

SOME MOTHER'S CHILD.

At home or away,  
In the alley or street,  
Wherever I chance  
In this wide world to meet  
A girl that is thoughtless,  
Or a boy that is wild,  
My heart echoes softly:  
It is some mother's child.

And when I see those  
O'er whom long years have rolled,  
Whose hearts have grown hardened,  
Whose spirits are cold,  
Be it woman all fallen,  
Or man all defiled,  
A voice whispers sadly;  
It is some mother's child.

No matter how far  
From the right she hath strayed;  
No matter what inroad  
Dishonor hath made;  
No matter what elements  
Cankered the pearl;  
Though tarnished and sullied,  
She is some mother's girl,

No matter how deep  
He is sunken in sin;  
No matter how much  
He is shunned by his kin;  
No matter how low  
Is his standard of joy;  
Though guilty and loathsome,  
He is some mother's boy.

That head hath been pillowed  
On tenderest breast;  
That form hath been wept o'er,  
Those lips have been pressed;  
That soul hath been prayed for  
In tones sweet and mild;  
For her sake deal gently  
With some mother's child.—SEL.

MINISTER'S WIVES.

"Do you expect to pay my wife a salary?" was the quiet but pointed answer of a minister to the questioning of a church committee, who, while proposing that he should labor with them in the Gospel, seemed very desirous of ascertaining the special qualifications of his wife.

The apostles evidently exercised that power which Paul claimed that he had, "to lead about a sister wife," or to enjoy the blessing of the married state. And no doubt their wives were godly, faithful women, some of whom may have been among the disciples and followers of the Lord in the day of his flesh. But how little do we hear of them in the World of God. We have the acts of the apostles, but not the acts of the apostles' wives. We have epistles to Timothy and to Titus, teaching them how they ought to behave in the church of God, but no special directions for Mrs. Timothy, or Mrs. Titus, separate from the counsel given to the younger women in general, who were to "marry, bear children, guide the house, and give none occasion to speak reproachfully."

There were, it is certain, women who labored in the Gospel—prophetesses, deaconesses, and women upon whom the spirit of God was especially poured; but as a rule, they were not the wives of men prominent in the work of God. Priscilla and Aquila might form an exception, and others may occasionally be found in the history of the church. But the sacrifice of time and strength which such an arrangement would ordinarily have involved, would have been disastrous to domestic life. There are home cares as well as public duties, and God does not place all the burdens upon one back, nor require all the sacrifices of one household.

And yet at the present day a minister's wife is required by custom to be a sort of ministeress, who is expected to do as much work for the church as her husband does, while at the same time she is expected to be a pattern of all household carefulness, and wifely excellence. Such a requirement is unreasonable, absurd, impossible. To those who cherish such a notion, we commend these words from the Christian Intelligencer:

"It should be clearly understood that the minister's wife is the wife of the minister, and not of the congregation; that she is the mother of his and her children, and not of all the children in the parish who have poor, or thriftless, or ignorant parents; that she has a first and a ceaseless duty to perform to those of her own household, just as others have to theirs, neither more nor less. If other wives and mothers will gauge the inroads that these

home and family relationships, honestly and faithfully responded to, make upon their own time, and thought, and physical and financial resources, they will be able to estimate the extent of like demands upon the wife of the minister; and a conscientious balancing of these considerations will probably lead, as it certainly ought to lead, to an equitable appointment of the care and toil of Christian work among all the members of a congregation. It is unjust, and even a dishonest, evasion of individual duty and responsibility to shift them as an additional, unshared burden upon the shoulders of the minister's wife.

"The true rule is, that each must carry his own load, though not forgetting to help one another. If this be done, none need be laden above his strength or ability. But if all throw their burdens upon one, no mortal can be expected to stand the strain. As the minister's wife may not shuffle off the burdens of her duties and responsibilities to God, the church, her family, the poor, the sinful, and the wretched, upon the wife of a layman, so neither may the wife of the layman shift her share of the burden and heat of the day upon the wife of the minister.

Those who demand so much from the minister's wife, who expect her to make up for their own shortcomings or neglect, and who are dissatisfied unless she is the vigorous and inspiring mainspring of a thousand activities, where they themselves are listless or mere dead weights, should also bear in mind that ministers as well as laymen relish the charm and are profited by the enjoyment of home life. The minister's house has its domestic altar as well as the house of the merchant or lawyer, and the ministrations of the wife are as essential to comfort and happiness and a rounded life, in the one case as in the other. If the minister's wife is to be absorbed exclusively with outside affairs, by being made to bear burdens alone, which she should only share with other wives, there will be little time or opportunity left her, and none of the electricity and freshness, which are needed to make the home life of the minister,—that remnant of paradise on earth,—what it ought to be."—Sel.

A STINGY MAN'S CONVERSION.

