth the godly; for it is the nature and property of the devil always to hurt, and do mischief, unless he be forbidden of God; but unless God doth permit him he can do nothing at all, not so much as enter into a filthy hog."

A Christian tradesman bethought him that he had never spoken to a certain regular customer about his soul, though the man had called at his shop for years. He determined to plead earnestly with him next time he came in his way. *There was no next time*; his customer died suddenly, so that he saw him no more.

Fill, brief or long, my granted span
Of life with love to Thee and man;
Strike when Thou wilt the hour of rest,
But let my last days be my best.
—*Whittier.*

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My First Experience in a Military Hospital. A Touching Scene.

[From Mary A. Livermore's famous new book "My Story of the War."]

In company with this lady I made my first visit to a military hospital. The odor almost overpowered me. A deathly faintness came over me, and I was hurried from the ward to the outer air for recovery.

Three times I returned, and each time some new horror smote my vision, some more sickening odor nauseated me, and I was led out fainting. The horrors of that long ward, containing over eighty of the most fearfully wounded men, were worse than anything I had imagined; but not worse than scenes in which I afterwards spent weeks and weeks without a tremor of the nerves or a flutter of the pulse. This was my first experience.

"A great many people cannot stay in hospitals, or render any service in them, they are so affected by the sights and smells," said the surgeon. "I would not try to do anything here were I in your place."

But was I to shrink from the sight of misery which these brave men were so nobly enduring? The thought was a tonic, and, despising my weakness, I forced myself to remain in the ward without nausea or faintness. Never again were my nerves disturbed by any sight or sound of horror. I was careful to hold myself in iron control, until I had become habituated to the shocking sights that are the outcome of the wicked business men call war.

I had nearly completed the tour of this ward, making memoranda for letters which the men desired written, or of some want to be gratified or some errand done,—every bed being occupied by a severely wounded man,—when I halted beside one on whose handsome face the unmistakable look of death was settling. He labored painfully for breath, and large drops of perspiration stood out on his forehead.

"You are suffering a great deal," I said.

"Oh, yes! oh, yes!" he gasped, "I am, I am, but not in body. I can bear that. I don't mind pain—I can bear anything—but I can't die! *I can't die!*"

"But perhaps you may not die. It is not certain but you may recover. While there is life there is hope, you know."

"Oh, no, I can't live—I know it—there's no chance for me. I've got to die—and I *can't* die! *I am afraid to die!*"

I went to the surgeon, still in the ward, and inquired about the man. The poor fellow was right; there was no chance for him. "He was horribly cut up," the surgeon said. One leg had been amputated, the other had suffered two amputations, the last one taking off the leg between the knee and hip; the right arm had been broken, a caisson had crushed the lower left arm, and he had been shot twice through the abdomen. "There had been no expectation of his life when he was first brought in," said the surgeon; and it seemed an utterly hopeless case. But he has pulled along from day to day, as if in defiance of death, and at the last there seemed a ghost of a chance for his recovery; but gangrene has set in, and defies medical treatment, and it will be over with him in a few hours. All you can do is to help him die easy." I returned to the poor fellow, whose anxious eyes were following me.

"What does the doctor say?" he asked. "Oh, I know I must die! I I can't! I can't! I *can't!*" And he almost shrieked in his mental distress, and trembled so violently as to shake the bed.

"Why are you afraid to die?" I enquired. "Tell me my poor boy."

"I ain't fit to die. I have lived an awful life, and I'm afraid to die. I shall go to hell."

I drew a camp stool to his bedside, and, sitting down, put my hands on his shoulders, and spoke in commanding tones, as to an excited child: "Stop screaming. Be quiet. This excitement is shortening your life. If you *must* die, die like a man, and not like a coward. Be still, and listen to me." And I proceeded to combat his fear of death and his sense of guilt with assurances of God's willingness to pardon. I told him of Christ's mission on earth, and assured him that however great had been his sins, they would be forgiven of God, since he was penitent and sought forgiveness. And I bade him repeat after me the words of a prayer, which he did with tearful earnestness. I backed up my assurances by quotations from the Bible and illustrations from the life of Christ; but I made little impression on the dying man.

"Can't you get a Methodist minister?" he asked. "I used to belong to the Methodist church but I fell away. Oh, send for a Methodist minister!"

One of the attendants remembered that the hospital steward was also a Methodist minister, and hastened to find him. To him I communicated the particulars of the case, and besought him to assist in allaying the anguish of the dying man, which was distressing to witness. Whatever was done for him must be done speedily, as he was fast sinking.

The announcement that the steward was a Methodist minister was beneficial to the sufferer. To him he listened eagerly. "The love of Christ," was the chaplain's theme. "He had only to trust in the Savior, only to ask for forgiveness, and God, who was always ready to pardon, would grant his prayer. Christ had died to save just such conscience-smitten, stricken, penitent souls as he,"—thus ran the chaplain's talk. And then he prayed earnestly, feelingly, tenderly—the dying man frequently taking up the prayer and joining in it.

"Can't you sing, chaplain," I inquired. For it seemed to me the

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poor fellow, in his last hour of life, needed soothing more than argument or entreaty.

Immediately in a rich, full, clear tenor, whose melody floated through the ward, and charmed every groan and wail into silence, he sang hymn after hymn, all of them familiar to most of his audience:

"Come humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;"

"Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down;"

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;"

"My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger;"

all of them hymns so well known to his dying auditor that I saw he followed the singer, verse after verse. The music affected him, as I had hoped. The burden rolled from the poor boy's heart, and in feeble, tender tones he said, "It's all right with me, chaplain! I will trust in Christ. God will forgive me! I can die now."

"Sing on, Chaplain!" I suggested, as he was about to pause to make reply. "God is sending peace and light into the troubled soul of this poor boy through these divine hymns and your heavenly voice. Sing on! Don't stop!"

He continued to sing, but now chose a different style of hymn and tune, and burst forth into a most rapturous strain:

"Come, sing to me of heaven,
For I'm about to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstacy,
To waft my soul on high.

There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there,
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there."

I looked down the ward and saw that the wan faces of the men, contracted with pain, were brightening. I looked at the dying man beside me, and saw, underneath the deepening pallor of death, an almost radiant gleam.

With folded hands and upturned gaze, almost entranced with his own music, the chaplain continued to sing:—

"When the cold hand of death
Lies on my marble brow,
Break forth in songs of joyfulness,
Let heaven begin below.
There'll be no sorrow there," etc.

"Then to my raptured ear
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music charm me last on earth
And greet me first in heaven.
There'll be no sorrow there," etc.

A second and third time he repeated the song, the exultant air suiting well the triumphant words. Patients, attendants, surgeons, all in the ward glowed under the soaring melody, and the dying man's face grew rapturous. Then the chaplain was summoned away by a call from his office. It was getting late in the afternoon, for I had tarried a couple of hours at this bedside, when my friends came in from other wards of the hospital to say that it was time to return.

"Don't go! stay!" whispered the fast sinking man. The words rushed to my memory, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me," and I promised to remain with him to the end. The end came sooner than any one thought. Before the sun went down, he had drifted to the immortal shore.

Why is it that man is such a small giver for sending the gospel to the perishing? He appears to hate to part with a cent, no matter how good the object may be. There are many such *mean givers*. They are as plentiful as frogs in a marsh, and about like frogs, always croaking over "so many calls for money."

There are churches that are full of these persons. Now "*why* is any one such?" Because they have not been properly instructed and trained in the principles of scriptural giving as a part of Christian life. Do you see that tree twisted and crooked, now hopelessly misshaped?

Once it was a little twig, and might easily have been brought into good shape and have grown up a thing of beauty. While young and pliable it was neglected, and now it is too late to correct the evil, except in a partial way.

God, knowing man's need of guidance, has laid down rules concerning the use of what each receives, and by observing these rules men will become like Himself, large givers.

That man is a "mean giver" because parents, teachers and ministers have neglected to teach him the divine rules concerning man's use of his substance; and he has not yet discovered for himself; or if he has discovered them he has not accepted them as rules for his own conduct.

If the subject of prayer, or praise, or other Christian service, or activity, were passed over as this subject is, the effect would soon be seen and felt in the lowering of the standard of Christian life in the line of such omission.

Those who are to teach any truth successfully must first believe and practice it themselves.

We leave to each reader the question, "Who is responsible for making so many mean givers?"

Drinking intoxicants despoils the home. Oh, is there anything that will so destroy a man for this life, and damn him for the life that is to come? I hate that strong drink! With all the concentrated energies of my soul, I hate it! Do you tell me that a man can be happy when he knows that he is breaking his wife's heart and clothing his children in rags? Why, there are on the streets of our cities to-day little children, barefooted, uncombed and unkempt; want on every patch of their faded dress, and on every wrinkle of their prematurely old countenances, who would have been in churches to-day, and as well clad as you are, but for the fact that rum destroyed their parents and drove them into the grave. O rum! thou foe of God, thou despoiler of homes, thou recruiting officer of the pit, I abhor thee!—Talmage.

Come, be not afraid to die, for you travel a well-beaten track.

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(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

Arbor, and be-speaking the co-operation of pastors and others in caring for Baptist students. Marked interest has been evinced in the information given and many responses have been made to the request for co-operation. And so we are able to present with this issue of of our paper a tentative register of Baptist students and of those attending our services. Only 165 names were found for the similar list made out near the close of the last year. Our list already, so near the beginning of this year, has 206 names, and more are coming to light each week. The pastor requests that all who read this paper will take the pains to ascertain the church affiliation of the students of their acquaintance and to inform him of any additional names of those belonging to Baptist families or who attend the Baptist church here or elsewhere. We hope to make the year one of genuine religion and social helpfulness to all such.

Student's Report.

OF THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, ANN ARBOR.

NOTE.—The list includes members of Baptist churches and of Baptist families and Baptist attendants, together with the names of those concerning whom the pastor has been informed by letters from Baptist pastors and others. It is hoped that this necessarily incomplete and imperfect list may elicit additions and corrections so that we may as soon as possible obtain a full and correct list.

Lt. for literary department, l for law, m for medical, h for homeopathic, d for dental, ph for pharmacy, h s for high school.

