

A CALL TO ACTION.

"The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."
 "As My Father hath sent Me even so send I you."

General Booth has just been visiting Jerusalem, and from the scenes of the earthly life of our Lord has issued the following call to the Christian Church, which we feel will be read with profit by all our readers:

I am in Jerusalem, at the very heart of the scenes forever hallowed by my Lord and Master's life, sufferings, and death. I have visited Bethlehem, and in imagination I have listened to the anthems with which the angels heralded the Savior's coming to our world; I have walked the streets of the city once trodden by His sacred feet; I have stood on the brow of Mount Olivet, and gazed with the deepest sympathy upon the pitying tears He wept over those who were about to shed His blood; and I have looked on the other places made memorable by their connection with the tragic incidents of His earthly career.

They have shown me the pool of Siloam and the village of Bethany; while Nazareth, Jericho and the River Jordan lay in the distance. They have shown me the reputed sites of the temple, of the place of the Master's betrayal, of the place of Herod, and of the judgment hall where Pilate condemned Him to die. And as I looked back into that hall, I saw again the crown of thorns, the mocking robe, the mimic sceptre, the cruel scourging, while down through the ages I seemed to hear again the cries of the mob, "Crucify Him!"

With indescribable feelings I have knelt in the Garden of Gethsemane, ascended the hill called Calvary, and worshipped with solemn awe on the very ground where stood the cross of shame on which my Lord purchased, by His broken heart, abundant sovereign saving grace to meet the needs of the whole human family.

I have looked into the empty sepulchre, where cold in the arms of death, my Savior lay, and have wonderingly beheld the mount from which He ascended to the Father, triumphant over sin, and death, and hell, to plead the cause of the world He has so gloriously redeemed.

As my eyes have rested upon these sacred scenes, again the old question has suggested itself, "Why all this suffering? Why did He live? And for what did He die?" And then I have remembered the answer which came from His own blessed lips: "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

That was His mission received from the Father; and as the Father commissioned Him, so He commissioned His disciples; and if we are His disciples, our task is the same—namely, the salvation of the lost. About the length and breadth of the commission there can be no mistake. Beyond question it comprehended then and comprehends today, the conditional deliverance of every man from every sin, irrespective of nationality, of character or circumstance. Whosoever cometh to Him He will in no wise cast out. By the grace of God He tasted death for every man. He was, and is, the one Savior of the whole world.

But standing here today, may I not make a special claim on behalf of the more helpless and hopeless section of the people? Could their condition be much more unlike that kingdom which He came to establish, or more closely resemble what we know of the kingdom of hell?

Look at the cruel, selfish, senseless, inhuman wars in which the poor are ever the main sufferers! Look at the starvation in which millions slowly pine, wasting and waiting until delivered from their misery by the gavel!

Look at the countless array of drunkards held by the chains of their demoralizing appetites! Think of their desolate wives and children, their dreary homes, and of their march to death and hell!

Look at the hideous slavery of impurity flaunting itself in the very centres of civilization and Christianity, and at the debasing results that follow in its train!

Look at the melancholy criminals shut behind prison bars; for whose reformation for this world or the next so little intelligent effort is made! Look at the gay, frivolous crowds found everywhere, who in the paltriest pursuits waste the sacred opportunities given them to bless their

fellows and prepare to meet their God!

Look at the dark heathen world numbering some three-fourths of the earth's population, utterly ignorant of the mercy of Jesus, and often abandoned to conditions of misery and vice terrible to contemplate!

Comrades, friends, belonging to every section of the Christian faith, look at the waste, howling wilderness, only faintly pictured here. Look at it! Oh, look with the spirit of the great Christ when He stood upon this sacred hill, the spirit in which He looks at it today, and say, will you not do something adequate for these sufferers?

I am not oblivious to the Christianizing efforts already made by the disciples of the cross. I am not unmindful of the noble temples which have been erected, of the intellectual systems which have been formulated, of the impressive ceremonies which have been originated, of the powerful organizations which have been created in His name; neither do I overlook the fight being made in every corner of the globe for the benefit of the peoples in whose interests I plead. I thank God for all this loving toil, but the time has more than come to go further out and deeper down than ever before into the ocean of moral depravity and woe, into this veritable hell upon earth, to seek out and save its denizens of darkness.

