

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS.

It's everybody's business,
In this old world of ours,
To root up all the weeds he finds,
And make some room for flowers;
So that every little garden
No matter where it lies,
May look like that which God once
made
And called it Paradise.

It's everybody's business
To search for heaven's gate,
And do it with an earnest mind,
Lest he should be too late;
And if he would a welcome gain
From angels 'round the throne,
He'd better take his neighbors soul
To stand beside his own.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE.

BISHOP J. N. FITZGERALD IN EPWORTH
HERALD.

The saloon is the chief and most audacious lawbreaker of the age. It is the arch destroyer of all that is dear to man. It is sleepless, relentless, insatiable, mighty. There is but one power in the land that is stronger, and that is the church. If the saloon is to be overthrown the church must overthrow it.

Will she? The question is one of purpose not ability. She can do whatever she will in this all-important work. The service which the church has already rendered in the antagonism to the saloon is not, by any means, to be disparaged.

On the contrary, it is to be acknowledged as well-nigh invaluable.

More than all agents, she has rescued inebriates and softened the hearts of those who were forcing their brothers down to drunkards' graves.

She, more than anything, or more than anybody else, has created the sentiment which rules dramsellers out of respectable society, and places drunkard-making in the list of crimes.

Nearly all her denominations have cried aloud against the drink traffic, and have denounced it in unmeasured terms; and some of these denominations have so legislated that none of their members can lawfully buy, sell or use as a beverage the deadly liquid.

All honor to the church for her warfare against the saloon!

We give to her great credit and thankful praise.

Unquestionably she has been, and still is, in the van.

Nevertheless, we are persuaded that, before she can fully accomplish the great mission to which we believe God has called her, she must take a much longer step in advance, and strike far heavier blows.

Her forces must be thoroughly and permanently organized, and combined with kindred forces, must constitute the opposition.

The foes of the saloon must unite against its friends.

The issue must be fairly joined.

The saloon has long carried the black flag.

Henceforth the church and her allies in this particular warfare must carry it, too.

The battle must be desperately fought, and the field of battle must be the field of politics.

This opposition must enter the field just as did the opposition to the extension of slavery, and it must remain therein until Prohibition, like freedom, shall become an accepted doctrine against which no party shall dare to speak.

From every organization that sympathizes or compromises with the rum traffic Christian men should separate themselves and unite in an organization, every member of which shall, at all times, including election day, and in all places, including the polls, and with all powers, including the ballots, stand against the giant evil of the day.

The voting clergymen and laymen of the church must become a unit in this great subject at the ballot-box—the point at which they have been divided in the past and are divided now.

Here is a difficult problem.

But it could be solved, and it would be solved were it not for the strength of political party ties, than which nothing on earth seems to be stronger.

Prohibition measures are good, but alone they are not sufficient. They need to be enforced. They cannot enforce themselves.

As well might we at the very outset, ask that they enact themselves, as to ask, later on, that they carry themselves into effect.

The strongest cannon may be accurately aimed, but it will never harm the enemy unless there is some friendly hand to apply the spark.

Of what avail be a Maine law if rummies are elected to enforce it?

What benefit can result from even constitutional prohibition so long as Christian men vote for candidates who are out of sympathy therewith, and who will, if elected, wink at the violation thereof?

Saloonists will defeat, if possible, all prohibitory measures. But if, in spite of them, prohibition is enacted they will redouble their energy and open wider their purses for the election of their friends.

They know full well that, even though their business be forbidden by the law, they will be able to prosecute it just the same, if they can only place in office men who will violate their oaths.

Oh, for the coming of the time when the power of the saloon to elect whomever it will shall be challenged by the church, and when the church, in the greatness of her strength, shall march forth and trample this boastful, this wicked Goliath beneath her feet!

When once the Christian voters form and execute the determination to vote only for pronounced and proved Prohibitionists who stand upon unequivocal prohibition platforms, the end will be at hand—and the saloon will go!

May God speed the day!—Pentecostal Herald.

