

WHAT WILL IT MATTER?

What will it matter, dearest,  
When the day of life is done,  
And the sheaves we've toiled to gather  
Shall be counted, one by one,  
Whether we worked in the sunshine,  
Or whether the storm cloud rose,  
If only we have the bundles—  
For the Master hath need of those.

What will it matter, dearest,  
When the pearly gates are passed,  
And our feet, all torn and bleeding,  
Find shelter and rest at last,  
Whether the path was thorny,  
Or whether the way was plain,  
If India's poor lost children  
Shall join in our glad refrain?

What will it matter, dearest,  
At rest at the Master's feet,  
Chanting our hallelujahs  
In rapture and joy complete;  
If China can join the chorus,  
And Africa—latest born—  
Shall rise up to call us blessed  
On the Resurrection morn?

A SUGGESTIVE DIALOGUE.

E. P. MARVIN.

How do you like your new preacher?  
O, first rate, he is a twentieth century  
preacher, the best loved man in town.  
Does he condemn sin plainly and faithfully?

Yes, you ought to hear his bold denunciations.

But does he condemn popular sins and fashionable worldliness in the churches?

Well, I do not know about that. He might lose his job.

Does he warn sinners from God that they must repent or perish?

He appeals to love and hope in the universal Fatherhood of God.

But God says in Ezekiel 33 that if the Watchman does not warn sinners they will perish and he with them.

He tells us of the reformatory influence of punishment and the triumphant evolution of mankind.

Where in the Bible can he find this?

It is pleasant to believe that all will finally be saved and I have a right to believe what makes me happy.

This principle, not only underlies the creed of an infidel but of a fool.

Well! he is smart, progressive and up-to-date; he despises old fogies and moss-backs.

Is he not progressive in unbelief, and a hundred years behind Voltaire, Hume and Paine?

Some misunderstand him, he does not always mean what they think.

If he does not make himself understood, he is unqualified to preach the gospel.

The writings of skeptics and evolutionists of the last generation, might be good commentaries on his obscure essays.

But if we are only honest in our belief we will come out all right.

Does the Bible say so? Does science say so? Does common sense say so? Christ and the apostles were dogmatic.

Professor Huxley died of poison, supposed to be Dover's powders. Honest ignorance does not change truth nor avert calamity.

Did not your pastor at his ordination solemnly affirm the orthodox faith and promise to teach and defend it?

Yes, but with liberal interpretations and mental reservations.

Let him try his Jesuitical policy on such passages as: "The wicked shall be turned into hell." "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned." Liberal mathematics will wreck a bank and liberal theology will wreck a soul.

Well, I like his account of the glorious march of liberal ideas around the world.

If you study your Bible and believe its fundamental and saving truths, why do you not bear witness and utter protest?

I do not like to be a heresy hunter and a troubler of Israel.

But, woe unto them that are at ease in Zion. Dare you cry peace, peace, when there is no peace?

We depend for success on making religion attractive, cultivating the social nature in clubs and entertainments. We have more fun in the church than anywhere else. We beat all the lodges.

Do you have any conversions?

Perhaps not of your kind, but about one hundred children of the Sabbath-school signed cards on Decision Day and most of them joined the church.

Well, you have a very good "Church

of the World," and I should think you could get all the worldlings in town to join it.—Wesleyan Methodist, Lockport, N. Y.

THE BOY'S WHISTLE

He was an old-looking little figure as he came merrily whistling down the street the morning after the big snow. His nose was red, his hands was bare, his feet were in shoes several times too large, and his hat was held in place by a roll of paper under the sweat-band; but he piped away like a steam whistle and carried the big snow shovel much as a marching soldier carries a rifle.

"How much?" came from an imposing-looking man, who was asked if he wanted his walks cleaned.

"Ten cents."

"A nickel's enough."

"It would be if I couldn't do no better; but I've got to do the best I can, and business is rushing. Good-morning."

