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For The Golden Rule.

A LEGEND.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

Amid the din, and dust, and heat,
A faithful workman toiled;
His hands were hard, his shoulders bent,
His clothing frayed and soiled:
And when the long day's work was done,
He sought his humble cot,
And spread the board, and sat him down,
Contented with his lot.

The choicest portion of his meals
He laid with care aside,
And then, foregoing rest, he went,
With memory for a guide,
Along dark, crooked lanes and streets,
Unto a wretched shed,
And there with tender heart and hands
A sick man cheered and fed.

So day by day the workman toiled,
At night he kept his tryst,
Until the poor man, healed, arose,
And lo! it was the Christ!
Benoni knelt in awed amazement,
And trembling ecstasy,
While said his Lord: "Twice blessed art thou;
Thou didst it unto me!"

For The Golden Rule.

THE EXILE.

BY WILLIAM O. HAZELTINE.

Sad, sad and low
His heart beats out its life,
While memory's bleak ocean swells and surges,
And wraps about his thought with solemn dirges
A shroud of thickening mist from which emerges
No hope.

Faint, faint and vague
The future's shore is stretching,
The ocean on it throws its freezing spray,
While over it the gath'ring mist clouds play,
And breaking waves with ceaseless murmur say,
"No rest."

Far, far above,
Alone one star is beaming—
The star of faith in Him whose loving eye
Beholds the sparrow as it falls to die,
He will, when cleansing sorrows cease to try,
Give rest.

For The Golden Rule.

HOW I BECAME A CHRISTIAN.

BY REV. H. W. POPE.

I was taught to pray in my childhood, and always maintained the habit of prayer. As I look back, I am convinced that it was mainly a formal worship, and yet I never intentionally omitted the form. I would hurry through my devotions with all possible speed, in order to indulge in my favorite pastime, building air-castles, but, partly from conscientious reasons, and partly from superstition, I never forgot to go through the form of prayer before retiring.

When about seventeen years of age, a school-teacher came to board in our family. She was a sweet, sunny-faced woman, and soon won my confidence and esteem. Then she began to speak to me of Christ, and urge upon me the duty of serving Him. This, I afterwards learned, was her habit with all her pupils, and rarely did a school-term pass without adding several stars to her crown, and several soldiers to the army of the Lord. I acknowledged the force of her argument, and felt the power of her life, but I did not feel that I was a sinner. I knew, however, that my life was imperfect, and that I ought to become a Christian. I had no special consciousness of sin, but I had a desire to do right, and I knew what right was. And so, without waiting for feeling, but simply following the dictates of reason and conscience, I accepted Christ as my Lord and Master, and began to take up the duties of the Christian life as they presented themselves. I continued on in this way, and soon after joined the church; moved again, not by feeling and emotion, but by my judgment, which told me that if it was the deep, underlying purpose of my life to serve the Lord Jesus Christ, my place was in His church. It seemed to me then, and it seems to me now, that there was little or no "conviction of sin" in my case, but I am firmly persuaded that the Holy Spirit "convicted me of righteousness," and led me to Christ in that way. Furthermore I am convinced that this is the way by which He leads many into the kingdom in these latter days, and this accounts, in some measure, for the lack of "conviction of sin" which many notice and deplore.

But have I never had any deep conviction of sin? Yes, plenty of it. There have been days and weeks when the Fifty-first Psalm seemed written expressly for my benefit, so completely has it described my feelings. And the older I grow, and the better I become acquainted with the Lord, the more sensible am I of my sin and unworthiness.

Out of this story let me draw two practical lessons. The first is for school-teachers. Thank God for the susceptible hearts which He has placed under your care, and "watch for souls as they that must give account." The second is for all whom it may concern. Remember that it is the Holy Spirit's work to convict the world of righteousness, as well as of sin; that it does not matter by what motive we are led to Christ provided we find Him. Of one thing we may be sure, the soul that is "in Christ" will, sooner or later, feel, and feel deeply, that he is a sinner.

For The Golden Rule.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.
Author of "Zigzag Journeys," etc.

I arrived in Los Angeles (the "Pueblo of the Queen of the Angels") one beautiful evening. I had desired to see the great emigration, and I had travelled from the East with a company of American emigrants, builders of the new American nation on the Sunset coast. Twenty-five car-loads of emigrants entered the

city on the same day. The hotels overflowed; even the hotel parlors were used for sleeping cots. People slept in the streets, in cars, in cloth houses, any where.

It mattered little. All were tired, and over them all was the warm coverlid of the balmy sky of an eternal June. Electric lights blazed high in the air. All men were brothers, and each as helpful as possible to the other, for Los Angeles, to-day, is a city of true Jeffersonian principles, socially.

Los Angeles.

Early in the morning the blazing sun, on the white lines of the Sierra Madre, set the city in motion, and what a scene it was! People of all nations passing to and fro; real estate advertisements everywhere, floating like flags in the cool mountain air; Eastern people, Western people, Chinese, Indians, negroes; all talking of "investments," however small may have been their capital; real estate agents telling fabulous stories of sudden wealth, such as might have delighted Cortes, as he descended from the Cordilleras on the palace-spangled valleys of Mexico. Every one seemed to expect to "invest," to get rich, and live forever. How different was the purpose of good Father Salvatierra when he came pioneering the missions on the Pacific coast.

The old inhabitants of Los Angeles have, as a rule become rich by the sudden rise of real estate. Their unexpected good fortune does not seem to have increased their vanity, for, be it said to their credit, these people, for the most part, continue to live among their vineyards and orange groves, in a state of American simplicity that would have delighted the heart of a Wendell Phillips, or good Father Salvatierra. One of the wealthiest women of the city was formerly a washer-woman, and one of the wealthy men of the city, whose fortune came by the sudden rise of land, still lives in his old adobe dwelling.

The growth of Los Angeles is the wonder of the year. Think of it, in 1850, the old city of the Angels had only about three thousand inhabitants; in 1870, the population was only about fifteen thousand; in 1886 there were about eighty thousand people in the city. No one knows how many are the inhabitants to-day. The railroads on all points are overloaded with Southern Californian emigrants, and these come first to Los Angeles.

Pasadena.

From the Babel of gold, and the marts of real estate, where life rushes on, forgetful even of Sunday, one hurries away, for a day, to Pasadena, the American valley of Lucerne or Cashmere. Here, under the white snows of the Sierra Madre, luscious grapes cover the earth, olive gardens flourish, the forests of orange-trees are ever in flower or fruit, geraniums climb to the second-story windows, and the roses are always in bloom.

And hark! the music of bells floats over the valley. One's heart goes back to New England at the sound; but these are not the old New England bells. Cling, clang, cling, and now the sweet air of the "Jubilate." There is a rosy glow on the snows of the Sierras, and the lights of the great Hotel Raymond begin to shine. It is sunshine still on the mountains, but twilight in the valley. Whence comes the music of the bells?

From the broken tower of the old Mission Church of San Gabriel, about which the readers of Mrs. Jackson's works will throw a romantic coloring. In these atmospheres of merchandise it is sweet to hear the bells of God, and a Protestant heart can thank the old Jesuits for hanging them, and ever delight to know that men once lived here who suffered poverty for principle, and died for the Indians in the old Mexican towns.

Santa Monica.

The sea-coast resort of Los Angeles is Santa Monica

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It has five hotels and a grand surf. It is related of a poor trader who had toiled hard and received little from life, and whose labors ended in consumption, that, on being brought to Santa Monica to die, he exclaimed, on beholding the Pacific in the infinite splendors of a winter twilight, "It is enough; it is the first time in life that I have ever had a sense of enough of anything!"

Will it Last?

Will the almost oriental transformation of Los Angeles last? It is whispered everywhere that the high values of real estate cannot be sustained. But so it was once said of Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis. "Will it last?" I asked one of the old citizens. "Yes; not as it is now, but it will last as long as there are rich consumptives in the East, as long as people with throat and lung troubles may find here a soothing climate, as long as poetic minds shall seek the poetry of nature, and as long as there are multitudes in the Northern States who wish to avoid the snow and ice of winter; so long Los Angeles will prosper. There may come a brief reaction, but the climate of Los Angeles is a mine of eternal gold."

A New Field.

Los Angeles stands for Southern California, which will probably one day be a State of itself. It needs churches and a literary life. Many years ago the author of the "Vestiges of Creation" said, "The United States might be expected to make no great way in civilization till they be fully peopled to the Pacific coast, and it might not be unreasonable to expect that, when that event has occurred, the greatest civilization of the territory will be found in the Peninsula of California." It is time that people of conviction, like good Father Salvatierra of old, set their faces toward this new land of promise, with a purpose above that of gaining land, or gold.

But the moral and intellectual development will come, and that, let us hope, for the sake of poetic justice, as well as the social needs, before the crumbling walls of San Gabriel shall fall, and the cross of sweet bells in the old adobe wall shall cease to ring.

Los Angeles, as we have said, stands for Southern California. Riverside is a twin sister, and it is predicted that San Diego will one day become the great port of the Pacific. However this may be, the valleys of Southern California are filling with towns.

These towns are largely settled by the Northern emigration, and among them are a great number of Christian people.

The Christian heart, on reviewing the great emigration and progress, looks for the spiritual sowing and reaping. In Los Angeles, a grand building for the Young Men's Christian Association is rising, and the churches already erected are very fine. But the vast land is a field for Christian labor and laborers.

The Church or Chapel Building Society is called for. Each Christian denomination ought to make this society, as a part of its work, as helpful as possible.

There is a need of Christian Endeavor Societies everywhere in the new towns of the State. No society could be better adapted to begin pioneer Christian work; a society that unites all Christians in common spiritual effort. This society is adapted to the needs and genius of the State.

This discursive letter was written partly on the way home. May it reach some eye that shall see in this new field a calling to the work of Christian progress and love.

For The Golden Rule.

THE ENDLESS LIFE.

BY REV. L. B. VOORHEES.

II.

When we are disappointed in looking at our past lives, because of the little we have done for the cause of truth and the welfare of humanity, we may receive encouragement from the fact that our lives are endless. We desire not only to be, but also to achieve. There are yearnings, native to us all, which are satisfied only in accomplishment. Many things prevent the fulfilling of our hopes for usefulness here, but the fact of an immortal life suggests that there is still a chance. We have been too much busied with the question, what we shall eat and what we shall drink and wherewithal we shall be clothed. We have given too little attention to the Macedonian cries for help. Now, the sands of life are almost run, and we sigh as we think how little we have done for God and humanity. May we not hope that, if our repentance is genuine, there may still be opportunities before us? We

do not believe that the heavenly life is one of inaction, but expect to find exercise for all our powers. There will be work for willing hands, and errands for ready feet. We cannot believe that a life of perfect happiness will be an idle, useless life. We do not expect to be sponges, soaking up happiness into ourselves, but fountains, pouring blessings upon others all about us, deriving our joy from our activity. When we think how little we have accomplished here, we are comforted with the reflection that if we can do a little good on each day of the endless life, the aggregate will be a glorious one. Here is a drop of water; it seems a feeble thing, but give it centuries, and its achievements are wonderful. Let it tell its story: "Since the first day of creation I have been at work. I have soared in the clouds, and sparkled in the dew-drop; have fallen as rain, and made the flowers smile; have circulated in the sap of trees, and slept in the hearts of vegetables; have blushed in the peach, and sweetened the cherry; have helped to grind the farmer's grain, and to turn the wheels of busy cotton-mills; have helped to bear the freighted ships of commerce; have slaked the thirst of a little child; have throbbed in the heart of a strong man, and have fallen as a tear of sympathy from a woman's eye; and though I have done so many and so various things, yet am I as fresh and vigorous as when I began my service." What may not the children of God accomplish, though they seem to themselves so feeble, in the millions of millions of years that are before them? We are not evanescent forces. We were not made for time, nor are we subject to decay. We were made for an immortal existence, and God will expect us to use for Him, and to use for Him forever and forever, the powers of an endless life. We may expect to grow more and more excellent, and more and more useful as the millenniums go by. Who can tell us what rivers of happiness may come to us from the achievements of a deathless life in the limitless eternity?

For The Golden Rule.

A LESSON FOR GOD'S OWN.

BY J. H. MAY.

Across the fields the sunshine goes
To ripen summer wheat;
Makes bright the autumn leaf, and throws
A gleam through snow and sleet.
It wakes the dreaming violet,
And shines her eyes to blue,
Gives color to the mignonette,
Spreads forth the rainbow's hue,
Bends down to gild the farmer's corn,
Lifts up the trodden grass,
Smiles on the beggar's babe forlorn,
And the rich man's bonny lass;
On seed that's sown, and seed unsown,
And lands no seed that bear,
It shines—a lesson for God's own;
Shine forth! then, everywhere.

For The Golden Rule.

TALKS WITH YOUNG MARRIED PEOPLE.

BY REV. N. B. REMICK.

Becoming Adjusted to the New Life.

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman,
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows.
Useless each without the other."

Suppose the bride and groom have been living together for several weeks. In that time they have learned to appreciate each other more than ever. As he looks upon the lovely woman whom he is permitted, by the goodness of God and the sanction of civil law, to call his own, he wonders how it ever happened that she consented to be his wife, and likewise as she contemplates the hero whom she addresses as "my dear," she is amazed that he selected her in preference to one of the other girls to be his life companion or help-mate.

Among other mutual discoveries, each has found that the other has a will, and perhaps a pretty strong one at that sometimes. Before marriage, during that halcyon period (which should be a long one) called courtship, such a thing as will was neither in their vocabulary nor in their thoughts. At that time it didn't seem that the other had the power of opposite choice, even in germ. To every rational or honorable proposition she was always serenely, if not enthusiastically, accordant. As for him, why he hungered and thirsted for opportunities to serve her. Their wills ran parallel, like the rails of a railway track, and always to the same destination. In fact, they seemed to coalesce and flow together as do the waters of the Mohawk and Hudson, just north of the city of Troy. But now, after a short wedded life, they find that each other's

will is not by any means a zephyr or an abstraction, but it is as concrete and positive as a granite rock. In fact, it appears to her that he possesses more will than anything else. And if he should clothe his thought in words it would run something like this: "I can't see where such a gentle creature got such a strong will!" The fact is, they have awakened to the truth, though the twain are one flesh, they have distinct individualities. The moment of this discovery is a critical one; it is a turning-point in wedded life; the way in which they adjust their wills at this time will be for weal or for woe. They have come to the period when it is as clear as daylight that there are some things which he likes and she dislikes; some things she wants to do, but he doesn't. His will runs counter in one direction; her will runs counter to his in another. For example, she wants to go to church Sunday morning; he doesn't. He likes to stay at home in the evening and read; she prefers to go to parties, etc. He wants to smoke a cigar in the house; but she detests the smell of it, and isn't slow to tell him so, either. She desires to attend the prayer-meeting or give more liberally to the support of the church; he considers the one a misuse of money and the other a waste of time. And thus it goes through a long catalogue. There is a decided diversity of tastes.

Now what are they to do? Shall the one go on gratifying his or her tastes, irrespective of the other? Shall they enter into a tacit agreement to allow the other to do as he or she pleases? Such an agreement will finally grow into an apple of discord. How then shall they adjust themselves to their new relations? If they are to live together, it is of the first importance to harmonize. They should go hand in hand. They should be companions in deed and in truth. He shouldn't allow her to go alone. She should be a sharer with him in the pleasures as well as in the responsibilities of life.

I am talking with young married people. I am assuming a case where the parties are in the early months or years of wedded life, before habits and tastes have become as immovable as a mountain or as inflexible as steel. And I ask, cannot you adjust your wills to each other so that the adjustment shall be accordant with nature and the command of God? Let us open the Holy Scriptures, the oracles appointed to give us solutions of the problems of life, and see what reply they make. Stating our case again, the case of a married couple, where husband and wife have differing if not opposing tastes, whose wills are strong in opposite directions, we inquire, By what rule shall they live so as to harmonize, so as to be happy, so as to achieve the

Beau Ideal of Wedded Life?

Opening the Divine Oracles at St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, in the fifth chapter, twenty-second and thirty-third verses, inclusive, we find our answer. It is a double one, addressed to both husbands and wives. And the wives come first, as in courtesy they should: "Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord." And the reason for this counsel is added as follows: "For the husband is the head of the wife, as Christ also is the head of the church, being himself the Saviour of the body. But as the church is subject to Christ, so let the wives be to their husbands in everything." This is the divine rule for wives, that in relation to their husbands they should take the attitude of the church towards her Divine Head. You find this rule repeated in the Epistle to the Colossians, and implied in other portions of the Sacred Scriptures. In other words, this is nothing more than the plain, common-sense precept, that so far as there is but one supreme head of the household, the husband is that supreme head. Like all Scripture teachings, this one is supported by reason as well as inspiration.

Of course this implied yielding of one to the other does not relate to matters of deep moral import in which the law of God has the first claim upon the wife as well as upon the husband, and the instances of incompatibility above noticed must not be pressed too far as illustrations. It is in matters of preference, where no moral principle is involved, that a graceful yielding of one's will is as womanly as it is Christian.

Do for one another all kindly acts of gentle courtesy. Above all, wash one another's feet by that best, sweetest, kindest service of all, which is that each should help his friend or his brother to draw daily a little nearer to God, to triumph daily a little more over human temptations and human infirmities.—Arch-deacon Farrar.

Our Serial.

OUR TOWN.*

Dedicated to all Members of the Y. P. S. C. E.

BY MARGARET SIDNEY.

CHAPTER XVI.

College friends who heard of Burr's accumulation of troubles shook their heads and declared, "We'll see what his religion does for him in such a fix as this. He'll be no better than the rest of us poor dogs."

But the religion that Pennington Burr was now living by, was not of the order that would desert one in a crisis, and thanking God for the physical strength which had been such a power in his life, he bent every energy to the Herculean task before him, and worked on.

Business men said it was wonderful, the quick insight he had, the tact, and the hold-on quality. "A tiger," they called him; a worse personage, said Ryan and his crowd, and thereupon they began at once to respect, and to fear him.

But nothing, all the love and tender care that was lavished by the son, could stay the hand of the destroyer, and save the father's life. Surely, steadily it was waning to its end. Sometimes it seemed as if Pennington could not bear this; that the only parent he had ever known, who had watched over the boy, motherless from his birth, should be taken before that son had the opportunity to show him the business coming up again to a promising future. He besought God to let him have his father only a few years more, to try to repay some of the debt of gratitude that now pressed upon his soul. With pleadings and tears, he would implore this gift, and then arise from his knees, go into the old man's room, look into his eyes, and know it was not to be. His father was going to a heavenly country, where all disappointments were to be made forever right.

Emily was the old man's comfort in these days. He constantly called her "my daughter," and liked nothing so much as to find her sitting by his side when he awoke after his morning nap. She came over every day after breakfast, and relieved the nurse till nightfall, bringing flowers, a dainty or two to tempt the appetite, and always a cheering smile, which, poor girl, cost her many efforts to bring to her face. But Emily was not one for tears so long as there was anything to do, and now she saw full scope for whatever self-control God would help her to exert.

Aunt Phebe Macomber came, too, as often as she could, but her hands were cramped by her niece being seized by a fit of nervous prostration after her self-imposed call on the Burrs on the evening of the strike. To say the truth (and the Warehamites would bear out the statement, at least those who naturally were cognizant of Aunt Phebe's affairs), the sickness was not so much a matter for the physician's attention as it was for some strong administering of a few unpalatable truths, such as, "Get up from your bed, and do something for others, and you will be well enough." So one indignant neighbor put it in the secrecy of her own family circle.

Still there she was visiting at Aunt Phebe's, and Aunt Phebe naturally could do nothing but take care of her in the best way possible. And as it is quite time now to mention how Mr. Buckminster fared on the eventful night when he found himself unexpectedly accompanying a policeman along Wareham streets, his wife must be neglected while his record is cleared up for the reader.

It was no use, he soon saw, for him to protest further as he was being hauled along, so he only gurgled and sputtered with inward rage, making himself a most unprepossessing sight, as he was led at last into the police station.

"Here's a covey," announced the policeman, ushering him in, "as wants a night's rest. He's been exciting himself too much about things that aint any of his business."

"Offence?" asked the clerk at the desk, taking down his pen from behind his ear to mark Mr. Buckminster's moral delinquencies.

"Oh, a glass too much, and raising a row, generally!" answered the policeman, carelessly.

"Sir!" cried Mr. Buckminster, at first speechless with rage, now losing no time in asserting himself, as he saw preparations for showing him the interior of a cell, "This fellow there," pointing to the policeman—

"Easy, easy," said the clerk, interrupting and

making the entry. "We don't want any scenes here; it isn't pleasant, you know."

"That's the way he's been a-going on all the way up," said the policeman, well pleased to let his prisoner convict himself. "Of all big fools, this gent is the biggest." He leaned up against the wall, thrust his hands in his pockets, winked at another of the guardians of the peace, and began to enjoy it.

"Your name?" asked the clerk, looking the red-faced prisoner officially in the eye. "Hurry up, now; we can't wait all night."

"I am Richard Buckminster, just home from abroad, where I have been for ten years," was the announcement, accompanied with a manner that would have done credit to a Turveydrop.

The crowd howled with delight; the clerk, dropping his pen, poised over the book to laugh with the rest.

"Aint he a covey?" cried the policeman who had brought him in, and slapping his blue, uniformed legs in glee. "I fetched you all a prize, I tell you; reserved seats for this theatre; all free tickets."

"Gentlemen," cried Mr. Buckminster, essaying to preserve his dignity, and yet shout enough to be heard. But jeers and hisses drowned him completely.

"Hold up, there!" commanded Mr. Buckminster's body-guard, "you're stopping the fun. Let the fellow talk," and everything lupp'd at once.

"Where are you living now?" asked the clerk, wiping his eyes. "What part of Wareham has the honor to contain your high mightiness?"

"I am visiting at Miss Phebe Macomber's," replied the prisoner with immense dignity; "only visiting! I should never for an instant entertain the thought of residing where the government of the town is so execrable."

Instantly the amusement of the crowd ceased. The clerk stared at his prisoner, and then at the policeman who had brought him in, who began to exhibit a slight uncomfortableness of manner.

"There's been a mistake, I'm afraid," the clerk, beckoning to the policeman, whispered this through the railing of the desk, "and it would make us all a mighty deal of trouble to touch one of *her* friends."

Mr. Buckminster, seeing the sudden respect caused for his aunt's name, which his own presence could not produce, made another effort to impress his importance on the circle by mentioning his long residence in many European towns and cities, whose municipal affairs were well managed, but he was summarily cut short in his harangue. "We are very sorry this should have occurred," said the clerk, whose manner belied his words, "but the streets are in some confusion tonight, owing to the trouble at the mills, and our policemen have to be over-careful, perhaps. No offence meant, sir; a gentleman often takes a glass too much when dining out. I do myself," he added, facetiously, "whenever I get a chance, which isn't often, being tied to my desk like a dog."

"I am not intoxicated," roared Mr. Buckminster, inflating his ample chest, and glaring at the clerk.

"I see you are not," said the clerk, "only a big, every-day fool," he muttered to himself, "but in the excitement of the night, as I said"—

"A man who is appointed policeman ought to have sense enough to discriminate between a criminal," cried Mr. Buckminster, now in his element, and dispensing advice with easy pomposity, "and a gentleman."

"No doubt, no doubt!" assented the clerk, and tired of the conversation. "Well, you can go now, I have given you all the apology that is necessary."

"But I want my stolen goods returned," demanded Mr. Buckminster, angrily, "and it is your business to find them."

"What do you mean?" cried the clerk, beginning to think of calling the doctor. "What in the world is the matter with you, anyway?"

"I should have told this fellow," said Mr. Buckminster, designating his body-guard, "if he had given me a chance. But on my appeal to him on the street, for help in the matter, he saw fit to treat me like a common criminal, whom he hauled off here as fast as possible."

The clerk now looked at the policeman referred to, for an explanation. He winked significantly, and then slapped his blue trousers, and laughed in exquisite delight at some joke best known to himself.

"What have you lost?" asked the clerk, drawing up a piece of paper ready to make an entry.

"A gold-headed walking-stick, very valuable, given to me in London, by"—

"Yes, yes; anything else, sir?" asked the clerk, noting it.

"My watch." Mr. Buckminster held up his chain, neatly severed at half its length. "For the loss of that, no money can repay me," he said.

"Where did you lose them?" demanded the clerk, officially.

"On the Burr grounds."

"In that row?" cried the clerk, sticking his pen up behind his ear once more. "Oh, well, let me tell you that there is small hope of ever seeing them again. Some hoodlum or professional pickpocket that always scents any trouble like this, and gets on the edge of the crowd, has relieved you. You should have kept out of such a row. But we'll do what we can to work up the case and follow all the clues, and report to you our success. Good-evening, sir."

And Mr. Buckminster, with a great deal more on his mind unsaid, found himself let out from the presence of the clerk and his satellites, and walking home to the distracting tune of the most unpleasant thoughts. Here he found the only pleasure remaining to him to be the engrossment of Aunt Phebe's society all the time she could spare from the care of his wife. But a little shrewd management on the part of Miss Macomber gave her some fortunate moments in which to help the Burrs.

Pennington's training to take up his father's life-work was not begun with the sole aid of the best practical authorities published, which he at once ordered; but he opened a correspondence with several sagacious friends of his father, mill-owners as well, under whose personal supervision passed every detail of their great manufacturing enterprises. From them he gained many things not down in his books. They were glad to give him, at first for his father's sake, large portions of their rich experience, and to point out the rocks where they just escaped ship-wreck. Afterward, reading between the lines of the correspondence, they rejoiced to come upon such a young man, and delighted that Gordon Burr, who stood, in their minds, for the soul of honor, should have such a successor, and they vied with each other to help build up Wareham Mills again.

But his father was dying. Pennington, with all his efforts to believe that the hand of death would wait for him to prove his devotion by a little of the result he intended the future to bring, could not shut his eyes to this fact.

"Father," he cried one day, unable to suppress the weight of misery that crowded to his lips, "take this comfort, that the mill shall one day be all that you desire it to become. I am young, but I can learn; and I am strong, and can work. Father, believe that I will give my life to this work."

The old man turned on his pillow at the passionate cry.

"Why, son," he exclaimed, and a world of tenderness crept into his gray eyes, and over the wan face, still handsome with its finely marked features crowned by white hair, "do you think I doubt you? You have been a good boy always," and his thin hand sought the firm, brown palm which it clasped closely, letting both then fall on the coverlid.

"Father, no," cried Pennington, choked by a rush of regrets, "don't say that! But now, only live, and I will show you what God will help me to do for you." He put his other arm around the face on the pillow. "Oh, father!"

"Listen, Pennington." Old Mr. Burr spoke with the gathering strength of one who sees not far in the distance a beckoning finger, and knows that the time is short for the message to pass through his lips to the son who will need every word of it in the years to come. "You have been a good son to me always. Remember this through the years when I am no longer with you. And it is best as it is. I know you will set the business up again on its feet. I know it, boy."

He still clasped the hand within his own, and reached up and stroked with his other palm the brown hair so near his cheek. "God be thanked that I have lived to see you His child! I need no other promise or assurance that my life-work will be taken up into younger, stronger, and better hands."

No sound came from the lips of the son, who was meeting the first grief of his young life. He was meeting it in the silence of a submission that was learning to say, "It is God's will, and so must be best." But he could find no words.

And that night, his message all delivered, Gordon Burr was gathered to his fathers. So quietly came the end, so dreamlessly, that no one knew its approach. In the hush of early dawn, while yet the sick man slumbered, the angel of death entered and touched him where he lay. Pennington, whose door stood open that so he might hear his father's faintest call, went in, softly, to bid him "good-morning," and found him so, a smile on his face, just as he had fallen on sleep.

[To be continued.]

The Sunday School.

EDITED BY REV. SMITH BAKER.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

APRIL 15, 1888.

BY REV. SMITH BAKER.

Watchfulness.

GOLDEN TEXT.—“And what I say unto you I say unto all, Watch.”—*Mark 13:37.*

Matt. (Revised Version) 24:42–51.

Watch therefore: for ye know not on what day your Lord cometh. But know this, that if the master of the house had known in what watch the thief was coming, he would have watched, and would not have suffered his house to be broken through. Therefore be ye also ready: for in an hour that ye think not the Son of man cometh. Who then is the faithful and wise servant, whom his lord hath set over his household, to give them their food in due season? Blessed is that servant, whom his lord when he cometh shall find so doing. Verily I say unto you, that he will set him over all that he hath. But if that evil servant shall say in his heart, My lord tarrieth: and shall begin to beat his fellow-servants, and shall eat and drink with the drunken; the lord of that servant shall come in a day when he expecteth not, and in an hour when he knoweth not, and shall cut him asunder, and appoint his portion with the hypocrites: there shall be the weeping and gnashing of teeth.

1. Christ is not done with the world yet. He is not only working in His providential way, and through His Word and Spirit, but He is to come again and manifest Himself to men. The great demonstration of Christ's power is not in the past, but in the future.

2. The fact of Christ's second coming is the hope of the church. It has a double application (a) as it pertains to the world; around this unspeakable results to the world cluster. (b) His coming to each person by the messenger of death, by which the individual soul is at once ushered into the immediate presence of its Lord. And (c) it may be applied to the special ways in which Christ comes to our souls in the journey of life.

3. Verse 42. Read Matt. 25:13; 26:38, 40, 41; Luke 12:37; Acts 20:31; 1 Cor. 16:13; Col. 4:2; 1 Thess. 5:6, 10; 1 Peter 5:8; Rev. 3:2, 3; 16:15. *Watch.* Keep your ears open to hear all that God speaks to you in any way. Keep your eyes open to see what God is doing in any way. Keep your heart open to any influences of His Spirit. An openness of soul is essential to seeing God's truth or the work of Christ in the world, and in particular to the coming of His grace to our hearts. Watchfulness means also consecration, a readiness to be or do anything He requires, the state of heart of one who has been chosen, and is waiting for the command or the coming. The bride prepares herself; so the Christian should be prepared for Christ's personal appearing, or for any work, or for any providence, or for any influence of the Spirit. Watchfulness means expecting, looking for. Look for the coming of Christ at any time. Look for special open doors of work. Look for special manifestations of His grace.

4. Our ignorance as to the particular time of His coming. This is one reason why we should watch. It is unwise to set times for His second coming. It is unwise to plan when He will come to us by death, or to set times for the manifestations of His grace. In the most unexpected time, and in the most unexpected way, He may come. Hope for the best, and be prepared for the worst, is a good motto.

5. Watch with joy, for the promise is that all things shall work together for good to those who love the Lord. So, then, whether it be His second coming, or His call in death, or some special providence in our lives, know that it will result in good to those who are His; therefore, bravely, cheerfully watch.

6. Verse 43. Read Luke 12:39; 1 Thess. 5:2; 2 Peter 3:10; Rev. 3:3; 16:15; Matt. 6:19. The thought is to compare Christ's coming with a thief only in its uncertainty and occasional violence. The lesson is, that as a man in a region where thieves are has no right to be neg-

ligent and careless and allow his house to be broken into, so no man has any right to neglect the word and grace of God, so that Christ shall find him unprepared when He shall come in person or in death. God gives us all a chance, and if men are not prepared for death, it is their own fault. No man of us meets Christ without warning. It is our business to be ready. A soul is without excuse that meets death, no matter how sudden, without preparation.

7. Verse 44. Read Luke 12:40; Matt. 25:10. Christ's coming to the unprepared sinner is as unwelcome as a thief, but to the Christian it is as the approach of a lover. We are not to live in constant dread of what may be in death, but to look for it as the arrival of our Friend.

8. Verse 45. Read Luke 12:42, 46; 1 Cor. 4:2; Heb. 3:5; Matt. 25:2. A personal question. We are all servants with immortal souls committed to us. We have no right to endanger them by neglect. The switchman who neglects his duty, the watchman in a lighthouse, or any man who endangers his trust is recreant and foolish. So any man who neglects his soul is recreant and foolish. He shows both a bad heart and a weak mind. The sinner is both wicked and foolish. The man faithful to himself and his Lord looks out for risks, runs no risks. It is not smartness which rejects Christ, but stupidity.

9. The faithful servant not only looks out for himself, but for others. The minister and teacher should seek the immediate salvation of those under their charge, because their people and their pupils are in danger of being called at once into the presence of Christ. We are to seek immediate results. The faithful servant is the one who presses for the present salvation of those committed to his care.

10. Verse 46. Read Rev. 16:15. The blessedness of faithfulness. The true Christian does not need preparation to meet Christ, his mission is to be at his post, faithful in his trust. It is a pleasant death to die in the harness, to die in the field. Such is the best preparation for death. Be faithful and you need not fear death.

11. Verse 47. Read Matt. 25:21, 23; Rom. 8:17; Rev. 2:26; 3:21. The faithful servant shall at last be given possession of all graces. All faithful servants shall each have all fulness of knowledge and joy in the world to come.

12. The rewards in the future world will not depend upon the culture, or knowledge, or amount we have done, or the greatness of our talents, but upon our faithfulness with what we have. Not the man of most ability, but the most faithful man, will receive most in the world to come. From such the limitations of this life will be removed.

13. Verse 48. Read Matt. 25:5. Here is a warning and rebuke to such as delay faithfulness because they think there is time enough, who say next week or next year will be soon enough. The negligent preacher or teacher will have a severe punishment, and those who spend their time in religious controversy, and in speculation, instead of in seeking men's souls, will have a fearful account to give. Thus those who put off repentance because to-morrow shall be as this day; who take advantage of God's delay and patience and mercy, and neglect their duty,—they are the real hypocrites, and their doom will be in sorrow.

14. Learn that unfaithfulness in duty leads to coldness of heart, to unkindness of conduct, and to improper living. Neglect of duty is the mother of all kinds of evil deeds. Keep people earnestly at work for Christ and that will fill their hearts full of love to all men, and deliver them from the temptations of their own natures. Faithful work enlarges the heart and strengthens the character.

It was Lazarus's faith, not his poverty, which brought him into Abraham's bosom.

LIGHTS ON THE LESSON FROM MANY SOURCES.

[Selected by Mrs. F. E. Clark.]

In this discourse, though without distinct transitions, and sometimes with double applications, three things are dwelt upon: the destruction of Jerusalem, the second coming of Christ, and the judgment to come. The lines were not distinctly drawn, for the object was not to give definite information concerning the future, but to save from misconception, to put on guard, to inculcate patience, to prepare for trials, and to impress the duty of constant watchfulness and fidelity. For these purposes the discourse is of practical application to-day. The signs given in it were sufficiently clear, so that Christians saved themselves from perishing in the destruction of Jerusalem by fleeing before its siege. They were on the “watch.” The signs enumerated in it of the second coming of Christ and the instructions it affords regarding the judgment are such that, if heeded, no one need be taken with fearful surprise by either.—*Pilgrim Teacher.*

“Watch therefore” (v. 42). Not as the disciples who, on Mount Olivet, looked after their ascended Lord, and to whom two of God's angels said, “Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner.” Which is as though they had said, Between His going and His coming there is a world of work to be done. The proper thing for you, instead of idly looking upward, is to look about you, and earnestly to address yourself to the preparation that has to be made for His coming. As servants watching precious treasures; as a steward managing His Lord's estate,—that is the proper way to watch.—*Baptist Teacher.*

Not for the day of judgment, for no watching will give the disciples a knowledge of its approach; but in constant expectancy of its coming, be watchful over yourselves, that ye may be always ready.—*Abbott.*

“But know this” (v. 43). Take notice, now, of an illustration with which you are all familiar, that you may more clearly see the necessity of this constant watchfulness. If uncertainty of the date of a threatened disaster in ordinary affairs urges upon us a constant state of preparation, how much more in those momentous affairs with which he is now dealing.

“In what watch the thief was coming” (v. 43). Of course, the point of comparison is only in the unexpectedness of the coming. No one expects to be robbed on a certain night; if he does, the robbery will probably not take place. It will be resisted. Many a splendidly planned robbery has been made a perfect failure simply because the plan was betrayed, and “the good man of the house” knew when the thief would come. In every such case, if he knew the night and the hour of the thief's coming, he would have watched. But suppose he had known the thief would come on a certain night, but did not know the hour, surely, in such a case, he would have watched all night. Our whole life here is a night, at any watch of which the heavens may open and the Lord may come, and there is no watch in which we can afford not to be prepared.—*Standard Eclectic Commentary.*

“Be ye also ready” (v. 44). The man who sincerely and constantly trusts in God need not, and ought not, to be surprised by any unexpected event. He is always ready to accept and to endure whatever the Master permits to come to Him; placing himself under God's guidance as well as under His protection, he is sure that the same Divine Hand that leads him will sustain him. He has no need to take care of himself, for God takes care of him; the thing that is unusual is yet the thing which God knows and allows to

come upon him; he need not, therefore, be disturbed or surprised. He is always ready for death, and, better still, he is always ready for life.—*Sunday School World.*

“Be ye also ready” (v. 44). Be always prepared, never be spiritually asleep, never be away from your place and duty. One cannot always watch his house; he must have time for sleep; but in spiritual things he can always be ready for the coming of his Lord.

“For in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh.” The comings of the Lord are ever unexpected to us, His coming at death, His coming to judge the world, His coming in the crisis of our lives, His coming with opportunities and open doors, His coming with the power of the Holy Spirit. The only way for us to do is to be about our Master's business, ever doing His will, ever loving His presence, ever walking with God, and we shall be ready and glad when He comes.—*Pe-loubet.*

“Who then is the faithful and wise servant?” (v. 45.) That servant most truly watches for his coming Lord, who faithfully discharges the duties laid by his Lord upon him. If one is not living for himself alone, it will not matter what he may be doing at the moment of Christ's coming. A truly consecrated life makes every necessary act consecrated, no matter how trivial it may seem or how wanting in sacerdotal appearance. “Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.” The common meal may become a sacrament if Christ be a guest at the table. Work may bring one close to God if it be done for His sake. No matter whether the true servant be found by his Lord at the anvil, the plow, the loom or the desk, he will no more have occasion to be ashamed than if he should be engaged in reading his Bible or in offering devout prayer or in partaking of the communion; and, indeed, not so much if his duty demanded him to be about the one thing rather than the other. The common duties of life are not so sacred in our eyes as they ought to be—not so much so as they are in God's sight.—*Pilgrim Teacher.*

“Blessed is that servant, whom his lord when he cometh shall find so doing” (v. 46). How doing? Doing his work with fidelity. If a man went away and left a servant in charge of a certain work, fixing no time for returning, what should the servant do? Sit in the window and gaze all the while down the road, watching to get the first glimpse of the master's return? Certainly that is not the kind of watching that will please the master. He wants his servant to attend to the duties assigned him, and desires to find him, on his return, not idly gazing out at the window, but busy at his work. The way to be ready for Christ's coming is not to sit down in idleness and wait and watch for His appearance, but to keep at one's work with unceasing diligence, that when He comes He may not find us in the midst of unfinished tasks, away behind with our work. There can be no better rule in life than to make every day complete, to finish everything each night before retiring, so that if we should never come back to our work any more, nothing shall suffer.—*Westminster Teacher.*

Let every preacher, every elder, every teacher, every spiritual leader of wider or narrower sphere, close the book on his finger, and spend a few moments in meditation! If the Lord comes to-night, will He find me so doing? Is it my daily purpose to do all in my power to feed the flock entrusted to me? Am I preparing for it when away from them, doing it when with them? Ah! these are questions that pierce down to the marrow of the heart. If we can only answer them affirmatively, then, come what else may, we are blessed.—*Standard Eclectic Commentary.*

“My Lord tarrieth” (v. 48). There is, in

our time, a very large class who are ready to unite in saying: "The Lord delayeth His coming." No doubt, in many cases, "the wish is father to the thought." The servant is an "evil servant," and, therefore, he regards the day of his Lord's coming as an evil day, and hence is disposed to postpone it just as long as possible. And, on the other hand, it is doubtless true that the existence of a conviction that the time of the Lord's coming is somewhere far away in the future, is apt to make even a genuine believer a little more careless in his behavior, even as all men are disposed to be, when the day of reckoning is supposedly remote. The steadfast looking for Christ's coming cannot but be helpful to the Christian life, and hence it is so frequently and so vividly set before us in the Scriptures; and it is a pity and a shame that it is so little dwelt upon in our thoughts and teachings.—*Baptist Teacher.*

"The lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looketh not for him" (v. 50). That is, the lord of the unfaithful servant. This part of the lesson paints the picture of those who do not prepare for the absent Lord's return by faithfulness in duty. There are several things to be marked about this servant as he is here described. He is unbelieving. He says, "My lord delayeth his coming." He does not believe that he will come at all. As a result of his unbelief he is unfaithful to his duties and to the trust reposed in his hands. Besides unfaithfulness he is unjust to his fellow-servants. He becomes selfish, grasping, domineering and cruel. Then, in his own moral habits he becomes debased. These are the characteristics of those who reject Christ through unbelief, and are unfaithful. The punishment of the unfaithful and evil servant is clearly stated in the last verse of the lesson. It is a fearful thing to live regardless of life's sacred trusts and its solemn responsibilities. It is a terrible thing to die after living thus. We should compare these two pictures—the faithful and the unfaithful servants—and know positively which one of the two is our own portrait.—*Westminster Teacher.*

PRIMARY EXERCISE.

BY FANNY H. GALLAGHER.

Our Golden Text for to-day is very easy, children. See, I have written it on the board. We will all read it together. There, I'll wait a moment, and let you study it. Now I'll rub it out. What is it?

We learned last Sunday of Jesus' last words to the Pharisees, so stern, so dreadful. I have thought of them many times during the week. Have you thought of them? Have you tried not to say a word you did not mean? Have you tried not to pray a prayer you did not mean?

After a while, Jesus left the temple, left it forever. A temple without God is a dreadful place, that He left to the Jews for a little while. It was to be only for a little while, though, for as He walked with His disciples up the sloping sides of the Mount of Olives on His way back to Bethany, He told them the day was coming when not one stone of that temple would be left standing where it then stood. That great armies would come and surround the city at which they were even then looking. That great troubles of all kinds would arise, false prophets would deceive the people, and many even of His own disciples and friends should grow cold in their love for Him.

All these dreadful things He told them should surely come to pass while some of them were living.

But while He told them of these sad things, He told them of a very wonderful thing which was also to happen some day. "I, the Son of Man, will come again in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory." "Watch, therefore, for ye know not on what day your Lord cometh."

Now it had been only a few days, since

Jesus, silent and sad, had walked along toward Jerusalem, telling His disciples He was going there to be crucified, and though their hearts were happy again when He rode into Jerusalem on the ass, with the multitude shouting around Him, still there had been no talk of His kingship since, and I think the hearts of His friends must have been very sad. Now, however as they stood on the hill by His side, and heard these wonderful words: "I will come again with power and great glory. I will send my angels with a great shout of a trumpet, and they shall gather my people from one end of heaven to the other," I think their hearts were once more filled with joy.

But He did not say, "I will come in a year, in ten years, in fifty years." He said, "I will come, watch ye. Watch for my coming, and watch for the coming of these dreadful things of which I have warned you."

And then He told them two short stories, one of a householder who slept, never thinking of danger, but while he slept a thief dug through the mud-wall of his house and carried away his treasure. If the man had known what hour the thief would come, he would have watched. "Ye know not the hour when I, the Son of Man, will come, therefore, watch."

Another story, of a servant whose master set him over his house, and then went his way. If the servant is faithful he will do his duty every day, and when his master comes, if it be in one day, or in one year, he will find him doing his best.

But perhaps the servant is not faithful. Perhaps he says, "My lord is long in coming," and he begins to beat his fellow-servants, and to eat and drink, and to forget his work. Then when the master comes he will know it all, and a terrible punishment will be his.

"Watch, therefore," Jesus said, "for ye know not on what day your Lord cometh."

Children, eighteen hundred years and more have passed since the day when Jesus spoke these words. All the dreadful things He foretold about the city of Jerusalem and the temple and the people did come to pass. Armies from Rome surrounded it, there was a long and dreadful struggle. At last the walls of the city were broken down, the Romans came in, killed many of the people, burned the temple, destroyed the city. This was God's punishment to the Jews for their sin in killing His Son, Jesus Christ.

But the promise He made them, "I will come again in clouds with the holy angels," has not yet been kept. He will keep this promise, as He keeps all His promises, some day. You and I may not live to see it, but He will surely come. You and I may live to see His coming. A Christian woman said once to a dear friend of mine, "Whenever I look up into the sky on a beautiful day like this, I think, 'Perhaps He will come to-day,' and when the tomorrow comes, I think again, 'Perhaps He will come to-day.' So I keep watching always."

If I thought He were coming to-day I should want to be ready for Him, wouldn't you?

"What would you do, aunt, if you thought Jesus was coming to-day?" asked a little girl of her aunt who sat sewing by her side.

"I should finish this vest, and put in my best stitches," was her quiet answer.

"I am ashamed that you found me doing this work," said a man who was doing some very disagreeable work on the skin of a dead animal. "When the Lord comes," answered his friend, "may He find me so doing." "Doing such work as this?" asked the man in surprise. "Doing my duty, whatever it may be," was the answer.

No, Peter, James and John never saw Jesus come in the clouds of heaven. But He came to them, though in a different way. A cruel king sent a man with a sword to cut off James' head, but James was not frightened. He knew Jesus had

come for him. A cruel king stretched Peter on the cross, and so he died. But he was not frightened, for he knew Jesus had come for him. Jesus came for John also. He will come for you and for me. When? If the good man of the house had known what hour the thief would come he would have watched. If the servant had known what hour his master would return he would have been ready. We do not know. What shall we do? Who can tell me? Are you ready?

Day before yesterday a neighbor boy, only a little larger than some of you, was called. He did not know what hour Jesus would come, but he was ready. At Sunday school he was always in his place. In the young people's prayer-meeting you would find him, and though he did not know Jesus was coming, he did his duty as though he had known it. How happy he is to-day! Let us repeat our Golden Text once more. Now let us close our eyes and pray that we may be found watching.

BAKING POWDERS.

The Latest Official Tests as to their Relative Purity.

The present interest in the matter of food adulterations, and the agitation of the question of national and local legislation for the purpose of preventing them, have caused more than ordinary attention to be given to the report of the Ohio State Food Commission, which reveals the extent and character of the adulteration found in many of the baking powders of the market. The presence of so large a number of powders made from alum, as was found by the commission, has not been suspected, nor was it supposed that some of the cream of tartar and phosphate brands, whose manufacturers have held them up to the public as pure and wholesome, had become so deteriorated by the use of impure ingredients in compounding them.

The Ohio Commission examined thirty different kinds for their strength and impurities, and declared that powder the best—as it was of course the purest—which, being of effective strength, contained residuum in smallest quantity. In these baking powders sold in this State the following percentages of residuum or inert matter were found:

NAME.	PER CENT. OF RESIDUUM, ETC.
Royal.....	7.25
Cleveland's.....	10.18
Zipp's (alum).....	11.99
Sterling.....	12.63
Dr. Price's.....	12.66
Jersey (alum).....	16.05
Forest City (alum).....	24.04
Silver Star (alum).....	31.88
De Land's.....	32.52
Horsford's (phosphate).....	36.49
Kenton (alum).....	38.17
Patapsco (alum).....	40.08

The nature of the residuum bears directly upon the question of health. That in Royal is declared by the Commission to be perfectly harmless. In the case of the alum powders it is considered hurtful, yet the amount found in three of the cream of tartar powders—the Cleveland, Dr. Price's and Sterling—averaged about the same as that in the Crystal, an alum powder. In the phosphate powders the inert matter is exceedingly large, being more than a third of their entire weight.

The importance of the information conveyed by these figures can be best understood by a simple comparison. Take for instance the two first-named powders—the Royal and Cleveland's. The inert matter or residuum found in Cleveland's is seen to be about 3 in 7 more than in the other, which is a difference of 40 per cent., the Royal being purer than Cleveland's by a corresponding figure. The inert matter in Horsford's is over five times, or more than 400 per cent greater than in the Royal. The relative purity of all the brands can be computed in like manner.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address.

Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C.,
181 Pearl St., New York.

"CAN'T eat a thing." Hood's Sarsaparilla is a wonderful medicine for creating an appetite, regulating digestion, and giving strength.

"It comes in two sizes, 25 and 50 cents." Adv't. of N. K. Brown's Ess. Jamaica Ginger. "N. K.'s."

Best of All

Cough medicines, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is in greater demand than ever. No preparation for Throat and Lung Troubles is so prompt in its effects, so agreeable to the taste, and so widely known, as this. It is the family medicine in thousands of households.

"I have suffered for years from a bronchial trouble that, whenever I take cold or am exposed to inclement weather, shows itself by a very annoying tickling sensation in the throat and by difficulty in breathing. I have tried a great many remedies, but none does so well as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral which always gives prompt relief in returns of my old complaint."—Ernest A. Hepler, Inspector of Public Roads, Parish Terre Bonne, La.

"I consider Ayer's Cherry Pectoral a most important remedy

For Home Use.

I have tested its curative power, in my family, many times during the past thirty years, and have never known it to fail. It will relieve the most serious affections of the throat and lungs, whether in children or adults."—Mrs. E. G. Edgerly, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

"Twenty years ago I was troubled with a disease of the lungs. Doctors afforded me no relief and considered my case hopeless. I then began to use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and, before I had finished one bottle, found relief. I continued to take this medicine until a cure was effected. I believe that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life."—Samuel Griggs, Waukegan, Ill.

"Six years ago I contracted a severe cold, which settled on my lungs and soon developed all the alarming symptoms of Consumption. I had a cough, night sweats, bleeding of the lungs, pains in chest and sides, and was so prostrated as to be confined to my bed most of the time. After trying various prescriptions, without benefit, my physician finally determined to give me Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I took it, and the effect was magical. I seemed to rally from the first dose of this medicine, and, after using only three bottles, am as well and sound as ever."—Rodney Johnson, Springfield, Ill.

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What "They Say"

In Books, Papers and Magazines.

Selected and Recorded by
ELIZABETH DEERING HANSCOM.

THE AIM OF EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

BY LYDIA MCINTYRE.

A year ago, comparatively few people knew of Adelbert College and of the great prospective university of which it is a part and which is to make Cleveland a centre of literary and scholarly culture, but now every one knows of the recent action of the trustees and the new president, which shuts the door against all women asking admission, and makes the internal atmosphere so oppressive to the women inside the august precincts that they are seeking admission in other colleges and universities of a more progressive character. Since 1872 have the trustees endured the presence of women students, and while the college was situated in the small city of Hudson comparatively few women availed themselves of the gracious privileges, grudgingly offered them; but when the college was removed to Cleveland so many women made application that it became necessary to declare against co-education, which certainly does not seem complimentary to the character of the young women. However, the trustees take particular pains to state that the change "is not occasioned in any degree by any fault or lack of intelligence, scholarship, or devotion to duty," on the part of the young women. The reason is then farther to seek. The action is caused by the fact (to quote again the report of the trustees) that "co-education in the institution is a hindrance to its highest success in educating young men." Many educators will doubtless rejoice to find at last a final answer to their question concerning the aim of the school and college system of the country—it is to educate young men. How delightfully simple and plain, to be sure! A truce to all the thinking and planning and striving for the improvement of the whole race.

We thing the trustees must all be first cousins to a professor in a famous American university at whose doors some earnest women knocked, begging for admission for their younger sisters, and holding out a tempting endowment fund to be presented when women were admitted. This worthy member of the faculty said, "No, he did not favor co-education, it would interfere seriously with many of the privileges and customs of the young men. For instance, they would not feel so free to smoke in the campus, and to go to prayers in their slippers, night-shirts and ulsters if they were likely to meet females." The impression gained was that the college existed simply for the sake of smokers arrayed in the above unique and elegant costume. It is well to have the aims of an institution carefully explained.

HOW TO READ WORDSWORTH.

I had planned to give you a few thoughts of my own on this subject, as my contribution to the observance of the one hundred and eighteenth anniversary of the poet's birth, but in the following scheme of study I found something better than I could write. For each of the many readers of the paper there is nothing I could wish better than the "Wordsworthian blitheness of heart" that comes from communion with the great poet:

"Undoubtedly the way in which people will begin to read Wordsworth at the wrong end is the reason why so many reluctantly abandon the idea of ever finding enjoyment in his works. 'I never shall like Wordsworth,' says the student, in despair. 'What!' exclaims the disciple. 'Which of the poems have you been reading?' 'Oh, I read as much as I could stand of "The Excursion," I had a try at the "Ecclesiastical Sonnets," and finished up with "Memorials of a Tour in Italy." "What possessed you," expostulates the disciple, "to begin in that wild way? All Wordsworth's best work was done before 1818; and the Italian poems were not written till 1837, and, as every one knows, Wordsworth's gems are his shorter poems. "The Excursion" and the "Ecclesiastical Sonnets!" Oh dear! oh dear!"

"May we suggest the following little plan for the beginner in Wordsworth study? I. Begin with poems that revel in beauty for its own sake, such as "The Daffodils" ("I wandered lonely as a cloud"); the lines on "Early Spring;" "To a High-

land Girl;" "To the Small Celandine;" the two poems to "The Daisy;" sonnet on "Westminster Bridge." II. Poems leading on from love of nature to love of man. The five poems on Lucy: (1) "I travelled among unknown men," (2) "Strange fits of passion I have known," (3) "Three years she grew in sun and shower," (4) "A slumber did my spirit steal," (5) "She dwelt among the untrodden ways;" "The Two April mornings;" "The Fountain;" "Simon Lee;" "Matthew;" "Elegiac Stanzas," suggested by a picture of Peele Castle in a storm; "Lines on Revisiting Tintern Abbey;" "The Leech Gatherer;" "The Brothers;" "She was a Phantom of Delight." III. Poems leading up from love of nature and the love of man to the love of God. "Ode on Intimations of Immortality Gleaned from Early Childhood;" "The Echo;" "The Force of Prayer;" on "The Founding of Bolton Priory;" "My heart leaps up when I behold;" "Character of the Happy Warrior;" "Ode to Duty." IV. The Prelude, or Book I. of "The Excursion," containing the "Story of Margaret and the Ruined Cottage." After this, studied away from the rush of life,—for Wordsworth is one of those writers who cannot be read in tumult and hurry,—choose among the sonnets, or read what you will, for you will love Wordsworth."

WORDSWORTH AND HIS WIFE.

The following sweet story is told by Rev. Robert Collyer in a paper on "Growing Old Together," and proves the touch of nature which makes us akin to the life of the loving old couple.

"And what did you see?" I once said to a friend who had been into the Lake country, and who, on his return, told me he had gone to Wordsworth's home. "I saw the old man," he said, "walking in the garden with his wife. They are both quite old, and he is almost blind, but they seem like sweethearts courting, they were so tender to each other and attentive." Miss Martineau tells us the same story, with the additional particulars of a near neighbor, how the old wife would miss her husband and trot out to find him asleep perhaps in the sun, run for his hat, tend him and watch over him till he awoke; and so it was that when he died, they made one grave deep enough for them both, and when she died they were one—one in the dust as they were one in heaven, and had been on earth over forty years. The world came to Wordsworth at last, but the wife first. "Worse and worse," Jeffrey said when a new poem came out. "Better and better," said the wife. The world might scoff, the wife believed. She was no Sarah to laugh at the angel of the Lord. What wonder, then, they were sweethearts still at fourscore and ten!"

"THE TUNE THE OLD COW DIED ON."

This expression, although so common, is rather mysterious, and probably but few of those who use it know what it means, or what is its origin. In Scotland and the north of Ireland it is often used to characterize music of an especially mournful and melancholy character. The expression arose from an old song:

"There was an old man and he had an old cow
And he had nothing to give her;
So he took out his fiddle and played her a tune:
"Consider, good cow, consider;
This is no time of year for the grass to grow;
Consider, good cow, consider."

There is an ethical value to these verses which will be appreciated by those who are blest with friends and relatives who delight to give good advice and to administer serious counsel. How many well-intentioned people have we known who, in time of trouble, "take out their fiddles and play us a tune" about as soothing and helpful as

"Consider, good cow, consider."

TWO STRANGE BOYS.

Max O'Rell's latest book, "John Bull Jr.," might well have been called "Boys I Have Known," for it is filled with the most amusing descriptions of school-boys and their ways. The following is one of his odd reminiscences:

"I remember two strange boys. They were not typical, I am happy to say.

"When the first was called upon, his ears would flap and go on flapping like the gills of a fish, till he had either answered the question or given up trying, when they would lie at rest, flat against his head. If I said to him sharply: 'Well, my boy,

speak up; I can't hear,' his ears would start flapping more vigorously than ever. Sometimes he would turn his eyes right over to see if he could find the answer written somewhere inside his head. This boy could set the whole of his scalp in motion, bring his hair down to his eyes, and send it back again without the least difficulty. The boys used to watch him with an interest that never flagged, and more than once I was near losing my countenance. One day, this poor lad fell in the play-ground and cut his head open. We were all anxious to ascertain what he had inside his head that he always wanted to get at. The doctor found nothing remarkable in it.

"The other boy was a fearful stammerer. The manner in which he managed to get help for his speech is worth relating. Whenever he had to read a piece of French aloud, he would utter the letter 'F' before each French word, and they would positively come out easily. The letter 'F' being the most difficult letter for stammerers to pronounce, I always imagined that he thought it would be all right with any sound, if he could only get 'F' first. He was successful."

LIFE.

Forenoon, and afternoon, and night,—Forenoon,
And afternoon, and night,—Forenoon, and—
what?
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is Life: make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won.
—E. R. Sill.

Reviews.

STILL HOURS. By Richard Rothe. Translated by Jane L. Stoddart. New York: Funk and Wagnalls. For sale by De Wolfe, Fiske & Co., Boston. Price \$2. Outside of scholastic circles, the name of Richard Rothe is little known in this country. In Germany, however, his name is a household word, and he is known, not only as the pupil and friend of Daub and Abegg and Neander and Schleiermacher and Stier, but as a devout and earnest scholar and writer, a beloved professor, and a humble and consecrated Christian. Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls have done a good work in publishing this rare book, and too many thanks cannot be given to the sympathetic translator and to Rev. John MacPherson, who wrote the introductory essay. "Still Hours" is a posthumous work, prepared by Prof. Nippold, of Berne, one of Rothe's admiring students. It consists of aphorisms and disconnected paragraphs grouped under different headings, and collected into chapters concerning "Personal Experiences," "The Principles of Speculation," "God," "God and the World," "Man," "Christ," "The Personal Life of the Christian," "The Social Life of the Christian," "Church History," "Politics," "Questions of Culture," "Christianity and the Church." The book shows itself to be the product of a deeply philosophical and religious nature, and furnishes almost unlimited matter for reflection. Dr. MacPherson writes truly: "To many, this collection of choice reflections by so profound and earnest a thinker as Richard Rothe, will prove a rich mine of intellectual and religious suggestion, helpful and stimulating in no ordinary degree. So varied, too, are the themes discussed, that all classes of readers may find something to interest, something fitted to throw new light on oft-discussed and long-studied themes, or to lead to new departures in thinking not ventured on before."

WOMEN AND MEN, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, must be declared one of the most pleasing volumes of the current year. This is a compilation of sixty short, but extremely brilliant, essays. The author's style is a model in the elements of both purity and strength. He is never dull. His analysis is exceedingly acute. For example, in the chapter upon "The Swing of the Social Pendulum," he is searching for the key to Anglomaniacism, and finds that the American habit of mind is essentially cosmopolitan, and goes to each nation for that which it finds best of its kind. As unerringly as it goes to Germany for its scientific instruction or to France for its cooks, so it goes to England for the minor conveniences and facilities which belong to a highly trained leisure class. The author drives an uncommonly pointed pen. He is a master of statement. Some well-considered matter is found in every essay. Harper & Brothers, New York.

ANTINOMIANISM REVIVED, by Dr. Daniel Steele, professor of didactic theology in Boston University, is a strong effort to

examine and refute the theology of the so-called Plymouth brethren. The learned author, with rare insight, discerns how the insidious doctrine of this brotherhood, percolating the teachings of certain lay-preachers, has reached the young men of the church. He reveals in a masterly way the fact that the substitution, as a motive, of the premillennarian coming of Christ for the work that the Spirit is sent into the world to do, is an idea imported from Plymouth, England, where Mr. John Darby founded his brotherhood some sixty years ago. Our author has long been favorably known to us in "Love Enthroned" and "Milestone Papers," and in his many minor writings in which he sets forth, as few writers can, the work of the Third Person of the Trinity. McDonald, Gill & Company, Boston.

Harper's Magazine for April is richer than usual in illustrations. The first paper, "A Winter in Algiers," by F. A. Bridgman, is accompanied by some exquisite drawings by the artist-author. E. A. Abbey has two quaint and delicate illustrations of the old English song, "Sweet Nelly, My Heart's Delight," and R. F. Zogbaum contributes some of his spirited pictures of men and horses, to accompany a description of the Leavenworth School, by Charles King, U. S. A. The frontispiece is an engraving, by Elbridge Kingsley, from Alfred Parson's drawing of "The Shepherd, looking Eastward, softly said," and reflects the spirit of Wordsworth's beautiful sonnet. The papers of chief interest are the one on Algiers, already mentioned; M. Coquelin's comments on Acting and Authors, profusely illustrated; Rev. William Elliot Griffiths' account of Japanese Ivory Carvings; F. Anstey's description of the Humors of a Minor Theatre; Alscher Welch's paper on the City of Columbus, and Charles Dudley Warner's second instalment of Studies of the Great West.

A KISS FOR A BLOW. A collection of stories for children, inculcating the principles of peace. By Henry C. Wright. Boston: Lee and Shepard. Price, 55 cents. That this book may have been popular with the last generation of children is barely possible, but that it can ever again be read with pleasure by the little ones of to-day is quite impossible. It is of the "goody-goody" style which is so cordially detested by healthy children, and we fear the moral stories about the superlatively good or abnormally bad Elizas and Henriettas and Josephs and Peters will be left severely alone by young people brought up on the stories of Mrs. Ewing, Mrs. Burnett and Charles Kingsley. We can but wonder that Lee and Shepard should include this book in their series of "Classics for Home and School" which has heretofore contained so high an order of books.

THE BEST BREAD, by Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon, is another volume of masterly sermons accurately reported and printed as preached to the largest congregation in the world. Our author is distinguished by the precision and firmness with which he grasps a truth, and by the further fact of great variety of matter in every discourse. In preaching he talks like a man to a man. The man addressed must respond to the courteous proposal. The publishers in this country of these sermons addressed to a larger multitude than can be crowded into the metropolitan tabernacle on the Surrey side of the Thames, have just been vindicated by the author from the charge of literary piracy. Robert Carter and Brothers.

The Missionary Review of the World, for April, fully answers to its name, for all departments of mission work are discussed and much valuable information is furnished the readers in an agreeable form. The literary department contains articles on many important subjects, as "Paul's Missionary Principles," "The Bible in India," "Mission Work in Papal Europe," and "The Condition of Women in India." The monthly bulletin and intelligence sections show the progress of the work in all parts of the world. The Review is attracting great attention both in this country and abroad, and seems calculated to supply a long-felt need in religious literature.

Nearly the whole of the April issue of Lippincott's Magazine is devoted to a story by the gifted young Southern woman, Amélie Rives. This tale, entitled "The Quick or the Dead?" is called Miss Rives' first "complete novel," although we much doubt if she herself would consider it a novel, or anything but a sketch or study. It is heated and passionate, and the author exhausts both herself and her readers by her excited and excitable scenes and characters. But the plan is well sustained, and the story is of absorbing interest. It illustrates Miss Rives' talent and her

faults in a remarkable degree, and makes the readers anxious to see her next attempt. J. D. Hurrell, an enthusiastic admirer of Miss Rives, gives a short description of her home surroundings and personal characteristics. Other contributors to the magazine are Thomas Leaming, Daniel L. Dawson, Albion W. Tourgee, R. T. W. Duke, Jr., Joel Benton, and William S. Walsh.

Some leading clergymen have just been invited to name what in their use they found to be the six most indispensable books. It was interesting to see how many of them concurred in naming Spurgeon's Treasury of David. Extracted mainly from this stupendous work comes THE GOLDEN ALPHABET, being the great preacher's interpretation of the one hundred and nineteenth psalm. "Again and again," exclaims the author, "have we cried while studying it, 'Oh, the depths!'" The psalm is alphabetical. Eight stanzas commence with one letter. Another eight with the next letter, and so the psalm proceeds through the twenty-two letters of the Hebrew alphabet. As with instrumental music, there are multiform variations and yet but one theme, and that is the Word of the Lord. Robert Carter and Brothers.

Literary Notes.

The Hyde Lectures for the year 1887-1888 will be given in the Junior Lecture Room, Bartlett Chapel, Theological Seminary, Andover, during the first three weeks of the Spring Session, by Rev. Edward A. Lawrence, M. A. The general subject of the course is Asiatic Missions. Mr. Lawrence has recently visited the countries of which he will speak, and his lectures are founded on personal inspection and special studies of missionary work. The lectures are to be delivered at seven o'clock on the evenings of March 29th and 30th, April 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, 8th, 9th, 11th and 12th. The public are invited.

Dodd, Mead & Company announce for immediate publication a new story by Amelia E. Barr, the title of which will be "Master of His Fate," a story of the West Riding of Yorkshire.

Messrs. Ticknor and Company announce for publication on April 7th, a new and cheaper edition of ANCIENT LEGENDS OF IRELAND, by Lady Wilde.

New Publications Received.

[These books will be reviewed as soon as possible.]

From Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York: Elijah: His Life and Times. By Rev. W. Milligan, D. D. \$1.00.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston: Irish Wonders. By D. R. McAnally, Jr. \$2.00.

From John B. Alden, New York: Judaism on the Social Question. By Rabbi H. Berkowitz. 50 cents. Divine Healing. By Capt. R. Kelso Carter. 50 cents.

From D. Lothrop Company, Boston: Margaret Regis. By Annie H. Ryder. \$1.25.

A Dozen of Them. By Pansy. 60 cents. The Deathless Book. By David O. Mears, D. D. \$1.50.

From Lee and Shepard, Boston:

A Paper City. By D. R. Locke. 50 cents.

The Morals of Abou Ben Adhem. By D. R. Locke. 50 cents.

Ekkoes from Kentucky. By D. R. Locke. 50 cents.

Swingin' Round the Circle. By D. R. Locke. 50 cents.

Hannah Jane. By D. R. Locke. \$1.50.

SUSPICIONS ABOUT THE MOXIE.

Geo. O. Howard ordered a lot to-day for himself and friends in San Francisco, and one of our great houses say they have just had an order for 1,000 cases from a firm in London. The most of people thought the loud talk made over it was froth, but it is certainly winning the confidence of the good people of this country very fast, for it is known to be reforming drunkards very fast. Ten eminent physicians testified before a U. S. court in a case involving its claims, that it has done for their patients all it was advertised to do, for a wonder. This is remarkable. The proprietor sits quiet watching his Moxie win its way.

IT IS A CURIOUS FACT

That the body is now more susceptible to benefit from medicine than at any other season. Hence the importance of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla now, when it will do you the most good. It is really wonderful for purifying and enriching the blood, creating an appetite, and giving a healthy tone to the whole system. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is peculiar to itself.

DYSPEPTICS

will never use any other medicine after once giving MAGEE'S EMULSION a fair trial. The rapidity with which it promotes digestion and builds up the entire system is astonishing. Even the weakest dyspeptic can retain the Emulsion on his stomach, and that means a continual improvement and permanent cure.

A New Era in the Cure of Consumption, Catarrh, Deafness, Asthma and Throat Affections.

THE AMERICAN NEBULIZER.

[Patented June 21, 1887.]

An Important Invention by

DR. LIGHTHILL

Of 115 Boylston St., BOSTON,

By means of which local applications can be made to the lungs and air passages direct, as easily and readily as upon the surface of the body, and without the slightest pain.

We would respectfully call public attention to our new invention, by means of which any liquid or soluble medicine can be converted into a nebula or vapor so very subtle and fine that it remains suspended in the air like smoke, and can be inhaled and retained within the lungs as easily as the very air itself, and without the slightest discomfort. Nor is the substance thus inhaled a mere gas, or the odor of a medicine, but it is the actual medicine itself in its full remedial potency; and hence, for the first time in the history of medicine, we are enabled to convey directly to the lungs and air passages the remedies of our choice. Much good was expected from atomization; but it failed to realize our expectations, because the atomized liquid condenses in the throat, and never finds its way into the lower air passages. This is entirely different, however, with our new method, for the remedy selected penetrates to the very air cells of the lungs, to the most remote cavity of the head, or to the middle ear, as may be desired—a fact which a single application will conclusively demonstrate. We thus can treat the lungs as advantageously as the throat, nasal passages, or any other surface accessible to local medication.

By means of this ingenious little apparatus and appropriate remedies, consumption in its early stage, or even somewhat advanced, can be cured, and in hopeless cases the suffering can be mitigated—the troublesome cough allayed—a more favorable condition of health produced, and life prolonged and made more comfortable.

Catarrh in all its stages can be completely cured, and Hoarseness, Bronchial Affections, Asthma, Hay Fever, etc., yield to this new system of medication as if by magic. In Asthma, from the very first application, suffering ceases, and natural breathing is re-established, and will remain so.

Deafness, from affections of the middle ear, and consequently heretofore inaccessible to medication, can be treated with good success, as vaporized remedies can be applied direct to the tympanic cavity without the slightest unpleasant feeling.