AT ANOTHER'S EXPENCE.

Every one likes to be thought obliging. If the reputation were to be had for the wishing, it would soon become universal. But kindnesses are more or less costly. It is not always possible to oblige others without inconveniencing ourselves, and therefore many people are chary of their favors except when they can do them at another's expense.

"Come over to dinner, Sunday, won't you?" says Mary to the friend in the corner boarding house. "I know you must be hungry for home cooking." Of course the friend is glad to accept. The prospect of escaping the monotony of boarding house fare for one meal, and sitting down to a home table again, seems positively alluring. But nevertheless Mary has no especial claim on her gratitude. That young woman dresses at her leisure, kisses her mother good-by adding a few cautions regarding the table and the dessert, and then goes off to church. The mother stays at home to oversee the incompetent maid and be sure that everything is as it should be, for like many people who are averse to assuming responsibility, Mary's critical faculty is highly developed. Mary listens to the sermon in that satisfactory frame of mind which comes from a consciousness of having done a kindness, and enjoys her friend's outspoken gratitude without dreaming of how little she deserves it.

John comes in from the office some evening and takes an unstamped letter from his pocket. "I promised to put a special delivery on this," he remarks to his younger brother. "You hurry through your supper and take it over to the office, will you?" The younger brother displays no animation at the prospect, and John sets this down to the innate disobligingness of lads of his age. He has assured the writer that it would not be the least trouble in the world for him to post her letter, nor is it likely to be, as he has arranged it. But it does not occur to John that the younger brother is quite as anxious to follow the exciting adventures of the "Boy Hunters" as he is to look over the market reports, nor does it impress him as unfair to buy a reputation for being obliging at another's expense.

Every one is acquainted with those ultra-obliging people who never refuse any request, and who in consequence are continually getting into desperate tangles, from which they are extracted only by the concerted action of their friends. Such a young woman awoke the other morning to the realization that she had agreed to attend two committee meetings at three,

and to investigate the case of a poor family said to be suffering for the necessities of life. She had also promised to make sandwiches for the missionary luncheon at twelve o'clock, and was to prepare a paper for the Current Events Club next day, besides a number of smaller commissions. Her demeanor at breakfast resulted in an inquiry and then a family council. Mother undertook the sandwiches. One sister started out to investigate the charity case, while another posted off to arrange for the postponement of one of the committee meetings. The little brother was entrusted with so many small errands that he was late for school. Yet, as this young woman complacently settled herself to write her paper, it never occurred to her that she was something of an impostor in accepting the tribute she so often heard, "What a sweet girl Miss—is! Always to ready to oblige." Kindness costs. The doing of a favor means a sacrifice somewhere, but unfortunately the thanks do not always go to the one who has done the giving up. Some of us are enjoying a reputation for generosity which others have earned for us. It is pleasant to be thought obliging. The knowledge that others look to us and rely on us for help is a satisfying consciousness. But we should be sure that we do not accept gratitude to which we have no right. We must not buy our reputation at the expense of other people.—The Advance.

THE BABY AND THE PRAYERLESS DEACON.

Our dear old church became lukewarm. Moss was growing on the altar. Big factories had come to town. The once devoted deacons and members went into business. They dropped out of the prayer-meetings and gave up family prayers, and only the Marthas and Marys knelt at the altar in the deserted church.

One night, when a prayerless deacon was about to retire, his little baby girl climbed on his knee, and, giving the same old kiss, looked up wonderingly and said:

"Papa, I want to ask 'ou a twestion."
"What is it, baby?"
"Papa, is—is Dod dead?"
"Why, no, baby; what makes you ask me that?"
"Oh, 'cause I don't hear you talkin' to Him any more nights and mornings."
Tears came into the deacon's eyes, and looking at his wife, he said:
"Mother, we must kneel in prayer to-night."

The next day the deacon told the other deacons and brothers about the incident, and that night they all met at the prayer-meeting and soon the old congregation warmed into a working church.