Abell, Burt, Weston, 35 Monroe d
Alexander Boyd, Ann Arbor, 15 Bowery.h s
Alexander, Fred, Detroit, 59 S. Fourth. lt
Allen, Hilah, Portland, 11 Maynard. lt
Allen, J. R. Milwaukee, Wis., 18 S. Ingalls. lt
Allen, W. F., Kansas City, Mo., 18 Thompson. l
Amsden, Myrtie, Ann Arbor, 35 Hill. hs
Anderson, Fritz, Green, Ia., 22 Thompson. h s
Armstrong, R. B., Saginaw, 37 S Main. ph
Arthur, Clifford G., Decatur, Ill. lt
Austin, Earl, Owosso, 56 S. Division. h s
Austin, Lena, Owosso, 56 S. Division. lt

Barrow, John, Little Rock, Ark., 7 Elizabeth. l
Bates, H. L., Romeo. lt
Beecher Howard, Kearney, Neb., 14th and Washington. h s
Belford, Ford, Toledo, O., 22 S. Fifth. l
Bell, Lillie, Ypsilanti. m
Bell, Walter, Ann Arbor, 17 S. Thayer. d
Beckwith, B. H., Norvell, 20 Thompson. m
Bentley, W. E. m
Bird, Harry L., Highland, 42 Washtenaw. ph
Bird, Jas. P., Ann Arbor, W. Huron. lt
Booth, P. C., Ironton, O. l
Bradford, R. M., Monroe. m
Britton, Dewey, Ann Arbor, 51 North. h s
Brown, Judson, 33 S. Division. lt
Boyce, S. R. 15 N. State.
Brokaw, Nellie, Northfield, 67 E. Ann. h s
Bullock, Josie, E. Saginaw. lt
Burgess, Thos. Royalton O. 48 S. 12th. m

Cady, Agnes, Ann Arbor, 41 S. 4th. h s
Cady, Louise, " " " " y n
Callomer, C. E., Flint, 21 S. 12th. d
Calvert, B. T., Delphi, Ind. l
Cameron, R. A., Denver, Col., 13 Willard. l
Canfield, H. W., Scotch Ridge, O., 59 E. Washington. l
Carey, Cath. M., Pittsburgh, Pa., 30 Liberty. h s
Carey, Eleanor, Brantford, Ont. lt
Carey, Edith, Brantford, Ont. lt.
Carman, David E., Ann Arbor, 71 E. Washington. h s
Case, Gertrude, 44 Williams. h s
Chaddock, J. B., 48 Washington. l
Chase, B. F., Jeffrey, Pa., 18 Thompson. l
Cheney, G. P., Aurora, Ill. lt
Church, J. E., Holly. lt
Clough, W. J., Kalamazoo, 30 Liberty. lt
Consaul, F. I., Toledo, O., 45 Liberty. lt
Conrad, Ernest, Ann Arbor, 18 S. Ingalls. lt
Conrad, Lola, Ann Arbor, 18 S. Ingalls. lt
Coolidge, Lucy, Bloomington, Ill. lt
Coons, Kate, Ann Arbor, 31 Jefferson. lt
Croacher, Annie, N. Bradford, Mass., 398 12th. m
Crisman, Loretta, Romeo. lt
Crosby, J. M., Grand Rapids, Alpha Delt. House. lt
Crozier, G. G., Ann Arbor. m
Curtis, J. W. San Bernardo, Cal. 73 Ann. l

Dean, W. F., Independence, Ia., 47 Thompson. h
De Foe, L. V., Adrian, Sig. Phi. House. lt
Derby, Sidney, Ann Arbor, 37 Hill. h s
Dillon, Anna, Pittsburgh, Pa., 30 Liberty. h
Docking, Anna, Clay Centre, Kas., 14 N. Ingalls. lt
Dodge, Florence E., Toledo, 14 S. 5th. lt
Dodsley, Fred, Ann Arbor, 13 Detroit. h s
Dorrance, F. C., Ann Arbor, 41 S. Thayer. d
Dorrance, W. T. " " 42 S. Ingalls. lt
Doty, Bert, " " 67 Ann. h s
Doty, Nina, " " " h s
Doughty, M., Matteawan, N. Y., 8 S. Union. lt
Doughty, R. W., Matteawan, N. Y., 8 S. Union. lt
Doughty, T. J., Matteawan, N. Y., 8 S. Union. lt
Drury, Josephine, Port Huron, 51 S. Thayer. lt.
Elliott, Miss
Ellis, Nelson P., Ann Arbor, 140 S. Main. l
Ellis, Hattie C., Freeport, Ill., 25 E. Ann. l
Ellis, Bert, Ann Arbor, 140 S. Main. h s
Estey, May Dell, Ann Arbor, 25 E. Ann. h s

Faber, C. A., Pulaski, O m
Freiner, Bertha, Ann Arbor, 37 S. 4th. hs
Freiner, Clara, Ann Arbor, 37 S. 4th. h s
Ferguson, G. H., Gobles, 80 Hill. m
Fisher, F. D., England. d
Fleming, Marie, Port Huron, 60 North. lt
Foster, Wm. H. l

Gardner, L. B., Rochester, N. Y., 20 Thompson. h
Gastman, W. E., Decatur, Ill. lt
Gay, Geo. C., Eagle Bridge, N. Y., 58 E. Union. m
Gentry, Ruth, Indianapolis, Ind., 32 S. Ingalls. lt
Gibson, L. O., Eaton Rapids. m
Gilbert, P. C., Traverse City 17 S. Ingalls. l
Goble, Grace, Ann Arbor, 59 North. lt
Goodyear, O. R., Cleveland, O. 25 Ann. ph
Goulding, Herbert, E. Saginaw, 45 Ann. lt
Green, Walter, Battle Creek. m
Gowdy, F. M., Union Pier, 37 S. 12th. m
Gustin, R. P., Bay City, 32 Jefferson. l

Harris, S. P., Lyon, Miss., 25 14th. l
Hart, Ray, Midland, 47 S. Division. lt
Heaton, Miss C. R., Charlotte, 1 S. Thayer. lt
Hess, Frank, Ann Arbor, 74 E. Washington. h s
Hess, Oliver, Ann Arbor, 74 E. Washington. h s
Hess, Robert, Wash'n C. H., O., 30 Catherine. l
Heywood, Chas., Chicago, Ill. lt
Holland, E. O., Winona, Minn. lt
Hopkins, A. H., Ackley, Ind., 11 S. State. lt
Hoyt, E. D., Kinderhook, 38 S. 12th. lt
Howard, Minnie, Kalamazoo. m
Hulbert, E. Louise, Chicago, 22 Thompson. lt
Hunt, J. H., Burrton, Kas. m.
Hutchinson, S. P., Addison. l

James, Gussie, Ann Arbor Music School. h s
Jay, Miss Mary, Richmond, Ind. lt
Jenks, S. G., Ionia, 3 Elm St. lt
Johnson, G. A., Waynesburg, Pa., 29 E. Liberty. l
Joslyn, R. W., Elgin, Ill., 44 North. l
Joslyn, O. W., Port Huron. lt
Johnson, Ga. l

Kimball, Mary, Big Rapids, Union Hospital. m
Kirtley, Anne, Ludlow, Ky., 9 S. Ingalls. lt
Lewis, F. A., Walsworth, N. Y. m
Larned, Alice, Ann Arbor, 85 Hill. h s

Macy, Horace A., Sheridan, Ind. lt
Mains, Elmer, Dexter, 38 S. 12th. lt
Mains, Eva, " " " lt
May, E. S. C., Newark N. J., Delta U. House lt
McColl, J. G., Delhi Mills, D. U. House. lt
McNeil, Arthur, Olympia, Washington, D. U. House. lt
McKay, Lenora, Plainwell, 10½ S. State. lt
McVoy, Martin, Bay City, 46 Liberty. lt
Midgley, Jessie, Ann Arbor, 18 Traver. h s
Miller, G. E., Three Rivers, 24 N. State. l
Miller, O. L., Plymouth, 59 E. Union. lt
Miller, R. W., Ypsilanti, 21 S. 12th. d
Mix, Elbert F., Eaton Rapids, 16 S. Union. lt
Moore, Jesse, Delphi, Ind., 53 S. 4th. lt

[Continued next month.]

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OUTLINE LESSONS
For Church Classes.

ARRANGED BY REV. J. M. AVANN, B. D.

SECOND SERIES.—SEVEN LESSONS ON THE NEW TESTAMENT.

First Lesson.

I—BOOKS AND WRITERS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

1. *Analysis of the New Testament.* The books of the New Testament are arranged according to their character and not in the order written. There are (1) five historical books, (2) twenty one epistles, (3) one prophetical book. The first class is divided into (a) four Gospel books, (b) the Acts of the Apostles. The second class is divided into (a) fourteen Pauline epistles, and (b) seven general epistles. (Let the names of the books be learned in their order.)

2. *Explanation of Names, etc.* The Gospel books and the general epistles—circular letters—take the names of their writers; the Pauline epistles, the names of the churches and persons addressed; and the Acts and Revelation, the names of their subjects. Nine of the Pauline epistles are addressed to churches; they are arranged in the order of the importance of the cities in which the churches were located. Four are addressed to individuals. Hebrews, though classified with the Pauline epistles, in accordance with the general usage, is a treatise rather than a letter, written to show the superiority of Christianity over Judaism. Its authorship is unknown, though it probably had the sanction of Paul.

3. *Writers.* (1) Matthew or Levi, a custom officer, afterward an apostle, born at Capernaum, wrote the gospel for the Jews. (2) John Mark born at Jerusalem, a companion of Paul, afterward of Peter, wrote the gospel under Peter's direction for the Romans. (3) Luke, the only Gentile writer of the New Testament, born at Antioch, a physician and the companion and *amanuensis of Paul, wrote the gospel under Paul's direction for the Greeks; he also wrote the Acts to show how Christianity ceased to be Jewish and became *cosmopolitical. (4) John, a fisherman, afterward an apostle, born at Bethsaida (Fishville), wrote the gospel for Christians, also three epistles in which the principal theme is Christian love, and Revelation, which foretells in highly figurative language the triumph of Christianity. (5) Paul or Saul, born at Tarsus, by trade a tent-maker, afterward the apostle to the Gentiles, wrote thirteen epistles, his principal theme being Christian faith. (6) Peter, Simon, a fisherman and an apostle, born at Bethsaida, wrote two epistles, his principal theme being Christian endurance. (7) The "brothers of our Lord" James and Jude or Judas, born at Nazareth, each wrote an epistle, James on Christian morality, and Jude warnings against false doctrine.

II—THE BEATITUDES.

1. *The Sermon on the Mount* may be called Our Lord's inaugural address. In it He gives a summary of the principles of the gospel dispensation. He sets forth the essential characteristics of the Christian religion, distinguishes it from Judaism and gives warnings against its main hinderances.

2. *Christian Characteristics* are set forth in nine particulars. They are the successive steps to a Christian character as well as permanent traits. They are: conscious spiritual need, sorrow on account of need, a receptive heart, a longing after righteousness, a merciful disposition, purity of heart, peace making, endurance of persecution, endurance of reproach.