A single trial will convince the most incredulous that this new system of medication is one of the greatest advancements in modern medicine, and one of the greatest boons to suffering humanity.

WONDERFUL RESULTS

OF THE

Nebulization Treatment.

IMPORTANT LETTER FROM THE
REV. A. S. WALKER, D. D.

1 ALLSTON ST., BOSTON, MASS., Dec. 21, 1887.

DR. LIGHTHILL:

My Dear Sir:—Since, as you may remember, I had such hesitancy at first, I deem it but simplest justice to you, now that a fair trial of your treatment has been made, to express my present entire confidence in it.

It had always seemed to me most reasonable that remedies, as far as possible, should be applied directly to the seat of disease, or, as the homely adage has it, "that the plaster should be

put where the sore is." But how to do this to all the air passages and sinuses, and even to the minute air cells of the lungs, was the question. The old system of atomization, as I had found by trial, accomplished this only imperfectly, and this for the plain reason that the spray condensed so quickly after leaving the tube. But what the old system thus could not do, your new system of nebulization seems to do most perfectly. Made finer than mist,—as impalpable as smoke,—the remedies seem able to reach the minutest parts, and that, moreover, in a most mild and pleasant way. Indeed, so mild and agreeable was the administration on my first trial that I found myself saying, "Surely such treatment as this can accomplish nothing." But to my surprise, and great satisfaction as well, even the very next day I felt better, and this first experience has but repeated itself each day following. And thus it is that I have found my opinion changing, and hesitancy giving way to confidence. And if this frank and unsolicited testimony of mine shall avail to give others confidence to obtain like benefit I shall be more than glad to have written it.

I need only say, in concluding, that you are at full liberty to refer to me whenever you may choose.

Very truly yours,

A. S. WALKER.

An Important Statement from

Rev. J. C. Bodwell,

Late Pastor of the Central Square Trinitarian Church, Bridgewater, Mass.

To whom it may concern:

I applied to Dr. Lighthill, suffering from a bronchial cough; from post-nasal catarrh, whose discharge was copious and continuous, obliging the constant use of the handkerchief; and from laryngitis, which caused an entire loss of ring in the voice, and an exhaustion in the throat so intense while preaching as to make that duty a torture and a dread; all this was constantly getting worse. Under Dr. Lighthill's wonderful Nebulization Treatment (two months) the cough soon went; the catarrh has disappeared to such an extent that a handkerchief is seldom used, and breathing through the nostrils is easy; while the laryngitis is so near well as to allow me to preach with ease, and my voice has recovered its usual resonance, for which I am very thankful.

J. C. BODWELL.

Boston, Jan. 13, 1887.

Statement from

REV. A. C. SWAIN,

Pastor Cong'l Church, Atkinson, N. H.

I had been a sufferer from catarrh for many years; had consulted many physicians, but to no benefit. I finally decided to make one more attempt for relief, and so sought the medical advice of Dr. Lighthill, of Boston, and availed myself of his new invention—the Nebulization Treatment; for in the state I was in then I knew I could stand it not much longer. My suffering, indeed, was very great, the discharge from the head very profuse, breathing through the nostrils very difficult, and at times wholly impossible, compelling me to breathe with my mouth open, thus constantly inhaling cold and impure air, causing an irritation in my throat and chest, which would have soon resulted in serious lung trouble. This, together with constant liability to fresh colds, wholly unfitted me for the duties of my profession.

It is now a few months since I commenced the use of Dr. Lighthill's treatment, and my catarrh has left me. The constant discharge from my head has been checked; the necessity to hawk and spit exists no longer; breathing through my nostrils has become natural and easy; and my system is no longer susceptible to the changes of the weather, and I feel perfectly well otherwise. Heartily do I recommend this really wonderful treatment to all suffering from catarrh.

Jan. 14, 1887.

A. C. SWAIN.

CURE OF ASTHMA.

FROM MR. DANIEL B. LORD,
of Peabody, Mass.

From actual personal experience I can most heartily recommend Dr. Lighthill and his treatment, having been completely relieved about eighteen months ago from a case of Asthma and Catarrh from which I was a great sufferer for many years.

DANIEL B. LORD.

Peabody, Nov. 26, 1887.

CURE OF CONSUMPTION.

Statement Under Oath.

WINTHROP, MASS., JAN. 5, 1887.

An earnest desire to be of great service to consumptives, and those suffering from catarrh and throat ailments, prompts this public statement.

Seven years ago, when given up to die of consumption by several leading physicians of Lowell, where I then resided (one of whom remarked to my wife that I could not live three months), I applied to Dr. Lighthill, of Boston, in hopes of obtaining, at least, relief from some of my more distressing symptoms, for I had lost confidence of ever being helped much more; but, on examination, Dr. Lighthill felt that he could be of more lasting benefit to me than mere temporary relief, and I consequently placed myself under his care, and commenced using his peculiar Inhalation Treatment. I soon experienced a sense of relief, which awakened new hope and life within me, the distressing cough gradually left me, night sweats and pain in the chest ceased, the constant hawking and profuse expectorations stopped, my lungs healed, I gained in flesh and strength, and, after a few months' use of this wonderful treatment, was wholly restored, and able to resume my former occupation again—that of builder—and up to this I have continued well, working as well as any well man, and still continue so.

Fully convinced that I owe my life, under God's providence, to the skill of Dr. Lighthill, I feel it my duty to advise all similar sufferers to apply to him, and, from my knowledge of the man, I am sure they will not apply in vain.

CHARLES H. BROWN,

Inskip Street, Winthrop, Mass.

BOSTON, JAN. 5, 1887.

Then personally appeared before me the above-named Charles H. Brown, and made oath that the above statement subscribed to by him is true in every particular.

JOHN MIDGLEY,

Justice of the Peace.

Statement of Augustus Durgin, Esq.,

ATTESTED TO BY

Asst. Adj.-Gen. A. C. Monroe.

Grand Army of the Republic of the Department of Massachusetts.

No. 65 CRESCENT AVE.,

CHELSEA, JULY 14, 1886.

DR. LIGHTHILL.—Dear Sir: It gives me great pleasure to express my gratitude for what you have done for me the past two months in restoring me to perfect health, by means of your wonderful Nebulized Medications. I was a great sufferer from catarrh and bronchial affection, so much so that life was a burden. An almost continued cough, sleepless nights, and the inroad the disease made upon my lungs, greatly reduced me in flesh and strength. I have tried various remedies, and employed several physicians, but could obtain no relief, and had almost given up in despair, when a friend urged me to consult you. From the beginning of your wonderful inhalations I began to improve; my cough left me; the profuse expectorations ceased; I grew stronger, gained flesh (and here I wish to state that I gained 12 1-2 pounds in 10 days, and in 20 days 17 1-2 pounds), and since I have ceased your treatment I have gained in strength and held my own in weight, and now I consider myself entirely well. All those who know me are greatly surprised at the wonderful change your skillful treatment has wrought in my case. In hopes to benefit other sufferers, I ask you to give this letter due publicity. Very truly yours,

AUGUSTUS DURGIN,

Mailing Department, Boston Post-office.

Headquarters, Department of Massachusetts, Grand Army of the Republic.

BOSTON, JULY 12, 1886.

I have been a member of Mr. Durgin's family the past two years, and know what a fearful condition he was in when he went to see Dr. Lighthill two months ago, and it gives me great pleasure to be able to testify to the truthfulness of the above statement by him of Dr. Lighthill's wonderful success in the treatment of his case.

Yours respectfully,

A. C. MONROE,

Asst. Adj.-Gen., Dept. of Mass. G. A. R.

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The Golden Rule.

No. 50 BROMFIELD STREET.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1888.

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As is the custom of most weekly papers, THE GOLDEN RULE will be sent until an order is received for its discontinuance, and all arrearages have been paid as required by law.

SWORN STATEMENT OF CIRCULATION OF THE GOLDEN RULE.

The regular weekly edition of THE GOLDEN RULE is twenty-one thousand copies.....**21,000**
Of which nineteen thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven are paid annual subscribers.....**19,827**
Increase since October 1st (six months).....**8,722**
The balance of the edition is sent out in answer to calls for sample copies.

WM. SHAW, Adv. Manager.

BOSTON, APRIL 2, 1888.

Personally appeared before me, the above-named Wm. Shaw, and made oath to the above statement.
WM. KNOLLIN,
Justice of the Peace.

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Editorial.

THE MASTER MOTIVE.

"Great deeds are born of great motives." It is no less true that little duties, persistently and faithfully performed, require the inspiration of some great motive. To save a child from a burning house, at the risk of one's life, requires less true manhood or womanhood than to train that child patiently and unwearyingly for God and heaven. To jump into the swift current and pull the drowning man to the shore is no such test of character as to attempt, patiently and persistently, to save the drunkard, caught in the swift and circling eddies of strong drink. For all such work there must be some "master" motive, to give strength and courage and patient continuance in well-doing.

There is only one such motive in the universe of God; love for Christ and the souls for whom Christ died. It is because that which may live forever in bliss, or which may die the second death, that which was worth the agonies of Gethsemane and Calvary is not for us to dissect and sneer at, but for us to cherish and prize. This makes a man willing to labor for his fellowmen. This motive alone makes the true philanthropist.

A banker knows a golden eagle, though it is nicked and hacked and covered with dirt, and does not throw it away because it is imperfect, but hoards it because it is gold. So a Christian does not pick out the notes in another's soul, and pronounce it worthless because of them. He sees through the notes and foul specks, and they are as nothing to him, because God's image is stamped there.

AFTER THE SALOON, WHAT?

No more timely subject has recently come before an assembly of Christian men than that which bore the above title, and which recently was discussed by a well-known club of Boston ministers and laymen.

Temperance and Christian people have long been exercised with the question, "How to get rid of the saloon?" But a question that is equally important and almost as pressing is already staring the Christian public in the face, "After the saloon, what?" It will not do to empty the saloon, and leave it swept and garnished, lest spirits seven times worse enter in and take possession. A garden-plot overgrown with weeds is an unpleasant sight, but a garden-plot, free from weeds, yet bare and destitute of life, is scarcely an improvement. Moreover, it will not be many days before the ground will be full of a new and, possibly, more noxious growth than before. There is but one way, after all, of permanently conquering the saloon, and that is the Bible method of overcoming evil with good. Let philanthropists turn their attention to the counter attractions which, when the saloon is torn down or shut up, will take its place. It will not do to waste time about this matter either. The Evil One, who is the chief supporter and patron of the saloon, is as ingenious as he is diabolical. Christian ingenuity must meet and match devilish ingenuity. The attractions of the Church and of the Christian Association, of the lyceum and of the reading-room, must, in some way, be substituted for the attraction of the rum-shop, or else there is little hope of redeeming this rum-cursed world. Let every Christian man and woman not only discuss this question at the meeting of his club, but ask it of himself, and propound it to his Christian neighbor, and pray over it in his church, "Instead of the saloon, what?"

COFFEE-HOUSES.

One practical answer to the question, "What shall be substituted for the saloon?" is, "The Coffee-House." The Coffee-House experiment has never been fairly tried on any large scale, at least, in this country. To be sure, here and there coffee-houses have been opened that will accommodate a few score patrons, but what are they among so many saloons? Too often these so-called coffee-houses are dingy, unwholesome-looking affairs, which trade on their temperance character, and serve out a diluted extract of chicory and beans over a sloppy counter in an ill-smelling room, together with a portion of dyspeptic beans, and indigestible doughnuts. Such coffee-houses can never supplant the saloon. But why cannot the coffee-house, in attractiveness, rival the saloon? Why should "Satan's Own" be made inviting, and the other place, which is established on purpose to rival it, often be so uninviting? The small boy who, when forbidden to go fishing on Sunday, was told, as an offset, that he might go and walk in the graveyard, if he would be good, was hardly weaned from his worldly thoughts, by any such dismal comfort. It is equally useless to hope to win the laboring man from his cups by any device which has not the attractiveness of the saloon, minus its sting. But such attractive coffee-houses can be established. The success of a few, already in operation, demonstrate this fact. We know of one such establishment, at least. It is not called a coffee-house, but over its counter delicious coffee and chocolate and all kinds of unintoxicating drinks are dispensed. Its plate glass mirrors rival the most elegant saloon, its ceilings and frescoes are elegant and ornate, its counters are clean and polished, its service is obliging and attentive. It is always crowded at meal times, and sometimes a dozen men are waiting for a chance to get their lunch at its attractive counter. It pays, we are confident, large dividends on the investment. This is a rival of the saloon which really rivals; it is a competition which competes; it is a practical answer to the question, "Instead of the saloon, what?"

IF.

"He would make a capital preacher if he would drop that mannerism." "He would be a fine lecturer if he had a different voice." "He would make a most excellent teacher if he had a more commanding presence." How often we hear such remarks made, and how futile they are! There is an "if" about every man who lives in this imperfect world. Such remarks when simmered down to their real meaning often are as tautological as though one said, "Such and such a one would be perfect if he was only perfect." Or, "In such another character little would be left to be desired

if he were only an angel." To be sure, dear critic, there is very little doubt about this proposition, and there is as little that is novel or startling about it. Very likely you, yourself, will be improved when you are so happy as to reach the fields Elysian. Remember, too, that these "ifs" stand often for individuality of character. The "if" differentiates the man from the common herd, and uniformity and conventionality would be gained at the expense of originality and power. Do not find so much fault with the mannerism of your minister. It may be only the unfortunate manifestation of real ability. Take away that "if" and you would lose not a little of the man. In fact, few men would be good for much were there not in their lives an "if" of this sort for the carping world to croak at.

ANOTHER KIND OF "IF."

There is another kind of an "if" which usually relates not to the mere externals and mannerisms of the man, but to his moral character which must be treated in a very different way. It is worse to cover up serious defects with an "if" than it is to exaggerate trifling idiosyncrasies by the use of the same little word. Yet it is done quite as often. "He would be a fine fellow, if he would only let liquor alone." But ah! he will not let liquor alone, and he is very far from being a fine fellow. "He would be a capital companion, if you could only believe what he says." But alas! he is a confirmed liar, and his is a false and despicable character; he is anything but a capital companion. "He would be such a gentleman, if he only wasn't such a rake." But if he is a rake he can never be a gentleman. There is no such thing as making a fine fellow out of a drunkard, or a capital companion out of a liar, or a gentleman out of a rake. There is much more than a single "if" between such characters, they are diametrically opposed. The devil himself is popularly supposed to have some admirable qualities, such as industry and perseverance, but these make him none the less a demon, but only the more fiendish. The fact is, all such moral defects, which are not merely surface idiosyncrasies, but matters of the heart and character, eat into and eat out the life of the whole man. They are not pimples on the skin, which in a kind-hearted observer should excite no remark; they are indications of rottenness and disease in the very heart. We do a wrong to society, and especially to youth, when we minimize and gloss over such defects. We should never speak of them as the peculiarities of a "good fellow" or a "gentleman."

AN OPEN LETTER FROM MR. MOSSBACK TO THE RIGHT REV. FATHER NECKTIE.

DEAR BROTHER: I think you are related by marriage, are you not, to Rev. Eminently Respectable, to whom I wrote recently? I would not imply by the title prefixed to your name that you necessarily belong to the liturgical orders or that you always wear a gown and bands. You sometimes belong to the non-liturgical orders. You are not nearly so numerous as you used to be, for there are few of our profession in these days that are known only by their clothes. In fact, I think sometimes, in my old foggy way, that the pendulum has swung too far to the other extreme, and that some of our younger clergymen have shown undue anxiety not to be known by their "cloth," but occasionally we see one of your kind in these days. I saw him get into the horse-cars the other day. I should have known that he was a preacher of some denomination at least two blocks away, or as far as he could be seen with the naked eye. He stepped daintily, so as not to soil his exquisite boots. He flirited his immaculate coat-tails in a peculiar professional manner, and spread them out so as to take up two seats in the horse-car instead of one, and I could see the conductor and driver tip each other the wink when the car came to a standstill to receive him, as though he was a familiar and amusing passenger on their route. I am not very good at the dead languages in these days, and I forget the Latin for "necktie," or whether indeed the old Romans used such an article of personal decoration, but a motto which would not be inappropriate to your family coat-of-arms would be: *Necktie et præterea Nihil*. Any such haberdashery is very poor stock in trade for a minister, if he hasn't a good deal to go with it. The more necktie a man displays, the more brains and heart he ought to have to support it. A very brainy and very earnest man can support a good deal of finery, but ordinary men, like you and me, should make our peculiarly ministerial garb inconspicuous and modest. I forget who it was who remarked that the

only difference in these days between a priest and a layman was that the former buttoned his standing collar behind and the latter in front. Let that, dear brother, not be the only distinction by which we shall be known in this observant world.

Your friend, A. MOSSBACK.

EDITORIAL NOTES FROM THE WIDE FIELD.

"The Field is the World."

Two Boston Churches.

Our readers will rejoice with Berkeley Street Church, of Boston, in the settlement of their new pastor, Rev. C. A. Dickinson, who, as one of the associate editors of this journal, and one of the trustees of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, is so happily known to them. In the new and enlarged plans of this church for the people, an almost boundless opportunity opens before the new pastor, but his friends feel that he has abundant and peculiar qualifications for the place. Another prominent Boston church, the Union, has recently called another of the trustees of the United Society, and a frequent contributor to THE GOLDEN RULE, Rev. N. Boynton, of Haverhill. Should he accept, he, too, will have the good wishes and prayers of thousands of our readers for a successful and happy pastorate. They feel confident that he knows all about "A Working Church, and How to Secure It."

The "Q."

Conflicting and often contradictory reports come from the seat of the great railroad war, but it seems, on the whole, that things are in a worse condition than ever before, and that the strike is extending to other great roads in the West. It now looks as though this might be the most serious "tie-up" in the history of railroading, and that for a brief time the strikers might carry out their threat, "to cut off Chicago from the West." To most persons, at least to those who live a thousand miles from the seat of war, the causes for this strike seem most trivial and inadequate to lead sensible men to entail so much inconvenience to the public, and so much misery to their own families.

Mr. Cook's Receptions.

Among the most charming receptions which are given in Boston are those given by Rev. Joseph Cook and his accomplished wife. They are informal and unconventional, but all the more delightful in consequence, and call together a company of exceedingly pleasant people. A recent reception was given in honor of Rev. Selah Merrill, D. D., LL. D., the eminent Palestine explorer, who, by the way, will soon begin a series of articles in our columns on "Sacred Places About Jerusalem." Mr. Cook has just finished a very successful course of Monday lectures, and at their close, as usual, his enthusiastic audience asked for "more" next year.

Not the Only Curse.

At the reception above alluded to, Dr. Merrill made the statement that many of the Arabs who would not on any account touch a drop of intoxicating liquor, or even use a piece of tobacco, would yet cut your throat or steal your purse without any compunctions of conscience. This only goes to prove the truth which some of us in the presence of the horrid evil of the nineteenth century are apt to forget, viz., that there are other sources of crime aside from liquor in the world. This curse of curses is so appalling that we sometimes need to remind ourselves that there would be room for the doctrine of total depravity, even if the rum-shop was razed and the distillery demolished.

Owning Land.

A recent writer tells us that "Americans native born have no idea of the importance of owning land. They have let foreigners come here and buy hundreds of thousands of acres of land, and just because it was cheap the American citizen wouldn't have it. The result is that when the values raise, as in many cases out West, the foreigner was the one to profit by it." We are inclined to think there is much truth in this, and, in forty years from now, when America has a hundred and twenty millions of people, many a man will sigh for the days of his youth, when land sold for a dollar an acre, and he would not buy it because it was "dirt cheap."

What Many Publishers Feel, but Do not Say.

From one of our exchanges we clip the following, printed in bold, black type on the editorial page. We have no doubt that many of our brethren in the newspaper business feel in the same way, though they may

not care to express themselves in such vigorous, nervy English:

"It will be well for all to understand that we mean to send the paper to every person owing us. If, when all accounts are settled, they want the paper discontinued, we will gratify them, but not until then. We have no desire to be hard on any one, and those who have occasioned the publication of this statement ought to be ashamed of it. Unless due notice is given to this statement within a reasonable period, a list of pretty names in black letters will be published. This is positive."

Applied Christianity.

For The Golden Rule.

THE WORKERS' TRAINING CLASS.

BY C. B. WHITE.

[We have been asked to give some further account of the "Workers' Training Classes," which flourish in connection with several of our larger Young Men's Christian Associations. The following account is by a worker and a leader in this method of service.—ED.]

What is it? "It is a company of believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, who recognize their own inefficiency as 'workmen thoroughly furnished unto every good work,' banded together by the love of Christ and love to Christ, seeking, by an interchange of thought, to assist each other in acquiring more knowledge, experience and fitness in winning souls to Christ."

The class is limited to twelve, and is usually composed of those who feel the need of more Bible study, and desire to do more soul-saving work. Each one is expected to spend at least three hours each week on the lesson, and to be present at each meeting of the class, unless necessarily detained. The class meets once each week at an hour and place convenient for all. The leader should be one of the number. One should be chosen who is willing to study and keep ahead of the class. It is not always the one who knows the most who makes the best leader. The idea of these classes first originated in the Young Men's Christian Association, but some Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor are now adopting the plan. The hour is divided into two sections. The first half of the hour is devoted to the Word, and the second half is devoted to supposed dealing with inquirers. The member, in preparing for the first half of the hour, is supposed to read through the book assigned. For instance: Genesis is the book in hand for the first half hour of the first lesson. The leader asks, "Who wrote the book? What nationality was the writer? Where and under what circumstances was the book written? How many chapters? Meaning of title? When was it written? Key-thought?" etc.

The second half of the hour is devoted to answering objections from a supposed inquirer. The case in hand is a man who says, "I am too great a sinner." Every member has six verses to answer the objection or excuse. One member gives Isa. 1: 18, showing this man that Christ washes away the sins of even the worst sinners. Another member gives Isa. 55: 1. Another gives Matt. 11: 28; Rom. 5: 8; Heb. 7: 25; Rev. 22: 17, etc. Out of all the verses brought in the six best are selected and jotted in the note-books of the members. The next week each member is to have these six verses committed to memory, and be able to give location of each. In advance they are to bring in six verses to answer another objection, which is, "I live a fair life and will run my chances." The following are some of the verses brought in, we will suppose: Matt. 18: 3; John 3: 3, 18; Titus 3: 5, and many others. Out of these the six best are selected to be learned. If, after reciting the lesson, five minutes remain to be used, give them exercise in finding places. Call for a verse somewhere in the New, then go back to the Old, etc. The first one finding the verse called for reads the first word, showing that he has found it. After a time your members can find any place very readily. A few moments may be spent profitably in asking the members to spell some of the hard names of books in the Old Testament. What is the result? Remarks like the following have been made by members of such a class of only a few months old, "I never loved my Bible so much before." "I never knew there was so much in the Bible for me."

Persons when asked to join such a class usually say that they have not the time. The devil whispers in the ear of young converts that they have no time for Bible study. He is perfectly satisfied when he can keep a man away from this Book. In the first place, no Christian has a right to be so busy that he has no time for Bible study. Christ himself tells us to

"search the Scriptures," and He certainly would not ask us to do anything which we could not do. He says "to search," not read carelessly, but to ransack, look for truths as if we were hunting for something.

One young man, when asked why he did not organize such a class, replied by saying, "Our young people are so busily engaged in mission work that they have no time for Bible study." How absurd! So much work to do that they have no time for preparation. A mason might just as well say that he had so much stone-laying to do that he had no time to eat any breakfast. Better spend one-half the time in working and more time in eating, and he could do just twice as much work in the same amount of time. If a man works without eating, he will become weak instead of strong. Some workers, strange to say, go without eating. Then there are others who eat on the run. Let us take time for our eating, knowing that he who digests his food makes the best workman. I do not believe that it is a lack of time on the part of most Christians so much as a lack of disposition. The first Worker's Training Class was connected with the Y. M. C. A., of Philadelphia. They were pledged to study three hours each week, and were pledged to be there each week. They were all busy men, as you will see by the following:

Six were clerks, two book-keepers, one lawyer, one dentist, one coal-miner, one manufacturer, one librarian, one electrician, one engraver, one stenographer, one student, one tailor, one dairyman, one watchman.

Ask yourself the practical question: "Am I any more busy than these men were?"

For The Golden Rule.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

BY MISS SARA L. WOOD.

[Some allusion to the Audubon Society and the Audubon Pledge, published a few weeks ago, has brought us more than one request for further information. At our request, Miss Wood, one of the active promoters of this good work, sends the following.—ED.]

"The Audubon Society for the Protection of Birds" was founded in New York City, February, 1886. The registered membership of the society was 42,246, Nov. 30, 1886. Its purpose is the protection of American birds not used for food, from destruction, for mercantile purposes. Its imperative need is outlined somewhat by the following statements:

The destruction of our birds has increased at a rate which seriously threatens the utter extinction of some species.

A few figures may give some slight idea of the slaughter. A single collector brought back from a three months' trip 11,000 skins; from one small district on Long Island came 70,000 in four months' time. One firm had on hand, Feb. 1st, 200,000. One contract from a New York firm to a Paris firm was to supply 40,000 American bird skins. In London there were sold, in three months, from one auction-room, 760,853 skins. These figures tell the pitiful story of many a deserted hedge or silent grove, once vocal with song.

What lover of nature has not noted this silence, and, perhaps, not known the cause. It matters not if the bird be a useful one, which devours the hurtful insects, or a beautiful plumaged songstress, whose coming is so welcome. Everything that wears feathers is killed, and this work is carried on chiefly by men and boys, who sell the skin plumage for what? Principally for the trimming of women's hats, bonnets and clothing. As one has said, "Some humane people turn away, sick and disgusted, from the sight of a hat ornamented (?) with clusters of these lovely little creatures, grouped to look almost life-like enough to wail out their own anguish."

The object of this society is three-fold, as seen by the terms of membership. Ostrich feathers and those of domestic fowls exempted. In no case will a certificate of membership be issued before the receipt of the signed pledges. The signing of any of the pledges will qualify one for membership in the society. It is earnestly desired that each member may sign all of the pledges. Beyond the promise contained in the pledge no obligation nor responsibility is incurred. There are no fees, no dues, nor any expenses of any kind. There are no conditions as to age.

The Audubon Society Pledges.

PLEDGE No. 1.—I pledge myself not to kill, wound nor capture any wild bird not used for food so long as I remain a member of the Audubon Society; and I promise to discourage and prevent, so far as I can, the killing, wounding or capture of birds by others.

PLEDGE No. 2.—I pledge myself not to rob, destroy, nor in any way disturb or injure, the nest or eggs of any wild bird, so long as I remain a member of the Audubon Society; and I promise to discourage and prevent, so far as I can, such injury by others.

PLEDGE No. 3.—I pledge myself not to make use of the feathers of any wild bird as ornaments of dress or household furniture, and by every means in my power to discourage the use of feathers for decorative purposes.

I.....of.....State of.....hereby subscribe to above pledges Nos.....

Witness my hand this.....day of.....A. D. 1888.
(Signed)

Christian Endeavor.

Officers of the United Society.

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REV. F. E. CLARK.

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50 Bromfield Street.

OUR GROWTH.

Membership of the Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor.

	Societies.	Members.
In 1881.....	2	88
In 1882.....	7	481
In 1883.....	56	2,870
In 1884.....	156	8,905
In 1885.....	253	10,964
In 1886.....	350	50,000
In 1887 (July 6).....	2,314	140,000
In 1888 January (estimated). 3,500		250,000

A FAMILIAR LETTER

From the President of the United Society.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: A very few persons, for reasons best known to themselves, seem bent on minimizing and disparaging the Christian Endeavor cause. They are evidently very much afraid that some of us will become unduly exalted and puffed up by the rapid spread of the societies, and they (in a purely philanthropic spirit, of course,) wish to "take us down," and show that this work, which is so much talked about just now, amounts to very little, after all. These good brethren (there are not many of them) remind me of the deacon who, when his pastor prayed that he (the pastor) might be kept humble and poor in spirit, remarked that if the Lord would keep him humble, the church would keep him poor. So these brethren, relying upon the societies to prevent any great increase of wealth, think it their business to keep us all humble. Well, if they only knew the perplexities and anxieties and causes for humility which surround the Christian Endeavor headquarters, they would go out of this wholly superfluous business.

Do Our Societies Stand for any Principle?

One favorite method of these brethren is to assume that our societies are the outgrowth of the times (and there is much truth in this), that the work they are accomplishing would have been done anyway. They say, "Let it (the society) not claim as its own the fruit of other agencies." (When did it ever claim this?) They say, "It is not just to say that all the members of Endeavor Societies, who unite with the church, are brought in by this movement." (Who ever said this?) They speak of it as the "so-called Christian Endeavor movement," and further, seem to claim that we should have no distinctive principles, and should stand for nothing in particular, remarking, "It would be wrong to say that every society should conform to the peculiar rules and methods of the first." I, for one, never made that assertion, nor heard it made, but that brings up the questions: Do our societies stand for anything? Have they any underlying principles, or can young people's associations of every sort or description claim the name "Christian Endeavor?"

"A Free Country."

Right here I would like to make a remark which is not altogether new, but is entirely applicable, "This is a free country." No pastor or church is obliged to have a Christian Endeavor Society. Dear brethren, please adopt that "better way" about which you are so fond of talking. We all want to know it, and just as soon as you have proved it we

will adopt it, and make all our Christian Endeavor Societies over, on the improved plan, if possible. In the meantime, if you do not believe in our methods, please do us the favor to call your organization by some other name. Ours is not a Society of Literary Endeavor, nor a Society of Social Endeavor, nor a Society of Parliamentary Practice Endeavor, but a Society of Christian Endeavor, and while it is entirely flexible and adapted to the needs of any local church, it does stand for certain principles which we deem of importance. These principles are very few, but they are very important. One of these is, that *frequent and regular public confession of Christ is essential to the growth in grace of the young disciple.* Hence,

The Prayer-Meeting Pledge.

No organization of young people has a right to call itself a Society of Christian Endeavor that leaves that out of its constitution, or totally ignores it. If they choose they can leave it out, and oppose the idea, and ridicule it even, but let them be honest and not call themselves by the name which stands for that particular thing, and has from the beginning. What was tentative seven years ago is not altogether so now. The experience of seven years ought to prove something, and, if anything has been proved, it is the importance of this regulation to the continued growth and prosperity of a Society of Christian Endeavor.

Another essential feature is found in the

Committee Work.

The methods of these committees may be almost infinitely varied, but some work of this sort is absolutely essential. *The idea of a training school is as fundamental as the idea of frequent public confession.* Two or three of the main committees seem to be necessary, like the Lookout, Prayer-Meeting and Social, and, at least, the idea of definite, specific, individual service for Christ, of some kind, must not be lost out of sight in a Society of Christian Endeavor. Again

The Right Combination of Confession and Service

has been proved to be an essential matter. The prayer-meeting alone does not make a Society of Christian Endeavor; the committee work alone does not make such a society, but the two together in just proportions will, we hope, build up many young lives in symmetrical and beautiful proportions. Of course, this service may assume great variety of form. It affords scope for the largest ingenuity, and yet its principle remains unchanged. It includes care for the stranger and the sick, the cause of temperance and of missions; it does not forget the importance of good music in the service of God, or even the weekly bouquet to beautify His house. It remembers the needs of the home Sunday school, and the mission school, and never forgets the regular services of the church. And this leads us to one more thing for which the Society of Christian Endeavor stands, and that is

Loyalty to the Church.

It exists only for this end, to build up the cause of Christ by strengthening and helping His church in any way that young people may appropriately do this. In this, too, it differs from most other organizations of young people. To be sure, there may be Societies of Christian Endeavor that do not altogether fulfil this mission, or by reason of local disturbances do not help the church as they ought, but just so far forth as they do not, they are not true Societies of Christian Endeavor. I have heard of one so-

ciety, calling itself by our name, whose chief work was the management of a series of dances. But because it chose to call itself by this name have we no right to protest or assert our own principles? According to the logic of some of our friends one would think not. Do not be afraid of being hampered or shackled in any way by the rules of the Society of Christian Endeavor. They afford the largest scope for every company of young people to do their own work in their own way as the needs of their own church may require; but please inform all your friends that we have some principles, some fundamental ideas, and while there is no reason in the world why they should adopt them unless they choose, they will do us a great favor if they will not call themselves by our name until they adopt these principles. Your friend,

FRANCIS E. CLARK.

THE QUESTION-BOX.

1. By what method can an associate member, who has been faithfully labored with, but who persists in leading a bad life, be dropped by the society?

Ans. By the recommendation of the Lookout Committee, and by vote of the society; but this should not be done until kindly and proper efforts have been made to reclaim him.

2. Can the name of an active member who is unwilling to be faithful to the Prayer-Meeting Pledge and consecration service, be placed upon the associate list rather than dropped, if he so desires?

Ans. We should say, most decidedly, "No." This course, in time, would make the associate list a fold for black sheep. Unfaithful Christians, if such an expression is allowable, should leave the society altogether if they persist in their unfaithfulness after proper care has been taken to show them their duty.

3. Should the name of an associate member be voted upon when he wishes to change to active membership?

Ans. Yes.

SOMETHING NEW.

In answer to many calls for an attractive card of invitation, the following has been prepared by the United Society, and will be sent to any address, postpaid, for 75 cents per hundred, or \$1 per hundred with name of society and date of meeting printed in. This is beautifully printed on fine cardboard:

YOUNG PEOPLE'S
SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

You are cordially invited to attend our
Prayer-Meetings which are held

and it would give us great pleasure to have
you become a regular attendant upon them.

The Record books, improved and reduced in price, are now ready for delivery. Several new things in the way of Christian Endeavor literature have lately been published, a price-list of which can be obtained by writing to U. S. C. E., 50 Bromfield Street, Boston. Societies in Chicago and vicinity can obtain our leaflets, badges, etc., of A. W. Fairbanks, 144 Monroe Street, Chicago, who is also authorized to take subscriptions for THE GOLDEN RULE.

"PANSY" AT CHICAGO.

Thousands of our readers will rejoice to know that Mrs. G. R. Alden, "Pansy," has consented to write a special Christian Endeavor story which she will read at the National Convention at Chicago.

A multitude who have been helped by her books will now have a chance to meet their favorite author face to face. Mrs. Alden writes to the President of the United Society, "I am very deeply interested in the Society of Christian Endeavor, and have watched the rapid development with care. Ever since the young ladies of your church wrote me about the matter, I have had in mind the preparation of a book for the organization, and shall lecture at the coming meeting with that end in view. Indeed, I fancy that the story I will read may be a bit of the book which is to be. So far as I can now tell, I imagine the story will be called 'Chrissy's Endeavor.'"

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GLOBE.

A Y. P. S. C. E. has just been established at Brisbane, Queensland, Australia. The Queensland Freeman devotes two pages of the issue of Feb. 15th to the society, and in an editorial notice, says:

"In another column we have referred to the Christian Endeavor Society, which has within the last few years made such rapid strides in America, and is now arresting the attention of many churches in the home country. Its motto, 'For Christ and the Church,' indicates at once its central and churchly character. We most strongly commend the Society to all our churches as affording a medium for stimulating the young people's work in the Lord's vineyard."

Another recent letter from Samokov, Bulgaria, written by Rev. Fred L. Kingsbury, asking that THE GOLDEN RULE be sent to two of the native workers in that city, says:

"I am forwarding it (THE GOLDEN RULE) to my friend and valuable Christian worker, Mr. Pachedjef. A letter just received from him is full of gratitude for the paper which he knows not is to be continued. Why don't you get up a list of subscriptions for those who are working for the Master in these foreign parts? They have such small salaries that they cannot pay for such things, but they are of great value to them."

We pass this suggestion over to our readers with the earnest hope that they will act upon it. To most foreign missionaries the paper will be sent for \$1.50 per year, more than fifty cents of which must go for postage.

For The Golden Rule.

THREE DAYS IN DENVER.

BY GEO. M. WARD.

In the local vernacular one has to be a "rustler" to get along in Denver. It is very plain that her citizens believe this is true. They also believe that any one who comes to their city should possess the same "rustling" qualities. They take it for granted, in fact, and when the plans are in their hands they map out the working on that basis. Your secretary was not familiar with the term, did not, in fact, know its definition till after his arrival in Denver, and even then found some difference of opinion as to its true significance. With one and all, however, it meant activity, and all were equally agreed that it was required of all visitors, as well as by citizens. In accordance with the above belief, the Christian Endeavor campaign was mapped out. Arriving late Saturday afternoon, we were advised of an "informal" meeting at the German Methodist Church. At once two questions arose. What should we expect at an "informal" meeting? How would our German hold out? We had "*Sprechen-Sic-Deutsch*"-ed in college, to the dismay of the professors; we had stumbled

through German text-books, but this was the real article. It was with fear and trembling that we approached that gathering. We were not long left in doubt as to the term "informal;" the pastor, a German himself, calmly informed us that it meant a speech. "Yes, they speak English, they speak German," we are told. Readers, I wish you could have been there. That prayer in German, by a good old elder, would have gone to your heart, while the songs in German, as an English-speaking visitor who was present said, "were just as easy to understand; why, I knew all the time the thoughts they were expressing." Yes, Christians all speak one tongue.

Sunday was a busy day. Up in the West Denver church, in the absence of the pastor, Mr. Cross, the morning service was devoted to Christian Endeavor. Hastening down to the Sabbath school service at the First Congregational Church, a few moments were given to the cause. At 6 o'clock the cause was presented again at the Glenarm Church, and at 7:30 at the church of which Rev. Mr. Westervelt is pastor.

On Monday morning, at the meeting of the city pastors, the work was again up for presentation and discussion. Many were the kindly words said of it, and many the encouraging remarks as to the future outlook for the cause in Denver, while not a few pastors, who had not at the time such societies in their churches, expressed their intentions of organizing at an early date. Monday evening, at the South Broadway Baptist Church, a most interesting meeting was held, and on Tuesday evening the campaign was closed by a mass-meeting of all the societies in the Central Christian Church.

The past year shows a marked gain in the interest in the work, in the City of Denver. A year ago at this time there were but two societies, now there are a large number, with a prospect of a still larger increase during the coming months. In a letter received since leaving Denver we are told that, at the Glenarm Church, the ranks of the society are filling up very fast, while at the coming communion several members are to unite with the church. Denver was a little slow in taking hold of the movement, but in that city they appreciate anything which is helpful, and also have a faculty of making the most of what they appreciate. In consequence, we expect to see this city come rapidly to the front in the near future, and to learn that her lofty position and beautiful air are extremely beneficial to healthy religious growth amongst the young people.

For The Golden Rule.

REVERENCE.

BY CHARLES N. GOODRICH.

The boys and girls of many years ago were sometimes taught reverence for God's house and service by the tithing-man, who occasionally used his authority with a surprising vigor. He was as a standing army to them; but prompted by fear it is doubtful if they became very worshipful under instruction from a rod both seen and felt.

This church official has providentially ceased to exist, and although no one has taken his place armed with like powers, yet the young people of to-day are far in advance of those of equal age a century or less ago. The gain is easily accounted for by the fact that love from within the heart as now inculcated will always outstrip law from without, and reach the goal of an ambition common to both. Reverence in the young for what

represents the divine may have been dimmed in the past by unwise methods; but owing to the Christian Endeavor of the present it is no longer a "lost art."

When Queen Victoria has a "drawing-room," the invited guests pay her every token of respect in the carriage of the person, while every heart beats with fervent loyalty for the august lady. As subjects of a higher power we ever have a cordial invitation to meet Him, and when we enter the church we are to remember that we have come into the audience-room of the great King. If we give to the instinct of worship in us the freedom which it claims by right divine, what more appropriate way can we express it in time of prayer than by bowing the head as well as the heart?

Then there will be a delightful harmony between the inward spirit and the outward act.

Attitude in a religious gathering is not

worship. Some may say that inclining the head is only a form, a habit which constant repetition makes more or less meaningless. Possibly it may in some cases, but it will be admitted by all, that as a rule it will have a tendency to aid us in our endeavors after a nobler life. The Christian Endeavor movement is entitled to a unanimous vote of thanks for its part in bringing about this homage at the throne of grace.

Reverence also for everything which stands for the right is worthy of emulation. John B. Gough had an intense love for the Christ, and it was a positive luxury to see how tenderly he handled the Bible. To him it was a jewel-case of rare workmanship, containing the pearl of great price.

Could lips themselves speak, how many would say, "Even to whisper the name of the Redeemer is as sweet as the memory of an answered prayer!"

We likewise can thank the gracious Giver of every good and perfect gift by giving Him the first and the best place in our hearts, expressing our admiration as occasion serves. It is said that Sir Walter Raleigh once threw down his elegant cloak for Queen Elizabeth to step upon in order that she might not touch the ground, an act of courtesy which won for the courtier the favor of royalty. If we would seek advancement in the realm of Christian Endeavor let us fail not in tokens of devotion to the Great Head of the church, evidencing our sincerity by reverential demeanor both within and without the sacred walls. It is certainly very disrespectful in view of the time and place for us, especially while prayer is winging its way heavenward, to look about as if unconscious of the fact that we are slighting the service of the Most High. We are not reporters for the press, and staring about is foreign to the purpose of the occasion. May it ever be said to the credit of our beloved Christian Endeavor Society, that it humbled itself, and, as a result, was exalted.

Medford, Mass.

For The Golden Rule.

WHAT THE FLOWER COMMITTEE PLANNED.

BY C. W. F.

Alice Mayhew, Nella James, Fred Osborne and Charlie Melvin were chosen as the Flower Committee by the Society of Christian Endeavor. They lived only ten minutes' ride from Boston, and there was plenty of opportunity to do good.

Alice Mayhew was a bright, wide-awake girl, who always went into any work with her whole heart. She led her class at school, could keep house as well as her mother, and never had many idle moments. She had written a note to each of the others, inviting them to meet at her house on Monday evening, and talk over the plans.

"First, of course, we want to think about decorating the church, as a regular thing, every Sunday," announced Alice.

"I want to tell you what they do about that where Aunt Amy lives," said Nella. "During the months of June, July, August and September, all the families who have flower-gardens are invited to decorate one Sunday. In that way there is a great variety both in flowers and arrangement. Now there are ever so many families who live here that have pretty gardens. Why can't we do the same?"

"That is just what we will do," said the others.

A list was then made out, and Nella was appointed to ask these people if they would agree to it. Nobody was asked to take charge of more than one Sunday. Many were delighted with the proposition, and with the fact that there was something they could do.

"I was thinking, girls," began Charlie, "if we couldn't do something for the poor little mites one sees in the city street. I never walk up from the depot with a rose in my coat, without having half a dozen of those urchins beg for it."

"Just the thing," exclaimed Alice, clapping her hands. "My Sunday school class will enjoy nothing better than meeting with me once a week, and making buttonhole bouquets."

"Where will you get the flowers?"

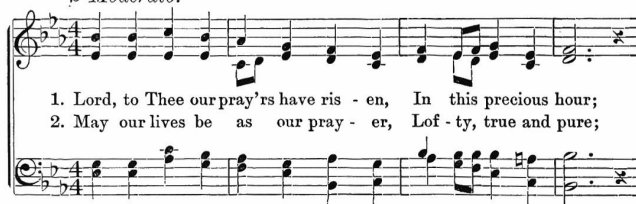
"Oh, I'll ask father to give a notice in Sunday school to the effect that those who want to do good may leave any flowers they can spare at my house every Thursday or Friday. My little girls can make up the bouquets Friday,

CLOSING HYMN.

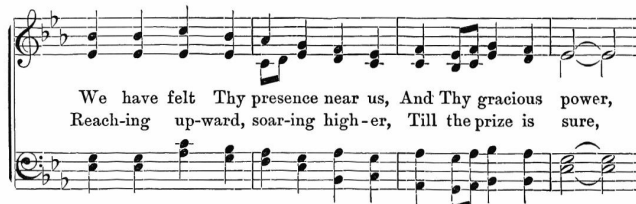
Words by HARRY H. PALMER.

Music by CHAS. C. TREAT.

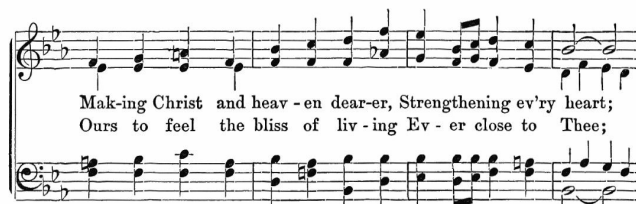
p Moderato.



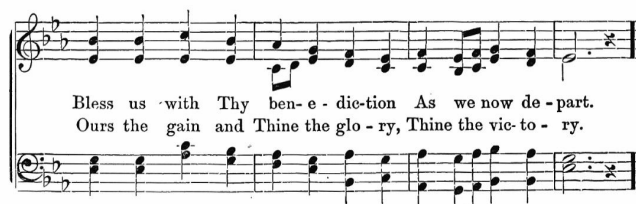
1. Lord, to Thee our pray-ers have ris - en, In this precious hour;
2. May our lives be as our pray - er, Lof - ty, true and pure;



We have felt Thy presence near us, And Thy gracious power,
Reach-ing up-ward, soar-ing high-er, Till the prize is sure,



Mak-ing Christ and heav-en dear-er, Strengthening ev'ry heart;
Ours to feel the bliss of liv-ing Ev-er close to Thee;



Bless us with Thy ben-e-dic-tion As we now de-part.
Ours the gain and Thine the glo-ry, Thine the vic-to-ry.

everything; but considered as a *photograph*, there is a striking resemblance between it and the real life itself. Like the face of a clock, it indicates and is obedient to what is back of it.

The exercise of reverence, pure and simple, puts us right in the line of a personal blessing, whose birthplace is in the skies. The *Æolian* harp is voiceless when its strings are unswept by the wind; but when placed where the breezes can breathe upon it, it renders to their wooing the tribute of melody. Upon the upward look of faith there shines a radiance from above, and reverence is wedded to the gospel light. In the society with which I am most familiar, the active members very generally bow the head, resting it upon the back of the pew in front of them while the pastor voices their united petition, and the soul thrives in this atmosphere of

An appreciative recognition of a Supreme Being tends to give us a heartiness to Him, for there is such a thing as closeness of person and distance of heart.

We know that in old times parents were careful to have the children "make their manners" to all visitors. What are called the common courtesies of life have very much to do with making it beautiful and attractive. This omission is a breach of etiquette, which deserves and receives censure. A friendly bow is only a little act, but life is made up of just such little things. If politeness between man and man has such sway, shall we not be very courteous to God in thought and deed? "Hush!" said a little girl to her companions who were laughing during prayer, "we should be polite to God."

We love to return the favors of earth

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OF ASBURY THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

after school, and Saturday I will carry some of them over to Cousin May, for her Mission School at the North End. The boys can have some to give away to any children they may meet."

"Now we must not forget the sick people in the church," said Nella.

"Why can't they have the flowers we use on Sunday?" asks Fred.

"So they can," answers Charlie, "and you and I, Fred, will arrange to take them to their proper destination, the flowers, I mean," he adds, laughing a little.

After a little more talk the meeting broke up with the understanding that they were to meet again soon, and talk over what had been accomplished.

A YEAR'S WORK OF A LOCAL UNION.

First Annual Meeting of the Christian Endeavor Union of Springfield, Mass.

The first anniversary celebration of the Springfield (Mass.) Christian Endeavor Union was held in the Trinity Methodist Church, in that city, March 21st. Starting with seven societies, with a membership of 375, it now numbers fifteen societies, with 860 members.

Besides promoting greatly the sociability and kindness of feeling and increasing the attendance in the churches where these societies exist, they have done much more, and fifty-six have been led to the Saviour, and fifty-eight influenced to profess Him openly by joining His visible church.

The report of the secretary, C. W. Williams, embodied briefly the following: The Christian Endeavor movement was introduced into Springfield by Rev. Dr. Burnham, the first society being started at the First Congregational Church, April 30, 1885. Four societies were started in 1885, two in 1886, seven in 1887, and two so far in 1888, making in all fifteen societies now in our "Union." Four quarterly conferences were held during the past year. We have been favored at these conferences by addresses from President F. E. Clark, General Secretary Ward, Treasurer Shaw, also by Miss E. D. Hanscom, Mrs. Haggett, Dr. Josiah Strong, and others, to all of whom we return many thanks for their kind services. The largest number of conversions in any one of our societies is reported by the Mittineague Society, which has had seventeen.

These officers were elected without a dissenting vote: President, the late secretary, Mr. C. W. Williams, of the First Congregational Church; secretary, Wm. C. Stone, of the First Baptist Church; treasurer, Miss Leila M. Morse, of the Trinity Methodist Church.

Three interesting topics were ably discussed by the presidents of the different societies: "The Best Way of Raising Funds in the Society"; "Which is Preferable for the Prayer-Meetings, Sunday Evening or Some Evening of the Week?" and "What Is the Best Time to Hold Business-Meetings?" An informal and delightful sociable followed the exercises.

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

In a recent issue of *The Congregationalist* is found this paragraph, which we gladly copy for the benefit of our readers:

"The practice of adding a few books from time to time to the Sunday school library, rather than a larger number much less frequently, is becoming more common. It has evident advantages, and is the way in which private libraries are generally built up. Here is a method by which the Christian Endeavor Society might serve the church; a committee of the older, well-read members being intrusted with the duty and privilege of assisting in the selection of proper books."

NEWS ITEMS.

Massachusetts.

A local union with about 300 members has been formed in East Boston, with the following officers: president, Charles S. McFarland; vice-presidents, J. W. Swint, Maud Foltz, Geo. O. Thurston; secretary and treasurer, Hattie S. French. The union will hold a public meeting May 10th.

Connecticut.

March 27th a very pleasant surprise was given to Rev. George W. Banks, pastor of the Third Congregational Church of Guilford, Conn., by the members of the Society of Christian Endeavor connected with his church. The society was organized March 14th, 1887; members tried to surprise Mr. Banks on the anniversary night. They did not, however, as Mr. Banks was absent from town, and, owing to the great storm, was unable to return home. They tried to surprise him three other times, but the weather, each time until the last, surprised them, and they were unable to assemble. However, as they are a society of Endeavor, they persevered, and on the evening of the 27th they met at Mr. John McKean's house, and proceeded from there, in a body, to Mr. Banks' home, where they spent a very pleasant evening. A little programme was arranged, which included one or two readings; a very bright and pleasing original poem was read by Mrs. C. F. Bishop, which included the annual report of the society. After the poem was read, Mr. George W. Seward, president of the society, in behalf of the society, in an appropriate address, presented Mr. Banks with a handsome gold watch. Mr. Banks returned his thanks to the society for their kind remembrance of him in a well-turned reply. Mr. Banks has taken a great interest in the society and its work, has attended its meetings with great regularity, and has been a very efficient helper. The society were pleased to show their appreciation of his efforts, and took this pleasant method of showing it.

New York.

The first anniversary of the reorganization of the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Baptist Church of Nyack-on-the-Hudson was observed March 28th. The members of societies connected with the Dutch Reformed Churches in Piermont and in Nyack were present. The exercises consisted of prayer, music, reports by the presidents and secretaries of visiting societies, and by the treasurer and secretary of the receiving societies, and an address by the pastor, Rev. E. E. Thomas. Rev. Mr. Thomas has proved a true friend to the young people, and has greatly helped the work of the society.

The first anniversary of the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Presbyterian Church of Livonia was celebrated March 18th. The programme consisted of an address of welcome, several interesting papers, secretary's report, and remarks by the pastor, Rev. E. B. Walsworth, D. D. A pleasant feature of the evening was the singing by a band of children, under the direction of Mrs. M. F. Lindsley.

The Examiner, in a note on the Baptist Church of North Hector, says: "The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, of about eighty-eight members, is in a flourishing condition. The average attendance at the regular weekly meeting is ninety, although many of them come three or four miles to get here. In the past two months ten have been advanced from the associate list to the active. This society is a source of great strength to the church."

A Y. P. S. C. E. has been organized, and is being successfully conducted, in the Presbyterian Church at Croton Falls, Rev. R. P. Gibson, pastor. Already blessings are being realized, and a good work is begun. New members are being received, much interest is manifested in the society, and grand results are anticipated.

Since the organization of the Y. P. S. C. E. in Franklinville, L. I., there has been a revival of religious interest among the young people, and at the last communion sixteen united with the church.

New Jersey.

The Y. P. S. C. E. of the Presbyterian Church of Jamesburg celebrated its fifth anniversary on the 23d of March. The exercises in the church consisted of singing, reports of delegates, recitation of the acrostic Y. P. S. C. E. by some of the junior members, the singing of the "Birthday Hymn," which was composed for the occasion by one of the members, and an address by State Superintendent, Rev. J. T. Kerr, of Elizabeth, who impressed on his hearers the necessity of "aiming high" in all spiritual attainments. After these

exercises, a reception followed in the adjoining parlors of the church, which was especially pleasing, because of the presence of forty-five delegates from other societies in the State, and of the young people of other churches. One good result of this gathering will be the close union of the societies in this part of the State. Although no local union will probably be formed, yet steps are in progress for a mutual visitation of societies, similar to the "Drummond" plan adopted by many colleges.

The Jamesburg society is one of the largest in the State, numbering 151 members, and is the second in date of organization, having been organized Feb. 13th, 1883. It has always been active in spreading Endeavor principles, which they now emphasize by five years' experience.

Pennsylvania.

The first social of the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Third U. P. Church of Allegheny was held March 22d, and proved a success in every way. The exercises consisted of music, declamations, and several games. Refreshments were served to about three hundred guests. Since organizing, about two months ago, the society has secured seventy members, and has been instrumental, in great measure, in causing about thirty young people to unite with the church.

Illinois.

A Y. P. S. C. E. Conference was held in the Congregational Church of Toulon March 23d. The first half hour was devoted to a prayer service, led by Mr. E. B. Starrett, who presided throughout the session. Mr. Frank D. Smith welcomed the delegates, for whom Rev. Mr. Nesbit, of Peoria, responded. Reports from different societies showed that the work was in good condition. Mr. Frank Alden, of Peoria, spoke on the aims and work of the society. His address was followed by discussions on committee work and the question-box. In the evening, Miss Mamie Gilbert, of Peoria, read a paper on the relation of the society to the church. Addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Harrah, of Galva, and Rev. Mr. Nesbit, of Peoria. At the session held Saturday morning, the most important feature was an address by Miss Belle Jeffery, of Galesburg, on the art of winning souls. The convention was closed by a consecration meeting of profound interest. Local unions were formed with centres at Peoria, Galva, and Galesburg.

The Interior, in an account of the Presbyterian Church of Centralia, says: "One of the marked features of the church work is that of the society of Christian Endeavor. The young people fill the chapel full at their meetings. Committees are at work in every department. The presence of the pastor is a stimulus and comfort to the young people, and no doubt a joy to himself. A vigorous activity manifests itself in every department of church work, and a feeling of encouragement has taken hold upon the people. A number have united themselves with the church, and still others are looked for at the coming communion."

The society connected with the Baptist Church of Dundee, although it has labored under difficulties, is doing good work. At the literary and social meetings, held once in two weeks, the society has raised money to help in repairing the church.

The society of the Bartlett Congregational Church will pay for a scholarship (\$25) in one of the Utah schools.

Minnesota.

Plymouth Church, Minneapolis, has undertaken the charge of a third mission, in addition to its Alliance and Bethel branches. The new station is under the special charge of the Christian Endeavor Society.

Kansas.

Among those recently uniting on confession with the Stockton Church, four were students in the academy, who first confessed Christ publicly in the Y. P. S. C. E. of the academy.

Nebraska.

Mr. Charles Hanna sends us this encouraging report of a flourishing Western society: "The admirable efficacy of the Christian Endeavor pledge has been again demonstrated in the case of the Young People's Society of the First Presbyterian Church of Lincoln. The congregation is one of the largest in the city, and contains a great many young people, and especially young men, which is usually the case in a Western town. Up to January of the present year, there had been in existence a Young People's Society in connection with the church, and it proved of great service in the way of promoting sociability and

Christian fellowship. But the Sunday evening prayer-meetings, as a rule, fell far short of being what they should have been; the interest in them being slight, and the number of active participants very small. Then it was almost a relief when the time for closing came around, the exercises seeming to drag along at such a sluggish pace, and with so many halts between. But now, since the latter part of January, when the organization was changed and the Christian Endeavor pledges and rules adopted, the prayer-meetings have become the leading and most interesting feature of the society. The three-quarters of an hour service passes so rapidly that many who come prepared to take part find the time has elapsed before they get opportunity to do so. And that this new state of affairs will be beneficial to the society, individually and collectively, is already evidenced by the renewed enthusiasm and earnestness of the members, which has been especially manifest at the two consecration-meetings the society has held."

The Y. P. S. C. E. of the First Presbyterian Church of Omaha is in a prosperous condition. The members are becoming thoroughly aroused to the work that can be accomplished, and are steadily increasing in numbers and in spirituality.

Utah.

The Burlington Y. P. S. C. E. of Salt Lake City was formed in December, 1886, by members of the Mission Sunday School connected with the Burlington Free School. The society at present has forty-one members. The secretary writes: "I cannot tell the amount of good our society has done for its members. Their Christian growth has been wonderful."

Dakota.

March 10th a Y. P. S. C. E. was organized in Canova, a small town of about one hundred inhabitants. The formation of the society was in part the result of a revival which has been in progress in the town, and which has resulted in about sixty conversions. The society is doing a good work, and is greatly appreciated by all, as supplying help in the lives of young Christians. Rev. George J. Battey is pastor of the church in Canova.

SOCIETIES RECENTLY REPORTED.

MAINE.—Calais, Congregational.
VERMONT.—West Woodstock.
MASSACHUSETTS.—Malden, Belmont Chapel.
CONNECTICUT.—New London, First Church of Christ.
NEW JERSEY.—Long Branch.
PENNSYLVANIA.—Factoryville.
TENNESSEE.—Knoxville, Church Street Methodist South.
MISSISSIPPI.—Meridian, Presbyterian.
OHIO.—Athens, Methodist; Green Springs, Methodist.
MICHIGAN.—Big Rapids, Westminster Presbyterian; Clinton, First Congregational; Detroit, Warren Avenue Baptist; Grand Rapids.
WISCONSIN.—West Superior.
ILLINOIS.—Kansas City, Fifth Memorial Presbyterian, Fifth Presbyterian; Kirksville Presbyterian; Sedalia, Christian; St. Charles, Lindenwood College; St. Joseph, North Presbyterian; St. Louis, Carondelet Baptist, Church of the Advent, Church of the Redeemer, Compton Hill Congregational, Fourth Christian, Tabernacle Baptist, Union Congregational.
MISSOURI.—Atchison, Methodist.
IOWA.—Tabor, Tabor College.
MINNESOTA.—Rush City.
KANSAS.—Garnett, Presbyterian, United Presbyterian; Lincoln, Disciples of Christ; Newton, Congregational, Presbyterian.
DAKOTA.—Canova, Congregational.
CALIFORNIA.—San Francisco, First United Presbyterian.
NOVA SCOTIA.—Caledonia Corner, Methodist.

NOTICES.

[The publishers of THE GOLDEN RULE will be glad to print in this column abbreviated notices of State meetings, local unions, anniversaries, etc. These notices, however, must necessarily be very short.]

April 6.—Third meeting of Northern Connecticut C. E. Union at Baptist Church, Suffield, Conn.
April 8.—Fifth Anniversary of Y. P. S. C. E. of Howard Avenue Congregational Church, New Haven, Conn.
April 9.—Second Anniversary of Y. P. S. C. E. of West Spruce Street Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, Penn.
April 9.—Union meeting of the Y. P. S. C. E. of Philadelphia and vicinity at West Spruce Street Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, Penn.
April 10.—First Anniversary of Y. P. S. C. E. of Green Street Baptist Church of Newburyport, Mass.
April 19.—Meeting of the Middlesex C. E. Union at North Church, Middletown, Conn.
April 24.—Michigan State Convention of Y. P. S. C. E. at Lansing, Mich.
May 10.—First Meeting of Local Union at East Boston, Mass.
July 5.—National Convention of Y. P. S. C. E. at Chicago, Ill.

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In Doors and Out. For Boys and Girls.

THE ESKIMO.

The appearance of these Eskimo is suggestive of patience and perseverance. They are short and squat of figure, the men averaging five feet three inches, and the women five feet in height. Their breadth is apt to vary, according to whether the fates have sent them plenty of seal or not. Their eyes and hair are of the very blackest, the latter being as straight and not less coarse than horse-hair. A favorite amusement among the women is for two of them to select a hair out of their heads, and looping one through the other, to pull on the ends held in their hands, until one of the hairs gives way, to the vast delight of the fat little lady whose capillary strength wins in this odd tug-of-war.

The men generally sport a moustache, and, occasionally, a beard, the usual thing, however, being a tuft on the chin. They have very flat noses, and high cheek-bones, so that if you were to hold a straight rule from one of their eye-balls to the other, it would, in many cases, fail to touch the bridge of the nose. Their eyes have an upward tendency at the corners; their complexion is of a light brown tinge, often dashed with red; their mouths wide, but not thick-lipped; their teeth very irregular, and considerably more like rusty iron than gleaming pearl, in color, while in the women they are apt to be worn down almost to the gums by their custom of chewing, until it is soft enough to be easily sewn, the sun-stiffened seal-skin out of which their garments are made. However lacking in attractive qualities the Eskimo belle may appear to the civilized eye, she possesses one element of beauty which even the most charming residents of Madison Square or Beacon Street might fairly covet, and that is exquisitely small hands and feet. While her southern sister compresses her understandings into the tightest of French bottines, and yet is not satisfied, the houri of Hudson's Straits puts on first a sealskin stocking, with the fur inside; then another, made out of the skin of a duck, loon, or raven, with its feathers still on; then one or two more of seal-skin, and lastly, the boot itself; notwithstanding all of which wrapping, her foot seems small and dainty.

The Eskimo costume consists, in summer, of seal-skins, and in winter, of reindeer-skins, the latter being always worn in duplicate, one set with the fur next the body, the other with the fur outside, an arrangement that is even better than the famous one of Brian O'Lynn, who, according to the old song, having no breeches to wear, got him a sheep-skin to make him a pair, and then, With the skinny side out, and the woolly side in, He was fine and warm was Brian O'Lynn.

The pattern of their garments varies not a whit from generation to generation. The coat, which does not button, but is hauled on over the head, has a large capuchin, in Eskimo language, "amook," at the back of the neck. The only difference between the coats of the men and the women lies in the latter being graced with a tail, both "fore and aft," so to speak, upon which the feminine fondness for ornamentation is indulged to the full extent of the wearer's means, so that they may be seen adorned with numerous rows of beads and bits of brass or copper, such things as the works of a clock not being despised, for instance. A very popular form of decoration consists of table-spoons, which they break in two, and arrange in various devices, grouping the handles in one place and the bowls in another.—*J. Macdonald Oxley, in American Magazine.*



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BUDGE ON THE RHINE.

MAYENCE, AUG. 8.

DEAR ROSEBUD: We are travelling so fast in these days that I cannot write much. I am saving up a great many things to tell you when I get home. I have ever so much more to tell you about Holland and Belgium.

We have had a beautiful sail up the Rhine, and have seen so many beautiful places. I wish I could tell you about them all. Cologne is a very interesting city. We spent one day there, and I enjoyed it very much. The cathedral is just wonderful. I cannot begin to describe it, but I will bring you home some pictures of it. They began to build it way back in the thirteenth century, but it was not wholly finished till a few years ago. The spires are more than five hundred feet high. The carving is all very beautiful. We walked about in the cathedral and admired the stained-glass windows, and then a man showed us all the relics, and explained them to us in German, only I could not understand a word he said. I think the cathedral is very beautiful, and I don't believe I shall see any other that I shall like so well.

We went to see the church of St. Ursula, which is said to contain the bones of 11,000 virgins. I think they are all there; there does not seem to be a single bone missing. Such rows and rows of skulls as there were, and then other rows of all the other kinds of bones, all set in the walls. You just ought to have seen them. Afterwards we walked about the streets to see what we could see. We bought some cologne, and I have a very pretty little bottle of it for you.

We took the train from Cologne to Bonn, where we spent the night at a very pleasant hotel on the River Rhine. Our windows looked right out on the river, and I sat by the window a long time looking out. I could hardly believe that this was really the Rhine that I had always heard about. We had a very delightful sail up the river from Bonn. We sailed past ever so many ruined castles, and pretty little villages at the foot of the hills below them. Königswinter is a very pretty little village at the foot of the "castled crag of Drachenfels," as the guide-book calls it. We climbed the Drachenfels and had a beautiful view from there, and saw the sun set, and then spent the night at Königswinter. We spent one night at Coblenz, which is a very pretty place. There is a beautiful walk along the side of the river, and a nice bridge of boats across to Ehrenbreitstein. We went across and walked all about the fortress, and saw all the soldiers. I wanted to stay longer at Coblenz, but we had to go on the next morning.

As we sailed up the river we saw so many ruined castles that I can't remember nearly all of them. The Castle of Stolzenfels is very pretty, and it is one of the oldest. It was built in the thirteenth century.

We saw the vineyards all the way along on both sides of the river. We saw the Loreley rock, where the maiden used to sit and sing the sailors to destruction. It is a very high rock, that juts out into the water, and the river is very swift just there; but the Loreley maiden did not sing for us, and we sailed by safely enough. We saw Bishop Hatto's mouse tower in the middle of the river, but I don't think I believe the story about him. We

sailed by "Fair Bingen on the Rhine," too. It is a pretty little place, but no prettier than a good many others we have passed. At last we reached Mayence, and I was tired of castles and vineyards and towers, and glad to say good-by to them, but I should like to see more of the Rhine another time. We start to-morrow for Switzerland. I must say good-by now.

Your loving brother,
BUDGE.

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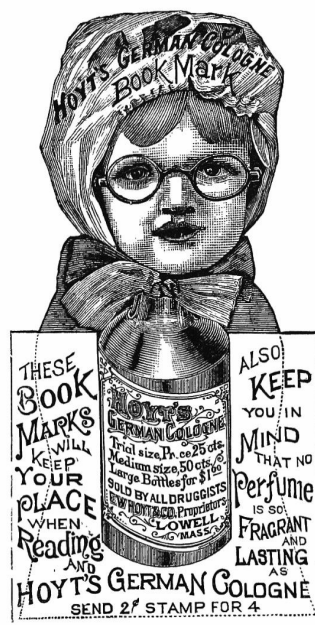
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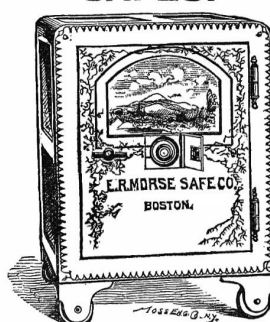
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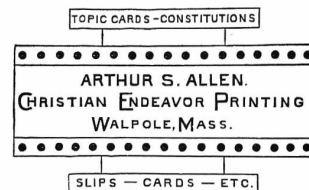
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For The Golden Rule.

LEAN ON THE LAW DIVINE.

BY HENRY W. STRATTON.

Mark how yon bird with trustful wing
Leans on the ready air!
Her flight can know no faltering,
Doubt hath no dwelling there.

She seeth not the subtle friend
That buoys her on her way,
She trusts that it will e'er attend
Fly wheresoe'er she may.

Thus let the pinions of the soul
Lean on the Law Divine,
And to its all supreme control
The weight of life resign.

Sustain our heavenward flight it must
If all our doubts we still,
It only asks our simple trust
Its purpose to fulfil.

MORE PAPERS FOR MISSIONARIES.

Of late a loud call has come from more than one place in the foreign field, asking if there are not some kind friends who would like to send THE GOLDEN RULE to foreign missionaries and native helpers. These letters assure us that the practical methods, and especially the work for young people, advocated by this paper, would be particularly helpful to these distant brethren. Who will help us to send the great ideas for which this paper stands, to all portions of the earth? With the exception of one or two countries, which are not within the postal union, THE GOLDEN RULE will be sent to foreign missionaries for \$1.50 per year, though the postage on every such copy costs us more than fifty cents a year. Are there not some Christian Endeavor Societies that would like to contribute to this object? The following persons have recently sent us the sums affixed to their names for the missionary fund:

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For The Golden Rule.

BABYLON.

How a Sceptical Mussulman was Convinced.

BY REV. CYRUS HAMLIN, D. D., LL. D.

The following incident in missionary life is of some interest as illustrating the power of the argument from fulfilled prophecy in regard to Babylon, the great city of the ancient world. A colonel in the Turkish army, a man of wealth, intelligence, and gentlemanly bearing, once called upon me, and introduced himself as a seeker after truth, but a disbeliever in the supernatural. "But you are a Mussulman, sir, are you not?" "Oh, yes, I am a Mussulman! I believe in the Koran, and the Sunnah (tradition), and in the Bible, and in the Shasters, and in the old philosophers, all alike; some truth in all and more error. But I have heard that you are a learned man, and I have come expressly to ask you to give me one single proof of anything supernatural in your Bible." I did not wish to answer him at once until I could learn something of his history and surroundings. In answer to my inquiries, I found he had travelled extensively, east and west in Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, etc. "Had he ever been over the region where ancient Babylon stood?" "Ah! there I had a great disappointment. I have been very fond of hunting wild beasts and game of any kind. Having often heard of the game to be found among the ruins of old Babylon, and coming out of their subterranean lurking-places, I hired an old sheik with a strong guard and tents, for a week's sport. We established ourselves at a favorable spot, pitched our tents, and waited for the heat of the day to pass. What was my surprise when a little before sunset, just the time for doing something, these fellows struck their tents and made off in haste. I called to them, threatened them, offered them higher pay, but all in vain. 'We'll come back in the morning, but no human flesh can stay here in the night and live.' And I found that those fools really believed that, after sundown, ghouls and demons and elves and fairies dance over these old heaps, and no human being can escape from them. They fled to a certain place outside the enchanted ground for the night, and this spoiled my sport." He grew quite excited and eloquent in his description of this incident and his reasoning in vain with those superstitious men.