And the merry whistle filled the air as the boy started away.

"Go ahead and clean 'em!" shouted the man, whose better nature and admiration had been aroused.

"See the little rascal make the snow fly," he laughed to his wife, who stood at the window with him. "Why, he's a regular snow plough; and he does it well, too."

"What a little mite! and how comical! I wonder if he's hungry?"

She called him in as soon as he had finished, but he would not take time for more than a cup of coffee.

"Too busy," he said.

"What are you going to do with the money?" asked the man, as he insisted on settling for twenty-five cents.

"I'm going to get mother a shawl for Christmas. She's wearing one you can see through, and it ain't right."

On he went with his glowing cheeks and his merry whistle. But they had his name and address. It was the wife who took a shawl to the mother; and it was the husband who installed the sturdy little snow-shoveler as office boy, in a bright new uniform and with permission to whistle when he felt like it.—Sel.

GENTLER RUSSIA.

Just now the chief associations in the public mind with Russia are those of death, failure, anarchy and hopeless misery. It is good to have a pleasanter vision brought before one, giving glimpses of the gentler side of the Russian peasant. A beautiful custom prevails among the Russian country folk of giving alms in the "Name of Christ."

Universal sentiment makes it a sin to turn a petitioner away. A mendicant bows low to the ground before a house and murmurs, "For Christ's Sake." How ever meager the store of that household, something is bestowed upon the beggar, always with the response, "For Christ's Sake."

Nearly every baker's shop has its bin where stale bread is put, and from which the needy are invited to take "For the Love of Christ." There are many poor Russian families who are too proud to beg; for their benefit a sort of secret charity is practiced. A tap on the window and the words, "For Christ's Sake," causes the needy person to open the door of his hut. No one is to be seen, but there are footprints in the snow, and a piece of bread is on the ledge of the window.

No people treat aliens more kindly than do the Russian peasants. During the last Turkish war, when burghers and street boys were casting mud and stones at the poor Turkish prisoners, the mujiks offered bread and coppers, and even took them to their villages as hired laborers. At first the peasants were greatly perplexed as to whether it was allowable to share their meals with infidels, but their pity conquered prejudice, and it became a common sight to see representatives of two belligerent nations eating amicably at the same table.—Youth's Companion.

There is a great deal of religion in this world that is like a life-preserver, only put on at the moment of extreme danger, and then half the time put on hind-side-before.—Josh Billings.

God's love for poor sinners is very wonderful, but God's patience with ill-natured saints is a deeper mystery.—Drummond.

"I AM SAVED"

One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see. John 8:24-38.

A young theological student, while passing down a street in one of our large cities, was attracted to an open-air service, where he heard a young girl tell the simple story of God's love, and the power of Jesus Christ to save the vilest sinner. At the close of the service our cultured friend approached the speaker and expressed his astonishment that she, an unlettered girl scarcely out of her teens, should be there upon the street preaching.

"How much preparation have you had?" he inquired. "Oh, very little," she modestly replied; "but I am making the best of what I have." "Why," said he "I have been through college and am now closing my third year at the seminary. I can read the Old Testament in Hebrew, and can even repeat the Lord's prayer out of my head in Greek." "Oh," replied our young street preacher, as she looked up to her superior. "I can do better than that; I can say from my heart in English, I am saved." This is the kind of workers needed today, not so much men of learning or of great intellectual ability, but men who have been born again, and can in English say with young friend, "I am saved," or with the blind man, "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind now I see."—Walter H. Oldfield.

GOOD STUFF.

Tongues of Fire (London, England) says truly: "Stuff, but with good stuffing. We are more and more convinced of the inestimable value of religious literature of the right sort.

"While some of the weaker religious weeklies have expired, and many others have suffered a serious decline in their circulation, those that have a message to mankind, and especially a message to the church, survive and flourish.

"Politicians are attaching more importance to newspapers than they ever did.

