

THE JEWEL OF HOLINESS.

There is a jewel divinely pure,
Whose luster doth for aye endure,
Which e'en the poorest may procure—
'Tis holiness.

This precious gem can not be bought;
Of priceless worth, yet costing naught;
And none yet ever vainly sought
For holiness.

Ah! poor are they who fain to scorn
What angel diadems adorn;
For surely they have never worn
Bright holiness.

It gives to youth a wondrous glow,
It nobly crowns the locks of snow,
And sheds the lights of heaven below—
Doth holiness.

It stands when storms of discord rise;
Before its radiance tumult flies;
'Tis gentle, loving, humble, wise—
True holiness.

Its wealth of worth will still increase,
Its morn shall rise when sun shall cease,
And light me to the realms of peace—
Crowned holiness.

—A Native of New Zealand.

THE PREACHER THAT THE PEOPLE WANT.

It is interesting to note the type of preachers the charge most generally call for, and it ought to be suggestive to the ministry. The characteristics, I will mention, are not exhaustive, but they are the predominant qualities desired:

1. It is the genial, gentlemanly, genuine man whom they want. They desire this expression of geniality to be most gentlemanly. There are few families who may not object to the pastor coming in at the back door and making himself "so much at home" as to lift his heels on the adjoining chair while he sits and talks with them, or to come in at any time and order his dinner, but generally they appreciate all the courtesies from the pastor which they expect from their neighbor. Many a "hale fellow well met" has found his welcome "run out" by forgetting to be as gentlemanly as he was genial.

And running through all this courteous geniality, they want genuineness. They do not want, and they easily detect, a feigned interest in themselves. They feel that the minister of the gospel ought to be real. The pastor whose greeting seeks to impress you that "he would surely not have lived long had it not been for the kind Providence that allowed him to meet you just there and then," nauseates you more than it nourishes in you respect for the man of God.

2. They desire industry. Many a preacher with abundance of ability has failed simply because he was lazy. They want the man who "brings thing to pass." They want the man who, by old methods or new methods accomplishes results. "Nothing succeeds like success."

3. They desire sympathy. People yearn for real sympathy. I have observed that the men who succeed in our ministry do not stimulate sympathy. They possess it. After their calls the people feel a friend has been with them. After they are through preaching the people say, "My friend was in the pulpit today." This sympathy with saint and sinner alike is heaven-born. It is Holy Spirit given. It is Christlike, like he, who, "beholding the multitude had compassion on them."

Such preachers will never be accused of preaching for money only. The people will never say, "He is after the fleece, and not the good of the flock." The demand is for more sympathetic pastors.

4. They want religious men. This demand often comes from churches where we would least expect it. Very few times is the call for "star preachers." Some way the sentiment has gotten into the minds of practical laymen of our largest churches that generally the so-called star preacher does not build up a church, that he may fill a house with gaping crowds but does not fill the prayer-meeting with penitents, nor increase the Sunday school, nor increase the collection (which to some laymen is the "summum bonum"). The people generally are considering that a church is not a social or literary club, but that it needs something more than a lecturer in its pulpit. They want a religious man.

5. They want a preacher. They want the comforts and food of the gospel. They are hungry for spiritual food. And because in some cases they are not fed, they hasten after every fad that promises

to satisfy this soul-hunger. This is one secret of the growth of "Christian Science" and the occult mysticisms of the Orient that have been transplanted in America. The people want the gospel strongly and clearly put and amply illustrated and applied.—Western Christian Advocate.

THE DEADLY CIGARETTE.

According to Bob Burdette, "A boy who smokes cigarettes is like a cipher with the rim knocked off."

President David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford University, after many years' experience, says, "Boys who smoke cigarets are like wormy apples. They drop long before harvest time. They rarely make failures in after life because they do not have any after life. The boy who begins smoking before his fifteenth year never enters the life of the world. When the other boys are taking hold of the world's work, he is concerned with the sexton and undertaker."