I then took the Bible and read to him the latter part of the thirteenth chapter of Isaiah, and also from the fiftieth to the fifty-first of Jeremiah. He listened smiling, and replied, "That is nothing but history. I could write all that. That is what I have been telling you."

I then led him to admit that the Old Testament was an old Hebrew book when the Septuagint translation was made, almost three hundred years before Christ, while Babylon was still a city, though in great degradation from her ancient splendor. That fact compelled him to admit that Isaiah must have written some five or six hundred years before Christ. His next position was that all great cities are destroyed in the course of time. There is nothing supernatural in such a prediction.

He however admitted on careful examination that the prophecies are very particular. They are not in general terms. That the Arab should not pitch tent there, the shepherd should not fold his flock there, that owls and wild beasts should dwell there, that her wonderful wall should sink down and disappear, etc., till we found more than a dozen particulars, most of them beyond human foresight, but all accurately fulfilled to this day, filled him with astonishment. Finally he confessed that for the present he could not reply to the argument. It did seem to show something

supernatural. He had our Scriptures; he would study the subject, and when he found an answer he would call upon me again. As he never called I infer that he felt unable to disprove the supernatural in those prophecies. I had no opportunity to follow up the impression, as I did not know his place of residence. To be silenced is not to be converted. "If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe though one should rise from the dead." The humble and teachable spirit gets at the truth. The proud and self-confident fail of it. "Seeing they shall see and not perceive."

For The Golden Rule.

THE MISSION OF SCOTT.

BY DANIEL CHAUNCEY BREWER.

If you will turn the leaves of your Ruskin to the second part of "Sesame and Lillies," you will find that distinguished litterateur giving Scott's character a most honorable place; not because he believes Scott to have had the broad sweep of mind which distinguished Shakespeare, or certain other great writers, but because his men and women are so *entirely natural*.

Did you ever notice this fact before? The query is a pertinent one, for if you have not, it is hardly possible that you have appreciated the great novelist, since it was largely in this manner, by keeping close to real life, that he exercised his vast influence on the world.

Nor need you blame yourself too severely for your blindness, more than nine-tenths of the reading public are quite as much at fault in their conception of Scott. If you doubt it, ask any average man what was the genial baronet's mission. He will answer you somewhat after this manner: "Mission! Well, if you call it a mission, where one courts fame and popularity, I should say that the author of the Waverly Novels found his in such channels, or, perhaps, if you attribute to him higher motives, he lived to please others." What a flimsy reply!

Better far take the truth that Ruskin emphatically points out, and then consider the influence that such a characteristic must have had on the era in which the novelist lived. That will tend to open our eyes. From misconceptions and delusive views, now that we come to think upon the subject at all, we shall rise to clear-visioned apprehension of his work.

Here is an age when everything is excessively unnatural. Coleridge, turning out sharp, philosophical fragments of thought, which are just developed enough to turn men upside down in their conclusions, without placing them on the bed rock. Wordsworth, becoming so fantastically natural as to be grotesquely unnatural; and Byron and Shelley throwing off all bonds, and daring the very stars. On the Continent, German philosophy and French Revolution theories stirring up the whole world, and blotting out all conceptions of God. Everywhere confusion and radicalism!

Meanwhile, going to and from his clerk's bench at the Edinburgh court, Sir Walter is turning over in his mind, writing and publishing, a series of poems and tales, which, although thoroughly out of sympathy with this erratic and theoretic state of affairs, yet come into more houses and are read at more firesides than the books of any three contemporaries.

How was it possible that the results were other than prodigious? A cool, clear-headed man who was able not alone to please, but to fascinate, the public, had numberless opportunities, in those days, to drive wedges of sound argument into the rotting, materialistic conceptions, and in doing this Walter Scott found his mission, and became, as a consequence, one of the few men to whom the world owes much.

It is a great thing to lead mankind in the ways of

progressive thought, but an equally noble achievement to hold speculative minds back when they once get under way. Surely, then, those who look at the staunch old writer whom Scotland idealizes, and find nothing in him beyond a base desire to win money and fame, by tickling the palates of those to whom he catered, would do well to take a broader view of his work, and by granting him his well-deserved laurels, save themselves from error.

For The Golden Rule.

AGNOSTIC.

To N. P.

BY OCTAVIA DWIGHT.

Not know, dear heart? O tell me not
The life beyond so drear must lie;
I cannot grope o'er trackless sands
My darling way, until I die.

Not know, alas! would He who breathed
Into my frame a living soul,
Pulsing with yearnings infinite
To reach beyond earth's farthest goal—

Would He but mock my hungering,
Withhold the boon He bids me crave?
Give richest blessings while I live,
Forsake me as I near the grave?

Nay, nay, dear heart! I will not doubt,
But on His Fatherhood rely;
And reason from the love that is
To that which holds eternity.

I will not even reason more,
But faith, glad, joyous, shall be mine,
Till faith itself shall pale before
The glory of the Light Divine.

For The Golden Rule.

THE BIBLE AND THE MONUMENTS.

BY REV. H. H. KELSEY.

VI.—The Hittites.

One of the important results of recent archaeological research is the discovery to the world of the Ancient Empire of the Hittites. In all the ancient histories we can find no mention of such an empire. They have been thought of as one of the smaller tribes, associated with the Canaanites in the early occupation of Palestine. But now we know that the Hittites were a great nation which, for more than a thousand years, rivaled the great Empires of Assyria and Egypt.

Biblical References to the Hittites.

As we are comparing the facts given in the Bible with the facts given us from the monuments, we will first review what is said of the Hittites in the Bible. The first enumeration of the tribes which occupied the land promised to Abraham occurs in Gen. 15. Here the Hittites are mentioned. When Sarah had died, Abraham, then sojourning near Hebron, bought of the Hittites the cave of Machpelah for a burial-place. They thus appear as settled in the southern part of Palestine. It is probable, also, that the Hittites built Zoan, in Egypt (Num. 13:22). In the time of the Exodus they appear in every reference to the inhabitants of Canaan as having a prominent place. When the covenant promise is renewed to Joshua (Josh 1:4) the land covenanted to Israel is described as extending from the Wilderness and Lebanon to the Euphrates, and as including all the land of the Hittites. This is four or five hundred years after the first promise to Abraham. Here they appear as possessing a great region, and so prominent are they that the other tribes of Canaan are not at all mentioned. Incidentally they are mentioned in the Book of Judges, in the Books of Samuel and Kings. Two of David's most trusted warriors were Hittites, Ahimelech and Uriah. David and Solomon both had Hittite wives.

There is a mention of the Hittites in 2 Kings 7:6, which is evidence of their power at this late day, about a thousand years after their first mention in Gen. 15. Samaria was besieged by the Syrians. The people in the city were dying of famine. One night the siege was suddenly raised, and the Syrian host fled, because the Lord had caused them to hear the noise of chariots and horses and the noise of a great host, and they said, "Lo, the King of Israel hath hired against us the Kings of the Hittites and the Kings of the Egyptians to come upon us." It has been said that this account could not be historical, because the Hittites were too insignificant a people to have caused such an alarm to the Syrian hosts. But there is now abundant evidence from the Assyrian monuments to prove that, at this time, the Hittites were a powerful people, who were especially mighty

in war, because of the multitude of their chariots and horses.

Evidence from the Monuments.

What is the evidence concerning the extent and power of the Hittites from the monuments? We can give only the briefest outline. The evidence comes from three separate fields of research.

Egyptian Monuments.

I. First from the monuments of Egypt. The first mention of the Hittites is on a monument of the twelfth dynasty, probably 2000 years B. C. Here it is recorded that certain Hittite towns and palaces on the border of Egypt were destroyed.

In the middle of the seventeenth century, B. C., Thotmes I. began, in this first year, a war against the Hittites and their allies, which, according to Brugsch, was carried on "for nearly 500 successive years." When Thotmes III. came to the throne, about 1600 B. C., the war against the Hittites was taken up with new vigor. The records of his thirteen campaigns are preserved to us in the picture-writing on the walls of the Temple at Carnak. War followed war against this northern enemy, during the whole reign. There were nine campaigns, certainly, all of which were in some degree successful, for the amount of booty and tribute gained is enormous. There were captured, at the battle of Megiddo, 924 chariots, one of which was plated with gold, the chariot of the Hittite King. We should think such continuous wars would have destroyed, or, at least, greatly weakened, the nation. But it seems that the effect was just the contrary, for, although the successors of Thotmes III. continued to carry on these wars, the Hittite power seems to have become, in the meanwhile, more consolidated and stronger in every way.

When Seti I. came to the throne, 200 years later, he found this same people the greatest of his northern enemies, and after a battle with them at Kadesh, he concludes with them a treaty of peace. But this does not end the matter. When his son, Rameses II., the Pharaoh of the oppression, comes to the throne, war breaks out again with terrible vigor. We have a full account of the great battle of this war, fought before the City of Kadesh, the issue of which, though claimed by the Egyptians, was doubtful, for it was followed by a treaty of peace, which lasted through the reign of Rameses II. and that of his son, Manepthah II., and which was sealed by the marriage of Rameses II. to the daughter of the Hittite King.

Thus the Hittites appear to have been able to withstand the power of Egypt under her greatest king. The Hittite Kings were rivals of the Pharaohs, in peace and in war, for a thousand years.

Assyrian Records.

II. The second proof of the greatness of the Hittite Empire comes from the monuments of Assyria. If there existed, through the years of Assyrian supremacy in the East, this great power to the westward, we should expect to find frequent mention of it on the tablets. This is just what is found. I am not aware that the record of any war, so complete as that given in the documents of the reign of Rameses II., is found among Assyrian records, but mention of the Hittite nation begins very early. Prof. Sayce places the tablets of Sargon of Agané in the nineteenth century B. C. In these the Hittites are regarded as a formidable power. This coincides with the early mention of the Hittites both in the Bible and in the Egyptian records.

In the time of Tiglath-Pileser I., B. C. 1130, the Hittites appear to have extended their domain to the eastward, and occupy from the Euphrates to Lebanon. He subdued them and made them tributary to his empire. Through the succeeding centuries this border warfare between the Hittites and the Assyrians was kept up.

We have a monument of the time of Shalmaneser, whose reign ended 823 B. C., the Black Obelisk of Nimroud. Of the thirty campaigns recorded on this obelisk, many of them were against the Hittites. And still one hundred years later we find this conflict still continued until, under Sargon, in 717 B. C., Carchemish, the Eastern capital of the Hittites, was taken, and the power of the Hittite Empire finally broken. Thus the records of Assyria testify to the existence of an empire which resisted its enemies on both sides, and maintained its supremacy for more than a thousand years, a period longer than that of the existence of Assyria, or Babylon, or Greece, or Rome.

Space is not permitted us to tell who the Hittites were and what was their race, kinship, and where they probably first lived and grew into a nation. Only

probable answers to these questions can now be given. We know that they were descendants of Canaan, and occupied at some time the whole of Asia Minor, for their monuments are found spread over the whole country. We now wait for their language to be read, and the inscriptions on their monuments to be deciphered. We have already learned enough about the Hittites, from Egypt and Assyria, to prove the existence of the great Hittite Empire, and to help us to better understand the references to them in the Bible.

For The Golden Rule.

TALKS WITH YOUNG MARRIED PEOPLE.

BY REV. N. B. REMICK.

Many objections are made, possibly, to the ground taken in my last letter. You, perhaps, in your heart, claim that many evils, much unhappiness, has grown out of the subordination of wives to husbands. You can point to some fearful examples. I answer, more unhappiness has grown out of reversing the arrangement. But some one offers the objection, "Suppose he is the inferior, what then?" There are many such cases where the woman is the superior in executive ability, in morals, in intelligence and in every grace. What then?

When the Wife Is the Superior.

In the first place, thank God for giving your inferior husband such a superior wife! A merciful God knew what your poor, unworthy husband needed, and he gave him a sweet and delightful helpmeet in you. Then, observe the divine rule, and subordinate your wishes and comfort to his. I don't, for a moment, doubt your superiority. I saw it when you were married; everybody recognizes the fact. But a thousand times less damage is done by a superior woman subordinating herself to an inferior man, than there is by making herself the head, and dominating him.

Moreover, the subordination of the superior to the inferior is not an exceptional phenomenon in human relations. It is a common rule, running through all departments of life. You see an example of it in our Lord's remark, "I am among you as one that serveth." You see it in political life, when men agree to be obedient to the chief magistrate of a city or commonwealth who is greatly their inferior. Many times there have been upon the throne of Great Britain men who, like some of the Charleses or Georges, were more brutal than human, and yet the English people have held themselves in subjection to these monsters; and far less evil grew out of that arrangement than when they rose in rebellion against kingly authority. Likewise in society and in business it sometimes happens superiors are in subordination to inferior men. I have seen clerks who were greatly the superiors, in intelligence and character, of their employers, and yet they did their duty faithfully. Now suppose these clerks should forcibly usurp the place of the proprietor, would not such a revolution be an abomination in the eyes of sensible business men? It would be presumption, and savor of anarchy.

"Newton says, in his pleasant way, that he would allow the reins occasionally to lie in the wife's hand, when the road is smooth and pleasant, with the proviso, however, that he may have the liberty of resuming them in rough roads and stormy weather. Such a mutual arrangement may be agreeable to both parties, and is, perhaps, permissible, though the analogy of the text is against it."

A More Excellent Way.

In some households there is a division of labor. By mutual agreement the wife is free to do as she pleases in a certain sphere, and the husband is free to follow his own unaided judgment in another sphere. And the arrangement works well. But do not forget I am talking with young married people; and I beg leave to assure them there is a better way. A division of labor is good, but a sharing of labor is better. In a division, one beast of burden carries one part of the load, and the other beast of burden carries the other part. But when labor is shared, the team pulls together, and a span or double team is better than a single one any day, even though the single one may do wonders of speed and strength. As husbands and wives you are made to be sharers, and not dividers, of the duties of life. As the familiar lines say:

"We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear."

Therefore, though the wife may have her peculiar province, she should prosecute her enterprises in consultation and co-operation with her husband. There should be concerted action in ordering the affairs of

the household. Likewise the husband should not secrete from his wife his plans and operations. Though she may not always be able to master or comprehend his affairs, by consultation she will often flash upon him a suggestion of immense value. Remember John Stuart Mill's tribute to his wife. He said, in substance, that if he had wrought anything of value to the world, it was due to her influence and suggestion.

Our Serial.

OUR TOWN.*

Dedicated to all Members of the Y. P. S. C. E.

BY MARGARET SIDNEY.

CHAPTER XVII.

Ted, rushing over Wareham Main Street, pulled up on a corner to allow a carriage driven rapidly from the depot, with loaded trunk-rack, to swing over the crossing. The boy, eager to be in at the final match of base-ball, three blocks off, took an enforced, impatient glance at the occupants of the coach. One, a young girl, nodded; the other, a stately elderly lady, involuntarily leaned forward and smiled. It was the widow Cranston and Ray Ingersol returning from their European trip. Ted flew on, wiped the astonishment out of his eyes, forgot all about it in the enchantment of the ball match, but at supper told the whole thing.

"My dear," said Mrs. Saville, mildly, "you should have given us the news as soon as you reached home. Just think, Ted, you are on your third biscuit!"

"I don't like Mrs. Cranston as much as I used to," observed the boy, comforting himself for the reproof by increased attention to the jam, "as long as Emily don't."

"Ted!" cried his sister.

"Well, she wouldn't go away with her," said Ted, answering his father's eye, which said more than a dozen reproofs.

Mrs. Saville changed the topic. "I think I'll go over with you, husband, and welcome her home," she said, looking across the table, "after supper. Unless you can't give up your paper."

"All right," said Father Saville. "Of course, Emily, there's no use inviting you to join us."

"Of course not," echoed Ted, promptly. "She only goes to places when Pen asks her."

"When I address my son," said Mr. Saville, with a gravity that the twinkle in his eyes did not sustain, "it will be quite time for him to reply to my questions."

Ted ducked, and began on the jam again.

"I will go over to-morrow morning," said Emily.

"Take me, do!" begged Drusilla.

"Perhaps," promised the elder sister, smiling into the eager little face.

But on the following morning, much too early for Emily's home duties to be accomplished or for Drusilla to lend her escort, came a note from the brown-stone house on Centre Street.

"Emily dear," it ran, "I want to see you so much. Do leave everything, and come at once to

Your old friend, OLIVIA CRANSTON."

The note fell into the girl's lap. It was so like the various little reminders of Mrs. Cranston's former affection that Emily felt her eyes moisten with pleasure. And the thrill of delight at having the coldness forgotten in renewed friendship made her realize more fully than ever what she had suffered in resigning the elderly lady's good-will.

But her Heavenly Father was making it all right for her, as He did every circumstance of her life, and Emily now hurried off to beg her mother to leave the daughter's household work untouched.

"I shall be home very soon, mamie dear," she said, putting the note into the mother's hand. "Don't sweep the dining-room, please, nor even wash the china, will you?"

She thrust her happy face in between the note and the eyes reading the invitation.

"Promise?" said Emily.

"I promise," said Mrs. Saville. "What can a mother do but give up to a girl like you, pray tell, Emmy? Oh, I am so glad Mrs. Cranston has sent this!"

"Isn't it lovely?" cried Emily, hurrying off over the stairs to get into her walking clothes.

The widow met her just on the threshold, with outstretched arms.

"I wouldn't let Jane open the door for you. Oh, Emily!"

That "oh Emily," went right to the girl's heart, and she forgot the months that were just past.

"My old eyes have been opened—never mind how," cried Mrs. Cranston, drawing her into the library, and closing the door. "Strange that a person as old as I am could be so abominably stupid. Now, child, we won't talk any more of the past just yet. What have you been about since my back was turned—ah, Emily?"

Emily's honest brown eyes, full of love, were raised, while she blushed like a wild rose. No need for words with that eloquent face before one. So thought Mrs. Cranston, and she put a kiss right upon it. "Pennington Burr is worthy of you, Emily," she said. "That's high enough praise. Now!"

And then followed a long private talk, after which the widow felt in a measure repaid for the loss of her bright young friend through the summer. "But," she went back at its conclusion to some prominent features of the talk, "if Mr. Jacobs had not written that letter giving me your mother's own words just as she said them to him, I know my Emily gave up her European journey to stay at home and help me, though she has given no sign, I should have been still a stupid blunderer, believing I had been imposed upon by my little friend." She stopped to bestow another kiss on the blooming cheek.

"I cannot think how mother discovered it," said Emily again, for the dozenth time.

"Ah, child!" said Mrs. Cranston, "good deeds as well as evil ones get found out sooner or later," and then they branched off to the never-tiresome theme of Pennington.

"To think the dear old man has gone!" exclaimed Mrs. Cranston, her eyes full of tears. "Ah, Emily! every one feels as if a personal friend were lost. And the community needs him so much. But that is all light grief compared to Penn's, poor boy, and yours."

Emily smiled through her tears. "Penn has his father's life-work to take up; this is his only comfort," and then the trouble in the mill had to be explained, as Mrs. Cranston knew only the bare facts. At last Emily had to run away with a promise of an early return in the afternoon.

As she hurried down Centre Street, somebody's footsteps behind her were fleetly yet. "Emily," called presently a voice almost at her elbow. She turned to meet Ray.

"Oh, you dear!" cried the traveller, drawing her down a convenient side street. "You good, conscientious dear! Emily, no one of us girls but you could have done it."

"Leave all that, Ray," protested Emily, laughing, "and say you are glad to see me."

"Can't you read that in my face?" cried the girl.

"Oh, what a nuisance it is to meet on the street when the sea has been between us!"

"Then the next thing in order," said Emily, the love-light in her eyes, "is to say you wish me joy."

"O Emily!" and then—it was very dreadful, but Ray suddenly stood on her tiptoes and kissed the tall girl.

"It's only Carter Place," said Ray, blushing very hard, "not exactly on the street, and nobody but old Mrs. Smith at her window to see us; she must have been young once, so it's all right, Emmy."

Emily marched her off without another word.

"I shall go home with you," said Ray. "I was on my way there when I saw you. Oh, Emily, these past weeks have been hard ones for me, I can tell you."

"Didn't you enjoy them?" cried Emily, in amazement, to whom a European trip had been the dearest wish of the heart.

"It's very hard to live up to an ideal," declared Ray, shaking her light hair pensively. "I soon found that I was expected to be Emily Saville, and all through the journey I've been straining to fulfil that expectation. It's been very uncomfortable, and despite the pictures and cathedrals and lovely Swiss views, I'm decidedly glad to be at home again, and plain Ray Ingersol."

"You incorrigible child!" cried Emily, laughing. "You're just the same girl as you were; I'm so thankful it hasn't spoiled you, Ray."

And that she was not spoiled she soon showed by donning, the moment she was well within the house, one of Emily's long aprons, and merrily setting to work on the neglected household duties with the daughter of the family.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Buckminster, hearing the news of Mrs. Cranston's arrival, on her husband's return from his morning expedition down town, which he took

every day with the hope of hearing from his watch and walking stick, threw away her novel, summoned Hortense, and was speedily off her bed, dressed, and in the carriage that her husband summoned obediently to her order.

She told the man to drive as soon as possible to 63 Centre Street, and then sat back among the cushions to a comfortable planning.

"I'll stay and lunch with dear Olivia," she said to herself, repeating the "dear Olivia," to make it come more easily in the new rôle to which she had lent her schemes. "Then over the chops and chocolate, things will come more easily into shape. Heigho! I'm glad she's home. It's tiresome enough at Aunt Phebe's, and nothing but Richard's being in such a scrape about money matters, and the absolute necessity for disposing of the girls some way, could have made me endure it thus far." She stopped, almost frightened at allowing her thoughts to thus run on in the privacy even of a closed coach, composed her face into its usual hauteur, settled her profile becomingly for all admirers on the thoroughfare, and was presently at her destination, and waiting Mrs. Cranston's entrance into her library.

"Dearest Olivia," she cried, effusively, as the widow entered, "I rejoice that you are home," which was quite true, and lent an air of sincerity to the kiss that accompanied it.

"Well, Marianne, I surely did not expect to find you in Wareham," was Mrs. Cranston's salutation. She returned the kiss quietly, and then sat down. But Mrs. Buckminster held to her hand.

"Oh, I have longed to see you!" she cried, her dark eyes fastened to the face under the widow's cap. "You don't know, Olivia, how hard it has been to exist without you in this dull place."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Cranston, releasing her hand. "Well, now I find Wareham anything but dull."

"Ah, if I lived here," said Mrs. Buckminster, repressing a sigh and glancing around the rich apartment, "that would make quite a different place of it. But I have no home, you must remember, Olivia," she added, pensively.

"Why do you not have one, if you desire it?" asked Mrs. Cranston with directness of speech. "I have always wondered, Marianne, how you could go knocking about the world at such a rate. Let me see, you've been gone some ten years this time, haven't you?" trying to lead her off to general topics of a safe nature.

"Yes; ah, Olivia, you cannot understand what the claims of one's family are; daughters like mine require foreign travel and refined associations. They are not ordinary girls, and I am quite willing, so is Mr. Buckminster, to spend and be spent for them."

"How is Mr. Buckminster?" asked the widow, catching to his name as a chance to turn the conversation.

But Mrs. Buckminster was not so easily led. "Very well," she answered, indifferently. "And then my poor health, you know, Olivia, necessitates giving up the cares of a house. But you don't know what I miss."

She leaned back in her chair and looked around with a sweetly resigned expression, as who should say, "I forgive you for having this lovely home while I am floating on a sea of necessity."

"How is Aunt Phebe, now?" asked Mrs. Cranston, breaking the pause. "Dear me, one never knows how much one loves that woman, till distance makes it impossible to see her."

"She's quite well," said Mrs. Buckminster, a trifle testily. "Aunt Phebe's always well, I believe. I only wish I had one half her strength."

"She must have had a good deal of care in one way and another, this summer," observed the widow, dryly. Then she tried another subject, one so near her heart that she could not keep it out of conversation even so unsympathetic as the present. "To think you've had such a lovely episode, right in your midst, as Emily's and Pennington's love affair," she cried, a bright smile taking the place of her sarcastic expression, and lighting up her fine face. "I shall always regret missing it."

"You needn't!" cried Mrs. Buckminster, unable to keep away from the precipice of dangerous speech. "You have lost nothing; it was the most utterly commonplace affair. Indeed, I might say, if I cared to talk about it, that I am very sorry for that poor, deluded young man."

"Indeed!" said the widow, "you quite surprise me. Knowing the parties so well, I should have said it would have been a most beautiful, idyllic love-making."

"Well, now," said Mrs. Buckminster, whose good angel seemed to have deserted her, "since you've said so much, Olivia, I think it's my duty, as an old friend of yours, to tell you one or two things *sub rosa*."

[To be continued.]

The Sunday School.

EDITED BY REV. SMITH BAKER.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

APRIL 22, 1888.

BY REV. SMITH BAKER.

The Ten Virgins; or, the Real and the Unreal.

GOLDEN TEXT.—“And they that were ready went in with him to the marriage; and the door was shut.”—Matt. 25: 10.

Matt. (Revised Version) 25: 1–13.

Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom. And five of them were foolish, and five were wise. For the foolish, when they took their lamps, took no oil with them: but the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps. Now while the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept. But at midnight there is a cry, Behold, the bridegroom! Come ye forth to meet him. Then all those virgins arose, and trimmed their lamps. And the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil; for our lamps are going out. But the wise answered, saying, peradventure there will not be enough for us and you: go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves. And while they went away to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage feast: and the door was shut. Afterward came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us. But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not. Watch therefore, for ye know not the day nor the hour.

1. A parable may suggest many things which it does not teach, this is one of the beauties of such teaching that it awakens thought; but we must not try to make all the details of a parable teach something, for then we shall be in danger of covering up the central thoughts which our Saviour would impress upon us.

2. With what simple pictures Christ teaches great lessons, e. g., a hen with her chickens, ten country girls going out to meet a bridegroom. Aside from the lesson taught they are not such as would call attention. How unlike the spread eagle illustrations of many teachers!

3. There is no particular significance in the number ten, other than that it was the number required by Jewish law for a marriage or funeral procession.

4. The procession was in the night, according to custom, and the simple lamps lifted upon sticks gave a lively and cheerful character to the proceedings.

5. The coming of the bridegroom refers to the coming of Christ. When that will be is not hinted at in the lesson, only that He will come, and that we know not when, and that He will tarry for some reason known to Himself longer than many persons think, and yet as long as He shall tarry He will come too soon for some. If you apply this to His coming in death to each soul, how perfect the illustration! Death will come to all. We know not when it will come, it delays its coming longer than many think, and yet comes to many before they are ready.

6. Lamps represent a profession of religion, an outward sign of having decided to follow Christ. They were a public confession.

7. We are to be always ready for the coming of Christ, and the parable is a most beautiful illustration of what this means. (a) To be ready is more than to profess Christ, more than to be baptized and be a church member. As with the ten virgins there are some professors who are not possessors. (b) To be ready is not to be always praying or singing or talking religion, or engaged in direct Christian work. The five wise virgins slept, which means that the duties of life must be attended to. The Christian man must work with his hands upon the farm or in the shop, with his brain in the store and office. He must eat and sleep, and engage in the innocent recreations of life, and much of the time he will not even think of religion or Christ or God or death. If a man is ready at all, he is ready when he is asleep, ready when busy and all-absorbed at work, ready when he is playing with his children. Death may come in a flash of lightning, or

in the slow consumption, it makes no difference to the Christian for he is ready. The Christian does not have to prepare for death, for when he becomes a Christian he is then prepared once for all.

8. There is only a half truth in the common remark, “Live right, and death will take care of itself.” It is better to say, “Be ready for death, and life will take care of itself.” Be ready for eternity, and time will be rightly used. Be right with God, and that will keep us right with men. If we expected to be called at any hour to sail for Europe, we should first and at once get ready, and then be prepared to enjoy in all proper ways the little time we had with our friends here. The man who has settled the great question of eternity is the one best suited to enjoy this life. He has got ready for the great voyage, and has nothing to do but to enjoy the little time he has here. Hence, no other people should be so happy as Christians.

9. We cannot always tell the difference between those who are Christians and those who are not. An outsider could not tell which were the wise or which the foolish virgins. They were all innocent of crime, all fair to behold, all professed the same religion, all had the same outward signs of preparation. The outward life of one was as consistent as that of the other. Thus some persons who are not saved are as moral, as upright, as generous, and as amiable as some who are Christians, yea, sometimes more so. While outward consistency should always go with preparation, yet preparation does not always go with outward consistency.

10. The thing which constituted the preparation of the wise virgins was the oil in their vessels. And the oil in Old Testament service, and in this parable, represents the gift of the Holy Spirit. The fact which prepares one for death or for Christ's coming is not simply our orthodox creed or correct deportment or outward forms, but the indwelling Spirit of God in our hearts, an *experience of religion*. We must not only believe in religion, but experience it. A Christian experience—nothing can be a substitute for that. The fact that we are born again, have the Spirit of God within us, is the only reality which can fit us to meet temptations or sorrows or death or Christ, and with God's Spirit in our hearts then no matter when or where or how temptations or sorrow or death or Christ come to us, we are ready. Without God's Spirit, no matter what else we have, we are not ready. Sudden death has no fear for those who are born of God, for Christ has promised to all such that His grace shall be sufficient for them.

11. No human being can give the Holy Spirit to those who have it not. That is what we learn from the statement that the wise virgins could not give of their oil to the foolish ones. Grace is not a thing which we can impart to others. Each must seek it for himself of Him who alone has it to bestow, even Jesus Christ. We may pity the dying sinner, and pray for him, but only Christ can give him grace.

12. It is a bad time in which to seek salvation in the confusion and excitement of the deathbed.

13. Those who are not prepared for Christ are foolish, it is their own fault. There is no excuse. It is sometimes said people die without warning, it is not so. Every man is constantly warned that death may come to him at any moment; every man has been warned to be ready; every man has had a thousand opportunities to be prepared, and the man who is instantly killed has no more excuse for not being ready than the man who is months in dying. A man is an inexcusable fool who lives an hour without being ready to die.

14. The door was shut. There is no hope after death for those who die unprepared. It is in this life or never.

15. These are the principal truths in this lesson. There are many other lesser ones,

but teach these faithfully, and it will be enough for one half-hour.

For The Golden Rule.

THE TEN VIRGINS.

Matt. 25: 1–13.

BY JOSEPH A. TORREY.

Wherewith shall the kingdom of heaven be compared?

It shall be like to virgins that forth fared To meet the Bridegroom on his homeward way. Ten virgins young and beautiful were they, White-robed and bearing lamps, with mirth and song—

A merry throng.

Of the ten virgins, five were counted wise, And five were foolish, who took no supplies Of needed oil their waning lamps to fill. The wise took oil in vessels with their lamps.

The Bridegroom tarried. Night came on apace. The virgins halted for a little space,

A-weary with the march. The evening chill, Moonless and starless, with its dews and damps, Veiled them with mantle of gray mist, until Sleep overcame them with resistless power.

And at the midnight hour

There was a cry:

“Behold the Bridegroom cometh!

Meet him and greet him,

Lo, he draweth nigh!”

Then said the foolish virgins to the wise, Waking from slumber with a dull surprise:

“Oh, dear companions, give us of your oil; Our lamps are out.

The tumult and the shout

We hear, but all is darkness and turmoil!”

Then answered the wise virgins: “Nay, not thus, Lest there be not enough for you and us. Go, rather, to the merchantmen and buy.”

But while they went, the Bridegroom passed by, With the wise virgins leading on before, Unto the marriage supper. And the door was shut.

Came afterward

The fair belated virgins, crying, “Lord, Open to us.”

Answered the Bridegroom, “Nay,

The feast is set, the guests are met,

And you I never knew.

Go ye your way!”

Watch, therefore, for the day ye know not, nor the hour, Wherein the Son of man shall come in glory and in power.

LIGHTS ON THE LESSON FROM MANY SOURCES.

[Selected by Mrs. F. E. Clark.]

The last of the parables is one of the most beautiful and touching. The weird pathos of the story is unspeakable. The occasion is so happy, the agents so interesting, the issue so tragic. It is a wedding that is on hand; the characters brought on the stage are virgins, young, bright and fair; the fate of some of them is so hard,—exclusion from the marriage festivities, at which they so longed to be present, and for so slight a cause,—a little too late. One's heart is sore for those five witless, luckless girls.—*Bruce in Vincent's Commentary.*

The master mind that wrought it out compels us to look, not on a Jewish wedding from which a few belated, improvident damsels are shut out, but at the greater marriage supper of the Lamb, and to think of ourselves as possibly being classed with the foolish virgins. It is a parable which causes self-examination. It raises the question, Have I a sufficient supply of oil, so that my lamp shall burn brightly when the midnight cry shall announce that the Bridegroom has come? Am I ready for His coming, so that I can go with Him into the marriage? In the strong personal application which the parable itself makes upon the conscience, the teacher has an effective aid in pressing home the truths of the lesson.—*Pilgrim Teacher.*

“Be likened unto ten virgins” (v. 1). There were ten; a company, but not a crowd. Outwardly they seemed alike. Fair and lovely, in splendor of maidenly array, they may have appeared each like

the other, saving sufficient and pleasing variety in costume and beauty. Inwardly, however, there was a radical difference. Five were wise and five were foolish.—*Rev. W. E. Griffiths, D. D., in Monday Club.*

Differences there were that were radical and vital. The one had oil, and the other had none. And this one thing involved everything. . . . The difference between the real Christian and the formalist is one that often God only can see, for He searcheth the hearts of the children of men. He only knows whether the oil of grace be there. A lamp is a good thing; let no man despise it. But a lamp, however beautiful and costly, is a thing of naught unless there be oil in it. A poor tin lamp, if full of oil, is an incomparably better thing for all the purposes of a lamp, than a lamp of purest gold and of rarest artistic elegance, if there be nothing in it.—*Baptist Teacher.*

“Five of them were foolish and five were wise” (v. 2). We are not to consider the number as significant, as though half the church would prove to be of the foolish. “The numbers make nothing to the case—only the division is essential.” But note that some were foolish; that some in the church will fail of entrance into supreme joy at last. These cannot be properly considered as those who cared nothing for Christ. They took their lamps, they went forth. They intended to be present at the feast. Up to a certain point they are just like the wise. They are, therefore, in the church on earth, but, alas! they will not be in the church in heaven. Careless Christian, take warning! And five were wise. They relied upon no half measure; they neglected no precautions. They intended to be present at the feast. They adopted every measure that could help to make this certain. How many there are who go limping and halting along, hoping against reasonable hope, trusting to un-covenanted mercies, relying on half-performed duties. But the wise make sure of salvation.—*Standard Eclectic Commentary.*

“For the foolish when they took their lamps took no oil with them” (v. 3). Their lamps were filled and burning, but they would burn only a little while, and when the lamps were once emptied there was no oil to refill them. They represent those whose religion is emotional, and not deep and vital. They seem like the rocky ground hearers of another parable. The seed sprang up quickly and gave great promise of growth, but lacked root, and in the hot sun withered and died. We ought to learn here that “conversion” is not all of a Christian life, that even earnestness is not enough. We have all seen people start well, and then in a little while lose all their fervor,—the lamps go out, and it is dark again where so lately there was such bright shining. It is not enough to begin well; we should have a perseverance also that never wearies.—*Westminster Teacher.*

“The wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps” (v. 4). The first thought of the foolish virgins was to have their lamps, but with the wise it was to have oil in their lamps. There are some now whose first thought is to be members of the church, to partake of its ordinances, to share in its outward services. These are good and means of good which should not be neglected. But there are weightier matters. There are others whose principal aim is to have the grace of Christ in their hearts, to have the spirit of the gospel guide their lives, to be sure that they keep alive and nurture the new life which Christ gives to them. They, too, use outward ordinances in the church as means to this principal end. They resemble the wise virgins who took oil in their lamps.—*Sabbath School World.*

“Now while the bridegroom tarried” (v. 5). There is an intimation here given by Christ of the possibility of a long delay in His coming. Some of His utterances

seem to have led the early church to believe that He would come in their day. It seems to have been left designedly obscure, so that every succeeding generation might have the stimulus which comes from the possibility of the second coming in its day. Such an utterance as that of our text may save us from sinking into a hopeless belief of any second coming, because it has been so long delayed, because the bridegroom tarries. He said He would tarry.—*Standard Eclectic Commentary.*

"They all slumbered and slept" (v. 5). Observe the implication, if the Christian has grace in his heart he is always ready, though asleep; if not, he is unready, though he were wakeful and seemingly watchful. Not what death finds us doing, but how death finds us furnished, is the important question.—*Abbott.*

"At midnight there is a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom!" (v. 6). It was this sudden midnight call that tested the readiness of all the waiting virgins. Up to this hour they had all seemed alike prepared. But now the difference appears. The wise calmly awake and trim their lamp-wicks, and, pouring in fresh oil, are ready. But not so the poor foolish virgins. They arise and trim their lamps, and find the oil burned out. Unlike their wise sisters, they have no reserve from which to draw. Sudden trials test character. Surprises of duty or of temptation or of sorrow reveal the strength and quality of one's religion. The practical question which comes to all of us is, Are we prepared for any sudden call that may come to us? If death comes an hour hence, are we ready? Or are we living in careless ease, not prepared for the eternity into which, any hour, we may be ushered?—*Westminster Teacher.*

"Our lamps are going out" (v. 8). What became of those who had lamps without oil? Their lamps had gone out, and their end was darkness. Oh! let us beware, lest by any sloth and sin we choke the golden pipes through which there steals into our tiny lamps the soft flow of that divine oil which alone can keep up the flame. The wick, untrimmed and unfed, may burn for a little while, but it soon chars and smokes, and goes out at last in foul savor, offensive to God and man. Take care lest you resist the Holy Spirit of God. Let your loins be girt and your lamps burning.—*Maclaren, in Vincent's Notes.*

"Give us of your oil" (v. 8). Personal character cannot be given by one man to another. You cannot give me your patience to support me in the hour of my anguish. I cannot give you my courage for the discharge of dangerous duty. There is much, indeed, we can and ought to do for each other. But we cannot give to any one the qualities which we ourselves possess, but in which he is deficient.—*William M. Taylor, in Peloubet's Notes.*

"And the door was shut" (v. 10). Shut? With some still without in the midnight darkness? Shut for good? And the foolish virgins who meant so well coming to crave entrance? Yes, shut for good. The accepted guests are all inside. Why should the door stand open? But what becomes of the various restoration theories? And of the second probation which God's mercy is to provide, according to some? What becomes of Universalism and all its kindred theories? "The door was shut," and all the reasonings of men, and all their turnings and twistings of Scripture cannot open it. Only one voice can do it. When has that voice ever spoken thus?—*Standard Eclectic Commentary.*

"Watch, therefore, for ye know not the day nor the hour" (v. 13). The only way to watch is to be ready always. You know not what hour, therefore you must prepare instantly, and be always in readiness. Are we ready? Is the flame burn-

ing brightly? If darkness suddenly came have we oil to burn all night? The only way to be ready is to open heart and life to Christ, that He may come and live in our hearts.—*Westminster Teacher.*

PRIMARY EXERCISE.

BY FANNIE H. GALLAGHER.

"And what I say unto you, I say unto all—Watch." Who spoke these words, children? Where was Jesus when He spoke them? For what two things were the disciples to watch? For what two things are we to watch?

If I were an artist I think I should love to make a picture something like this,—A little way off, Jerusalem, with its houses, walls and temple most plain of all to see. Then nearer, the Mount of Olives, Jesus and His disciples resting there, in the shade of its trees, looking over the valley at their feet to the city opposite. I would put into His face,—not the holy anger which I am sure must have rested there when He reproved the Pharisees in the temple only a few hours before,—not the sadness which was often seen upon His face when He told His disciples of the sad end to which He was hastening, but I would try to teach my brush to paint love and tenderness,—a love and tenderness more than any man ever showed before, for He was the Saviour as well as the Friend of the men at His side, and the Friend who was to leave them very soon. This is the picture I would try to paint.

I said in our last lesson He told them two short stories, to show how closely they, His disciples, must watch. To-day He tells them another, to teach the same thing.

Perhaps, as they sat looking off over the hills, they saw a group or procession of men following one more richly dressed, starting as if on a journey of some length, for they carried lamps fastened to poles,—lamps as yet not lighted, for it was day, but ready to be lighted when the darkness should come on, and ready to be re-filled also, from a vessel each carried at his side.

The disciples would know full well what such a procession meant. Perhaps Peter and the rest had often joined just such a party, a wedding party, gone with the bridegroom to the house of his bride, then, gathering more friends on the way, returned to the house of the bridegroom, feasted, and made merry with the bride and the friends who entered with them.

So Jesus began His story. "Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins which took their lamps and went forth to meet the bridegroom. And five of them were wise, and five were foolish. For the foolish, when they took their lamps, took no oil with them, but the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps. Now, while the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept. But at midnight there is a cry. Behold, the bridegroom! Come ye forth to meet him. Then all these virgins arose and trimmed their lamps. And the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil; for our lamps are going out. But the wise answered, saying, peradventure there will not be enough for us and you! Go ye rather to them that sell and buy for yourselves. And while they went away to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut."

I have told you this story so far almost exactly in Jesus' own words. I think you can all understand it. The bridegroom had gone with his friends for his bride. These ten virgins or girls were the bride's friends who were to wait for them on the road with lamps brightly burning. The bridegroom might be long in coming, that they knew. They might have to wait hours, that they knew. They might need much oil, that they knew. When they heard the music, the joyful cry, "Behold he cometh," when they saw the bright lights from lamps his friends carried, they must start. Till then they could sleep by

the road-side in the soft night air, or in the house of some friend.

And so the ten waited; and you or I, who might look at their sleeping faces if we had been passing, would have thought only, "Here were ten friends of the bride, all ready to join the procession and go in to the marriage."

But they were not all ready. The cry comes, the music is heard, the lights begin to appear on the top of yonder hill, and the virgins awake. The lamps have burned low while they slept. Some trim them and add fresh oil from the vessel they have kept with them all the time. Some blow the flame, and, with no oil of their own, beg for a part of the oil their friends have laid by. But there is not enough. Each one has enough for herself only, else all the lamps will burn dimly. "Go and buy," and they hurry away, and hasten back again.

But the feet of these foolish virgins, returning with the oil, were not swift enough. While they were gone the bridegroom came. Perhaps he wondered to find only five friends waiting where he had expected ten, but the five added their brightly burning lamps to the procession, and still more glad and merry it went on, reached the door of the bridegroom's house, went in, and the door was shut.

Fast hurried the foolish virgins after. Perhaps the last light had just disappeared within the door when their fast-flying feet brought them in view of the house. They beat upon the door. They cry, "Lord, Lord, open to us," but through the little window comes a voice, "I know you not."

"Watch, therefore," said Jesus, turning His loving yet warning eyes on His friends "for ye know not the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh."

Children, do you think the five virgins were selfish not to give part of their oil to those who needed it? I used to think so, I know better now. For the "oil" in the story doesn't mean "oil," nor "bread," nor "money." It means *courage*, it means *strength*, it means *patience*, it means *holiness*. When our Bridegroom, Christ Jesus comes, whether He comes in the clouds with great glory, with His holy angels with Him, or whether He comes in death and calls me I cannot borrow of you *courage*, *strength*, *patience*, *holiness*. I cannot lend my dearest friend any good thing to make him ready to meet Jesus. Each soul then stands alone.

Are you afraid, children? Does something whisper, "If He comes to-night, I am not ready?" That is God's voice. There is still time to go and buy. Here is Jesus, not dead, but risen and living. He will not sell, but give you strength, courage, holiness. Then you can sleep and wake, and wake and sleep again, and whenever He comes, or however He comes, you will be ready.

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF "GO AWAY."

BY E. D. H.

A learned professor lecturing before a psychology class on the effect of the will, once said: "There is no sense in contemplating an injurious thought or emotion, shaking your head, and saying, 'Go away,' because it won't go away; you must drive it away by putting something else in your mind." An old truth, assuredly, but one which we too often forget. We feel unhappy, and sit down to nurse our unhappiness, and to dwell upon our miseries, quite unmindful of the trite injunction, "Count your blessings, child." We think of something that we want and then of something more that we want, and entirely ignore the sage reflection of the old man who said, "Oh, dear, what a heap of things there are that I don't want!" We have a sad attack of the blues, and each moment we think of them we grow bluer until we are almost black from head to foot, and are quite blind to the rose and crimson and gold that lie all around us unheeded by our sullen eyes. Did you ever fight off an attack of that frightful disease, melancholia, by a brisk walk? The next time you are threatened put on overshoes and a heavy coat, and then go away to the top of some brown hill, or down into the valley where a little brook is breaking from its icy bands, or along an unfrequented road where the grasses are beginning to show green and fresh, and the birds are talking about the friends who are soon to come North, or go through the town and look for pleasant things, and you will see so much that is gay and cheerful, if you look for it, that you will forget yourself.

But what if the trouble is something real? "But patience makes easier anything that it is impossible to escape," was a wise saying of a wise old Roman. And the dear Father sends us nothing harder than we can bear, and sometimes He has to send us trials to make us see other people's troubles, and sometimes He has to take the songs out of our lives that we may learn the psalms. And although our griefs press hard upon us, and although they were sent for our good, they were not sent that we should sink under them and ponder on their size and weight. They will grow wonderfully lighter if only we share other people's also. And while we would not forget the dear ones who are gone, and the severe lessons we have learned, we may forget the bitterness of the sorrow, the agony of the remorse in our daily occupation, in the work that is all about us waiting for us and our service. The trouble will not go away at our command, but by-and-by, in His own good time, the Father will perhaps take it away when He sees that it has accomplished that for which it was sent.

HUMAN NATURE.

As there is no consistent sceptic, so there is no consistent cynic. Somewhere in every man's heart is hidden a germ of love and sympathy, and however much a man may try to cover over and to hide these qualities, they will show in spite of him. There is, among our American novelists, a man who seems to pride himself on his superior disbelief in all that other men call real, and his characters are apt to be wearied and indolent creatures, with small hearts and smaller souls; but occasionally, and as if it were unconsciously, this man writes something so beautiful and lovely that the reader stops astonished, and wonders if this can be the same man who has written the previous pages. From one of his novels comes this passage, so strong and true that, alone, it would make a reputation for the writer; but it follows pages of wearisome description of artificiality and corruption, which make the reader's soul sick with disgust:

"Human nature, they tell us; and another says, all people are alike when it comes to the point; and the motives of mankind have ever been the same, says a third. The course of history is thus and so; it is human nature to do this, and take this bundle of hay, rather than that; and we are all alike, they repeat again,

until we do become human nature, or drown ourselves in preference.

"But it is a lie. Humanity is not all alike; it is as a broad plain of grass or weeds; and this is alike. But among it, here and there, flames a poppy; and above it, here and there, stands up the glorious lily, like a halo on a flower stem; and beneath it breathes the sweet and gentle violet. Hard by grow the weeds and dock and hardy thistles, unconscious of them."

"So mankind is a great crowd composed of many units, all alike; but with them walking, mostly alone, there journey the hero, and the martyr, and the woman with a soul. And the hero looks straight ahead, sad and strong; the martyr looks up to heaven; and the soul looks about it and breathes its fragrance to its fellows."

"But the crowd is so great that these three, though they be many, yet seem few. And they journey as they may, and work, and do, and die; but ah, me! they are lonely, for they seldom meet, each one the other; they are fortunate if they see each other's radiance dimly, through the crowded field."

BUYING A PAIR OF GLOVES.

The following graphic description is clipped from the *Detroit Free Press*, and if you don't think it is natural, then either you are so fortunate as to know nothing about shopping, or else you are one of the women who indulge in just such conversations whenever you buy anything, from a sealskin coat to a paper of pins:

"Let me see some gloves, please."
"Yes'm; what kind?"
"Really, I don't know. Let me see what you have."
"Silk or kid?"
"I hardly know; let me see both."
"Light or dark?"
"Oh, neither, exactly; something medium, I think."
"Here are some tan colors that—"
"Oh, I don't want tan colors."
"Don't want black, do you?"
"No. I don't hardly think I do."
"Something for evening wear?"
"No—that is, not exactly."
"Here are some—"
"Oh, I don't want elbow kids."
"How would six buttons do?"
"No, I want longer gloves than that."
"Here are some new shades in brown."
"Have you any silver gray?"
"Yes'm, here are some new shades—"
"Oh, those are too dark."
"And these?"
"Altogether too light. Let me see something in seal brown."
"Yes'm, we've something quite new and—"
"Oh, I want them with stitching on the back."
"Black or colored stitching?"
"Really, I don't know. Which kind are they wearing most?"
"Well, it is hard to tell; one is worn about as much as another."
"Yes, I suppose so; but I can hardly decide, for I—Why, Mame de Smythe, is this you?"
"Of course it is; who do?"
"So glad to see you. Do you know I've been thinking about you, and—"
"It's an age since I saw you. What are you buying?"
"I am trying to buy some gloves, but I don't know what I want. Do help me decide."
"Well, I will. I'm not buying anything myself; just looking 'round. Isn't it lovely to shop?"
"Lovely! And aren't things beautiful this year? I'm wild over the ribbons!"
"Ribbons! Don't mention them! I just rave over every milliner's window I pass! But about the gloves?"
After half an hour of harrowing consultation, and handling every box of gloves in that store, the glove customer says:

"Oh, let's go over to Fittens'. I always get what I want there. There's nothing here I want."

THE CARE OF THE THROAT.

A prominent French physician gives this advice concerning the care of the throat:

"My advice is to gargle the throat daily with a gram of phenic acid, diluted in a quart of water. Gargling is the hygiene of the throat. As for phenic acid, in one form or another it is the great palliative, curative and preventive of sore throats. Remember I say 'curative,' for many a quincy or diphtheria might be cured and is, happily, cured by it. For this, of course, a medical man must be the judge, according to circumstances. Keep the throat well

exposed in health—no comforters, no scarfs; keep the feet and chest warm as much as you like, but let the throat take care of itself."

Another physician says:

"The moment you have a sore throat, put a cold-water bandage around the throat and cover it with oil-silk. Begin warm inhalations at once and go to bed. It is just possible that your sore throat comes from a rheumatic condition; if so, you will kill two birds with one stone."

Presumably this last clause alludes to the sore throat and the rheumatism, and not to yourself and some unknown second party.

ALL'S AT AN END.

The breach is made—false friend, adieu,
All's at an end between us two,
Let others come with power and praise,
To blot your image from my days;
That shining past, its colors fade—
I'll have no more—the breach is made.

All's at an end? Proud instinct lies!
There is no end to human ties:
My voice has learned an alien tone,
My very look repeats your own;
Our natures act in foe or friend—
In vain we cry, All's at an end.
—Dora Reed Goodale, in *Harper's Magazine*.

Reviews.

CURRENT RELIGIOUS PERILS, with prefaces and other addresses on Leading Reformers and a symposium on vital and progressive theology. Such is the imposing title under which Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, of Boston, send out the eleventh volume of Rev. Joseph Cook's Boston Monday Lectures. The book is, of course, characteristic of the peculiar lecturer and presents a very good idea of the man even to one who has not seen him. Those who know his odd style, will find in this volume so many familiar and characteristic expressions that reading it will be almost the same as hearing the lectures. Naturally there is a complexity of arrangement, and one who is not used to Mr. Cook's manner and method, will be inclined to ask why things are so strangely mixed, and to suggest that if the lectures all came together and if the prefaces were printed by themselves, the pleasure to the reader would be much increased; but those who have heard Mr. Cook speak before the vast audience which gathers every week in Tremont Temple, will recognize the arrangement and like it for its familiarity. The prefaces, as usual, are concerned with popular subjects, and are devoted to discussion of such themes as the "New Departure," the Indian question, Sabbath desecration, illiteracy, and kindred topics of the day. The lectures, on the other hand, are of a more scholarly character, and vary much from the prefaces in both subject and treatment. The topics treated are,—waste of opportunity the chief peril of the church, and modern novel opportunities in theology, in ethical science, in the spiritual life, in comparative religion, in new political outgrowths of Christianity, and for Christian union. There are places in the book where the average reader is left with a doubt as to what the lecturer has been trying to say, and more than that, with a doubt as to whether he himself knows what he intended to say; but that is to be rather expected from the Boston lecturer, and Boston people don't mind a slight vagueness of that kind, they can assume that it is philosophical. The purpose of the lectures is generally well stated and clearly expounded, and the eleventh volume will probably be no less read than the preceding. Interspersed with the lectures are questions and answers, addresses of visitors, among them Frances Willard and the Pundita Ramabai, eulogies on Wendell Phillips and John B. Gough, so that the book presents a full report of the addresses and speeches made in Tremont Temple during the entire course of lectures. The volume is finely printed and will form a valuable addition to library shelves, however well stocked they may be.

THE CHURCH KINGDOM. Lectures on Congregationalism delivered on the Southworth Foundation, in the Andover Theological Seminary, 1882—1886. By H. Hastings Ross. Boston and Chicago: Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society. Within this goodly volume of 386 pages is packed the results of a large amount of scholarship, and of much research into ecclesiastical history and polity. Beginning with the patriarchal dispensation, the writer traces the prog-

ress of the kingdom of God through the centuries, until he comes to the different theories of the church in the Christian dispensation, as represented by the Roman Catholic and Episcopal theories, and by the Presbyterian and Congregational theories of the Christian Church. The book is especially rich and valuable in discussing Congregational polity, and will, in this field, take its place among the two or three most important modern treatises on this subject, as its author ranks among the two or three foremost scholars in this domain. The part of the book which will doubtless provoke the most discussion is that which relates to ministerial standing, which, Dr. Ross claims, should be held, not in the civil courts, nor in local churches, nor in councils of churches, nor in ministerial associations, but in associations of churches. It must be said that Dr. Ross makes out a very strong case on this point, though he does not hold the view usually accepted by Congregational ministers and churches. One argument, at least, for making these associations the depositories of ministerial standing, rather than the ecclesiastical council, is almost unanswerable. "If a council commit a mistake or do wrong, it cannot redress it after adjournment, and all responsibility is precluded by the dissolution of the council into its individual elements; but if an association of churches do wrong or make a mistake, it exists to feel its responsibility, to correct it and record the correction." We hope that all our readers who wish to become thoroughly posted on ecclesiastical polity, whatever their denominational preference, will read, and keep for reference, this most valuable manual.

MARGARET REGIS. A story by Annie H. Ryder. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price, \$1.25. The author of this book is well known as the writer of "Hold Up Your Heads, Girls," and the compiler of "New Every Morning," which have been so popular among girls and young women. This latest book is a pleasant story of some school-girls, and of their various fortunes in life. The opening chapters tell of the school-life and of some of the fun and some of the earnestness the girls enjoy; and then the author takes her girls through the troublesome period of graduation and out into what some call "the stern realities of life." The interest centres around bright, energetic Margaret Regis, who is in the predicament in which many other girls are placed, she does not know what to do. All the other girls seem to have some definite purpose, but while she longs to be at work, she cannot find her mission. At this time she has much help from a friend older than she who has fought out the same battle and has found her work in the study of medicine. Margaret finally decides to teach, and goes to Germany to study. The readers are given some account of her life abroad and of her success as a teacher after her return. But her plans are finally interrupted by the arrival of the inevitable man, who leads her away, amid a general clash of cymbals, etc., all of which the reader can easily imagine, having seen the same thing so many times before. The book has many fine passages and will, without doubt, help many perplexed and troubled girls who are almost ready to sit down and weep over the vexations of girlhood. It is to be hoped, however, that they will not wait calmly for the prince to appear and solve their difficulties, and, as if to ward against this catastrophe, the writer has introduced the young physician who goes on her way rejoicing and alone.

RESPONSIVE READINGS IN THE REVISED VERSION, with Morning and Evening Services. By Rev. J. T. Duryea, D. D. Boston and Chicago: Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society. Introduction price, 50 cents; retail price, 70 cents. The tendency of all denominations towards a formal and ritualistic service is marked in many ways, but perhaps especially by the introduction of service books. Of course, it is an open question whether the compilers of these books are likely to improve on the books used by the Church of England and the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, from which they borrow so much, that sometimes one is inclined to think that all the best in the new compilations is taken bodily from the old books. But, be that as it may, in at least one thing has this new book, compiled by Dr. Duryea, the advantage over any other of its kind: it is arranged from the revised versions of the Old and New Testaments. It is generally acknowledged that the new version of the Psalms is more metrical and musical than that in use so long by the churches. This volume contains selections for responsive reading from all the Psalms, plainly printed and legible to the weakest eyes. There are also forms for morning and vesper services, in which the antiphonal element

is conspicuous, and which furnish many suggestions for interesting services. The author says that they are intended to be suggestive rather than arbitrary, and are given for such adoption as the circumstances of each case may indicate as advantageous and wise. The morning and vesper services are bound separately, for use in congregations, colleges, schools and academies. Introduction price, 25 cents; retail price, 30 cents.

JUDAISM ON THE SOCIAL QUESTION. By Rabbi H. Berkowitz. New York: John B. Alden. Price, 50 cents. This book will probably be a surprise to all who read it, for we are so accustomed to a flood of platitudes and impossible schemes concerning this subject that it is really surprising to read plain, clear statements under the head of a discussion of socialism. That this Jewish rabbi does not hesitate to touch the dangerous subject, and to subject it to careful and thoughtful analysis, is greatly to his credit, and to the credit of the pulpit where such a thing is possible. The vigor and intensity of the writing is remarkable.

Literary Notes.

In the *Century* for April, Mr. George Kennan describes the Russian penal code, and with this article finishes the preliminary papers to the series of illustrated Siberian articles which are to begin in the May number of the magazine. The interest in these articles is wide-spread, and almost rivals the popularity of the famous war articles which appeared in the same periodical. As an introduction to the Siberian papers, Mr. Kennan is to tell how he and the artist who accompanied him, happened to be in Russia and to get so much information, and, more important still, how they managed to get out of the country with their manuscripts and drawings. On all these points there is much curiosity among those who know of the secrecy which veils state proceedings in Russia, and the surveillance which is exercised over all visitors within the domain. The other papers in the magazine are of the usual good quality.

Archibald Forbes' life of the late Emperor of Germany, published by Cassell & Co., had the advantage to be the first to be issued after the emperor's death. It is quite safe to say that no man living was better equipped for this work than Mr. Forbes, for, besides being a close student of contemporaneous history, he was intimately associated with the German emperor as a special war correspondent, accompanying him on the campaign through Alsace and Lorraine, up to the very walls of Paris. Mr. Forbes took plenty of time in the writing of this biography, and it has every evidence of careful preparation.

Some of the contributors to *Wide Awake* for April are Susan Coolidge, Edith M. Thomas, Sidney Lusk, Olive Risley Seward, Grace Denio Litchfield, Lieut. F. P. Fremont, Margaret Eytling, M. E. W. Sherwood, and Oscar Fay Adams. The illustrations are excellent, and the contributions are of the high order to be expected in this popular magazine. The frontispiece, a drawing by W. L. Taylor of a young girl with Easter lilies, is one of the most exquisite things ever published in the magazine.

In the April issue of *The Woman's World*, published by Cassell & Co., of New York, Ouida writes a breezy little article, "Appropos of Dinners;" Miss H. E. Keane describes lace-making in Ireland; the Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco tells of Swiss goblins; and many other ladies, titled and otherwise, contribute to make the magazine interesting to feminine readers.

Worthington Co. announce for immediate publication *YANKEE GIRLS IN ZULULAND*, by Louise V. Sheldon, with one hundred photogravure illustrations by J. T. Graves, from original sketches by J. Austen. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, extra gilt top, \$2.25.

New Publications Received.

[These books will be reviewed as soon as possible.]

From *Dodd, Mead & Company, New York:*

Master of His Fate. By Amelia E. Barr. \$1.00.

From *D. Lothrop Company, Boston:*

The Doctor of Deane. By Mary Towle Palmer. \$1.25.

Herbert Gardenell's Children. By Mrs. S. R. Graham Clark. \$1.50.

From *Robert Carter & Brothers, New York:*

Both Sides. By Jessie W. Smith. 50 cents.

My Sermon Notes. By C. H. Spurgeon. \$1.00.

A Father's Blessing. By William Wilberforce Newton. \$1.25.

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FACTS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.

In this connection, WM. C. KNOX & CO., of Topeka, Kansas, desire to present a few facts for the careful consideration of any who may be interested in them. The above firm are negotiators of 8% guaranteed real-estate mortgages and also buy and sell real estate for their Eastern customers. During the past year they have invested over \$100,000 in this way, many of which purchases have been sold again, making for some of the investors the following rates per cent. per annum on the money invested:

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SWORN STATEMENT OF CIRCULATION OF THE GOLDEN RULE.

The regular weekly edition of *THE GOLDEN RULE* is twenty-one thousand copies..... **21,000**
Of which nineteen thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven are paid annual subscribers..... **19,827**
Increase since October 1st (six months)..... **8,722**
The balance of the edition is sent out in answer to calls for sample copies.

WM. SHAW, Adv. Manager.

BOSTON, APRIL 2, 1888.

Personally appeared before me, the above-named Wm. Shaw, and WM. KNOLLIN, Justice of the Peace.

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Editorial.

"SHE PROCEEDED ON HER WAY."

After one of the great gales of the past winter that devastated the Atlantic coast, there appeared in the papers a very matter-of-fact item of telegraphic news, describing the misfortunes of a coasting schooner in the storm. If we remember rightly, her boats were stove, a new suit of sails stripped from the yards, the rudder was temporarily disabled, two men swept overboard, while the rest fairly escaped with frost-bitten hands and faces; but after describing these perils and disasters the despatch went on to say, that "she proceeded on her way."

In every Christian's life there come such storms which he seems barely to survive. It may be a terrible gust of passion, or some hot temptation that comes upon him like the breath of the simoon, or some affliction which strips off the life-boats in which he has trusted, and rends his sails, and even seems for the time to disable the rudder by which he steers heavenward. But when the stress of weather is somewhat passed, he finds that there is just one thing to do—to proceed on his way. He is battered and bruised, his earthly hopes are rent, and the gilding and decoration of life have suffered terribly, but he can proceed on his way. The north star is not lost, his port is still the same, the compass is as true as ever, and no disaster has befallen his vessel which cannot be repaired in the home harbor.

"Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot cure."

And he may find, at last, that the very storms have

been his kindest friends, and have borne him most swiftly toward his haven.

"Then should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm
That drives us nearer home."

THE BUZZ-SAW OF EXPERIENCE.

"The buzz-saw of experience," sagely exclaims one of the secular papers, "cuts off many thumbs and fingers before the green hands learn to respect its revolutions." This aphorism has many an application. The would-be dealer in stocks who aspires to be wise concerning "puts" and "calls" and "margins" and "futures" often realizes its truth, and finds that the buzz-saw of experience has made sad havoc with him, cutting him off, in fact, close to his thumbs. The presuming young man in society, after many a snub, learns to respect the social buzz-saw.

The spread eagle orator, after flopping to the earth with disabled pinions once or twice, learns that a certain oratorical buzz-saw keeps up with his loftiest flight, and clips his wings in a most cruel and unexpected way. But all these experiences are as nothing compared with that of him who tampers with the buzz-saw of dissipation. Alas! alas for the young man who will not learn by the awful experience of the bleeding myriads who have been hacked and slaughtered by strong drink or licentiousness! Most sad is this experience, since even the pain and disgrace does not teach wisdom or keep the victim out of reach of the destroyer. The dealer in stocks once victimized usually learns caution; the society beau does not often expose himself to ridicule the second time; the public speaker, when he finds he cannot soar, is content to walk; but the more the sharp teeth of dissipation cut, the more the victim rushes within their grasp, until, at last, there is nothing left even for dissipation to pierce and destroy. The buzz-saw of gambling and dishonest gain is equally direful. It is not content to cut off a thumb here and a finger there, or even with hacking off an arm or a leg, it cuts the whole man, body and soul. Woe unto the young man who will not be warned by the experience of others, but ventures to play with the very teeth of destruction.

THE GAMBLING MANIA.

Those who have never fallen under the spell of the dice-box can hardly realize the awful power which it exerts over the soul that has yielded to its fascinations. A story recently told in the *American Magazine* tells how a wealthy young man of New Orleans, having gambled away his last dime, unexpectedly found a thousand-dollar note in one corner of his overcoat pocket. This he was about to stake in a single play when the greedy look of the dealer at the roulette table attracted his attention. Whereupon, as the story goes, the youth straightened himself up, still holding the bank note, and thus apostrophized the dealer: "Ah, ah! I see that you greedily expected this one thousand-dollar note to swell your pile. Well, you will not have it, and to escape all temptations, here it goes!" Whereupon he twisted the note as if it had been waste paper, and, holding it up to the flames of the chandelier, he wrathfully hissed these words through his clenched teeth: "Burn, my poor note, and evaporate into thin air, rather than be swallowed up, like your lost sisters, by the bloated monster whose maw yawns for you." After this he broke loose and rushed away, amid the loud laughter of his friends who shouted, "Bravo! bravo!"

This story has an apocryphal as well as a melodramatic flavor about it. It is not every young man, even if he is rich, that has a thousand-dollar bill lying around loose in a forgotten corner of his overcoat, and the brave flourish at the end is rather hard to credit, still it illustrates the struggle and the temptation, if not the victory, of many a young man who has come within this demon's grasp. In the reins of our busy modern life runs the gambling fever. Fortunes so easily made by speculation are often the result of legalized gambling, none the less reprehensible because safer and more respectable than the gambling of the roulette table. No wonder that many of our boys are born with the gambling mania as distinctly marked as the passion for strong drink. The fact that in a single pool-room of Boston a million dollars changed hands in a single year on the results of base-ball games, and that this money came largely from clerks and school-boys and young men who could ill afford to lose it, is a fearful commentary on the prevalence of the gam-

bling mania, and a fact that should arouse the attention of every parent in the land.

BASE-BALL GAMBLING.

The papers are beginning to be full of items concerning the engagements of base-ball players for the next season. This one has "signed" with such a club for ten thousand dollars and that one is to have four thousand dollars salary as a pitcher in another club, etc. It is evident that the "national game" has not lost its popularity, and the temptations to the boys and young men of America to risk their money in "pool-room combinations" will probably be greater this coming season than ever before. By all means let us encourage manly, athletic sports; but by all means let us reprobate the unmanly and often outrageous concomitants of these sports. If base-ball can be played without necessarily encouraging gambling, and without ruining thousands of our boys, let us invoke our legislatures to prohibit the gambling attachment. If it cannot thus be played, let us abolish the professional game altogether. We believe that there is no necessary connection between batting and betting. There is no need of allowing this best and most popular of American games to fall into the clutches of the devil; but that is just where it is drifting as fast as the present craze for gambling on the result of the league games can carry it. Public sentiment, if once thoroughly aroused, could most effectively cut off this gambling attachment or else make the game so unpopular that there would be "no money in it." In this way, the roller skating rinks, which at one time threatened to be hot-houses of iniquity, have been quietly, but effectively, suppressed. The same fate awaits base-ball, if it is allowed to debauch the integrity of its young patrons much further.

AN OPEN LETTER FROM MR. MOSSBACK TO REV. J. LAMENTATION.

DEAR BROTHER JEREMIAH: Is there really any need of taking such a dismal view of the world and all things that are therein? I know things are not just as they used to be in the old days when the part in our hair was not so very wide as it is now. In some ways I agree with you, that the change does not seem to have been for the better, and yet many other things are so manifestly better than they used to be that I believe the balance is infinitely on the right side.

To wait half an hour at the depot for a belated train is unpleasant, but it isn't nearly as bad as not to have any train to wait for, and to have to travel by stage-coach. If illuminating gas had not been invented we should have no leaky pipes or huge gas bills, and yet I should be sorry to go back to the days of the tallow dip, and I think you would. So, many of these things of which you complain are the product of the times, and it is our business to make our times better, not to berate them or constantly to bewail the "good old times." Some of the scepticism of the day is due, doubtless, to the increased intellectual activity of the day. When all men are asking "whence?" "where?" "whither?" there must necessarily be more doubt and infidelity than when most men allowed their priests to do all their thinking for them.

When people are brought together by the million in a great city, there are many difficult problems which were not raised when a few thousands were scattered over our hillsides and valleys. But we cannot go back to the period of quiet colonial days if we should wish to, and we would not wish to if we could.

When wealth increases, luxury and greed of gain are likely to increase, too; but we cannot reduce these evils by continually sighing for the old times and lamenting because they cannot come back again.

If the gas leaks, let us stop the leak instead of blowing up the gas-house. If the train is late, let us get to our destination just as soon as possible, instead of anathematizing the railroad and refusing to get aboard when the train does come along. If the times are bad, let us mend them, instead of groaning over the departure of the past and growling over the coming of the present, for our lamentations will neither bring back yesterday nor delay the coming of to-morrow.

Your friend, A. MOSSBACK.

WHEN we have done all the thinking and planning and weighing, and pride ourselves upon our wisdom, we are not yet wise; one more step remains to be taken, without which, we only may avoid the wrong, with which, however, we shall surely, come upon the right. We must still say, "Guide us, O God! Teach us what to do."—*Ivan Panin.*

EDITORIAL NOTES FROM THE WIDE FIELD.

