

VICTORY OF "PERFECT LOVE."

All glory be to God most high,
To the great One and Three;
To me he's brought salvation nigh,
From sins and sin I'm free.

He freely gave me life and light,
And justified my soul;
He gave the witness clear and bright—
I thought I was made whole.

I sang, and wept, and laughed again,
To mourn I found no place;
To think that I, a child of sin,
Was now a child of grace.

The Spirit soon revealed to me
I had indwelling sin;
And, Oh! the pain I felt to see
That root spring up within.

But Jesus pointed to his side,
And drove away my fears;
I plunged again beneath the tide
That gave me joy for tears.

He bade depravity depart;
Now Christ is all my song;
And since he filleth all my heart
I've victory all along.

I've found the "double cure" for sin—
Salvation through the blood—
Both guilt and leprosy within
Are cleansed beneath the flood.

His precious blood now makes me whole
'Tis bounding through my heart;
It permeates my very soul,
And strengthens every part.

The inward conflict all is past,
I have no double mind;
Two natures were made one at last,
When I did cleansing find.

The blessed Holy Ghost and fire
Is now my theme each day:
My life and tongue and pen inspire,
And light my onward way.

The Father's love devised the scheme,
Jesus obeyed the call,
The Holy Ghost took up the theme
And saved me from the fall.

Now in this plan there's no defect,
Nine times he doth declare
For persons he hath no respect,
Whoever will may share.

Since without holiness no man
May ever see the Lord,
How comforting that through this plan
FAITH brings the great reward.

Glory to God from all the host,
All glory to the Son,
And glory to the Holy Ghost,
Blest triune God in one.

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THE SIDEWALK DISCOURSE.

"Have you any special religious interest in your church?" I asked Moses, after his few words of hearty greeting.

"No room for any interest," he replied. "De church is so lumbered up wid fairs and festivals and jollifications, dat de Sperit's got no chance to work among us. Leastwise that's my solemn 'pinion, dough some says I'se heady and setful. But I'se sick of it, sah! I goes to church Sunday, after praying to be in de Sperit on de Lord's day, and de fust thing de minister gets up and reads a long programme of de worldly doin's and goin's for de week—de music and de supper and de gram-matic readings and what not—twenty-five cents admission and all must come. I tell ye, I kicks agin it, sah, and will long's I hab bref in my body."

"What do you mean by saying that you kick against it?" I asked.

"I rebukes it, sah, in de name of de Lord. Last Sunday I spoke out in meetin' and said, 'Breddern, what's ye been redeemed for, and brought into de church? Didn't de Lord tell you dat you's to be de light ob de world, and de salt ob de earth? Well, when I sees how much time some of you gibs to fairs and festivals, and den you can't come to de prayer meetin' cause you're so busy, I says, 'If you ever was de Lord's true salt, you've lost your flavor, and if you don't look out, you'll be cast out and trodden under foot of men.'"

"But, Brother Moses," I asked, wishing to draw out further wisdom from this deep fountain, "don't you think these things are necessary for making the church attractive to the masses, and inviting to the young?"

"No, sah!" he replied, with great warmth; "no sah; Christians is de salt ob

de world, and dey is put into de world to preserve it from corruption. But some's got de idee dat you must bring de corruption into de church so's to preserve de salt, as dough de Gospel is going to die out unless it's sugared and seasoned wid carnal 'musements. Dat's de poplar notion. But I kicks ag'in it, sah."

"Yes, but people say there is no harm in a social gathering and a plain supper, and a little music and reading for entertaining the people," I continued.

"Well, dat's de question," replied Moses. "I takes de Scriptures for my standpoint of faith and practice, and I have searched in vain to find where de 'postles and elders ever got up supper of turkey and chickens and sandwiches and cold tongue, and den invited de breddren to come to church and eat 'em at twenty-five cents a head. No, brudder, 'musements in de church is unsanctifying, howsomever folks may think 'bout it. We had a festival in our meeting house two weeks back. I looks in a few minutes and sees de crowds dere and de doin's. Fust de pianny and de fiddle strikes up and den all de young folks' feet begins to shuffle and scrape under de seats, like de unthinkin' horse rushin' into battle. And, sez I, 'take off de 'straint, and how long 'fore dis whole company'd be a dancin' and waltzin' in de house ob God? Den dey had de guess-cape, and de waffles, and they waffled off a calica quilt to de one dat drew de prize; and, sez I, 'what's dis but eddicatin' people to gambelin' and lotteries? Den de gram-matic reader comes on, all dressed up wid ribbons an' furbelows, and when I see her rollin' her eyes an' pintin' her fingers, sez I agin, 'what's dis but jus' nussin' our young uns for de stage and de theatre? I tell you, I kicks ag'in it, sah, and allers shall."