Twelve hundred to fifteen hundred boys every day are said to begin smoking cigarettes, so rapidly is the habit spreading all over the country. This means that an army of boys are laying the foundation for much trouble and suffering for themselves and for their family and friends.—Ex.

IN THE SAME FAMILY, YET STRANGERS.

It is one of the most startling of facts connected with human life than men and women—and children—in their deepest experiences are so much isolated. There are many persons whom we have met every day for years, and yet we do not know them. We suppose we do, but we are quite mistaken. It is only the external that we know, not the real persons.

There are brothers and sisters who grow up together, but who never know each other except in the most superficial way, who never come close enough to each other to be sharers in each other's deeper joys and sorrows. What an irreparable loss is this!

There are husbands and wives who always remain strangers. Read Thomas Carlyle's pathetic, almost heartbreaking confessions concerning his wife, made after her death. I think this is just what such confessions mean. In his intense absorption in his literary work he lived a self-centered and isolated life. This left her to live alone an isolated life—so isolated and lonely that her heart almost broke. When she was dead, he saw the wrong he had done her. But it was too late. He could only pour out his heart in unavailing tears. If we would know how bitterly he repented, we must go and watch him as in age and infirmity he makes his regular pilgrimage to her grave and there, in the quiet village churchyard kneels with his hands clutching the grass in the passion of his grief, and kisses again and again the dear spot where she sleeps. How great the pity that a heart which so truly loved should have allowed the very object of his love to starve and pine away and die for want of sympathy and heart companionship!

There are parents who never become acquainted with their children, and children who never at all deeply know their parents. O, the pity of that! and the loss to both, greater than words can tell. There are many parents who are never able to influence their children. As soon as the children grow up they are off into the wild and thoughtless, and often evil ways, with no regard for the wishes of those whom they ought to honor and love and heed. Why is this? Oftener than otherwise it is because throughout all their childhood years they had been allowed to live so far from their parents as regards their thoughts, their sympathies, their ideals, their real heart interests. And so, because the father and mother did not get near them in their young years, when it would have been so easy, so beautiful and so helpful, they now find themselves separated by a gulf which they do not see how to bridge.

O, mothers, spare some time from your "much serving" in outward things, or from your "social" life, much of which is so superficial and barren, and give it to your children! Not to their clothes—they have hats and dresses enough. These are not the important things. Give your time and thought to their eager minds and starved hearts.

Fathers, spare some time—more than you do—from the rush and drive of your

work, to get acquainted with your children—to walk with them, to play with them, to talk with them real heart-talks about the things that deeply interest them, to find out their deep, earnest thoughts, to get into their confidence, to become their close and trusted friend. Believe me, it will pay. It will be worth infinitely more to you than money. It will be worth more to your children than anything else in all this world. It will make them yours as otherwise they can never be. It will fasten them to you with hooks of steel.

Perhaps there has never been a more significant sentence written in regard to parental relations and child-training than that great word of Froebel—"Come, let us live with our children." Not for them—to make money for them, to provide endless things for them, not that! All that is utterly superficial. Come let us live with them; that is the deep, the vital, the absolutely essential thing.—Rev. J. T. Sunderland in Christian Register.

A WORD TO BOYS.

A merchant in New York tells the following story. In early life I smoked six cigars a day at six and a half cents each; they averaged that. I thought to myself one day, I'll put aside the money I am consuming in cigars and all that I would consume if I kept on in the habit and I will see what it comes to by compound interest. Last July completed thirty years, since by the grace of God, I was emancipated from the filthy habit, and the savings amounted to enormous sum of \$29,105.03 by compound interest. We lived in the city, but the children who had learned something of the enjoyments of country life from their annual visits to their grandparents longed for a home among the green fields. I found a very pleasant place in the country for sale; the cigar money now came into requisition, and I found that it amounted to a sufficient sum to purchase the place, and it is mine. I wish all American boys could see how my children enjoy their home as they watch the vessels with their white sails that course along the sound.