"The Field is the World."

Fast Day and Good Friday.

Certain questions in the moral and religious world are perennial. Like a certain ghostly individual of literature, they "will not down." One of these questions which it is always in order to discuss in the early days of April is the expediency of appointing Fast Day upon Good Friday. It is as periodical and regular in appearance as the crocuses and hyacinths, but not nearly as fresh and blooming. The only valid objection to the change in our opinion is that as Fast Day is at present observed, two anniversaries of religious significance would be desecrated instead of one. If we must have a horse-racing, ball-playing, pool-selling holiday in the spring of the year, let us not have such a day upon the anniversary of our Lord's crucifixion. It is quite bad enough to have the day on which the governor calls us to fasting, humiliation, and prayer desecrated in this way.

Vale Dennis Kearney.

It is announced that Dennis Kearney, the whilom famous sand-lot orator, has been in the East for several months, but has remained an almost invisible star of at least the forty-third magnitude. Yet the time was, and not so many months ago, when every word he spoke was supposed to be freighted with significance, the daily papers reported every nonsensical anathema against the "lecherous bondholders," and filled their editorial pages with comments thereon. The rocket has had its flight, the powder is burned off, the stick has come down at last, and it is found to be a very rough and ordinary splinter of California pine.

Asa Bullard.

No more utter contrast to the life of such a worthless demagogue as the one above mentioned can be found than the one presented by the character of Rev. Asa Bullard, the veteran Sunday school worker, who recently passed away at the age of eighty-four. For many years his benignant, kindly face has been welcomed wherever seen. Men that are now well on to middle life cannot remember Mr. Bullard when his hair was not as white as the driven snow, yet no signs of frost in the heart or chill in the affections were ever noticed. In thousands of churches he has been the welcome advocate of the claims of childhood and youth to a warmer place in the affections of Christian people, and has had no small share in bringing about the cordial and affectionate relation which now exists between the church and the children. Up to almost the last Sabbath of his life, Mr. Bullard continued to proclaim the unsearchable riches which to him were so precious. May he have many successors in the blessed work of bringing the church to the children, and the children to the church!

A Veteran's Experience.

Our readers, we think, will be interested by the article of Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D. D., LL. D., on our first page, as it shows in a modest way how Yankee wit was more than a match for Mohammedan infidelity. Few Americans have had a more varied or remarkable experience than the distinguished author of this article while a missionary in the Turkish Empire and the president of Robert College. We hope to persuade him to give to the readers of THE GOLDEN RULE other passages from the narrative of his life.

Added Facilities.

THE GOLDEN RULE is always doing what it can to furnish its readers with the best there is in every department. In order to insure still greater promptness and accuracy in the delivery of papers, it has recently made new arrangements in its mailing department at considerable additional expense, which, when they are fully perfected, will be decidedly for the advantage of our distant readers. It is no slight matter to secure the prompt delivery of 20,000 papers to 20,000 subscribers each week, scattered from Newfoundland to New Zealand, but this we intend to do. If any of our readers fail to receive any issue of the paper, they will do us a favor by informing us of the fact, and extra copies will be forwarded at once.

Jacob Sharp.

The last act in the long-drawn-out tragedy of the arch-briber is finished, and he is beyond the reach of earthly justice. Few people would believe that he was seriously ill until the news of his death was received. The whole of the embittered last days of the old man plainly indicate how impossible it is to escape the judgment of God. Human justice may miscarry, hu-

man courts prove slow to punish the rich sinner, but God's retribution never fails. The anxiety and wretchedness and abundant trouble of the late years of his life, doubtless hastened his end. Though he could escape Sing Sing, he could not escape the results of his crime. Not that Sharp was a sinner above all others; he is but a conspicuous witness to the truth, that, "Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished."

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For The Golden Rule.

TWO QUESTIONS ABOUT BIBLE STUDY.

BY REV. GEO. H. HUBBARD.

QUESTION 1. *Why is our study of the Bible so often unsatisfactory and fruitless?*

The important relation of God's Word to the Christian's life and work is self-evident. To urge upon our young people the duty of Bible study were unnecessary. But while the duty is clear to all, many a young disciple is sadly perplexed in its fulfillment. How often have we taken up our Bible in a blind, uncertain way, and have read it, hoping for some wonderful revelation, or some real sense of enjoyment, and after reading have laid it aside disappointed? We hear many Christians speak of the satisfaction they derive from reading God's Word, and we wonder why we do not have a like experience. So we redouble our diligence. We eagerly make use of all manner of "helps to Bible study." We examine the methods of well-known Bible students, and we try to follow the same plans they have used. After all is done, we are far from satisfied. The exercise which brought joy and strength to another only makes us weary. This has often been my own experience; and for this reason I desire to help others who may meet with similar difficulties.

The question at the head of this article presents the negative side of the subject. The positive side is reserved for another time. At present I shall only suggest three simple answers to the question proposed:

1. Our Bible study is often fruitless—because it is made an end in itself. Too often we read our Bibles merely for the sake of reading them, and with no further purpose in view. Is it wonderful that we derive no benefit from such reading? That was the great mistake of the Pharisees in the time of Christ. They thought there was some great merit in the mere act of reading the Scriptures; so they read them over a great many times, to prove their piety. They found no valuable truth because they were not looking for it. So it is with all who read the Bible as a religious exercise. The only reward they receive is a satisfied feeling that they have faithfully performed what they believe to be a religious duty. Whoever reads with the single purpose of going through a specified number of chapters, or turning so many pages, is like the man who eats on a wager to prove that he can outdo some other man. He derives little strength from such eating, and quickly ruins his digestion.

2. Our Bible study is often fruitless—because we lack definiteness in purpose and method. Many a disciple really seeks some blessing from his study of God's Word, while he has no clear idea what that blessing will be. He has no specific object to attain. Now it is above all things essential that we should have some end distinctly in view as we study, and that we should adapt the means used to the end sought. Without this we shall not reap any valuable results.

Often, as a small boy, I have dangled a bent pin in my mother's wash-tub, and, after waiting a long time in vain, have wondered why I caught nothing. Others were catching whales in the great ocean, why shouldn't I catch one in that tub? An expert fisherman goes out for the afternoon, and returns with a fine lot of trout, or salmon, or other fish, as the case may be. One who knows nothing about fishing tries to do the same, but he catches only minnows. What is the reason? In order to take particular kinds of fish you must prepare your hooks, lines, bait, etc., specially for them. Some must be caught with a hook, others with a net, some with a harpoon.

Why does Mr. Moody find plenty of whales in his Bible, while I find nothing? Because he goes after them with a harpoon, while I am dangle a bent pin in the water. Why do others bring out many and great truths, while I catch only the minnows that are almost worthless? Because they seek for particular truths, and use the proper means to find them.

How often we come to God's Word with longing

hearts; we are hungry for some great blessing, yet we read page after page, and chapter upon chapter, and we find nothing to reward our diligence. We give up our search in disappointment, and are half inclined to think the treasures of the Bible a myth. What were we seeking? The fact is, we don't know exactly what it was. We were only groping about in the dark, hoping that we should find something. Such random search is useless. An indefinite purpose cannot be expected to secure definite results.

3. Our Bible study is often fruitless—because we attempt to use an unsuitable method. Some noted preacher or professional student of the Bible adopts a practical method of study suited to the work he has in hand. Another tries to use the same method under different circumstances, and, perhaps, with an entirely different object in view, and expects to reap the same results. Disappointment is inevitable. Many a young man has tried to mark his Bible just as Mr. Moody's Bible is marked; but he finds the work mechanical, tiresome and useless, although the great evangelist found it very useful. The needs of different persons differ as widely as do their circumstances and habits of thought; and a method of study that is helpful to one will often be utterly useless for another. In fact, it is very seldom that one person's plan will be exactly suited to the wants of another. The little stripling David would have cut a sorry figure rattling around in Saul's armor like an animated boiler factory. The coat of mail that so nicely fitted the broad shoulders of Israel's king, and formed a secure defence for him, would have proved a snare to the slender shepherd boy. But with his sling and stone he easily slew the giant.

There are not a few Davids among the disciples of to-day, who are weighed down with Saul's armor. They follow blindly some of the popular plans of Bible study, regardless of the object to be attained, and expect to derive great benefit therefrom; yet the method that promises so much proves very unsatisfactory in its results. The plan that so perfectly served the purposes of the experienced soldier is a very clumsy tool in the hands of a tyro in Christian work.

In these three facts I have found the key to many an unsatisfactory hour of Bible study. They are easy of application, and may help some other young students in the solution of their difficulties.

"THE STUDENTS' VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT."

The following sketch of the remarkable missionary movement among the students, written by one of their own number, will interest all our readers:

The movement began in 1886, at Mt. Hermon, Mass. At the invitation of Mr. D. L. Moody, two hundred and forty college students had gathered to form a "Summer School for Bible Study." Of these, but twenty-three had a definite expectation of being foreign missionaries. At the close of the four weeks' conference, one hundred stated that they "were willing and desirous, God permitting, to be foreign missionaries." Four facts had their bearing on this result. First, a deep desire to learn God's will from His own Word. Second, unceasing prayer for the baptism of the Spirit. Third, the agreement of two friends, the one present, the other absent, to pray that the missionary spirit would come in power. Fourth, frequent and informal missionary meetings of small groups of friends.

Before separating, a committee was appointed to visit the colleges, and address them on the needs and claims of the foreign field.

Accordingly, in the autumn of 1886, two young men, Robert P. Wilder and John N. Foreman, both sons of missionaries, and graduates of Princeton College, began the tour. They visited forty-four institutions together. When, however, they had reached Iowa City, Ia., Mr. Foreman was suddenly called to Texas by the illness of his brother.

This enforced separation proved to be God's method of securing larger results. Mr. Wilder, going alone, reached sixty-six more institutions; while Mr. Foreman, resuming later, spoke at fifty-two others. During the eight months of the tour, one hundred and sixty-two institutions were addressed, and over two thousand and two hundred names secured.

The movement has gone on quietly ever since, so that now (March, 1888) the number cannot be far from two thousand and four hundred. State Institutions have done nobly. Minnesota University has promised thirteen, Illinois University nineteen, and Michigan University thirty-three men. Of denominational institutions, Park College, Missouri, has promised seventy, and Oberlin, Ohio, one hundred and twenty-one.

Revivals of religion have accompanied the movement in many places. A simultaneous movement has sprung up in Canada. Mr. Foreman, when in Great Britain, on his way to India, visited the principal educational institutions and met with an encouraging response.

Leading men of this country see in these facts the small beginnings of a great movement in history. President McCosh says of the movement, "I am amazed at their success. . . . I believe that those who have offered to go to the mission field are sincere and thoroughly in earnest. . . . Has any such offering of living men and women been presented in this age, in this country, in any age or any country, since the day of Pentecost?"

Christian Endeavor.

Officers of the United Society.

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GENERAL SECY: GEO. M. WARD.
TREASURER: WM. SJAW.
50 Bromfield Street.

OUR GROWTH.

Membership of the Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor.	
Societies.	Members.
In 1881.....	2 68
In 1882.....	7 481
In 1883.....	5 2,870
In 1884.....	156 8,905
In 1885.....	253 10,964
In 1886.....	850 50,000
In 1887 (July 6).....	2,314 140,000
In 1888 January (estimated),	3,500 250,000

A FAMILIAR LETTER

From the President of the United Society.

About Symmetry of Character.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: It is no doubt a truism that what we all particularly need to cultivate in our religious lives is symmetry and roundabout completeness of character. But it is well to give good heed to truisms, for it is the "true" in them that has given them currency and worn them threadbare.

How often one sees a character that is half or wholly spoiled because it is not well-proportioned. It may be but the exaggeration of some virtue, which has the ill effect of a fault or a vice. Here is a person, for instance, that prides himself on his truth-telling bluntness; he is always bragging about his plain dealing, and this bluntness, being unbalanced by kindness of heart and regard for others' feelings, degenerates into cruelty and heartlessness. Here is another man who boasts of his firmness and unswerving steadfastness, and never suspects that this firmness, being unbalanced by other virtues, has become simply mulish obstinacy.

I am acquainted with a gentleman who owned a cosy, though tiny, cottage, but becoming ambitious for a more pretentious structure, he added to it an ell, two stories high, entirely destroying its symmetry and proportions, and whoever passed by remarked, not as before, "What a cosy cottage," but, "What an ugly ell."

As I write this I am passing (at the rate of forty miles an hour) through that part of Connecticut that was "snowed under" in the recent so-called blizzard, and the huge snow-banks which have not yet entirely melted away, attest the severity of the storm. But, after all, this storm which caused so much loss and trouble was but the disproportionate visitation of a very good thing. If this moisture had come in the shape of April showers, instead of snowflakes furiously driven by the wind, everybody would have rejoiced. With the same traits of character we can bless or curse the world, and whether we do one or the other will largely depend upon the *just proportion and symmetry* of our lives. It is well worth while then for us to inquire what will build a symmetrical Christian character?

Perhaps we can get some hints from these bodies of ours. Three things are necessary to the development of healthy bodies—good food, good air, and plenty of exercise. In developing Christian character, I know nothing of greater importance than good food, good air, and plenty of exercise, and for the sake of emphasizing the importance of these three elements, our Christian Endeavor Societies exist. First,

Good Food,

Spiritual food of the best sort, fresh

and abundant, the growing Christian must have. There is but One from whom we can obtain this, even from Him who said, "I am the bread of life." Our characters will not only be warped and one-sided, they will be dwarfed and puny, if we do not draw abundant supplies from Him. On that account, while we have no doctrinal or ecclesiastical test in our society, we do promise in our active membership pledge, that we will "pray to Him and read the Bible every day." This is absolutely a prerequisite to Christian character, just as much as the eating of wholesome food, and enough of it, is necessary to physical life.

I need not argue this, but go on to say that which is not quite so self-evident, that

Good Air

is equally essential. I suppose that even in thin or vitiated air some sort of life could be maintained for a while, but it would not be very vigorous at the best. If we stifle the love of Christ within our own hearts, and never attempt to tell of it to others, we are like a man who never draws a long breath. Holding our breath we soon cease to breathe altogether.

Our society prayer-meetings afford a capital breathing-place for the young Christian, not the only place, to be sure, but a very important breathing-place. To run the risk of mixing metaphors, you can put out the fire by choking up the air-passage and shutting the draft, just as well as you can by pouring on a pail of water, or by forgetting to put on fresh fuel. Many times the fire of our Christian life grows dim because the draft is choked. A good metaphorical raking down is what we need, and clearing out of clinkers in the way of public confession of our own faults, and public acknowledgment of Christ's love. Our weekly prayer-meetings, I believe, are absolutely essential to a strong and symmetrical growth.

But another thing that the growing child needs is

Plenty of Exercise,

As well as good air and good food. I think that we, as growing Christians, need the very same thing. However abundant the food, and however pure and fresh the air, the boy's muscles will be weak and flabby, if he does not use them. Our religious faculties need exercise just as much, and we are very sure to be spiritual weaklings unless we use them.

In our society, the committees, as well as the prayer-meetings, give just the opportunity for such exercise. Let us use them faithfully for this purpose, and we shall find that by this earnest service we not only *do* much good, but *get* no less for our own souls. I wonder how much the average committee makes of its opportunity. Are you on the Lookout, or Prayer-Meeting, or Social, or Temperance, or Missionary, or Calling, or Music Committee? Here, then, is a capital chance for you to exercise at least one set of religious muscles, if I may so speak of it. At the next semi-annual election you will be put on another committee, perhaps, and will have a chance to exercise another set; and so, in the course of a few years, constant exercise, together with plenty of good, spiritual food and air, will develop the well-rounded, symmetrical Christian character.

It is not, however, what you may get, even in the important matter of character development, but what you may give and do and be, that you are thinking of in all this work, I am sure. Then, remember, that in order to do and be and give anything worthy, the well-rounded spir-

itual character must first be developed within you. For the building of Christian character, you see, the Society of Christian Endeavor is not altogether a hap-hazard experiment. It presupposes good spiritual food, and provides both air and exercise.

Let us make the most of all our opportunities for the formation of characters that God can use.

Your friend, FRANCIS E. CLARK.

THE QUESTION-BOX.

1. Why not have points from the Sunday school lesson for prayer-meeting topic? Most Endeavorers get so full of Sunday school lesson it is hard to switch off to any other topic the same day.

Ans. Very likely this will come about one of these days, if the societies desire it, especially if "International Bible Readings" should be adopted. At present, however, many societies prefer a topic distinct from the Sunday school lesson.

2. Would you refuse as an associate member a bad person who was trying to do better?

Ans. Not if he gave evidence of sincere desire and effort to reform. Every person trying to do better deserves our help.

3. If several of the members of the Y. P. S. C. E. take no part in the prayer-meeting and seem to have lost their interest in the work, would it be best to reorganize?

Ans. Yes, if those active members constitute any considerable *proportion* of the membership. If not, drop them without reorganizing the whole society.

HELPERS FOR THE CONVENTION.

We are exceedingly fortunate in having such efficient helpers in Chicago and vicinity, in whose hands we can place the details of the arrangements for our National Convention. After June 1st Mr. Ward will be in Chicago, but in the meantime he has found most helpful assistants in the persons of Mr. J. W. Howell and Mr. C. B. Holdredge, and the other officers of the Illinois Union and the Chicago Union, to whom the local arrangements are entrusted. In no better hands could they be placed. Again we are exceptionally fortunate in having for the chairman of the committee on transportation Col. Charles F. Mills, of Springfield, Ill. Col. Mills is a business man of large experience, especially in the management of great excursions such as ours will be, and his assistance with the trunk lines will be invaluable. We hope soon to be able to report the exact rates of fare for the convention.

MR. CLARK'S VISIT TO ENGLAND.

In response to several most cordial invitations to present the principles of the Christian Endeavor Societies at the May anniversaries, in London, Rev. F. E. Clark will sail for England, April 21st, to be gone in all about five weeks. Mr. Clark will speak at the anniversary of the Sunday School Union, May 2d; at the anniversary of the Congregational Union, May 11th, and at other anniversaries. These meetings bring together the clergymen and leading laymen from all parts of Great Britain, and, in the opinion of the trustees, this is an unusual opportunity, which should not be neglected, to spread the knowledge of our society on the other side of the sea. In the meantime careful arrangements will be made beforehand for each issue of THE GOLDEN RULE, during Mr. Clark's brief absence, the details will be

left in competent hands, and fresh notes and news of our work across the water will be received from the editor, and we hope the journey will enure to the benefit of our readers, as well as the Christian Endeavor cause.

A REMINDER OF THE PLEDGE.

Many societies have desired a constant reminder of our prayer-meeting pledge, to hang before them upon the wall of the prayer-meeting room. This has been prepared by the United Society, and beautifully lithographed. It is twenty-two by twenty-eight inches in size, suitable for framing, and can be easily read at some distance away, perhaps quite across an ordinary vestry. It will be sent, post-paid, for fifty cents.

For The Golden Rule.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR IN COLORADO.

BY GEORGE M. WARD.

To those of us who have looked upon Mt. Washington as the summit of all that is mountainous, Colorado comes as a decided shock. We read, without fairly understanding what it all means, of beautiful and flourishing cities and towns located at elevations varying from five to ten thousand feet above the sea level. Never once does it enter our heads that the city of Denver, for example, is nearly as high in air as the "tip-top" house of the White Mountains, or that Leadville could look down upon these New England mountains from an elevation as far above the highest peak of that range as that peak is above the town of North Conway. Imagine riding in a railroad train over the Marshall Pass, and trying to realize that you are almost exactly twice as near the clouds as Mt. Washington's summit. When once we begin to understand what this "Switzerland of America," as the State of Colorado is rightly called, really is, to realize the stupendous heights of its mountain-tops, and the extent of territory which its ranges cover, then it is that we are filled with wonder at the advanced stage which everything seems to have reached in a country so apparently inaccessible. We find railroads running in all directions, no mountain is too high to climb; no gorge or valley so broken and rugged but that a pathway can be found through it for the iron horse. As one railroad man from New York said a few days since, as we passed over the crossing and re-crossing tracks of the "loop" at Georgetown, "No Eastern engineer could have planned this road." Whether the brains were in Eastern or Western heads, the result of their fertility has been to throw open for settlement a vast country, rich in almost every mineral known to science, and to provide for those who spend their lives in this region homes furnished with nearly every comfort known to their friends on either coast. Not only creature comforts, but every privilege of a higher character to a great degree.

One pastor in one of the finest of these Colorado towns was very much incensed at the inquiry of an Eastern lady, who asked if they "had any religious privileges way out there." All of the denominations have for years recognized the importance of Colorado, and if I were asked to point out a busy, and at the same time successful set of laborers, I should point you to the pastors of this State. One of the very first Christian Endeavor Societies, started nearly six years ago, was in Denver, and to-day the work meets with no more kindly welcome anywhere than in Colorado. At Pueblo, reached before entering the

mountains, the work has a very bright outlook. At a recent union meeting held there, your secretary was most kindly welcomed, while the work of Christian Endeavor received the most hearty approval and endorsement of the pastors of all the denominations worshipping in that flourishing city of twenty thousand people. At Colorado Springs, that Mecca of all lung-troubled invalids, we found active, earnest societies in Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Congregational churches. Of Denver, more has been said in a previous letter. Away up in the mining camp of Idaho Springs, we found two noble and courageous young pastors in Methodist and Presbyterian churches, working away with all their strength against the combined opposition of a strongly infidel community, and the temptations which only a mining camp can offer, whose power none but those familiar with such localities can estimate. Almost disheartened in their efforts of reaching the older members of the community, these pastors (representing the only two churches in town) have united in a Union Society of Christian Endeavor, and are doing all in their power to gain a hold upon the children and young people, a hold which they can utilize in offsetting the influence with which Satan has so closely surrounded the youth of that region. At Manitou, Greeley, Boulder, and many other places, the work is becoming strongly entrenched, and seems to be meeting with blessed results. Certainly if Christian Endeavor is ever to be set upon an eminence, it comes very close to this location on these Rocky Mountains. Let us hope that the radiance shed abroad from its shining may give light to thousands of the young people of this wonderful country.

For The Golden Rule.

AN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY AMONG THE ZULUS.

Our little Zulu Endeavor Society is now six months old. Doubtless our methods are not a little unique because of our isolation and our consequent ignorance of the ways of other societies, as also from the fact that the people themselves are *unique*. We were supplied with a copy of the constitution, which, however, must needs undergo many changes to adapt it to the use of such a people, and then must be translated into their language, which latter process was not an easy one since a multitude of terms, as "committee," "officers," "president," etc., have no synonyms in the Zulu tongue. The idea must either be expressed by tedious circumlocution, or explanation, or left out altogether. In some cases we decided to adopt the English word, trusting that in due time use would make the meaning familiar.

We spent nearly a month, with two meetings weekly, in getting organized, for one of the peculiarities of this people is that they are very conservative, do not take up any new thing in a hurry or without due consideration and deliberation.

It was, however, encouraging to see how carefully and wisely they took up and examined each point, and how heartily all took hold of the work. The church here consists of forty-one members, all of them "young," or probably none over thirty-five years of age. Many are away, some for work, and some for study, four men with their wives being at Adams attending the theological school.

The church members very naturally all ranked as "actives," of whom we have on the list twenty-seven names,

and Mabuda, the native preacher and teacher, is a most efficient president. The "associates" were voted in in regular order, each case receiving careful consideration. Their number is twenty-eight.

Two meetings are held weekly, Tuesday being the day for the associates (or "seekers"), when they meet with the president, vice-president, and others named by them, and divided into classes according to their attainments and needs, receive kind and careful instruction on the way of salvation and the Christian life.

On Friday the "actives" meet, and after disposing of any business they may have on hand, spend half an hour in the study of Bible truth. They have taken up all the twelve "articles of faith" required on admission to the church, and will go on in the study of Bible doctrines. These exercises are all preceded and followed by prayers, not less than four or five being offered, and the importance of this feature in each meeting is kept constantly prominent.

The *monthly meetings* always have a special interest. On Tuesday of the last week in each month, the actives and associates all come together, each one of the former having words or a prayer for the help and encouragement of the latter.

On Friday the actives meet alone, when committees report and plans of work are discussed. One perplexing question, still undecided, is *where* to classify—what to do with those who have been suspended from church fellowship. Three such there are who are feeling not a little uncomfortable in their exclusion. Their discomfort has evidently been increased by seeing this society going on so happily and diligently with its many branches of work, while they have no part nor lot in it, but are left out in the cold. We trust they will soon be brought to true humility and repentance, and to be found ready to resume their places in the church.

The renewal of personal consecration to Christ is an important feature of these monthly meetings. They are made as impressive as possible by prayer, and by the reading of the "church covenant" before the roll is called. Then the response to each name is regarded as an intelligent and solemn assent to the act of re-consecration.

We have nearly all the different committees named in the constitution. The Sunday school committee visit the kraals to bring in the heathen children, and if they cannot persuade them to come they teach them Scripture texts in their homes and sing with them gospel hymns.

Instead of the "flower committee," we have the chapel committee, whose duty it is to see that the house is in readiness for all meetings and Sunday services; to look after repairs on the building, and to remind the people of their duty in this respect. As a result of this arrangement, two days were spent by the men in repairing a decayed place in the roof, and all the women have spent two and a half days in remaking the earth floor, which is done by wetting, pounding (with small, round stones), smoothing and polishing. All this affords much relief to the missionary, inasmuch as before the existence of this society no such work was thought of by the people, unless planned by the superintendent, and much of the expense shared by him. So we regard this movement as a step in the direction of *self-support* which we have so long been desiring to see.

Another way in which the actives work, and which originated with themselves, is to go out *en masse*, and hold

gospel meetings with the heathen in their kraals, at a distance of from three to ten miles from the station. Seven or eight meetings of this kind have been held in the last two or three months, and though we cannot yet name any marked results, yet we surely believe they will appear. Heathen superstition and prejudice must yield before earnest, united Christian effort.

We are thankful for the benefits which this society is bringing to those in the church, as well as for its drawing power over those outside the fold. By its influence the church members have become more firmly united, more zealous and earnest in every good work. All have come to feel that they must not be idlers in the vineyard of the Lord.

Such is our Umzumbe Endeavor Society (Inhlangano yokukutalisa Ibandhla), probably the first one ever organized for the natives of Africa on African soil. But it has taken root downward, and is beginning to bear fruit upward, which, we trust, by God's blessing, will become more and more abundant, and be the means of saving multitudes from among this dark heathen people, for His kingdom and glory.

Another society has also been started at Adams, which is doing a good work for the church, and will probably report itself in due time.

This may be just the plan which we have been needing to develop a native agency for the evangelization of this Dark Continent.

For this we will pray.

For The Golden Rule.

THE DECISION.

BY REV. J. W. HALEY.

It is said that, at a certain point upon the ridge which forms the water-shed or "backbone" of a great continent, a little spring arises. So tiny is the purling rivulet which issues from it, that a small pebble, or even a child's hand, would be sufficient to turn the course of the streamlet eastward toward the Gulf, or westward toward the Pacific. Upon so slight a circumstance depends the final destination of the waters. Yet how widely separated is the eastern goal from the western. This circumstance has its parallel and its lesson in human life.

A little time since, I, with many others, was present at a revival meeting. The words of the evangelist had made a deep impression upon many hearts. Then came the closing appeal, "Will you, to-night, accept Jesus as your Saviour?" The audience waited in breathless silence. A deep and solemn hush settled down upon the people. I could almost hear the heart-beats of those around me. Then, amid the deep stillness, one and another arose, without a word, indicating by this act their decision. That was to me a moment of supreme interest. All about decisions were making for *eternity*, decisions which should never, *never* be recalled. On every side, the destiny of human souls was being sealed. It was the very crisis and climax of existence, the turning-point of that life which stretches on and on, into the unending Future. And, as I sat there in the solemn stillness, I could but think how trivial a circumstance might turn the current of the soul toward life or toward death. The thoughtless remark of a gay companion, a sudden temptation of the adversary, a whispered suggestion of some Christian friend, or the recurring memory of a mother's prayers and tears might, and no doubt *did*, decide the case. The little pebble would change the course of the rill toward the rising or toward the setting sun. Strange that

the most momentous interests should turn upon the decision of a moment,—that they should be determined by circumstances apparently so unimportant! Yet so it is in matters of this world as well as in those of the next. Often a single word, a passing thought, a breath of influence, turns a human life toward happiness or toward misery.

Therefore, see to it that thy decisions be such as thou wilt never look back upon with regret.

Lowell, Mass.

For The Golden Rule.

ONE OF THE LEAST OF THESE.

BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

Nellie Lucas was president of the Junior Society of Christian Endeavor that had just been organized in connection with Bethany Church.

For months the "older young people" had met together in a similar society, but many of the children's hearts had been born again during the precious revival just closing, and to keep them hedged in by prayer, the pastor set them to work in an organization of their own.

Nellie Lucas was a bright, energetic girl, and no one was surprised when it was announced that she had been chosen as leader. Occasionally there was a murmur of dissent when some one's name was proposed for enrolment, but until poor, unlovely Mary Bradley rose to ask for membership no serious objections were made. Now this poor, despised girl was the daughter of a dissipated father, and her over-worked mother found it very hard to procure even the plainest clothes for her child. Besides all this, Mary was only twelve years old, and small at that; her face was very plain, and her temper surly. Yet the little girl had a loving heart, and she had really found Jesus, and was just then wanting, oh! so much, help to go forward in her Christian course. But these young people thought only of her unpleasant disposition and position in society, and, after some very plain insinuations, Nellie told her that it would be better for her to connect herself with the little children's prayer-meeting. Mary went away sadly grieved, for the little ones had told her plainly that she was too large to come to their circle, and that their mammas did not allow them to play with her either.

Nellie tried to be satisfied with the decision she had given, but somehow the little voice within her would not allow her to feel happy. That night she tossed uneasily upon her downy bed, and when, at last, she did sleep, it was to dream of their new society and Mary Bradley pleading for admittance. All at once the child's figure assumed the proportions of a man. The faded garments became pure and beautiful; the plain face was exchanged for a visage white and shining; a halo of glory encircled the brow, and in the hands outstretched to her she saw the prints of the cruel nails that had once pierced the Son of God Himself. While she trembled, the lips of the God-man parted, and the words that she had read so often before, fell, pleadingly, upon her ears, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The vision vanished, but Nellie had interpreted its meaning, and knew that, in closing the doors against Mary Bradley, poor and despised as she was, they had shut the blessed Master out. The unrest in her own soul was fully explained now, for in turning away "one of the least of these," she had turned

away from the dear Lord, whose service she had so recently entered.

Pleading for forgiveness, she promised to right the wrong she could have prevented, and before the sun set again, Mary Bradley's name was on the roll of the society, and, for the first time in her life, the poor child realized the blessedness of having real friends among the girls who were so much more happily situated than she ever hoped to be. But they were all journeying to the same place, and the Christian influence surrounding her strengthened her wonderfully, to hear the trials that were always awaiting her at home.

Oh! how often do we shut out Christ from our hearts, how often do we lose a blessing by refusing to minister to His little ones. "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

LOYAL HELPERS.

There are many things we would like to say to the earnest, loyal young people who are proving by their work that they are true endeavorers, but space and time will not allow. We can, however, pass along a few of the cheering reports that come to us with the hope that they will be a help and inspiration to others. We have received to date about six thousand dollars, and there are still many societies to be heard from:

WALPOLE, MASS.

So thoroughly loyal are we to the Y. P. S. C. E. interests that when a hint comes from headquarters that help is needed, we at once set ourselves to seeing what we can do. At the "jubilee" call we kept the day, holding a somewhat unique festival in our church vestry and parlors, and we take great pleasure in sending to you from that observance the sum of twenty dollars as a slight but glad offering, and with it our earnest wishes and the promise of our prayers for the success of the work. F. J. M.

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, SCRANTON, PA.

In response to the suggestion of the trustees of the United Society some weeks ago, our young people were glad to celebrate the anniversary of our first organization, though it was not expedient for us to do so on the 22d of February. We aimed first to make our social entertainment a genuine social success among the young people of our neighborhood, and thanks to the hints received through THE GOLDEN RULE, our programme was both novel and interesting. These socials do for us a work which we cannot accomplish among our young people in any other way, and this one was certainly very helpful as well as enjoyable. The money which we received from the entertainment came from the sale of home-made candies and refreshments. Though it is not a large sum, it is cheerfully given, and we shall always be glad to help you in times of need. Our society is becoming more and more efficient every month, and we are confident that by God's grace we shall be enabled to do much faithful service for the Master. Enclosed find check for twenty-five dollars. If you would honor Mr. Charles H. Chandler, of our society, with a certificate of life membership, we should consider it a great favor. Trusting that you may be greatly blessed in your work for the Master, we are sincerely your friends in Christian Endeavor. H. B. C.

EAST HAMPTON, CONN.

Enclosed please find check for twenty dollars contributed to the work of the United Society by the Y. P. S. C. E. of the First Congregational Church in East Hampton. We would be pleased to have Mr. Herbert G. Clark constituted a life member. It is but right that the local societies should take a deep interest in the United Society, casting into its treasury with prayer for its prosperity and spiritual power that blessing may return to the local societies, and all these agencies be owned of God in helping and saving the young for His service and His glory. E. P. R.

WATERTOWN, N. Y.

Enclosed I hand you a draft for twenty-six dollars, the amount raised by the Y.

P. S. C. E. of the Stone Street Presbyterian Church, of Watertown, N. Y., for the work of the United Society. The sum being over twenty dollars, we would like to present the name of Miss Ada B. Cooper, our present president, for a life member. We raised the money by giving an entertainment and supper in the church. We have no church parlors, and nothing of the kind has ever been attempted in the church before. We transformed the chapel into an attractive drawing-room, and curtained off from that a dining-room. As the amount enclosed was raised clear of all expenses, we felt quite proud of our undertaking, and at the same time very grateful to THE GOLDEN RULE for the suggestions which we followed so successfully. The experience gained in our work for the United Society will be a great help to us in our own society and other church work, and thus are we always blessed in many unlooked for ways in all the work we undertake for "Christ and the church." G. G. L.

NEWS ITEMS.

Maine.

The sixth anniversary of the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Second Parish Church of Portland was observed March 29th. Supper was served to a large number of friends. The exercises of the evening consisted of prayer, singing, responsive reading, reports, and addresses. From the reports it appeared that thirty-two members had been added during the year, and the work in all departments had been well sustained. Addresses were made by Rev. Dr. Small, of the First Baptist Church; Rev. Mr. Bayley of State Street Church; V. Richard Foss, State President; J. H. Dyer, of Medford, Mass.; J. J. Goody, A. B. Hall, and Dea. Richard Akers, of local societies; and Rev. C. H. Daniels, pastor of the church. The Second Parish Society was the second in the country, and was formed by Rev. C. A. Dickinson, who was then pastor of the church, and is so well known to all Christian Endeavor workers.

Massachusetts.

A very interesting business meeting was held by the Olivet Congregational Y. P. S. C. E. of Springfield April 2d. The Florence Street M. E. and the State Street M. E. societies were represented. Papers on the work and object of the several committees were read, and several questions of general interest were discussed. After the business meeting there was a reception, which was highly enjoyable. Both societies feel much benefited by the meeting, and it is hoped that such occasions will be of frequent occurrence.

April 6th, at the close of the regular prayer-meeting, the Y. P. S. C. E. connected with Phillips Church of South Boston, presented to the church a very fine and handsomely framed crayon portrait of the former pastor, Rev. F. E. Clark. It was given as an expression of the young people's love for Mr. Clark, and also for the church which has given them such hearty sympathy and encouragement in all their efforts. The loyalty of the young people to the church, now that they are without a pastor, is a source of great joy to the older members.

The Newton Union has adopted the following colors for committee badges, to be worn at the union meetings: Prayer-meeting, white; lookout, light blue; social, lavender; Sunday school, red.

Connecticut.

Twenty-four ladies, and no men, spoke at the "Ladies' Night" of the third anniversary of the Winsted Society, April 2d. The presiding officer, committees, singers, ushers, etc., were also all ladies, and the meeting, as the programme stated, was held "In recognition of woman's work in Christian Endeavor." Lady delegates from the Plymouth, Housatonic, and Winsted Unions, and from twelve neighboring societies, brought greetings. Letters were read from Rev. F. E. Clark and others. The Winsted society has a good record. It was the first in northwestern Connecticut, but there are now forty near it, and three local unions. Seventy-two of its members have joined the church in three years. Its present membership is one hundred and thirty-four. Besides the regular society—"the middlers"—there are also a senior and a junior society. The senior society is nearly a year old, and is simply the pledge applied to the regular church prayer-meeting.

At the Winsted anniversary a list of the members of the society was printed on the programme, and by an arrangement of apparently algebraic symbols, it could be seen at a glance exactly what work each member had been doing. For example, John Jones P³ L⁴ M⁴ S³ meant, "Served

on prayer-meeting committee three times, once (capital) as chairman; lookout, once; missionary, four times; social, three times, twice (capital italic) as chairman." A list in this form would be very convenient for nominating committees.

Several of the Connecticut local unions conduct an Endeavor column in local papers. The new *Milford Gazette* gave five columns to the recent meeting of the Housatonic Union, at Danbury.

New York.

The convention of the Christian Endeavor Societies of Troy and vicinity, which was held in the First Presbyterian Church, April 3d, was a very successful gathering. The four societies of Troy, several in Albany, and many from the surrounding towns were represented, and were generously entertained by the young people of the First Church. Addresses in the afternoon were made by Rev. T. P. Sawin, Rev. N. B. Remick, Rev. Mr. Safford, Rev. Mr. Hahn, Rev. Walter Laidlaw, Rev. Charles Townsend, and others, and the discussions were generally participated in. In the evening, Mr. Irving S. Colwell, of Syracuse, gave some personal experiences, and an address was made by Rev. F. E. Clark, of Boston, while the introductory exercises were conducted by Rev. T. P. Sawin, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, and by Rev. N. B. Remick, of the Ninth Church. Christian Endeavor interests are in good hands in Troy, and the societies are doing a most excellent work.

The *Observer* speaks this good word for one of the flourishing societies of New York City: "On the evening of March 28th, for the first time, the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor of the Thirteenth Street Presbyterian Church, Rev. J. M. Worral, D. D., pastor, took charge of the congregational prayer-meeting. The young men showed the effect of the training in their society, and probably this old church has not held a more precious prayer-meeting in many years. The tenor of all the prayers was for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit and strength. Young men who, three short months ago, had never heard their own voices in public, took part in these services, and all expressed a sense of having received that strength so earnestly prayed for."

A Y. P. S. C. E. in connection with the Congregational Church of Honeoye was organized March 2d. A "young people's meeting," which had been well and profitably maintained during two years previous, was easily transformed into the larger-planned and more systematic society which has succeeded it. The great revival with which the community was blessed during the past winter has helped much to the interest and earnestness of the new organization. The membership already numbers forty-seven, twenty active and twenty-seven associate members.

The Congregational Church of Sayville, of which Rev. Thomas Douglas is pastor, has recently held a long series of special services, which have resulted in the professed conversion of one hundred and thirty persons, and the reception into church membership of seventy-five. A Y. P. S. C. E. with one hundred members is one result of the revival.

One of the most rapid growths of which we have heard is that of the society connected with the Ocean Hill Baptist Church of Brooklyn. The church itself is but ten months old, and the society which was formed but seven weeks ago has eighty members. The Sunday school had at first twelve scholars, and now numbers four hundred.

New Jersey.

A very interesting union meeting of the societies in Paterson celebrated the first anniversary of the society in the First Presbyterian Church. The pastor of this church, Rev. F. E. Miller, established a flourishing society while pastor in Easton, Pennsylvania, and very soon after his removal to Paterson he started a similar organization there. This society now numbers forty active and fifty-five associate members, and the report of the secretary, Miss Jennie Snyder, showed excellent work accomplished. Mr. Miller, the pastor, spoke in highest terms of the work of the young people. The address of the evening was given by Rev. F. E. Clark, and a very pleasant reception was tendered to Mr. Clark at the close of the anniversary.

Pennsylvania.

The Y. P. S. C. E. of the First M. E. Church of Franklin celebrated its first anniversary March 27th. The other Endeavor societies of the city were invited to be present. The exercises were appropriate to the occasion, and led by the president, Ed. D. Smith. A paper on the

history of the society was read by W. W. Nicholas. The society was organized a year ago with a membership of eleven, which has increased to eighty.

Ohio.

The society of the First Congregational Church, Oberlin, organized a year ago, has one hundred and forty-seven members. They have adopted the plan of half taking part one week, and the other half the next week, any unoccupied time to be used by any one, whether his week or not, but he must feel his responsibility during his own week. They take a "thank offering" at the monthly meetings, the proceeds of the first one used to buy a fountain pen and stationery for Mrs. Logan, Micronesia.

Ohio is to lose her State President, Rev. W. S. Ament, who is going to Pekin, China, to take charge of the North China Missions, of the Congregational Church. Mr. Ament is well suited for the place, having been stationed there for eight years. He will be much missed, as he was rapidly endearing himself to the young people of the State. He will be present at the State meeting, in June, at Mt. Vernon.

A number of the members of the Baptist Church of Elyria have been converted, and a large number of children and youth of the Sunday school have been benefited by attending the meetings.

Indiana.

The Presbyterian Y. P. S. C. E. of Warsaw held its semi-annual election of officers, March 19th. Although it is only six months old, it has increased in membership from twenty-five to sixty-one, most of whom are active members; three associates have changed to the active list, and on Sunday, April 1st, one of the members united with the church, and the spiritual growth of the society is easily noticed.

Illinois.

The Fifth Union meeting of the Societies of Bloomington and Normal was held at the Congregational Church in Bloomington, March 27th. Six societies were represented. After a song and devotional service, Rev. E. K. Strong, of the First Presbyterian Church, gave a stirring Christian Endeavor talk, based upon the words, "Stand fast in the faith." The Banner Hymn was then sung, and Mr. Holdredge, president of the Second Presbyterian Society, led in a brief consecration service, and the thank offering for the Christian Endeavor work was collected. Dr. McIntosh, president of the Congregational Society, conducted a question drawer. Among other practical questions relating to the work in the different societies, the following were discussed with a great deal of interest: "What outside help do you consider necessary for the success of the prayer-meeting?" "Should we consider a fulfillment of our pledge to repeat a verse of Scripture week after week?" "What is your Lookout Committee doing?" "What is the best means of raising money?" "Do you consider the presence of the older people desirable in the prayer-meetings?" "How often should business-meetings be held and when?" The programme for the evening was closed by the song, "Blest Be the Tie," and the remaining time was spent in a social manner.

Mr. E. A. West, vice-president of the Illinois Christian Endeavor Union, writes to us from Decatur of the success of the society connected with the First Presbyterian Church. The annual report notes ten associate members transferred to the active list; nine additions to the church from the society; two hundred and sixty-six calls made by the calling committee; a junior branch, with seventy members, and a membership of seventy-three in the society.

Missouri.

Mr. Graff, of St. Louis, writes: "Endeavor ideas now meet but very little opposition in any part of the State, and I look for a large increase in the number of societies the coming year. The results which have been attained in some churches through their Endeavor societies have been wonderful. More than once have I heard pastors say that the help they secured from their young people, and the testimony and remarks they had heard given in their young people's meeting, had gone beyond what they had dared hope or pray for."

Iowa.

Rev. J. W. Geiger, pastor of the Congregational Church of Harlan, writes us that in his church there is a Y. P. S. C. E., which is a member of the C. E. Union of the city. The Union conducts prayer-meetings, and the Congregational Society holds Bible-reading meetings. Our correspondent says that the prospects are good for future usefulness.

(For further News Items see page Sixteen.)

Christian Endeavor

PRAYER-MEETING.

EDITED BY REV. S. W. ADRIANCE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC FOR THE WEEK BEGINNING APRIL 22, 1888.

SOFT ANSWERS.

Prov. 15: 1-18.

BY REV. S. W. ADRIANCE.

The Book of Proverbs has a great deal to say about the grace of good speaking and the evil of bad speaking. It would be good for our ungente talkers to read thoroughly, and act upon the sound maxims herein contained. I will, therefore, mention a few of the advantages of soft answers, as contained in the chapter which forms the text for our topic.

1. The soft answer turns away wrath (v. 1). This is a great advantage. The time of wrath is not the time of discussion. No one should ever permit himself to enter into debate who cannot restrain himself. A vast deal of misery is caused through wrath. Differences are increased a hundred-fold. Gulfs are immeasurably widened. Misunderstandings grow. And all this comes through wrath. There was a moment at the start when a soft answer would have stopped all. After all, then, I think the slow to answer a mighty reformer. The beatitude upon the peace-maker is one of the choicest.

2. Then this man who answers softly is evidently the wise man of the second verse. The quick to speak give forth unwise and uncalled-for answers. All the world around, men consult and trust the man who knows how to rule his answers. But mind you, the man here mentioned as giving soft answers is no lifeless, weak one, who answers softly because he is "soft." The soft answers here meant are from principle. True gentleness is his, whose temptation is to render a rough answer, but has fought manfully until he has won the power to give soft answers. This is a divine art, and with God's help we all can learn it.

3. Soft answers are like balm. This is the beautiful thought of the fourth verse, which, in the margin reading, is rendered, "The healing of the tongue is a tree of life." It not only keeps from wrath, and turns it away, but it allays wrath. It is a tree of life, fresh to the eye, fruitful of good, and ever living. "The tongue slays more persons than the sword," says the Turkish proverb. Thanks be to God, there are also tongues gifted with healing power, softly dropping calm words amid angry strife, and becoming like oil poured into wounds.

4. The seventh verse tells us another requisite, which belongs to lips which are careful ever to frame smooth answers. "The lips of the wise disperse knowledge." Such have a wide influence. Men listen to him who is never betrayed into hasty speech. They have confidence in him who is master of himself. Soft words take men by guile, like a pleasant song that makes them forget for a moment the tumult. Said Prentice, "There are many men whose tongues might govern multitudes, if they could govern their tongues." If our Societies of Endeavor would train up a great army of young Christians who would answer softly, it would of itself entitle the movement to undying praise.

5. I connect very closely together the next verse with this, in the thought that "soft answers to men render us more able to offer acceptable prayers to God." Sharp words come from bad hearts, and after they are uttered, the poison flows

back, making the heart worse. "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me," said the sacred singer. James tells us indeed that this is the reason we are not answered, "Ye bite and devour one another." Over and over again does our Lord command a most hearty love for one another. And, of course, all know that this is impossible with sharp, angry, careless answering. And I believe this sin in the churches has done more evil than all others combined. "The prayer of the upright is his delight." This is the prayer of the same man. Moreover, when the Psalmist asks, "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, and who shall stand in his holy place?" (Ps. 15: 1) he answers it in the third verse. A true physician knows that a white-coated, offensive tongue is more than a local trouble, and God knows every "word of my tongue." Gentle words are inseparable from a gentle-man.

6. Soft answers are necessary to a happy life. Who ever knew a really sunny, helpful, inspiring life without this quality? What benefits ever flowed from sharp answers? If I were to make a diagnosis of some of the sour, gloomy Christians who give an impression of gloom to religion, I should lay all the trouble to a rough or sharp tongue. Nothing but a liberal use of the oil of grace will accomplish a cure. A rough tongue is a severe spiritual malady. And when it has become chronic, it is the kind that "cometh not forth but by prayer and fasting."

7. There is tremendous power in a soft tongue. "A soft tongue breaketh the bone." Of course, the "oily tongue" is farthest removed from this. Nor does it need sharply-worded expressions to constitute a sharp tongue. There is a way of answering with calm insinuations, or questioning words, while a smile is resting on the face, and yet so far from being soft answers, this kind is the most annoying and aggravating of all.

8. How shall our tongues be made and kept smooth?

(1) Tell all our bad answers to God rather than our neighbor. There will not be much satisfaction in this.

(2) Use your tongue in telling the good things of Christ. Try everywhere to speak words of comfort and cheer. This habit will break down the other.

(3) Plunge more heartily into Christian service.

(4) Testify in meeting, not formally, but with earnest desire that what you say may be blessed.

Readings.

First Day.—Our example.—1 Peter 2: 13-24.
Second Day.—A perfect man.—James 3: 1-18.
Third Day.—A fruit of the Spirit.—Gal. 5: 13-26.
Fourth Day.—Gentle unto all men.—2 Tim. 2: 15-26.
Fifth Day.—Forbearing one another.—Col. 3: 12-17.
Sixth Day.—The unity of the Spirit.—Eph. 4: 1-7.
Seventh Day.—This commandment have we of Him.—1 John 4: 7-21.

THE INTERNATIONAL BIBLE READING ASSOCIATION.

A few weeks ago we alluded to the daily readings of the International Bible Reading Association as one of the features which, in the future, perhaps, might wisely be adopted by many societies. Mr. F. K. Adams, of Rochester, sends us the helpful experience of one church in adopting these readings:

"About four years ago Rev. T. W. Hopkins got hold of the circulars and lists of readings published by this association and, after comparisons with other lists and methods, decided to introduce them in our church. He preferred the selections to any then published in this country. We followed

their plan to the letter at the start: we drew up a pledge card, persons signing it agreeing to read the selections daily. We also reprinted the list in more attractive form, adding a blank at the right to check the reading each day, printing only three months' list at a time. At the end of the three months, new lists were given only to such as returned the old lists signed. We followed this plan for some time, until the habit of daily reading had been formed, through the pledge and report. The last year or two the lists have been supplied to those wishing them who are not pledged. As a result, we now have about four hundred following this plan of daily reading. I wish it could be taken up more generally in our churches."

PANCAKES IN VARIETY.

On cold winter mornings pancakes of all kinds hold an important place at the breakfast-table; the buckwheat cake the most cherished of all. When properly made, this is the most delicious of all the griddle cakes, but it has been against it when made from yeast or risen over night that it was difficult to make light and sweet, and that disagreeable effects frequently followed its eating. It is found that by the use of the Royal Baking Powder to raise the batter these objections have been entirely overcome, and that buckwheat cakes are made a most delicious food, light, sweet, tender and perfectly wholesome, that can be eaten by anyone without the slightest digestive inconvenience. Once tested from the following receipt no other will be used: Two cups of buckwheat, one cup of wheat flour, two tablespoons of Royal Baking Powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, all sifted well together. Mix with milk into a thin batter and bake at once on a hot griddle.

The purest and richest syrup is made by dissolving sugar in the proportion of three pounds of sugar to one pint of water. Many persons prefer the flavor of syrup made of Orleans sugar to that made of the white.

Rice griddle cakes are very delicious. The rice is cooked until perfectly soft, drained dry, mashed with a spoon until the grains are well broken up. For each cupful of rice take two eggs, one pint of milk, one heaping teaspoonful of Royal Baking Powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and flour enough to make a thin batter.

For hominy cakes take two cupfuls of cooked hominy, and crush it with a potato-masher until it is a smooth mass. Add one level teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of Royal Baking Powder, and one cupful of flour. Stir together; then add by degrees one quart of milk, and lastly three well-beaten eggs. Bake in thin cakes.

Very delicate and delicious cakes are made by allowing two teaspoonfuls of Royal Baking Powder and one-half teaspoonful of salt to one quart of milk, and sufficient corn meal, mixing all into a smooth, thin batter; no eggs or butter are used for these. The cakes bake quickly to a rich, deep brown, and are extremely tender and light.

A very delicious, sweet pancake is made by taking one pint of sweet milk, four eggs, two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one teaspoonful of Royal Baking Powder, and flour enough to make a moderately thin batter. Beat the eggs, whites and yolks separately, until well frothed, stir the butter, sugar, and one cupful of flour, into which the baking powder has been mixed, into the yolks, then add the milk. If needed, add more flour. Bake in small cakes, butter each one as it comes from the fire, place four in a pile, with very thin layers of any kind of sweet jelly between, and powdered sugar over the top. They should be baked very thin and four served to each person.

To those who had the pleasure of seeing Munkacsy's great picture, "Christ Before Pilate," it is only necessary to say that his later, and many think greater, painting, "Christ on Calvary," is now on exhibition, to insure an early visit. We cannot enter into a description of this marvellous painting here; but would advise all our readers to visit the Old South Meeting House, and see it for themselves.

PRINTING BY THE UNITED SOCIETY.

We are glad to announce that the United Society will hereafter be able to supply the Secretary's Record-Book for \$1.50 instead of \$2.00 per copy.

Large lithograph copy of the pledge, for framing, 50 cents. Prayer-meeting Topics, \$1.00 per hundred. Cards of invitation, beautifully printed, 75 cents per hundred. Constitutions membership cards, envelopes for benevolence, etc., all printed at lowest rates. Apply to U. S. C. E., 50 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

Fair Reader,—for reader, indeed we hope thou art, and we will speak you fairly. Thy pleasure or thy profit—ay, marry, or both—may occasion thee to the purchase of an Organ. Nay, flout not, 'tis more than possible. Have thou a care, then, and be not caught with the offer of e'en \$200 worth of Organ for five and forty dollars. Thou rightly reasonest the catch of *Simple Ones* is large. We would not see thee lose thy organ thy money and thy wits together. Nay! resolve thee firmly on an ESTEY ORGAN from Brattleboro, Vt., and we bespeak praises for thy exceeding discretion.

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THE KING'S GARDEN.

BY JULIA HOLT.

Dolly stood and watched the old yellow Millville 'bus drive out under the maples, through the big gate, and off down the road back toward town. Then she turned and stole softly up to the sitting-room, where the stranger was resting on the lounge. Dolly thought she never had seen any one with such a white face and such black, very black hair. It was a very thin, tired face, but yet it was such a kind face, Dolly thought. By-and-by he dropped asleep, and Dolly went away.

Next morning Dolly ran singing out on the cool porch where the morning-glories grew, to gather a dainty bouquet for the breakfast-table, but stopped suddenly in the doorway, for there sat the strange young man in the big willow rocker.

"Come here, little maid," he said, and his voice was very kind and deep. "Are you Dolly?"

"Yes, sir," answered Dolly, going up and putting her dimpled hand in his big, outstretched one, and not feeling very much afraid of him after all; "I'm Dolly."

And don't you think, when mamma came to say that breakfast was ready, she was actually up in the big chair beside him and learning to love him.

He told her all about his older sister at their home in the city, and about her canary-bird pets, and that he had come out into the country to try to get well again. But the Millville doctor looked very grave when he came out to see him, and had a long talk with Mrs. Martin before he went away.

As the days went by, Dolly learned every day to love the kind face and voice, and they had long talks together that reached down to the very depth of her child nature.

They were out in the blossomy garden one morning, and Mr. Will had been talking about the beautiful gardens of Heaven and of the Master who walks there.

"I wonder if we'll ever find each other in the gardens, Mr. Will? They must be so very large."

The man looked down into the child's face, flushed and earnest.

"Dolly," he answered, "we can all find the gardens of the King; and, little one, we can have a King's garden in our own hearts."

Dolly looked up at him with wide, wondering eyes.

"How, Mr. Will?"

"Suppose, Dolly, that every time you are cross and impatient a weed should grow in your heart, and every time you grow angry and cry a little nettle should spring up for every tear-drop."

"Oh, dear!" came a muffled voice from the red face hidden suddenly in Dolly's apron. "I didn't mean to be cross this morning!"

"And suppose that every time you smile a beautiful lily should blossom, and when you are kind and thoughtful of mamma's comforts, a host of bright pansy faces should smile, and when you carry a cup of cold water to a thirsty old man, there should bubble up a beautiful spring to run off among the flowers, tripping and dancing."

Dolly was looking up into the young man's face now, and as he went on, her eyes grew deep and solemn.

"And by-and-by, when your garden is all fair and sweet, the King will walk

in it every morning, and, at His touch, the weeds will wither and the blossoms grow brighter, a little bird named Joy will begin to sing, and only you can hear his song."

"Would the King come into my little garden?" asked Dolly in an awed voice. "Dolly," the man's voice was very reverent and tender. "He has come into mine."

Then she drew a long breath, and, looking back in after years, she could see that the thought shaped all her after-life.

"Mr. Will, I want the King to come into my heart, too."

Mr. Will lay back in his chair with his eyes closed, and Dolly thought he was asleep, but by-and-by, when she looked up again, he was looking down at her, and he answered her, but his voice sounded very queer:

"He will come to every one who asks Him."

Then Dolly began to look for little things that would make the flowers grow, and day by day she found little kindnesses to do and pleasant words to say. All through the happy summer the flowers flourished, and the weeds came, too, sometimes, but one morning she stole in to Mr. Will's side with a very happy face.

"Mr. Will, the King has come into my garden."

And the young man bent and kissed the sweet child's face. The voice that answered her was very low and weak:

"Dolly, I am going soon up into the Master's gardens, and some time you must come, too."

Dolly looked up.

"I'm sorry you're going away," she answered simply.

That night he sat on the porch and watched the sunset, and when Dolly came to him she found him asleep, so deeply asleep that she could not awaken him.

Daily, as years passed by, the garden of Dolly's heart grew more sweet and fair, the King came every day into its fair borders, and the music that sounded there found its way into Dolly's voice, and the light and the sweetness shone in her face, and through her clear eyes one saw as through open windows the sweetness and purity of her soul. Shall not we, too, have a King's garden in our hearts?—*Herald and Presbyterian.*

NERVES! NERVES!!

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Indigestion, Sleeplessness,
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Sarsaparilla, my child. See that they do not give you anything else. You remember it is the medicine which did mama so much good a year ago—so reliable, beneficial, pleasant to take—my favorite spring medicine.

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Sold by druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Spring Medicine

Nearly every body needs a reliable spring medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla to expel the impurities which have accumulated in the blood during the winter, to keep up strength as the warm weather comes on, create an appetite and promote healthy digestion. Try Hood's Sarsaparilla this spring and you will be convinced that it does possess superior and peculiar merit.

A Good Appetite

"When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was dizzy in the morning, had a headache, and no appetite; but now I can hardly get enough cooked to eat." EMMA SHEPARD, 1 Cora' Street, Worcester, Mass.

"Last spring my whole family took Hood's Sarsaparilla. The result is that all have been cured of scrofula, my little boy being entirely free from sores, and all four of my children look bright and healthy as possibly can be. I have found Hood's Sarsaparilla good for catarrh." WM. B. ATHERTON, Passaic City, N. J.

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OF Pure
Cod-Liver
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OIL
AND
HYPHOPHOSPHITES
ALMOST AS PALATABLE
AS MILK.

So disguised that the most delicate stomach can take it.

Remarkable as a
FLESH PRODUCER.
Persons gain rapidly
while taking it.

SCOTT'S EMULSION
Is acknowledged by Physicians to be the FINEST
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CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL
DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES OF
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ALL DRUGGISTS. Scott & Bowne, New York.

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WARRANTED. Catalogue sent Free.
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Is the favorite between Chicago, Rock Island, Atchison, Kansas City and Minneapolis and St. Paul. Its Watertown branch traverses the great "WHEAT AND DAIRY BELT" of Northern Iowa, Southwestern Minnesota, and East Central Dakota to Watertown, Spirit Lake, Sioux Falls and many other towns and cities. The Short Line via Seneca and Kankakee offers superior facilities to travel to and from Indianapolis, Cincinnati and other Southern points. For Tickets, Maps, Fare, or desired information, apply at any Coupon Ticket Office or address
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For Ladies, Misses and Children
gives an opportunity to unprincipled dealers to offer
under various names, upon which they can make a large profit, saying they are "about as good as the GOOD SENSE Waist."

THEY ARE NOT AS GOOD.
Let me show you a Corset is stamped "Good Sense."
Sold by all Leading Retailers.
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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALTING SICKNESS a life-long steady. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.
H. G. ROOT, M. D., 183 Pearl St., New York

for Boys and Girls.

For The Golden Rule.

BUDGE IN SWITZERLAND.

GENEVA, AUG. 16.

DEAR ROSEBUD: I can only tell you about one of our Swiss tours, so I think I will just tell you about our trip to Chamouni.

We went from Geneva to Chamouni, a nice long ride of fifty miles. I enjoyed it all very much, especially when we stopped at some of the little villages to change horses. Sometimes women and girls would walk along by the carriage with lace to sell, and with little Swiss cottages in wooden boxes. Once, when we were going up a long, hard hill, the children walked along by the horses with little bushes in their hands, to keep the flies off. When we were at the top of the hill most of the passengers gave them a penny or two. We reached Chamouni about four in the afternoon, and I was very tired of riding.

We rested a little while, and then decided to climb Montanvert before dark, and spend the night up there. We could ride up on mules if we wanted to, but we all preferred to walk, so we took our alpenstocks and started for a two hours' climb. It was very pleasant at first. There was a good path, and it was not very steep, and we all enjoyed it. The path went up the mountain in zig-zags, and sometimes papa and I tried to get along a little faster by scrambling up over the steep places, but it was such hard work that we always had to rest after it, and we really did not gain much. They reckon distance here by hours instead of miles. They called it two hours up Montanvert, but mamma walked so slowly that it took us an hour and a half to get to the little hut that they called the half-way house. We rested a little there, and then started on. The path soon began to grow quite steep, and mamma had to rest after every turn in the path. Then it began to grow dark and cloudy, and once in a while it thundered. You know I don't like a thunder-storm very well, and I will confess that I was a little afraid when I heard the thunder rolling and saw how black the clouds were growing. It seemed as though we should never get to the top; we just went on and on, and there seemed to be no end to our journey. Every time we turned a corner I kept hoping we should see the hotel at the top. Pretty soon it began to rain very hard, and the thunder was worse than ever. We hurried on as fast as we could, but we could not go very fast, because the path was so steep, and still the hotel did not even come in sight, and we had no idea how far it was, for we could not see far through the trees. At last, we made one more turn, and there was the hotel right before us. We were very wet and tired, but they showed us into a pleasant room, and soon we were sitting by a cheery open fire in a bright, pleasant parlor, and everything seemed all the nicer because we had been so wet and cold a few minutes before.

All night long I could hear the sound of the little waterfalls outside, and when I waked in the morning there was the great Mer de Glace right under my window, three hundred feet below us. After breakfast we went out, and walked across the glacier. First we had to go down a steep path till we came to the ice. There were great big rocks all along by the sides of the glacier, that had come down with it. The glacier was like a great big river of solid ice. We went across without any guide, but I was a little afraid. It was very slippery,

and in some places we could hardly find the steps that were cut in the ice. If we had fallen anywhere we should have taken a long slide and it would have hurt us a good deal, but I don't suppose there was really much danger where we were. There were cracks in the ice that looked as though they might be a mile deep, but they were not very wide. We went across and back, and then we sat down by the side of the glacier and watched other people going across. It was very bright and warm, and there were flowers growing right by the ice. We stayed on Montanvert two or three days, and got quite familiar with the Mer de Glace. Afterwards we went down to Chamouni, and made several little excursions from there. We went to the Glacier de Bosson, and climbed the Brevent and Flegère, but we did not try Mont Blanc. Then we rode back to Geneva, and to-morrow we are going to Paris. Good-by for this time. Your affectionate brother,

BUDGE.

IS MOXIE A HUMBUG?

There probably never was a simple thing like it that ever created so much excitement. Its power over the liquor habit hit the temperance and rum people hard, and it is the first thing the women have struck that will stop nervousness and take the terrible tired feeling away without stimulation. It is cheap, contains no alcohol, and is harmless. That makes it popular with everybody. We hope it will sustain itself, for it is just what the world wants to-day. Its sale is said to be the largest ever known.

A GREAT BATTLE

Is continually going on in the human system. The demon of impure blood strives to gain victory over the constitution, to ruin health, to drag victims to the grave. A good reliable medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla is the weapon with which to defend one's self, drive the desperate enemy from the field, and restore peace and bodily health for many years. Try this peculiar medicine.

In purchasing medicines, don't try experiments; the first and only consideration should be genuineness. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has stood the test of forty years, and to-day it is in greater demand than ever—a triumphant proof of popular approval.

"You will never make any mistake if you use N. K. Brown's Ess. Jamaica Ginger for cholera."—Sun.

For coughs, colds, and consumption use the Old Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam. Cutler Bros. & Co.

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A DELIGHTFULLY FRAGRANT AND HEALTHFUL LIQUID SUBSTITUTE FOR TOOTH POWDER

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CONTAINS NO GRIT, NO ACID NOR ANYTHING INJURIOUS.

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Robert Cushman, Pawtucket, R. I.
All druggists, 25c, 50c, and \$1.
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A Lovely Skin

Nothing is known to science at all comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin, and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to age.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

"I have had a most wonderful cure of salt rheum. For five years I have suffered with this disease. I had it on my face, arms and hands. I was unable to do anything whatever with my hands for over two years. I tried hundreds of remedies, and not one had the least effect. The doctor said my case was incurable. I saw your advertisement, and concluded to try the CUTICURA REMEDIES; and, incredible as it may seem, that after using one box of CUTICURA, and two cakes of CUTICURA SOAP, and two bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, I find I am entirely cured. Those who think this letter exaggerated may come and see me and find out for themselves."

GRACE P. HARKHAM,
North St. Charles Street, Belle River, Ont.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure and the only infallible blood purifiers and skin beautifiers.

TINTED with the loveliest delicacy is the skin bathed with CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

"I have been afflicted since last March with a skin disease the doctors called eczema. My face was covered with scabs and sores, and the itching and burning were almost unbearable. Seeing your CUTICURA REMEDIES so highly recommended, concluded to give them a trial, using the CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally, and RESOLVENT internally, for four months. I call myself cured, in gratitude for which I make this public statement."

CLARA A. FREDERICK,
Broad Brook, Conn.

"I have suffered from salt rheum for over eight years, at times so bad that I could not attend to my business for weeks at a time. Three boxes of CUTICURA and four bottles RESOLVENT have entirely cured me of this dreadful disease."

JOHN THIEL,
1875 Second Avenue, New York City.

"The box of CUTICURA that you sent me some months ago did me so much good that I will send for another box, believing that it will cure me of a skin disease with which I have been troubled for eighteen years."

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Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

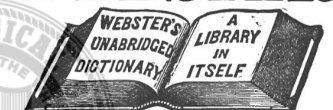
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THE COMFORT CORSET has several shoulder Sizes for EACH WAIST SIZE so as to fit tapering waists, as well as straight forms. Send for descriptive circular giving all information, prices, etc. to BOSTON COMFORT CORSET CO., MANUFACTURERS BOSTON, MASS. For sale by stores generally (NAME THIS PAPER.)

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CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

Christian Endeavor.

NEWS ITEMS.

(Continued from page Twelve.)

Iowa.

The president of the Christian Endeavor Society connected with the Presbyterian Church of East Des Moines sends us an enthusiastic account of the work of the society, and gives many interesting reports of the good it has accomplished. She writes: "Before the organization of our C. E. it had been impossible to sustain a young people's meeting in our church longer than a few months at a time, and at the beginning it was predicted that this society would meet with like fate; but the interest and enthusiasm is greater to-day than it was two years ago when we were organized." On the fourth of last month this society observed its second anniversary. The Christian Endeavor catechism was used, and papers were read on the duties of the Prayer-Meeting, Lookout and Sunday School Committees, with a report of the work of each. There were also papers on the active and associate members, on the society and the church, and some selections were read from THE GOLDEN RULE. The society now has forty-four members, of whom six have recently joined the church. One of the members is an elder, another is a church trustee; six of the sixteen Sunday school teachers are members of the society, which also supports a mission school. The members of the society have agreed that at six o'clock every evening, they will pray for the society. Special subjects are assigned for each week, and the members, wherever they are, devote a few minutes to asking God's blessing.

Kansas.

The Pilgrim Y. P. S. C. E., of Paola, celebrated its second anniversary March 27th. The pastor of the church welcomed the delegates and friends in a few well-chosen words. The usual reports were read and addresses given on Enthusiasm for Christ, Spiritual Energy, Consistency at Work, and Perseverance. After the exercises in the church were concluded, the society and delegates went to the house of one of the members, where supper was served. Responses were given to appropriate toasts, and the evening was passed in a pleasant social manner. As a result of the meeting, three of the associate members have joined the active ranks.

Dakota.

The Presbyterian Church of Dakota has recently had a revival, and one of the results is a society of Christian Endeavor.

Texas.

The New York Observer gives this account of a flourishing society: "The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor of the First Church, Fort Worth, Rev. R. H. Nall, D. D., pastor, was organized July 19, 1887, and now has forty-three members. Besides an interesting prayer-meeting, which has been held each week, they have recently established a Mission Sunday school in the north-eastern part of the city, where they have erected a little chapel. The attendance of children has averaged seventy-five."

SOCIETIES RECENTLY REPORTED.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Meredith.
VERMONT.—Guildhall, Congregational; Montpelier, Baptist, Methodist.
MASSACHUSETTS.—Acushnet, Methodist; Boston, Shawmut Branch; Danvers, First Church; Webster, Congregational.
RHODE ISLAND.—Providence, Park Street Free Baptist.
NEW YORK.—Corinth, Presbyterian; Manlius; Skaneateles; White Plains, Presbyterian.
NEW JERSEY.—Camden, First Presbyterian; Port Elizabeth; Woodbridge, Methodist.
PENNSYLVANIA.—Edwardsville, Bethesda Congregational; Fairview, Union; Jersey Shore, First Baptist; Philadelphia, Beth Eden; Potsdam, First Baptist.
WEST VIRGINIA.—Morgantown, Methodist.
TEXAS.—Millwood.
INDIANA.—Madison, Vine Street Baptist; Granger.
MICHIGAN.—Detroit, Trumbull Avenue Presbyterian; Jackson, Presbyterian; Ypsilanti, Congregational.
ILLINOIS.—Carthage; Cerro Gordo; Chicago, Mosley Mission; Colehour, Evangelical Association; Golconda, Presbyterian; Keithsburg; Lincoln, Presbyterian.
IOWA.—Bedford; Muscatine, Presbyterian.
MINNESOTA.—St. Paul, Woodland Park Baptist.
KANSAS.—Atchison, First Congregational; Cherokee, Undenominational.
NEBRASKA.—Ainsworth; Hastings; Milford.
COLORADO.—Fort Collins, First Methodist.