3. *Christian Blessedness* which is inseparable from Christian character is not of a worldly nature. It consists in having Christ as our Sovereign, in being righteous, in seeing — knowing — God, n being called the children of God and other blessings of like character.

III—DAILY READINGS, MATT. I-VII. MEMORY VERSES, MATT. V: III-IX.

Second Lesson.

I—THE FOUR-FOLD GOSPEL.

1. *The Gospel Matter.* There was a gospel, that is a gospel matter, before the gospel books were written. The words and deeds of Christ were treasured in the memories of the apostles and were the staple of their preaching, which was often in one another's hearing. Thus the *oral gospel came to have great sameness of expression.

2. *The Memoirs.* The early Christians called the gospel-books *memoirs. Two, Matthew and John, were written by apostles; and two, Mark and Luke, with apostolic sanction. Before they were written many unauthorized accounts, more or less fragmentary, appeared (Mark 1: 1), but they were all short lived. The *synoptics Matthew, Mark and Luke are *transcripts of the oral gospel, which explains their verbal *identities; the fourth is supplementary and is made up of personal *reminiscences.

3. *The Need of Four.* Christ came at the conflux of three civilizations, Jewish, Roman and Greek. These races and civilizations were everywhere, each had helped to bring in the "fullness of time" (Gal. 4: 4), and each needed a different presentation of the gospel. Hence the gospel-books are unlike in design and method as well as in style; they cannot be combined into one continuous and symmetrical whole.

4. *Jewish Civilization.* The Jew had done a preparatory work by spreading everywhere *monotheistic ideas. His civilization and history were religious. He was a man of the Old Testament. Christ must be presented to him as the Messiah of prophecy, and appeal must be made to the Jewish scriptures. Matthew wrote for the Jews.

5. *Roman Civilization.* The Roman had prepared a universal empire for the spread of the gospel. His was a civilization of power. Roman history was a history of conquest and law. The Roman was a man of action. Christ must be presented to him as the universal conqueror and king, and the account must be short and graphic. Mark wrote for the Romans.

6. *Greek Civilization.* The Greek had prepared an elect language for the gospel literature. His was a civilization of letters. Greek history was a history of culture. The Greek was a man of taste and reason. Christ must be presented to him as the ideal man, and the account must be scholarly. Luke wrote for the Greeks.

7. *Christian Civilization.* Through these three missionary gospels a new civilization arose, the Christian. The Christian was a man of faith and spiritual discernment. Christ must be presented to him as the light and life of men and the spiritual aspect of the gospel must be prominent. John wrote for Christians.

II—INTRODUCTION TO MATTHEW.

1. *Design.* Papias in the first century and Irenaeus in the second, testify that Matthew wrote the gospel in Hebrew for the Jews. Jerome says he saw the original Hebrew and transcribed it.

2. *Plan.* The central thought is that Jesus is the promised Messiah and it gives the unfolding of His Kingdom. It traces His genealogy to David and Abraham. It is based on the Old Testament, using frequently the formula, "as it was written." It omits all explanations of Jewish customs and topography.

3. *The Author.* Matthew was a representative Jew. He knew the people and their Messianic expectations, and was well acquainted with the Old Testament. He was adapted to write the gospel for the Jews.

III—DAILY READINGS, MATT. VIII—XIV. MEMORY VERSES, MATT. V: 10-16.

Third Lesson.

I—THE MAKING OF THE NEW TESTAMENT—PERIODS OF WRITING.

1. *The Pauline Period,* 52-62 A. D. During Paul's second missionary tour, while he was at Corinth in 52, he wrote the first book of the New Testament, I Thess.; the next year at the same place he wrote II Thess. During his third tour in 57 he wrote at Ephesus, I Cor., and a little later at Philippi, II Cor. During his first imprisonment at Rome he wrote Col., Philem., Eph. and Phil. James was written about the same time at Jerusalem.

2. *The General Period,* 63-68 A. D. Matt. was written at Jerusalem, Mark at Rome, Luke and Acts in Greece, I Pet. and II Pet. at Babylon, Hebrew and Jude all in 63 or 64. I Tim. in Macedonia in 67, Titus at Ephesus in 67, and II Tim. at Rome in 68. It is not known where Heb. and Jude were written. Matt. in its Hebrew form was probably written earlier.

3. *The Johannean Period,* 69-97 A. D. The epistles of John were written at Ephesus in the earlier part of the period. Rev. at Patmos, 95 or 96, and John at Ephesus 97.

TIME AND MANNER OF RECEPTION.

1. *The Writings of the Apostles* were distinguished from the first from all others and after the death of the apostles were eagerly sought for. When a church became convinced that a book was written by an apostle or with apostolic sanction, it was immediately given a place in the *Canon.

2. *The *Homologoumena,* consisting of the four memoirs, Acts, thirteen Pauline epistles, I John and I Peter, seven-eighths of all, were thus received without controversy as soon as known.

3. *The *Antilegomena,* consisting of Heb., Jas., II Pet., II John, III John, Jude and Rev., were gradually received as the evidence of their apostolic origin became known.

4. *The Delay* in their acceptance is easily

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accounted for. Heb. is without the author's name, Jas. was written for Jews, Rev. is different from the other books of the New Testament, the rest are short and relatively unimportant. None of this class were addressed to a particular church which would be interested in its circulation.

5. *Catalogues.* Two hundred years after the death of John there were thirteen catalogues of the New Testament, which are still extant. Rev. is found in eight, Heb. in eleven, James and Jude in twelve, and all the rest in all thirteen.

6. *The Council of Nice.* It is sometimes said that the books of the New Testament were selected from rival books and arranged in their present order by this council in 325. The books had been accepted by unanimous consent before this, the first council, was held and the question was not brought up at all.

7. *The Council of Carthage* in 397 was the first council to mention the New Testament. This council did not determine what books should be received by the church, but simply published a list of the books that had been received.

II–INTRODUCTION TO MARK.

1. *Design.* Mark wrote the gospel under the direction of Peter for the Romans at their request. This is the testimony of Papias, Irenaeus and Clement of Alexandria.

2. *Plan.* The central thought is Christ's power. It is a record of His three years' campaign. It gives deeds rather than words and is characterized by rapid movement and graphic details. It omits genealogy, birth and long discourses. It gives Roman measures and coins.

3. *Authors.* Mark and Peter were adapted to this work. Mark probably had a Roman father. Peter was a man of action, a born leader, by nature a true Roman.

III–DAILY READINGS MARK X–XVI. MEMORY VERSES, JOHN 1: 1-8.

Fourth Lesson.

I–PALESTINE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

1. *Form and Size.* It resembles somewhat the state of New Hampshire. The coast line from Zidon to Gaza is 180 miles; its length from Dan to Beersheba 140 miles and its average breadth from the river to the sea 40 miles. West of the Jordan the area is 6,600 square miles and the whole domain about 12,000 square miles.

2. *Boundaries.* It is bounded on the north and east by Syria, on the south by Arabia and on the west by the Mediterranean Sea.

3. *Physical Features.* It is essentially a mountainous country. The mountain region forms the backbone of the land. The Maritime plain is a sandy flat along the Mediterranean sea from eight to twenty miles wide. The Jordan valley is a deep ravine from two to fourteen miles wide.

4. *Mountains.* There are no independent mountain chains, but every part of the highlands has more or less undulation. The principal peaks, beginning at the north, are (1) Lebanon, (2) Hermon, (3) Tabor, (4) Carmel, (5) mounts Gerizim and Ebal, (6) Zion, (7) Olives.

5. *Waters.* (1) Sea of Galilee, also called Gennesaret and Tiberias, is fourteen miles long and nine miles wide and is nearly 700 feet below the Mediterranean; (2) the Dead sea is forty-six miles long and ten miles wide, and is 1,300 feet below the Mediterranean; (3) the Jordan river is 134 miles long in a straight course and 200 following its windings. It rises in Mount Hermon, 1,800 above the sea and empties into the Dead Sea, 1,300 below the sea level. It is so rapid that it forms a continued cataract, and so crooked that it has hardly a straight mile.

6. *Political Divisions.* West of Jordan: (1) Galilee on the north, (2) Samaria in the centre, (3) Judea on the south. East of the Jordan: Perea.

7. *Cities and Towns.* On the sea of Galilee: Chorazin, Capernaum and Bethsaida; other towns in Galilee: Cana, Nazareth and Nain; in Samaria: Cesarea, Samaria and Sychar; in Judea: Jerusalem, Bethany and Bethlehem, Emmaus, Jericho and Joppa.

(Let the map be drawn in the presence of the class, and New Testament events be given with all the places mentioned.)

II–INTRODUCTION TO LUKE.

1. *Design.* Luke, the companion of Paul, wrote the gospel for the cultured Greek world. Irenaeus says he wrote the gospel as Paul preached it.

2. *Plan.* The central thought is Jesus the divine and perfect Man, and the aim is to give an accurate account of Him. He begins with a scholarly introduction, gives historical data, traces the genealogy back to Adam, omits all special Jewish features.

3. *Author.* Luke and Paul were adapted to give the gospel to the cultured Gentiles. Luke was himself a Gentile of scholarly attainments, and Paul had a broad mind and was the best educated of the apostles.

III–DAILY READINGS, LUKE XIV–XX. MEMORY VERSES, JOHN 1: 8-14.

What Can I Do!

1. You can *be a Christian.* As the sun transfigures a drop of dew by the reflecting of his own glorious image, so if you but hold still in faith, Jesus will shine in and through you, making the weak, worthless, perishing man you are now, a medium of His own matchless grace. A steady life for Christ is a means of usefulness, incalculably effective.

2. You can *pray* for others. There may be little apparent connection between fervent prayer for another and his spiritual improvement, but there is such a connection, and it is vital. Daily prayers for others is daily service which the Master will ultimately reward.

3. You can *speak* to others. A prudent word spoken in love has often proved a seed of life. A good woman once addressed a word of admonition to a man in her employ. Another man simply overheard her remarks, and was led by them to Christ. Let the lips open for the utterance of Jesus' name, and for a plea in His behalf.

4. You can *visit* others. Little attentions prepare people to receive our practical counsels. They reason: "If he cares enough to come, he must have some interest in me. If he has interest in me, I owe attention to his words." Visits to the poor, neglected, indifferent, worldly afflicted, ignorant—may often be sanctified to their God, even though the subject of religion is not specifically mentioned.

