

THE HELL BOUND TRAIN.

A DREAM.

Tom Gray lay down on the bar room floor,
Having drank so much he could drink no
more,
So he fell asleep with a troubled brain
To dream that he rode on a hell bound
train.

The engine with blood was red and damp
And brilliantly lit by a brimstone lamp,
An imp for fuel was shoveling bones,
While the furnace rang with a thousand
groans;
The boiler was filled with lager beer,
And the devil himself was the engineer.

The passengers made such a motley crew.
Church member, atheist, Gentile and
Jew,
Rich man in broadcloth and beggar in
rags,
Handsome young ladies and withered old
hags,
Yellow and black men, red, brown and
white,
All chained together, what a horrible
sight,
While the train dashed on at an awful
pace,
And a hot wind scorched their hands and
face.

Wilder and wilder the country grew,
And faster and faster the engine flew,
Louder and louder the thunder crashed,
And brighter and brighter the lightning
flashed;
Hotter and hotter the air became,
Till the clothes were burned from each
quivering frame.
And in the distance there rose such a yell,
"Ha! Ha!" croaked the devil, "we're near-
ing hell."

Then, oh, how the passengers shriek with
pain,
And begged the devil to stop the train,
But he capered about and sang with glee
And laughed and joked at their agony.

My faithful friend you have done my
work,
And the devil can ne'er a pay day shirk,
You have bullied the weak and robbed the
poor,
And the starving brother turned from
your door;
You have laid up gold where the canker
rusts.
And given free vent to your fleshly lusts;
You have justice scorned and corruption
shown,
And trampled the laws of nature down,
You have drunk and rioted and murdered
and lied,
And mocked at God in your hell born
pride:
You have paid full fare, so I'll carry you
through,
For it is only right you should get your
due;
Why, the laborer always expects his hire,
So I'll land you safe in the lake of fire,
Where your flesh shall roast in the flames
that roar,
And myimps torment you more and more.

Then Tom awoke with an agonized cry,
His clothes soaked with sweat and his
hair standing high,
Then he prayed as he never had prayed
before
To be saved from drink and the devils
power,
And his vows and prayers were not in
vain,
For he never more rode on the hell-bound
train. —Sel.

THE CROSS AVAILS.

A NEW CREATURE.

The cross of Christ is the only means
of human salvation. Not the cross of
wood, not merely the death or martyrdom
of Christ thereon. But the cross as re-
presenting Christ's sacrificial death as the
procuring cause of human salvation.

St. Paul gloried not in what the world
glories in—muscular strength, fame,
power, wealth, influence; nor in what
moral formalism glories in—the untidied
human ability to live right; nor in what
the church, a mere ecclesiasticism, glories
in—rites and ceremonies, divinely ap-
pointed or humanly prescribed (Galatians
6:14, 15).

"For, whatever the design or value or
effect of such mere formalism, of such
rites and ceremonies, may be, so far from
being essential to religion, to personal
piety, to present or ultimate salvation, St.
Paul sets them aside as 'availing nothing.'

He pronounces the essence of personal
piety to consist in "a new creature." His
distinction between Christianity and
Churchianity is startling. It must have
been especially so to his contemporary
Jews. They were the trained formalists
centuries old. It was sacrilege to touch
their ark, to enter their "Holy of Holies,"
to counterfeit their sacred ointment, to
pretend to their holy fire, to invade their
close ecclesiasticism, to put to personal or
profane use any of their rites or cere-
monies or forms. Their altar and temple
sanctified everything that touched them.
Anyone gave them an unsanctified touch
at his peril. The swift vengeance of God
came not sooner nor fiercer than their hu-
man rage at any intruder or detractor.
But St. Paul boldly insisted that we are
to be "in Christ Jesus," that is Christlike.
This whole epistle displaces spiritual
bondage with spiritual liberty; works
"dead works," with faith; externals with
internals; incidentals with essentials; tem-
porals with eternal; secondary with
primary; signs with things signified; cere-
monies with realities. How much this
involves! True Christians must insist on
thorough and radical conversion as con-
trasted with mere "turning around," and
many other thing that are commonly
accepted as conversion. Cards, hard-
shakings, promises, professions, assuming
any or all religious duties, nothing of this
kind will avail for "the new creature."
But, if we talk thus then we must have
something to show for what we call our
radical conversion. There must be a radical
change in thought, feeling, desire,
temper, affection, disposition, word, look,
action. There must be "a change of heart,"
"a new, celestial birth," "a being born
again, born from above," "a new birth of
our spirits by the Holy Spirit," a new
life, a higher life.