And a little child had saved it. Unless ye become like one of these ye cannot enter the kingdom.—Selected.

GOOD REASONS.

In a certain town in Missouri a temperance meeting was called to discuss a new temperance law. During the meeting a lawyer eloquently and learnedly discussed the constitutionality of the proposed law. An old farmer was in the audience, whittling and listening intently. After the lawyer sat down the farmer arose and said, "I don't know nuthin' about the constitutionality or the unconstitutionality of the law, but I've got seven good reasons fur votin' fur it."
"What are they?" asked the lawyer. The farmer closing his knife with a loud snap, replied, "Four sons and three daughters." Can there be a better reason for temperance laws? It has been said that if "the Christian ministry are agreed that the saloon must go, it will go." Ministers everywhere, in the name of Christ whom you hold up, and for the sake of the boys and girls, perhaps your own, won't you agree that the saloon must go?—Sel.

Well, Glory to God, I feel like I had a wagon-load of watermelons in my soul and a bucket of California pears hanging on one arm and a basket of old Kentucky strawberries hanging on the other, and I feel like my bees were swarming in the backyard of my soul. If it were not for the looks of the thing, I would stop work right now and shout for a week.—Bud Robinson.

All eyes see God's benefits, but few see God.—Mark Guy Pearse.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO PLAYED.

The Visitor and Sue Frances sat on the pleasant, shady piazza, eating cookies. Between bites they took long, straggly stitches in Lady Clare's sleeves; they thought they were making Lady Clare a dress. Since the Visitor's arrival they had played croquet and ball, go a visiting and school, travel and guess what's-in-my-mind. They were really quite tired out playing.

"Who's that striped little girl 'cross there wheeling a baby carriage without any hat on?" inquired the Visitor suddenly.

Sue Frances took another bite, and answered: "Oh, that's the Little Girl That Never Plays. She's always wheeling or sweeping or doing something; she never plays."

"Never plays! Sue Frances Treworthy!"

"Well, honest, she never. I guess you'd pity her if you lived on the opposite side of her! It makes me ache!"

The Visitor got up rather suddenly. "I guess I'll take Lady Clare to walk," she said; "she needs a constitution."

But it was not of Lady Clare's health she was thinking; she wanted to go a little nearer to the Girl Who Never Played and see how she looked.

Across the street the baby carriage came to a stop as the Visitor approached. The Girl Who Never Played was smiling! She looked just like other little girls!

"How'd you do?" she nodded.

"No, thank you—I mean I'm pretty well, thank you," murmured the Visitor in some confusion. "You don't look a bit different!" she added honestly.

"Me?—Jiff'rent?" in wonder.

"I mean because you don't ever play, I s'posed you'd look!"

"Don't ever play—me! Why, I play all the time!"

"Oh!" stammered the Visitor, "Oh, I hope you'll beg my pardon! I thought Sue Frances said you swept and—worked."

"Why, I do; but I play all the time I'm doing it. I always take the baby out like this; what do you suppose I play then? I was playing it when you came 'cross the street. You can't ever guess, so I'll tell you. I was playing body guard."

The Visitor's eyes opened wide.

"Yes," laughed the other, "I'm the body guard, you know." The baby's the Czar, and he can't go out alone for fear of being bombed and—things. I have to stay right with him every minute to body-guard him.

"Then, when I feed him, I have to taste everything first to be sure it won't poison him; that's the way they do with the regular Czar, you know. I take little bites, and, when it doesn't poison me dead, I give it to the ba—the Czar I mean. It's lots of fun to play that!"

"But—but you have to sweep a lot, don't you," questioned the visitor slowly.

"Course; and then I play I'm driving out the hordes."

"The—the what?"

"Hordes—of sin, you know. My, don't I sweep 'em out like everything! I make those old hordes fly, I tell you! But they will creep back, so next day I take the broom and drive 'em out again. That play's fun, too."