"Well, next night was prayer meetin'; only twenty out, and all as mum as if de Lord had never opened dere mouths, and when I warns 'em about it dey says, 'Brudder Moses, de Sperit didn't move us.' And sez I, 'De Sperit moved ye fas' 'nough last evening at de festival, but I's 'fraid 't was de 'sperit dat works in de children of disobedience.'" Brudder, I read it, dat dey dat's goin' to wear de crown must bear de cross; but what's we doin' in dese days but 'bolishin' de cross and puttin' eatin' and drinkin' and 'musement and 'dulgence in de place ob it? And whar's it goin' to end?"

Here Moses pointed furtively to the residence in front of which we were standing, and in a confidential tone said, "De folks dot libs here was once 'fessors ob religion, but I reckon dey's backslid, for dey don't hab no prayers in de family now, add dey's all taken up wid theatres and card playing and balls and parties. Oh, brudder, I has great sorrer and travail ob soul when I sees how de debil prowls round and steals de Lord's sheep right out of His fold."

"Don't you think, Moses," I asked, "that the devil works harder to lead Christians astray than he does to destroy the people of the world?"

"Don't I think? I know it, sah. Why d'ye 'spose I works and tugs and sweats, beatin' dese carpets and doin' dese chores? T'aint de dollar dat's in my pocket dat I'se workin' for. I'se got dat already. It's de dollars dat's in my employer's pocket dat's I'se workin' for. So if de Lord has a real shure 'nuff saint, one dat's plain stamped with de image and s'cription of de King, and shines like a new silver dollar, de debil he'll rise up early and sit up late to get hold ob dat one. But your 'bandoned sinners, and your high steppin' ones, dat's all taken up wid dere moralisms and self-righteousness, he doesn't trouble himself 'bout, he knows he's got dem already."

Here our report of the sidewalk discussion might properly end, but it would be an injustice to Moses to leave the impression that he is only a sour and censorious critic, who takes satisfaction in pointing out the faults of Christians. On the contrary, with an indescribable pathos and tenderness, he thus concluded his talk:

"Well, brudder, I'se prayin' 'bout it night and day. It's 'cause de Lord's children don't think dat dey does so. You remember how He says, 'My people don't consider.' Well, I'se been on de way nigh on to forty years, and it's been my 'sperience dat a day's considerin' worth more than a year's workin'. 'Cause when we takes a day for considerin' now and

THE EVERY-DAY WOMAN.

She is not a genius, this plain person who keeps the wheels of life moving. Just a well-balanced friend who goes on her daily rounds. Geniuses are often eccentric and can do great things, but some of them don't like to peel potatoes nor put on a patch. We never feel afraid of the every day woman, for she does not criticise our English nor ask us the reason why we do things "thus and so." As a rule this plain woman does not aim to be brilliant or great. She is no smarter nor richer than we are, and is a real obliging friend. She is like ourselves and enjoys the common joys of life, and "weeps with those who weep." She is full of sympathy, and we don't hesitate to tell her our troubles. My lady is not always "consumed with cares," and is willing to cook a good dinner for the chance guest without grumbling.

I am afraid that the plain, commonplace people in life are not half appreciated. We could never do without them. The beautiful woman of intellect is respected; singers, inventors, philanthropists, are praised, but what of the plain toiler in the calico gown? Abraham Lincoln voiced the sentiments of many when he said: "The Lord must have liked the common people well, or he wouldn't have made so many of them."—Kitty Summer.

THE THREE HANDED BOY.

Some boys are left handed, more boys are right handed, most boys are two-handed, some boys are fore-handed; but there is now and then a three handed boy. Did you ever see one? Perhaps you will remember when I describe him. He has a right hand, and a left hand, and then we notice that he is almost always a little behind hand! He is behindhand in the morning, behindhand at night, behindhand in his lessons, and behindhand in everything.