NOTICES.

[The publishers of THE GOLDEN RULE will be glad to print in this column abbreviated notices of State meetings, local unions, anniversaries, etc. These notices, however, must necessarily be very short.]

April 19.—Meeting of the Middlesex C. E. Union at North Church, Middletown, Conn.
April 24.—Michigan State Convention of Y. P. S. C. E. at Lansing, Mich.
May 10.—First Meeting of Local Union at East Boston, Mass.
July 5—8.—National Convention of Y. P. S. C. E. at Chicago, Ill.

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To the Editor:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address.

Respectfully,
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PECULIAR in medicinal merit and wonderful cures—Hood's Sarsaparilla. Now is the time to take it, for now it will do the most good.



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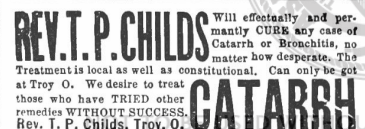
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The first challenge you give a stranger is, "Who are you?" But, are Wanamaker & Brown strangers to you?

We'll not stay so very long if you have a personal interest in good clothing—if you make value the rule in it as you do in other matters.

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Because we believe in our business enough to want to make money by it fairly. We manufacture our goods for a two-fold reason: to know what we are selling, and to know to the penny how little we can justly sell it for.

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We would like to submit samples and prices when you're ready.

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For The Golden Rule.

A CRY IN THE NIGHT.

BY ADELAIDE GEORGE BENNETT.

O black and bitter night,
Like that round Egypt furled,
When sorrow and affright
Seized all the winged world!
A brooding, noisome blight
Whose dark pall heavy hangs,
As a phantom in the night,
Strikes deep its cruel fangs
In the heart's dungeon cell,
Within whose crumbling shell
The naked nerve doth dwell.

Lone in these darksome mines,
My glimmering taper lamp
No longer brightly shines,
Paled by the foul choke damp.
Within these sunken caves,
No resurrection dawn
Shines o'er the blackened graves
Of buried hopes forlorn.
Dawn o'er the mountain height,
Thou, the diviner light,
Come, end this bitter night.

How long, O God, how long
Has mortal heart the power
To bear this anguish strong?
Is this our earthly dawn?
While we in bondage cry
Must this our portion be?
The unillumin'd sky
But mocks our misery.
Earth doth but echoes throw,
No light is here below,
Deeper the shadows grow.

Through blinding fog and mist,
'Neath pulses throbbing so,
One ear alone can list
The undertone of woe.
Is that one ear withdrawn,
And do I grope alone,
Like blinded Samson shorn,
For the pillars of the throne?
No; though I tread with Thee
Bitter Gethsemane,
Still wilt Thou comfort me.

For The Golden Rule.

PROGRESSIVE JAPAN.

BY REV. ORRAMEL H. GULICK.

Again some wakeful patrol on the world's rampart cries, "Watchman, tell us of the night, what its signs of promise are? Do the nations sleep or wake? Do the powers of darkness or of light prevail?"

We answer, Japan, the oldest yet the youngest of nations, after the sleep of ages, is awake and shouting the advent of day as star after star flashes its welcome to the rising sun.

The greatest of modern Americans, Gen. Grant, the peacemaker, whose life has been translated and published in the Japanese language, on his tour of the world in 1879, gave to the rulers of China and Japan the wisest advice that they ever received from human lips, to the effect that nothing should be permitted to alienate and lead these two nations of the Orient to engage in war with each other. He warned them that as surely as they engaged in fratricidal strife, the nations of the West would step in and reap a harvest from each or rob them both.

The country is bending its energies with redoubled vigor to the accomplishment of many tasks, all tending upon the happiness of the future millions. Her steam lines are being strengthened and lengthened till it seems as if every one of her countless harbors would soon be favored by a daily call from the puffing messengers of peace and commerce. New boats are being built in her own docks and slips; new, better, and more powerful steamers are ordered from the docks of the Thames and the Clyde. The ocean is wide, her sailors are brave, and her harbors are legion. Her railroads are being pushed rapidly forward, while the means for building them are largely, perhaps wholly, raised within her own borders. Minute data I have not at command, but it is safe to say that the railroads in full running order have been doubled in length within two years, and that the ratio of expansion will be maintained during the coming two years, and that soon, in addition to the swift steamers, the iron horse will traverse the length of the main island and two-thirds of Kiushu.

Millions of money have been raised by the voluntary contributions of rich men during the year 1887, for coast defense; merchant kings, princes and government officers vying with each other in contributing to their country's defense; in time of peace preparing for the hour of need. This money will probably be expended upon forts and cannon, and perhaps upon navy yards and arsenals.

The event which caused the most stir during the year in the political world of Japan was the discontinuance of the Treaty Revision Conference last July. The disappointment manifested upon the suspension of the sessions of this body, consisting of the diplomatic representatives of all the leading nations in treaty relations with Japan, and of her representative, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, betokens the deep solicitude that pervades the nation for the dawn of the day in which this no longer hermit empire shall be accorded equal rights among the brotherhood of independent powers. Such ardent patriotism, together with such intense desire to be received as a peer in the confederation of nations, is sure to win the day.

As the year 1887 was drawing to a close, an indication of the state of political unrest in which we live was suddenly revealed. An imperial rescript gave power to the head of the police force of Tokio to expel without form of trial to a distance of seven and a half miles from the Imperial Palace any suspected person. The whole number thus peremptorily commanded to leave the capital is said to be five hundred and eighty. It is conjectured that the government feared a sudden

and dangerous uprising of some description. This episode is but one of the evidences of the throes through which the nation is passing in order to attain to the fruition of the hopes of the masses for an enlightened constitutional government. But the fact that, without public accuser or trial for any overt act, a man may for years be expelled from his home, his kindred, his business, and the capital city of his country, is a revelation of the gulf that yet separates this people from the conditions of lawful freedom under which society rests secure in happy England and America.

The nation awaits with feverish hope the promised day in 1890, when the emperor will grant to the people a Representative Assembly, through which they shall have a share in the administration of the government.

Our summary will not be complete without a reference to the increasing power of the newspaper press, which is fast becoming an engine of great efficiency in giving weight to the sentiments of the masses, while also, as in other countries, it is an incalculable force in shaping public opinion. These papers represent different schools in politics, and appeal to all classes of readers. They reach all parts of the empire, and are indispensable to the leading men in every community. There are twelve of these papers that have each a circulation of over one and a half million copies in a year, and an income of over ten thousand dollars per annum. Several of these papers have been subjected to suspension for short periods, while editors have been fined for offenses against the newspaper regulations during the past year. But there can be no question of the increasing dignity, power and usefulness of this part of the social fabric. The publication on the 28th of December of an imperial ordinance, which greatly modifies the stringency of the newspaper regulations, was hailed with great satisfaction by the knights of the quill. Immediately succeeding the expulsion of intriguers from the capital it is regarded as an indication that open criticism will not be regarded as treasonable. We have with the newspaper the educator and the safety-valve of modern society.

Kumamoto, Japan, Jan. 31, 1888.

For The Golden Rule.

THE RECORD AND THE TORCH.

BY REV. JOSEPH B. SEABURY.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll has recently visited our quiet town. He did not come to champion infidelity, but to argue a case in court. The trial continued three days. At its close, Ingersoll made a plea of two hours before the jury. It was the writer's fortune to hear him during the ten minutes which concluded the plea, and which stood by themselves after the noon recess. Two points were made and urged with much emphasis. They were condensed into two epigrammatic sentences: "Stand by the record," "Follow the torch of your own mind." He warned the gentlemen of the jury against the testimony of witnesses on the opposite side. He pleaded with them to ignore all their confused and contradictory statements, their false representations. The case had a written history and a reliable record. On that record they must place their decision. He solemnly admonished them not to entertain any dissuading or belittling influences whatsoever. They were to follow, simply and solely, "the torch of their own minds." The weakness of the noted infidel in matters of religious opinion stands out very clearly from his strength as a legal advocate before the jury.

The Record.

Will Mr. Ingersoll give candid attention to the

Scriptures as simple record? Setting aside all claims to belief in God's Word, as a supernatural revelation, as a volume of divine teaching, will he look squarely at the Bible as a trustworthy record?

1. It is a record of *fact*. Bible history is its own justification. It bears the clean-cut imprint of fact. The form of narrative is unassuming; it is an ingenuous, vigorous, concise, direct statement of what took place. In the pressure of narration, the artificial and the untrue were forced out of the way. The dove-tailing of the narrative with the geography, climate, seasons, rivers, mountains and deserts of the Holy Land proves that the Bible is a book of genuine, accurate record.

2. It is a record of *cumulative* fact. The facts of the Bible are early set in a current towards Christ. They maintain that trend with increasing clearness. The record of Isaiah shows us the prophetic picture of Christ seven centuries before His personal life on earth began. And yet eight centuries earlier than Isaiah we see Jesus in Moses. From first to last, the record accumulates in power until it is crowned in the Saviour, the personal, suffering, sacrificial Redeemer of men. Can the infidel lecturer tell us how it is that the record of prophecy and of its fulfilment so perfectly harmonize?

3. It is a record of *productive* fact. How comes it that out of so simple a narrative as that of the incarnation of Christ there has sprung a revolution in religious belief? If, as Napoleon says, "To replace is to conquer," what a conquest has the second chapter of Luke achieved! How could such a mighty transformation have originated in a record of eighteen centuries ago, except there were divine power in it? If Mr. Ingersoll will but follow that personal testimony down through the centuries it has illuminated, and mark faithfully the changes it has wrought, we are sure of the result. It is as Froude says, "All that we call modern civilization, in a sense which deserves the name, is the visible expression of the transforming power of the gospel."

The Torch.

In his appeal to the jury, Mr. Ingersoll did not admit that there was any torch *within* the mind to throw light upon the reason. His words were chosen, "Follow the torch of your own mind." In religious opinion the infidel lecturer defies reason. He goes no farther than speculative reason will carry him. In closing a paper in the *North American Review* (November, 1881), he uses these words in defence of the French Revolution: "In spite of all the blood and crime, the people placed upon a nation's brow these stars, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, grander words than ever issued from Jehovah's lips." Noble words, indeed, but to make them the pole-star of faith, is to land in the outer gloom of blasphemy, where Mr. Ingersoll stood when he wrote that sentence. Why is the unilluminated reason a fatal guide?

1. It is wholly *subjective* and *self-bound*. The first principle of leadership is lost. Does the ship nearing port carry the beacon on its deck or follow the shining from some bluff on the shore? Shall the Alpine tourist refuse the Swiss guide and climb the Matterhorn alone? We repose confidence in external aid. Our relation to fellow-man and to the world about us absolutely demands it. Peter's question never ceases: "To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." The fatal error of infidelity is that it is determined to be its own guide. It will not come to Christ that it may have life. It makes a torch out of its own reason, and tries to follow itself.

2. It drives the *heart quality* out of religion. It gives love, mercy, compassion, sacrifice no place. It shuts off light from the uplifted cross and the open sepulchre. The nativity, the transfiguration, the resurrection and the ascension all glow with a warm and soothing light. We are attracted and impressed by it. But the emanations of mind are freezing. They give no warmth to one's own soul; they give none to other souls.

"Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely torch'd,
But to fine issues."

True, but let Christ be our torch, irradiate our virtues, become our virtues, then we shall go forth by His own divine impulse to labors effective and permanent.

3. Reason is *unable to grapple with the problems of our eternal state*. It has no materials with which to equip itself for so gigantic a task. The torch of the mind is supplied with poor oil, and but little of it. "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God." Infidelity does not pray. The sceptic knows less than he thinks. To him salvation is needless, because sin is

not a severe fact, and all there is in the future he can leave to blind fate. "Woe unto the foolish prophets that follow their own spirit."

Dedham, Mass.

For The Golden Rule.

TALKS WITH YOUNG MARRIED PEOPLE.

BY REV. N. B. REMICK.

Suppose the Husband is a Tyrant.

But you say, "Suppose he is hard and cruel and tyrannical, what then?" Even then your safest and wisest position is to "reverence" him. By doing your part, in the fear of God, you may transform his character; you may make him better, a gentle man. It has been done a thousand times; it will be done a thousand times again. Thomas Carlyle, the famous English essayist, was one of the greatest, and yet one of the gruffest, men of his day. He was a whirlwind in his house. He was a hard master. He ruled his wife with a rod of iron. He was a tyrant. His wife was a lovely woman; a lady of exquisite grace and superior intelligence. In many respects she was her famous husband's superior! Her tastes and his were at variance. She loved society; he loved seclusion. O Craginputtock! Poor, lonely wife! He had a strong will; so had she. He was fierce; she was inflexible. She was evidently disappointed in her hero; she imagined she was marrying a demi-god; she soon learned she was wedded to a Turk! And yet this wonderful woman, Jane Welch, revered her husband. She subordinated her desires and conformed her habits to his. Thomas Carlyle didn't make his home happy. He saw his sad mistake after she died. Read his autobiography. It glows in the praises of his wife. Notwithstanding all, he worshipped her almost as a goddess. He realized then that a large share of his fame and success was due to her helpful service and reverential love. There is not, in English literature, a more beautiful tribute to a wife than Carlyle pays to her. If he calls himself a dog, he glorifies her as an angel. When she died, he wrote the inscription for her tombstone, he wrote it so that all the world may read it. And in the loving words he used, this master of the English language fairly exhausted our mother tongue in bearing testimony to her matchless worth.

Now wasn't it wiser for Mrs. Carlyle to do as she did? Though she suffered tortures at the time, has she not been repaid? Because of her loyalty, her cultivated reverence for her peculiar husband, she stands before us as one of the noblest women of the nineteenth century. And there are many wives like her—God bless them!—in obscure and humble positions, who, through great difficulties and manifold temptations, subordinate themselves to their husbands, and conscientiously reverence them. Each one is the angel of the house, the sweetest earthly blessing given to man.

"She sets herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full summed in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the to be,
Self-reverent each, and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other even as those who love."

For The Golden Rule.

THE BIBLE AND THE MONUMENTS.

BY REV. H. H. KELSEY.

VII.—Five Pharaohs.

The marvel of discovery in the field of biblical archaeology is the recent discovery of the mummied Pharaohs in Egypt. It is wonderful that the records of events which happened three thousand years ago should be preserved to this day, and now, in this era of scepticism, should be unearthed, and voice their testimony to the truthfulness of the Scriptures. But that the bodies of Egyptian kings, who lived and died thirty-four or thirty-five hundred years ago, should be found, so preserved that we can tell something how they looked, this is indeed a wonder. Yet here they are, the mummies of the Pharaohs of the Bible, identified beyond a question, their very bodies lying in state, where all who will go to Cairo may see them, their features photographed and scattered over the whole world.

There are five Pharaohs mentioned in the Bible up to the time of the Exodus: The Pharaoh who ruled Egypt in the time of Abraham; the Pharaoh who made Joseph his prime minister; the two Pharaohs of the Oppression, and the Pharaoh of the Exodus. The history of Egypt may be divided into three great divisions, the Old Empire, the Middle Empire and the

New Empire. The Old Empire extends from the beginning of its history to the time of the invasion of the Shepherd Kings, twelve, possibly fourteen, dynasties. The Middle Empire covers the period of the rule of these Shepherd Kings, which extended to the beginning of the eighteenth dynasty. Then begins the New Empire, which continues until the overthrow of Egypt by the Greeks. Scholars do not altogether agree about Egyptian chronology, but it is probable that we may put the visit of Abraham to Egypt under one of the Pharaohs of the Old Empire. Joseph was prime minister to Apophis, the last of the Shepherd Kings; and Moses was born under Seti I., the second king of the nineteenth dynasty, the second dynasty of the New Empire. So these five Pharaohs of Genesis and Exodus belong, one to the Old Empire, one to the Middle Empire, and three to the New. It will be interesting to remember that the pyramids were built by the kings of the third dynasty, a great many years before Abraham went to Egypt; and the great obelisks, one of which is now in Central Park, New York, were built by Thotmes III., of the eighteenth dynasty, between Joseph and Moses.

In the Bible, the long period between the Pharaohs of Joseph and of Moses, a period four times as long as from the War of the Revolution to the present time, is covered by a single verse. "Joseph died, and all his brethren, and all that generation. And the children of Israel were fruitful and increased abundantly, and multiplied, and waxed exceeding mighty, and the land was filled with them." The next thing recorded is, "Now there arose up a new king over Egypt which knew not Joseph." This new king was Seti I., a king of another dynasty, and of another race from the king who honored Joseph. This king was the father of Pharaoh's daughter, who found and rescued the babe Moses. It was this Pharaoh who began the oppression, but it was his son and successor, Rameses II., Rameses the Great, who took up what his father had begun, and continued to make the lives of the Hebrews bitter with hard service in mortar and brick, and in all manner of service in the field, during his whole reign of more than sixty years. While Moses was still with his father-in-law, Jethro, in Midian, Rameses II. died, and Manepthah I., his son, became Pharaoh in his stead. It was before him that Moses and Aaron first appeared, to request that the Hebrews be permitted to go three days' journey into the wilderness to do sacrifice. When this was refused, and the burdens of the people were increased by reason of this request, Moses and Aaron appeared again before him, and began to work wonders by the might of Jehovah, until the ten fearful plagues had been brought upon him and the people. This king, Manepthah I., pursued the departing Israelites to the Red Sea with the flower of his army, who, following into the sea, were drowned.

These are the five Pharaohs of Genesis and Exodus. The mummied remains of two of the five have been found, and are now in the museum at Cairo. The story of their discovery we shall give in the next article.

For The Golden Rule.

BECALMED.

BY REV. JOHN G. TAYLOR.

"They that go down to the sea in ships" are not always sped on their way by favoring winds, but now and then find themselves becalmed. The sails of the noble ship hang loose, and the ocean glistens like a polished mirror. In the language of the ancient mariner the sailors might say:

"Day after day, day after day,
We stuck—nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

And in the voyage of life, especially in the Christian life, not a few encounter a similar experience. The enthusiasm which they felt in the day of their new-found hope dies down, and is remembered only as a lost treasure, or possibly merely as a delightful dream in the hour of delusion. Even prayer, church-going, and Bible reading to such a becalmed man becomes nothing more than an empty routine. The glow has died away from his face, and the light of an awakened spiritual life has faded from his eye. He is as emotionless

"—as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

Once he was bounding over the sea of life with all the sails full, and he felt the thrill of the mighty motives which pressed him on, as the strong wind drives the vessel on its way; but now he is becalmed. It all seems unreal to him. Indeed, he may possibly say to himself, My conversion was but the contagion of an

electrified crowd, and my prayers and pretensions were without serious thought. Or if he shrinks back from so dreary a view of the joy that has gone from him, he may try to keep up his religious habits and feelings by unreal methods, as the man in the sail boat who undertook to get out of a calm by blowing on the sails with a bellows. Nothing is more perilous to one's Christian life than unreality. In that matter, genuineness, even though it may be painful, is the first step toward a change for the better. Now what should a man do in such a spiritual emergency?

In the first place, he ought to keep up the forms of religious life, even though they may not seem to do much good, just as the discipline of the ship is not relaxed because she does nothing more than rock with the swell of the ebbing and flowing tide. Shall a man pray unless he feels like it? or go to church or take part in meeting? Certainly. The weakness of Christian confession grows in large measure out of the foolish habit of doing only what you feel like doing. The Y. P. S. C. E. is trying to convince Christian people that they must put their hand to the plow before it will turn up the soil; or, to go back to the figure of the ship, that they must be ready to catch the breeze when it comes or it will do them no good. Of course, we are to avoid pretending to believe and feel what we do not; but it is possible to be honest and keep up the forms of religious expression. If a man cannot say, "I love the Lord," he can say that he would like to, or that he thinks it is a worthy ambition. I am not sure but a more rigid economy in the use of words in describing our spiritual condition might conduce to a great spiritual awakening.

Then I should say to this becalmed man, be ready always to take advantage of any help which comes in your way. This is another reason for keeping up in an honest way the forms through which the religious life finds expression, for thereby we are likely to get the benefit of other people's glowing enthusiasm. Even truth itself, at least in the form in which we hold it, is sometimes a good deal like a chestnut which needs to be stripped of its burr or shell before we come to the meat. Now in our becalmed condition, I am sure anybody who throws us a line, and drags us out into the breeze, is a friend indeed.

But most of all, when we are becalmed, let us never lose confidence in God's willingness to set us on our way again, bounding forward under full sail. The old sailor knows that the wind will come some time, and so he waits and watches, and any one who has been caught in a calm, so motionless that there is nothing that he can do but watch, must never give up expecting a change. And it will come, and from those days, or months, or even years of becalmed life will result a good which will show that they were not in vain.

Melrose Highlands.

Our Serial.

OUR TOWN.

Dedicated to all Members of the Y. P. S. C. E.

BY MARGARET SIDNEY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

She lifted herself out of the depths of the luxurious chair to a nearer view of her companion's face. "Emily Saville was dead in love with young Burr, and she fairly threw herself at his head."

"That I can never bring myself to believe, Marianne," said the widow, with much warmth. "You must remember that I know Emily Saville pretty thoroughly, and I regard her as a girl not only of remarkable ability, but as possessing the highest attributes of a woman."

"Oh, she's smart enough," assented Mrs. Buckminster, quickly, "there's no denying that, and she's fascinated you, it's plain enough to see. I don't blame you; I was taken with her myself, not for her beauty; she has none. I won't say that she's not well-looking enough, but of an ordinary type."

"She's very handsome, in my opinion," said Mrs. Cranston, quietly, "and it is the opinion of all who have seen her, so far as I hear. Moreover, Emily's beauty is the kind that does not wear out early."

Mrs. Buckminster winced. If her daughters possessed any beauty, which was doubtful, when observers penetrated beneath the cosmetics and the milliner's art, it was of the showy order, likely to soon fade with girlhood.

"Well, never mind," with a most superior shrug; "after all, the question of good looks is a most vexing one, since tastes are so different. I suppose I am more critical, residing so long abroad," she added, with a little emphasis on the "residing," to distinguish her knowledge of European ideas from that gained by Mrs. Cranston on her short and somewhat desultory trips.

The widow smiled just perceptibly enough for Mrs. Buckminster to see, and she was very angry, although she had brought it on herself.

"It's very hard, Olivia," she cried, in a sharp voice, "for you to so misunderstand me on every point, and above all to let a chit of a girl come between our friendship."

"I was not aware that our friendship was ever very ardent, Marianne," said Mrs. Cranston, coolly. "I haven't seen you but two or three times, I think, in the last fifteen years."

"We were at school together," began Mrs. Buckminster, cooling down to a show of feeling, "and force of circumstances separated us afterward. That isn't my fault, Olivia, and you ought not to blame me."

"I'm sure I am not blaming you," said the widow, "least of all for the separation, which I wish had been continued," she added to herself. "Well, Marianne, tell me something of your life abroad," she added, aloud, for the third time essaying to draw off her guest to the safe ground of general topics.

"Oh, I'm too tired to begin on that now," said Mrs. Buckminster. "I'll tell you at lunch," she added, with a bold strike for the coveted meal, "all you want to hear."

"But I am engaged out for luncheon," said Mrs. Cranston, "to my old friend, Mrs. Gaines, who is a confirmed invalid. I promised her to be there at half after twelve, as she keeps regular hours. You and I have half an hour yet for a chat," she glanced at the mantel clock.

"Oh, dear!" breathed Mrs. Buckminster in dismay, "I've dismissed the carriage, and I am totally unfit to walk home."

"I'll take you in my carriage," said Mrs. Cranston, cheerfully. So the two ladies, as far as the circumstances would allow, settled into the outward conventional ruts of society talk, and although every effort was made to swing clear of the widow's topics, Mrs. Buckminster found herself unable to do so, and was put down at Miss Macomber's door a disappointed and baffled woman.

And in Madam Gaines' sitting-room, upstairs where only friends on an intimate footing were admitted to luncheon, many things came out over the "chops and chocolate." How Emily Saville had found time to run in nearly every day since the madam's note and gift of flowers were sent for the lawn party; sometimes with a delicate little dish of her own or her mother's making; sometimes to read aloud to the weary woman who sat in her elegant home, and longed for the sight of a bright, young face. And then the talk fell upon Emily's new life of religious purpose, and the invalid's pale cheek glowed as she told how she had become interested in the labors of love for others, that the young girl was taking up for Christ's sake, and her eyes filled with tears as she added, "You find me a better woman, Olivia, than you left, because I have learned more the blessedness of going out of self for the Master. I thought there was so little I could do in this sick room; this dear girl has shown me many things I am privileged to perform."

At this, Mrs. Cranston abruptly left her chair, and walked to the window. "I cannot help it, Bathsheba," she said, impulsively, coming back to her place, "I am so pricked in my conscience to hear you talk so. If you, a saint on earth, feel in this way, what must be my reflections, who have neglected so many opportunities? But there is still time, let us hope," she hastened to add, with her usual energy, "for me to turn about, and do better, and you must teach me, dear friend. One thing I am determined upon, I will write an invitation for Hester Cummings, the cousin, you remember, of Mr. Cranston's," she looked across at her friend.

"The widow of the home missionary?" asked Madam Gaines.

"Yes; I have always intended to ask her to spend a winter with me," said Mrs. Cranston, shamefacedly, "but many things interfered. Now I will write and beg her company, and that she will bring her three children. That will shake some of the selfishness out of me, I trust."

And at this very moment, Mrs. Buckminster, on her bed again, where her suffering family had assisted in placing her on her return from her unsatisfactory

visit, was saying to her husband in a shrill tone, with a touch of venom in it, "She was in an evil temper enough this morning, and I couldn't manage it. But I shall go there to-morrow on some pretext, and try another tack. At least, I'll get the girls invited there for the winter."

While this call was in progress another one was made at the parsonage.

"I don't know, sir," said Hattie, timidly.

The question had been, "When did you first desire to know Christ and to love Him?" and the questioner, the Rev. Mr. Jacobs.

Four girls and their teacher, "Miss Emily," were in the pastor's study. Four weeks, and the blessed communion season would be celebrated, at which they all, giving a "good reason for the faith that was in them," hoped to be enrolled among the professed followers of their Lord and Master.

"Hattie, do not be afraid of your pastor," whispered Emily, gently, to her. Thus reassured, the girl took her eyes from the carpet and raised them to the kindly old face.

"I wanted to be a Christian ever since I read a Sunday school book that Pansy wrote," she stammered, "but the girl was good any way, and it wasn't much trouble for her to be converted, so she didn't tell how she did it." Then she stopped suddenly, ashamed of her temerity.

"Go on," said Pastor Jacobs, encouragingly.

"Then I saw her," Hattie pointed up at "Miss Emily," and smiled.

"It was at a Christian Endeavor meeting," explained Emily.

"And then she told me how, and took me to her home, and she got up a Sunday school class, and she talks and reads to us, and Christ seems just like our Father now, and I wouldn't not love Him for anything."

Hattie stopped again, quite relieved that it was all over, and sat back, her eyes shining, though her tongue was silent.

"I see," said the old clergyman, his eyes growing moist. "Dear child, you have given a powerful testimony to the faith." He put his hand on the girl's head, then turned to the one sitting next.

"Now, Mary."

Mary Bliss, tall, robust, and generally with too much self-assertion to be pleasing in a young girl, now spoke up modestly.

"I went to that Christian Endeavor meeting with Hattie, to make fun; but they all seemed to mean what they said, and I couldn't. I didn't want to be a Christian though for a long time, not till I kept going to the meetings. If you think I'm worth it, sir, I should like to be one now."

"Mary, do you love the Lord Jesus Christ with all your heart?" asked Mr. Jacobs, searchingly.

"I do, sir," she said, decidedly.

"Do you prefer that His will should be your guide through life, rather than your own?"

She looked a little puzzled.

"Would you rather that God should have His way, than that you should have yours?" asked the old clergyman, groping around for more simple words.

"Oh, yes, sir," the self-willed girl, whom every one dreaded to cross in any plan, now humbled before a higher power, was glad in her humility, and added, "I don't want my way, if He don't want me to have it."

"Then, Mary, you may claim the Christian's promise. This God shall be our God, even unto death," said the old man, solemnly. He then went on examining the other two, adding words of counsel and encouragement, finally dismissing them with a kind invitation to come to his study whenever they should need advice or help.

"I ain't one bit afraid now," breathed Hattie, serenely, when past the parsonage gate, "not even to meet the deacons. They won't be very bad, will they, Miss Emily?" she asked, with a bit of her old tremor.

"No, dear; you will find them very kind and considerate; only too glad to welcome young workers to help them in Christ's service."

Mary Bliss was walking with one of the other girls, now she came up to the teacher's side.

"To think, Miss Emily," she said, in her abrupt fashion, "I always supposed people left all their fun and good times behind them when they were Christians; why, I never felt so happy in my life as I do now."

"And I suppose we none of us know how happy we are to be in the future," said Emily. "Old Christians tell me that every day there is a new revealing of God's love and strength to them. If we only keep near to Him, we shall be filled with joy."

Mrs. Buckminster's next call had no such peaceful ending. The "second tack," as she had elegantly expressed it, had been no better managed than the first one, and she returned home to Aunt Phebe's in the state of mind she had described as belonging to the widow, an "evil temper." Nothing could her family extricate as to the incidents of the visit. All she would vouchsafe was, "There's to be a miserable home missionary's family quartered there for the winter," but they all knew, as well as if it had been described, that there had been an explosion, and that not the slightest pretext of friendship now existed between the two ladies.

[To be continued.]

The Sunday School.

EDITED BY REV. SMITH BAKER.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

APRIL 29, 1888.

BY REV. SMITH BAKER.

The Talents.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—Rev. 2: 10.

Matt. (Revised Version) 25: 14—30.

For it is as when a man, going into another country, called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods. And unto one he gave five talents, to another two, to another one; to each according to his several ability; and he went on his journey. Straightway he that received the five talents went and traded with them, and made other five talents. In like manner he also that received the two gained other two. But he that received the one went away and digged in the earth, and hid his lord's money. Now after a long time the lord of those servants cometh, and maketh a reckoning with them. And he that received the five talents came and brought other five talents, saying, Lord, thou deliverdest unto me five talents: lo, I have gained other five talents. His lord said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will set thee over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord. And he also that received the two talents came and said, Lord, thou deliverdest unto me two talents: lo, I have gained other two talents. His lord said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will set thee over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord. And he also that had received the one talent came and said, Lord, I knew thee that thou art a hard man, reaping where thou didst not sow, and gathering where thou didst not scatter: and I was afraid, and went away and hid thy talent in the earth: lo, thou hast thine own. But his lord answered and said unto him, Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not, and gather where I did not scatter; thou oughtest therefore to have put my money to the bankers, and at my coming I should have received back mine own with interest. Take ye away therefore the talent from him, and give it unto him that hath the ten talents. For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not, even that which he hath shall be taken away. And cast ye out the unprofitable servant into the outer darkness: there shall be the weeping and gnashing of teeth.

This is a parable about work. Last week's lesson was concerning inward preparation, this week's about the outward life. The man travelling into a far country, means Christ in the time between His ascension and His second coming, during which He commits the advancement of His kingdom to His church. Every man is called to be God's servant; there are no exceptions. Christians are under no greater obligation to serve God than those who do not profess to be Christ's. A man never increases his responsibilities by professing Christ, but he increases them by neglecting to do so.

Every man is called to be a servant of God. Every man has delivered to him opportunities, privileges, truths, friends, and grace, which represent the "goods" of God. No man lives without an opportunity of doing good. God gives every person a chance to help on the advancement of His kingdom. He gives every man all the chance he needs. By ability is meant the natural gifts, the capacity to be or do. In these, men differ. All men have not the same strength of body, though the small body may be as perfect as the large one. All men have not the same natural strength of mind, though a mind of small capacity may be as perfect as the greater mind. Men differ in the size of all their powers, but size is not quality, and the man of humble ability may be as good as the man of great gifts. Character does not depend upon ability or capacity.

All our opportunities are God's, which He bestows upon us to use for Him. Education, wealth, friends, position, culture, are ours only as trusts to use for God. Duties are trusts. The chance to work is a trust which we have no right to improve or neglect as we please. God is just. He gives no man more to do than he is able. He distributes our responsibilities according to our abilities. He never over-burdens us, though we frequently over-burden ourselves, and men take that upon them

which God has not given them. In the financial, mental, political and religious world, some men are too ambitious, and undertake more than they can do. They take more than God gives them, and hence break down. God gives us all we can do as fast as we do it. He has a work for every man, and a man for every work. No man need be idle. Do the first thing. When a minister is without a church, it is generally because he is not willing to take what God would give him. Looking for a pulpit is a bad sign; God sends pulpits. God sends opportunities as fast as we are ready for them, and He knows what He wants us to have.

Three degrees of talents are mentioned. The great, the medium, and the small. God puts every man upon his honor. He does not compel, but He gives the opportunity; we accept or refuse it. The grace of salvation is one thing, the grace of usefulness is not so much another as it is a higher degree. Consecrating the heart to Christ in repentance and faith is good; consecrating the life to God in service is better. Far too many professing disciples do only the former. Complete consecration includes both.

Some persons have more spiritual power than others, and the spiritual power depends upon the faithful use of the opportunities God gives us. As we grow in ability we should grow in grace, and if we use our abilities for God we shall grow in grace as we grow in ability. The greater one's abilities, the more grace he needs. Great men need more religion than small men. The higher one rises in position, the more he needs the Holy Spirit. Intellectual or social strength increases the demand for the gift of the Spirit.

The way in which we use our gifts reveals our characters. The larger one's powers, the greater the temptation to use them for selfish purposes, hence, the greater the man, the more difficult for him to become a Christian, and the harder for him to be fully consecrated after he is saved. Great men are not apt to be as strong Christians as lesser men.

There are two ways in which littleness is strength in the Christian life. The willingness to use the small opportunities reveals the realness of our consecration. When a man is too great to preach anywhere, he lacks consecration. When a woman would not as soon wash the dishes at a church fair as tend the fancy table, she needs to pray more.

The way in which we use our talents reveals our idea of God as well as our love for Him. When God is real to our souls then we are willing to do anything for Him.

Small gifts are no excuse for neglect. When men excuse themselves by the remark that they have such small talents, it is a sign, not of humility, but of pride. Hiding behind our littleness is the worst kind of vanity. Four-fifths of what passes for modesty is vanity, ashamed to do what it can. There is no evidence that the men who will not improve one talent would improve five if they had them. Nothing is cheaper than the common remark, "If I only had the ability, how I would enjoy working for God!" which means, "If I only had great talents, how I would like to show them off!" The only real consecration is that which makes no excuses, but does the best it can with what it has.

We shall be punished for the neglect of one talent as truly as for the neglect of ten. Nobody is so small as to be excusable. Talents great or small grow by using. This pertains to every grace of the character. The power to do grows with doing. Great abilities grow out of the use of small ones. Nobody with one talent shall remain with but one when he is faithful. God never intended that anybody should die with one talent. If a Christian never has but one talent it is his own fault. Each smallest gift is a seed out of which is to grow a thousand other gifts. This is seen in the history of the

church. The majority of the most useful Christians are such as at first had small gifts. Future greatness depends upon present faithfulness. The rewards of heaven will not be in proportion to our ability or the amount of our knowledge, but to our faithfulness. The rewards of heaven will differ in degree, but each will have in proportion to his capacity of enjoying as he has expanded his soul in this life. Nothing else expands the whole nature like Christian usefulness. Every man shall receive double from God of all that he consecrates to Him.

Idleness is wickedness. To do nothing for Christ is a sin. Those who neglect even one talent shall at last lose what joy they have had in that. Nothing so dries up a man's soul as inactivity. To neglect a gift is to lose it. The idle Christian is a self-deceived one, and he shall lose even the false hope he seems to have. The idle Christian cheats himself, injures his fellow-men, and wrongs God.

Notice how God trusts the care of His kingdom to men's good-will. He seeks to develop us by trusting us. Responsibility develops character. Notice also that to simply do no harm is a sin. A neglected life is a lost life. The reward of unfaithfulness is not nothing, but a taking from one all he has. The faithful man doubles what he has, while the unfaithful man loses all he has.

Some of the saddest deaths are those of inactive professors of religion.

There is double punishment for the sinner, he loses what he has, and is cast into hell.

For The Golden Rule.

THE PARABLE OF THE POUNDS.

Luke 19: 12—27.

BY JOSEPH A. TORREY.

Unto a far country, A certain nobleman his steps would turn, There to receive a kingdom and return.

Then called he his ten servants—and they came— And gave to them ten pounds—to each the same; And said to them, "When I shall have returned Then shall ye give account what each hath earned."

Thus to his servants, and departed then. And so it chanced what time he came again,— His promised kingdom having been obtained,— His servants met to show what they had gained.

Then said he to the first, "What hast thou done?" Who answered him, "Ten pounds have grown from one."

"Thou hast done well, thou faithfulest of men; Have thou authority o'er cities ten." And to the second, "Friend, how didst thou thrive?"

"Five pounds from one." "Rule thou o'er cities five."

Another said, "Lord, nothing have I made; Here is thy pound, safe in a napkin laid. I knew thee, Lord, to be a man austere, And therefore nothing have I risked, through fear."

Then said his master unto him, "Thou fool! Thou knewest what I am? By the same rule Thou shouldst have put my funds to usury, That at my coming should be paid to me What was my own."

Then to his servants, "Give ye then The idle coin to him that hath the ten. For unto him that hath there shall be given; From him that hath not, what he hath is riven."

Good Lord and Master, let me hence derive A lesson by the which my soul may thrive. Help me to use the talents thou hast given, That so I may be fit for earth and meet for heaven.

LIGHTS ON THE LESSON FROM MANY SOURCES.

[Selected by Mrs. F. E. Clark.]

This parable is closely connected, not only in time, but in its teaching, with that in our last lesson. As Trench says: The virgins were represented as waiting for the Lord; we have here the servants working for Him. There the inward spiritual rest of the Christian was described; here, his external activity. There, by the end of the foolish virgins, we are warned against

declensions and delays in the inward spiritual life; here, against sluggishness and sloth in our outward vocation and work. There, the foolish virgins failed from thinking their part too easy; here, the wicked servant fails from thinking his too hard.—Alford, in Peloubet's Notes.

"A man . . . called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods" (v. 14). So Christ entrusts His interests on the earth to His people. The "talents" are everything besides our natural abilities which our Lord gives to us—opportunities for usefulness and service, position, influence, and particularly the gifts of grace that He bestows upon us, and the work of His kingdom which He puts into our hands. All the interests of His church in this world our Lord has left in human hands. Whatever is done for Him here His people must do. He does not administer the affairs of His kingdom on the earth directly, but through His servants. The point to be specially marked here is, that our "talents" are not our own, but our Lord's "goods" entrusted to us to be used by us for Him. If we always remembered this, it would make us very diligent in using our Lord's property.—Westminster Teacher.

"Unto one he gave five talents, to another two, to another one" (v. 15). The Jewish talent of silver had 660,000 grains, worth about \$1,600; the talent of gold about \$25,000. The Attic talent is usually valued at about \$1,000. The relative only, not the absolute, value of the money entrusted to each is of importance in the parable. Each man received according to his capacity and opportunities. All gifts and possessions are sacred trusts from God. We have no absolute ownership in them.—People's Commentary.

"To each according to his several ability" (v. 15). God is a wise distributor of His gifts. He knows just how they should be apportioned among His servants. In giving them out He makes no mistakes, though often we cannot see why certain advantages should be bestowed upon this one or that, and others have, comparatively, so little. Things in this world look to us jumbled, whereas there is a divine plan in their ordering which, could we but see it, would commend itself to us and the One who conceived it. Each servant received in proportion as he was fitted to assume responsibility. Let the significance of that be thoroughly understood, and there will cease to be repining over the partition of things here. No man has more responsibility thrown upon him than he is able to bear, and no man has less given him than he ought to carry. If each one improves the opportunities afforded him, he will find that he has all that he can well care for, and will have no occasion to envy those seemingly better placed. No one should desire five talents when he is able to turn only two to good account, or two when he is able to make but one productive. It should be remembered that great opportunities bring great responsibilities, and it is not wise to pine for the opportunities when one is not fitted to assume the responsibilities.—Pilgrim Teacher.

We may be sure that no professing disciple goes without his "talent;" and it is observed that, to the one of least ability, he gave "one talent," a portion of goods or money amounting to at least \$1,000 in that time, which would equal about \$5,000 in our day; so that we may conclude that, to the least gifted among His disciples, a large comparative trust is committed. It will not do, in the face of this parable, for any disciple to attempt to excuse himself from service for Christ, on the ground that he has neither talent nor ability. All have some natural ability, no matter how small; and to all, even to the least, a large talent has been given, though it be but one.—Pentecost.

"He that received the five talents went and traded with them and made other five" (v. 16). That is, he used what

he had, put his talents to work. That is just what we ought all to do,—take our opportunities and the work that comes to our hand, the “next thing,” and promptly do it. It may not seem worth doing at first, the outcome will be so small, and the work will be done so imperfectly; yet we are just to do what we can and do it as well as we can,—trading with our talents,—and as we continue we shall find ourselves able to do more and better work. Each time we perform a duty we gain new skill, and are able to do it better next time.—*Westminster Teacher.*

“And hid his lord’s money” (v. 18). He simply did nothing with it. Now that means that he “neglected” his opportunities. He did not lead a scandalously wicked life; yet he took no care to improve the openings for the service of God and his generation which were put before him, but passed them by as if he had never seen them.—*W. M. Taylor, in Vincent’s Commentary.*

It was his lord’s money, not his own. He knew just what his lord wanted him to do with it. He knew it had not been given to him for burial. Money never grows by burial, only by work. The sure way to waste it is to hoard it. So with our gifts of every kind. God gives us our faculties and possessions to employ them to His glory. All using them in the other way or for any other purpose is hiding the Lord’s money. Our money, our time, our mental ability, our capacity for work—none of these are really ours. “Ours” is only a relative term. They were given by our Lord to be used for Him. How are we using them?—*Standard Eclectic Commentary.*

“After a long time the lord of those servants cometh, and maketh a reckoning with them” (v. 19). Let no professing disciple for a moment suppose that his stewardship will be overlooked. However great he may be in this world, or however insignificant, whether he has received one or five talents, it is equally required that he be faithful, and it is equally certain that he will be called to an account, “For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ.”—*Pentecost.*

“Well done, good and faithful servant” (v. 23). Notice that the one who was faithful with the two talents received precisely the same award as he who was faithful with five talents. It is not, therefore, the amount which we receive, so much as the faithfulness with which we use the powers and the gifts which God bestows upon us, that will be made the ground of award at last. There is comfort here for the poor soul, for the obscure and humble heart, for the ignorant, for the one who has only one talent, or half a talent, even. Using that faithfully, God will not allow him to miss his reward; He will overlook no faithful servant, no matter how humble or how small the service, provided the fidelity is in fair proportion to the gift.—*Sunday School World.*

“Lord, I knew thee that thou art a hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown” (v. 24). This man’s thought about his lord was the reason alleged for his failure to use his talent. We see at a glance that his thought about him was wrong. Of course, the owner required a just return from his property that he had placed in the hands of his servants; that he asked nothing unjust is clear from the fact that the other servants, by doing simply their duty, pleased him. Wrong thoughts about God lead to wrong conduct. Some men think God severe and stern, and refuse to come under His laws; how false their conceptions are, all know who understand even a little of God’s love. But rejecting God’s authority and refusing to act as God’s loyal subjects, does not free men from their obligations; they are still accountable. We have no choice in the question whether or not we shall be responsible to God and meet Him in judgment.—*Westminster Teacher.*

“Thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not” (v. 26). Those words of our Lord, “thou knewest,” are words that ought to ring loudly in many a man’s ears, and prick him to the heart. Thousands are living at this day without Christ and without conversion, and yet pretending that they cannot help it. And all this time they know in their own conscience that they are guilty. They are burying their talent. They are not doing what they can. Happy are they who find this out betimes. It will all come out at the last day.—*Rayle, in Vincent’s Commentary.*

“Take ye away, therefore, the talent from him,” etc. (v. 28). That sentence is according to a fixed law of nature. If a talent is disused, it is lost. If one ceases to use his arm, it becomes helpless; if one does not continue to practice, he becomes incapable of playing upon any instrument he may have mastered; if one gives up speaking a language he has learned, it slips from him. The very power to serve God passes away from not exercising it. A man says: “I am growing sceptical.” That fact is easily accounted for—he has made no effort to increase his faith. In the spiritual realm, as in the physical world, if one makes no gains, he loses. The entry has to be made either under the head of profit or of loss. Talents are ours only on the condition of their employment. By not yielding to the impulses of his heart a man becomes heartless; by not always adhering to the truth he becomes truthless; by never worshipping he becomes incapable of worship. How terribly suggestive is the taking away of the talent from the wicked and slothful servant!—*Pilgrim Teacher.*

“There shall be the weeping and gnashing of teeth” (v. 30). Tears of regret over a wasted life and lost opportunities, and bitter chagrin at thought of the joy he, too, might have had, had he only been faithful. And all this for no greater offense than burying his talent in the earth.—*Bruce, in Vincent’s Commentary.*

The whole parable teaches us this concluding lesson: That to the faithful, more will be added, and to the unfaithful, that which they had shall be taken away from them, and their end worse than if they had not entered upon the profession which they have falsified and dishonored. So is the kingdom of heaven.—*Pentecost.*

PRIMARY EXERCISE.

BY FANNIE H. GALLAGHER.

We learned last week about ten virgins who waited for their lord. Let us talk a little about them.

Now I am going to tell you of some men who worked for their lord. Sometimes God asks us to wait, sometimes to work.

See, I have drawn a picture on the board of three cups, one holds a quart, one a pint, one a half-pint. I will mark them. Is this largest one any more a cup than the other two? Is this small one just as much a cup as the two larger? Then if each cup holds all that is put into it, it does its duty as a cup, doesn’t it?

See, I have made another picture of three candles. One is very large, one smaller, and one so small we would use it to trim a Christmas-tree. Which is the best candle? It is easy to see which is largest, but which is the best candle, I ask? Each one is best for its place. That large one is best to light in a church, perhaps, or large room. The next would be best for you to carry into a dark room. The smallest would be best for your Christmas-tree. Each best in its place, if it only makes that place as bright as it can.

Now I’ll tell you the story. A certain lord was going far away. He called to him his servants, and gave each some money to use until he came back. They were not just to put it into their purses; they were to trade with it, and make it increase.

To one man he gave five talents or pieces of money, to another he gave two, to another one. He gave each man as much as he could use, for just as these cups are of different sizes, and some hold more than others; just as the candles are not alike, and some will burn brighter than others, so some of these men could do more than others.

By-and-by he came back. The three men came to meet him. One brought not five, but ten talents.

“Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things.”

Another servant said, “Behold I have gained two other talents beside the two talents thou gavest me.”

“Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things.”

Here comes the third, but not with the same glad face and joyful step. He unfolds a napkin. “Lo, here is thy talent. I wrapped it and buried it. I knew thou wert a hard master. I did not dare to use it, for fear I might lose it. Here it is, safe.”

What do you think his lord answered?

“Didst thou think I was a hard master? Why, then, didst thou not try the harder to use that which I had given thee? The talent was mine, thy time was mine, thy labor was mine, thy skill was mine. Thou hast wasted them all. Take the talent from him, and give to the one that hath ten talents, and cast the unprofitable servant into outer darkness. There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.”

Long ago a man thought to please God by doing some hard thing for Him. He did not say, “I will control my temper,” or “I will help the poor and needy,” or “I will preach the gospel to those who have never heard it.” He said, “I will lift up my arm and hold it so for a year. That will please God.”

And so he did. He bound his arm to a board, and so stood for a year. Then he tried to take it down, but his arm would not come down. The bones had stiffened, the cords had tightened themselves in that position, the very flesh had grown hard. He had said, “I will not use my arm for a year,” and nature said, “Then I will take away your power, and you can never use it.”

Dear children, I cannot tell by looking around this room whether God has given to you five, or two talents, or only one talent; whether you are like the quart cup, or the pint, or the smallest of all; whether your light may be like that of the large candle, the smaller one, or the tiny Christmas taper. I do not care, and God does not care. He says to you, “Use what I have given you.” What has He given us?

Well, we all have hands and feet, some can move more swiftly than others. How can we use them for God? We all have our days, one at a time. How can we fill them with good deeds for God? Some of us are older, stronger, wiser, more skillful than others. God will ask of us more in return for these good gifts. Do your friends ever say, “You have a sweet voice, or a lovely face, or a bright smile?” Friends do say such things sometimes. Do not let these words make you vain, but think within yourself, “If God has given me these gifts or any gifts, how can I use them for Him?”

Remember that the servant who buried his talent was punished. Remember that the man who would not use his arm lost the use of it forever.

“How far that little candle throws its beam.” Will you not be God’s little candle, God’s cup full of blessing? He will not care how bright is the beam, how much you can hold, if you only do all you can for Him.

Now we will learn our Golden Text.

RECENTLY, in a Sunday school in which there was an unusual religious interest, nearly every scholar, in response to a pub-

lic appeal, confessed the purpose to follow Christ. There were many surprised and happy teachers as the session of that day was closed. Some, perhaps, thought their work was almost done. But one teacher said to another as they went out, “Now comes the tug of war.” “Why, what do you mean?” said the other. “Because now we have all these young people to train in Christian life, and to make them noble men and women.” When one’s scholars have surrendered themselves to Christ as their Master, and accepted Him as their Saviour, the greatest task, though the most delightful, still remains to be done.—*Pilgrim Teacher.*

THE ASA BULLARD FUND.

No more fitting memorial to a most devoted and successful Sunday school worker could be devised than the plan outlined below. We wish it all success:

The Congregational Superintendents’ Union, of Boston, have started a memorial to the Rev. Asa Bullard, the pioneer Sunday school worker, who passed away week before last. They propose to raise \$100,000 as a permanent fund for the carrying on of the Sunday school missionary work in this country. The interest of this fund is to be expended each year in pushing this work under the direction of the Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society, and “Father” Bullard’s friends everywhere are invited to contribute to the fund. The committee will shortly issue a circular giving the details of their plans, which will be sent to any one who will address the secretary, F. P. Shumway, Jr., Melrose, Mass.

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READING IN SCHOOL.

BY E. D. H.

In an address recently delivered before the Chicago Principals' Association, Miss Mary E. Burt recommended the practice of allowing children to read in school, and of providing good literature on which they might sharpen their wits. She said: "Children should have at least one hour per day out of the five hours of school time for solid comfort in reading some great masterpiece. . . . One of the best school principals I have ever met once said to me, 'If I had a stupid pupil whom I wished to brighten up, I would do nothing during the first six months but entertain him with interesting reading.' . . . People who try to develop reason in a child before developing imagination, begin at the wrong end. A child must imagine a thing before he can reason about it. The child who has had his imagination opened up through 'Pilgrim's Progress' is much better fitted to attack 'Longitude and Time,' or 'Relative Pronouns,' than the boy who has been kept stupidly at work committing text to memory or reducing common fractions to circulating decimals." Some of the many Home Missionary societies ought to have the address published entire, and sent to every teacher in the country. The plan suggested seems to have everything in its favor. It not only affords to the teacher the immense relief of seeing the scholars interested in their work, and therefore approximately quiet, but it gives pleasure to the children, and, more than everything else, it inculcates in the young minds the principles of true literature, and makes the school a place for learning something more than mere facts. Miss Burt repeatedly uses the words "masterpieces of literature," and evidently has in mind no idea that the young people should bring to school their own books and read whatever their inclinations directed. Of course, the teacher, or some person fitted for the work, would make choice of the books for the school library, and, while consulting the pupils' tastes, at the same time would guide the course of reading.

A modification of this plan is in vogue in many schools, and works most successfully, but in almost all cases, the reading is a special favor, granted only to those who sit very still or those who learn their lessons in the shortest time. In such cases there is a manifest injustice to the physically nervous or the mentally slow. If, instead of this, reading should be a regular exercise, whose withdrawal should be the punishment, the advantage to the scholars would be almost immeasurably increased. How easily the measurements of the highest mountains in Africa would be conquered if "Robinson Crusoe" were to be found at the bottom of the list, how the courses of the rivers of Asia Minor would straighten if "Little Women" were at the end of their wanderings, and, as for the intricacies of "profit and loss," how they would vanish before the intellect brought to bear upon them by the boy who could read "Toby Tyler," or "Mr. Stubbs's Brother," at the end of a well-learned lesson!

AN ENGLISH EDITOR AND HIS SANCTUM.

Unfortunate American editors may sigh to be Englishmen if they read many such accounts of English offices as this given by Mr. Arthur Warren in the *Boston Home Journal*. The office is that of the London *Telegraph*, and the editor is Sir Edwin Arnold:

"Nowhere about the establishment is there to be found the hum and bustle so characteristic of the headquarters of a great American daily. An English editor would be utterly distraught amid the abounding nervous force, the rush, the unflagging energy of the *Boston Herald* office. The editorial rooms of the *Daily Telegraph* are as quiet as the directors' apartments in the Bank of England. You enter there with bated breath. You are shown to a huge apartment furnished with sombre elegance; and the attending ceremony is as emphatic as if you were calling upon the prime minister. The uniformed messenger feels the profound responsibility of his position, and he evidently regards you as a personage of no

mean order, since the word has been given to admit you to the presence of so exalted an individual as a chief of the fourth estate. As he leaves you, he closes the door with a bow which my lord's butler might well envy, and you wait in silence, not unmixed with awe, the coming of the potentate. The heavy carpet deadens your step; the great mahogany chairs warn you to preserve a proper dignity; the open fire glows without a roar or crackle, as if it, too, were aware of the proud position it occupies in this palace of the press; the leather sofa receives you without a crease or murmur; and you wonder if aspiring authors ever come here, and, if they do, whether they die of fright in the *mauvais quart d'heure*. You are alone. There is a great desk-table in the centre of the room, facing the fire, but no one sits at it; perhaps no one dares to, for it is as orderly and imposing as all the rest of the paraphernalia. There is no tinkling of electric bells; no sign of the printer's devil; no officious tread of messenger boys; no inquiring voices of men who 'want to see the editor'; and no threatening demand of the man who 'wants to know who wrote this.' Perhaps these creatures do not exist in London; if they do, it is doubtful if they ever get farther than the commissionaire in the counting-room. You are in the busiest and noisiest quarter of the busiest and noisiest city of the world, yet the roar of Fleet Street scarcely penetrates the massive walls and the thick plate windows which overlook the never-ending procession of newspaper row.

"Presently a door in the farther corner of the room opens quickly, yet silently, withal, as if hinges never creaked and latches never clicked in this abode of mighty influence, and a gentleman who seems rather tall and slight, whose hair and beard are dark and sprinkled with gray, whose face is of a serious yet kindly cast, whose complexion is sallow, and whose manner and voice are gentle and indescribably, though simply, and for that reason, charmingly courteous, approaches, gives you a cordial hand-grasp, and sits beside you on the sofa. This is the author of 'The Light of Asia.' You would like him to talk about that famous poem, but you cannot induce him to do so, although he will talk about India by the hour and give you, as it were, an inside view of that far-off land which he seems to regard as a second home, and for which he certainly entertains a deep affection. He has all the pride of his race, and all the doubts of his kind concerning American journalism, although he admires America, as he should in all gratitude, since it gave him his wife."

A B C AND "AULD LANG SYNE."

Mr. Robert Moffatt, the distinguished missionary to South Africa, has given this account of a visit to a town where the natives were inspired with a desire for learning. He arrived in the evening, quite worn out by a long day's journey. But his fame had gone before him. The inhabitants had heard of his teaching their friends in neighboring villages. He says:

"All would learn to read then and there. A few spelling-books were sought out, and the two or three young people I had with me were each enclosed within a circle of scholars all eager to learn. Some were compelled to be content with only shouting out the names of the letters, which were rather too small to be seen by the whole circle with only the light of the moon. While this rather noisy exercise was going on, some of the principal men with whom I was conversing, thought they would also try their skill in this new art. It was now late, and both mind and body were jaded, but nothing would satisfy them; I must teach them also. After a search, I found among some waste paper a largesheet alphabet with a corner and two letters torn off. This was laid down on the ground, when all knelt in a circle round it, and, of course, the letters were viewed by some standing just upside down. I commenced pointing with a stick, and when I pronounced one letter, all hailed out to some purpose. When I remarked that perhaps we might manage with somewhat less noise, one replied, he was sure the louder he roared, the sooner would his tongue get accustomed to the 'seeds,' as he called the letters. As it was growing late, I rose to straighten my back, which was beginning to tire, when I observed some young folks coming dancing and skipping towards me, who, without any ceremony, seized hold of me. 'Oh, teach us the A B C with music!' every one cried, giving me no time to tell them it was too late. I found they had made this discov-

ery through one of my boys. There were presently a dozen or more surrounding me, and resistance was out of the question. Dragged and pushed, I entered one of the largest native houses, which was instantly crowded. The tune of 'Auld Lang Syne' was pitched to A B C, each succeeding round was joined by succeeding voices, till every tongue was vocal, and every countenance beamed with heartfelt satisfaction. The longer they sang, the more freedom was felt, and 'Auld Lang Syne' was echoed to the farthest corner of the village. The strains which infuse pleasurable emotions into the sons of the North, were no less potent among these children of the South. Those who had retired to their evening's slumbers, supposing that we were holding a night service, came; 'for music,' it is said, 'charms the savage ear.' It certainly does, particularly the natives of Southern Africa, who, however degraded they may have become, still retain that refinement of taste which enables them to appreciate those tunes which are distinguished by melody and softness. After two hours' singing and puffing, I obtained permission, though with some difficulty of consent, and greater of egress, to leave them, now comparatively proficient. It was between two and three in the morning. Worn out in mind and body, I lay myself down in my wagon, cap and shoes and all, just to have a few hours' sleep, preparatory to departure on the coming day. As the 'music hall' was not far from my pillow, there was little chance of sleeping soundly, for the young amateurs seemed unwearied, and A B C to 'Auld Lang Syne' went on till I was ready to wish it at John-o-Groat's house. The company at length dispersed, and, awakening in the morning after a brief repose, I was not a little surprised to hear the old tune in every corner of the village. The maids milking the cows, and the boys tending the calves, were humming their alphabet over again."

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Are you almost disgusted
With life, little man?
I will tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring you contentment
If anything can—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!
Are you awfully tired.
With play, little girl?
Weary, discouraged, and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest
Game in the world—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!
Though it rains like the rain
Of the flood, little man,
And the clouds are forbidding and thick,
You can make the sun shine
In your soul, little man—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!
Though the skies are like brass
Overhead, little girl,
And the walk like a well-heated brick;
And are earthly affairs
In a terrible whirl?
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

—Home Guardian.

Reviews.

SWINGING ROUND THE CIRCLE, AND EKKOES FROM KENTUCKY. By Petroleum V. Nasby. Boston: Lee and Shepard. Price of each, in cloth, \$1.00; in paper, 50 cents. The part played in the solution of the complicated questions arising from the late civil war by the gifted man known to "all the world" as Nasby, cannot be estimated, but it is doubtful if too much importance can be attributed to his letters which appeared in the *Toledo Blade*. All who read them at the time they were published will be glad to review them by the light of a later day, and to those who do not remember the struggles and contests of the "sixties," these two volumes will furnish burning and even blazing commentaries on the questions at issue. Aside from any political significance, if indeed one can put that aside, there is such a fund of never-failing wit, such an utter incongruity of arrangement, such a natural unartificiality of detail, that no one can read these pages without giving to Mr. Locke a position among the most prominent American humorists. The satire is so powerful, and the criticisms so stringent that we can but wonder that even in this land of free speech and free press, the writer escaped civil action. To

think of such articles being published in any other country on which the sun shines, is impossible. As long as the civil war and Mr. Johnson's unfortunate administration are remembered, so long will the letters of the Post-master at "Confederate X Roads" (which is in the State of Kentucky) be read as a commentary on that stormy period of our national history.

IRISH WONDERS. By D. R. McAnally, Jr. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$2. On its title page this book bears the inscription: "The Ghosts, Giants, Pookas, Demons, Banshees, Fairies, Witches, Widows, Old Maids, and Other Marvels of the Emerald Isle." From this alarming array of "marvels," one may form a fair estimate of the character and contents of the book. The tales are in a variety of form, and deal with a variety of subjects; the most pleasing and the best written are those purporting to be the accounts of car-man Jerry Magwire, which are filled with a rich humor, and sometimes with a touching pathos, and which exemplify many of the most striking elements of the Irish character. The best thing in the book is the first story, entitled "The Seven Kings of Athenry," which is a most delightful medley of wit and nonsense. It is unfortunate that this is given the first place, for there is a feeling of disappointment when the reader discovers that the other tales fall below the standard of "The Seven Kings." The book affords pleasant reading, and ought to have a wide circulation.

HANNAH JANE. By David Ross Locke (Petroleum V. Nasby). Illustrated. Boston: Lee and Shepard. Price, \$1.50. Mr. Locke, who has made so enviable a reputation in an entirely different field of literature, never did any better work than this simple and pathetic poem. The plan of the verses is so well known as to need no description. Every one remembers the cogitations of the brilliant lawyer who thinks over his past and his future with the plain, ignorant wife; his visions of "the might have been"; his generous shame when these thoughts at last find expression; his reminiscences of the days when Hannah Jane slaved and drudged that he might have success, and his thoughts of the day to come when they stand before the true Judge, who "is just, and He knows Hannah Jane." The poem is nicely bound, and the illustrations are good, and the new form in which it is presented to the public will probably increase its popularity.

HERBERT GARDENELL'S CHILDREN. By Mrs. S. R. Graham Clark. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price, \$1.50. The "Yensie Walton Stories" by this author have gained almost as great a reputation in Sunday school literature as have the "Pansy" books, and many readers will be glad to know of this new addition to the series. In this book we are introduced to the family of Yensie Walton and Herbert Gardenell, and learn of the trials and pleasures and sorrows of the five children, who inherit many of their mother's and father's characteristics. The story is told in a popular manner, and will doubtless be widely read, although it savors of that unnaturalness of detail which is the poison of this style of literature. However, the book is better than many, and the poison, if imbued only in small quantities, is apt to be invigorating. The writers of this class seem to forget that the Christian life is a warfare, and that young Christians are not exactly old saints ready for translation.

THE DOCTOR OF DEANE. By Mary T. Palmer. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price, \$1.25. This book, although interesting and, in parts, well written, impresses the reader as "sketchy" and vaguely defined in the mind of the writer, who evidently has a purpose, but lacks power to carry it out. Moreover, the tale is scarcely natural, and we think that no physician would care to treat insanity by the method which the doctor of Deane used with unfortunate Miss Dexter. Indeed, there is no solution given to the mystery of how he cured her, and the reader half suspects it was the sheer force of nature that brought about her recovery. Mr. Fairlie, the nervous and selfish invalid, is the best planned character, and the incident of the sickness of Malcolm is well managed. But, as a rule, heroes who live to be thirty without one feeling of self-abasement or one failure, and heroines who become insane because of lovelornness, are unsatisfactory.

ELIJAH: HIS LIFE AND TIMES. By Rev. W. Milligan, D. D. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. Price, \$1. This is the fourth in the "Men of the Bible" series, and maintains the high standard set by the previous volumes, although it is not written in so interesting a style as

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Of which nineteen thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven are paid annual subscribers..... **19,827**
Increase since October 1st (six months)..... **8,722**
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WM. SHAW, Adv. Manager.

Personally appeared before me, the above-named Wm. Shaw, and made oath to the above statement.
WM. KNOLLIN,
Justice of the Peace.

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Editorial.

WORTH CONSIDERING.

It is doubtless true that the recent discussion, in religious circles, of the idea of future probation or continued probation has given aid and comfort to some shallow souls, concerning their own impenitent and reckless lives. They have said to themselves, "Well, if the doctors cannot agree on the subject of the decisiveness of this life, I need not worry myself greatly concerning it. I'll take my chance in the future." But if it was fairly understood, it would be seen that this very discussion, however unfortunate in some aspects, cuts off these delusive hopes, as nothing else has done. If the subject had not been investigated and thought through, if the electric-light of biblical research and criticism had not been brought to bear upon the question, such persons might say with a show of reason, "In some dark corner that has not been explored, there yet lurks a hope for me, even if I do reject Christ in this world." But now, after all this research, full and free and unbiased by traditional dogma, after a search stimulated by a desire to find just the truth which they desire to hear stated, all that can be said by the warmest advocates of the new theology is, "There may possibly be a continued probation for infants and idiots and antediluvians and some heathen."

In which class will those who are so eager to clutch at these floating straws of hope for the future place themselves, among the infants, heathen, antediluvians or, perhaps, among the idiots? Do they like the company in which their logic places them?

MAKE THE BEST OF HIM.

There is a good deal of philosophy in the apologetic remark of the old lady concerning the wayward boy, "Well, there's something spiles us all." If this thought does not excuse the young scapegrace, it at least makes us more charitable toward him, and, though some glaring fault or weakness may spoil his character, this very fact shows that there is something to spoil, and, consequently, something worth saving, if not wholly corrupt. It will never do to forget that this is a world of mixed good and evil. The saint is not often quite so white as his biographers paint him, nor the evil man quite so black as his photographers make him. Even Paul and Peter, good men as they both were, could have a grievous falling out, and David could commit a sin which seems unpardonable to us, and Luther could be too hot-tempered, and Calvin could be implacable. While, on the other hand, Esau, even in selling his birthright, had some generous impulses, and Saul had his lucid periods of repentance, and Henry the Eighth did something besides kill his wives, and Napoleon's record is not wholly made up of unjust bloodshed.

No good man on this side Jordan's flood is wholly good; no bad man this side of the pit of perdition is wholly bad. And these people of mixed motives, mixed impulses, mixed actions are the men whom we must live with and work with and make the best of. In this last familiar phrase, "Make the best of them," we have the key to the situation. Not in the lazy, conventional sense of condoning and overlooking their faults, because it is too much trouble to correct them, but in the better sense of bringing out the best that there is in others, by our own gentleness and purity and sweetness, remembering our kinship with them even in their weaknesses and sins.

THE POWER OF PERSONAL CHARACTER.

We can only make the best of others by first making the best of ourselves. In other words, there is no power like the power of personal character and the personal element in every good work. It is the man who commands the creed, and not the creed the man. Every reform, every regenerating movement, must have a man behind it. He must be a good man who would make others good. He must be generous who would make others liberal. We cannot be in the company of some men ten minutes without being lifted into their purer atmosphere. We act our best, talk our best, feel our best, when they are near. We cannot drop an unjust or bitter word in their presence, any more than we could take a live coal into our lips. We cannot retail a doubtful piece of gossip until they are out of hearing. While they are talking we feel generous and high-minded, willing to sacrifice our money, or our time, or ourselves to the cause they love. While they are near, we feel that life is worth living, that we can amount to something, if we choose, that it is a noble thing to be a man, that it is a glorious thing to be a Christian. We cannot describe this enveloping, elevating influence. We cannot tell exactly what it is, but we have felt it. This was and is the influence of Christ in the earth. He only turned and looked upon Peter, but Peter was never the same man after that look as before. From the cross He looked with tender, loving eyes upon a sin-stained world, and this old world has never been quite so vile and wretched since. Every year it is being lifted, more and more, out of its wretchedness, and this is only accomplished, and altogether accomplished, by His pure and loving personality.

CHARGING IT TO THE RUSSIANS.

Some unmitigated crank has lately been flooding Boston with circulars which state, at great length and with every appearance of sincerity, that all the ills to which flesh is heir, in the United States, are the result of systematic "persecution" on the part of the Russian Government working through the Roman Catholic Church. Strikes, blizzards, burglaries, pneumonia, the death of public men, accidents by drowning, the recent suicide of Harvard students, in short, every conceivable disaster is laid to the charge of the dreadful Russians. These Russians are concealed in the walls of the houses, in the hollow lamp-posts and telegraph-poles, and there is no escaping their wiles and machinations.

These circulars would be too absurd to notice did they not point a moral. Many a person, more sensible than the silly anonymous scribbler who writes these screeds, delights to find some convenient scape-goat

on which to lay his misfortune and calamities. Instead of charging them to his own want of prudence and forethought or lack of ability, where they belong, he casts about for some convenient Russian! It is not so difficult to find a Russian usually. It may be he imagines he has an enemy who, through professional rivalry and jealousy, is continually blocking his pathway to advancement, when it is altogether likely he is "his own worst enemy," as the saying is. Perhaps he thinks the trouble is in some physical deformity or lack of presence, when altogether likely it is some mental or spiritual lack. Possibly he lays every ill to "his luck," "his destiny," "his evil star," for want of a more definite and tangible Russian. In one respect he is quite right—this Russian of misfortune is always lurking about where he is, he never leaves him, for he bears the same name, and wears the same clothes, occupies the same house, sleeps on the same bed, in short, this Russian who brings ill-fortune, is none other than the man himself.