5. You can put *good reading* into the hands of people who need it. The Sunday School book, the religious book in your own library, a little tract or leaflet may be put into the way of somebody every day. The right book in your spare bedroom, or handed to a friend about starting on a journey, or forwarded by mail, may do wonders. A ticket agent in a railroad depot used to give away fifty dollars' worth of tracts every year. A tract went with every ticket sold. More than *twenty* persons wrote to him, acknowledging that the tracts he had thus given them had been blessed to their conversion.

6. You can reach people with *gospel influences*, who from sickness or suffering are most susceptible to them. There are the sick, who lie for days weary, discouraged and often friendless. How full of cheer a daily call, with the reading of God's word, a prayer, and a cordial chat about life and its experiences, death and the new life.

7. You can invite and persuade people to *attend God's house*—the preaching service, the Sunday School, and the social meetings.

8. You can *give.* Five cents a day is something in ten years, spent in benevolence. Who cannot give five cents a day? But what we all want, most of all, is the "ready mind," that our services may be "not by constraint, but willingly." Good Lord, give us, thy servants, willing, loving hearts, to toil with fidelity and delight for Thee.—[S. S. Journal.

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Led by the Spirit.

How does He lead us? I reply, by acting upon and asserting His supremacy within every faculty of our nature. He captivates our imagination, setting before our minds a high and godlike ideal, the very contemplation of which awakes a holy enthusiasm within our souls. He enlightens our understandings giving us to know more and more of the mystery of His will. He warms our affection by such manifestations of the love of God as must necessarily awaken a response, even within our cold hearts. He binds us in the chains of our holy friendship to the eternal God, establishing a blessed intercourse and fellowship between the human soul and its Lord; and thus, through our imagination, our understanding, our affections, He wields our will as the instrument of His own good pleasure—wields it in happy obedience surrendered to His control.

Led of the Spirit! How does He lead us? Very delicately, very gently, a step at a time, not laying before us the map of our future lives, but indicating what can be done at the moment; and as He gives the light, He assures us of the power: "I will guide thee by Mine eye." O brethren, if we would be led by Him, how jealous need we to be of any thing which in any way interferes with our intercourse with Him! how jealous of any object which draws aside our gaze from Him! Surely it is only as it becomes the habit of our life to look into His face, that we can be guided by His eye! and it is just here that we fail. We let a coldness arise in our intercourse; we grieve that gentle, sensitive Spirit by our indifference; then, as we lose the light of His eye, we begin to look about for some substitute for our heavenly Guide, and by and by we put the bit and the bridle of the law into our mouth, and offer ourselves to be dragged hither and thither, even while we might still hear His voice whisper in our ear, "be ye not like unto horse and mule, *which have no understanding*, whose mouth must be held with bit and bridle." O, my dear brethren, if you desire to grow in grace, yield an eager and ready ear to the slightest suggestion of the Spirit's mind and will. Thus shall you understand more and more fully what St. John meant when he said to his disciples, "Ye have an unction from the holy One, and ye know all things."

How does He lead us? Certainly by the "word." As the word is His sword in attacking the human heart, so the word is His lamp in guiding our steps. Without the Spirit the word is but "the letter that killeth;" but when we put the Bible into His hand, and ask Him to open the sealed book, what treasures do we discover there. Should we not read our Bibles to better purpose if we made it a rule never to open them without first confessing our inability to discover the truth, even when God has revealed it? Casting ourselves in simple faith on the divine Illuminator, that in the study of the word; and by the word thus studied, we may be led of the Spirit of God.

How does He lead us? By witnessing to the character of Christ, He does not speak of Himself, but He takes things to Christ and shows them to us. We may have a sentimental admiration for Jesus without being the subjects of the Spirit's teaching, but we only know Him personally as the Divine Spirit reveals Him to us. Then it is that the soul, captivated by the beauty of her Lord, breathes forth her earnest desire, "Draw me, I will run after Thee," and thus it is that, beholding His glory, we are changed into the same image, from glory unto glory, as by the Spirit of God. What wonder that the Holy Spirit should lead us in the steps of Christ, when we consider that it was He who led the Christ Himself! It was by the Spirit that Christ was led into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil, and by the same Spirit that He was led in that last fatal journey when He set His face steadfastly to go up to Jerusalem; and it was by the eternal Spirit that He offered Himself for human sin. Surely, brethren, He who led Christ so well may be trusted to lead us where Christ is gone.—]The Rev. W. H. Aitken.

An old sea captain was riding in the cars, and a young man sat down by his side. He said, "Young man, where are you going?"

"I am going to Philadelphia to live."

"Have you any letters of introduction?"

"Yes," said the young man, and he pulled some of them out.

"Well," said the old sea captain, "have you a church certificate?"

"O yes," said the young man. "I did not suppose you desired to look at that."

"Yes," said the sea captain, "I want to look at that. As soon as you reach Philadelphia, present that to some Christian church. I am an old sailor, and I have been up and down in the world, and it is my rule, as soon as I get into port, to fasten my ship fore and aft to the wharf, although it may cost a little wharfage, rather than have my ship out in the stream, floating hither and thither with the tide."—[Leaves of Light.

In all that we do we have a right to consider the effect it will have upon our characters, or upon the upbuilding and development of our higher natures. No man is required to do what will belittle him.

All preaching starts from "Christ crucified" and returns to that. It is no narrow theme, but a swivel gun that may be swung in any direction and directed to every practical issue of life.

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Our Book Table.

"Looking Backward," by Edward Bellaney. This is one of the most remarkable books of the age. A *novel* so fully based upon truth, that it is, in the settings with which it associates, the truths with which it would impress, more forceful than truth. Of it the Boston *Herald* says: "It has made a deeper and more lasting impression than any book of the year." The *Literary World* speaks of it as "vital, inspiring and convincing." W. D. Howells says, "One cannot deny the charms of the author's art." The *Gazette* says, "That astonishing book! How it haunts one like a grown-up 'Alice in Wonderland.'" The *Critic* calls it "remarkable and fascinating," while Edgar Fawcett calls it a a work of surpassing merit and noble purpose;" and Frances E. Willard says "It is a revelation and evangel." Get this book and read it for pleasure and profit. As the *New England Fireside* says, "It is most delightful reading," besides it will inspire hope and stimulate thoughts in regard to future actual possibilities. In paper covers, 50 cents; In cloth, $1. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 4 Paul street, Boston, 11 East 17 street, New York.

"The War of Independence," by John Fiske. A neat and comprehensive presentation of the facts and principles of the revolution, as acted and illustrated in the eventful struggle of our forefathers for the liberties now so securely ours. A most admirable book for the young. Useful to all as a reminder of the leading points connected with the war of Independence. The Colonies, the French wars, the stamp act, the French alliance, and the birth of the nation, are topics lucidly dealt with in this small volume. This is No. 1 of "The Riverside Library for the Young." Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

"Bible Studies," international series for Sunday Schools, by Geo. F. Pentecost, D. D. The volume before us is that containing the International Sunday School lessons for 1889. Its quality is a guarantee of what may be expected in the volume for 1890. We have been accustomed to the perusal of "helps to the right understanding of the Sunday School lessons," and have felt that in some instances the professed helps rather hindered the right understanding of the sacred text. This cannot in any sense be said of these "Bible Studies." In them the distinguished author maintains a proper balance between exegesis and exposition, and they must prove a real help to teachers and others who seek, as all ought, expository helps in the study of the scriptures. One great beauty of this work is, its intense spirituality. This feature pervades the entire book. He who reads these volumes as they appear as current comments on the International Sunday School lessons will have, in our judgment, one of the best expository helps now available to us, and one so low in price that all may enjoy it. Paper cover 50 cents: volume for 1890 ready in December. A. S. Barnes & Co., 111 and 113 William street, New York; 263 and 265 Wabash avenue, Chicago.

Among our exchanges we find the Chicago *Daily News*, one of the largest daily papers in the land, and with an average daily circulation of 222,000. Such a daily issue is something wonderful. and forecasts the press of the future, to the extent and influence of which we can set no bounds. That which strikes us especially in this mammoth and ably conducted sheet is its square-toed attitude on the Sunday question. Those who subscribe for the Chicago *Daily News* will have a paper hardly second to any in the Union.

For the enchanting book by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, an extract from which is found on page 6, write to the publishers, A. D. Worthington & Co., 438 Asylum St., Hartford, Conn. Or to Church and School Pub. Co., Detroit, Mich. Price in extra cloth, $3.25; in plain cloth, $2.75; in fine library (leather), $4.00.

Church Statistics.

BY REV. J. M. AVANN, D. D.

The *Independent* gives the following statistics for the churches of the country for 1888:

Denominations.	Churches.	Members.
Methodist	50 680	4,725,881
Baptists	46 624	4,078,589
Presbyterian	13,349	1,18 ,113
Lutherans	6,971	988 008
Congregationalists	4,509	475,608
Episcopalians	5,159	450,643
Reformed	2,058	277 542
German Evangelical	675	125,000
Christian Union	1,500	120,000
Friends	768	106,920
Adventists	1,575	100,712
Mennonites	420	100,000
Universalists	721	38,780
Unitarians	381	20,000
Moravians	98	11 219
New Jerusalem	100	6,000
Total	135,643	12,812 024

The United Brethren and the Evangelical Association are included with the Methodists. The Church of God, the Disciples and the Christian Church are included with the Baptists.

Dr. Dorchester allows two and one-half adherents to every communicant; this will give 44,842,082 members and adherents of the Protestant churches. The *Independent* gives as the number of Roman Catholic churches 7,424 and the number of adherents 7,855,294. Estimating the population at 65 millions, there are 12,302,624 who are not included in either the Protestant or Roman Catholic population.

In round numbers the population is made up of 16 millions Methodists, 14 millions Baptists, 14 millions other Protestants, 8 millions Roman Catholics and 12 millions unclassified.

You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people; why not make earnest efforts to confer that pleasure on others? You will find half the battle is gained if you never allow yourself to say anything gloomy.

In everything give thanks.

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Sam. Small Before His Reformation.

AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

I married a lovable woman; but I disregarded the love and devotion of that precious wife. I went on and on, unheeding her council, disregarding her prayers, and from day to day getting grosser and grosser in my appetites, and getting more brutal in my insensibility to her pleadings and her prayers. And when children came to bless my home, even the sight of them in their little cradles, unconscious in the first moments of their life, and with the smiles of God drawing responsive smiles from them — I found it impossible for me to know that I was doing that which would sooner or later bring shame and degradation upon those innocent babies; and as they grew from year to year, their voices came and they prattled about me, it was only at distant intervals that I began to regard the future that was stretching far off in the distance before them, and which I must make either one of peace and pleasure or one of dispair and wretchedness.