"A good paper is necessary for the progress of any real movement. Especially in these days of bustle and dispatch do men need a paper that shall educate them aright. The average man believes what his mind is stuffed with—it is the business of his paper to stuff him, and to stuff him with good stuffing."

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

A young minister in a college town was embarrassed by the thought of criticism in his cultivated congregation.

He sought counsel from his father, an old and wise minister, saying:

"Father, I am hampered in my ministry in the pulpit I am now serving. If I cite anything from geology, there is Professor A., teacher of this science, right before me. If I use an illustration of Roman mythology, there is Professor B. ready to trip me up for my little inaccuracy. If I instance something in English literature that pleases me, I am covered by the presence of the learned man that teaches that branch. What shall I do?"

The sagacious old man replied:

"Do not be discouraged. Preach the gospel. They probably know very little of that."—Anon.

WHAT PROHIBITION DOES.

Geauga county, Ohio, has no saloons, and the following is the result: At the recent session of the grand jury of that country there was not a criminal case reported, and the county jail was without a prisoner. One would be perfectly safe in offering a reward of \$100 or \$1000 for a similar record in any county in the United States that supports saloons.—Sel.

ONE AT A TIME.

Yonder man is engaged in carrying sacks of flour every day. He carries so many hundred weight each time, and in the day it comes to tons; and so many tons in a day will come to an enormous mass in a year. Now, suppose, on the first of January, this man were to calculate the year's load and say, "I have all that immense mass to carry; I can not do it; you would tell him that he has not to carry it all at once; he has all the work days of the year to carry it in. So we put all our troubles together, and we cry, 'How ever shall I get over them?' Well, they will only come one at a time, and as they come, the strength will come with them."—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

FOUR INDIANS AND A KEG OF WHISKEY.

The great curse of the Indians is fire-water. Their love for strong drink is their greatest weakness.

When America was discovered the Indians had no intoxicants. They were content to drink water from the streams and lakes. But the white man introduced his spirituous liquors among them, and many and grievous have been the evils that have followed.

Mr. Evans and other missionaries insisted on all Indian converts becoming total abstainers from all intoxicating liquors. In some places this met with fierce opposition from unprincipled white men who had been thriving on the trade of selling firewater to the Indians. They were furious when this trade fell off, and tried by various schemes to get the Christian Indians drunk.

On one occasion four Indians from Muncy Town went to the white settlement to trade. The trader tempted them to drink some whiskey, but they refused, saying they were Christians.

Finding he could not succeed, he thought perhaps they were afraid lest some one should see them drink and tell the missionary, and that if they could take it on the sly they would drink as heretofore. Knowing the road they would take home, he put a small jug of whiskey by the side of the Indian trail at the edge of a sloping bank, and hid himself in the bushes beneath, thinking to enjoy the sport of seeing them drink when all alone.

At length they came along in Indian file. Suddenly the first one stopped and exclaimed:

"O, mah-je-mum-e-doo sah oomah ah-yah!" "Lo, the evil spirit (the devil) is here!"

The second, on coming up, said: "Aahe, nebeje-mahmamsah." "Yes, we smell him."

The third shook the keg with his foot and said: "Kagnit, nenoonahwahsah." "Of a truth we hear him."

The fourth Indian, coming up, gave the keg a kick, and away went the fire-water tumbling down the hill.

The four then went on their way like brave Christian warriors, leaving the mortified white heathen to take up his keg and drink the devil himself.—E. R. Young.

RIGHT USE OF WORDS.

Jerry would use slang. He said it didn't make any difference what words he used, so people understood what he meant to say. Jerry was mistaken. It does make a great deal of difference about the words that we use, and the way we speak them. When Peter denied Jesus of Galilee, he was told that his speech betrayed him. Our words reveal ourselves. They tell of our education, habits of thought, our age, and our country.

Daniel Webster, who was a master of language, made a daily study of words, that he might use only clear strong ones to express his thoughts.