The followers of Jesus Christ today are sufficiently powerful in number, wealth, and ability to grapple effectively with this under-world of agony; and at the risk of being thought guilty of presumption, standing here on this sacred mount I feel I must send forth a call to them to come with their wealth, learning, ability and influence, and let us make a united fight to save the people.

Let us make a great fight to save them from the cruel poverty in which they pine. Let us save the slaves of vice by taking them to Christ, who can change their characters by changing their hearts. Let us save them from paralyzing despair by showing them a way of deliverance; let us make them feel that we are their friends; let us save them from coming destruction by persistently pressing them to accept the pardoning, regenerating, purifying salvation of God, who saves to the uttermost.

Comrades, friends and strangers, do not pass these poor words by because my name has no place high in the roll of church dignitaries, or because it is unrecognized by any popular school of philosophy, or is not endorsed with the authority of any powerful government. If the call is in harmony with the mission of Jesus Christ, with the noblest instincts of your own nature, with the urging of the Holy Spirit, or with the needs of the suffering, listen to it, and in some way try to give it effect. Turn to the men, women and children around you, who need your help; go to work at once, and if no other means of rescue be at hand, avail yourself of the services of my own dear people. But do something, oh, do something! By the hell on earth these poor creatures suffer today; by the destruction on the verge of which they hover; by the abundant mercy provided for them; by the deliverance we have proved so possible; by the agony of the cross under the shadow of which I make this appeal—I plead for a united, desperate, persistent effort to save the lost.

THE RAILROADS.

FROM THE FORTIETH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

A potent factor in the temperance reform is the modern railway. Perhaps there is no single influence in this country to-day, outside of the churches, which is so powerful in reducing the consumption of liquor as that of railways, and here it is purely a business proposition. Railways are not particularly interested in sentiment or morals, except so far as sentiment and morals affect their business. They are after larger earnings, smaller expenses, fewer accidents. The employee who drinks is a menace to all these purposes; hence the stringency of their rules relating to drink, forbidding, as these rules do, on most of the great railways, the use of intoxicants, not only while on duty, but while off duty.

Until some six years ago there was no concerted action on the part of railroad directors in the matter of temperance

with their employees. Here and there individual railroads tried to promote temperance among their workmen. After every accident it was the custom of the superintendents and managers to make microscopic examination of the causes, the first search being usually directed to learn "if anybody had been drinking." Too frequently it was found that such was the case, and a vociferous warning against drink "to excess" would follow. These "warnings" gradually succumbed to "rules," generally directed against "drink to excess," in turn gave way to "drinking while on duty," some being more stringent, and a few requiring even total abstinence. This was the situation up to April 12, 1899, when the American Railway Association adopted standard rules, one of which read:

"The use of intoxicants by employees while on duty is prohibited. Their habitual use, or the frequenting of places where they are sold, is sufficient cause for dismissal."

This is the standard rule of the association to-day, and as such is in force on practically every railway in the United States.

The railroads of the country employ by far the largest number of men of any organization in the land, demand the highest efficiency and pay the highest aggregate of wages. It is estimated that they employ 1,000,000 men, who have perhaps, 5,000,000 more dependent upon them. Thus, about one person in every fifteen of the population is either directly or indirectly dependent upon the railroads for support. So it can be seen how far-reaching is the temperance rule of the companies. The annual pay-roll of the railroads is \$577,000,000, which would give about \$75 to every man, woman and child in the United States. The corporations which control this enormous annual disbursement have taken a definite stand for temperance on the part of their employees.

By some railroads this rule of the association is amended by making it more stringent. Such, for example, is Rule 22 of the Toronto, Hamilton and Buffalo Railway, which tartly reads, "The use of intoxicating liquors is forbidden under any circumstances." Rule 19 of the Pittsburg and Lake Erie Railway is even more drastic. It reads:

The use of intoxicants, visiting saloons, whether on or off duty, gambling or playing cards in or around stations, or upon trains or cars, or in or upon property of this company, by employees, is strictly prohibited. The violation of this rule will be sufficient cause for discipline or discharge from the service."