Some glory in the law versus the cross.
But St. Paul says the law only necessari-
tates the cross. It is "our school master,
to bring us to Christ." It is the Sinai
that drives us, with mutterings and light-
nings and thunders, to Calvary. Circum-
cision and baptism are merely initia-
tory services. Peter ate with the Gentiles,
but when the Jews came, he withdrew
from the novel liberty he had taken; and
St. Paul charged him with dissimulation.
Peter knew what it would cost him to
maintain such a stand. St. Paul pro-
nounces all substitutes for "the new cre-
ature" as mere pretence to real religion,
to vital piety, to saving Christlikeness. For
those who reject Christ for the law, do
not and cannot keep the law. It is only
"a fair show," a glorying in the flesh,"
and among the Jews, and even now a-days,
an attempt to avoid persecution. In
different ways and forms it is still exact-
ly the same. It may have changed its
guise, but it is still the same old coun-
terfeit of true and spiritual worship.

And it is unavailing: "Neither circum-
cision nor uncircumcision availeth any-
thing; but a new creature." "Circum-
cision is nothing, and uncircumcision is
nothing, but the keeping of the command-
ment of God." "For in Christ Jesus
neither circumcision availeth anything,
nor uncircumcision, but faith which
worketh by love." If the ancient God-
appointed ordinances and rites and
ceremonies availed nothing, how much
less any that are merely human and
nothing more nor less than our own mere
human will-worship.

As we now read such Scriptures and
hear such sentiments how reasonable it
seems to those who are delivered from
formalistic bigotry; but what a startling
revelation to the Jews with their august
and time-honored and sacred temple and
synagogue forms!

The cross of Christ is an example of
voluntary self-abnegating, self-sacrificing
benevolence. "For ye know the grace of
our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he
was rich, yet for your sakes he became
poor, that ye through his poverty might be
rich." Pause a moment over this Scrip-
ture, so often read, so familiar, that it
has lost to us much of the fulness of its
meaning, and take in the full force of the
same word, in two meanings as applied to
Christ, and as applied to us—"rich,"
"rich."

The cross of Christ is an incentive and
an aid to a life of personal crucifixion to
the world. By the "world" is meant the
"world" with its maxims, manners, fash-
ions, dictates, attractions and dangers.
Christ was crucified; so must we be. He

is our incentive. It is an aid to unworld-
liness and other-worldliness: "Who gave
himself for our sins that he might deliver
us from this present evil world." It is a
fact. A Christlike fact. And a fact in
every Christlike experience and life.—Ch
Standard.

A HEAVENLY HOME.

The most attractive view of heaven is
that in which it is represented as a home.
"In my Father's house;" "The whole
family in heaven." The word "home" is
sweet and the meaning familiar. Who
does not look back to the home of child-
hood with fond recollection? The house
may have been primitive and humble,
desitute of those luxurious and comfort-
able appointments which we have seen
in fine city houses, but the house is not
the home. The home is the family—the
father, mother, brothers, and sisters. In
the home there are freedom, confidence,
sympathy, and love. There are cheerful
songs, delightful conversations, happy
voices, merry laughter, and sacred fellow-
ships. But that home is no more. The
father and mother grew old and feeble
and have been gathered to their fathers.
The brothers and sisters are scattered
and the home is a memory. Then new
relations were found and new homes es-
tablished. Those who were once children
became the heads of families, and sons
and daughters are growing up about
them. Again there are freedom, confi-
dence, sympathy and love. But these
homes are temporal also. Soon they will
be only a memory. And is this all? Shall
the homes of men and women go on
forever rising and falling, growing and
decaying? No, there is an everlasting
home. There is a heavenly Father who
from everlasting to everlasting. His
children gather about him with freedom,
happiness and love, with music and glad-
ness, and that home shall abide forever.
"Home, sweet, sweet home!
Prepare me, dear Saviour,
For heaven, my home." —Sel.