And year after year I went on in this course of sin and wickedness, and the light of my home went out. The love of my wife gave way, but the process of murder of affection could not last forever; and I saw at last, it seemed to me, that she had returned from the sepulcher in which she had laid it away in its tear-bedewed cerements forever. I could see that the love and affection of my children was turning from me daily, seemingly by intuition. They saw I was not he who was appointed to be their father in the manifestations of fatherhood that I made to them. I could know, and know with a treble emphasis, that drove unutterable horrors into my soul, but it seemed only to drive me further and further into despair, that they would at my coming flee from my presence far away into the darkest and remotest parts of the house, for fear of the consequences of meeting their father,

I had friends, friends in position, friends high in authority, friends who were true and steadfast to me; but they, too, were unable to paint to me any picture that would allure me from the one I was painting with my own hand in the horrible colors of hell itself. They would point to me a goal that my bleared and confused vision would not see. They would endeavor to lift me up on planes of hope and sensibilities of ambition that I had ceased to be sensible of, as being worthy of achievement. They would endeavor to control my appetite, and find it as useless as to bind with a cotten-woven string the raging lion of the arid and tempest-swept desert. I had at times my lucid intervals when there would come memories of mother's prayer, of father's counsel, of wife's tears and of children's mute and helpless look, and I would say to myself, "I will summon to my aid all the powers of my soul and monhood, and I will put under foot this monster of hideous mein that is dragging me down into degradation, into social ruin, and taking fast hold upon my soul, and which sooner or later will drag it a trophy into hell. I would summon all my powers only to find that I was weaker than a babe in the arms of so strong a passion as I had awakened.

I would go to physicians and ask them in the name of my family and future to do something for me, if indeed there has been found medicine on earth to minister to a mind diseased and an appetite debauched, and they would exhaust their knowledge and their skill, and hundreds and thousands of dollars did I spend in the endeavor to reinforce will, manhood, and my own powers of repression, but all in vain.

There were antidotes that were published abroad in the world, and with the use of which cures are guaranteed, but all, all in vain. I spent dollars and thousands of dollars, and hours and days of time, and I purchased advertised efficient and warranted cures for drunkenness, and I was as faithful in the application of them as ever human being was, but all in vain! vain!! vain!!!

There was no medicament in them to my aroused passion and appetite.

I went so far that my wife, under the laws then existing in Georgia, had written, by the judge of the Court in which I was official shorthand reporter, a legal notice, couched in the language of the law, and had the notice served upon every dealer in liquors in the city of Atlanta, warning them, under the penalty of the law, not to let me have their damning fluid over their counters, and yet, outlaws as they were, disregarding my interest, disregarding my wife's pleading and the tears of my children, and disregarding the very laws of the land, they still continued to supply me with the horrible draught for which my inmost nature seemed craving with insanity.

They even employed attendants and detectives who followed me as I went about on my business in the streets of my city, and they followed me with the purpose, and were employed for the purpose, of keeping the men who would not keep the law themselves, from furnishing me with whiskey, and yet I in conjunction with them, was able to hoodwink and defy detectives and law.

Further and further, deeper and deeper, I was sinking; I was getting hopeless for business; hopeless for social standing; hopeless for all temporal interests of this world; hopeless for eternity; and in the very madness of my disordered brain, and in my very soul, there seemed at times no avenue of escape at all from the self-imposed bond-

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age, except through insanity on one hand or through suicide on the other.

I saw that my wife and children had given up all hope: that they did not know, from day to day how I would come home to them. They had seen me brought there, day after day, time after time, insensible and unable to recognize them from the influence of this deadly and poisonous drug. They had seen me when I was brought in and laid on my bed covered with blood, and it seemed as though my days were indeed numbered, and that I would soon fall in the midst of my iniquity. They had seen me when I was brought home with the wounds of the knife and pistol on my body, and they had heard the rumors from the streets and dives of the dangers with which I had been constantly surrounded of late. To them it seemed as though there was no avenue, no loophole of escape for me from a terrible death. There was not a sign of hope or spirit beaming out from their beautiful faces. They knew not, from day to day, whether I would live to greet them another day. They knew not whether, if my life was prolonged, they would be able to procure the very necessities of life from day to day.

They knew not at what hour the very shelter that shielded them from the storm and from the heat would be removed from over their heads, and they removed from under its shelter. There were visions of uncertainty, of the sheriff to dispossess, of the heartless landlord to distrain for rent, of the creditor to to come and take all. There was no future ahead of them except a future of impenetrable gloom, through which seemed to come nothing but warnings of deeper woe and agonies yet to come!

THERE is no safe investment save that which is made in the bank of which God holds the key.—Talmage.

Stonewall Jackson.

At the time of the second battle of Bull Run the whole southern country was quivering with excitement, the telegraph wires being down, and the people being anxious to learn the result of the battle which they knew had just been fought. There was, of course, the greatest excitement at Lexington, Va., the home of Stonewall Jackson, since it was known that he was engaged in the battle, and intelligence of the result had not yet been received. But there was a letter at the post-office addressed in General Jackson's own handwriting to his pastor, the Rev. Dr. White. The good minister took out the letter, the people thronged around him, and putting him on a dry-goods box, insisted that he should read this letter which had come fresh from the battle-field. With trembling hands he tore it open and when he could sufficiently control his feelings, read somewhat as follows:

"MY DEAR PASTOR: Remembering that to-day is the occasion for taking up the annual collection for foreign missions, I beg leave to enclose my contribution for that object.

I remain yours,

"T. J. JACKSON."

The Smile 'em up Committee.

We have recently heard of the above named committee for church work. We think the name originated with a bright man, in the good old state of Connecticut, to which we are indebted for so many bright and useful things. The smile 'em up committee! The very name indicates its duties. It stands at the door of the church, or vestry, and sees every one who steps within. Here comes an awkward lout who will wriggle into the back seat, and wriggle out again before the benediction is pronounced, if he is allowed to do so, unless the smile 'em up committee frustrates his intention, and, almost before he knows it, escorts him up nearer the desk, where the pastor and Deacon Greatheart can speak a kind word to him before he goes home. And here comes the inevitable young man and "his best girl," as he calls her. The smile em up committee knows well enough what they have come to church for, and resolves to thwart their plans of desecrating the house of God; they take them in hand, so to speak, with a winning smile that cannot be resisted, and show them a seat where a wild flirtation is out of the question. Here comes sour Mrs. Acidity, who thinks she is not appreciated, and has no attention shown her. Even she relaxes when the kindly face of the smile 'em up committee appears, and the accompanying hand beckons her up to the best seat in the church, and gives her a hymn-book, open at the right place.

The smile 'em up committee has a large mission in the Sunday School, to see that no stray waif enters into the vestibule without having an invitation to enter and join some class. And then, outside the church door what a boundless field for the offices of this committee! In the byways and hedges, on the busy city street, with printed or verbal invitation to hear the gospel always ready. We may not think this name entirely dignified, and may choose some other, but, by all means, under some name or other, in every church, let us have a smile 'em up committee.

Rest, and be silent! For, faithfully listening,
Patiently waiting, thine eye shall behold
Pearls in the waters of quietness glistening,
Treasures of promise that He shall uphold.
Rest, and be silent! for Jesus is here.
Calming and stilling each ripple of fear.
—*F. R. Havergal.*

IT is a degrading thing to enjoy husks till there is no man to give them. It is a base thing to resolve to give to God as little as possible, and not to serve Him till you must. —[F. W. Robinson.

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THE ANN ARBOR BAPTIST.

VOL. 2. ANN ARBOR, MICH., JANUARY, 1890. No. 3.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH
—OF—
ANN ARBOR, MICH.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

REV. A. S. CARMAN, - - - PASTOR.

No. 71 E. Washington Street.

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TRUSTEES.

The Deacons, and W. W. Beman, J. G. Pattengill, H. N. Chute.

TREASURER.

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John Dowdigan, Asst. Treasurer.

CLERK.

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Com. on Building and Grounds—Brethren Chute, Jacobus and Snauble.
Com. on Sittings—Brethren W. H. Dorrance, H. B. Dodsley, G. Feiner.
Com. on Music—The Trustees.
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Ladies' Society—Mrs. Nowland, Pres.
Young Peoples' Society—Mr. O. L. Miller, Pres.

SCHEDULE OF BENEVOLENT CONTRIBUTIONS.

Second Sunday in June subscription for *Minister's Home*, payable first Sunday in July.
Second Sunday in September, subscriptions for *State Missions*, payable first Sunday in October.
Second Sunday in November, subscription for *Home Missions*, payable second Sunday in December.
Second Sunday in January, subscription for *Foreign Missions*, payable second Sunday in February.
Second Sunday in March, subscriptions for *Ministerial Education*, payable second Sunday in April.
Last Sunday in each Month, collection for expenses of the *Sunday School*.

PLAN OF FINANCE.

A definite weekly or monthly contribution from every member.
Pews not rented, but assigned to contributors by lot. A number of the best pews reserved for strangers and students.

REGULAR SERVICES.

Preaching Services—Sunday, at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.
Sunday School—At Noon.
Young People's Meeting—Sunday at 6:30 P. M.
Young Christian's Band for Bible Study—Monday evening, 7:30 P. M.
General Prayer Meeting—Wednesday, at 7:30 P. M.
Covenant Meeting—Wednesday evening preceding first Sunday of each month.
The Lord's Supper—First Sunday of each month
Ladies' Missionary Society—Friday, 3:00 P. M.
Trustees' Meeting—Following the Covenant Meeting.

The pastor will gladly receive at his home or visit at their homes those wishing counsel upon religious matters, or those in trouble or affliction, or strangers, whether members of the church or not. His mornings are reserved for study; his afternoons and evenings usually devoted to calling or to the meeting of appointments at his home.

Ann Arbor's Responsibility.

Every town has first a responsibility for its own. One of the most important parts of that responsibility is the care for its young people. the most difficult part of the care is that for the boys and young men. Ann Arbor with the tremendous responsibility placed upon it of caring for young people, numbered not now by the hundreds but by the thousands, from all over the land, finds it difficult to provide for the poorer class of boys and young men living here. There has been gathering, however, the nucleus of a fund for a reading room for the town boys and young men which it is hoped will lead to a satisfactory provision for this want.

It remains true, however, that Ann Arbor's chief responsibility is for the great body of young people who are here for the purposes of study. All that our town possesses of material prosperity and of fame is due directly to the location of the University here, and even if it were not so, the very fact of the opportunity which Ann Arbor and its churches have for influence upon the largest body of students in America would hold them responsible for making this influence the strongest possible for the highest good of these students. It is believed that our town and our churches realize this responsibility in large part, and are endeavoring to discharge it.