Precisely the same language is used by the Bessemer and Lake Erie Road.

The very first sentence of the application form used by the Vandalia line is a total abstinence pledge, reading:

"I hereby make application for a situation as . . . and if employed agree to observe all the rules and regulations of the company, to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors, to avoid saloons and places of low resort, to conduct myself properly whether on or off duty and to perform my duties to the best of my ability."

A total abstinence pledge is exacted from applicants by the International and Great Northern.

The Grand Trunk Railway rule reads "intoxication, or the use of intoxicating liquors, will be sufficient cause for dismissal." Absolute prohibition, whether on or off duty, also prevails in the Georgia Southern and Florida Railways, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa Railway, Iowa Central Railway, the New York, Ontario and Western and the New York and Ottawa Railways. Various other roads ask and encourage complete total abstinence without demanding it.

Hunger and want are conditions surely of extremest need, and a word of kindness in such a strait is welcome as the smile of an angel, for it may redeem from hopelessness and despair, and a helpful hand-grasp, with something in the hand while, is worth a hundredfold its cost, for it may have ransomed for all future time the most kingly thing on earth, the manhood of a man, for industry, and society, and God.—Wm. Morley Puncheon, LL. D.

The world measures a man by what he has; Christ measures him by what he is.—Exchange.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Little boy sweetheart, with eyes that shine
 Blue as the skies on a summer morn,
 Lips that are wreathed in a smile divine,
 Velvety cheek that is pressed to mine,
 Life has seemed fairer since you were born;
 Fold up your petals, my rosebud white,
 Good-night, my baby, good-night;
 Good-night.

Little boy sweetheart, I love you so!
 How deep that love you will never know.
 Night after night when my work is through,
 Worn out and weary I come to you;
 Bend o'er your couch till upon my ear
 Falls a faint music I yearn to hear,
 Made by your breathing so soft and light,
 Good-night, my baby, good-night,
 Good-night.

Then by your side as I nightly kneel
 To our Father in heaven I make appeal,
 That he will guide you and guard and bless,
 Touch you with love and unselfishness,
 Mould you and lead you life's path along,
 That you grow manly and true and strong,
 That he may grant you a future bright,
 Good-night, my baby, good-night,
 Good-night.

Sometimes in days that are yet to be,
 In the last hours you shall come to me,
 You shall stand at your life's proud prime,
 I whose head shall be touched with time,
 Then, as the world recedes from view,
 On your dear face I will turn my sight
 And out of death I will call to you,
 "Good-night, my baby, good-night,
 Good-night."
 —Denver News.

MARY ANN AND MARIAN.

Mary Ann and Marian are two little girls, just the same age, but, oh, so different in every other way.

I will tell you about Mary Ann first, because I admire her so greatly. She is the twelve-year old daughter of my washer-woman, and as her mother takes in fine washing and ironing, and has six children, Mary Ann has a great deal to do when out of school, helping her mother about the house and tending babies.

I was at Mrs. O'Brien's house one afternoon to get a shirtwaist that I needed before the clothes would come home, and while waiting for it to be ironed, I sat watching Mary Ann, who singing cheerily, was "doing up" the dinner dishes and keeping one eye on the two-year Terrence playing in the little back yard.

"Do you always feel so happy while at work?" I asked her.

"No, mem, not always, but I tries to be. It helps the work along; that's what mother says."

"But what makes you wipe off the stove and do the pots and pans first?" I asked during the next pause.

Mary Ann's mouth—a generous one—broadened to a rich smile.

"Because, mem, I hate to do 'em so bad."

"That's just the reason most folks do them last, Mary Ann."

"Yes, mem, I useter, but since I begun to do 'em first the dishes don't seem half so"—Here she dropped her dish mop and ran out the back door to pick up little Terrence, who had come to grief. She kissed the bump and starting him playing in the sand with a shovel and pail. "As I was saying, mem, I like ter do the glass and plates, knives and forks; so when I gets down to them, mem, it's sorter play like, with the horrid part all gone."