This "little behind hand" is a very bad hand, for he who is behindhand when he is a boy, is quite likely to be behindhand when he grows up, and so will be forever chasing his business and never overtaking it. The constant motto of the three-handed boy, is "Late." He is late in going to bed, late in getting up, late to breakfast, late to school, and late home again; he is late Sunday mornings, late at church and late at chapel; and it will be a wonder if he is not late in dying and late in getting buried; and most people will recall the special fitness of him as "the late Mr. Smith." Live boys who really want to make their mark and get on in the world and be somebody, should look sharp to their ways, keep up with the times, and see that they are not of the three-handed species; and, if they use the right hand and the left hand diligently and faithfully, they will not have much to do with the "little behind hand."—Sel.

DO YOU VOTE FOR IT?

The saloon countenances the liar, respects the thief and esteems the blasphemer.

It violates obligations, hates love, scorns virtue and slanders innocence.

It covers the land with idleness, misery and crime.

It crowds our penitentiaries, and furnishes victims for your scaffolds.

It is the life blood of the gambler, the element of the burglar, the property of the highwayman and the support of the midnight incendiary.

No earthquake or fire ever caused the wretchedness and loss equal to the rum demon.—Sel.

A SENSIBLE ORDER.

A notice has been posted in the barns of the United Street Railway Company of St. Louis to the following effect: "If employees of this company choose to frequent saloons, either on or off duty, or attend the races or other gambling places, rooms, or resorts, they are exercising a right which cannot be denied them, but they cannot remain in the service of this company." This order affects about four thousand motormen and conductors. This is a kind of prohibition the enforcement of which the political influence of saloons cannot prevent.—Sel.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

THE HOME-COMING OF THE GRUMPY.

It was a very grumpy little quartet that looked out of the windows as the train whizzed along nearer and nearer London every minute, and a discontented little wrinkle had ever lodged between mamma's eyes.

The children were going home. This year had not been a bit of a good year. Something had happened to father's business, and it seemed at first they could not go away at all during the summer; but mamma thought of letting the house for six weeks, so making it possible for them to afford it. A professor and his wife from somewhere were glad to occupy it while taking a course of study.

It was hard for mother to make up her mind to this, for she did not know the professor and his wife, and now she was dreading to go home lest she find some of her household treasures abused; and that was why the frown got caught between her eyes. It was not often that this frown made its appearance, and when it did general gloom prevailed.

My! Although it was a hot day, their temperatures all went right down to zero when mother let them in the big, silent hall. Then while she looked round for things gone wrong, one of the grumpies, Mudge by name, found her way up to the big, sunny nursery on the second floor. It seemed lonely, and the tears were not very far away.

"O! O! O!" soon came in surprised, delighted cries from that quarter, which took all the other grumpies to the nursery, too, in a rush—Tom and Paul, and Mudge's other little twin-half, Margery. And there on the nursery wall was a great smiling paper sunflower man, with funny "brown" legs, and "Welcome" in yellow letters on his big brown face, and Open the door and come right in," beneath the welcome. They all stood about in pleasant anticipation.

Tom stepped up at once to Mr. Sunflower and found that his face was a big door, which would open. Then from a little pocket within he took a small folded note for Misses Mudge and Margery Evans.

The delighted twins, of course, both reached for it, and as they had long ago learned how to share things, read it together, while the boys looked over their shoulders. This is what they read:

Dear Mudge and Margery,
I am very glad you've come,
I truly have been lonesome,
And perhaps you will not mind
Being obliging and kind
To an old, old fellow like me.
So will you please go to the very house-top.
And by the north window for a moment stop.
Up the attic stairs the twins flew, and the boys were not far behind, you may be sure. To the north window they went, and there on the still stood two little spools of thread with ribbons tied through them and notes attached, which said:

Upon the library mantel lock,
And there, of course, you'll find a book.
So down to the library the four pair of feet went flying and upon the mantel were two lovely little needle-books and more notes.

Tom and Paul were walking off to the garden, when Tom suddenly said:
"Let's see if there are any more notes." And sure enough, tucked down in the bottom of Mr. Sunflower's pocket was a note for Master Paul Evans and one for Tom himself, with little rhymes which sent them flying down the cellar and off to the park boat-house, and finally brought them to a fruit dealer's and newsstand, where they seemed to be expected and packages awaited them.

My, how good the fruit tasted, and the books were a delight! Meantime mamma had found on her dressing-table a dainty little volume and a note within from the professor's wife, thanking her for the use of the lovely home during the six weeks—a home so suggestive of happy children that it had greatly cheered a lonely mother-heart whose little one had slipped away to the heavenly country.

And while tears crept into mamma's eyes the frown was gone, and when papa came home in the evening, so glad to have them all back, there was not a single grumpy left.

After this the sunflower man became the permanent nursery postman.—Great Thoughts.