But the responsibility resting upon our churches is something too great for them to bear alone. Upon these churches should fall the largest part of the spiritual care of from 300 to 500 students each. How can any of our churches unaided rightly accomplish this task? Why should anyone expect them to do so? Apparently they are not to be long expected to work thus unaided, for the beautiful and complete building erected by the Episcopalians of Michigan under the lead of Bishop Harris is to be matched soon by a similar building erected by the Methodists of the state, and the funds which have been accumulating for a Presbyterian Hall have been increased just now by the promise from Senator McMillan of $15,000 or $20,000 for the erection of a suitable building for Presbyterian students. All these contemplate reading rooms with denominational literature and lecture courses endowed so that the ablest representative men of the denomination may be brought frequently to Ann Arbor, in addition to the provision of social advantages which have not heretofore been otherwise provided.

There probably not far from 350 students who should be under the direct influence of the Baptist church here. The pastor, with very inadequate means of investigation, has the names of more than two-thirds of that number. Is it wise to expect the pastor to care for these young people in addition to his care for a church of nearly 400 members, without some special provision for the purpose? Is it wise for our denomination to leave the provision for one of the largest bodies of Baptist students in the country to *unaided* care of a church which is with difficulty financially able to hold its own in the community?

The questions are proposed for the serious consideration of Baptists everywhere.

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SOME FUNNY EPITAPHS.

On an accomplished Parish Officer, at Crayford, Kent:—

Here lieth the body of
PETER ISNELL
(30 years Clerk of this parish).

He lived respected as a pious and mirthful man, and died on his way to church to assist at a wedding on the 31st day of March, 1811, aged 70 years.

The inhabitants of Crayford have raised this stone to his cheerful memory, and as a tribute to his long and faithful services.

The life of this Clerk was just threescore and ten
Nearly half of which time he had sung out *Amen.*
In his youth he was married, like other young men,
But his wife died one day, so he chanted *Amen.*
A second he took—she departed; what then?
He married and buried a third with *Amen*
Thus his joys and his sorrows were *Trebled*; but then
His voice was deep *Bass*, and he sung out *Amen.*
On the *horn* he could blow as well as most men,
So his *horn* was exalted in blowing *Amen.*
But he lost all his *Wind* after threescore and ten,
And here with three wives he waits till again
The Trumpet shall arouse him to sing out *Amen.*

* * * *

From a tombstone in Ireland:—

Here lies the body of John Mound,
Lost at sea and never found.

* * * *

From a cemetery near Cincinnati:—

Here lies ——,
who came to this city and died
for the benefit of his health.

* * * *

The following is from a tombstone in Oxford, New Hampshire:—

To all my friends I bid adieu;
A more sudden death you never knew:
As I was leading the old mare to drink,
She kicked and killed me quicker'n a wink.

THE ELEFUNT.

Teacher said we must all write on the elefunt, and we musent ask our fokes what to say. There is two kinds of elefunts. White ones and dirty white ones. One you pray to an one you don't. Least weays teacher said there was sacred ones, and them in the circus aint that kind. I know, for they eat peanuts, and Miss Spears says its vulgar to eat peanuts. So they ain't sacred. When aunt Kate came here last summer Pa said he had a white elefunt on his hands. I asked her where it was and she got mad an went home. My! but I remember now going to the barn with pa! It seems as if a boy couldent say what old folks say very well. Elefunts are big, and when I crawled under the tent to see one he rapped with his trunk. The door man said it was a judgment, but it seemed to me as if it was the elefunt, I can't write write any more.

* * * *

A FALSE flag aloft means a rotten keel below.

PUBLISH YOUR OWN MONTHLY LOCAL CHURCH PAPER

IT WILL BRING:

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God in the Affairs of Men.

SIMPSON ELY.

"The fool has said in his heart, 'There is no God.'" This is the philosophy of Atheism in a nutshell. No man ever said in his reason, or intellect, "There is no God." It is born of the heart or the affectional nature. Atheism is heart-disease, and it is most fatal!

Why do men try to sweep God from the universe? It grows out of the evil desires of the heart. A wicked man scans his past life of sin and ungodliness and shudders at the thought that there is a just God presiding over the destinies of men. He knows full well that if there is a God there will be a judgment; if there is a judgment, man will be held accountable for his deeds; if accountable, he is responsible; if responsible, he will be punished for his sins. Now to escape the thought of punishment, he must get rid of responsibility. To rid himself of responsibility, he must ignore accountability. To ignore accountability, he must destroy the thought of a judgment. To obliterate the thought of a judgment, he must eliminate God from the universe! Do you see? In short, he wishes that there may be no God, and the wish becomes the father to the thought. Now I believe I have laid the axe at the root of this atheistic tree.

The atheist wants to own allegiance to no power higher than himself. He wants to be a power unto himself. He is restive of all control. He wants to do as he pleases, whether he pleases to do right or not. He is "pussunal liberty" gone to seed. The belief in God is the safety and sweetness of individual life. The believer reposes in the sweet faith that all things work together for his good. It smooths the furrows from the brow, it keeps the deeply written lines of care from the placid face, it soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, it paints the rainbow of peace over the grave, and it leads him on in the hope of a glorious immortality and an eternal life beyond the tomb. It makes the Star of Hope to shine through the darkest night.

It is the security of national life. "The wicked shall be turned into hell with all the nations that forget God." This lesson has been indellibly written in the history of nations past.

When Andrew Jackson lay dying he pointed to the Bible and said, "That is the Rock upon which this Republic is founded." It is true.

Geo. R. Wendling has said, "Destroy the God idea and you take away the only power by which you can control the masses." That is also true. God is the balance wheel of the nations. Without him the machinery will run away with itself. Witness the French Revolution and the Reign of Terror.

God dethroned, Reason enthroned, National Prosperity entombed.

Canton, Mo., Nov. 28, '92.

Gentleness.

Gentleness of voice. Gentleness of hand. Gentleness of foot. We all admire it, though we may not have it. The rough mountain bluff, the great scarred headland, loves to look down into the calm lake at its feet; the stormiest winter loves to merge into the sunshiny spring, and the most impulsive and precipitate nature must be attracted by the gentleness of Christ. The calmness of his look shamed boisterous Gennesaret into placidity. How little of that gentleness you and I have! It is a tendency of out-door life to stroke our dispositions the wrong way. The thunder of the world's scorn sours the milk of human kindness. The treachery, the extortion, the ignobleness of mean men take the smoothness out of our nature, and we become suspicious, and hypercritical, and stuck all over with nettles, and frowns come to the brow, and harshness to the voice, and bluntness to the manners. What an utter and almost universal lack of gentleness! —*T. DeWitt Talmage, in the New York Observer.*

Jean Ingelow is the latest name mentioned for the laureateship made vacant by Tennyson's death.

Anecdote of Garrison.

When William Lloyd Garrison began, at the age of twenty, to publish the Free Press, he had, of course the usual amount of bad and indifferent poetry to read. All the local poetasters who thought they could make verse, and would have been far more worthily employed in making shoes deluged him with their halting contributions. But one day the paper's drag-net brought up a pearl. Thus Mr. Garrison tells the story:

"Going up stairs to my office, I observed a letter lying near the door. I opened it and found it contained an original piece of poetry for the Free Press.

"The ink was very pale, the hand writing very small, and having at that time a horror of original newspaper poetry, my first impulse was to toss it without reading it, since the chances of rejection were as ninety-nine to one. Summoning up my resolution however, I perused it, and was so gratified with it that I gave it a place in my journal.

"As I was anxious to find out the writer, my post-rider one day divulged the secret, saying that he had brought the letter, and that it was written by a Quaker lad named Whittier, who was daily at work with hammer and lapstone on the shoemaker's bench at East Haverhill.

"I lost no time in driving to see the youthful bard, who came into the room with shrinking diffidence, blushing like a maiden and almost unable to speak. I gave him some words of encouragement, but addressed myself particularly to his parents, urging them to grant him every possible facility for the development of his remarkable genius.

"This was the beginning of a life long friendship, founded on similarity of purpose and principles.—*Youth's Companion.*

James H. Carleton of Haverhill, Mass., has purchased the birthplace of Whittier and presented it to the city.

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What do We Live For?

The matter of supreme importance for every life is the discovery of its end. Men have always been conscious that it is impossible to live without having a goal. There have been many answers given to the question, What do we live for? Largely influenced by their own moral condition, men have variously replied, self-realization, happiness and the pursuit of righteousness. The Jew especially was earnest. Life to him was not worth living unless he could feel sure of the smile of God. This it seemed to him, could only be attained by keeping the divine law The attainment of righteousness, therefore, became the end of his life. That conception has been finally endorsed by modern philosophy. Epicurianism and Utilitarianism have been thrown out of court. Modern philosophy, by the word of its most able exponents, declares that "the end of life is activity in accordance with the law." It thus appears that the human mind interpreting the law of its own being finds, after much investigation, that the final cause of life is that set forth in the Hebrew law and expounded by the fervent lips of Hebrew seers. Human philosophy and Hebrew Scriptures agree that man was created for moral ends. And this, too, is the verdict of Christianity as proclaimed by Christ. The golden rule is the end as well as the law of life.

But moral and political science makes the melancholy confession that unaided human endeavor always falls short of perfection. Moral science recognizes the fact of failure. Were man only good, there would be no catalogue of sins corresponding to the catalogue of virtues. Political science proceeds upon the supposition that man is a selfish being. The economic man, without which it would be impossible to formulate the doctrines of political economy, is confessedly a creature who desires, without reference to considerations of right or wrong, to secure for himself as many benefits as possible with the least expenditure of energy. Political science habitually calculates and allows for the prevailing sinfulness of human nature. It expects nothing else of man. This fact Christianity emphasizes; but whereas on the part of philosophy and science man's sinfulness is an incurable and hopeless blemish, on the part of Christianity a way is shown by which the attainment of righteousness is made possible. That way is the Christ. He calls himself the way of truth and life; truth freeing the soul from bondage to self and sin, and life communicated to it by his own indwelling—a vitality by which to live and perfect itself.

Christ is revealed in His Book. The sacred page is a living Word—the voice of God. The way of truth and life is found in it, and, therefore, the Bible differs from all other books. Other books delight the mind with the gambols of an agile imagination, or inspire it by lofty thoughts, or excite its admiration by the solidity and extent of their learning; but the Bible in its simplicity, its calm authoritativeness and its directness finds us at the centers of our being, enters into our life and makes us a new creature The Bible is therefore the source of light, sweetness and life. It brings us into direct relations with God and Christ, and therefore becomes to us the means whereby we may be holy as God is holy. Not the righteousness of man, but the righteousness of Christ becomes ours. By Christ we are made the partakers of the divine nature, and heritors of a perfection which would have been impossible had not Jesus Christ lived and died upon the earth.—*Interior.*

Mrs. Increase Sumner, of Starke, Fla., is engaged in tea culture and gathers three crops a year from bushes obtained from China.