Now boys, take your choice, smoking without a home, or a home without smoke. But you say, "I don't spend six and a half cents for every cigar." If you use cheap tobacco I want to tell you why it is cheap; it is a mixture of burdock, lampblack, sawdust, colt's foot, plantain leaves, fuller's earth, lime, salt, alum, and a little tobacco; can you afford to take such a mess between your lips? Benjamin Franklin says, "I never saw a well man in the exercise of common sense who would say that tobacco did him good."

BOYS ARE WATCHED.

When we see the boys on the streets and public places we often wonder if they know that business men are watching them. In every hank, store and office there will soon be a place for a boy to fill. Those who have the management of the affairs of business will select one of the boys; they will not select him for his ability to swear, smoke cigarettes, or tap a beer keg. And the "society swell" who is daft about little social functions and is happy in the conceit that he is "just the article" that young ladies find indispensable on all occasions, is given the "glassy stare" quite as often as the beer-guzzler or cigarette smoker. Business men may have a few loose habits themselves but they are looking for boys who are as near gentlemen in every sense of the word as they can find, and they are able to give the character of everybody in the city. They are not looking for rowdies. When a boy applies for one of these places and is refused they may not tell him the reason why they do not want him, but the boy can depend upon it that he's been rated according to his behavior. Boys cannot afford to adopt the habits and conversation of the loafers and rowdies if they ever want to be called to responsible positions.—Advance.

WANTED.

Two million boys to take the place of that number of men who are going down through drink. Dr. George Pentecost says: A saloon can no more be run without using up boys than a saw mill without logs or a flouring mill without wheat. The only question is, whose boys—yours or mine or our neighbors? The saloon must have boys or it must shut up shop.

Can't your furnish one, father, mother, who read this? Just one! Which one

shall it be? The oldest, who is so manly now? he is just about to go out into the world to try his fortune. The saloon will try hard to win him. If it succeeds then death to all his fond ambition of fame and fortune.

No, you say, you cannot spare him; he is to be the staff of your declining years. Maybe you can spare that fair-haired, curly head in your lap! He is so impulsive, so easily won, he would be an easy prey.

If you do not spare a boy your neighbor must. One family in five must furnish a boy to take the place of those who fall or fail through drink.

The saloon is a great factory and boys are its material, drunkards the finished product. Are you a father? Have you thought about this? Are you willing that boys shall be thus sacrificed that money may go into the public coffers to help meet public expense? Heaven help us! When will we look at this thing right—see the saloon stripped of all its subterfuge and cloaking; see it in all its nakedness and hideousness; a murder mill, a drunkard factory, a recruiting station for everlasting destruction!—Mother.

PROPOSED TO WORK A MIRACLE.

(By William A. Rice, Organizer 9th Congressional District.)

Some colored people desired to build a new church and the building committee submitted these resolutions:

1st. Resolved, That this year congregation build a new church.

2nd. Resolved, That we build our new church where de old one now stands.

3rd. Resolved, That we use de lumber in de old church to help build de new one.

4th. Resolved, That we worship in de old church wile we're buildin' de new one.

In some such way as this are the temperance forces trying to build a Prohibition party within the Republican and Democratic parties, by electing "good men" on those tickets. Their committee on "a new party" have submitted four resolutions:

1st. Resolved, That we build a new party, because it is evident the old one as it now is will never give County Option or State Prohibition.

2nd. Resolved, That we build our new party on the same ground the old one stands on.

3rd. Resolved that we use the platform of the old party to build the new one out of.

4th. Resolved, That while we are building the new party, we continue to vote for the old one and worship within its time-honored walls.—Public Weal.

LOSE NOT YOUR OPPORTUNITY.