She polished the tumbler until it glistened, set it down very carefully, and continued: "It must be fine to eat off'n real chiny and have real solid silver knives and forks and spoons for every day; but mother says it ain't always the rich folks' that's happiest, that what mother says."

Mrs. O'Brien now came into the kitchen with the shirt-waist neatly tied up. "She's a good gurel, mem; I couldn't kape house without her, mem," she said, as she opened the gate for me to pass through.

A good girl! that she is, and, all unknown to herself, a young philosopher, having learned three very important truths; that a cheerful heart lightens labor; that the disagreeable duty should

be done and out of the way as soon as possible; that what "mother says" counts. Following these, Mary Ann O'Brien will make a good woman one of these days, if she is only the daughter of a washer-woman and the daughter of a hod carrier.

Now let me tell you of Marian. She has so little to do, to wipe, not wash and wipe the breakfast and supper dishes and put them in their places; to make up her own pretty brass bed and mend her stockings each week. Besides this, she is expected to practice one hour a day, and once in a great while, when mamma is very much rushed with her work, to take baby sister out in her go cart. She thinks herself dreadfully abused. Would you believe it? She thinks dishes a drudgery, scales "just horrid," and as for taking sister to ride—all the little sister she has—she just pouts and says she "don't like kids any way."

I can imagine Mary Ann's pride if the O'Briens had such a pretty baby carriage for Terrence and the other baby. The only way Terrence gets a ride is by trudging along beside the squeaky little express, and after it has discharged its burden of washings, Mary Ann puts him into the now empty cart and wheels him home. And a piano! It would seem like heaven itself if a piano found its way into the O'Brien home, judging from the way Mary Ann listened, awe-struck, one day when I played to her, not from the classics, but the songs of the day, hoping she would sing; but Mary Ann would not sing a note.

I don't suppose Mary Ann ever had a quarter of a dollar all her own in her life; yet that is what Marian's papa gives her every week. Marian had such a dear, kind mamma and papa, such a sweet little sister, and such a nice home, she ought to be very happy. Which little girl do you like the better, and which is most like you?—Ex.

PRAY FOR A REVIVAL.

C. G. Finney, the noted evangelist of a half century ago, related the following incidents:

When I labored with the Rev. Mr. Patterson, he told me he had a revival for fourteen winters in succession. He had a praying people. For two or three days, at one time, there seemed to be something in the way. The work seemed to be suspended; and I began to feel alarmed lest something had grieved the Holy Spirit. One evening, at prayer-meeting, one of the elders said: "Brethren, the Spirit of God has been grieved, and I have grieved him. I have been in the habit of praying for Brother Patterson, and for the preaching, on Saturday night, until midnight. This has been my habit for years, to spend Saturday night till midnight, in exploring the blessing of God upon the labors of the Sabbath. Last Saturday night I was fatigued, and omitted it. I thought the work was going on so pleasantly and so powerfully, that I might indulge myself, and go to bed without looking to God for a blessing. On the Sabbath I was impressed with the conviction that I had grieved the Spirit. I have felt convinced ever since; and have felt that it was my duty to make this confession."

One of the elders of Mr. Aiken's church in Utica, a prominent and useful man, died; and I went to attend his funeral. Mr. Aiken conducted the funeral; and I learned that the spirit of prayer was already in that city. He told me one of his principal women had been so deeply exercised about the ungodly state of the church that she prayed two days and two nights, almost incessantly, until her own strength was quite overcome; that she had travail of soul to such an extent, that when her own strength was exhausted, she could not endure the burden of her mind, unless somebody was engaged in prayer with her, upon whose prayer she could lean—some one who could express her desires to God.

I understood this, and told Mr. Aiken that the work had already begun in her heart. He recognized it; and wished me to commence labor with him and his people immediately. I did so, and the work took immediate effect, and the place became filled with the influence of the Holy Spirit.