The Visitor's eyes were getting very wide open indeed. She had never "played" sweep or body guard the baby. Suddenly she remembered a kind of work you couldn't play.

"There's washing the dishes," she said triumphantly. And as sure as you live the other little girl nodded with glee.

"Oh, yes, that's splendid play!" she laughed. "I played that three times a day. Shipwreck, I call it."

"Shipwreck?" the Visitor gasped.

"Yes," the dishes tumble into the boiling sea, waves always are soap-sudsy on the tips, you know. I play a great ship has been wrecked, and I'm the life saving stationer saving the folks. The nice white dishes are the first cabin passengers, and the cracked and nicked ones the steerages. The saucers are the boys and the cups are the girls, and the butter-plates the little babies. It's the greatest play, that is!"

The Visitor went back to Sue Frances with a thoughtful face. She had quite

forgotten Lady Clare, who dangled ignominiously by one leg.

Sue Frances was playing tea party; she had tea all ready. "Well," she said looking up from the little gold-and-white teapot, "don't you pity her dreadfully?—that poor little girl 'cross there that you're been a-talking to? Think of never play!"

"She plays all the time," the Visitor said quietly. "I know 'cause she said so. She has the splendidest times sweeping and taking care o' the baby and—you guess what else, Sue Frances Treworthy! But you can't, if you keep right on guessing till the tip end of forever. She makes a perfectly splendid play out of washing the dishes!"

The cambric tea in the tiny gold-and-white teapot grew cold while they both sat gazing across the street, with wonder-struck faces at the Little Girl Who Played All the Time, while she patiently, cheerfully wheeled the bab—the Czar I mean—up and down in the sunshine.—Congregationalist.

THE TESTIMONY OF SIXTY YEARS FOR TOTAL ABSTINENCE FROM WINE, BEER, AND SPIRITS.

The following is not the testimony of one or twenty men, but of thousands abstaining and other thousands not abstaining: The United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution of England has been in existence sixty years. It has kept strictly separate accounts of this Abstinence Division and its Non-Abstinence Division. Such is the difference that the company grants to abstainers a rebate of fifteen per cent on their annual premiums, whereas non-abstainers are required to pay in full. Based on such statistics, T. P. Whittaker M. P., in the Contemporary Review of March, 1904, states: "It will be observed that during the strenuous working years of manhood, from twenty-five years to sixty years of age, the annual mortality rates among abstainers were, on the average, forty per cent lower than among non-abstainers.—The Christian Advocate.

Bounteous is Jehovah in his nature; to give is his delight. His gifts are beyond measure precious, and are as freely given as the light of the sun. He gives grace to his elect because he wills it, to his redeemed because of his covenant, to the called because of his promise, to believers because they seek it, to sinners because they need it. He gives grace abundantly, seasonably, constantly, readily, sovereignly; doubly enhancing the value of the boon by the manner of its bestowal. Reader, how blessed it is, as the years roll round, and the leaves begin again to fall, to enjoy such an unending promise as this: "The Lord will give grace."—Charles H. Spurgeon.

Great freshets, and high rises overflow the banks, and cut new channels, change currents, and make new riverbeds. Just so with great revivals. You can't force them into ruts. Let the Spirit have His way, and follow Him. He will suggest new sermons, new songs, and new methods. Do not starve the people to death on the sawdust of conservatism. Break loose into glad liberty, have freedom, awaken and arouse the people. Do not trudge along in a dry routine of services, and then wonder why the crowds do not come, and the Spirit is not poured out.—Pentecostal Herald.

"But we were gentle among you, even as a nurse cherisheth her children."—I Thess. 2:7.

The spirit of kindness begets confidence. The lukewarm, the back-slidden, the indifferent, can be won by kindness. Not blarney, not petting in the worldly spirit, but kindness in rebuke, and warning. Give us pastors and evangelists who are manly men, sincere, serious, who will not spare sin, but who are full of that tender solicitude for souls that begets in them the gentleness of which the apostle here speaks.—Selected.

The trouble is generally within, that we think is without.