I was pastor in a certain city in the Old Bay state. The spirit of revival was in the church, and sinners were flocking to Christ. One evening a man came to the church who was estimated to be one of the closest financiers and hardest men to deal with in the city. He was about sixty years of age and his face told the story of his life. He was so "small" in his dealings, so determined to overreach his neighbor, that his life-purpose was stamped indelibly upon his features. The face was dry and hard, and colorless. And yet he was really, by nature, a bright, capable man. His son, of entirely different tastes and temperament, was highly esteemed, and became mayor of the city before he was twenty-five.

The night this hard-fisted man appeared in the church, the sermon was preached, and the invitation was given to all who would make a full surrender to the Master. To the surprise of some, (Is "faith" ever taken by surprise?), this man knelt at the altar, and before he left it, he heard the voice of absolution, saying, "Go in peace, and sin no more." As he went from the church a heavenly radiance illumined his face, transfiguring the old, dry, colorless look into an expression of "joy unspeakable."

He had been converted, wonderfully saved. But how were we to know that the work was not superficial? "By their fruits ye shall know them." In a few days a "widow in the city" received a communication from this new disciple, in which he made known to her, that while her husband was alive, he cheated him out of a certain sum of money, and enclosed the amount, and later, sent a reinforcement to the widow's larder that made her heart sing for joy for many a day. The transformation of this man's life was nothing short of a miracle.—Ram's Horn.

A PROTECTED FIEND.

The liquor traffic is the basest outlaw ever tolerated in a civilized country. It raises up a class of men who consider themselves amenable to no authority, and justified in resisting even by violent methods all attempts to restrain them in

their unlawful operations. Murder, assault, dynamite outrages, bullying, bluff, mobs, and other criminal practices are resorted to whenever attempts are made to eradicate the saloon or even to confine its detestable work to the limits of the law. Any community can have a mob on its hands by undertaking to enforce the prohibitory features of the liquor law. No community will venture to cope with the monster unless strong and fearless citizens, who count not their lives and property dear unto themselves, stand ready to lead the van. As a rule, influential men in every community prefer social quiet to tumult, and would rather let the saloon like a mad wolf go free than to undertake to corral it or destroy it. Moreover, the law is such that extraordinary methods are absolutely necessary in order to detect the saloon in its crimes and to bring the responsible parties to justice. These methods are always expensive, and they also involve local citizens unpleasantly with strange detectives who must be employed to discover the crimes and the evidence which will convict the criminals. It is a shame that an institution so pernicious as the saloon has been allowed to entrench itself in the general mechanism of our laws, customs, financial interests and social forces. The saloon at best is intolerable to many citizens, and the day will never come when all communities will be acquiescent in the presence of its nefarious work. Now here, now there, a gallant mayor, a brave preacher, a loyal citizen will grapple with the offender, and the result will be agitation, excitement, arrests, mobs, trials, acquittals or convictions, heart-burnings, life-long animosities, and perhaps mainings and assassinations. Just as long as the State sanctions the traffic, and for a price practically protects it, so long will temperance people find themselves at a tremendous disadvantage in trying to protect themselves, their children, and their homes from the ruthless ravages of the defiant rum fiend.—Michigan Christian Advocate.

LINCOLN'S PROMISE.

While a member of Congress, Abraham Lincoln was once criticised by a friend for "his seeming rudeness in declining to test the rare wines provided by their host." The friend said to him: "There is certainly no danger of a man of your years and habits becoming addicted to the use of wine." "I meant no disrespect, John," answered Lincoln, "but I promised my precious mother, only a few days before she died, that I would never use anything intoxicating as a beverage, and I consider that promise as binding today as it was the day I gave it." "But," the friend continued, "there is a great difference between a child surrounded by a rough class of drinkers and a man in a home of refinement." "A promise is a promise forever," answered Lincoln, "and when made to a mother it is doubly binding."

A FATHER'S LOVE.

A little incident was told us recently illustrating the love of a father, which pleased us very much.

"On a certain street corner in the city of Baltimore," said the narrator, a preacher of the gospel, "I used to meet very often a policeman, tall and stalwart, the very embodiment of law and justice. I knew little of him, excepting his name, and when, one day, I was called to officiate at the simple funeral service of a young infant belonging to a family of the same name, I did not associate the two together.

"Having mistaken the hour of service, I arrived early, and was shown into the front room, where I sat alone for some time before others arrived. The tiny casket was in the room, and the remains were those of the very smallest baby I had ever seen.

"After sitting in a darkened corner for perhaps an hour, the door opened and in came my policeman, who, walking unsteadily to the casket, and bending beside it, began to weep. It was a touching sight—the grief of this great strong being for such an exceedingly small object. I felt almost like an intruder, and that this grief was too sacred to be witnessed by an outsider.

"At length the man, turning, saw me, and wiping his eyes, he said brokenly, 'Pardon me, sir, but I was her father. She was the only child I had, and of course was very dear to me.'

"I assured him that apologies were unnecessary, and that his tears were an expression of true manly feeling. The scene has been indelibly impressed upon my memory."

The love of this father for his child was able of appreciating or realizing the value of like a faint type of the love of the heavenly Father for us.