THE DELUSION OF THE DANCE.

Spiritual life, like all forms of life, has
its own peculiarities. And like all other
forms of life, if deprived of its proper
stimulus or put into proper environments,
it will die.

This great fact does not enter into the
discussions of some religionists, when
they take up the amusement question.
This failure on their part goes to prove
that the encouragement given worldly
amusements comes from people who them-
selves have the spirit of the world and
not the spirit of Jesus Christ. "If any
man love the world, the love of the
Father is not in him," says the Old Book.

In our first charge God gave us a re-
vival of religion in the first quarter.
Among other happy converts was Flor-
ence. She was a happy Christian, as
evinced by her joyful testimony, shining
face and constant attendance upon the
means of grace.

In the fall, a few months later, a
dancing school was started in the town.
She was importuned to go and went.
Christians friends labored with and urged
her not to attend, but she resisted all ap-
peals and declared her purpose to go. We
have no doubt that she was honest in her
opinion.

But when the dancing school began,
the prayer meeting ended in her case.
The testimony for Jesus ceased and the
joy of salvation fled.

A few weeks later we were summoned
to her dying bed. It was almost thirty
years ago. We can see the room in our
memory. We can hear the wailing and
cries of distress of the poor girl and her
confession that the dance had destroyed
her spiritual life. We have never had to
reason over the matter of the dance. We
know what it did for one poor deluded
soul, and we know that it will steal
away the bloom of real Christian expe-
rience. We pity the so-called Christians
who are pleading for it and indulging in
it. If they had the love of God in their
hearts they would no more think of in-
dulging in these things than in feeding
on carrion.—Christian Witness.

We must be ten times more anxious
to be holy than to appear holy.—Sel.

Frivolity is as dangerous to piety
as walking on smooth ice is to the
body.—Sel.

DON'T TALK TOO MUCH.

"In the multitude of words there want-
eth not sin." Prov. 10:19.

"By thy words shalt thou be justified
and by thy words shalt thou be condemn-
ed." Matt. 12:27.

"Let your speech be always with grace,
seasoned with salt." Col. 4:6 Most
people talk too much. Avoid reckless,
indiscriminate speech. Some one has
said:

"Choose to listen rather than to talk;
For silence is preferable to speech.

It is wiser to talk too little than too
much;

And to speak well then to say too
many things.

Aim at speaking rather to the purpose
than often.

Reflect before speaking.

Know how to speak by silence.

Restrain the tongue when the heart is
agitated.

Be silent when you feel too great a de-
sire to talk.

Speak after others.

Never against others.

Always well of others.

Always with modesty.

Never against the truth.

Always with discretion;

When vanity has found entrance, puri-
fy the intention.

Let your tone of voice be neither too
loud nor too low.

Never seek information through curiosi-
ty.

Leave it to the world to talk of the
world.

Complain of nothing, neither of persons
nor of things.

Do not speak much of yourself nor of
your affairs.

Say little of your works, less of your
troubles.

Confide these to very few persons.

Utter no useless words;

But harmless trifles may serve you as
recreation if spoken in God's presence and
for Him.—Selected.

WHAT PENTECOST DOES.

The Northwestern Christian Ad-
vocate says, in substance, that there
has been very much less "politics"
than formerly in the Methodist
Episcopal General conference in the
election of Bishops, and affirms that
one of the reasons is that such a large
number of the delegates and visitors
have been so greatly benefited by the
Pentecostal meetings held every day
under the direction of several of the
Bishops. It has never been known to
fail that real live Pentecostal revivals
have elevated the moral tone of the
persons affected. A return of Pente-
cost would be the greatest blessing
this world could possibly receive.