Years ago a young Scotchman from Fife was leaving home. He was not an active Christian. His mother went with him to the turn of the road and said: "Now Robert, there is one thing you must promise me before you go." "No," said the lad, "I will not promise until I know." "But it will not be difficult," said his mother. "Then I will promise," he said, and she said to him: "Every night before you lie down to sleep, read a chapter and pray." He did not want to promise it, but he did. Who was that Robert? It was Robert Moffatt, the great missionary, who, when he came into the kingdom, almost brought a continent in after him.

Many a mother has lost her opportunity to speak to her boy, and she has lost it because she has not lived as a mother should who would help her boy. "So shall her judgment be."—J. W. Chapman.

CODES NO GOOD.

The destruction of San Francisco has caused a large exodus from that rum-cursed town to Los Angeles. The result is that the sale of liquor has largely increased here. This is especially noticed in the grocery stores that furnish families with liquors. San Francisco was probably the worst rum-cursed city in the world. The thing seemed infectious and a large majority of its people became drinkers, and most of those who have come here keep up their drinking habit. This bodes no good to us. Not only is Los Angeles over-run with a percentage of San Francisco's worst element, but also its "respectable" drinkers, who are ready to cast their votes for the perpetuation of the saloon.—Nazarene Messenger.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

A CHILD'S SONG.

What says the clock when it strikes one? "Watch," says the clock, "oh, watch little one!"

What says the clock when it strikes two? "Love God, little one, for God loves you." Tell us softly what it whispers at three? It is, "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

"Then come, gentle lambs, and wander no more."

'Tis the voice of the Shepherd that calls you at four.

And oh, let your young hearts with gladness revive,

When it echoes so sweetly "God bless you" at five.

And remember at six, at the fading of day,

That our life is a vapor that fadeth away.

And what says the clock when it strikes seven?

"Of such is the kingdom—the kingdom of heaven."

And what says the clock when it strikes eight?

"Strive to enter in at the beautiful gate." And louder, still louder, it calls you at nine,

My son, oh, give me that heart of thine.

And such be your voices responsive at ten, "Hosanna in the highest! hosanna! amen!"

And loud let the chorus ring out at eleven, Of such is the kingdom—the kingdom of heaven.

When the deep strokes at midnight the watchword shall ring,

"Lo! these are my jewels these, these," saith the King.

—Contributed.

EVEN IN AFFLICTION.

A girl belonging to a church society, went to call upon a cripple, taking some sweet spring flowers to the invalid. After a little conversation the visitor asked:

"Don't you get tired of being tied to that bed day and night, Miss Grey, week after week?"

"Yes, I think I do sometimes; that is, I grow bodily tired," was the response.

"But I try not to think of that. I only want to remember that God is good and merciful. In His love He spared me, even though I am a cripple, to live, that I might learn to love Him here. You see, before I was hurt I never thought about Him as being a real friend and helper. But since I have been compelled to lie here quiet and helpless, I can even find joy and thankfulness in my affliction; I live to serve Him and that crowds almost every other thought out."

And the one who had come to minister went away feeling that she had received more than she had given during that brief visit. "Joy and thankfulness in affliction." Truly, only those who know Him for their loving Savior can say this.

—Young People's Weekly.

HIS BABY GROWN TALL.

When you were a toddling baby, can't you almost remember how you loved to snuggle up to papa and tell him you loved him? How close he held you and how dear you were to him! You are just as dear now; and if a strange reserve has crept between you, be sure you are largely to blame. Just a little sunshine of love will melt the barriers right down; and you will once more be "Papa's baby," only grown tall! Don't put it off; go to him this very night and have a little heart to heart talk; it will leave "a song in your heart," and in his. But don't wait!

TWO SIDES.

There are two facts which should not be lost sight of in connection with a minister and his congregation. (1) The preacher who makes a long mouth and tells pitiful stories is parading his poverty with the hope that people will pity him and give liberal donations, is a baby and deserves to suffer or dig for a living. (2) The congregation which allows a faithful minister to tug his life away in trying to promote the welfare of his people, without coming to his assistance by encouraging him in his work and helping financially, is woefully deficient in Christian duty and deserves to be without a minister. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."—Unidentified.