The Best Words.

A loving word is always a sa word. It may, or it may not, be helpful word to the one who hears but it is sure to be a pleasant memo to the one who speaks it. Many word spoken by us is afterwards r gretfed; but no word of affectiona appreciation to which we have giv utterance finds a place among o sadly remembered expressions. Loo ing back over our intercourse with dead friend or fellow-worker, we ma indeed, regret that we were ever b trayed into a harsh, or hasty, or u loving word of censure or criticism that intercourse; and we may wi vainly that we had now the privile of saying all the loving words that might honestly have spoken while was yet with us. But there w never come into our hearts at such time a single pang of regret over a word of impulse or deliberate affe tion which passed our lips at a time. We have reason to be on o guard in our speech in most dire tions; but we can be fearlessly free our loving utterances. Apart fro any question of the good we do others by our words of love, we a personally the gainers, for now a for hereafter, by every such wo which we speak out explicitly; a we are sure to be the losers, now a by-and-by, from every such wo which we ought to have spoken a failed to speak. — *Sunday Scho Times.*

For Ambitious Boys.

A boy is something like a piece iron, which in its rough state, isn worth much, nor is it of very mu use ; but the more processes it is p through the more valuable it becom A bar of iron that is only worth $5 its natural state, is worth $12 when is made into horseshoes ; and after goes through the different process by which it is made into needles, value is increased to $350. Made to penknives blades it would be wor $3,000 ; and put into balance whe for watches, $250,000. Just think that, boys ; a piece of iron that comparatively worthless can be d veloped into such valuable materi —*Selected.*

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The Future.

WHITTIER.

Slow fades the vision of the sky;
The golden water pales,
And over all the valley land
A gray-winged vapor sails.
I go the common way of all:
The sunset fires will burn,
The flowers will blow, the river flow
When I no more return.
No whisper from the mountain pine
Nor lapsing stream shall tell
The stranger where I tread,
Of him who loved him well.
But beauty seen is never lost—
God's colors are as fast;
The glory of this sunset heaven
Into my soul has passed—
A sense of gladness unconfined
To mortal date or clime;
As the soul liveth it shall live
Beyond the years of time.
Beside the mystic asphodels
Shall bloom the home-born flowers
And new horizons flush and glow
With sunset hues of ours.

A Pessimist's Opinion.

The pessimist is the abused man nowadays, while every one has a word to say in favor of that blithesome individual, the optimist. In fact, the optimist has grown to be distinctly the upper dog, while the pessimist comes in for continual and unlimited kicking.

Some late magazine writer designates the pessimist as "a man who has embarked on the wide sea of intellectual discovery, and has found out that for him it is a barren sea, blank and desolate." Suppose he has? The assumption that his belief makes him necessarily a bad fellow is unfounded. Because the sea is blank and desolate, he strengthens his bark to sail it. Knowing its barrenness, he looks out for other souls in like extremity. Seeing not, yet dreading the end, he nerves himself the more to meet it.

The optimist sails smoothly along. His cockle-shell is strong enough for the light weight it carries. He has no sympathy with the distress of those whose boats labor and are heavily laden. "Do as I do. Wait until to-morrow!" he cries. And the to-morrow of the optimist is forever unborn.

The optimist is usually an agreeable as well as a light-hearted fellow. He is excellent company for a pleasure trip. Care does not touch him, for to him there is no care. He runs lightly into debt, and if he cannot pay, it does not cost him a moment's thought. It is foolish to be concerned, he argues, since your trouble is imaginary. If he cannot save you from drowning, he sees no reason why he should not smile as you go down.

When the optimist dies, there are plenty to mourn him. The responsibilities he ignored while living press all the harder on those whose "pessimism" will not let them follow his careless footsteps. The trouble he shook off are still there. Some one has to shoulder them in addition to his own, and the burden is often dropped upon those little able to carry it.

There is no cruelty equal to the cruelty of the light nature, which inflicts pain gayly simply because it does not believe in the existence of pain.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

Bad Reading.

The other day a little fellow sat reading a book, when suddenly he saw his father coming along; he put the book out of sight, and stood up in great confusion, waiting for his father to pass by. Now, I didn't like that; and I herewith advise that boy, and all other boys, never to read anything they are ashamed of. Open out every page you read, full and free, in God's light and presence, as you must; and if it is not fit to be opened so, do not read it at all.

Bad reading is deadly poison; and I, for one, would like to see the poisoners—that is, the men who furnish it—punished like any other murderers; yes, and more, it's far worse to kill the soul than to kill the body.

In my opinion, parents are not half watchful enough in this matter, and if I were you, young folks, I wouldn't, stand it.—*Christian Evangelist.*

Love Wins Love.

"Mother, the birdies all love ther," said a little boy of five ye as he stood with his mother watchi the robins enjoying their morni meal of cherries from the old tree t overhung the house.

"What do you think is the rea the birds love your father!"

Charlie did not seem to hear t question. He was absorbed in d thought. "Mother," at last he s "all the creatures love father. dog is almost as glad to see him as is me. Pussy, you know, alw comes to him and seems to know actly what he is saying. Even the cow follows him all around the me ow, and the other day I saw her li ing his hand just as a dog would. think it is because father loves th mother. You know he will often up to give pussy something to and he pulls carrots for the cow, pats her, and talks to her; and so how I think his voice never sound pleasant as when he is talking to creatures."

"I think his voice sounds plea when he is talking to his little bo

Charlie smiled. "Father loves he said, "and I love him dearly. loves the birds too, I am sure. whistles to them every morning w they are eating cherries, and they not a bit afraid of him, though almost near enough to catch t Mother, I wish everything love as well as they do father."

"Do as father does, Charlie, they will. Love all living things, be kind to them. Do not speak ro ly to the dog. Don't pull pussy's nor chase the hens, nor try to fr en the cow. Never throw ston the birds. Never hurt nor teas thing. Speak gently and loving them. Feed them and seek comfort, and they will love you everybody that knows you will you."—*Christian Evangelist.*

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He Careth.

What can it mean? Is it aught to Him
That the nights are long and the days are dim?
Can he be touched by the grief I bear
Which saddens the heart and whitens the hair?
About his throne are eternal calms,
And the strong, glad music of happy psalms,
And bliss, unruffled by any strife,
How can he care for my little life?

And yet I want him to care for me
While I live in this world where sorrows be!
When the lights die down from the path I take,
When strength is feeble and friends forsake,
When love and music once did bless
Have left me to silence and loneliness,
And my life-song changes to sobbing prayers,
Then my heart cries out for a God who cares.

When shadows hang over the whole day long,
And my spirit is bowed with shame and wrong,
When I am not good, and the deeper shade
Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid,
And this busy world has too much to do
To stay in its course to help me through,
And I long for a Savior—can it be
That the God of the Universe care for me?

O wonderful story of deathless love!
Each child is dear to that heart above.
He fights for me when I cannot fight,
He comforts me in the gloom of night,
He lifts the burden, for he is strong,
He stills the sigh and awakes the song;
The sorrow that bows me down he bears,
And loves and pardons because he cares!

Let all who are sad take heart again,
We are not alone in our hour of pain;
Our Father stoops from his throne above,
To soothe and quiet us with his love;
He leaves us not when the storm is high,
And we have safety, for he is nigh;
Can it be trouble, which he doth share?
Oh! rest in peace, for the Lord will care.

Spirituality or Popularity.

We are told that one great mistake that missionaries are making to-day is that they are laying too much stress upon worldly wisdom. We are told that Japan wants the missionary, not for his gospel message, but for his learning. We are told that the Japanese see that Christian nations have better schools than they have, and for the sake of this secular knowledge they invite the missionary to come, and after they have learned his science and philosophy, many turn away and scorn his gospel message.

This is not so strange to us if we stop for a moment and look at the conduct of many people nearer home. Many congregations in our own Christian land have seemingly forgotton that Jesus said, "Preach my gospel," and they clamor for sensational preaching—preaching on popular themes. Nor is this all. The time is when congregations, I mean some congregations, look less to a minister's ability to preach the gospel than to his disposition to be sociable and friendly, and the more he flatters and fawns upon them the more sociable and friendly they think him to be. The time is when some congregations think more of a minister's disposition to visit them and chat with them than to preach Christ to them. The time is when some congregations appreciate a maximum of legs and a minimum of brains—they would have their minister degenerate into a ministerial tramp.

Some church members are interested in church and Sunday-school just so long as the pastor comes to see them ever so often. They forget that Christ said, "Preach the gospel." They forget that Christ said, Warn the people, not flatter them. They forget that by the foolishness of preaching the world is to be saved.

Let a soul be aroused through the preaching of the gospel and then converted by the power of the Holy Ghost, and something permanent has been done—that soul will not expect to be carried to heaven on "flowery beds of ease," that soul will not expect a preacher to be constantly hunting it up for the services of God's house; that soul will be patient and meek and long suffering. But let a soul be brought into the church simply through the sociability of the pastor and that soul will be kept in the church only by leg work and attention, and if the pastor gets sick or finds his work becoming too great to give it so much time and attention then it bids adieu to the services of God's house.

The church needs more Holy Ghost convictions and Holy Ghost conversions.—*Octogenarian.*

The Lost Heart.

I knew a man who lost his heart. His wife had not got it, and his children had not got it, and he did not seem as if he had got it himself.

"That is odd!" say you. Well, he used to starve himself. He scarcely had enough to eat. His clothes were threadbare. He starved all who were around him. He did not seem to have a heart. A poor woman owed him a little rent. Out she went into the street. He had no heart. A person had fallen back a little in the payment of money he had lent him. The debtor's children were crying for bread. The man did not care who cried for hunger, or what became of the children. He would have his money. He had lost his heart.

I never could make out where it was till I went to his house one day and saw an iron safe. It stood behind the door of an inner room, and when he unlocked it with a heavy key, and the bolts were shot and the inside was open, there was a musty, fusty thing within it, as dry and dead as the kernel of a walnut seven years old. That was his heart.

If you have locked up your heart in an iron safe, get it out. Get it out as quickly as ever you can.—*Spurgeon.*

The prayer-meeting. Is it your thought and purpose to attend it week by week? Do you so arrange your business? You entertained some friends at your home last week. Were you careful to avoid having the reception on prayer-meeting night? You took a business trip to a neighboring town and did not return till midnight. Did you plan things so you would not have to be away on the prayer-meeting night? That particular evening is the Lord's. Let it always be pre-engaged—scarcely preempted. Allow no ordinary thing to break in upon it. It is your standing engagement with God and the church.—*Epworth Herald.*

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The Master's Voice.