There is far greater danger that
the keen edge of spiritual efficiency
will be dulled on account of some
very simple neglect of obedience to
God than in consequence of any
serious and desperate outbreak against
the government of the kingdom of
God. We do not mean in this state-
ment to enter into any comparison of
one sin with another; sin is sin what-
ever the act may be, and we do not
compare one sin with another and
say of one sin that it is a little thing,
of the other that it is a great sin; but
we do say that the great masses of
church people are more in danger of
losing their spiritual efficiency by the
yielding to some little neglect than
they are by yielding to a temptation
to lie or steal or commit murder.
This fact should set us on guard and
produce in us the most earnest watch-
fulness.—Sel.

"O God! kind art Thou unto me to-
day,"

I eager cried. "That which I sought
I find."

Then heard my heart His voice gently
say:

"Child, when have I been aught to
thee but kind?"

—Annie Steger Winston, Richmond,
Vt.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

MOTHER'S BOYS.

Yes, I know there are stains on my car-
pet,
The traces of small, muddy boots;
And I see your fair tepestry glowing
All spotless with blossoms and fruits!

And I know that my walls are disfigured
With prints of small fingers and hands,
And that your own household whiteness
All fresh in its purity stands.

And I know that my parlor is littered
With many odd treasures and toys,
While your own is in daintiest order,
Unharmd by the presence of boys!

And I know that my room is invaded
Quite boldly all hours of the day,
While you sit in your own unmolested,
And dream the soft quiet away.

Yes, I know there are four little bedsides
Where I must stand watchful each
night,

While you may go out in your carriage,
And flash in your dresses so bright!

Now I think I'm a neat little woman,
I like my house orderly, too;

And I'm fond of all dainty belongings,
Yet I would not change places with
you!

No! keep your fair home with its order,
Its freedom from bother and noise!
And keep your own fanciful leisure!

But give me my four splendid boys!
—Unknown.

I WAS SELLING IT JUST LIKE YOU.

I hear that Mr. Smith has sold out his
saloon," said one of a couple of middle
aged men who sat sipping their beer and
eating a bit of cheese in a Smithfield
Street saloon on Friday night.

"Yes," responded the other rather
slowly.

"What was the reason? I thought he
was just coming money there."

The other nibbled a cracker abstractedly
for a moment, and then said:

"It is rather a funny story. Smith, you
know, lives on Mount Washington, right
near me, where he has an excellent wife,
nice home, and three as pretty children
as ever played out doors—all boys, you
know, the oldest not over nine, and all
about the same size. Smith is a pretty
respectable sort of a citizen, never drinks
or gambles, and thinks the world of his
family.

"Well, he went home one afternoon
last week and found his wife out shopping
or something of that sort. He went on
through the house into the back yard and
there, under an apple tree, were the three
little fellows playing. They had a bench
and some bottles and tumblers, and were
playing 'keep saloon.' He noticed that
they were drinking something out of a
pail, and that they acted tipsy. The
youngest, who was behind the bar, had a
towel tied round his waist, and was set-
ting the drinks up pretty free. Smith
walked over and looked in the pail. It
was beer, and two of the boys were so
drunk that they staggered. A neigh-
bor's boy, a couple of years older, lay
asleep behind a tree.

"My God, boys, you must not drink
that!" he said, as he lifted the six-year old
from behind the bench.

"We's playin' saloon, papa, [an' I was
a sellin' it just like you," said the little
fellow. Smith poured out the beer,
carried the drunken boy home, and then
took his own boys and put them to bed.
When his wife came back, she found him
crying like a child. He came back down
town that night and sold out his business,
and says he will never sell or drink an-
other drop of liquor. His wife told mine
about it, and she broke down crying
while she told it."

This is a true story, but the name was
not Smith.—Selected.

IS IT NOTHING TO YOU.

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians?
O answer me this today!

The heathen are looking to you;

You can give, or go, or pray,
You can save your souls from blood-guiltiness

For in lands you never trod
The heathen are dying every day,
And dying without God.

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians!
Dare ye say ye have naught to do

All over the earth they wait for the light;
And is it nothing to you?
—Selected