FITTING FACTS TO THEORIES.

This absurd leaflet to which we alluded in the last editorial, points another moral in the way it insists on fitting facts to its theories. For instance, it says, "The recent storm in the West swept away upwards of two thousand people. This struck largely at education, as there was great slaughter among school children and teachers. The Mennonites, from Russia and Prussia, who have many colonies in the West, were exempt from the destruction." Ergo, the Russians somehow produced the storm. "The nation has been rapidly populated in every conceivable manner. At present there are living but one ex-president and one ex-vice-president." Ergo, the Russians have been at work on our public men. Each summer, as every one knows, there are numerous accidents from drowning, and we are gravely informed that this is because "expert (Russian) swimmers, with sub-marine equipment, disguised with sea-weed, etc., entangle the limbs of bathers, dragging them under water to drown." Thus this moonstruck author goes on to fit his (or her) facts to his (or her) theories. But this, too, is one of the pranks of many people who consider themselves eminently sensible. It is the easiest thing to prove any proposition if one only fits the facts to the theory, rather than the theory to the facts. A fact oftentimes is exceedingly in the way. Yet if we can take it out of its connection, and fit it into the buttress which upholds our theory, it is very conveniently disposed of. But let every one beware how he juggles with truth, and perverts the facts of either nature, or revelation, or experience, for any such purpose. Such perversion of the truth reacts upon the juggler until, at last, he becomes a crazy crank, unconscious how ridiculous he is, or else, what is far worse, he becomes a full-fledged impostor and habitual deceiver of others. Having begun by practising on his own credulity, he ends by trying to make dupes of others. If we find that facts are cold, uncomfortable, angular things, that lend little comfort to our pre-conceived theories, let us change our tactics, and fit our theories to the facts. It is much the better way.

AN OPEN LETTER FROM MR. MOSSBACK TO SISTER PATTER.

DEAR SISTER PATTER: It is insisted in some quarters that it is the duty of ladies to be "talkative," and I am not disposed to dispute this proposition, but do let us have something worth talking about when we talk. Not that we need to discourse about high and mighty subjects always in Miltonian diction, but there are surely enough matters to talk about without descending to the utterly insignificant.

There is an expression which I have heard used by the small boys, sometimes, which I fear is hardly classical, but which is certainly expressive. They say, such and such a person "talks too much with his mouth." By this, I think they mean a bombastic, grandiloquent kind of speech that hasn't much meaning in it, speech which has more relation to the lips than to the heart or to the head. Now whether in man, woman or child, dear Sister Patter, such talk is unprofitable. On the political stump we should call it buncombe, in the pulpit it would be termed rant, and in the private parlor it is just chatter. Many unkind things have been said about woman's talkativeness. All literature is full of masculine epigrams on this subject, which, in my opinion, old fogey that I am, are little deserved. I think that men are just exactly as much inclined "to talk with their mouths" as women, only they do it in

a loud, bombastic way, as though what they said was authoritative, and always settled the matter. But that is neither here nor there; this letter is to Sister Patter, not to Brother Bombast.

I would not be sarcastic or severe. I know that you often have the "kindest heart in all the world." Your chatter is not malicious nor always gossip even, but just tiresome. Simply because you are such a "good soul," and have so much compassion for your friends, do give us a rest.

Your friend, A. MOSSBACK.

EDITORIAL NOTES FROM THE WIDE FIELD.

"The Field is the World."

20,000.

Last week THE GOLDEN RULE passed the 20,000 subscriber mile-stone, and had several "laps" to spare. Gratitude is in order to our subscribers, who, in one year and a half, have brought the paper up from a circulation of almost nothing to its present large subscription list. Congratulations are also in order from our subscribers to THE GOLDEN RULE, for every additional thousand subscribers means increased resources and a better paper. With a small circulation it is impossible to publish such a paper at such a price. In fact, did the proprietors not expect large additions to the present list of 20,000, they could not offer such liberal club rates as at present and "get their money back" as the saying is. It required some faith in our constituency at the beginning to offer the paper for one dollar in clubs. Many of our friends predicted failure dire as the result of our low price. But encouraged by the past, and having confidence in the future, the management continues to offer such a paper as usually sells for \$2.50 or \$3.00 for \$1.00 in clubs. Now for 30,000!

If You Were Dictator.

"If you were dictator with absolute power, what would you do?" was the question recently answered by several prominent ministers and laymen at a gathering of a religious club. What would you do, reader, build a palace, set up a coach and four, establish free trade, fasten protection on the country, drive the rum-shop out of America, give a billion dollars to missions, grant to woman the ballot, pay every church debt or build a parsonage for every missionary? Possibly this rather impracticable question, if we tried to answer it, would reveal the ruling passion to some of us, and show what we are really living for.

Other Dictators.

To some men on the other side of the sea, the above question is likely to be a more practical one than the readers of THE GOLDEN RULE will find it; to Gen. Boulanger, for instance, who has thrown the whole French nation into a fever of excitement lest he should turn military dictator, if he can get the suffrages of the people. Bismarck is apparently the most successful of modern dictators. Having had his way with the old emperor he seems to be equally successful with the new, and has already broken up a royal love-match, on which the empress had set her heart. It is not given to every man to be a dictator both in love and war.

An Old Conundrum Answered at Last.

The old conundrum, "Whom did Cain marry?" has been for many years one of the ever-blooming variety. We have known of sceptics who have thought they scored a most excellent point on the good pastor of the village when they asked that poser. We have even heard of its turning up in the question-box at a Sunday school convention. Now, however, it is forever set at rest, according to the *Atlanta Constitution*, for a Georgia evangelist has found out that "Cain married his mother-in-law's daughter."

Methodist Appointments.

During the past week, thousands of Methodist ministers have made their triennial changes from one church to another. While restiveness is manifested in some quarters with the itinerancy, yet it is tenaciously held to by the denomination as a whole, and many ministers in other denominations acknowledge its benefits. Rev. Charles Parkhurst, the new editor of *Zion's Herald*, puts the case forcibly when he says, "It may be that, in some instances, the individual church and clergyman each could arrange independently with greater satisfaction; but not so with the churches and clergy as a whole. The greatest good to the greatest number is assuredly conserved by the principle of the itinerancy."

During the Editor's Absence.

During the brief absence in Europe of the editor-in-chief of THE GOLDEN RULE, who sails next Saturday on the *Cephalonia*, our readers, we believe, will have no reason to complain of their paper. Careful provision has already been made for each of the six issues of the paper that will appear while he is away, and all details are left with competent and experienced assistants. Special pains, in fact, have been taken to make the paper for the next few weeks strong and vigorous. A series of articles by that eminent explorer and charming writer, Dr. Selah Merrill, upon "Sacred Places About Jerusalem," begins week after next. There is no better authority on these subjects than Dr. Merrill, and his recent long residence in Jerusalem as consul gave him special opportunities for prosecuting his researches. Dr. Zabriskie's recent series of articles on "Some Young Men Who Endeavored," were so popular that we have persuaded him, at the request of many readers, to give us other articles concerning "Some Young Women Who Endeavored." We have on hand this series of nine articles, which will soon be commenced. In our "Applied Christianity" columns, Rev. E. K. Alden, D. D., Home Secretary of the American Board, will tell in several articles "How to Improve the Missionary Meeting." Besides these good things, we have in store many other articles which will no less interest and instruct our readers.

Applied Christianity.

For The Golden Rule.

TWO QUESTIONS ABOUT BIBLE STUDY.

BY REV. GEO. H. HUBBARD.

QUESTION 2.—How may we study the Bible so that it shall afford us real profit and delight?

I answer, first: We must read it as we would read any other book. Few persons do this. It seems almost impossible for some people to understand that language is used in the Bible just as it is used elsewhere. Some strange and unscriptural notions of inspiration lead them to give a new meaning to familiar words, and to read into every chapter much that the original writers never dreamed of. Witness the abstracts inserted at the head of the chapters in the old version which are often purely arbitrary and absurd. Eager students ponder over each little verse without regard to its importance, and try to extort a profound and distinct truth from every line. They search for the same spiritual food in the book of Numbers that they find in the book of Psalms or in the Gospels, and many an ordinary statement of prosaic fact is tortured by the thumb-screw of typical interpretation into a heavenly revelation.

This is a great mistake. It makes the Bible unreal. It throws around every Bible character a mythical halo like the inartistic ring which the old masters were wont to draw around the head of saints and angels.

I do not mean to belittle the importance of Scripture inspiration. We must ever look upon the Bible as the Word of God; but as such we should treat it rationally, and not as a religious fetish. In a word, we must form our ideas of inspiration by our reading, instead of moulding our reading by our ideas of inspiration. This is the first step in profitable Bible study.

In the second place, to read the Bible profitably we must have a definite purpose in reading. The purpose will not always be the same. One may have an almost unlimited variety of objects to be attained in studying the Bible. But whatever our purpose in reading, we should keep it clearly in view, and should be satisfied only when the object has been fully attained. The method of study in each case will be determined by the end sought.

One of the first objects that the young Christian should have in view in studying the Bible is simply to find out what it contains. With this object in view his method will be somewhat cursory, as is the perusal of a newly published book by a reviewer. For a more exact knowledge, the ordinary method of reading the book carefully through in course is necessary. When we thus read, we should be satisfied when we have attained the end sought, and should not look for any surprising results wholly foreign to that end. A man who takes fencing lessons neither expects nor desires to kill some one at every lesson. He simply practises that he may become familiar with his weapon, so that it may be useful in case of need. So we need to become familiar with the sword of the Spirit, that when the time comes for its use we may handle it with skill.

But some one will say, "All this is mechanical work, and cannot afford any great delight." True, the direct satisfaction derived from such work is comparatively slight. I do not remember that I experienced any great delight in learning to read. It was a slow and tiresome process; but I learned, nevertheless, and I have spent many a happy hour enjoying the results of that study. So it is, in a measure, with the study of God's Word. As we study to master its contents let us not expect surprising revelations or unusual delight; but, rather, let us be satisfied if we increase our familiarity with the Book, knowing that by this means we have increased our efficiency as Christian workers, and have established ourselves more firmly in the Christian life.

Again, there is the devotional use of the Bible. What is that? It is not the formal reading of a passage in a prescribed order and of prescribed length, even though there be with the reading an honest attempt to appropriate the truth contained. It is rather the selection from our treasure house, of such passages as may seem best suited to the need of the hour, to comfort, or strengthen, or draw us nearer to God. Favorite verses, cherished promises, exalted bits of experience, read over, it matters not how many times, constitute the truly devotional reading.

We may study our Bibles to obtain light, but we must know what subject we need light upon. We may seek strength, but it must be strength for some specific work or duty. We may search for the truth necessary to win a soul to Christ, but we must first know just what hinders the soul from coming to Christ.

The purposes of Bible study are as many and as varied as are the needs of the individual disciple and the exigencies of Christian work. In each case, the purpose must be determined, not by invitation of others, but by intelligent consideration of our own needs. When we have the object clearly before our minds, we may make use of the thoughts and methods of others just so far as they are best fitted to attain the end in view.

But one thing more is necessary to make the study of the Bible a source of profit and delight, viz., the constant guidance of the Holy Spirit. We cannot place too much emphasis upon this point, for it is all important. Yet this is the point at which we need most carefully to guard against false expectations. The guidance of the Holy Spirit does not imply the gift of a magical power, whereby every passage of Scripture is filled with a new and strange meaning as soon as we look at it. The power is natural, and comes as the result of prayer and earnest consecration, bringing the mind of the disciple into harmony with the great mind of God, so that he is ready to receive the truth just as God shall reveal it.

If we thus search the Scriptures, not in a desultory fashion, but with a definite purpose and plan, ever holding Christ before us as the central object of our study, and seeking always the guidance of the Holy Spirit, our study will not be in vain. Day by day, the pages will grow more luminous; the truth will become ever clearer, and more helpful and more attractive to the student. With increasing frequency brilliant flashes of light will stream upon the path, as points in our personal experience come in contact with corresponding points in God's word. And we shall rejoice not alone, nor chiefly, in the new thoughts or views of truth gained, but rather in our increasing power to appropriate Divine truth in our own lives, and to use it in the service of the Master.

North Cambridge, Mass.

THE following is from an editorial in *Words and Weapons* for April: "There are still some pastors in the country who object to the Society of Christian Endeavor as a means of training the young people, for fear that it will injure the meetings held in their church for the benefit of everybody. There is little more reason in this fear than in that of the pastor who did not wish to have a revival in his church for fear that it would injure the interest that he had, with great care, managed to develop in his prayer-meeting. We regard the Christian Endeavor Society as one of the most hopeful indications of our own day, not only for the sake of the young people, but for the whole church and the cause of Christ among the unconverted. We have had considerable opportunity for observing the work of this organization in different portions of the country and in churches of all descriptions; and it is the universal testimony, where the society has been given a fair trial, that its effect on the general church life is to be desired as an influence second only to its effect upon the young people. Many a weekly prayer-meeting for the whole church has received life and interest never known before, on account of the organization of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor."

Christian Endeavor.

Officers of the United Society.

PRESIDENT:
REV. F. E. CLARK.

TRUSTEES:

W. J. VAN PATTEN. REV. N. BOYNTON.
REV. C. A. DICKINSON. CHAOTE BURNHAM.
REV. J. L. HILL. REV. R. W. BROKAW.
W. H. PENNELL. REV. H. B. GROSE.

GENERAL SECY: GEO. M. WARD.

TREASURER: WM. SHAW,
50 Bromfield Street.

OUR GROWTH.

Membership of the Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor.

	Societies.	Members.
In 1881.....	2	68
In 1882.....	7	481
In 1883.....	56	2,870
In 1884.....	156	8,905
In 1885.....	253	10,964
In 1886.....	850	50,000
In 1887 (July 6).....	2,314	140,000
In 1888 January (estimated).....	3,500	250,000

A FAMILIAR LETTER

From the President of the United Society.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: "I dislike to see, in these days, a *scrub* Society of Christian Endeavor started," was the remark of a friend, the other day. At first I thought his phrase, "scrub society," was more forcible than polite, but, as I came to think it over, I was inclined to agree with him, and to consider his phrase not an inappropriate one.

When I was a boy, a scrub base-ball nine was one that had hastily been picked up for the occasion, and played without much discipline or order, and with little regard for rules, and it was generally badly beaten, if it had any opponents worthy of the name. My friend did not stop to explain his meaning, but I imagine his phrase, "scrub societies," had some such significance as this, and was borrowed from the base-ball recollections of his boyhood. At least, I am convinced that there are some such societies, and it is a great pity to have them formed at this late day. At first there was much excuse for these ill-organized, hap-hazard societies, which left out or put in the essential features of Christian Endeavor just as it suited them. When everything was untried and there was little experience to be one's guide, it is no wonder that every society did that which was right in its own eyes. But now certain things have been proved essential to a Christian Endeavor Society, and there is no excuse for a half-organized, inefficient group of young people, calling themselves a Society of Christian Endeavor.

There is no possible objection to a "scrub nine," if it does not assume the name and the standing of some well-organized club. If it is understood that the members have come together for a little fun, and will disband as soon as the game is played, a "scrub nine" is all well enough. So if a group of young people come together for a good time or to form a little literary, or social, or debating club, with some religion thrown in, there is no great objection to be made, perhaps; but there is objection to calling this a *Christian Endeavor Society*, and to adopting a name that has come to stand for certain definite ideas. Sometimes these societies are formed because there is in the church

A Leading Young Man "Who Knows It All."

Or, possibly, this overwise individual is a self-assertive young lady. You can't teach these exceedingly wise young people anything. They are very sure that the pledge idea will not work in their society, or, at least, they think it is just as well to ignore it, even if they have it in their constitution. Or they do not need any consecration-meeting, or they will dispense with the Lookout Commit-

tee, or in some way they will improve upon the plans that have accomplished so much elsewhere. No matter if they are told that thousands of successes are the result of strict adherence to one or two fundamental features, and scores of comparative failures are the result of indifference to these, they are wiser than experience itself, and push their points, and too often carry the day, in a society where no one likes to oppose them.

These overwise young people who "know it all" never take any pains to read up on the subject (I have very little hope that their eyes will light upon this letter), they seldom or never attend conventions or union meetings, where they might learn better, and they never deign to ask any one to come and set them right, for the very good reason that they think no one knows so well as they what to do.

If, by this ignorant conceit, they were only injuring themselves or a single society, that would not be so deplorable; but when, by adopting the Christian Endeavor name, they bring more or less reproach upon three or four thousand other societies, that is a different thing, and the rest of us have a right to protest.

Sometimes such an ill-organized weakness, called a Society of Christian Endeavor, is simply the result of inertia, no one having vigor enough to reorganize on the right basis; but, whatever the reason is, there is little excuse for such societies after these seven years of experience, which uniformly and continuously have pointed to one or two fundamental features like the "prayer-meeting pledge," "the roll-call meeting" and two or three of the main committees, as *essential* to success.

I hope I shall not be understood, in these remarks, as being severe upon struggling societies or individuals, who, while trying to do their best, yet fail of the highest achievement. It makes a vast difference

Which Way We Are Headed,

and which way we are going. In an autograph album I remember recently seeing a striking and characteristic sentence written by Prof. Park, which read something as follows: "While I am climbing the hill of theological science I hope never to meet a Congregational minister." I might paraphrase this witty sentiment, and say that, while climbing the hill of Christian Endeavor I hope never to meet one of our societies or one of our members. I expect to be overtaken and passed by many a one, but I hope never to meet any of you, if I can manage to go in the right direction myself.

I have great sympathy with societies that, years ago, started wrong, or which, even recently, through ignorance, did not adopt the important features of our work, and now, seeing their mistake, are trying to remedy it. It is usually a great deal easier to start right than it is to begin over when once started, and yet that is never impossible. Just as any individual can reform, if he has grace and grit enough, so any society can reorganize on a better basis, if it will; it can drop persistently unfaithful members, and become a real Society of Christian Endeavor. Pamphlets relating to reorganization, and cards for that purpose, containing the pledge, can be obtained of the United Society, by writing to 50 Bromfield Street, Boston.

A Short Chapter of Experience.

Let me close this letter with a short chapter of experience. This representative story is from a Western paper:

"Some two years ago we started a Society of Christian Endeavor. Think-

ing we knew better than any one else how to manage our own society, we left out the prayer-meeting pledge, the consecration-meeting, the roll-call, etc. The consequence was that we lived for more than a year at a poor, dying rate, having simply an old-fashioned young people's prayer-meeting, and rather a poor one at that. At last we came to the conclusion that we did not know quite so much as we thought we did; we reorganized on the stricter basis; we put in the reasonable, 'iron-clad pledge,' which is adopted by most societies; we established the consecration-meeting, called the roll, had written reports from the committees; in fact, lived up conscientiously to the requirements of the model constitution, adapting it to meet our particular needs. The result was an immediate improvement, unlooked-for success, greater spirituality, intensely interesting meetings, large accessions, and a hundred reasons why we thank God for the reorganization."

I have quoted it because it reads like hundreds of letters that I have received of just the same tenor. Let me commend it to the earnest attention of any societies that were formed hastily and carelessly, and with the main Christian Endeavor features left out.

Your friend,

FRANCIS E. CLARK.

QUESTION - BOX.

1. Can any one be an associate member by paying the monthly dues if he does not attend any of the regular prayer-meetings; or can a society have honorary members by paying the monthly dues?

Ans. (1) Most societies have no "monthly dues." We do not like the idea of "monthly dues," if it is meant that such dues are a condition of membership. It is very well to have a voluntary monthly free-will offering. We should not think, however, that such a contribution could fulfil the duties of associate membership. The associate members agree to put themselves under the influence of the society, and "habitually to attend the meetings." (2) If the honorary members are willing to contribute to the expenses of the society, so much the better, but that does not constitute honorary membership. The honorary members are, usually, the pastor and leading church officers, and others of the older ones, whom the society may elect, who show a peculiar interest in the society, and, though unable to be present at all the meetings, wish, in some way, to be identified with the organization.

2. Is it conducive to the best growth of a society to have any considerable number of persons, not members, present at the prayer-meetings?

Ans. Yes, if the young people do not feel that the burden of the meeting is taken from their shoulders. Then the more who come in, the better.

THE SINGING AT THE CONVENTION.

The singing at the National Convention will be a very important feature of the great gathering. Much inspiration will come from the blending of so many thousands of voices in the praise of God. The arrangements for the music have been committed to the Executive Committee of the Illinois Union, and they report that it will probably be in the charge of Mr. C. O. Excell, the celebrated singer, who accompanies Mr. Jones in his tours. A better selection could scarcely have been made, and we look forward to this as one of the features of the Convention of 1888.

For The Golden Rule.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR IN UTAH.

BY GEORGE M. WARD.

If the adage that the hope of a nation is in her youth, will prove true in any spot in this great country, that spot is Utah. Truly there seems but little hope for those who are older, and whose earlier years have been spent in the bonds of a system dishonoring the name of religion. Even now, when advancing civilization and increased light are showing to many the worse than absurdity of many of the beliefs imposed upon its followers, as a part of Mormonism, and when the opening up of their stronghold to Gentile control is giving to those, who for years have desired it, a chance to openly disavow their belief in a system they cannot trust, and whose entire method was based on fraud, even in this state of affairs, the hope of converting to the Christian religion many of the older, though apostate, Mormons is extremely doubtful. The success attained by a noted infidel preacher in services held in Salt Lake City, the former stronghold of Mormonism, gives to the thoughtful observer the key to one great difficulty that presents itself to the Christian minister in his labors in this country. The people are tired of the *name* of religion, to them it is a mere form, the simple expression of what has been proved to be, in many instances, worse than immoral. To them there is no happy, joyous love for Him whom they have been taught to worship. The ordinances of His house are not the outcome of their devotion to His cause. All is form and worse than form, in that it has been proven, again and again, to be simply a means of advancing the worldly interests of a few unprincipled men. To those trained and tortured in such a school, the idea of embarking in any "new religion" is like the thought of entering a new slavery before the soreness caused by the old chains has disappeared. They cannot appreciate that the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ is simply a free and glad acceptance of the favor He bountifully and gladly bestows. To them there is ever present the certainty that a new belief must mean new burdens, that a new religion must imply new abuses, under the sacred name of the church. Hence they become easy victims to infidelity; no God, and hence no abuse of His name; no church, and hence no abuse of power by its officers; no religion, and hence no abusive demand for the greater part of their hard earnings for the avowed purpose of extending its sway. Is it any more than natural that such should be the case?

All the above holds true of those who are older, but what of the youth? Few, if any of them, have any love for Mormonism; many are held in ignorance to its domain, others are still its professed believers, because it is the ruling power and the most popular form of worship in their communities. The great majority, however, have no love for the system. Many, indeed, seeing the harm and sorrow which have been the possessions of their parents, and feeling, in many instances, the shame consequent upon the vile habit of polygamy, are bitterly opposed to the cause of all their suffering.

Here is the chance for God's people. Already this fact has been noted and taken advantage of by such noble institutions as the Salt Lake Academy, and the schools of the New West Education. Here, also, is where the opportunity for the Society of Christian Endeavor is to be found. Its object: to deal with young people, to train them up in the Master's

kingdom, and make more useful in His service. Where can we find more material, or material that is in a state more crude, as regards all idea of the responsibilities which should attend those professing to be followers of Christ? Already a grand start has been made, and, during the past year, an added interest seems to have sprung up in this especial branch of religious work, as applicable to the needs of Utah Territory and its Mormon problem. Of course, the cause here has much to contend with; the utter lack of religious training at home; in many cases, children meeting with active opposition from their parents and friends when they attempt to take any such stand as the Society of Christian Endeavor demands of its members. Again, the requirements of the society are purposely positive and definite, requiring active and systematic work of its members; this, too, is entirely opposed to the habits of the Mormon people. Still we believe God means this agency to be a powerful one for good to Utah. Already it has proved that it is applicable, and, in a subsequent letter, we hope to tell something of what has already been accomplished.

For The Golden Rule.

NEW BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY REV. A. C. DENISON.

(Respectfully dedicated to the army of Y. P. S. C. E.)

Our eyes behold an army of young soldiers of the Lord,
A quarter of a million strong, His truth their gleaming sword;
In His bright armor panoplied and obedient to His word,
As they go marching on.

CHORUS.

Glory, glory, hallelujah, glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah, as they go marching on.

We see their spreading watch-fires aglow throughout the land,
The flame upon their altars with heavenly breezes fanned,
And with gospel banner waving, a consecrated band,
They still go marching on.

CHORUS.—Glory, etc.

From all the land enlisted, East, West, and South and North,
Two hundred fifty thousand, and all of tested worth,
Where'er their Leader calls them, they bravely rally forth,
And still go marching on.

CHORUS.—Glory, etc.

Middlefield, Conn.

For The Golden Rule.

FRANK'S BEGINNING.

BY GUSSIE M. WATERMAN.

"The school-house is lighted up," said Frank Miles, looking out across the snowy prairie from the doorway of Hueston's claim shanty before sitting down to while away the winter evening.

"Oh, it's the prayer-meeting. I forgot that." He watched for a second or two the few dark figures moving over the snow toward the school-house, then shut out the keen night air, and took his usual place by the little red-hot stove.

"Too cold to go to meeting to-night; I'll read the papers through instead."

Frank did all his talking to himself, for there was no one else in the tiny cabin, with its one wee window, its bed, table, chair, bench, stove, and two or three cupboard shelves. Hueston had gone East, and Frank was hired to take the care of his horses and cattle for the winter.

Frank had attended the prayer-meet-

ing a few times when it was a new thing in the settlement, and some of the weighty words he had heard, some of the prayers there offered, had lain lightly on the surface of his heart-soil for a little time; then the prey-seeker, "going about," had snatched these slight impressions away, lest the young man should give his life-service to the good instead of the evil.

Somehow Frank could not read as quietly that evening as he was wont to do. Scenes of his early life would rise before him, making him stop to think.

"Don't get far away from God, Frank." Those were his mother's last words when he left his Eastern home.

Poor mother! Her soul was troubled as she thought of the rough Western life, with its peculiar temptations, and her heart ached with the burden, the anguish of which she could not express to her only son. Her prayers had followed him, and her letters and Christian literature acted as an antidote against the pernicious books and the grosser amusements of pioneer prairie life; yet Frank felt himself farther from God and the life hid with Christ in God, than when at home under the direct influence of his mother and the fuller privileges of the gospel.

"I'm no worse than any one else," he said aloud, trying to silence an uneasy conscience. "I have to play cards with the fellows if I want to get along with them at all, and go to a dance now and then, but I do no worse, and I'm sure there isn't one of them who would sit down and read these papers,—they'd want some strong novels, or nothing; so I think I'm a little better than they. And as for going regular to meeting, there's some who go, and pray, and tell their experience, who'd work Sunday if they took a notion to, and swear a little if it suited 'em. So I'm as good as plenty of them who live as they like, and serve the Lord when they feel like it. Now if one of those boys who come here nights to play cards, and go to town playing for money, and take a glass when it suits them, would get converted, I'd think there was really something in it."

So he excused himself, reading alternately till the light died out of the school-house window, and three or four young men, with loud laughter and talk, burst in upon him as he sat among his newspapers.

"Hello, old feller," cried Locke McLeod; "you'd oughter ben to meetin' to see the fun."

"Yes," joined in another, "Sam Grant's got converted."

"No, he aint," said Lee Conrad, "he only stood up to be prayed for. Looked queer, I tell yer!"

"Oh, I thought 'twas all the same," said the second lad; "s'pose he's done for now far as havin' any fun's concerned." The speaker drew from his pocket a well-worn card pack, and the four proceeded to give themselves wholly to the baleful influence of those games which cause so much deadness to spiritual things among the youth of the young Northwestern settlements.

Frank's thoughts conflicted strangely as he joined in the careless, godless amusements of the evening, laughing and jesting over Sam Grant's "getting pious." It was long after midnight when the card-playing ended, and the revellers flung themselves down for a short sleep before breasting the sharp prairie wind homeward.

Strange recreation, which takes mercilessly the hours for restoring sleep; strange recuperation for the endurance of farm labor in cold and storm; doubtful help to the intellectual life to which

all young men would fain boast an aspiration!

Frank's thoughts ran on, crossing and recrossing each other when he was alone again, getting his breakfast and feeding his cows and horses.

"If I'd been there last night I might have stood up too,—I'd never'd dare to alone! What would I want to stand up for, though? Do I really want to be a Christian? I must be some time, but I don't see how I could now, and come out square. Down on all these nights with the other fellows! I said I'd believe there was something real in religion if one of the wildest ones got converted, and Sam Grant's about as wild as any of 'em. But then, he may give up after all, and go only so far. Plenty do. But if it's real he ought to tell us so, and try to help us. I'm most believe I'd give up and be a Christian if Sam Grant'd come to me and say he wanted me to! Would I, though? It's so easy to drift along with the rest, and so hard to turn square around. I believe I'm lazy, for certain, and a coward, too! Hard to say of one's self, but I must own it. It must be something pretty good, this religion, if it can give a fellow peace and quietness in his mind. But there, I'm a sober, steady boy compared to some of 'em. Why should I fear anything if I didn't get any worse than I am? Well, I wonder what Sam'll do!"

Frank did not wonder very long, for Sam came over to Hueston's shanty the next Sunday evening, and surprised Frank by asking him to go to town with him to attend a meeting in the church there.

"It's only six o'clock now, so we'll have time enough if you are quick," said Sam. "Stanley said he'd take me on his sled and as many as I could bring. So we'll walk up there. Didn't see you at the morning service, Frank?"

"N—n—no. Didn't feel like going." Frank hadn't felt like it all winter, though the road was good, and a sled and team were at his disposal. "What was the use? There were church-members all around him staying at home Sunday after Sunday. They couldn't love their church privileges very much; why should he feel interested in God's worship?" So Frank had argued. "I didn't feel like going once, Frank," said Sam, while his friend hurried on his Sunday clothes, "but I see different now, thank God! I'm determined to be a Christian, if there's any help for me. Won't you say the same, Frank?"

Frank's heart came up in his mouth, and he could not say a word at first.

"We've lived for ourselves long enough, Frank. You've been a better boy than I, but I know you aint a Christian."

"I'm glad for you, Sam. I believe you're right," was all Frank could say, and they walked silently toward Stanley's house until Sam spoke again.

"There's a new society started in town for young people, 'Christian Endeavor,' I think they call it; and they say it's a good thing to help us fellows begin right and stick to it. They have their meetings Sunday nights, and I'm going to join the society and try to start on the right track."

"Dare you cut all those fellows, Lee and Locke and all of 'em?" questioned Frank.

"I aint ashamed to let 'em know I'm sorry for my past livin', and want to give up all that's bad, 'n seek for what's good," answered Sam, fearlessly. "And O Frank, if you'd begin, too, we could pray together and work together for the rest of 'em. I tell you it's somethin', I think, like bein' lost on the prairie to

find yourself, by-and-by, goin' to leave everything here and go, we don't know where. It's awful to lose your way,—we both know that,—and have nothing to take hold of to give us a hope o' gettin' somewhere. I want to get hold of Jesus, as the preacher told us about this mornin'."

"Well, Sam, hearing you talk makes me wish I could feel the same, but how am I to begin?"

"Maybe they'll tell us all about it to-night, Frank," Sam answered, as they reached their destination, and jumped on Stanley's big sled.

What a meeting there was in that little church seven miles away, that winter evening! Men and women, young in spirit, blended their prayers and praises with those of young beginners in the Christian life. Sunday school teachers rejoiced to hear expressions of love to Jesus from the lips of those for whom they had long besought converting grace. Women's tremulous voices spoke pledges of allegiance to the Saviour; young men, decided and earnest, enlisted under the banner of Immanuel, and those of tender age asked that they might be among the true lambs of Christ's flock.

Frank's heart beat violently as Sam Grant stood up, confessing his past wicked life, and declaring his purpose to be on the Lord's side. And when, after a heartfelt prayer for the new recruit, the leader, a young woman, said in a gentle voice:

"Is there one here who is tossed about with a sense of sin and of the need of the Saviour, yet who knows not just how to begin the heavenly way?" Frank's head went down upon his hands in the realization of his great need and his great weakness.

"Just begin this way," the leader went on. "Make the avowal that you need Jesus, that you can't do without Him, and that you give yourself wholly to Him."

The tears ran down Sam's cheeks as Frank stood up, trembling, and said, "I don't know what to do; I can't get along without Jesus. I give myself to Him just as I am, to show me what to do."

"I don't fear the whole world now, Sam," said Frank, when they were alone again, their names enrolled among the society's active members; "I've begun, and if the beginning's so blessed, what must the end be?"

"We'll help each other, Frank," said Sam. "There's a good deal of endeavoring to be done in this new country."

For The Golden Rule.

THE SOCIETY IN A COUNTRY PLACE.

BY REV. CHARLES H. CURTIS.

The following suggestions from a pastor who has made a decided success of the Society in a small country town, will be of real value to others, who have the same problems to face:

Our chief problem in starting was to know how we could sustain a profitable Y. P. S. C. E. meeting. Our members were absolutely without experience, and for the greater part Christians of less than one year. We ventured to try a half-hour meeting before the Sunday evening service. In the first place we are so scattered that it would not be wise to take an extra evening, especially for this meeting. Then, also, we theorized that a short meeting, well filled, would be far more profitable than one longer and with long pauses. We also believed that our inexperienced young people would think a short meeting less formal and formidable.

Our expectations have been more than

realized. The "fearful and unbelieving" have vanished like the morning mist.

We started a system of rotation in leadership of this prayer-meeting among the active members. We included young men and young women. The leader of one meeting appoints the successor. A week ago we had a notable triumph for Christ, our most timid member—a girl—planned and conducted a meeting with the most desirable success.

The pastor assists the leader in planning *beforehand*, and in the meeting sits at the side of the leader, for help in *emergencies*. As to participation—work is assigned to several by the leader and the other members take part as they choose. The pledge is interpreted—not as between the member and the society, but as between the *Christian and Christ*.

TRUSTEE MEETING.

The quarterly-meeting of the Trustees of the United Society of Christian Endeavor was held April 10th, all the trustees, with two exceptions, being present. Arrangements for the Chicago Convention were completed as far as possible. The statement of the treasurer was very encouraging, and good news of Secretary Ward's work in the West was also received. The final arrangements for Mr. Clark's visit to England were also made, and minor matters of business were considered.

THE SECOND SOCIETY.

Some misstatements have been inadvertently made by THE GOLDEN RULE in regard to the Second Society of Christian Endeavor. This was established by Rev. Charles P. Mills, in the North Church, Newburyport, Oct. 18, 1881. The next society was not formed until February, 1882. Mr. Mills writes, "We have much gratitude in the remembrance of the fact, yet to be successfully contradicted, that our heart was turned to be the first to adopt the original plan, thus making ours the second society in existence." We are glad to make this correction.

APRIL BIRTHDAYS.

- April 2, 1743—Thomas Jefferson.
 " 2, 1805—Hans Christian Andersen.
 " 3, 1593—George Herbert.
 " 3, 1783—Washington Irving.
 " 4, 1809—Benjamin Pierce.
 " 5, 1795—Sir Henry Havelock.
 " 6, 1483—Raphael.
 " 7, 1770—William Wordsworth.
 " 11, 1794—Edward Everett.
 " 12, 1777—Henry Clay.
 " 16, 1786—Sir John Franklin.
 " 20, 1809—Napoleon III.
 " 21, 1816—Charlotte Brontë.
 " 22, 1766—Madame de Staël.
 " 23, 1564—William Shakespeare.
 " 26, 1711—David Hume.
 " 27, 1806—Louis Kossuth.
 " 27, 1822—Ulysses S. Grant.
 " 28, 1758—James Monroe.

For the Golden Rule.

A CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY IN A NEW YORK MISSION.

BY J. Q.

It was started as an experiment. It has proved a success. The attendance was large at the start, and has been steadily increasing. In fact, it has seemed best to hold the people back a little, lest, in their sudden enthusiasm, they act without due consideration. I suppose every mission has one or more of these stumbling-blocks, who become converted about once a year regularly, and who, because of the ever-recurring

joy of salvation, manage to monopolize the time with hallelujah speeches. These, so far as they exist among us, have been brought under control by an absolute prohibition of long speeches. The meetings are free from pauses, and every word spoken is earnest. The society is proving itself an indispensable adjunct to the work of the mission. This winter, a series of lectures and entertainments has been given under its auspices. These have proved valuable in two ways: in showing the people that piety is not a foe to pleasure, and in bringing out many who would not come to a purely religious service, but who do not object to taking a little religion in the form of tracts which are distributed.

NEWS ITEMS.

New Hampshire.

The Y. P. S. C. E. of the Congregational Church of Bennington is taking an active part in the church work. The society was organized Nov. 1, 1887, with twenty-five members, and now has a membership of forty.

The society in Rindge is in a very prosperous condition. During the past winter seven active members have been added, and it is hoped there will be more additions soon.

Massachusetts.

The fifth anniversary of the society connected with the Trinitarian Church of Concord was celebrated on the evening of April 13th. The societies in Lincoln and Bedford were invited, and responded in goodly numbers. Mr. Hopkins, president of the society, took charge of the exercises. Rev. W. A. De Pew, the pastor, offered prayer, an interesting report of the past year was read by the secretary, and an address was given by Rev. F. E. Clark. This society is not only one of the oldest in the State but also one of the most active and efficient in all work for Christ and the church.

The Newton Highlands Y. P. S. C. E. celebrated its third anniversary April 10th. Rev. Mr. Mills, of the St. Paul Church of the Highlands, and Rev. Mr. Holmes, of Newton Centre, delivered interesting addresses.

Connecticut.

The fifth anniversary of the Howard Avenue Y. P. S. C. E. of New Haven was celebrated, April 8th, by a public meeting in the church. A large number of delegates from other societies were present. The exercises were conducted by the pastor, Rev. W. J. Mutch, and the president, H. H. Palmer. A history of the society was read by Eli Manchester, Jr., who was secretary for the first two years and president two successive years. A paper on woman's work in Y. P. S. C. E. was read by Miss L. E. Williams, treasurer of the society. Brief addresses were made by Walter R. Downs, president of the New Haven Union, and Rev. Mr. Mutch. Letters of congratulation were read from Rev. F. E. Clark, Rev. H. N. Kinney, of Winsted, and Rev. Erastus Blakeslee, of Spencer, Mass.

A unique society has recently been formed in South Windham, a large and thriving village of about 800 people. The town has never had a church, and every attempt at regular religious services has failed. As a result of a recent revival several persons have been converted and have formed a Y. P. S. C. E., as yet unconnected with any church. The organization was completed three weeks ago, and has now about twenty members. It is hoped that the result of the society will soon be a church.

The society connected with the First Presbyterian Church of Stamford has been steadily growing since its formation last October, and now has about one hundred members. At the March communion eight members joined the church, and more will soon follow. The society has sent twenty dollars to make its president, Mr. Clarence L. Reid, a life member of the United Society.

At the meetings of the Bridgeport Union each member wears two badges; a small, white, union badge, stamped with the national monogram, and a larger society badge. Each society is distinguished by a separate color. The First Congregational Society of Bridgeport has recently adopted an artistic seal in black and dull red.

During the enlargement of the Metho-

dist Church of Bristol the congregation will worship with the Congregationalists, and the two Endeavor societies will hold union meetings. Each of the societies has more than one hundred members. The Methodist society was organized last January with sixty members, and in one month had one hundred names on its roll.

The society in Windham, organized last November, has now over forty active members, and is still growing rapidly.

Rhode Island.

The labors of Rev. B. Fay Mills, in Providence, resulted in greatly increasing the interest among the Endeavor Societies. Several hundred young people that have recently expressed a desire to become Christians, are being looked after by the members of the various societies, and this work has been greatly blessed to both the young workers and those seeking the way. There are now twenty-one societies in the city, and a union will probably be formed this month.

The society of the Union Congregational Church of Providence received a large addition to its membership at a recent meeting, and now numbers over a hundred active members.

New York.

The annual report of the society connected with the Central Presbyterian Church of Rochester has been printed. From it we learn that there are at present 261 members, of whom 77 are affiliated members. \$307.70 has been raised by the society, of which \$100 was sent to the United Society, the largest sum received from any individual society. Besides this, \$108 was raised and expended by the floral committee, and \$486 was sent by the missionary committee to the home and foreign field. The lookout, prayer-meeting, Sunday school, and visiting committees also make reports. This printing of the annual report is a most excellent move by a wide-awake society. We shall refer to it again at greater length.

A largely attended meeting of the young people of the First Baptist Church of Waterville was held April 6th. Addresses were made by Lincoln Perry and A. E. Dewhurst, president and secretary of the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Tabernacle Baptist Church of Utica, in favor of the organization of a society. At the close of the meeting a society was organized with thirty-one active members; the outlook is encouraging for a large and strong society.

In addition to the report given last week of the most excellent convention which was held in Troy, April 3d, we are glad to note stirring addresses by Rev. U. J. Gulick, of East Albany, by Rev. B. B. Loomis, and by Rev. C. G. Hazard. Rev. J. P. Sawin was chairman of the Convention, and Mr. Frank Stevenson was secretary.

A revival interest pervades the Baptist Church in East Albany. Rev. U. J. Gulick received fifteen to membership, April 1st. Conversions occur continually in connection with the regular prayer-meeting and the Y. P. S. C. E.

New Jersey.

The first anniversary of the Y. P. S. C. E. connected with the Baptist Church of Westfield was celebrated April 4th. The social and literary committee furnished an interesting programme. Rev. C. F. A. Jones, of Newark, delivered an address on Christian Endeavor work. A recitation was given by Mr. A. F. Grant. The report of the society showed that it was growing at a rapid rate, and was one of the strongholds of the church. An invitation was extended by the president for all to adjourn to the church parlors, where a bounteous repast was furnished by the young ladies.

In a recent issue of our paper, reference was made to the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Reformed Church of Belleville as the oldest society in the State. Rev. F. A. Johnson, pastor of the Congregational Church of Chester, writes us that his society claims that honor, as it was fully organized April 11, 1882, and last week entered on its seventh year of active work.

Mr. Austin D. Wolfe, who has been president of the society in the Presbyterian Church of Montclair since its formation, writes us that in the six months of the society's existence, the number of active members has increased from thirty-eight to fifty-six, and the work has been of the greatest benefit to the church.

A Y. P. S. C. E. of thirty-one members has recently been organized in the First Reformed Church of Boonton. The society has adopted the model constitution with slight changes. The basis of the new

society was a Young People's Union which had been in existence about a year.

Pennsylvania.

The Y. P. S. C. E. of the Spruce Street Presbyterian Church, of which Rev. William P. Breed is pastor, celebrated its second anniversary on the evening of Monday, April 9th. A very interesting programme had been prepared. All Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor in Philadelphia and vicinity had been invited to these exercises. The secretary's report showed that much work had been accomplished during the year. The roll now numbers fifty-three active and thirty-seven associate members. The meeting was addressed by Rev. L. T. Litch, president of the Pennsylvania State Union. At the conclusion of the anniversary exercises, a motion was made that the meeting proceed to consider the matter of organizing a Local Union. Twenty-eight societies were represented, and they unanimously agreed that the formation of such a Union would greatly forward the work of the Societies, and promote Christian union and fellowship among the churches. A constitution was adopted, officers elected, and twenty societies joined the Union at this meeting. The Christian Endeavor movement is spreading rapidly in Philadelphia, and is accomplishing much good.

There is a renewed religious interest in the society connected with the Presbyterian Church of Mauch Chunk. Many of the associate members have been transferred to the active list. April 8th, six new members united with the church of whom three were members of the society. The Methodist Church of the same place has recently profited by the example of the Presbyterian Church, and has formed a society.

The Second Anniversary of the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Presbyterian Church of Mansfield was celebrated March 25th. The society was organized with about eight or ten members, and now has thirty-four active and twenty-five associate members.

District of Columbia.

A large number of members of Christian Endeavor Societies recently met in the Memorial Lutheran Church of Washington, under the auspices of the Sunday School Union. Mr. J. B. Wight presided, and, after hearing reports from the several organizations, Mr. W. H. H. Smith, president of the union, made a short statement concerning the origin, objects and progress of Christian Endeavor Societies, and conducted a model Y. P. S. C. E. meeting, at which about one hundred persons bore testimony to the value of a Christian faith and life in their own experience, the whole interspersed with singing. Dr. J. G. Butler opened and closed the meeting.

Ohio.

In our last issue we made a statement concerning the State superintendent, copied from an exchange. Mr. Ament writes: "Will you kindly inform your readers, in your next issue, that Rev. W. S. Ament does not go to Peking, China, to take charge of missions, but only as a missionary of the American Board. Congregationalists have neither bishops nor superintendents." In whatever capacity Mr. Ament may go, he will surely do noble work.

The *Congregationalist* says: "Easter Sunday was a memorable day for the church at Rootstown, Rev. T. G. Colton, pastor. Forty-seven were admitted to its fellowship on confession, the result of the faithful labors of Sunday school teachers, the Christian Endeavor Society, the able preaching of Rev. A. M. Hills, of Allegheny, Pa., and neighborhood preaching and prayer-meetings conducted by the pastor and his church helpers."

Illinois.

The fifth anniversary of the Y. P. S. C. E. of Jacksonville was held April 8th. The meeting was addressed by Rev. W. A. Hobbs, of Waverly. This is one of the oldest societies in the State, and is regarded by the pastor and church as one of the most efficient agencies for carrying on Christian work. Fifty-five members are upon its roll. A junior Y. P. S. C. E. is just now being organized.

The society in Rushville is reported to be in a very flourishing condition. The society had twenty-three active members when it was formed, last November, but now has over forty. The church has recently held revival meetings, and at the last communion twenty people, nearly all young, united with the church.

In the State Street Presbyterian Church of Jacksonville, Rev. A. B. Morey, pastor, thirty-one new members were received on profession of faith, April 8th.

(For further News Items see page Sixteen.)

Christian Endeavor

PRAYER-MEETING.

EDITED BY REV. S. W. ADRIANCE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC FOR THE WEEK BEGINNING APRIL 29, 1888.

WHAT HAVE I GAINED BY THE CHRISTIAN SERVICE?

BY REV. S. W. ADRIANCE.

As no passage of Scripture appears on our topic cards, I will introduce, this week, a Bible reading. And may I suggest to the Prayer-Meeting Committees, the advisability of cutting out these passages of Scripture, and handing them to such as do not readily take part, urging them not merely to learn and repeat the verse, but to give the introductory sentence. This is one way to bring out those boys in the back seats.

1. The gain of Christian service depends upon the *kind* of Christian service.

It should be service in all sorts of experiences. "Serving the Lord with all humility of mind, and with many tears and trials."—*Paul*.

It must be more than a formal, grudging service. "Now we are delivered from the law, that we should serve in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter."—*Paul*.

It must be enthusiastic. "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."—*Paul*.

It must be entire service. "Prepare your hearts unto the Lord, and serve him only; and he will deliver you."—*Samuel*.

"And now, O Israel, what doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to fear the Lord thy God, to walk in his ways, and to love him, and to serve the Lord thy God, with all thy heart and with all thy soul."—*Moses*.

It requires sincerity. "Now therefore fear the Lord, and serve him in sincerity and truth."—*Joshua*.

No service pays like glad service. "Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing."—*Writer of Psalm 100*.

It cannot be a divided service. "No man can serve two masters. Ye cannot serve God and mammon."—*Jesus*.

It does not forget those around us. "By love serve one another."—*Paul*.

"He that is greatest of all shall be your servant."—*Jesus*.

Reverent service is required. "Wherefore we receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved, let us have grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear."—*Writer of Hebrews*.

These are enough to show the kind of service meant in the Word of God, and we shall have next:

2. The *gain* of such service.

It is for our good. Thus is it intended by God. Therefore we shall by service understand the kindness of our Maker. "Keep the commandments of the Lord, and his statutes, which I command thee this day, for thy good."—*Moses*.

It is better for our prospects even in this world. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."—*Jesus*.

Christian service brings us honor from God. "If any man serve me, him will my Father honor."—*Jesus*.

It helps us to be content. "Godliness with contentment is great gain."—*Paul*.

Faithful service procures favor of men, and surrounds the true Christian with prayers. Every one is glad to pray

for a servant, as Boaz did for Ruth. "The Lord recompense thy works, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust."—*Boaz*.

Christian service gains souls for God. "For though I be free from all men, yet have I made myself servant unto all, that I might gain the more."—*Paul*.

The true saint shall receive power from God to live a holy life. "He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation."—*David*.

Christian service will give us a home with Christ. "If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be."—*Jesus*.

Christian service prepares us for any event. "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."—*Paul*.

Through it we shall obtain eternal joy. "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—*Jesus*.

Christian service is sure to succeed. "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."—*Paul*.

Every servant shall have the blessing which will most help him. "Every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labor."—*Paul*.

Christian labor is under the special protection of God. "For thou, Lord, wilt bless the righteous; with favor wilt thou compass him as with a shield."—*David*.

"A faithful man shall abound with blessings."—*Solomon*.

Christian service brings the knowledge of Christ, which is worth everything. "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord."—*Paul*.

Christian service contains in itself a great reward. "Moreover by them is thy servant warned, and in keeping of them there is great reward."—*David*.

Faithful service brings us esteem both of men and God. "He that in these things serveth Christ is acceptable to God, and approved of men."—*Paul*.

"He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him."—*Writer of Hebrews*.

If men of the world work hard for what they get, how much more should the Christian. "They do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible."—*Paul*.

3. In general, the meeting may take a personal turn. The Prayer-Meeting Committee might go around pledging different members to bring the particular blessings which they have gained. For instance, a young man said to me not long since, that he had been living an aimless life, and that becoming a Christian gave him an inspiring object. Many another has gained power over appetite or temper. The Christian life has drawn us into delightful fellowship. Christian service develops the best that is in us, which otherwise would have remained hidden. Christian service has enabled many to obtain real comfort in sorrow, power over temptation; or has brought us to an interest in better and nobler pursuits. And in many and many a case Christian service has dispelled doubt, brought cheer into a cold heart, and entirely turned the whole course of life. In every respect the Christian life pays. It makes this life happier, stronger, nobler; and it lifts before us our home in heaven. It glorifies God, and at the same time enables us to enjoy the world. It is best for ourselves to be Christians, but it is quite as truly best for every one else. The whole universe gains in the Christian service

of each one. Let us then realize how blessed we are, and set ourselves to a far higher aim than ever.

Readings on Gain that Jesus Promised.

First Day.—Blessedness.—Matt. 5:1-12.
Second Day.—Soul Rest.—Matt. 11:28-30.
Third Day.—His friendship.—John 15:13-15.
Fourth Day.—The honor of the Father.—John 12:25-26.
Fifth Day.—Knowledge of the truth.—John 8:31-32.
Sixth Day.—Power to work.—John 14:12-14.
Seventh Day.—The indwelling of the Spirit.—John 14:15-18.

ALUM BAKING POWDERS.

Declared Adulterated Food and their Sale Illegal.

The result of a trial just concluded at Canton, N. Y., before Judge Kellogg, will have a salutary effect in checking the sale of one class of adulterated food. Two men, named Moon and Akerril, were arrested for selling adulterated baking powder in violation of the State Food Adulteration Act. The indictment was for both selling baking powders that were inferior, adulterated and injurious to health by reason of being made from alum, and for selling them under pretense that they were a wholesome, cream of tartar baking powder. A stubborn defence was made, the claim being set up that baking powders were not articles of food and that the powder the defendants were selling, which was known as Gillett's, was a standard article of trade, and that alum baking powders inferior to it, like Davis' and others, were being sold by other dealers in the same town without complaint. The court held that baking powders were articles of food within the meaning of the law, and the jury found the defendants guilty upon all the charges. The case has attracted much attention from being the first brought under the State Food Adulteration Act against dealers in alum baking powders. The result of the trial is to class such baking powders as adulterated articles of food, and to make their sale illegal. There are many alum baking powders put up in cans, under some name or brand, in addition to those sold in bulk, the sale of all of which cautious dealers will probably be unwilling to continue.



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Best American Gingham, more than two hundred styles, 20c.

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In Doors and Out.
For Boys and Girls.

For The Golden Rule.
THE LETTER A.
A Conundrum.
BY M.

Though chief of a band
That is world-renowned,
And prized by the men of letters;
In bondage and chains,
They would keep me bound,
But I laugh to scorn their fetters.
I am first and last
In this land of the free;
And lead in every age.
Would you know my name?
Though banished from books,
I live in every page.

A CHINESE HOTEL.

The Eastern idea of hotel accommodations is somewhat remarkable. At an inn, for instance, when the court is overcrowded and the rooms not full, the animals are turned into the sleeping apartments; and when, on the other hand, the chambers are all full and there is still space in the court, the native travellers do not hesitate to camp out among the cattle in the mangers.

The window in our room had been originally glazed with greased paper, but that had nearly all disappeared. The floor was a rough pavement which had evidently never known a broom, much less a mop or scrubbing brush. The walls and ceiling were black and oily from smoke. The solitary piece of furniture in the room was the kiang, or bed, and that was stationary and built against the wall. It was three feet high, and covered the width of half the room—a platform built of brick and plastered with adobe, six inches deep. An oven is built underneath this bed of bricks, having flues which convey the heat to every part of the surface. Here the native travellers spread a bamboo mat and pack themselves, sardine fashion, across the warm surface of the kiang to sleep.

Our mattresses, furs and blankets were brought from the litters and laid on the kiang, and with stars glimmering through our gaping window sashes and the wind playing havoc with our covers, we buttoned our fox-skin coats about us and "laid down to pleasant dreams," while the camels, cows and donkeys peacefully chewed their cud and rested at our very door.—Olive Risley Seward in Wide Awake.

THE WOMEN STRIKE IT RICH.

The American women were getting to be a weak, used-up lot, and the young men were getting to the opinion that marriage meant slavery without help. Plenty of toil for the wife and servant girl, and very little pleasure in life for themselves. No one could tell the cause. Every generation grew weaker,—the children inheriting the constitution of their parents. It all seemed to be a break-up of the nerve force. It is now a well-established opinion among our best physicians that the extreme mental wear from the requirements of civilization has produced it. Now the women have struck the extract of a little, harmless, tasteless plant flavored into a beverage that gives them double endurance without harm. It is sold by druggists, and called Moxie Nerve Food.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East 9th Street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

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Is prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper Berries, and other well-known and valuable vegetable remedies. The combination, proportion and preparation are peculiar to Hood's Sarsaparilla, giving it curative power not possessed by other medicines. It effects remarkable cures where others fail.

"I consider Hood's Sarsaparilla the best medicine I ever used. It gives me an appetite and refreshing sleep, and keeps the cold out." J. S. FOGG, 106 Spruce Street, Portland, Me.

Is the best blood purifier before the public. It eradicates every impurity, and cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Boils, Pimples, all Humors, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, General Debility, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Complaints. It overcomes that extreme tired feeling, and builds up the system.

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Purifies the Blood

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Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

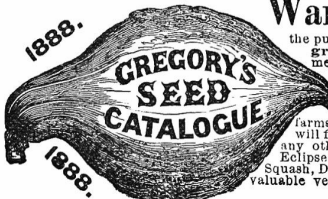
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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have found no reason for not now receiving a cure, I send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.
H. C. BOOT, No. 1, 183 Pearl St., New York

for Boys and Girls.

For The Golden Rule.
BUDGE IN PARIS.

PARIS, AUG. 25th.

DEAR ROSEBUD: Here we are in the gay city of Paris. We have been here nearly a week, and I have enjoyed every minute of it. We are going about all the time, and I get very tired, but it is all very interesting.

Of course, we have been to see the Cathedral of Notre Dame. It is very beautiful, but I did not like it as well as the one at Cologne. We saw all the relics, and the guide told us about them in French, but, of course, I could not understand him. The stained glass windows are very fine. We have been to see the Church of the Madeleine, and the Pantheon, and the Sainte Chapelle, too, but you will have to wait till you see the pictures.

I like the Champs Elysées very much. To be sure there is not any grass there, and it does not look much like one of our parks, but there are lots of trees, and there is so much going on there, and it is all so gay that I like it. We walked along the broad avenue from the Place de la Concorde to the Arc de l'Etoile. It is a mile and a half, but the walk is so straight that it does not look so far. It is very interesting to watch all the driving from there to the Bois de Boulogne. We spent the most of one day wandering about in the Bois de Boulogne, and had a very nice time. It was a little like Central Park.

Of course, we went to the Louvre, but it is not of much use for me to try to tell you about that. It seems to me we saw miles and miles of pictures, and I can't remember many of them. I enjoyed walking about in the Louvre and looking at the pictures, but the only way to really see them is to go in a good many times and see a few at a time. We have seen what is left of the Tuileries, and we have been to the Luxembourg. The Palais Royale is very fine, though it is not a palace now. It is very gay when it is all lighted up in the evening, and such crowds of people are walking about, and all the jewellers' shops look so bright. The streets are all very delightful in the evening, especially the boulevards, they are so broad and so brilliantly lighted. I enjoy the streets of Paris very much.

Sunday is a very gay day here. It does not seem much like the Sundays in Scotland. It is just a great holiday, and everybody is out having a good time. Some of the shops are closed, but a good many are open, and there is more going on than other days. We went to church in the American Chapel, and heard a good sermon, but there were not many people there. The church was not nearly full. We walked home along the Rue de Rivoli, and there was nothing to prevent our shopping all the way home from church if our conscience would let us. Sunday evening we went to one of the meetings of the McAll Mission in the Salle Baltimore. It was all in French, but it was quite interesting. The people were most of them poor, but they all paid good attention, and seemed to be enjoying the meeting, especially the singing. We had a pleasant Sunday, but I don't think I should want to spend many Sundays in Paris. I should like to tell you all about Paris, and about our trip to Versailles, and to St. Cloud, and Sèvres, and about the cemetery of Père Lachaise, but I shall have to leave it all till I go home. That will not be very long now. We are going from here to London, and then to Liverpool, and home, so this is the last letter I shall write. Good-by.

From BUDGE.

Constipation

Demands prompt treatment. The results of neglect may be serious. Avoid all harsh and drastic purgatives, the tendency of which is to weaken the bowels. The best remedy is Ayer's Pills. Being purely vegetable, their action is prompt and their effect always beneficial. They are an admirable Liver and After-dinner pill, and everywhere endorsed by the profession.

"Ayer's Pills are highly and universally spoken of by the people about here. I make daily use of them in my practice."—Dr. I. E. Fowler, Bridgeport, Conn.

"I can recommend Ayer's Pills above all others, having long proved their value as a cathartic for myself and family."—J. T. Hess, Leithville, Pa.

"For several years Ayer's Pills have been used in my family. We find them an

Effective Remedy

for constipation and indigestion, and are never without them in the house."—Moses Grenier, Lowell, Mass.

"I have used Ayer's Pills, for liver troubles and indigestion, during many years, and have always found them prompt and efficient in their action."—L. N. Smith, Utica, N. Y.

"I suffered from constipation which assumed such an obstinate form that I feared it would cause a stoppage of the bowels. Two boxes of Ayer's Pills effected a complete cure."—D. Burke, Saco, Me.

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40 YEARS
is a long time, and Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer has cured thousands of people during that time of coughs and colds.

BEFORE
you try any other remedy, try this and we know you will then never use any other.

THE PUBLIC
know when they get a good thing, and endorse this wonderful remedy. Druggists, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00.

What Scott's Emulsion Has Done!

Over 25 Pounds Gain in Ten Weeks.
Experience of a Prominent Citizen.

THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY FOR THE
SUPPRESSION OF VICE,
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I took a severe cold upon my chest and lungs and did not give it proper attention; it developed into bronchitis, and in the fall of the same year I was threatened with consumption. Physicians ordered me to a more congenial climate, and I came to San Francisco. Soon after my arrival I commenced taking Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites regularly three times a day. In ten weeks my avoirdupois went from 155 to 180 pounds and over; the cough meantime ceased. C. R. BENNETT.

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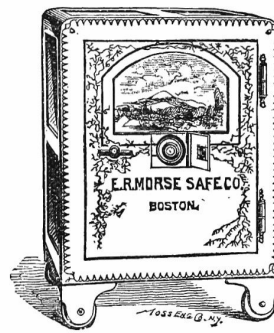


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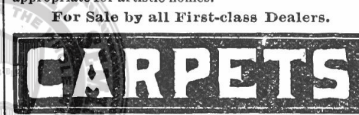
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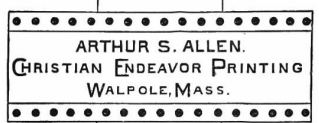
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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

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WRITE FOR ESTIMATES. SAMPLES FURNISHED.
We use Monograms and appropriate Designs in our Work.

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With increased facilities, and by close buying for cash, I can offer
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A WORD TO CONSUMPTIVES.

It matters not if the dreadful disease inherited or contracted by exposure, the effect of MAGEE'S EMULSION will be apparent after a short course of treatment. We have seen so many marvellous cures wrought by our Emulsion in nearly every form and stage of consumption, that we fearlessly maintain that it is without an equal to day as a specific for every kind of lung difficulty. A patient who is so far gone in consumption as to be unable to retain any other medicine on his stomach, can take

MAGEE'S EMULSION

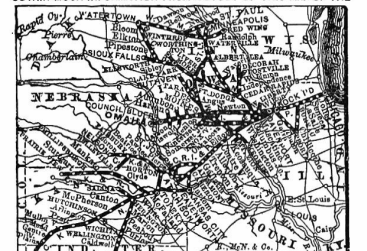
without the least inconvenience. This we guarantee, and, what is more, we authorize all druggists to refund the purchase money to any patient who is in a reasonable condition, and who, after taking two bottles of our Emulsion, does not gain in weight. It is plain that if a consumptive patient continues to gain in weight, a permanent cure must result.

A CASE OF HEREDITARY CONSUMPTION CURED.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.
J. A. MAGEE & Co. Sirs: I have been a long and patient sufferer from a lung difficulty; have taken a great amount of medicine, and been under the care of several physicians, all of which finally failed to benefit me. I had lost two sisters and one brother from the dread disease of consumption, and when the doctors gave me up I thought I should follow them by the ravages of the same disease. I was terribly reduced in weight, scarcely weighing 100 pounds where I once weighed 150. I took your Emulsion and at once began to experience relief, gained strength, and now weigh 150 pounds. No other medicine could have done as much for my lungs I am sure, and I can recommend it without hesitation on its own merits. Yours truly, NELLIE NOLAN.

A MAN

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NEWS ITEMS.

(Continued from page Twelve.)

Iowa.

The president of the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Second Presbyterian Church of Dubuque writes: "Our society made the mistake of taking the name of Christian Endeavor and not the work. We reorganized this winter, and God has abundantly blessed the efforts made by a few faithful followers."

The new church at Green Island, Rev. W. E. De Reimer, pastor, used its new communion service, the gift of the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Flushing Church, L. I., at its last communion. Three were received to membership.

South Africa.

The interesting article in last week's paper on Christian Endeavor among the Zulus was by Miss Laura B. Bridgman, who is one of the most successful missionaries in South Africa. Her name should have appeared with the article.

SOCIETIES RECENTLY REPORTED.

MAINE.—Sandy Point.
NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Manchester, First Baptist; Meredith Village, Union.
MASSACHUSETTS.—Agawam.
CONNECTICUT.—Goshen; Jewett City, Congregational.
RHODE ISLAND.—Providence, Blackstone Park Mission, Clifford Street Presbyterian.
NEW YORK.—Albany, Congregational; East Aurora, Presbyterian; Honeoye, First Congregational; Johnsonville, Methodist; Mexico, Methodist.
NEW JERSEY.—Oakland; Watertown, Universalist.
DELAWARE.—Wilmington, Baptist.
PENNSYLVANIA.—Edwardsville, Bethesda Congregational; Franklin, First Baptist; Lansford, Methodist; Towanda, Presbyterian.
TEXAS.—Glen Rose.
OHIO.—Milan, Methodist; Sandusky, First Presbyterian.
INDIANA.—Covington, Methodist; Indianapolis, Seventh Presbyterian; Winamac, Methodist.
MICHIGAN.—Adrian, Presbyterian; Detroit.
ILLINOIS.—Canton; Concord, Congregational; Dixon, Methodist; Mountain Green, Union; Galva, Congregational; Geneva Junction, Congregational; Hanover, First Presbyterian; Iliani, Warrensburg Congregational; Kenwood, Evangelical; Lyonsville, Congregational; Norwood Park, American Reformed; Peoria, Second Presbyterian; Springfield, Methodist; Sterling, Christian; Waukegan, First Congregational.
MISSOURI.—Hannibal, Fifth Street Baptist.
NEBRASKA.—Minden.
DAKOTA.—Bismarck; Cumings, Congregational.
NOVA SCOTIA.—First Baptist.
TURKEY.—Bitliss.

NOTICES.

[The publishers of THE GOLDEN RULE will be glad to print in this column abbreviated notices of State meetings, local unions, anniversaries, etc. These notices, however, must necessarily be very short.]

April 19.—Meeting of the Middlesex C. E. Union at North Church, Middletown, Conn.
April 23.—Meeting of the Portland C. E. Union at Williston Church, Portland, Me.
April 24.—Michigan State Convention of Y. P. S. C. E. at Lansing, Mich.
April 25.—Rally Meeting by Y. P. S. C. E. of Tabernacle Church, Jersey City, N. J.
May 6.—First Anniversary of Y. P. S. C. E. of Congregational Church of Bristol, Conn.
May 10.—First Meeting of Local Union at East Boston, Mass.
May 13.—First anniversary of Y. P. S. C. E. of First Baptist Church of Vineland, N. J.
July 5-8.—National Convention of Y. P. S. C. E. at Chicago, Ill.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

SCROFULA is transmitted from parent to child, and thus becomes a family inheritance for generations. It is, therefore, the duty of every scrofulous person to cleanse his blood by a thorough and persistent course of Ayers Sarsaparilla.

MESSRS. A. SHUMAN & Co. make an interesting announcement in our advertising column to which we would invite the attention of all parents.

The announcement, by Messrs. Macullar, Parker & Co., of the opening of their new department for the sale of Youth's, Boys' and Children's Clothing, will be read with pleasure by all their old patrons who have children to provide with clothing.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall Street, New York.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Our New Department, for the sale of Youth's, Boys' and Children's Clothing and Furnishing Goods, is now open.

Macullar, Parker & Company,
400 WASHINGTON ST.

Reader, an you have lively wit, resolve us this—spell you happiness with five letters.

H-O-N-O-R?

Nay, 'tis a wise but wrong reply.

P-E-A-C-E?

Aye, marry, you do happily but 'tis not yet.

M-U-S-I-C?

Now do you wax exceeding nigh unto a proper answer. 'Tis not *Music* nor *Peace* but i' faith you shall have both an' you have what the five letters spell.

O-R-G-A-N, *Organ*.

Aye, verily, you do it rightly speak but do not rightly spell. You shall indeed with *Peace* and *Music* both abound an' you spell your *Organ* E-S-T-E-Y. Spend you but a cent and you shall from Brattleboro, his book suddenly receive.

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For The Golden Rule.

THE DESERT SHIP.

BY REBECCA PERLEY REED.

Over the ocean of scorching sand,
Ebbing and flowing with fervid tides,
Under the desolate Simoon's breath,
Noiseless, the "ship of the desert" glides.

On the horizon's rim, the palms
Cool as a shadow from heaven rise;
Rider and camel with gaze intent
Turn to their promise with heavy eyes.

Molten, the heaven's arch above—
Shadowless, stretches the endless plain,
Yet sees the pitiless sun each day
Camel and rider face again

Still toward the palms beneath whose shade
Ripples the spring, their thirst to slake,
Ripens the luscious fruit, and songs
Born of the blessed birds, awake.

On, through the fainting glow they press,
For, 'mid the folds of his mantle broad,
Beareth the Arab a priceless ring
Back, for the hand of his liege and lord.

Backward, good Selim, backward turn!
Clear 'gainst the sky they slowly grow,
While, from their feet, no echo soft
Borne from their velvet tread, may blow.

Slowly the Arab sweeps the curve
Where the hot sky and the desert blend,
Shading his eyes from the dazzling glare.—
"Now! O Allah, thine own defend!"

"Speed thee, Abdallah! desert-born,
Stretch thy fleet pace to thy native sands!
Bedouin robbers fly behind,
Save thou the gem from their cruel hands!"

"Winged be thy feet!—Away, away!"
Reeling they spin through the blinding light;
Nearer and nearer with panting breath,
Bear their pursuers, to left and right.

"Ildirim, Ildirim, O, sheik beloved,
Where, 'neath the palms, rest thy followe:rs free?
Sword of the Prophet, cleave our road!
Safe, still safe, is the gem with me!"

Nearer and nearer! the tents of home
Glimmer across his bursting eyes,
Nearer and nearer, until his ears
Ring with their cruel, murderous cries.

Vision hath failed, but Abdallah yet
Flies, with his dumb mouth high in air—
Cling fast, Selim!—His faithful feet
Press at last the oasis fair!

Faint and fainter, to beast and man,
Echoes the baffled cry of hate,
As, with a backward dash, their foes
Own that they reach their prize, too late!

Not o'er Arabian wastes alone
Travel the bearers of jewels rare,
Borne by ships of the desert true
Over their sands, to oases fair.

Messengers surely we all must be.
All have their jewels to bear afar,
And for the journey, their desert ships
Standing in patient waiting are.