Lord Chesterfield, known as one of the most polished talkers of England, was asked how he acquired such a command of language. He replied that early in life he determined not to speak one word in conversation which was not the fittest he could recall. And he charged his son never to give the commonest order to a servant but in the best language he could find, and in the best tone.

If the masters of the English language thought so much care necessary in the use of words, surely the study of words and the correct use of them ought to be worthy of our closest attention.—Sel.

STRENGTH IN CONFESSION.

Miss Havergal once said: "Soon after I became a Christian, I was sent away to a boarding school. Judge of my surprise when I found that I was the only Christian in the school. My first thought was: 'I cannot confess Christ before all these worldly girls. I can be a Christian just the same.' My second thought was: 'Since I am the only one to represent Christ in the school, it is all the more reason I should confess him at once.' And I did, and gained great strength and blessedness in so doing."—Western Christian Advocate.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

UNCLE BOB'S NUGGETS.

It is time enough to put off things until tomorrow when you go to bed at night.

Boys, of all things, be kind. Consideration of others and right treatment of those boys younger and smaller than you are will bring a reward multiplied. Every human being appreciates these two things.

There is an old axiom: Life is what you make it." You can make your own life miserable if you decree to do so, but you have no right to make other's lives miserable.

Remember this, my young girl friend, you have a great deal yet to learn if you get the idea into your head that you know it all.

A little girl, or a large one for that matter, who is just either, "crazy to dance" might be tied a little tighter to her mother's apron strings, for fear that some asylum may get her. These "crazy-to-dance" and "hopping mad" girls are sorely afflicted truly.

I copy the following from an old paper: A blind woodsawyer's wife says she never saw him see, but she often goes to see him saw."

This is inserted in these columns without any comment. In fact it needs none: "She was dressed smartly, and when she met a little urchin carrying a bird's nest with eggs, in it, she said: 'You are a wicked boy; how could you rob that nest! No doubt the poor mother is now grieving for the loss of her eggs.' 'Oh, she don't care,' answered the boy, edging away, 'she's on your hat.'"

Do you want to possess wisdom, young man? Then don't tell all you know, but if you will do so, then talk to yourself.

To tell one tiny little lie often requires a whole regiment of big ones to hide it, and then—ah, then—your good Lord heard all of them.—Baltimore Methodist.

DOING AND BEING.

A young girl had been trying to do something very good, and had not succeeded very well. Her friend hearing her complaint, said:

"God gives us many things to do, but don't you think He gave us something to be just as well?"

"Oh, dear! tell me about being," said Marion, looking up. "I will think about being if you will help me."

Her friend answered:

"God says:  
"Be kindly affectionate one to another.  
"Be ye also patient.  
"Be ye also thankful.  
"Be ye not conformed to this world.  
"Be ye therefore perfect.  
"Be not wise in your own conceit.  
"Be not overcome with evil."

Marion listened, but made no reply. Twilight grew, into darkness. The tea bell sounded, bringing Marion to her feet.

In the firelight Eliza, both could see that she was very serious. "I'll have a better day tomorrow; I see the doing grows out of being."

We cannot be what God loves without doing what He commands. It is easier to do with a rush than to be patient, or unselfish, or humble, or just, or watchful. "I think it is," returned Marion.—Selected.

Certain European countries have laws against desertion which appear to be worthy of trial in the United States. Under their operation a deserting husband is sentenced to prison at hard labor. The state or municipality allows a daily wage for his work, but instead of paying it to him pays it to his family. It is said that when a man once finds that he cannot escape the support of his family, he prefers to labor outside, rather than inside, the prison walls.

But in an event swearing is awful. The proof is to be found in the crawling repulsion felt when a woman swears.—Sel.

"Be thou mine eyes, that they may see The good in man, not his iniquity; Be thou my hands, dear Lord, that they may be

Thy minister to some one needing me."

—MARY ANDERSON.

Men should give expression to their religious emotions, for if they restrain these they will soon have none.