"Love divine, all loves

THE TOBACCO

Many physicians have testified to the detrimental effect of tobacco upon the health of their patients. Yet about "tobacco habit" there is no doubt that follow the habit.

There is no doubt that tobacco cannot use tobacco in any amount, without producing functional derangement in persons who are of the habit. In our opinion, we will generally find that this, too, is very true. It is very common to see gastric catarrh, or indigestion, or have seen many cases of stomach, which result from the use of tobacco, and liberal employment of tobacco, either smoked or in any form, is the greatest activity of the salivary glands, and in this way, of course works to the detriment to our patients.

Patients come to us, complaining of pain in the region of the heart; along with this is associated palpitation, which always causes the patient alarm. These symptoms may be found in many, and, I might say, are due to excessive employment of tobacco. Patients will also complain of sick stomach after eating with or without palpitation of the heart. These and other symptoms will almost invariably be found associated with tobacco poison.—The Medical Summary.

HIS MISTAKE.

A wealthy man was suddenly confronted with the fact that he was dying. He sent for a lawyer to make his will; and, as he was willing away first one thing and then another, he came to his beautiful home, and directed that it should be left to his wife and child. His little girl was an attentive observer and listener to all that was going on, and, as he willed his home, she said:

"Papa, have you another home in that land you are going to?"

The arrow reached his heart. He saw his great mistake. He had no home beyond the grave.

Alas! how many there are like him. They live for sin, self and the world, but make no provision for the world to come. It is only those who are "kept by the power of God" through a personal living faith in a personal living Saviour, for whom the inheritance is reserved: therefore all others are excluded. The kept inheritance is only for the kept ones. (1 Peter 1:3 5.)

A DEATH SCENE.

A striking incident was communicated to the New York Press a few years ago, by a deeply humble minister. One of the leading members of his church was greatly distressed in his last sickness, on reviewing his mode of living and reflecting upon his family and the comparatively small sum he had given to the Lord's cause. In every way the pastor endeavored to comfort him. He spoke of his having given cheerfully, and as much as others did. He reminded him that the best of us are unprofitable servants, and must look to the mercy of God in Christ as our only hope. The troubled man found no peace or comfort, but grew more and more uneasy, distressed and agonized as his end drew near. At last taking the hand of his pastor, he said:

"Brother, I am going to the Judge unprepared to meet Him, because you have been unfaithful to me; for years I have lived and taught my family to live largely for this world. We have denied ourselves nothing, but spent thousands on personal comforts. Where I gave hundreds to Christ and His Church, it should have been thousands. My business, energy and time and money have been mostly devoted to self-pleasing and gratification, and how can I meet my Judge and give an account of my stewardship? I am beyond recovery. Do what you can to save other professors who are in the current of worldly self-indulgence and extravagance, which is sweeping them to destruction."

The difference between Saul the persecutor and Paul the propagator of Christianity was not the result of environment, but of inward conviction. He was a man made over, "new creation in Christ Jesus." Yet he was a moral man, who thought he was doing God service, before the change was wrought. Is the lesson of his experience obsolete?

"WHO ARE THE PRAYING ONES?"

It is said of Charles G. Finney, the great evangelist and preacher, that he always insisted on the spirit of prayer, power to prevail with God, as absolutely indispensable in a successful Christian worker. The fact was very marked in all the powerful revivals where Mr. Finney labored. Perhaps not the many were led in this way, for as in our day, only the few hidden ones got down into the deep places with God, but there were always those who did learn the secret of the Lord as He loves to reveal it to the willing and obedient; and these Mr. Finney considered as most important allies in carrying on a revival.

His question on entering a place to begin meetings, was, not who will help in the preaching, but who are the praying ones. Has there been a spirit of prayer poured out upon any in the community? Who are "standing on the watch tower," waiting for the vision? And if he found but one or two who really took hold on God with conscious power, his heart was encouraged and he took up his labors with renewed energy.

OFF THE TRACK.

Several hundred persons, many of them business men, were delayed more than an hour in getting into the city the other morning, because one freight car had got off the track. The derailing of a single car was sufficient to block the traffic of the railroad for hours. It is so when a young man goes wrong; he does more than hinder his own progress, or hurt his own character, for he interferes with the progress of others.—Wellspring.

"Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." A man's religious experience should not be measured by the joy he may manifest or feel at times. The only true and safe test is the pressure of heavy crosses, hot conflicts, assaults of men and demons, malicious reproaches, severe rebukes, great sacrifices and bitter persecutions. A man's religion is worth to him just what he will stand under these tests. How much is your religion worth to you? Do you shine the most when placed under these tests? Do not measure your experience by your happy feelings. Wait till your are permitted of Providence to "pass under the rod," or be maligned or reproached, or be led to Gethsemane's sorrows, or be pierced by thorns from wrathful men; then "examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith." Amen.

Of all combats, the sorest is to conquer ourselves.—Thomas A. Kempis.

Smiles are smiles only when the heart pulls the wire.—Theo. Winthrop.