Back of us all, press the hordes of night,—
Passionate robbers, sin and shame,
Fleet as the wind, and of agile hand
Crowd they close in our track again.

Hold to your saddles! Away, away!
Fly to the King's own fields of beauty,
Borne through the simoon's scorching breath
Safe, by your ship of the desert—*Duty!*

For The Golden Rule.

BEING AND SEEMING.

BY REV. R. DE WITT MALLARY.

A hypocrite is an actor. Judas played the role of philanthropist very cleverly when he objected to the lavish output of expensive unguent on the score of his sympathy for the poor. It was not so good, considered as a bit of acting, when he kissed the One, whom of all others it was impossible to deceive, and that, too, before the rabble who were in the secret, and knew for what intent that osculatory sign was given; yet Judas meant it for acting, all the same.

Rehoboam, when he couldn't display glittering shields of gold upon state occasions, wanted to seem royal any way, and so cut a very sorry figure behind his armor-bearer, who went before him with brazen ones. Thus the king kept up the appearance of state; but "keeping up appearances" is a species of hypocrisy.

All hypocrites are not religious, by any means. There are social hypocrites, people who greet one at the door with expressions of welcome, and wish, in their hearts, that the visitor were in "Guinea." Bacon, in his essay on "Seeming Wise," has delineated another species of the genus hypocrite; viz., the man who wants to seem wiser than he is. Scholars in day or Sunday schools are often afraid to answer a teacher with a confession of ignorance. And "children of a larger growth," to avoid the mortification of saying, "I don't know," look wise. This is a sort of playing the part of a scholar, lest the admission of ignorance would make us seem to be dullards.

But hypocrisy doesn't stop here. The true explanation of the formation of bad habits is often the desire to seem "smart." There is latent hypocrisy in the "first glass" and the "first cigar." The victim who thus invites bondage, hates to appear "goody," and so likes to seem "smart." He thus acts a part. He is a hypocrite, in the etymological sense, and he pays heavily, in the long run, for playing the role of smartness.

Another hypocrite is of the dare-devil variety, the person who likes to seem worse in morals than he really is. The first class named in this article is made up of such as like to seem better than they really are, this last class of such as like to seem worse. This species of hypocrisy knows no sex. Behind the mask of a foe to noble Christian ideals of character, not seldom we run across a genuine soul, engaged in the puerile hypocrisy of seeming bad. We often find, to reverse the phrase, *a sheep in wolf's clothing*.

Why not be what we are? It were better to be what we are afraid to seem, than to seem to be what we are not. All semblances are transparent. The world is not so obtuse as to rate us by what we seem, but by what we are. The laugh is on him who chuckles be-

hind his mask of deception, thinking how he has duped the world, when all the world can tell when a leonine exterior covers an asinine interior, or *vice versa*.

For The Golden Rule.

THE FEET OF JUDAS.

BY WILLIAM BANCROFT.

There was serious trouble in the church at Sparta, and Dea. Sankey and 'Squire Silas Hardstone were the cause of it. The deacon was poor, the squire was rich; the deacon was zealous, the squire was conservative; the deacon was hasty of speech, the squire was quick to take offence and slow to forgive. So trouble might be expected.

It came in this way. Over in Heathen Corner,—for Sparta, like most country places, has its heathen corner,—the deacon started a Sunday school. It seemed rather a forlorn enterprise at first. Two or three spinster sisters, in whose bosoms a mild missionary sentiment had replaced more youthful emotions, volunteered as teachers; an obliging neighbor gave the use of his horse and wagon for their Sabbath day's journey, and the district committee allowed the school to meet in the school-house, with the frugal stipulation that the deacon should furnish firewood. The children did not respond very readily to the advances of the deacon and his allies; but a few came from curiosity, a few because they could do nothing else, and a few, as the spinsters found to their sorrow, because they were capable of doing a great many things else.

Rather a forlorn enterprise it seemed to every one but the deacon. His heart was in it; and to him it ranked among the great evangelical movements of the century. He read his missionary journal with new relish, because every allusion to the needs of our country or to the dangers from ignorance and godlessness seemed penned with special reference to that school at the corner.

The deacon's enthusiasm and perseverance were rewarded, and the number of scholars increased. Then, naturally enough, for it is the experience of all mission workers, he began to feel the need of funds. He wanted to buy more lesson papers; he had longings after a supply of hymn-books; and deep in his heart was an untold vision of a melodeon. His wants were greater than his meagre purse, so he looked about among his richer brethren for aid, and his gaze fell upon 'Squire Silas.

Shrewd was too mild a term, so the deacon fancied, to express his advances upon the squire. "Wise as a serpent," he quoted to himself with many a chuckle, moderating any undue elation over his masterly manipulation of poor, gullible human nature by adding, apologetically, "and harmless as a dove." I need not describe the way in which he worked on Silas, the hours that were spent in consulting him upon various matters pertaining to the school, the gently persistent invitation to visit it, the class which the squire took for one Sunday, and then for another, until he was finally enlisted as a regular teacher. You understand all these steps. Enough to say that the deacon was successful; Silas did grow genuinely interested in the school, and presently began to give his time liberally, and his money sparingly, for its advancement.

Then arose the trouble. No man can serve two masters; no school can have two heads. And the question was whether Silas or the deacon should be the controlling power. It certainly seemed as if the deacon had all the rights of the case. The school was his by discovery, or invention, or first possession, or accretion, or any other legal title you may fancy. But, doubtless, Silas was honest in his belief that the welfare of the school demanded a change, and that he

himself was the proper man to be its superintendent. It is exceedingly easy to see the hand of duty pointing straight to the path of inclination.

Silas accordingly began to do some scheming in his turn. He easily persuaded the deacon that the school ought to have a recognized position in the church, and regular aid from the church funds. "The best thing you can do, Dea. Sankey," said he, "is to ask the church to take charge of the school, enroll the scholars among their own, and appoint a superintendent for it. Of course they will appoint you, and the work will go on just as at present. But this will put things on a permanent basis, and give us all more confidence in the continuance of the school, if anything should happen to you, you know. In fact, if I could see things put on such a permanent basis, I would give the money for that melodeon we have talked about."

Whether Silas likewise said anything to the church officials, I do not know; but a very slight hint about a needed change in the school, or what he could do if he were superintendent, would be seed in fertile soil. Certain it is, that when the deacon followed out the suggestion, and requested the church to assume oversight of his school, and to appoint a superintendent, his request was promptly complied with, but Squire Hardstone was the man appointed. The deacon's astonishment was unspeakable; but his wrath when Silas, after a humble expression of unworthiness, accepted the office, was by no means unspoken. The outburst, so I have been told, was terrific. The deacon saw how he had been duped, and he told Silas what he thought of it and of him in words which were like thunderbolts. The troubled church officers tried to calm the storm, but it was impossible. The deacon felt that he had been betrayed with a kiss, wounded in the house of a friend. "Silas Hardstone," he said, as they parted, "your name ought to be Judas Iscariot."

So there was trouble in the church at Sparta, serious trouble. Some of the congregation sided with Silas, some with the deacon. The old teachers left the mission school when the new superintendent began his work there, and Silas' friends retaliated by ignoring the contribution-box, in church, whenever the deacon passed it. It was said that some even refused the sacrament, because the deacon was allowed to distribute the bread and wine. I trust that is an exaggeration, but certainly the feeling of bitterness made many of them most unworthy communicants. The church prayer-meetings suffered most of all. Sparta had always found them delightful, with a large attendance, a ready participation, and a devotional spirit which impressed every one. But now many staid away entirely, and those who came went home unprofitably. The spirit of strife cropped out so plainly in remarks and prayers and everywhere, that the Spirit of God was forgotten.

So matters stood all through the winter, and when the time for the May communion came around, it looked as if the church at Sparta was on the point of dissolution. The pastor had tried every means to bring about harmony between the rival factions, but it seemed as far away as at the beginning, and his heart was heavy. In his preparatory lecture before that communion service, it happened,—if happen is the right word to use in speaking of God's arrangements,—that he dwelt upon the scenes before the Last Supper, and especially upon the Saviour's rebuke of the disciples' strife. Among other things, he said, "Christ washed the feet of Judas! Did you ever think of that? He knew the dark purpose hidden in Judas' heart. He knew the bargain with the priests. He knew all the ingratitude and treachery of the man who had followed Him in close companionship through Galilee and Judea; yet, with all this knowledge, He stooped and silently washed the traitor's feet. Think of that, beloved, and see what it means for each one of you, if you are trying to imitate your Lord."

Late that night, as the deacon lay sleepless in bed, he turned to his wife and said, "Mary, what does it mean?"

"What does what mean?"

"That washing of Judas' feet."

"I think it means," she answered, quietly, "that you should apologize to Silas Hardstone."

"No it don't either," said the deacon, shortly, and turned away.

The deacon did not sleep well that night, nor enjoy his work the next day. A picture haunted him, and he could not banish it, however much he tried,—the picture of a person lying upon a couch beside a supper table, and another, girded with a towel, bending behind him washing his feet. The face of the first is visible, and the expression upon it is a horrible study

of blended surprise, uneasiness and hate; the face of the other is turned away, but a halo seems to surround it, and you know instinctively its expression is of heaven and not of earth. This picture followed the deacon everywhere, and seemed to grow plainer at every step. And the most awful thing about it was that the face of the reclining figure grew more and more like his own, while a voice kept sounding in his ears, "If I, then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet." The deacon was miserable.

That night, long after his wife thought he was asleep, he broke the silence with the question, "Mary?"

"Well."

"Do you suppose it would do any good if I went to Silas, and, you know, washed his feet?"

"It would do you good at any rate."

That was all that was said.

Sabbath morning came, and the deacon was unusually silent all through his preparations for church. At Sparta they have an old custom of meeting in the lecture-room an hour before the communion service for a prayer-meeting of the communicants. The minister reads an appropriate selection of Scripture, but makes few or no remarks, and the time is taken up with prayer. From this service one goes with peculiarly tender feelings to the communion.

This morning there were more persons than usual at this prayer-meeting; in fact, it seemed as if all the church was present. But when the pastor had ended his Scripture lesson there was utter silence. No one rose to offer prayer, for all felt that the church quarrel made the celebration of the Lord's Supper a mockery. Consciences were busy, and lips were closed. Suddenly the deacon rose, and, to the surprise of all, made his way across the room to where Squire Hardstone was sitting.

"Silas Hardstone," said he, and his voice trembled a little, "I cannot go to the Lord's table until I have said to you what is in my heart. All the church know that we have quarrelled, and why we did so. All the church know that I called you a Judas. Perhaps I had reason to say it, perhaps I hadn't; God knows. But I feel that I had no right to speak such words, and I ask your forgiveness for them. If you have wronged me, I ought not to pass judgment upon it; I need mercy from the Great Judge too much myself. If you have not wronged me, I have wronged you by thinking and saying so. I want to bury all the past to-day, if you will help me. I have acted wrong, and I can't ask God's forgiveness until I have asked yours."

I need not describe the scene that followed. Silas might be slow to forgive, but he could not resist such an appeal in such a place and hour. And the example of the two leaders was followed by the rest. A good Methodist brother met me the next day, and said, "I hear you had a love-feast up to your church, yesterday;" and I replied, "That was exactly what it was."

And the deacon, when he told me the whole story of his inward struggles, ended, "I set out that morning to wash the feet of Judas, but I'm sure they were the feet of Simon Peter, after all."

For The Golden Rule.

MAY DAY IN HISTORY.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

May, "the lusty May, that mother is of flowers," as Master William Dunbar, the Scottish poet, sang as long ago as 1492, has ever been a favorite month with poets and romancers. Indeed, from the earliest time, whether as the *Maivs* of the Romans, the *Pharmuthi* of the Egyptians, the *Iyar* of the Hebrews, the *Artemisius* of the Greeks or the *Tri-milei*, "three milkings," of the Anglo-Saxons (because the cows were then milked three times a day), the fifth month of the Gregorian calendar has been the season of festive and floral rites. With it are associated the Floralia of the ancient Latins, and the May Day celebrations of mediæval and modern times.

May Day has never had the significance with us that it possesses among our English cousins, but the name passes even here in America as the symbol of all that is delightful and exhilarating in the renewed life and vernal freshness of the opening year, although it is not until about May 20th, that the fresh and buxom beauty of spring becomes really tangible. Before that date, everything is but a harbinger of the glory that is to come. It is, however, the one spring month replete with quickening, springing life, the month of love and promise, of happiness and jollity.

"Merry is, in time of May,
When fowls singen her lay,
Floweres on apple-trees and perry
Small fowls sing merry,
Ladies strew her bowers
With red roses and lily flowers."

The ancient Floralia, from which the mediæval and modern custom of observing May 1st may be traced, was a Roman festival celebrated from April 28th to May 2d, in honor of Flora, the goddess of flowers. Despite his hard, stern character, the ancient Roman loved show and festivity, and was essentially prone to worship. The Floralia combined the features both of a national impulse toward joy and license, and of a religious celebration in honor of one of their principal divinities. Flora was the goddess of flowers and spring. She was worshipped in Rome from the very earliest times. Her temple stood near the Circus Maximus, and an image of the deity was usually found in the atrium of every Roman house, which was daily crowned with chaplets the year round. She was generally represented as a beautiful maiden clad in modest apparel, and crowned with a garland, holding in one hand a cornucopia filled with flowers.

Her festival was a national holiday. Processions of devotees crowded to her temple each day of the feast to offer sacrifices; the streets were carpeted with flowers, doors and door-posts were garlanded with amaranths and roses, and every worshipper wore a coronal of laurel and bay leaves. It was a season of license, not of rude sports like those of the Lupercalia, but of quiet, joyous freedom, consistent with the character of the gentle goddess, who, with Saturn, presided over the Ausonian land during the peaceful, happy days of the Golden Age.

The Druids also celebrated May Day by peculiar rites. On the evening preceding that day, they were accustomed to light large fires upon the summits of high hills. In the early morning while the dew was still on the grass, the young men and maidens went forth to gather flowers, which were carried as offerings to the temples. It was also customary to bind boughs and garlands upon houses and gates.

As far back as the time of the early Anglo-Saxon kings, it was the custom for all ranks of the people to rise at early dawn and go out "a-Maying" to welcome the advent of spring. In his romance of "Harold," Bulwer Lytton gives us a graphic picture of one of those old May Days:

"As the dawn came gray up the East, arch and blooming faces bowed down to bathe in the May dew. Patient oxen stood dozing by the hedgerows, all fragrant with blossoms, till the gay spoilers of the May came forth from the woods with lusty poles followed by girls with laps full of flowers, which they had caught asleep. The poles were pranked with nosegays, and a chaplet was hung round the horns of every ox. Then toward daybreak the processions streamed back into the city through all its gates; boys, with their May-gads (peeled willow wands twined with cowslips), going before, and clear through the lively din of the horns and flutes, and amidst the moving grove of branches, choral voices singing some early Saxon stave, precursor of the later song:

"We have brought the summer home."

"So, entering London about sunrise, doors and windows were duly wreathed with garlands, and every village in the suburbs had its May-pole, which stood in its place all the year. On that happy day labor rested; ceorl and theow had alike a holiday to dance and tumble round the May-pole, and thus on the first day of May, youth, and mirth, and music, 'brought the summer home.'"

"The next day you might still see where the buxom bands had been; you might track their way by fallen flowers, and green leaves, and the deep ruts made by oxen (yoked often in teams from twenty to forty, in the wains that carried home the poles), and fair and frequent throughout the land, from any eminence, you might behold the hamlet swarms still crowned with the May trees, and the air still seemed fragrant with their garlands."

The May-pole was once general throughout England. When fixed it often remained until nearly the end of the year, and there were some specially made of durable wood, which remained for many years, and were from time to time resorted to at other seasons of festivity. In the time of the Plantagenets, Morris dancing and the play of Robin Hood became connected with the olden sports of May Day. Often the king and his court went out to join in the festivity. Hall, in his chronicle, relates how, on one of these occasions, Henry VIII. rode a-Maying with Queen Catherine and many lords and ladies from Greenwich to the high ground of Shooter's Hill. One can imagine the scene, the dash through the by-ways and along the hedgerows, over the knolls and across the flowery meads; the welcoming forest shades, the flash of plume and jewel and velvet and cloth of gold; the wealth of floral

treasures, violets and daisies, anemones, daffodils, and all those flowerets rare that breathe an odor through the pages of Shakespeare's and Chaucer's and Milton's verse. Then there was the surprise and the archery parties dressed as Robin Hood and his outlaws, "all in coats of Lincoln green," rushed out from the greenwood, and invited the king and his queen to a repast, after which there was dancing and jollity without measure. One can almost see the flash of that courtly train returning homeward in the radiance of the setting sun, and hear the gay laughter that rang through the trees on the warm May night, perhaps the last happy day of poor Queen Catherine's life.

Queen Elizabeth used to keep "May games" at Greenwich in grand fashion, and May Day continued a great national holiday until the Puritans frowned upon its observance. Charles II. restored the day, but its celebration is largely confined to rural districts. The chimney-sweepers of London are more interested than any other class in the city in the observance of May sports. The commencement of summer deprives them in a considerable degree of their business occupation, and they therefore naturally seek to avail themselves of the customary liberality of festive meetings. The last May-pole erected in London was on the spot where the church in the Strand now stands, near Somerset House, and was one hundred feet high. It was taken down in 1718, and conveyed to Wansted Park in Essex, where it was fixed as part of the support of a large telescope set up by Sir Isaac Newton.

Our Serial.

OUR TOWN.

Dedicated to all Members of the Y. P. S. C. E.

BY MARGARET SIDNEY.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Such an exhibition for a girl to make of herself!" exclaimed Mrs. Buckminster, one morning. She had condescended to bring her crochet work into the sitting-room where Aunt Phebe sat sewing. And now in an easy chair she let her white hands play lazily in and out among the bright wools. Oftener, however, they were dropped, and folded in her lap.

Miss Macomber glanced up, but made no interrogation, being well acquainted with Niece Marianne's disjointed way of communicating her ideas.

"As to stand up with her fiancé, and only those four young girls to keep them company. It will look for all the world like proclaiming the wedding that is to be."

"I suppose you refer to their entering the church membership, Marianne?" observed Aunt Phebe, seeing that something appeared to be expected of her.

"What else could I refer to?" cried her niece in an injured tone of voice, and resting her tired hands in the usual way.

"I never knew that the Lord objected to His children who happen to be engaged to be married, being seen together in church any more than at an opera or the theatre," said Aunt Phebe, dryly, "and I guess you and I ought to be satisfied to let them manage their own affairs."

"But it is so indelicate," pursued Mrs. Buckminster, "to parade one's self in such a way before the public. It's quite different, Aunt Phebe, from an announcement party."

"Yes, quite," assented Miss Phebe, as dryly as before.

"Young Burr seems to be in a state of semi-publicity in these days, very disagreeable to a man of refined feeling," said Mrs. Buckminster, who took occasions since the betrothal, to send a venomous shaft in that direction as often as possible. "What with selling his house and all; that's the most absurd thing, quite quixotic." She put her head back, and gave a sarcastic laugh.

It always made Aunt Phebe nervous to hear this irritating sound, carrying as it did the penetrating and spiteful note, so now she laid down her work in her lap, looked her niece squarely in the face, and said, "Well, it is strange to me, Marianne, as much as you have travelled and met all sorts of people, that you are not more capable of appreciating goodness when you see it without forever throwing insinuations at it. For my part, I'm tired of hearing you." Then she took up her sewing, and marched out of the room.

"It may not have been a Christian way of telling

her that the visit might be supposed to be over, but even a worm will turn," she said to herself, in her own room, "and I shall fall from grace worse yet if they don't go pretty soon."

At luncheon, Nephew Richard declared pompously, "I am very sorry, Aunt Phebe, but I think we shall be obliged to leave you at the end of the week." Mrs. Buckminster played with her spoon nonchalantly, as if having no interest in the matter.

"I'm sorry," repeated her husband, "but my business requires me to run down to New York for a few weeks. It wouldn't be worth while to come back for the ladies, so they would better go with me now. Besides, the girls want a season there, we have such hosts of acquaintances in the best circle, so on all sides, it looks as if we ought to say 'good-bye.'"

"Perhaps some other time you can come again, Richard," said Aunt Phebe, bearing the impending separation quite calmly.

"Well, perhaps so," said her nephew, unwilling to promise that pleasure, "but we may go abroad again in the spring, and we never know any fixed plans after that."

The meal over, and everybody separated for the afternoon, a rap sounded on the door of the room that Mr. and Mrs. Buckminster occupied; a rap that made itself distinctly heard through the somewhat heated conversation of the occupants.

"Come in," cried Mrs. Buckminster, and Geraldine obeyed.

"For goodness' sake, Geraldine!" exclaimed her mother, "Why must you interrupt us now? Your matters, I should think, could wait."

"I thought I ought to tell you," said the girl, coming up to them, her fallow face growing paler yet, as was her wont when excited, "that I am not going when you leave Aunt Phebe's. I shall stay in Wareham."

"Geraldine!" cried her mother.

"Hoity-toity!" exclaimed Mr. Buckminster, with a show of authority. "That's a great way to talk to your father and mother!"

"You must know, Geraldine," said Mrs. Buckminster, with deliberate accent, "that your father's affairs are in a state demanding immediate decrease of expenses. But this can't be done till Lillian and you are well married. We won't sacrifice you, only there must be no nonsense indulged in. You understand as well as I do that there is nothing to be gained by a longer stay here, the only *parti* that either of you would look at is engaged to this country girl; however, he's so entangled in his business as to be small loss," she stopped to remark, taking what comfort she could out of the fact. "The Cranston invitation, that I hoped to secure, is out of the question. If I could once have got in there, the widow might just as easily have taken a fancy to one of my daughters as to Tom, Dick and Harry."

Geraldine heard her through in a preoccupied way, as if intent on framing the speech she had come to make. At last was her time.

"Mamma," she said, and her utterance was quite as distinct as the elder lady's, "I do not want to stay in Wareham on any invitation. I am tired of being taken around to find a market, and I know papa and you ought not to take care of me any longer. Now I am going to look out for myself."

She said this, lifting her slender neck high, till she towered well above her father's shoulder.

"If I may be permitted to ask," he said, cuttingly, when the first shock was over, and he could find his tongue, "what do you intend to do, Miss Buckminster?"

"I intend to teach a school of little children," said his daughter, wasting no words in disclosing a plan that both parents could see was well-laid. "I have found out that there is great need of one in Wareham, and I shall ask Aunt Phebe to let me board with her."

"Geraldine, are you mad?" almost screamed her mother, starting forward, "to thus throw away your chances of being well married, to sink down into a humdrum country teacher?"

"I don't consider my chances worth speaking of, mamma," said Geraldine, coolly, "in the matrimonial way. I shouldn't marry off easily, and you would only drag around with me, to everybody's discomfort. Better take Lil and go and see life, and enjoy yourselves. As for me, I stay here, and that's all there is to say about it." She waited composedly for them to speak.

"To think that your father and I should have brought you girls up, educated you, and given you all possible travelling advantages, to have you turn against us and set up your will in defiance to our authority," cried Mrs. Buckminster, passionately.

"I don't defy you, mamma, nor papa either," said Geraldine. "I only plan to do what I know is for the best, and when you come to think it over you will agree with me. You may possibly be able to support

one daughter as you would like to," turning to her father a little artfully, "but never two, in the style you would wish. Why not take Lil, and let me have my own way, and take care of myself?"

She had struck the right chord, and Mr. Buckminster, turning to his wife, said, "I'm not sure but it will be as well to indulge Geraldine in her whim, after all."

"But it's such a low taste," said Mrs. Buckminster, most scornfully.

"That's true enough; but we can't help it, now she's got it. Jerry's something like you, Marianne, when she will, she will; and when she won't, she won't; and there's an end on't," and he laughed, feeling, now that it appeared quite decided, very agreeably indeed, at the prospect of his shrunken income lasting through the year.

"I don't see how you can laugh," cried his wife. "It's perfectly terrible, and pays us well for coming to this outlandishly common place."

"Perhaps Aunt Phebe will take a fancy to Jerry," said Mr. Buckminster. "So, after all, it may not be so very bad. Hey, mother?" He was guilty of winking shrewdly as he glanced into the scornful face.

"You mustn't think that, papa," cried Geraldine, quickly; "don't let yourself be deluded to that extent. Aunt Phebe has too much sense to be taken in. And I'm capable of looking out for myself. What other use could I put my education and travelling advantages to, pray tell?"

"All right," said Mr. Buckminster, thinking it best to leave matters here, "you have my consent, and no doubt your mother will come around when she has time to consider it all. You'd better go now, Jerry," he said in a low voice.

Geraldine went out, closed the door, and sat down on the upper stair, and cried like a child.

"I'm glad of it," said Lillian, airily, commenting on the decision, to Emily. "I can't think now what life would be without Jerry, but I know it will be simply delicious. She's a monstrous idiot though, and I must confess I'm puzzled over her. She don't want any new clothes, she says, and she's sent to Boston for books on the Kindergarten method, and all sorts of systems of education,—oh, she's quite wild, I assure you."

"I am glad she is going to stay," said Emily, her brown eyes fixed full on the sparkling face.

"The best thing about you, Emily Saville," declared Lillian, suddenly, "is that you don't preach. Although you must be longing to say, 'You perfect quintessence of evil, aren't you a little remorseful now that you are to be separated from your only sister with whom you've fought regularly every day since you could remember?' yet you won't indulge in so much as a half a syllable. I'll come and dance at your wedding for it, Emmy, if you don't wait too long." And this was their parting.

And on the morrow, as suddenly as they had come, so departed three of the Buckminsters, Hortense, the dog, and the load of trunks.

Geraldine turned away from watching the carriage out of sight.

"I'm glad you are to stay, Geraldine," said Aunt Phebe.

"Thank you, aunt," How she longed to throw her arms around the kind neck, and thank her for what had been done for them, and for the privilege of staying. But Aunt Phebe hated a fuss, and would think this display of affection was all assumed.

And now life, with its grave responsibilities, seemed closing in upon Emily's youth. It was quite true, as Mrs. Buckminster had said, that Pennington had arrived at the conclusion that, crippled as he was by the defalcation of his superintendent, and the shut-down of the mill, he ought no longer to keep the mansion that, since the death of his father, was not needed as a home. Together, step by step, they had gone over the whole matter, Emily and he; and she fully agreed with him that a humbler home should be theirs when they married, so he had sold, very advantageously, the stone house with its furniture, reserving the pictures and plate.

"Pen dear," said Emily, when it was all over, and he gave the deed to the new owner, "now I am really very happy, for everything is as it should be. You will be free to carry out your improvements in the management of the mill, when the time comes to resume work, without shouldering heavy expenses."

"I wonder if ever a man was so blessed as I?" cried her lover. "Oh, Emily, if God only makes me worthy of you."

All Wareham was soon exercised over the novel course of this young man, who, parting with the handsome house to which it was expected he would have carried his bride, now chose to go into humble lodgings across the street from the mill-grounds, where he studied and planned and worked at the problem, "When can the business be started again?"

"There's property enough there," said one business-man to another who had carefully watched the situation. "No need for Burr to have taken this singular method to be economical."

"I don't know about that," said the better informed man. "He's smart enough to know that it will be years before he can get an intelligent knowledge of the business; that he must work up gradually into it; and I say he's shown a level head to begin down where his father did, and save money. That expensive house would breed other extravagances that now the young people won't take up. In ten years from now, if you and I are alive, we'll compare notes, Fiske. I predict for Burr and his wife the best success, because they've started right."

[To be continued.]

The Sunday School.

EDITED BY REV. SMITH BAKER.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

MAY 6, 1888.

BY REV. SMITH BAKER.

The Judgment.

GOLDEN TEXT.—“And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal.”—Matt. 25: 46.

Matt. (Revised Version) 25: 31—46.

But when the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the angels with him, then shall he sit on the throne of his glory: and before him shall be gathered all the nations: and he shall separate one from another, as the shepherd separateth the sheep from the goats: and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left. Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, and fed thee? or athirst, and gave thee drink? And when saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? And when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me. Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into the eternal fire which is prepared for the devil and his angels: for I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not. Then shall they also answer, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee? Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of these least, ye did it not unto me. And these shall go away into eternal punishment: but the righteous into eternal life.

This is not a parable but a prophecy, and like all prophecy has an indistinctness as to time, but a definiteness as to facts. It is still an open question among Bible students where this final judgment will be. That is, it is, so far as human knowledge is concerned, an open question, and open questions are not important questions because what God has not clearly revealed, that is not necessary to salvation, however interesting or profitable it may be. But nine-tenths of the divisions in the church have been concerning these unrevealed points, and upon them most of the sects have been founded, and over them more than one-half of the mental strength of the Christian world has been spent. All that is necessary to the salvation of the soul or the upbuilding of the church is so clearly revealed that practically all Christian denominations are agreed upon them. Concerning the fact of the final judgment and its nature there is no doubt or diversity of opinion among Bible students, and the fact and its nature are all that concern us.

1. There is to be a judgment, a final judgment, when all the past of a man's life will stand before him, when all men will be judged. Read Matt. 16: 27.

2. The Judge will be Christ. He will be a just judge, for He has experienced human nature. He is acquainted with the lives we live. He will be a merciful judge, for He loves us. He will be a righteous judge, for He is holy.

3. He will not be a poor, crucified Saviour, but in the full power of His triumphant glory.

4. He will come in great splendor, and the angels with Him. As angels came at His birth, and sang a song of praise, so angels will be at His judgment. Oh, how great is the unseen world, and how full also!

5. He will come with power, upon His throne as King.

6. Verse thirty-two. See Matt. 13: 49. It will be a universal judgment, all the people of all the nations. Humanity is one.

7. There will be a separation, an individual separation, each must stand or fall

for himself. All good men of all nations and ages are essentially alike, and all bad men of all nations and ages are essentially alike. That wherein good men differ is the transient, and that wherein bad men differ is the outside. Goodness is one the world over, though it may differ in its manifestations.

8. Christ as a judge will not lose His character as shepherd, the judgment will be one of duty and love. The judgment will be an act of love towards those who have chosen Christ, just as it is an act of love for the shepherd to separate his sheep from the goats. See Ezekiel 34: 17.

9. Verse thirty-three. The right hand, a place of preference, of honor, of commendation, and of protection. The left hand, a place of disgrace and rejection.

10. Verse thirty-four. See Rev. 17: 14; 19: 16; Isa. 6: 5. Christ here calls Himself a king. He foretells his own triumphant character. Think of a good man speaking of himself as the final judge and king of the world! How impossible to reject the doctrine of Christ's divinity! Brother, Redeemer, Advocate, Judge, King.

11. The final confirmation of saints, a full reception into all that is prepared for them.

12. They are called “blessed,” blessed in what they have done, blessed in what they are, blessed in what has been done for them, blessed in what they are to have.

13. “Blessed of my father.” All blessings come from God now and then. No man, however much he may seem to have, is blessed without the approbation of God.

14. They are heirs with Christ. Saints inherit, not receive pay, not earn; heaven is not wages but an inheritance.

15. A kingdom, which means more than pardon or joy, and includes possessions and power and honor, a joint fellowship with others.

16. It is a prepared kingdom. Christ said He went to prepare a place for His people. God is ready to give His people all they need. Prepared means suited to, adapted for. No saint will be out of place, for the place has been prepared for him; it will fit all his needs.

17. It has been prepared beforehand, from the foundation of the world. God's plan of salvation reaches from eternity to eternity. When He made man, He had a heaven prepared for him. Like a certain rich man who built a house for his child before he was born; yea, as every mother prepares for the coming child, so God prepared for a saved world when He made it. Some will see the doctrine of election in this. 1 Kings 2: 19; Ps. 14: 9; 1 Peter 3: 9; Rev. 21: 7; Luke 12: 32; Matt. 20: 23; Heb. 11: 16; Matt. 13: 35.

18. Verse thirty-five. Here Christ shows them the evidences that they are His children. Not the ground of their salvation but the proof of it. The ground of their salvation was their choice and love of Christ, but the evidence was their deeds to others.

19. We are to look more for the evidences of salvation than for an understanding of its doctrine. Not does a man believe all the truth, but does he live it? As a man may believe more than he lives, so one may live more than he believes.

20. Food and drink are the first needs of the body, so spiritual food and grace are the first needs of the soul. The Word of God and the grace of Christ are the first things we are to give a human soul.

21. The next thing is sympathy. “A stranger and ye took me in.” Humanity, after the Word and Spirit of God, needs sympathy.

22. Verse thirty-six. The lesson here is that of giving others protection, protection from the nakedness of their own natures, and protection from the persecution of others; these are needed for men's souls, and all these we are to give to our fellow-men.

23. Verse thirty-seven reveals the surprise of the righteous at the words of the Lord, (a) because good people are the

last to see their own faithfulness, and the more they do, the less it seems to them they have done, and (b) they did not comprehend Christ's meaning, that a deed done to our fellow-men, out of love to God, is recorded as done to God. No matter whether we are conscious of it or not, when the motive of our life is love to God, then our good deeds to our fellow-men are credited as done to God, even though we may not think of God at the time. This is how we are to do something directly for Christ, do it unto one of His children, as though that child were Christ. This is how we are to show our love for Him, and this makes it easy for all to do something for Him. This makes practical Christian work. This makes our love to God seen through our love to man. This lifts religion out of mere dreaming and speculation and ritualism into usefulness. This makes the world better. This is following the steps of Christ.

24. This is not confined to those who know about Christ, or have heard of Him, or of the gospel. Every soul anywhere who loves God and is seeking to please Him, according to the greatest light he has, will be judged according to his life of love to men actuated by love to God. In all nations, they who love God, and work righteousness, shall be saved through the merits of the Christ of whom they have not heard, as children are saved, and Christ will recognize them as among His sheep. That is why so many will be surprised; they will not have heard of the historic Christ, but will find themselves among His sheep, and will not understand how they have done anything to Christ until He explains to them, as He has to us, that anything done for our fellow-men from love to God is a deed done to God.

25. Next comes the sentence to those on the left hand, which includes (a) a curse, not a blessing. All the results of sin are evil, not good. (b) Banishment from God is the sum of all punishment. It means banishment from His promise, His protection, His mercy, His presence, His joy. (c) It does not read that they are cursed of God, but they brought the curse upon themselves. The sinner casts himself into hell. (d) This banishment will be everlasting, (e) not prepared for them but prepared for the devil and his angels. Every lost soul has a place prepared for him in heaven, but by sin he loses it and goes to his own place by his own choice with the evil spirits. (f) The fire does not mean literal flame but torment of soul. (g) There is a devil, and there are evil spirits. Why not?

26. The reason given is not something they had done, but what they had not done. They were lost because of neglect. Very likely many of them were clean, moral and religious souls, but they proved that they did not love God because they did not remember His children. It is of no use for us to profess to love our fellow-men and yet not love them. A stingy Christian is a contradiction. Nothing tests piety more than generosity.

27. They also were amazed, for very likely they had great religious zeal, but had failed to see that God's poor are His representatives here.

28. The final decision. The rewards of the righteous and the punishment of the wicked are alike eternal. If you limit one you must the other. It is eternal life or eternal punishment. There is no probation after death. The Bible does not teach it. All trying to find it is a half-consecrated speculation, not an earnest seeking after souls.

LIGHTS ON THE LESSON FROM MANY SOURCES.

[Selected by Mrs. F. E. Clark.]

In this setting forth of the judgment, the Saviour drops parabolic speech, and in a few sentences, each one of which is like the stroke of a master artist, sets before us a scene solemn, impressive, and ineffaceable. Here we see what was meant

by the commendation of the characters in the preceding parables, and by the punishments meted out to those who proved themselves to be unworthy. Above all, the bearing of the present life on the life to come is distinctly shown. It declares, with great power, that there is a day of account. The consciences of men tell them that, for what they do here, they will be held to give reckoning. The judgment day is unwritten in man's consciousness concerning the fitness of things. In the words before us, the Saviour speaks according to the testimony of man's own inner witness.—Pilgrim Teacher.

“When the Son of Man shall come in His glory” (v. 3). We cannot but be again struck with the calm confidence of Jesus in the final outcome of the events that were now hastening toward Him. Gethsemane was only two days away, Calvary only three. He knew of all the shame, and tears, and agony, yet calmly He talks of coming in glory. Surely this was not only Son of Man, but Son of God. The mind faints in the endeavor to form some idea of what that glory will be. Paul had a glimpse of it, and was blind for three days. John had his glimpse, and fell to the ground overpowered. What must the full blaze of that glory be? Yet to His saints it will bring, in that day, unmixed joy.—Standard Eclectic Commentary.

“Before Him shall be gathered all the nations” (v. 32). With their kings and rulers, of whatever name. What an assemblage! There will be present all the angels and all the nations. Whether the nations of the dead as well as of the living shall appear at this time is not said, neither is there any limit of resurrection. For Jesus seems to be giving only a broad outline of the judgment, without details—an outline true in either case. It seems, however, to be implied that these nations had had the gospel before this judgment, for they are presumed to know of Christ.—Baptist Teacher.

“He shall separate them one from another” (v. 32). The reason for their remaining together will then have passed away. While here the Saviour prayed for His disciples, not that they might be taken out of the world, and so removed from all possible contact with evil, but that they might, while remaining in it for its good, be kept from the evil one. For the sake of the tares, which thereby may be changed into wheat, it is permitted here that tares and wheat should grow together. But the time of separation is coming. It cannot always be that the wicked shall be permitted to impair the happiness of the good. The time must arrive when “they shall gather out of His kingdom all things that cause stumbling, and them that do iniquity.” When there is unchangeable fixity of character, and the permission is given for him that is unrighteous to do unrighteousness yet more, and for him that is filthy to be filthy yet more, the beneficence of the present intermingling will have ceased.—Pilgrim Teacher.

“Come, ye blessed of my Father” (v. 34). The separation has already been made. He does not say, come to be blessed. Long before this hour, those on the “right” had accepted God's blessing. They who are not ready before the judgment cannot get ready during the judgment. When Christ comes it is not to save, but to separate. He is then not a Saviour, but a Judge.—Baptist Teacher.

“The kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world” (v. 34). There is wonderful comfort and inspiration in the assurance that God regards us as worthy of His thought and planning from the very beginning; that it was not demons, nor chance, but the wise and loving God, who planned our lives, and He will carry them on to complete fruition.—Peloubet.

“I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat” etc. (v. 35). Respecting these verses observe (1) in Chrysostom's language, “How

easy are these injunctions. He said not, I was in prison, and ye set me free; I was sick, and ye raised me up again; but, ye visited me and ye came unto me." (2) No reference is made to spiritual help. The case is one in which the less includes the greater, as the promise of reward to one who gives a cup of cold water, includes a promise for all larger service. Even the lowest forms of philanthropy, if they are the offspring of true love, have their reward. (3) A real personal service is indicated, one involving some sacrifice of time and property. (4) He that does these things has the spirit, and follows the example, of Christ.—Abbott.

Who would not delight to give food to Christ if He were here upon earth? With what alacrity we would provide it! How eagerly we would watch Him partake of it! Have we not envied the Bethany sisters a hundred times? Well, brother, sister, Christ is hungry all around you. The pinched face of Christ is calling for food in the roads and lanes and alleys. Are you giving Him meat?

"Ye did it unto me" (v. 40). The most amazing words from a religious teacher, to which human ears had listened up to that time. I would like to have heard them come from His lips, to have seen the awe and wonder that overspread the faces of those who heard them. How the arrogance and exclusiveness of the Pharisees is belittled by the side of such teaching as this! The sky of religious thought lifted and the horizon receded, and men found themselves standing in the illimitable temple of God's thought and love and mercy.—Standard Eclectic Commentary.

"I was an hungred and ye gave me no meat" (v. 42). They were culpably destitute of faith in Christ, and hence of that love which is the fruit of faith. No wonder that they did not discover Christ in His little ones around them, and love them. The implicit and essential Christ, revealed to them and to all in the spirit of the letter, if not in the letter of the Spirit, was rejected by them, or neglected. Even in the presence of the historical Christ, they could so shut their eyes as to take no note of Him in the conduct and character of His representatives.—Morrison, in Vincent's Commentary.

"For I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meat," etc. It is a striking thing that He makes mention only of sins of omission. He says nothing of positive transgressions, acts of cruelty, etc. It is condemnation enough that one has omitted to do the deeds of mercy which he should have done. It is not enough for one to say, "I have wronged no man." To live among men without showing sympathy for them in affliction and giving them help in distress, is itself a fearful wrong. It is indicative of a lack of love both to God and to man.—Pilgrim Teacher.

"When saw ye thee an hungred?" (v. 44). That "Lord, when?" which is echoed alike from the right hand and the left, is profoundly significant. The righteous will be surprised beyond measure as the Lord shall unroll before them the panorama of their lives, and sum up before them the results of their life work. They shall see how a few loaves and fishes fed a mighty multitude; how a seed which they dropped, and passed on and left, developed into a great harvest. And many an humble saint that died lamenting that his life was an ignominious failure, shall discover on the other side that the Lord only veiled for a time his successes from his eyes that He might enhance the joy of his surprise in heaven. And the ungodly, especially those who have refrained from the commission of outbreking sins, will be astonished to discover how essentially hideous were many things that they did not account to be sins at all, and especially that in the presence of such solemnities as encompassed them on earth, and under the pressure of motives so tender and terrible, the simple failure to do was the blackest ingratitude toward the best of benefac-

tors, and the basest treason against their only rightful Sovereign.—Baptist Teacher.

"Ye did it not to me" (v. 45). Oh, precious opportunity forever gone! Why did we not know that the poverty-stricken widow, the helpless orphan, the suffering victim of disease, the poor unfortunate who claimed our sympathy and aid, was Christ in disguise? Ah, if Christ had been in us, we would have seen Christ in them; or, if our vision was not clear enough for this, would have blessed them because He had blessed us. And so they stand self-convicted and speechless before the great Judge.—Standard Eclectic Commentary.

PRIMARY EXERCISE.

BY FANNIE H. GALLAGHER.

"And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal." This is our golden text; we will learn it first.

Three lessons fell from Jesus' lips as He sat, with the twelve about Him, on the green slope of the Mount of Olives. One on watching,—tell me the two stories He told them, and the text. One on waiting,—tell me the story of the ten virgins who waited for their lord, and the text. One on working,—tell me of the three servants to whom their lord gave His money, and the text.

They were to watch, to wait, to work for Him, their Lord and Master, until He should come for them; but He knew that, in the hard days before them, often their hearts would grow weary and discouraged, and it might seem to them, as it often does to us, of no use to watch and wait and work. So He took them, in their thoughts, away from earth, and showed them what was surely to happen, by and by, when He, the Son of Man, should come in His glory.

Do you not think that thought would cheer them, even now? I think it would,—that Andrew and Philip and the rest would forget all their cares and fears about Jesus, looking far away to the time when He should come in all His glory. And now I am going to read from the Bible the words He spoke. It is written in Matthew, the 25th chapter, beginning at the 31st verse. Who has a Bible or Testament at home? When you go home to-day, please take down the Book and try to find this place. If you cannot read it yourself, ask your mother or father to read it to you. Now we will listen to the first ten verses of the lesson.

Jesus has never before called Himself their King, now He speaks the word plainly, letting them know who He really was.

I have read somewhere that a shepherd, having a flock of sheep and goats, when they crowded about him at night, simply touched the sheep with his crook on the right shoulder, and they went to his right side; touching the goats on their left shoulder, they turned to his left side. So shall our King divide all nations, not of living people, but of all the people who have ever lived on the earth, "as the shepherd separateth the sheep from the goats."

Try and think, children, how it will be, for you and I are to be there, our parents and friends,—all will meet around the throne of the King, Jesus Christ.

"Come, ye blessed," He will say, "come, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

Perhaps all the nations will stand wondering why they, there on the right, are called "blessed," and the King shall answer in these beautiful words, which I will read again, in the 35th and 36th verses.

But now the blessed ones themselves begin to wonder, and say, "When did we do these things for Thee?" And the King will reply to them, "When ye did them unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did them unto me."

Did you think, Mary, when you com-

forted your sister over her broken doll, that you were doing that kindness to Jesus? Did you know that, when you took the baby out of mother's tired arms, you were doing it for Jesus? Did you think, John, that when you left your play willingly, and went for the doctor for poor Mrs. Jones, you were doing it for Jesus? Yes, you were, if you did it gladly, willingly. He says so Himself: "If ye have done it unto one of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." But can Mary's little sister, and her mother, and poor Mrs. Jones be called the Lord's brethren? Yes, each living creature on this earth is His brother or sister or child. He has gone above, but they are still here. If you or I want to show our love to Jesus, we can show it to His children.

But not all of the vast multitude of people about the throne will be called "blessed." Some will hear the dreadful words: "Depart from me. I never knew you." Why? Let us read again from God's Word in the 25th chapter of Matthew, from the 42d to the 46th verse.

What was their sin? Simply not doing. The five foolish virgins belonged to that company; the foolish servant who hid his lord's money and the man who would not put on the wedding garment,—all in this whole world who did nothing to help the brothers, sisters and children of the Lord Jesus, and so did nothing for Him. Hear His words: I was hungry, thirsty, a stranger, naked, sick, in prison, and ye did nothing for me. For if ye did nothing for these my brethren, ye did nothing for me.

Did you know that, this morning, Gracie, when you laughed at one of your schoolmates for wearing shabby clothes, you laughed at Jesus? Did you know that, Joe, when you kept back the penny your mother gave you for the missionary box, and spent it on candy, that penny belonged to Jesus? It would have helped teach one of His little ones about Him.

And what will the end of it all be? We have Jesus' words: "These shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal."

What does "everlasting punishment" mean, children? We do not know. We did not know what "outer darkness" meant, nor can we understand these dreadful words. But we know that, when Jesus, the King of "all nations," says, "Depart from me!" the soul without Christ is, like the Temple without God, hopeless.

"But the righteous into life eternal." What does that mean, children? We do not know, but Andrew and Philip know, James, John and Peter know, and we, if, with Christ's help, we try to live as He did, loving those whom He loves, wherever we may find them, we, too, shall know, some day, what "eternal life" means.

THE FIGHT FOR PURE FOOD.

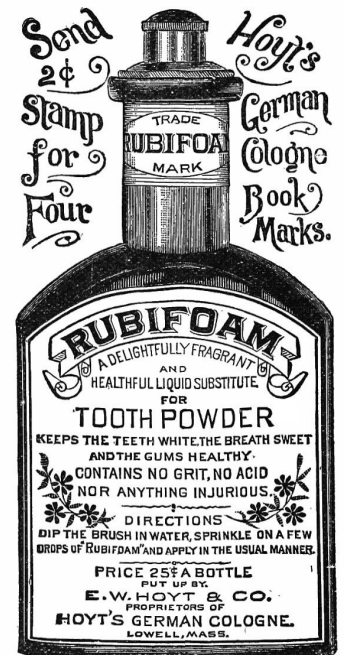
The aggressive war waged by the Royal Baking Powder Company upon the hosts of adulterated and impure baking powders sold throughout the country is having a desirable effect. The bitter attacks upon the Royal Company by the manufacturers of the impure goods (which are made, doubtless, both from a spirit of revenge, and in the hope of breaking the effect of the damaging exposures), with the official confirmation of the charges which, in turn, have come from various State authorities fully corroborating the statements originally made by the Royal Company, have awakened a wholesome public sentiment in favor of repressive laws, which means mischief to the illegitimate traffic. The public has probably been as much amused by these intemperate and ridiculous attacks upon the Royal, as that Company has been, doubtless, proud to receive them.

The Royal Baking Powder Company set out some time ago to expose the character and to break up the sale of adulterated baking powders. Having found from an examination of many specimens, that there was a large number of actually injurious powders in the market, they brought the matter before the public, and denounced the makers by name in the press and to the health authorities. The affair was taken up by physicians, Boards of Health and Legislatures throughout the country, chemists were employed

to test the various powders in the market, and the Government itself directed analyses to be made before it would purchase the supplies needed for army, navy and Indian uses.

The result justified the charges made by the Royal Company. Not only were the majority of baking powders in the market found to be largely adulterated, but many of them were ascertained to contain alum and other poisonous ingredients to such an extent as to render them positively unsafe for use in human food. As a result many of these injurious mixtures were driven out of the market, and the sale of all seriously interfered with. No occurrence of recent date has been so far reaching as this in its beneficial influence upon the public health, and the boldness of the Royal Baking Powder Company in the inauguration of such a warfare, and their energy in carrying it forward with such important results, were universally commented upon and appreciated. In making the charges they did not hesitate to enter into competition with every other baking powder in the country, and it is a public satisfaction that in the official tests by the Government and State chemists, and by Boards of Health, the Royal Baking Powder has been declared to be the superior of all others in strength, purity and wholesomeness, and absolutely pure and free from all inferior substances.

From recent official reports it is evident that the alum and otherwise impure goods have again come upon the market in dangerous quantities, and their old enemy, the Royal, is again upon the war-path. In continuing its warfare against these goods the Royal is meeting with the old-time opposition and abuse. The public, however, will appreciate, as heretofore, both the object of the "alum men" and the action of the Royal Company, and award full justice to the Company that so fearlessly stands up for its protection from such adventurers.



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MATTHEW ARNOLD AS A POET OF THE YOUNG.

BY E. D. H.

Poets and moralists have so long dwelt on the halcyon period of youth and its undimmed splendors, that young people who are actually living in the Golden Age are left in doubt whether, in "the long ago," youth was really an unclouded summer day, or whether these good people are approaching their dotage, and have forgotten the time when they too were young. And when a young man meets, either in the busy world of men, or the sacred world of books, another man who has come up through the tribulation of a youth, stormy and passionate, and has not forgotten the time when all life was a vast mystery, for which he must immediately furnish a universal solution, then, indeed, is there great rejoicing, and the younger man may know that he has found a rare soul.

Such a man was Thomas Carlyle; hence the wonderful power over the young of that wonderful book, "Sartor Resartus;" such a man was Matthew Arnold, for whom young people are sorrowing as for a sympathetic friend.

To superficial students of character and books, it will seem almost absurd that Mr. Arnold could appeal to young people. He, the much-criticized critic, the cold cynic with outré views of theology, education, culture and what not; he, touch the minds and souls of young people! Ridiculous, indeed! So they reason, and so let them reason. But many and many a young person knows that, as a poet, Matthew Arnold has been to him a power both startling and inspiring. He never forgot his youth, the time when the impulses were strong, and the purpose unsettled, when all things were possible and all things were attempted, when with the large contempt of unwearied powers, the soul cries out:

"Calm's not life's crown, though calm is well.
'Tis all, perhaps, which man requires,
But 'tis not what our youth desires."

Below all the seeming of the man, unstayed by the dust of years, flowed ever the stream of his "buried life," welling up in freshness and beauty, not only revealing the writer, but also revealing ourselves, and as we read:

"There rises an unspeakable desire
After the knowledge of our buried life;
A thirst to spend our free and restless force
In tracking out our true, original course."

GIBRALTAR, THE ROCK.

Dr. Henry M. Field, in a recent issue of *Scribner's Magazine*, gives an interesting account of the mighty Gibraltar. While in the town he saw much of the military life, and was so fortunate as to witness a brilliant exhibition of the soldiers. He says:

"Never was a place more strongly fortified, or more bravely defended. Since the Great Siege it has been deemed impregnable, and the most daring foes have kept aloof; but it is always in a state of preparation. Everything goes by military rule; the gates are opened at sunrise and closed at sunset, after which no one, except by special order, can pass out or in. Within these walls are kept, at all times, five or six thousand men, chiefly regiments brought home from foreign service, that are stationed here for a time, not merely to perform garrison duty, but as a place of rest to recover strength for fresh campaigns, and from which they can be ordered to any part of the Mediterranean or India. While here they are kept under constant drill, for which they have for their parades the only level piece of ground in Gibraltar, the Alameda, which is large enough for a regiment to go through its evolutions. I had an opportunity to see the splendid bearing of these trained soldiers on the occasion of presenting colors to the South Staffordshire regiment, one of the oldest regiments in the British army, formed in the reign of Queen Anne, when the great Marlborough led her troops to foreign wars. Of the one hundred and eighty-four years of its existence, it had spent one hundred and thirty-four (all but fifty) in foreign service, in which it had fought in thirty-eight battles. Its last service was in the Sudan, where it had left the bones of many

to whiten the desert. Its commanding officer was killed at Abu Klea. Now its old battle-flags which had floated on so many fields, worn by time, and torn by shot and shell, were to be surrendered to be taken back to England and hung in the oldest church in Staffordshire, as the proud memorial of its glory, while it was to receive new ones to be carried in future wars. The scene was a brilliant one. The regiment, a thousand strong, was drawn up in line, its burnished arms glistening as if those who bore them had never been in the heat of battle. In front of the line were the officers mounted. As the governor, with Gen. Walker at his side, an old officer whose breast was covered with decorations, rode on the ground, the band struck up 'God Save the Queen,' and immediately the regiment began a series of evolutions, in which the soldiers moved with firm and even tread, as if they had but one body and one soul, at the close of which they formed a hollow square, and the regimental choir sang with mighty voices, and the bishop of Gibraltar read a prayer, in which he implored the blessing of Almighty God upon the arms of England. Then came the supreme moment. Drums had been piled together to make a kind of altar, and here the two youngest officers of the regiment, kneeling on one knee, received from the hands of the governor the colors, which they were to bear without stain. Remounting his horse, the governor addressed the regiment in stirring words, to which the commanding officer replied, that in any future conflicts, as in the past, these soldiers of England 'would do or die' for the honor of their sovereign and their country; after which, the governor and his staff galloped off the ground, and the band striking up one of the national airs, the regiment marched proudly away."

AN UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENT.

Logic is strong, but the appearance of logic is often stronger, and although a little learning is sometimes a dangerous thing, it is nearly always a useful thing.

"Way down South" lived an old colored couple, man and woman, between whom the talents were about equally divided. She had the stronger mind, but he had the more learning; she possessed physical force, but he was powerful in moral suasion. When, at times, her physical force overpowered him, and there was danger that she would become the head of the family, he used to produce his spectacles and Bible, and read to her from the 12th chapter of the Revelation, beginning: "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet." With labored distinctness he would pronounce the words, "An' dere 'peared a great wonder in heben, a woman!" Here he would stop, close his book, remove his spectacles, and gaze sternly at his quieted and subdued wife, on whom the fearful words never failed to produce the desired effect.

CHINESE MARRIAGE SUPERSTITIONS.

Now all the girls who are to be married this spring—oh, you needn't look so confused! we have been prepared for the event all winter—all the bride-expectants should read this list of odd notions. For the Japanese craze has subsided, and before we know it, we shall be borrowing our customs and costumes from the pig-tailed brethren:

"A girl who is partaking of the last meal she is to eat in her father's house previous to her marriage, sits at the table with her parents and brothers; but she must eat no more than half the bowl of rice set before her, else her departure will be followed by continual scarcity in the domicile she is leaving.

"If a bride breaks the heel of her shoe in going from her father's to her husband's house, it is ominous of unhappiness in her new relations.

"A piece of bacon and a parcel of sugar are hung on the back of a bride's sedan-chair as a sop to the demons who might molest her while on her journey. The 'Three Baneful Ones' are fond of salts and spices, and the 'White Tiger' likes sweets.

"A bride may be brought home while a coffin is in her husband's house, but not within one hundred days after a coffin is carried out. Domestic troubles are sure to come upon one who is married within a hundred days after a funeral.

"A bride, while putting on her wedding garments, stands in a round, shallow basket. This conduces to her leading a placid, well-rounded life in her future home.

After her departure from her father's door, her mother puts the basket over the mouth of the oven, to stop the mouths of all who would make adverse comment on her daughter, and then sits down before the kitchen range that her peace and leisure may be duplicated in her daughter's life.

"A bride must not, for four months after her marriage, enter any house in which there has recently been a death or a birth, for if she does so there will surely be a quarrel between her and the groom. If a young mother goes to see a bride, the visitor is looked upon as the cause of any calamity that may follow."

DESERTED HOMES.

I'd rather see an empty bough—

A dreary, weary bough that hung
As boughs will hang within whose arms
No mated birds have ever sung;
Far rather than to see and touch
The sadness of an empty nest
Where joy has been, but is not now;
Where love has been, but is not blest.
There is no sadness in the world,
No other like it here or there—
The sadness of deserted homes
In nests, or hearts, or anywhere.

—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Reviews.

MASTER OF HIS FATE. By Amelia E. Barr. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. For sale by Damrell & Upham, Boston. Price, \$1. Under this rather sensational title, the author of "Jan Veder's Wife," and "A Border Shepherdess," has again given to the public one of her strongly psychological novels, that is psychological in the sense of dealing with the growth of a soul and the development of a character. The story has the calm and even flow of all her other works, the interest at no time becomes strained nor unnatural, the incidents are such as might happen at any time, the characters are those we often meet in life as well as in books; but there is, nevertheless, a great charm to the book, which holds us even after we have closed its pages, and which impresses on us many needed lessons. The book is called, "A Tale of the West Riding," and deals with the lives of inhabitants of the manufacturing districts of England. Amos Braithwaite and his son Joe are two obstinate and strong men, who cannot agree concerning the future of the younger man, and at last Joe, in a fit of anger, leaves his father's house, and goes forth to manage his life according to his own ideas. His aunt, sturdy Martha Thrale, one of the best of Miss Barr's characters, goes with him, and they thus leave the old man to his solitary splendor. Joe, like most young men, finds that his own resources are rather less than he has thought them to be, but he manages to keep up appearances, and to, at least, play at the study of law until he marries a rich and beautiful young woman. Here, where most stories end, Miss Barr has the unusual sense to begin hers, and the interest from this point deepens. The last half of the book is much stronger than the first, and the gradual changes in Amos Braithwaite, Joe and his wife, are remarkably well managed. The humor of the writer is shown in the way in which she details the obstinacy of Amos, his son, and his sister-in-law, and Mrs. Joe's method of cajoling all three into amicable relations. The concessions of the old man are mightily amusing. The story is not without its moral lessons, and no one can read the book without taking courage to do and be better and truer. The motto displayed on the cover is significant: "Fate was not mine, nor am I his; souls know no conquerors."

A PAPER CITY. By D. R. Locke (Petroleum V. Nasby). Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, \$1; paper, 50 cents. Mr. Locke's fame is so identified with his political satires, that most readers are surprised when, for the first time, they read this novel, so utterly devoid of the farcical humor and satiric wit of the "postmaster of Confedrit X Roads." All his keenness of insight and clever arrangement of details are present in this story, but in so modified and subdued a degree as to show the author not only a master of the art of fiction, but a realist of the realists. The scene of the novel is in one of the Illinois towns of phenomenally rapid growth, and the characters are divided into swindlers and swindled. There are two love affairs, one wedding, and an embezzlement; so that the plot is nothing remarkable. But the descriptions of the townspeople, of their every-day life, of their change of

habits, as the town grows richer, of their social distinctions and caste feeling, of their petty wars and bloodless battles, are so capably managed that one is inclined to believe that here is, at least, a near approach to the long-looked-for "American novel." The principal swindler is especially well drawn, and one knows not whether to despise or pity him the more; while his wife is a masterpiece of character study, and so natural that every one has at least one cousin like her. The younger people are not quite so well managed, and the heroine-in-chief is rather sketchy; but James Gardiner is a typical young man of the ordinary, underbred class. On the whole, we should recommend this novel as a text-book to any one wishing to study provincial American life.

ISIDRA. By Willis Steele. Boston: Ticknor & Company. Price, \$1.25. One of the excessively poor novels occasionally issued by the Ticknor house, which causes one to wonder if the manuscript reader is suffering from brain fever or an attack of softening of the brain. Only in technical work is the story worthy the firm which sends it forth in the world, where, we fear, a cold reception awaits it. The scene is laid in Mexico, and the plot is evidently intended to be exciting, and succeeds in being miserably dreary. The characters are unnatural in the extreme, and the incident, already worn threadbare by hard usage, of a patriotic girl, who, after the death of all her relatives, devotes herself to the salvation of her country, adopts the costume of a man, organizes a band of banditti, leads them to all sorts of carnage, appears and disappears in most mysterious fashion, is finally captured after killing her lover, and dies in a way unexcelled by the martyrs—this incident, so natural and thrilling, is employed with the usual force. Even if such a thing ever happened, there is no excuse for its garish and revolting introduction in modern tales. We can only hope that the writer may live long enough to learn and correct the error of his ways.

LIFE OF AMOS A. LAWRENCE, by his son, Prof. William Lawrence, of the Episcopal Divinity School, Cambridge, is a superlatively interesting and inspiring book. It is exceedingly well written. The style is clear and the sentences are terse and strong. The selection of material is judicious, and the author has evidently more material than he needs to use. After a characteristic is defined and exhibited, the narrative moves quietly and vigorously on. The volume contains a perfect picture of a chivalrous, generous, public-spirited merchant prince of Boston. What a little world of prophecy was contained in that sentence written in his senior year at Cambridge, when he affirms "My present design is to be a merchant"! This he was, beside a friend of the church of Harvard College, and of the Free Soil Movement in and about Lawrence, Kan. There is not a dull line in the biography. The interest cannot flag. The absence of all ostentation, ensured by the well-known modesty and strong good sense of the accomplished author, adds to the charm of the charming volume. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston.

DIVINE HEALING: OR THE ATONEMENT FOR SIN AND SICKNESS. By Capt. R. Kelso Carter. New edition, rewritten and enlarged. New York: John B. Alden. Price 50 cents. Capt. Carter is widely known as one of the most eminent expounders of the doctrine popularly called the "faith cure," and will be remembered by his controversy on the subject with Dr. Buckley in the *Century* a few years ago. This present discussion of the matter contains all the strong and most of the weak points of the belief, and no one can read the book without being convinced of the honesty of the writer. Accordingly, it is a good work to be read by people who are desirous of learning the theories and practices of the people who hold that the Atonement relieves from sickness as well as from sin. Believers in the subject will be rejoiced with the book, and all will be interested; but we think that there is no danger of any one's being converted to the belief unless he already has a tendency in that direction.

THE CRIME AGAINST IRELAND. By J. Ellen Foster. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price, 60 cents. Under this title are collected letters written by Mrs. Foster to the *Boston Journal* during a recent visit in Ireland. Mrs. Foster is a convert to the views which she expresses, and went abroad with strong prejudices against the Irish; but she studied the Irish problems on their native soil, watched the workings of the Coercion Act, and at last arrived at full sympathy with the leaders of the Irish party in the English Parliament. The book is strongly written, and will give any reader many new ideas on this most important question.

ALDEN'S HOME ATLAS OF THE WORLD. New York: John B. Alden. This atlas will be appreciated by every one who sees it. In the front are the general index and the index of principal cities, rivers, mountains, etc., with their country, latitude and longitude, so that one does not have to hunt all over a map to find a place, but can locate it almost immediately. Following the index are 112 pages of maps, clearly and plainly printed, with plans of the principal cities. The atlas is one of the best yet published, and should find a place in every home.

THE MORALS OF ABOU BEN ADHEM. Edited by D. R. Locke (Petroleum V. Nasby). Boston: Lee and Shepard. Price in cloth, \$1; in paper, 50 cents. These sage utterances are so well known as to need little comment. They are written in the sarcastic and absurd style of which the writer was so thorough a master, and reveal, in addition to an uncommon amount of common sense, a remarkable insight into the affairs of every-day life. They are to be especially recommended to the consideration of young men.

TYPES AND METAPHORS OF THE BIBLE. By J. W. Monser. St. Louis: John Burns Book Company. A carefully prepared and scholarly treatment of a most interesting subject. The author examines the nature and purpose of types and the use of metaphors, and treats individually many of the most striking examples of both. The book is one which is excellent for study, and Bible scholars will find in its pages much interesting and valuable matter.

BOTH SIDES. By Jessie W. Smith. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers. For sale by the Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society, Boston. Price, 50 cents. A pretty story for Sunday school reading, which, although short and slightly written, yet has a charm, and teaches a valuable lesson.

Literary Notes.

The *Cosmopolitan* for April atones for its late arrival by its interesting contents. Seldom are more uniformly entertaining and well written articles grouped together, even in this bright periodical. The first paper is on the revival of Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," by George Edgar Montgomery. The most readable articles are by Max O'Rell, on "Home Life in France," in which he strenuously contradicts many current opinions concerning the French people; by Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie, giving pleasant personal memories of Louisa May Alcott, which will appeal strongly to all lovers of the author of "Little Women;" and by Moncure D. Conway, on reminiscences of Kaiser Wilhelm. The last paper is of especial interest, as Mr. Conway was in company with the late emperor during a part of the Franco-Prussian war, and was present with him on the field of Gravelotte. The illustrations to this article are a portrait of the Kaiser, a drawing of the Battle of Gravelotte, made on the field, and a most amusing war map, showing the chief characteristics of the nations of Europe. In this magazine occurs, also, the second instalment of E. P. Roe's new Southern story, "Miss Lou." Published by The *Cosmopolitan* Magazine Company, New York.

The *Magazine of Art*, published by Cassell & Co., New York, devotes the first pages of the May number to an account of Jean Baptiste Camille Corot, by David Croal Thomson, illustrated by some exquisite engravings. Wm. Powell Frith, R. A., gives an account of two "Crazes in Art," pre-Raphaelitism and impressionism. Mortimer Menpes gives "A Personal View of Japanese Art." Other articles are interesting; and it is almost needless to say that the illustrations are gems of their kind. The frontispiece is a fine etching from a painting by F. Grutzner.

One of Ticknor & Co.'s latest publications is "An Uncloseted Skeleton." By Lucretia P. Hale and Edwin Lassetter Bynner. 1 vol. 32mo. Uniform with "Penelope's Suitors." Price 50 cents. A charming little tale, a capital companion to its popular predecessor.

D. Lothrop Company announce for early publication "Woman in the Pulpit," by Frances E. Willard, president of the W. C. T. U.

AN IMPERATIVE NECESSITY.

What pure air is to an unhealthy locality, what spring cleaning is to the neat housekeeper, so is Hood's Sarsaparilla to everybody, at this season. The body needs to be thoroughly renovated, the blood purified and vitalized, the germs of disease destroyed. Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and all other blood disorders, are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the most popular and successful spring medicine.

MASSACHUSETTS' VERDICT.

The Outspoken Views of Well-Known People.

Truth alone cannot be doubted. Herewith are published some interesting truths spoken by your neighbors and personal friends. You know their good characters and that they would not willingly be parties to fraud. Living in your own community some of them are accessible. If there exists any lingering doubt in your mind, ask them personally what "Warner's Safe Cure," the giant of medicines, has done for them. Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co. offer \$5,000 for proof that, so far as they know, the testimonials published by them are not strict truths. The following are samples of testimonials daily received from this section of the State:

HAVERHILL, MASS. (Attorney at Law), Oct. 25, 1887.—I can endorse "Warner's Safe Cure" as being a valuable remedy for Kidney and Liver diseases. I have taken it with beneficial results.

Benjamin F. Bickett

SOMERVILLE, MASS., Dec. 20, 1887.—I have used "Warner's Safe Cure" since last summer, and it has put me in shape to work once more, which I was not able to do. I got the Malaria in Central America two years ago, and have suffered from it since, using calomel, quinine, etc., by the wholesale. "Warner's Safe Cure" cured me.

John E. Hill

GARFIELD AVENUE, CRESCENT BEACH, REVERE, MASS., Nov. 30, 1887.—My mother has been using "Warner's Safe Cure" and "Warner's Safe Rheumatic Cure" alternately for Rheumatism with beneficial results.

Louisa Berry

HAVERHILL, MASS., No. 1 Spring Place, Oct. 24, 1887.—In 1881 I took "Warner's Safe Cure," and was wonderfully benefited thereby. I firmly believe it saved my life. It cured me, and I have been well ever since, although I haven't given up its use. I take it whenever any little thing is the matter with me.

Mrs. Mary E. Doolittle

ROSLINDALE, MASS. (Pastor Baptist Church), Jan. 9, 1888.—It gives me pleasure to add my testimony to the value of "Warner's Safe Cure." Some years ago I gave it a faithful trial, using six or eight bottles. I received radical benefit.

J. A. G. G. G.

ANNISQUAM, MASS., Dec. 3, 1887.—We have used "Warner's Safe Cure" in our family for years, and are never without it. Mother thinks that whatever ails us can be cured by "Warner's Safe Cure."

Martin Edward D. Higgins



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Editorial.

DOCTRINAL PREACHING.

It is often proclaimed in these days that doctrinal preaching is a thing of the past. Sometimes this is said in accents of congratulation, at other times with a sigh of condolence. The truth or falsity of this frequently-repeated statement depends upon what is meant by doctrinal preaching. If by this phrase is meant such dreary disquisitions as the schoolmen frequently indulged in or the metaphysical discussions which were more in vogue a century ago than they are to-day, discussions in which the theoretical side of the question was wholly dwelt upon, and its bearings upon every-day life ignored, if this was doctrinal preaching, let us thank God that doctrinal preaching has had its day and been discarded. But if by doctrinal preaching is meant the thorough discussion and practical enforcement of theology, the science of God, then we do not believe that doctrinal preaching is waning or ever will wane while there is a Christian pulpit or a Christian preacher in the land. There was never a sermon made worth listening to that was not in this sense a doctrinal sermon. When we consider the points of contact between the science of God and the every-day life of man, we see what a wonderfully many-sided science theology is. It shows the day-laborer how to work in the fields. It shows the philosopher how to work in his study. It teaches the child how to obey its parents. It teaches the aged disciple how to fall asleep in the arms of Jesus. It tells a man how to conduct himself behind the counter of his store. It teaches him how to conduct himself before the

judgment bar of God. Yet all these truths are the enforcement of some one of the *doctrines* of the many-sided science of theology which some people (wisely) affirm is no longer needed. No, there is no danger that doctrinal preaching will cease while men have hopes and aspirations and longings that are satisfied only by the science of God.