The waves were weary, and they went to sleep,
The winds were hushed,
The starlight flushed
The furrowed face of all the mighty deep.

The billows, yester eve so dark and wild,
Wave strangely now—
A calm upon their brow—
Like that which rests upon a cradled child.

The sky was bright, and every single star,
With gleaming face,
Was in its place,
And looked upon the sea—so fair and far.

And all was still—still as a temple dim—
When low and faint,
As mourner's plaint,
Died the last note of Vesper hymn.

A bark slept on the sea, and in the bark
Slept Mary's Son—
The only One—
Whose face is light where all, all else is dark.

His brow was heavenward turned, His face was fair,
He dreamed of me,
On that still sea—
The stars He made gleamed through His hair.

And lo! a moan moved o'er the mighty deep.
The sky grew dark!
The little bark
Felt all the waves awaking from their sleep.

The winds wailed wild, and wilder billows beat;
The bark was tossed;
Shall all be lost?
But Mary's Son slept on, serene and sweet.

The tempest raged in all its mighty wrath,
The winds howled on,
All hope seemed gone,
And darker waves surged round the bark's lone path.

The sleeper woke! He gazed upon the deep—
He whispered: "Peace!
Winds—wild waves, cease!
Be still!" The tempest fled—the ocean fell asleep.

—*Donahoe's Magazine.*

Bishop Levering, when asked how it came about that the Moravians were so noted for their self-denial and activity in missions, replied, "When the converts join the church, we try to get them to realize that they are joining a great missionary society."—*Missionary Review.*

The Scottish Mission to Lepers in India is extending the work to China and Japan, and changes its title accordingly to Mission to Lepers in India and the East. Several medical missionaries, some of whom have been doing general medical missionary work for some time, are now to work directly for lepers under the direction of this society.

The Magic of a Face.

One is sometimes tempted to believe that personal beauty must be the one supreme blessing, so many are the nostrums advertised, so alluring and numerous are invitations to try this, that, or the other infallible preparation warranted to restore a faded complexion, to remove facial blemishes, or to defy Time's effacing fingers. "Beauty is its own excuse for being," but does the desire to possess beauty excuse these specific modes of obtaining it? and is it really obtainable by any such devices? The longing for outward loveliness must be innate, for at every period of the world means have been sought to make or mar the visage in accordance with crude or artistic ideas of attractiveness. In that cruel interview where my Lord Hamlet uses harshest words to the artless Ophelia, he says: "I have heard of your paintings too, well enough. God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another." A gentle Quakeress, guileless of plagiarism, once modified this accusation in a way that robbed it of all malice and made it a wise and helpful thought. To a young niece who was bewailing her own lack of beauty she said, tenderly, "The good Lord gave thee plain features, but he left it to thee to make thine own expression." The girl took her lesson and learned it thoroughly, and now that the graces of her amiable character illumine her face, none ever think of it as plain. Her great wealth—and riches too often serve as a cloak for unloveliness of mind or person—is entirely lost sight of in the affluence of noble womanly qualities, while her cultivated intellect and affectionate disposition give to her face that charm which is lacking in features. Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly dull."

Hindoos show their piety in building hospitals for mosquitos, snakes and scorpions, but allow their wives and mothers to die a dog's death when attacked by disease, rather than expose them to the touch or even the gaze of a physician.—*Missionary Review.*

Sickening accounts come of desolating slave-raiding in the region lying to the north of Lake Nyassa. Arabs are the accursed actors, and their plan is to surround a village by night, place a warrior at each door, order the inmates out, spear the men and boys, and capture the women. Of the latter, 300 were taken in a single village.—*Missionary Review.*

The *Golden Rule* tells of a society of Christian Endeavor among the police of New York City. Its membership at present is about twenty-five, fifteen of the number being active members.

One of the ablest native preachers in the Foochow Conference, though offered $50 a month to enter the consular service, refused, preferring to continue preaching with but $3 a month.—*Missionary Review.*

A proposition is being agitated to celebrate the nineteen hundredth year of the birth of Christ by an international congress at Jerusalem. The pope is to be asked for his co-operation in enlisting influential members of his church.

Russia seems determined to quench the light of the gospel. The new law for the suppression of Stundists provides that their children be baptized in the Greek Church, and be placed under orthodox clerical guardians. The graves of Stundists are to be kept apart from the orthodox, and the passports of these Christians are to be so marked as to show the sect to which they belong.

The third Decennial Conference in India, which closed the old year and opened the new, opened in Bombay December 29th, last. Between six and seven hundred missionaries, representing more than thirty societies, were present. They were from the borders of Thibet, the wilds of British Bhutan, from the jungles of Santhalia, Berars, Sauthern, Central, and Northern Incia.—*Missionary Review.*

Speaking of education in India, Rev. James Johnston says in the *Missionary Review*, that among the 135,500,000 men of that country, only one in nine can read and write, and of the 128,500,000 women, barely 173. The census gives 360,000 natives who can read and write in English. For the training of the young, the public and private institutions number 138,054, and the pupils, 3,682,707.

As a result of the Russian persecutions of the Jews, it is reported that 30,000 of them have joined the Greek Church, and are kept apart from their former co-religionists, lest they apostatize. The *Missionary Review* speaks of a Moscow merchant who has become godfather to 400 such converts. He proposed to remember in his will every one who should certify to having received the sacrament once a year, and only two have thus far reported themselves.

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Forgiveness.

Austria and Turkey were fighting, and the chances of war for a time favored the Turks. An Austrian general of high rank fell into the hands of the Turkish leader. He was closely confined, treated with gross indignity, and even subjected to torture. One dark night the Turkish stronghold was surprised by the Austrians, and in a few hours the Turkish leader found himself in the same dungeon in which he had so cruelly confined the Austrian general.

In the morning the heavy tramp of the guard was heard by the Turk. His thought was, "I am to be led out to execution." He hastily drank a few drops of poison which he had concealed upon his person. The door swung open, and his jailer told the bewildered prisoner that he was free.

"Too late! too late!" exclaimed the Turkish leader. "I die, but I die a Christian, not a Mussulman. I never knew what forgiveness meant before."

It is every Christian's duty to show the world that Christ's teachings rule our lives, and that we are ready to forgive even as we have been forgiven.

To Be Remembered in the House.

It is better to be silent than to say unwise or unkind things.

Do not boast of birth, wealth, influential friends or bodily prowess.

Remember that a servant is a man or woman, and will appreciate treatment as such.

A compliment, to be appreciated by any sensible person, must be prompted by sincerity.

Never urge another to do anything against his desire, unless there is danger before him.

Never enter an appartment occupied by another person, except the common rooms of a dwelling, without knocking.

Do not constantly refer to experiences or honorable positions which may have been enjoyed.

Always give preference to elders, visitors, those of superior position, and those who are weak or ill.

Do not forget a kind word to each member of the family on parting at night, or a pleasant greeting on meeting in the morning.

Donot deprecate the gift which you give nor laud immoderately that which is received. In each case it is the sentiment which prompts the offering that is vastly more precious than what is offered.

A Comprehensive, Tiny Volume.

A complete translation of Dante's "Divine Comedy" was exhibited at the Paris exhibition of 1882, the volume being so tiny that it measured less than half an inch square. It comprised 14,328 verses and was contained in 500 pages.

Signing with the Cross.

Signing with the cross was first practiced by Christians to distinguish themselves from the pagans. In ancient times kings and nobles used the sign of the cross, whether they could write or not, as a symbol that the person making it pledged himself by his Christian faith to the truth of the matter to which he affixed it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Christ is risen! Faith is our foundation, hope is our anchor, death our harbor, Christ our pilot, and heaven our home—and we are safe.—*Bishop Taylor.*

"It is my deep conviction, and I say it again and again, that if the Church of Christ were what she ought to be, twenty years would not pass till the story of the cross should be uttered in the ears of every living man."—*Dying words of Simon H. Calhoun.*

Mission work in North Africa is rapidly increasing. Eleven years ago there were no Protestant missions there. The North Africa mission now has seventy-six missionaries, mostly women, scattered from the Atlantic to the borders of Asia. In Algeria, however, the French Government has shown decided opposition to the Evangelical work, by serving a notice on the missionaries to leave that country. The effort seems to be directed against both Swedish and English missionaries.

While the completion of the Congo railway is looked forward to with the deepest interest by the missionaries of that region, as an aid to transportation of men and supplies, they feel the greatest apprehension as to the result upon the liquor traffic. On the line as far as built, the ravages of fire water are described as already fearful. "It does sometimes seem so hopeless to work among a people like this!" exclaims a writer in *Regions Beyond;* and he adds that the natives about him are completely debased and besotted by drink. It is only because "all things are possible with God" that he has courage.

The close relation existing betwe cleanliness and Godliness appea afresh up in Alaska, where in t schools "pencils, papers, pictur hardbread, *combs and soap* have be given as prizes for punctuality a diligence."—*Missionary Review.*

"We are a hundred years behi the opportunity that God has ma for us in India. If we should dou our missionary force in India to-m row, we would not be able to gath the ripe fruit that is waiting for there."—*Dr. G. F. Pentecost.*

The wife of Rev. J. G. Paton, t missionary to the New Hebrides, on wrote home that the wonderful tra figuration of a New Hebridean s age, even in the expression of h face, after he has become a Christi is worth laboring a lifetime to w ness.—*Selected.*

A Buddist priest in Japan, co paring his faith with Christianit emphasizes the peculiar strength the latter in the words: "The pe sonality of Christ is the magne power of Christianity." It would well for every Christian preacher keep this ever in mind.—*Gospel All Lands.*

"I will place no value on anythi I have or may possess, except in r lation to the Kingdom of Christ. anything I have will advance the i terests of that Kingdom, it shall given or kept, as by keeping or gi ing it I shall most promote the glo of Him to whom I owe all my hop both for time and eternity. M grace be given me to adhere to this —*Early resolve of David Livin stone.*

It was the saying of Voltaire th Christianity would not survive t nineteenth century. But what h the nineteenth century not done f Christianity? It has sent the Gosp anew into all the world. It has gat ered in the islands of the South a shaken the mighty Pagan faiths India, China and Japan! It h stirred up its missionaries from t far West to preach the old faith Egypt and in Palestine, and whe the disciples first received the Chr tian name! It has devoted its noble children to face death for Christ the depths of Africa, which Volta never heard of, and has even e ployed the press in Ferney that h printed his own works—and it m be this very prophesy—against t the gospel, to publish in new tongu the oracles of God.—*Dr. Cairns.*

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