ARBOR DAY.

It is one of the encouraging signs of advancing civilization in America that we are beginning to give attention to matters which in the busy rush of the first century of our national life we were apt to disregard altogether. The inauguration of "Arbor Day," and the growing favor with which it is regarded, is one of the most healthy indications of this spirit. As a nation, we have been so busy cutting down trees and breaking up land and rooting out stumps, that, until recently, we have forgotten that the only purpose of a tree was not to be cut down and gotten out of the way. The pains taken by some of our great railway corporations to beautify the ground along their tracks is another pleasant indication of the same spirit, the village improvement societies, the many well-kept cemeteries, greater attention given to parks and public breathing-places, all are indications which show that the day of devotion to the making of the mighty dollar has more than reached its meridian, even if we cannot say that it is reaching sunset. There is something peculiarly far-reaching and unselfish in the ideas that attach to Arbor Day since the trees planted will chiefly benefit the future generation, and the tree-planters themselves reap the smallest advantage from them. Americans are evidently beginning to appreciate the advice given by Jock, in the Heart of Mid Lothian:

"Jock, when ye hae nothing else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree; it will be growing, Jock, when you're a-sleeping. My father told me sae forty years since, but I ne'er found time to mind him."

A GENUINE PHILOSOPHER.

Few more genuine philosophers of the homely and proverbial sort ever lived than the late "Josh Billings." His grotesque spelling, while it attracted attention, detracted from his enduring fame, as it gave him rather the reputation of a clown and a buffoon than a genuine wit. The point of his philosophic humor is not spoiled, however, even by his orthography. Poor Richard himself, though he spelled better, never put more pith and point into his sentences. For instance, here are a few of his wise sayings, arranged in the folk's typographical cap and bells.

"I kno lots ov people who always think at least 3 times before they speak once, and then never say enny thing worth listening to."

"It takes a certain amount ov back ground in a man's karakter tew sho hiz virtewes to good advantage. 'A gentleman iz a gentleman the world over—loafers differ."

"Benevolence iz the cream that rises on the milk ov human kindness."

"Hunting after happiness iz like hunting after a lost sheep in the wilderness, when yu find it, the chances are that it iz a skeleton."

STUFFING A DEAD HORNET.

Another wise saying of this modern king's jester was:

"Thare iz no more real satisfackshun in laying up in yure buzzum an injury than thare iz in stuffing a dead hornet, who haz stung you, and keeping him tew look at."

This is just as true as though Plato or Socrates had expressed it in classic phrase. How many people have a large and varied and exceedingly unpleasant assortment of these stuffed hornets on hand. There is an old church quarrel for instance. It was dead and ought to have been buried twenty years ago, but half the church members have stuffed the old dead hornets, and keep them to look at from time to time. There is our old personal grievance! Somebody slighted us, did not return our greeting, uttered a disparaging remark about our ability, interfered with our business success, beat us in politics when we ran for alderman! That happened long ago? Oh, yes, but the hornet which stung us so badly has been stuffed and set up by a skilful taxidermist, and, really, after the lapse of all these years, looks just as natural as ever. One evil thing is, that these hornets, though dead, retain their sting. This is just about as sharp as when first it pierced us, and, by looking at the stuffed insect, we recall the old pain.

What is the "satisfackshun," as Josh Billings calls it,

in laying up in one's memory a dead injury that should have been buried out of sight when it died?

AN APPLICATION OF ICE.

"How do you defend yourself," we once said to a man of some eminence, "how do you defend yourself from the visits of such and such a bore?" "Ice," was his sententious and monosyllabic reply, "ice." In this instance we are not sure but the application of ice was justifiable on the principle that self-preservation is the first law of life, but cold applications of this sort are usually entirely harmful. Vessels frequently take the southerly course across the Atlantic, simply in order to avoid the floating icebergs, and most men will go almost as far out of their way to avoid the freezing presence of a cold and distant neighbor. Such a man chills the whole atmosphere in which he moves, just as the cooling presence of a huge berg is felt even before it comes in sight. The tendency of things in this world is to congeal loving interest in others. Philanthropy, kindness of heart, spiritual zeal: all these require a warm, spiritual atmosphere. They are natives of the tropics. Selfishness is naturally cold and distant. It is no compliment to a man to have children afraid of him. It is nothing in his favor to be severe and self-contained because he has never allowed the surging waves of human woe to break over his soul. A snow-crowned mountain may be very serene and grand, but we have very little use for it in our homes or our churches.

AN OPEN LETTER FROM MR. MOSSBACK TO THE MAN WHO COMES LATE TO CHURCH.

DEAR FRIEND: There is an old adage which is often, apparently, applied to church-going, and which says, "Better late than never." This is all very well, but a better motto still is, "Better early than late." There are various considerations which support this statement that, perhaps, you have never considered. I will not refer to the familiar argument, that this late entrance disturbs the minister and distracts the congregation, for you have had these considerations urged upon you a thousand times. But one of these considerations which I think will move you to better things is, that your coming in late invests you with such an unpleasant degree of conspicuousness. Why, if all Barnum's circus marched in, two by two, through the church door, it could hardly attract more attention than you do when late you tiptoe in, ever so softly. I know that you do not enjoy this notoriety. In fact, I think it must be rather unpleasant. There is only one way to avoid it, come early. Another reason why you should habitually be in your place on time is, that you are provocative of two very old and stale jokes, by being habitually behind time. They have been perpetrated a thousand times in the past, and you have yourself given occasion for them more than once. If I was not so old myself I suppose I should call them chestnuts. One of these ancient jokes is to call you "The late Mr. Smith." The other, equally aged, is to speak of your "right hand and left hand and little behind hand." Do spare the world the repetition of these venerable puns, by being more promptly in your place.

Possibly, you think that these are not the most important reasons for promptness, after all. Perhaps they are not, but I am assuming that every other argument has been exhausted upon you. If I am wrong in urging upon you these motives, then come early out of respect to your pastor, and the sacred service, and the house of God, and the cause which you wish to honor.

Your friend, A. MOSSBACK.

EDITORIAL NOTES FROM THE WIDE FIELD.

"The Field is the World."

How Long Will It Last?

The large amount of space devoted to ball games, and the ingenuity displayed in the invention of startling headlines, even at this early date, seem to predict that the base-ball fever is still raging, and that the furore of last summer was not the culmination of the epidemic. This summer we shall probably witness still greater excitement over the merits of rival teams; but it is hard to see how more unique reports can be manufactured. Already, a large part of the Sunday papers is devoted to ball matters. The excitement will probably continue until some fine day it dies of spontaneous combustion. Then, and not till then, will the great American Republic stop to count the cost of broken ribs, and dislocated joints, and gashed heads, and the gambling mania induced by the "national game," as it is at present conducted.

A Typical American.

By the death of Roscoe Conkling, the United States has lost one of its most prominent and most republican statesmen. Loyal to his friends and party, but firm and unyielding where his sense of duty was concerned, in spite of much criticism and many revilings, his record as a politician is fair and pure. In the heat of party strife, he was too much blamed; in the sorrow for his death, he may be too much praised; but when time has brought his record to the true perspective of history, he will doubtless be known as a great and good American.

"The Pity of It."

There is something truly pathetic in the aspect of Germany. A nation that has for years looked forward to the reign of a favorite prince, now deprived of all joy at his accession to the throne, while it awaits his death; a king, as pure and brave as any that ever wore a crown, lying silent on his deathbed, but working with all his strength for "God and the Fatherland;" a queen, noble, devoted, and loving, but disliked and distrusted by her oldest son so soon to succeed his father; a prime minister who for years has ruled his country, feeble and aged, yet unwilling to leave his work, and needed now as never before. Ah, the pity of it!

Adverse Criticism.

There is a favorite children's game, in which the leader goes around a circle, saying: "I have a bear: but he won't bite you, he won't bite *you*, he *will* bite *you*," whereupon the one who is bitten chases the owner of the bear. Our countrymen seem very much like their children. If a writer has the critical faculty, they first demand the assurance that they shall not be bitten, and then they can read, with great calmness, all he may write; but let his bear of criticism show so much as one tooth, and how they do attack the poor critic! In spite of the sadness connected with Matthew Arnold's death, there is a most ludicrous aspect to the attitude that Americans have taken towards his last published writings. Such stormings and ravings as they at first met, then the revilings had to be quieted into a proper show of respect for the dead; but already the period of mourning seems to be past, and the unfortunate article in the *Nineteenth Century* is again torn to shreds and tatters by rabid Americans. There is something pitifully puerile in this thin-skinned sensitiveness to criticism, which causes every man who can write his name to long to rush into wordy combat, because one of the greatest critics of the century has recorded his observation of American men and manners. It reminds us of the red-haired boy with whom we went to school, who could endure any amount of chaffing, but considered the faintest allusion to his hair an insult to be avenged by force of fists.

The Next Field of Conflict.

Africa will soon come into prominence as a ground for European operations. Already the great powers have laid claim to large portions of African soil, and are busy at work deciding the future of the inhabitants of the continent, without the slightest regard to the people themselves. At present it might seem that there is room enough for all who wish a few million of miles of land; but of the 11,000,000 square miles of continental Africa, there are only about 4,500,000 that are not attached to some European power. At least half of these 4,500,000 is occupied by the great Desert of Sahara, which no one wants. So that the probabilities are that it will not be long before Africa will be entirely European, and the seat of many international broils and disturbances.

Frightful Earthquakes.

Recent reports give the details of most horrible earthquakes in Yunnan, the most southwest province of China. The condition of things is beyond imagination; eight or nine tenths of the houses in many cities falling in complete ruin, men and women killed and wounded by thousands in one city alone, and by hundreds in many towns and villages. Yunnan is one of the richest provinces of China in mineral products, and has a population of about 6,000,000.

Literary Nobility.

A prominent woman's magazine, in one issue, has an account of Elizabeth, the poet-queen of Roumania, better known as "Carmen Sylva," a paper on nursing as a profession for women, by H. R. H. Princess Christian, and articles by three titled "ladies." We are tempted to ask, Is literature a new "fad," or does this prove that all women, peasant and noble alike, are feeling the influence of the "woman movement?"

Truth Must Be Told.

The following comes from a Philadelphia paper:

News Editor, Daily Civilizer.—Here is a four or five column report of a prize fight coming along. What shall I do with it?

Conscientious Editor.—Well, it is the duty of a

newspaper to print the news, no matter what it is. It would be almost dishonest to suppress it. We can't help it if prize fights do happen. It isn't our fault. Put it all in.

"But if we print all this there will be no room for the report of the Christian Endeavor Society."

"Well, leave that out."

Applied Christianity.

For The Golden Rule.

A LETTER TO A TROUBLED YOUNG FRIEND ABOUT BECOMING A CHRISTIAN.

BY REV. HENRY C. ALVORD.

I am sorry to hear that you feel rather discouraged about living the Christian life. Now what do you suppose is the matter? Something must be, for that is not the way to feel about it, certainly.

And, to begin with, it must be, somehow, your fault. It is not the Lord's, is it? He wants you to be a happy, strong young Christian, and He has done all we can ask Him to do for it, has He not? I hardly know from your letters whether you think you are a Christian or not. Perhaps you are doubtful, sometimes thinking you are, and then again thinking you are not.

Well, suppose now, we go over the matter, step by step. I want very much to help you if I can, and I think you really want to be helped, and are willing to do what you can to feel differently.

Now, what is it to begin to be a Christian? First, what is it not to be? Not to be a Christian describes a person who does not care about Jesus as a Saviour, on the whole, feels he can get along without such a Saviour, because he is not much of a sinner, and so does not really ask Him to be his Saviour. Then, too, of course, he does not think of Him as his Master, whose will and wishes he is daily trying to learn and obey. Thus he does not really ask God to forgive his sins for Jesus' sake, and does not decide questions of duty according to the Master's will. Now, to begin to be a Christian is just the opposite of this. Let me point out some steps along, and ask you to test yourself by each one, and say to yourself—and to Jesus—just how it is with you.

God has made you, and has a right to your love and life. You believe that? He has told you in the Bible and by His Spirit that you are to please Him in everything. You believe that? He tells you that everybody has failed to please Him,—in other words, has broken His law, has sinned, and did not love Him. You believe that? He says *you* are a sinner, you have displeased Him, and all these years you have not been loving and serving Him. You believe that? He says the result of sin is suffering in being separated from Him, with all that that means. You believe that? Now, God has so loved you as to give Jesus to die and suffer in order to deliver you. He says Jesus is able to save you. He says Jesus wants to save you. You believe that? He says that one becomes a Christian when he seeks with his whole heart, when he really asks Jesus. Now, asking Jesus to save you, means just *putting yourself wholly into His hands*, that He may save you, that your sins may be forgiven, that He may have your love, and may help you in sincerely trying, in your daily life, to please and obey Him. You believe that? Now, then, the question is a very simple one. Becoming a Christian involves just two points: First, sincerely *believing* these things,—and you do believe them, do you not?—and secondly, *acting* on your belief; that is, realizing what it means for your life here as well as hereafter, you do, with your full purpose, with all your heart, ask Jesus to be your Saviour. I do not know—perhaps you do not—whether, in some past time, you have really done that. I would not spend too much time in asking myself, for that is not nearly so important as it is just now to make up your mind, "for good and all," meaning it through and through, that you will go by yourself and kneel down in prayer, and say to Jesus—in substance, at least: "Dear Lord Jesus, who loved me and gave Thyself for me, whether I have ever done it before or not, I do now ask Thee to be my Saviour. I give myself to Thee to be Thine all my life long. Do Thou forgive my sins, and help me to live the Christian life for Thee. And thine shall be the glory. Amen."

And when you have done that, just believe that Jesus is your Saviour, and go about your work every day trying to please Him. They who really thus come to Him are not turned away. He is more anxious to receive you than you are to be received.

So you see the responsibility for your being a Christian rests with yourself. The Lord will cer-

tainly give you, in coming, all the help you need. And it is a matter where there can be no half-way work. If you do not really mean to be a Christian, and make a business of it, as we say, doing, day by day, as Jesus shall show you is right or wrong, you might as well give it all up first as last, and so not expect to have any hope. But if you truly want to be a Christian, knowing that you ought to be one, and thinking how Jesus has loved you, and how much He has done for you, and are willing to give yourself to Him to be saved and to be used, you can have the joy and happiness of the Christian just as well as others.

Now will you not do just this? "Ask, and ye shall receive." I know, as you do, a dear little boy whose favorite expression is "all right." I am going to think of you as acting at once so wisely that, in the best and fullest sense, for the present and the future, for you it shall be "all right."

South Weymouth, Mass.

VALUABLE TESTIMONY

Concerning the Place of the Society of Christian Endeavor in Applied Christianity.

The following is from a leading article in the *Advance* concerning the Society of Christian Endeavor and the church, by Rev. A. A. Berle, of New Richmond, Wis.:

The unquestioned results may be summarized in the four following statements: 1. That the standard of piety among active members is higher and uniformly better adhered to than among the remaining members of the church. 2. That, except when hindered by pastoral conservatism or other antagonistic influences, the society has been a continual evangelistic agency in the church. 3. That Bible truths have been more clearly held and more fully understood because of the simplicity and directness of these young disciples. 4. That the Christian life has fewer of the abnormal forms of gloom, discouragement or dejection, and more of the social power of expressed fellowship.

The power of a method which produces such results is not to be lightly considered. The church that cripples it breaks its own right arm. And yet it is not the thing itself, but the *theme* it provides. Christian Endeavor is a mighty combination of words.

Neither do the older young people monopolize everything to the exclusion of the younger members. They have church duties which employ them. Besides, the younger members are especially made to feel their importance and duty, and they hasten to vindicate the one and perform the other. They quicken and brighten the church life. They attend the pastor's Bible study on Tuesday evening, note-books in hand. They fill the church prayer-meeting, eager in testimony and prayer.

Scarcely a week passes without conversions. No month in the last seven has been without a number. Twenty-eight have been added to the church; as many more come in the near future. Quickened spiritual life has produced quickened benevolence—over four hundred per cent. increase in seven months; a dozen or more family altars set up for daily worship; large increases in the Sunday school; a larger use of the Bible; forty Bibles open as the pastor announces his text on Sabbath morning. Organization, specific duty and a theme did it all.

A NOVEL SUGGESTION.

[From Rev. Sylvanus Stall's new book, "Methods of Church Work," we have taken this most novel paragraph, which will bear careful consideration.—Ed.]

The church of Christ is designed to reach and save all classes, and it is a serious question whether the edifices of the Protestant branches of the church are not specially and only fitted in their appointments to the needs of the more favored classes. In the construction of every church edifice, some provision should be made for the needs of mothers who are compelled to bring their small children with them or otherwise remain away. There are a few churches in the United States where an ante-room has been provided, well fitted and furnished, equipped with cradles and such other needs as would enable mothers, in the event of a child becoming restless, to retire from the main audience-room into the mother's room. It is at least an open question whether any church is fully equipped which does not prepare for the needs of this large class, both in the cities and in the open country. These people now remain away from church simply because they have no one with whom to leave the children, and there is no provision made for them at the church. This seeming necessity leads from temporary habit to permanent habit on the part of one or both of the parents, and causes, in multitudes of cases, that the children walk in the same paths of neglect. If all churches were arranged to meet this need, great changes would be wrought in many homes which are now Christless because the wife and mother cannot attend church while her children are small, and is consequently compelled to remain at home. The presence of the wife would in many cases secure the attendance of the husband, and the children would also early form the habit of church attendance.

Christian Endeavor.

Officers of the United Society.

PRESIDENT:
REV. F. E. CLARK.

TRUSTEES:

W. J. VAN PATTEN. REV. N. BOYNTON.
REV. C. A. DICKINSON. CHAOTE BURNHAM.
REV. J. L. HILL. REV. R. W. BROKAW.
W. H. PENNELL. REV. H. B. GROSE.

GENERAL SEC'Y: GEO. M. WARD.

TREASURER: WM. SHAW.
50 Bromfield Street.

OUR GROWTH.

Membership of the Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor.

	Societies.	Members.
In 1881.....	68	481
In 1882.....	7	481
In 1883.....	56	2,870
In 1884.....	156	8,905
In 1885.....	253	10,354
In 1886.....	350	50,000
In 1887 (July 6).....	2,314	140,000
In 1888 January (estimated).....	3,500	250,000

A FAMILIAR LETTER

From the President of the United Society.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: When you read this (if you do me that honor) I shall probably be half way across the Atlantic Ocean, on one of the good steamers of the Cunard fleet. It is such a common and every-day matter to cross the Atlantic in these days, that one is not justified in saying much about it. However, this little break in life ashore gives me an excuse for looking back over the year past, just as one, from the deck of an ocean steamer, looks back at the friends and familiar scenes he is leaving behind him, and seems to see them more distinctly than ever before. Any little change in our lives appears to open our eyes, and give us a clearer view of what we are leaving behind us.

From a Christian Endeavor standpoint, we have a great deal to thank God for in the past year. Our year, as a society, practically begins with the National Convention in July, and now that we have entered well upon the last quarter, it is none too early to look back and thank God, and take courage for the future. First, this year has been a year of

Great Numerical Growth.

Though we have not, as yet, sent out the blanks for the final reports for the year, we already have upon our books, *actually reported*, nearly four thousand societies. We thought that the growth reported last year, when we found that fifteen hundred societies had been formed, was remarkable, but, in the first nine months of this year we find that sixteen hundred societies have been established, though, as yet, no systematic effort has been made to secure returns. No doubt there are hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of societies which have not reported, and which, perhaps, will not for years to come. Just here let me beg all the corresponding secretaries, who will soon receive a blank to fill out for the annual report, to do this fully and without delay. Also, please be sure to send us word concerning the other societies in your vicinity. To do this will not be much labor for any one of you, and it will be worth everything to us. If we could only look back upon nine months of rapid numerical growth, however, I should not consider that any great reason for congratulation, but we can see something better, and that is

A Genuine Spiritual Advance.

It has come to be seen, more plainly than ever before, that our societies stand for principles, that the prayer-meeting pledge means something, that the committees are for service and not for ornament, and that young people, rightly guided, can be trusted to do earnest, faithful, spiritual work.

Over and over and over again have

parties said or written of late: "Thank God for our Christian Endeavor Society. Through it the young people are coming nearer to Christ and nearer to the church, and drawing their friends with them." Others have said; "We did not get down to our best work at first; we left out the pledge or weakened the obligation, but now we have reorganized, and are finding out what a help the society may be." I suppose that it is putting it mildly to say that hundreds of societies have reorganized on the stricter basis during the past year, and are experiencing the blessed effects of the change. From all sections of the country has come the glad news of revival, and of young people born into the kingdom of God and brought into the church. Never did this good news come so frequently or with such cheering emphasis as at present. With these results have come, as was natural, greatly increased confidence in our organization on the part of pastors of churches in all denominations. Mr. Ward, and others, say that they find the same feeling wherever they go. Opposition, which, so far as it has existed, has largely been founded on misapprehension, has died away, to a great extent, as the true aims and practical results of the society are understood. For all this let us humbly thank God and take courage. Not to the society, but to Him who has graciously used it for His glory, belongs the praise.

The Outlook.

When crossing the Atlantic before, I remember how inexpressibly beautiful was the first glimpse of land on the other side. Does anything ever look quite so charming to mortal eyes as the first glimpse of Old Ireland to one who has been tossing upon the uneasy Atlantic for ten days? Nothing, I believe, except the first glimpse of America when one returns. Both these views are much more cheerful than the last glimpse from the outgoing steamer. So, pleasant as the backward glance has been, the outlook for the future of Christian Endeavor is more cheering still. I do not believe in playing the part of the prophet, and will not indulge in prognostications, but will only say that, if we are faithful to our principles, earnest, consecrated, humble, teachable and aggressive, I believe that God has far greater things to show us in the future. We stand only on the threshold as yet, and the Master will allow us, as young people, to do greater and better things for Him than we have yet dreamed of. May God grant this, and enable you and me, by faithful service, to have some little part in hastening the coming of His Kingdom.

Will you not remember this first serious effort to plant Christian Endeavor in a foreign land? The president of the United Society will feel stronger to know that he is not forgotten in the prayers of many of his young friends at home.

Next week's issue of THE GOLDEN RULE will be an important one, especially for the Lookout Committee. The president's letter and a number of the articles will be addressed particularly to this important committee. The succeeding letters will relate to the hackneyed, but ever important subjects, "Our Prayer-Meeting and Its Improvement," and "Doing the Next Thing."

Your friend,
FRANCIS E. CLARK.

THE FIRST CAR FOR CHICAGO.

Many Local Unions and some individual societies will doubtless wish to charter a special car to carry their dele-

gates to Chicago. This can doubtless be done easily, and friends and acquaintances can thus travel together. The first news of this sort comes from Ohio:

"At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Springfield (Ohio) Local Union held on Monday evening, 9th inst., the Chicago Convention was brought before the meeting, when it was resolved that the matter be brought to the notice of each society represented in the Union, and an earnest effort made to secure enough delegates to 'charter a car' for our use on that occasion."
DRURY."

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR HYMN-BOOK.

A Christian Endeavor hymn-book seems to be imperatively needed. The calls for it are coming more and more frequently and earnestly. The trustees have delayed the matter as long as they wisely could, not wishing to present such a book to the societies until they needed it and demanded it. This demand, however, has now come from the pastors and older people as well as from the young people. The first attempt in this line will be a small and modest book, but will be a choice selection of real Christian Endeavor hymns and tunes. All arrangements have been placed in the hands of Rev. S. W. Adriance, who has special qualifications for this work. Will those who have Christian Endeavor hymns and tunes which they wish to give, please send them to Rev. S. W. Adriance, Lowell, Mass. There is no money in this scheme for any individual. The book will be published by the United Society, and if there is any profit it will be used strictly in advancing the cause. The book will be low-priced, and will be ready for use before the Chicago Convention.

For The Golden Rule.

MORE OF THE UTAH WORK.

BY GEORGE M. WARD.

In last week's issue we spoke at length of the cause of Christian Endeavor in Utah, and something was said of its prospects and of the dangers to be met. These dangers, it has already been proved, can be overcome. During a short time spent by your secretary in this Territory, many societies were visited, whose workings and good results would be a surprise to some of our Eastern branches. The work in the Territory is fortunate in being under the charge of Rev. J. B. Thrall, of Salt Lake, a gentleman whose life has been given to work among Utah's people, and who understands the state of affairs as few others do. In Salt Lake City there are flourishing societies in the First Congregational Church, the Phillips Church, and the various ward schools of the New West Education Commission. Partly as a result of the meetings recently held there, the pastors and young people of the Presbyterian and Baptist churches have expressed their intention of coming into the work.

Away up in the mountains at Coalville, right in the heart of Mormonism, where, we are told, all the evil practices of that institution are in full vogue, there is another little society, under the guidance of Rev. J. L. Seward. At the meeting, held in the "New West" school building, it was interesting to watch the double row of young men, all of Mormon families, who had been attracted into the room by the announcement of the "lecture." Probably but few of that roomful of people were "Gentiles" (as all non-Mormons are called), and as to professing Christians, I believe the entire number could have been

counted on one's fingers; but the children and youth were there in numbers, and certain it is that Christian Endeavor never had a better opportunity than it has in the little village of Coalville.

Still farther up the road and up the mountain, nearly nine thousand feet in the air, is Park City, the situation of the famous Ottawa works. Here, too, a society is about to start, and, as the population here is largely Gentile, drawn hither by the richness of the mining district, the problems attending its cause are not quite the same as those attending the society at Coalville; none the less formidable, however, though of a different character.

The average person is in the habit of thinking of Ogden as simply a railroad centre where there is an extremely good dining-room, and where every one stops off for a few moments on the way to California. "Ogden. All change cars!" is a familiar cry to the trans-continental traveller. Ogden, however, is beginning to assert itself. Already a city of about eleven thousand inhabitants, she is claiming her share of immigrants, and working her prettiest for a "boom." The "New West" has long recognized this as a central point, and, in connection with their academy and church, there is a Society of Christian Endeavor also. Many of our Eastern church friends will remember Mrs. Bailey, the lady who has presented Utah's cause so often and so ably in our Atlantic churches. Here is her home, and here she and her husband, Rev. Mr. Bailey, are laboring together in the cause.

The field for Christian Endeavor is certainly "white for the harvest." Utah, as is well known, has no lack of children and young people. Do not, for a moment, allow yourself to think they are any worse than Eastern young people. They are in no degree different, except in training and surrounding. All honor to the youth of Utah who have come out on the Lord's side. It has taken a strength of character and a disregard of adverse public opinion that, I fear, few of us would have been found to possess. The work is only begun. Would that our readers could realize the sacrifice required of our Christian workers there! Now that the Societies of Christian Endeavor have their branches there, it places on us who love this cause a share in the Utah work. Do not forget them. Let us place this work on our hearts, and pray God to teach us how best we may assist the cause of Christian Endeavor in Utah.

For The Golden Rule.

WHAT THE FLOWER COMMITTEE DID.

BY C. W. F.

It was just at the close of one of those hot July days, when everybody feels completely exhausted, and when it seems as if the sufferer on the sick-bed could hardly draw another breath. In one of the low rooms of a tenement-house on Clyde Street, a young girl lay, pale and languid. Her face wore the stamp of that dreaded disease, consumption, and at intervals was heard a hollow cough. Her mother moved around the room "putting things to rights." She had been out washing all day, poor woman, and had another hard day's work to look forward to on the morrow. Just as she was putting the last dish into the closet, a knock was heard. She opened the door, and a fresh young voice said,—"Good-evening, Mrs. Morris. I am so glad to find you at home. This is my friend Miss James. We were out for a walk, and I told Nella I was coming up

to see you and Anna. How is she to-day?"

"Not any better, Miss Alice. But come in, and take some seats. Anna will be glad to see you. She gets very lonely here all by herself."

The sick girl's face lighted up at the sight of the youthful faces, and then her eyes fell on the large bouquet which Nella held. Alice was watching her.

"I am so glad you are no worse, Anna," she said, "and see! we have brought you these flowers. They were cut from our garden to-day, and I thought you might like them. I have almost lived among the flowers this summer, as Nella and I have been on the 'Flower Committee' of our society."

"Your mother was telling me about it, Miss Alice," said Mrs. Morris, "and I tried to tell Anna, but I could not get it all. Tell her what your Sunday School class have done."

"Oh, yes. It is really very nice of them, and they have worked hard. I told them in the Spring that it would be a good idea for each of them to have a little garden of her own, and see what pretty flowers she could raise. Well, they took to the plan, and one of the mothers told me it had done wonders for her little girl in keeping her well this summer. They cut the blossoms and make bouquets for little sick children around here, or other people whom they know. Ida Lee, one of the children, has a bed of pansies, and every Saturday night she carries a bunch of them to an old lady who cannot walk. Then the girls have made many hundreds of bouquets for the Mission School in Boston. Aunt Jennie says I can have no idea how pleased the little ones are with their flowers."

"Oh, Miss Alice, couldn't I help you?" said Anna, eagerly.

"Why, perhaps you might, if you would like to. I could send some flowers to you, and you could make bouquets for some of the children."

"But I want to tell you one thing that happened to Fred Osborne," said Nella. "He was going up town one day with a rose-bud in his coat, and a little fellow ran out, and said, 'Please, sir, give me that flower?'"

"Of course, Fred took it out and gave it to the boy, and he said, 'If you will be here to-morrow, I will give you some more flowers.'"

"Sure enough, the boy came, and ever so many times after that, and one day he did not come. Then about a week afterwards, Fred saw him again, and asked him where he had been, and the little fellow burst out crying, and told his pitiful little story. It seemed that his little sister was lame, and he used to carry the flowers to her, but she had died. He was now all alone. Fred became quite interested in the boy. Finally he got a place for him in a family in the country, where they wanted a boy to help around on the farm. We call him 'Fred's ward.'"

"There is one good thing about this work," said Alice, "it can't help making us less selfish. We try to think of others, and for one, I feel that my summer's work is paying me a hundredfold. Flowers are to me a reflection of God's goodness and love, and I feel that I love more people since I have taken up this work, and that I get nearer to a life that Christ would have us lead. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'"

ALL men are to be men of genius in their degree, . . . rivulets or rivers, it does not matter, so that their souls be clear and pure.—John Ruskin.

For The Golden Rule.
THE SNOWBALL.

BY J. E. DIEKENGA.

A Fable.

There once was a snowball, it matters not where,
And really just how it began I don't care,
Which started to grow as a snowball will do,
And the farther it rolled, why, the greater it grew;
For all the young people just helped it along
With many a shout and with many a song.
It flew down the road at a very fair pace,
And over the meadow it led them a race;
It rounded the corners as quick as a flash;
On highways and byways it cut a great dash;
Up hill and down dale, through both country
and town;

Another such snowball has never been known.

Now let no one think that the way was all clear,
Ah, no; oftentimes hindrances would appear,
Or creatures, called feelings, the meanest of foes,
Would rise to embarrass or boldly oppose.
Thus Shame and his brother, Fear, thought they
could stay

Its progress by putting themselves in its way,
When all of a sudden and quick as a wink,
Before these brave gentlemen even could think,
Their feet they flew up and their heads they went
down,

And each got a rap on the top of his crown.
Then Indolence came, saying, "I cannot see
What good in the world such a snowball can be.
'Tis better to let the snow lie where it falls
Than set it to rolling and making great balls.
It is too much trouble,—we really should drop
This useless contrivance,—suppose we just stop."
It struck him, and over he went in a trice,
With his face in the snow and his mouth full of
ice.

It next met a calf, who thought, foolish young elf,
The ball was as frisky and light as itself;
That all it was made for was nonsense and fun—
Would go where he led, as he ran it would run.
It brushed him aside as the wind does the chaff,
And that was the end of that silly young calf.
At last came a driver, determined and stout,
Called Pride, who said gruffly, "I will not turn out,
Turn aside! turn aside!" and he flourished his
lash,

Preparing to cut it and crush it, when, crash!
He flew from his wagon as if he was shot,
And fell in a heap in a neighboring lot.
There was no use trying to stop that snowball.
It would keep on rolling and growing—that's all.

'Tis only a fable, and yet we may see
Some truth hid within it for you and for me.
We, too, have a snowball of wonderful size
Which grows every day to the world's great sur-
prise,

While shame, pride and indolence, folly and fear,
Are rolled out of sight when this snowball draws
near.

But what is it good for? Is that what you ask?
To answer that question is not a great task.

It clears up the rubbish, it makes the young
strong,

And gives them a purpose for labor and song,
It keeps them from evil, from sadness within,
And, oh, who can tell us how often from sin!
But, best of it all, from the day of their youth,
They are learning to love and to follow the Truth;
And when they are older the strength they acquire
From rolling the snowball will go with them
higher,

Where many a white sphere of goodness will roll
Propelled by their power of heart and of soul.
Success to it then, may it grow and increase
For Christ and the Church, in power and peace.
In goodness untiring continuing ever,
The Young People's Snowball of Christian En-
deavor.

For The Golden Rule.

**THE IMPORTANCE OF SETTING
A HIGH STANDARD.**

BY REV. JAMES G. PATTERSON.

Part I.

"The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor" is the name by which this organization is known to the world. While this descriptive title is sufficiently exclusive and inclusive to afford an exact definition of our general aim, it is, at the same time, conclusive of assured success, because it carries on its very face the implication that those who identify themselves with this movement, occupy the position of the man who has a settled purpose in his mind, to the accomplishment of which he proposes to consecrate his active energies; and, also,

because whatever may be said of other forms of human endeavor, it is true of all Christian Endeavor, rightly directed and wisely expended in humble dependence on God, that it can never fail.

Then, too, we should not overlook the fact that it is a peculiar characteristic of all forms of Christian activity, that they possess an intrinsic value, beyond that which attaches to their present utility, in the accomplishment of the immediate ends at which they aim. For example, Paul, carried by the spirit of inspiration to the height of his great argument in the Epistle to the Romans, is a mighty force in the elucidation and defense of Christian truth; but Paul on fire with missionary zeal, prosecuting the work of an apostle, from city to city, during his three great missionary tours, furnishes another sort of argument in defense of Christianity, to which neither Jewish malice nor Gentile scepticism can make reply.

In other words, while consecrated Christian Endeavor, on the part of Paul, is reaping its legitimate fruits in the churches which he plants at various centres of influence throughout the early Pagan world, it is, at the same time, projecting itself into spheres of usefulness beyond, where it confronts all thoughtful observers in the form of an unanswerable argument in defense of that faith, to the service of which he has consecrated himself in the exercise of an all-consuming zeal.

As then, so now, concerning the times in which the providence of God has cast our lot. It may be said that, while Christian apologetics still have an important sphere to fill and mission to perform in the defense and propagation of the faith, there is a larger sphere to be filled and a broader mission to be performed by that most persuasive of all apologetic arguments, a holy, earnest, consecrated, active Christian life. This is the apologetic demanded by the peculiar temper of the age in which we live. And while it is given to the few to furnish the logical defenses demanded by the times, in support of our faith, and given to none to write an Epistle to the Romans to-day, it is given, by the grace of God, to all who name the name of Christ, to so translate the Epistle to the Romans into a consecrated Christian life as to furnish the world with an argument in support and furtherance of the cause of Christ, which has never been, and will never be, successfully refuted.

Paul's Motto.

If it be our purpose to undertake this task, after the pattern of Paul, according to the measure of grace given unto us, we shall find the clue to its successful accomplishment in the motto of his life, disclosed to the Philippian Christians in these words: "Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

The Apostle Paul was a great man; a many-sided man; a man equally great on many sides; but his manifold gifts, capacities and attainments were focalized upon a single aim. He was pre-eminently a man of deeds, action, conduct; "this one thing I do." It is this which discloses strength of personal character; this that measures the permanent influence of an individual life upon the world; this alone that will enable any toiler, in any vocation, to make successful headway in our land and day, because the active energies of men now occupy the foreground in every department of life.

Look again, and it will be seen that

Paul, according to this motto of his life, was a man of concentrated action. "This one thing I do." This secures decision of purpose, economy of energy, directness of aim, and penetrating force to the individual life.

Once again, we see that, while Paul was pre-eminently a man of action, and a man of concentrated action, he was also a man of action concentrated on the highest end, "the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Whether viewed from the side of Christian nurture, where the standard of attainment is "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ," or from the side of Christian activity, where the standard of endeavor is the utmost limit of our capacities, abilities and opportunities, it will be seen, in either case, that here is action concentrated on the securing of the highest end attainable by the Christian soul, to wit, first the apprehension, and then the personal realization in character and life of that divine ideal for which we are "apprehended of God in Christ Jesus."

Now it is true of all endeavor thus concentrated on the attainment of the highest end, that it enlarges our spiritual vision; elevates our aims; fortifies against temptation to squander energy in pursuing lower ends; affords the finest quality and largest measure of inspiration to our activities; utilizes all our powers; secures their most rapid development; and thus insures for our endeavors the best attainable results in the present time, and the most permanent effects that can follow human effort in its bearing on the future world.

For The Golden Rule.

**WHAT CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR
CAN DO.**

BY AN ENDEAVORER.

[Almost every week we have letters asking if the Society of Christian Endeavor will succeed in a small place, where there are several churches of different denominations. The following account answers the question so fully and satisfactorily that we are glad to give it to our readers.—Ed.]

McGrawville, N. Y., is a lively manufacturing village of one thousand inhabitants, with three churches, and about two hundred members in each. A year ago last December a Society of Christian Endeavor was started by the pastor of the Presbyterian Church, with a membership of less than thirty.

As in most manufacturing towns, there are many young people, and it seemed that, with proper management, a Christian Endeavor Society might be made a success. That such has been the case will be seen from these facts.

Our membership now, and we are only sixteen months old, is one hundred and seventeen, of which number over ninety are active members. This growth has been entirely independent of any social attractions, as no entertainment or sociable of any kind was held until about three months ago, when one of our number kindly opened his home to us, and we met for the first time in a purely social manner. Since then we have had a sociable at the parsonage for the purpose of raising funds for the United Society.

As is generally the case, the young people had not been accustomed to taking any active part in the church meeting, but now, when the hour is over, and the bell rings for evening service, we often feel that we have just begun and would like another hour. Our meetings are always crowded, and for some weeks past the seating capacity of our session room has hardly been adequate

to the demand, and some have often been obliged to stand.

The most encouraging feature of the society work now is the number of associate members who are transferring their names to the active list, and a few weeks ago we were all made very happy by seeing twenty-two of our number come out on the Lord's side.

We have been blessed with a wonderful work of grace in town of late, and we firmly believe that God has used the Christian Endeavor Societies, of which there are three in town, to prepare many hearts for His indwelling.

BON VOYAGE.

On Saturday, at four o'clock, in the *Cephalonia* of the Cunard line, Mr. Clark, the editor of this journal, sailed for Europe to answer the repeated invitations to personally introduce the Christian Endeavor work into Great Britain. Indications were multiplying that for such a mission the times were ripe. Ministers and other Christian workers were saying, "Come," and the trustees were saying, "Go, and the Lord be with you." To speed the parting guest, twenty of his associates in Christian work accompanied him to the ship, in East Boston, turning first aside to dine together at the Maverick House, near the company's dock, with Mr. and Mrs. Clark as guests. Mr. and Mrs. Van Patten, of Burlington, made a special trip to be present, returning by the night train on Saturday. Incidentally there was a good deal of felicitation over the fact that *THE GOLDEN RULE* had reached the 20,000 subscriber milestone before Mr. Clark sailed. Good cheer prevailed. At five minutes past four the great ship backed out of the dock and swung slowly around into the channel, and pointed her prow toward the Old World. With handkerchiefs the parting salute was given, and the *Cephalonia* soon steamed out of sight.

NEWS ITEMS.

Massachusetts.

April 9th, the Newburyport Baptist Y. P. S. C. E. celebrated its first anniversary. There were present, besides the local Y. P. S. C. E., delegates from three out-of-town societies. The programme consisted of music, reading of the secretary's report for the year, short addresses by the retiring president, Mr. Stephen Greene, and one of the local pastors, and a stirring address on "Good Stewardship" by Rev. W. W. Everts, Jr., of Haverhill. The society is in a very flourishing condition, numbering eighty-eight members. After the exercises in the auditorium, the delegates were invited to a social in the vestry, where ice-cream was served and a very pleasant time enjoyed.

In the report of the Sunday school secretary of the Suffolk South Conference of Congregational Churches, the following interesting facts were noted: Seventeen of the twenty-two churches have Y. P. S. C. E. Of the 184 persons admitted to the churches on confession, 158 came from the Sunday schools. It is sometimes said that aggressive work among the young people will cause them to neglect the regular church prayer-meeting. That this is not true is shown by the fact that eighty-two per cent. of the attendants at the regular prayer-meeting are members of the Sunday school.

The first meeting of the Holyoke Christian Endeavor Union was held, April 16th, in the First Congregational Church of Holyoke. The exercises consisted of prayer, singing, Scripture reading, and addresses by the president of the union, Mr. W. H. Davis, of Holyoke, and by Rev. H. W. Pope, of Palmer. After the benediction, the guests were invited to a social in the parlors of the church. There are, at present, six societies in the union, and two more are expected to join immediately.

April 15th, Rev. J. T. Blades began the ninth year of his pastorate with the South Congregational Church, Campello, Mass. During his pastorate, 162 have been ad-

mitted to membership. The benevolent offerings have increased from \$412, in 1880, to \$2,250, in 1887. The Sunday school has a membership of 426. The Christian Endeavor Society is a flourishing and valued adjunct of the church.

Connecticut.

CONNECTICUT FOR CHICAGO.

The Executive Committee of the Connecticut State Union has appointed W. H. Childs, of Manchester, as committee on arrangements for Chicago for the Connecticut delegation. All queries relating to arrangements for that meeting should be addressed to him. The banner of the Connecticut State Union used at Saratoga, and presented to the Illinois State Union, will be stationed on the right of the stage in Battery D, and all Connecticut "Endeavorers" not positively detained in Connecticut by home duties will be expected to report there on July the 5th.

REV. H. N. KINNEY, Pres.
ELI MANCHESTER, JR., Sec.

In accordance with above, the Sherman House (\$2.50 per day) has been selected as the official headquarters of the Connecticut delegation, but any desiring a good hotel at a less price can secure rooms at the Commercial House (\$1.50 per day), only two blocks from the Sherman. I would suggest that those who have decided to go secure rooms at once, and advise me of the fact, that I may ascertain, as soon as possible, the probable number going from this State. Announcements as to railway rates will be ready very soon.

W. H. CHILDS,
Com. on Chicago.

Manchester, Conn.

The third bi-monthly meeting of the Northern Connecticut C. E. Union was held at Suffield in the Second Baptist Church, April 6th. An address on "Personal Work in Christian Endeavor," by Rev. H. N. Kinney, president of the State union, was listened to with careful attention, as, in his quiet, forcible way, he spoke of results to be accomplished by earnest, careful, prayerful, personal efforts. Miss Annie E. Hills, of Boston, then spoke on "What Woman Can Do," in an intensely interesting manner, holding the attention of her audience from the commencement to the very close of her address. A devotional service,—subject, "Fruit-bearing,"—occupied the last ten or fifteen minutes of the meeting.

The Y. P. S. C. E. of the Congregational Church of Bristol is more aged than we thought, and on May 6th will celebrate its second anniversary, instead of its first, as announced last week.

Rhode Island.

March 28th, the first conference of the Y. P. S. C. E. of Bristol County was held, in response to the invitation of the society of the Congregational Church of Barrington. The president, aided by an active committee, and ably seconded by the members of the society, made a united effort for a successful meeting. The services consisted of a prayer and consecration service, followed by reports and remarks, for the purpose of learning something of the work and methods of each society. From 6.30 until 7.30 a collation and social gathering was enjoyed by all. At 7.30 the principal service of the conference began, the president, W. A. Bourne, presiding. Rev. Mr. Clark of Westerly delivered a stirring and thoughtful address. Rev. Mr. Stevens, of Bristol, and Rev. Mr. Pope, of Warren, followed with brief addresses, and closing remarks were made by the pastor, Rev. J. W. Colwell. The conference was felt to be a great benefit to all.

New York.

Under the wise leadership of Rev. C. E. Hiscox, the former pastor of the Baptist Church of Canandaigua, a Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor was organized, when not half a dozen such societies existed in the State. *The Examiner* says: "The society is now a strong, active force in the work of the church, full of enthusiasm, and an inspiration to all the members."

The untiring secretary of Brooklyn, Mr. Knox, sends word of thirty societies in Brooklyn. News comes to us of rapid progress throughout the whole "Empire State."

Mr. C. H. Kenaston, district secretary of New York City, reports twenty societies already organized in the city, with more in prospect.

New Jersey.

The Society in the Presbyterian Church of Boonton is reported as doing good work. It has a membership of between eighty and ninety, with an average at-

tendance of ninety at the prayer-meetings. The president writes: "The society has enabled the lady members to feel free to take part, and that is a great thing to accomplish in a Presbyterian Church in a country town."

Pennsylvania.

One of the most persevering societies in the State is that of the Presbyterian Church of Fagg's Manor, which has a membership of forty-six, nearly all from the neighboring farms. Nothing less than a veritable blizzard daunts these energetic young people, and, in spite of bad roads and long distances, they are constant in their attendance. Some come five miles to be present at the meetings. The society meets in the parlor of the manse, where the pastor, Rev. Dr. Polk, is always ready to give them hearty welcome. Fifteen of the members have joined the church, thus publicly expressing their love "for Christ and His church."

Florida.

Mr. F. E. Nettleton, president of the Volusia County Bible School Association, writes: "The outlook for Florida was never brighter, and is especially good for the Christian Endeavor movement. We have several new societies organized all over the State. Our Sunday school missionary is working in Georgia, and we have applications for help and guidance in the organization of Christian Endeavor Societies. We have distributed Y. P. S. C. E. literature there, and begin to see the result. We make the work a special topic in all our Sunday school conventions in Florida."

Texas.

The Y. P. S. C. E. connected with the Madison Square Presbyterian Church of San Antonio already has sixty members. This is a remarkable number, as the church is very small and has but eighty-five on its membership roll.

Ohio.

A friend writes to us from West Jefferson that the Y. P. S. C. E. in that place has never met with opposition, and has been warmly welcomed by the pastor and the whole community. The universal testimony is, "It aids in building up the church." The society is in a prosperous condition.

Michigan.

The Interior says: "The First Presbyterian Church of Flint received forty members at its communion, April 1st. There is a deep interest among the young people in connection with the Society of Christian Endeavor."

Indiana.

The Second Presbyterian Y. P. S. C. E. of Indianapolis was organized Feb. 5th, 1888, with a membership of fourteen. A willingness to work on the part of this little number soon developed itself, and the results were manifested by a rapid increase in membership to seventy-five, and a promptness and regularity in attendance that exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine. At a recent communion three members united with the church, and all said that they had been led to the act through the influence of the society.

The Seventh Church Society, of Indianapolis, was organized last October, and was the outgrowth of the prayer-meeting conducted by the young people during the past two years. The society has reached those the prayer-meeting did not. The meetings are held after Sunday school to draw in those who otherwise would not attend. The society has put a memorial window in the new church building which is in the course of erection.

A correspondent from Michigan City, in a local paper, writes thus of the society connected with the Congregational Church: "The Y. P. S. C. E. is increasing in interest and members, and is as earnest and faithful a band of young Christian workers as it was ever the happy privilege of a church to number among its helpers."

The Mayflower Congregational Y. P. S. C. E., of Indianapolis, has a good record. It has been organized over four months, and in that time but one member has declined to lead, though the president and secretary were the only ones who had ever led a meeting previously.

Illinois.

From *The Advance* comes this pleasing paragraph: "The Society of Christian Endeavor is considered, by Pastor Butler and the Congregational Church at Jacksonville, one of the most efficient agencies for Christian work. Since its organization, five years ago, it has held the young people, and given them valuable training for church duties."

Miss Hand, of the New West Educa-

tional Commission, spoke recently before the society at Downer's Grove. The societies at Hinsdale and Lockport voted their Easter offering to the New West Commission.

Iowa.

The Y. P. S. C. E. of the Congregational Church of Marshalltown was organized with twenty-eight members, and has now increased to forty. The young people are taking hold with a will, and are doing a good work. This is the more pleasant from the fact that hitherto the young people have not done much Christian work. The younger members have led the meeting, and in their Bible readings have shown such careful study of the Word, and deep insight into the truths of the gospel, that even their good pastor, Rev. W. R. Scarlett, is astonished. They are enjoying the work and appreciate what good the society is doing for them.

Colorado.

The Endeavor society in Fort Collins has started under favorable auspices, and has grown continually. The young people seem aware of the responsibility resting on them, and will, doubtless, accomplish much good.

Ontario.

A Y. P. S. C. E. was organized in the Centre Street Baptist Church of St. Thomas last February, with about one hundred and thirty members. A member of the society writes to us: "We have the usual committees, and feel encouraged by the interest shown in the work. Already we have given a very successful concert, and intend next to start a Sunday school in the east end of the town."

SOCIETIES RECENTLY REPORTED.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Boston, Highland Congregational; West Somerville, Park Avenue Methodist; West Newbury, First Congregational.

CONNECTICUT.—Hampton; Plantsville, Baptist.

RHODE ISLAND.—Providence, Evangelical Advent.

NEW YORK.—Albany, Third Reformed; Brainard, Methodist; Coventry, First Congregational; Gloversville, Tremont Street Methodist; Huntington, L. I., Second Presbyterian; Jeddo, Hartland Baptist; Mauray, Free Baptist; Newark Valley, Congregational; Webster's Corners, Westfield, Methodist; West Portland, Baptist.

NEW JERSEY.—Boonton, First Reformed; Trenton, Chambersburg Presbyterian.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Arendtsville, Franklin, First Baptist; Stroudsburg, Presbyterian; Titusville, First Baptist; Uniontown, Baptist; Wampum, Presbyterian.

MARYLAND.—Baltimore, Brown Memorial Baptist, Faith Presbyterian, Fulton Avenue Church.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—Washington, Wesley Chapel.

TEXAS.—Whitewright, Undenominational.

OHIO.—Chatham Centre, Methodist.

INDIANA.—Connersville, Methodist; Liberty, Presbyterian.

MICHIGAN.—Bridgman, Congregational; Grand Rapids.

WISCONSIN.—Milwaukee, Pilgrim Congregational; Reedsburg, Presbyterian.

ILLINOIS.—Cooksville, Presbyterian; Ewing, Baptist; Galesburg, Presbyterian; Gibson City, Methodist; Hermosa, Congregational; Joliet, Central Presbyterian; La Grange, Congregational; Macomb, Methodist; Oregon, First Presbyterian; Rosemond, Congregational; Rushville, Presbyterian; South Chicago, First Presbyterian; South Park, Congregational; Woodland Park, Presbyterian.

MISSOURI.—Glenwood, Methodist; St. Joseph, Cumberland Presbyterian.

IOWA.—Iowa City, Baptist.

KANSAS.—Geneoa.

COLORADO.—Denver, West Denver Baptist.

ARIZONA.—Prescott, First Congregational.

CALIFORNIA.—San Juan, First Congregational.

OREGON.—Astoria, Congregational.

NOTICES.

April 30.—Meeting of Norfolk Union, at Congregational Church, Walpole, Mass.

May 2.—7.45 P. M., Semi-Annual meeting of Cambridge C. E. Union at Wood Memorial Church, Cambridge, Mass.

May 3.—Bi-monthly meeting of White River C. E. Union, at West Randolph, Vt.

May 6.—Second Anniversary of Y. P. S. C. E. of Congregational Church of Bristol, Conn.

May 9.—Second Anniversary of Y. P. S. C. E. of First Church of Malden, Mass.

May 10.—Meeting of Local Union, at Maverick Congregational Church, East Boston, Mass.

May 11.—Conference of Y. P. S. C. E. of Utica District, at South St. M. E. Church, Utica, N. Y.

May 11.—First meeting of C. E. Union at First Congregational Church, Peoria, Ill.

May 13.—First meeting of C. E. Local Union at First Presbyterian Church, Pueblo, Colo.

May 13.—First Anniversary of Y. P. S. C. E. of First Baptist Church of Vineland, N. J.

May 24.—2 P. M. Meeting of Y. P. S. C. E. of New York City at Central Presbyterian Church, 57th Street, near Broadway, to form a Local Union.

June 5.—Anniversary of the Y. P. S. C. E. of First Baptist Church of Little Falls, N. Y.

July 5.—National Convention of Y. P. S. C. E. at Chicago, Ill.

Christian Endeavor

PRAYER-MEETING.

EDITED BY REV. S. W. ADRIANCE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC FOR THE WEEK BEGINNING MAY 6, 1888.

WHAT ENCOURAGEMENT HAVE WE FOR WORK?

Ps. 126:5-6.

BY REV. S. W. ADRIANCE.

1. The particular picture in the psalm of our text is of a despondent man, who is encouraged by a sure promise. His despondency does not interfere with his faithfulness. There is absolutely no encouragement to any such. And we are to remember the conditions of encouragement.

2. His sowing in tears denotes that there is great longing mixed with his despondency, because the ground is barren. So only to those in the great kingdom of God whose hearts are filled with real deep desire for success will success come.

3. Even if the outlook is bad they are active. "He that goeth forth," pictures the action of a man treading back and forth over the field. To the people who say, "It is no use, everything is against us," no encouragement comes. To those who do not allow their sense of difficulty to deter them from at least trying, there is great encouragement. But there is only a gloomy prophecy of failure for those who sit and brood over the difficulties of the work. This applies to our Societies of Christian Endeavor. There are some in the country that are saying, "If we only were in the city, we could do something; but there's no use working here." Now weep over the sad unconcern of the young people around you, if you desire. God wants us to be troubled to see the barren fields. He wants us to be sad at sin. But let not this prevent you from going intensely to work, and then you will begin to find the encouragement. Some of the greatest work of the Y. P. S. C. E. has been done in the worst places.

4. This man whom God encourages is "bearing precious seed." The margin renders it "seed-basket." The margin of the Revised Version reads, "bearing the measure of seed." That is to say, he carries with him just the amount of seed necessary for his work. He has it carefully in his seed-basket. Of course, even if we have activity and have not seed, there is no encouragement. Any amount of vigor will not be a substitute for this. If you and I are too lazy to carry our seed-basket, or to go and get our seed, we need not hope that our work will succeed. We cannot be successful Christians unless we have seed. "The seed is the Word of God." This implies that the successful worker must have a knowledge of the Bible. He must be a student thereof. I imagine that this will reveal to us a little of our trouble. Many a young Christian forsakes the Bible too much. The novel is visited far more frequently than the Word of God. And even when a verse is said in meeting, it is not prayerfully obtained, nor is there any purpose in it; it is snatched at the last moment from the hymn-book, which, unfortunately, has texts over the hymns. There is very little encouragement for such shiftless work.

5. But even after a man has gotten his seed, and it is in his basket, still he fails of encouragement, unless he really sows it. There are thousands of Christians, even ministers, who are succeeding but poorly. They know enough of God's

Word. Their basket is full of seed. They even go out into the field. But they do not sow. Or, at most, they do not sow bountifully. It is only a seed thrown here and there. The encouragement is, "He that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully." The seed is to be thrown broadcast upon the waters. We are to "sow beside all waters." We are bidden, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that."

6. Not even then does the full encouragement come. The real joy occurs when he is seen "bringing his sheaves with him." While it is true often that "one soweth and another reapeth," yet God also ordains that every man shall be a reaper himself. Jesus said that what was sorely needed was "laborers for the harvest." How would a farmer fare if he worked like a slave all the summer, sowing, and then went into the house, and left his crop to harvest itself? When the winter came, he would go into his empty granaries, or store-houses, and feel more downcast than ever. So it may be true that many a Christian has done everything faithfully except the harvesting. Too many churches have forgotten the sickle. A minister asked me not long since if I ever urged people to join the church. "Do you ever speak to them on the subject?" I told him that, out of many scores thus received, not more than a dozen had come into the church without personal effort on the part of some one. I left the sickle rusting, in the first two years of my ministry, and yet I verily believe I preached as faithfully as now. But I seemed to get little encouragement. Then I made up my mind that I had forgotten the reaping process, and within two months from the taking of the sickle a great blessing began.

7. In general, what are the encouragements to the work?

(1) To the true soul, the very fact that there is a great need is an encouragement. This fills the soul with desire. It has sent missionaries around the world.

(2) The willingness of men to receive the gospel is still another encouragement. Though many seem indifferent, a great deal of the indifference is only seeming. Thousands of men are hungry for the bread of life. The Christian worker soon finds this out, and is inspired to do more work.

(3) The results which have always attended earnest work for Christ should encourage us. It has always been true in the history of Christian work. And many of us, as soon as we tried it for ourselves, were encouraged to do more. For even if we cannot say we have ever been the direct means of saving one soul, yet, if we give encouragement, and make attentive, that result is fitted to encourage us.

(4) There are blessings which the work gives the worker that are helpful. He is led into the very body-guard of Christ's friends. He finds himself growing. God gives him his own presence to him. Indeed, the work itself is a blessed encouragement in what it does for ourselves.

(5) The worker finds abundant promises in the Bible, which he can claim, if he is endeavoring to bring others to his Master. To feel that, even if he knows no outward success, he is doing his Lord's will is an inestimable help.

(6) The kind of work which is given to the Christian is an encouragement. A great deal of other work disgusts us, because it is trivial, or formal. This is noble. It taxes our best powers. It builds up a beautiful character. What a blessing it is to a factory girl, with her monotonous work at the loom, to have, as a resort, the Christian work. There are some beautiful Christian young women, of strong character, in these roaring mills of Lowell. What makes them so? Their Christian service.

(7) The constantly opening doors, which are presented to the worker, are great encouragements. How hard it is

for a workman when he cannot get work, however much he may try. This, thank God, is a possibility which never occurs in the kingdom of grace. All who really want work can get it.

(8) The help of God's presence of work, the rewards promised the faithful worker in heaven, and even the warnings against idleness in the Christians, all act as spurs to work for the Master.

Readings on God's Promises to Workers.

First Day.—To Moses.—Ex. 3:10-15.

Second Day.—To Joshua.—Josh. 1:1-9.

Third Day.—To Gideon.—Judges 6:11-16.

Fourth Day.—To Solomon.—1 Kings 3:5-15.

Fifth Day.—To Jeremiah.—Jer. 1:6-9.

Sixth Day.—To disciples.—Matt. 28:16-20.

Seventh Day.—To Paul.—2 Cor. 12:7-9.

SPRING MEDICINE.

The necessity of a spring medicine is almost universally admitted. And the superiority of Hood's Sarsaparilla for this purpose becomes more and more widely known every year. That power to purify the blood, and those elements of strength and health which the system craves, and to which it is so susceptible at this season, are possessed by this peculiar medicine in a pre-eminent degree. Scrofula, pimples, boils, or any humor, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache, catarrh, rheumatism, or any diseases or affections caused or promoted by impure blood or low state of the system, are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Try the peculiar medicine.

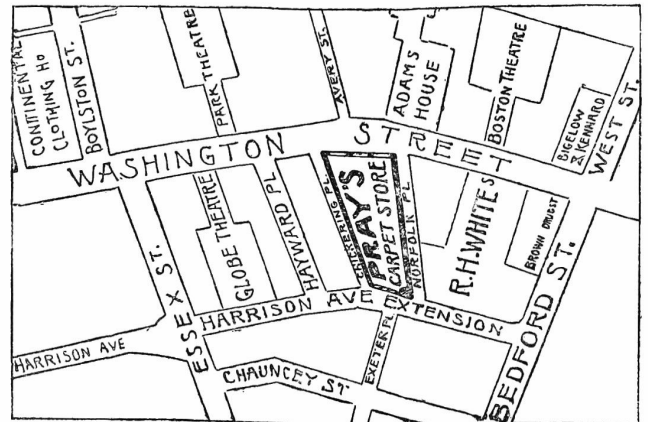
EVERYTHING which belongs to pure, healthy blood is imparted by Hood's Sarsaparilla. A trial will convince you of its merit.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.

Upholstery Fabrics.

The following cut shows the locality of our building and how to reach it. We occupy the entire square fronting on Washington St. (directly opposite the Adams House), bounded on the sides by Norfolk and Chickering Places, and in the rear by Harrison Avenue Extension (directly opposite Messrs. Wilson, Larabee & Co., and adjoining the extension of R. H. White & Co.).

Open to the daylight on four sides, this gives the best lighted and largest Carpet and upholstery Store in the country. To make a success of the Upholstery branch of our business is "our hobby," and with that end in view we shall continue to sell at VERY LOW PRICES, and endeavor to give "better values" than can be found with other dealers.



We have made extensive preparations for this Spring's business, and are now fully equipped with a most complete stock of goods, and a STAFF OF SKILLED WORKMEN to execute all orders promptly and properly. Our stock is different from any in Boston, and contains many novelties not to be found elsewhere. It is for the public to decide whether our selections are correct or not. We know that our prices are low, and wish others to know it.

For Spring and Summer we offer a line of inexpensive goods, entirely distinct from our regular stock. There are quantities of cheap goods in the market, but few which possess artistic merit. We have endeavored to overcome this, and make a few quotations as examples of what we are doing.

For light draperies the "Mandolay" Muslin, the latest English novelty, in a large variety of colors, is offered at 17 and 25 cts. per yard. The sales on these

goods during the few days we have exhibited them have been enormous. On account of the popularity of the above goods, we will close out our Serims at 5 cts. per yard.

As a substitute for Madras Curtains, we offer the "Snowflake" and "Tunisian," both of which we control. They are the daintiest curtains imaginable, come in soft colors, and are sold at \$12 per pair.

English Cretonnes at 15 cts. per yard. They are regular 25 cent goods, and are from the best printer in England.

For Portières we exhibit a choice line of colorings in Turcoman, 50-inch, at \$1 per yard, and for Long Curtains, Mantel Scarfs, Table Covers and Tidies we have 2500 yards of Nassau Cloth, 72 inches wide, which we offer at 80 cts. per yard. These goods are sold all over the country at \$1.25. We have 15 of the most desirable shades, and offer them alike, wholesale and retail, at 80 cts.

CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,

558 and 560 Washington Street,

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CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,

558 and 560 Washington Street,

30 to 34 Harrison Ave. Extension.

In Doors and Out. For Boys and Girls.

JACK.

The True Story of an Army Dog.

Far out on a western Texas prairie, near the site of a now deserted military post, there stands, at the head of a little mound, an irregularly cut stone. One of its sides is smoothed, and on it is traced the following:

JACK
A DOG
BUT A BETTER SOLDIER NEVER LIVED

Jack enlisted, or rather joined Company D, —th Infantry, at Mobile, shortly after the close of the war, and soon became as closely attached to the company as if he had signed the roll to serve the country for five years in return for "thirteen dollars a month and one ration." He was a young dog then, and at once became a general favorite, as well as a subject of much discussion, among the men, as to his breed. Some claimed that he had St. Bernard blood in him, while others were sure he was part mastiff, and still others, who professed themselves authorities, were just as positive that Jack could trace his ancestry back to the blood-hound; but these differences of opinion did not worry Jack, and he passed the days of his youth in happy ignorance of the fact that his ancestry was a matter of so much speculation.

For some time he took little interest in military matters, and conceived a strong, though somewhat selfish affection for the company cook, but as he grew older and fatter he began to attend drills and parades as regularly as the oldest veteran. When the reveille sounded in the morning, Jack would wake out of a sound sleep, and amble lazily out on the parade ground after the most approved sleepy-soldier style. This pleased the men greatly, and they soon taught him to answer to his name, which, in time, was regularly called at the end of the roll. So also at tattoo, the last roll-call at night, Jack was always present. No matter where he might be at the time, or what doing, as soon as he heard the drum beat for tattoo he would dash toward the company quarters, intent on reaching them in time to answer to his name. At guard mount he took his place among the file-closers in the rear, and went through the manœuvres with as stolid an expression on his face as the most exacting officer could wish; but at dress parade he used to take his position on the right of the post band, and accompany the music most zealously. It was, however, the dinner call, I am sorry to say, that he seemed most willing to answer, and a soldier had to be particularly prompt who could reach the mess-room before his four-footed comrade.

When the regiment moved to Vicksburg, in 186—, Jack, of course, went with it, and again, when it was ordered to Texas, he followed Company D. For some time after the consolidation of this and another regiment, Jack seemed rather uncertain in his mind as to what company he belonged to, or whether he, like many of his comrades, had not been mustered out, but he soon came to the conclusion that he was a member of Company F, and to that he attached himself, and followed it on its marches across the prairies until it had reached its destination in the West.

There was, I regret to say, some disposition on his part to shirk duty on the march, and, when he had concluded that

[Continued on Page Fifteen.]



I Bring You Sweet Flowers, and Good Medicine— Hood's Sarsaparilla

A happy combination, and like a ray of sunshine in a dark place to one who is weary and worn by overwork, or prostrated by disease. Particularly welcome, too, when brought by such a charming little girl. "There's no blessing like that of health, particularly when you're ill."

Nearly everybody needs a good spring medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla to expel impurities which accumulate in the blood during the winter, keep up strength as warm weather comes on, create an appetite and promote healthy digestion. Try Hood's Sarsaparilla and you will be convinced of its peculiar merits. It is the ideal spring medicine—reliable, beneficial, pleasant to take, and gives full value for the money.

Spring Medicine

And it is just as true that there's no medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla in the spring, when your blood is impure or your system overcome by that tired feeling.

"Last spring I seemed to be running down in health, was weak and tired all the time. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and it did me a great deal of good. My little daughter, ten years old, has suffered from scrofula and catarrh, a great deal. Hood's Sarsaparilla did her more good than anything else we have ever given her." Mrs. LOUISA CORP, Canastota, N. Y.

That Tired Feeling

Is experienced by many people as warmer weather approaches. It is quickly overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which builds up the whole system.

"I take Hood's Sarsaparilla every year as a spring tonic, with most satisfactory results. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all who have that miserable tired feeling at this season." C. PARMELEE, 349 Bridge Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"For five years I was sick every spring, but last year began in February to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I used five bottles and have not seen a sick day since." G. W. SLOAN, Milton, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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100 Doses One Dollar



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Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Church
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for Boys and Girls.

JACK.

[Continued from Page Fourteen.]

he had walked far enough, he would limp painfully along on three legs, until some tender-hearted man would hand his musket to another and take him up in his arms to see if his foot had not been injured; but after having carried him some distance and not finding anything the matter, the man would put him down again, when he would trot along until he thought he could impose on some one else. This became an old story at last, and no attention was paid to Jack's "sojering" by any one except a recruit; and here let me say that, so sure as there was a recruit in the company on any subsequent march, Jack would invariably "sojer," and generally with success.

In their spare moments the men taught him many tricks, and his natural brightness enabled him to learn them very quickly. He soon came to know an officer from an enlisted man, and would no more have ventured into their quarters than would any of his comrades in the ranks. To tell the truth, he was not fond of the wearers of shoulder-straps, and, like many of his fellows, had an especial antipathy for the commanding officer, which amused not only that dignitary himself, but every one in camp, down to the lowest private. He positively hated any one in citizen's dress, and visitors to the camp were generally ill at ease when they found Jack following them about, showing his teeth and snarling at them in a most inhospitable way.

At night he had a habit of visiting the guard posts along with the officer of the day, and would then turn into one of the unoccupied bunks and sleep until the morning call. It was amusing to see him going about at night and looking into each tent until he found a bed vacant.

The most remarkable evidence of his intelligence and training was, perhaps, his salute. When Jack saw an officer coming he would sit up and, facing about, would hold up his paw until the latter had returned his salute, when he would get down and trot along; but here again his disposition to shirk at times came in, and often he looked away as if he were utterly unconscious of any one being near. I might tell many other remarkable things about this four-footed soldier, for I never remember having seen a more intelligent animal; I certainly never saw a more beloved one. When he grew old, and began to lose his teeth, there was always some one to make him a dish that he could eat, until poor Jack could live upon nothing but gruel. He grew steadily weaker as time went on, and, at last, failed one morning to answer to his name.

They found him in a vacant bunk, stiff and cold, and soon after a corporal and private presented themselves at their captain's quarters.

"Well, corporal," said he, "what is it?"

"Jack's dead, sir," replied the man, with tears in his eyes, "and we want to give him a funeral."

They gave him a funeral, the entire company following the little pine box, which, covered with a storm flag, was borne by two of the men. He was placed in the ground just outside the limits of the camp, and the echo of three volleys coming across the prairie told us all that Jack had been laid at rest with military honors.—*L. R. Catlin, in Harper's Young People.*

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"My daughter, sixteen years old, is using Ayer's Sarsaparilla with good effect."—Rev. S. J. Graham, United Brethren Church, Buckhannon, W. Va.

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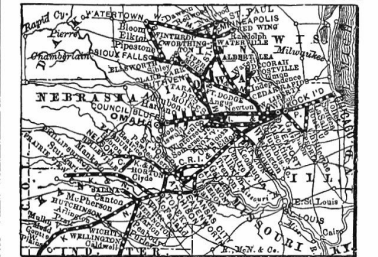
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