

AN ALPHABET OF PROVERBS.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.  
 Boasters are cousins to liars.  
 Courage in Christians means plenty of backbone.  
 Denying a fault doubles it.  
 Envy shoots at others and wounds herself.  
 Foolish fear doubles anger.  
 God teaches us good things by our own hands.  
 He has hard work who has nothing to do.  
 It costs more to revenge wrongs than to suffer them.  
 Just Christians can afford to be merciful.  
 Knavery is the worst trade.  
 Learning makes a man fit company for himself.  
 Modesty is a grand virtue.  
 Not to hear conscience is the way to silence.  
 One hour today is worth two tomorrow.  
 Proud looks make foul work in fair faces.  
 Quiet conscience is quiet sleep.  
 Richest is he that wants least.  
 Small faults indulged are little thieves that let in greater foes.  
 The doughs that bear most hang lowest.  
 Upright walking is sure walking.  
 Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter.  
 Wise men make more opportunities than they find.  
 You never lose by doing a good act.  
 Zeal without knowledge is fire without light.—The National Advocate.

SAN FRANCISCO BLUNDERS SHOCKINGLY.

When the earthquake and fire brought San Francisco to ruin the saloons were closed effectually, and admitted by all who know anything about the facts, crime was astonishingly infrequent, the person and property of individuals were safe. For some reason the city authorities decided that hereafter the license fee shall be five hundred dollars, and applicants came forward even at that high figure to the number of two thousand, and very early one thousand licenses had been granted, and with the opening of these saloons the pastors of churches did not hesitate to advise their people, who are still living in tents, to provide themselves with weapons of defense and women not to be without adequate protection, and the police authorities joined in this same advice on the ground that the police force is entirely inadequate to the demand while many thousands of people are yet living under cloth tents. What was the reason for opening these saloons? One million dollars looks like a large sum of money with such a pressing financial condition in that city, and yet the public at large contends that even that large sum of money is a great price to pay for the debauchery of the citizens and the waste of their money and the exposure of thousands of defenceless women and children to men made brutal by strong drink. It is no longer a question what we will take for the honor and welfare of the people, the price seems to be fixed and multitudes stand ready to pay for it. For a time we were saying, "Poor San Francisco!" But now it will have to be both foolish and wicked San Francisco. The action of the city government demonstrates completely that it is not lack of knowledge, but lack of moral integrity that causes city governments to sell the right to debauch the people.—Sel.

EXAMINE THYSELF.

Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, being so very wide (160 feet), it is treated as two streets, the car track in the middle of the street being considered, as the dividing line. The police enforce the rule that all vehicles must keep on the right-hand side of the street. Soon after coming to Washington, we were riding our wheel on this avenue, and having heard that the police were very watchful on this line, we took great pains to get on our right-hand side of the track, forgetting that the street is treated as two streets. In a few moments we saw a gentleman on a wheel on the opposite side of the street going in the same direction; we kept looking at him and expecting to see the police get after him. In a few moments a bicycle policeman appeared on the scene, and we kept our eye

on the other poor fellow whom we expected to see the policeman get after. To our amazement we soon noticed that the policeman did not seem to notice the other fellow at all, but his eye seemed to be fastened upon us, and we wondered what was the matter with the policeman, until he drew up alongside of us, and quietly said, "You are on the wrong side of the street, sir." Then the whole thing flashed before us; we were wrong and the other fellow was right. We have thought how often this happens in the spiritual world, that the fellow who is watching and criticising (either mentally or orally) the other fellow, is on the wrong side of the street himself. How many times the Lord has to say to his children, "You are one the wrong side of the street." Lord, give us all grace enough to move over when he says so.—The Pentecostal Era.

FINNEY ON POPULAR PREACHING.

Aim at pleasing, rather than converting your hearers.  
 Address the imagination, and not the conscience, of your hearers.  
 Try to convert sinners to Christ without producing any uncomfortable convictions of sins.  
 Make no appeal to the fears of sinners; but leave the impression that they have no reason to fear.  
 Denounce sin in the abstract, but make no allusion to the sins of your present audience.  
 Leave the impression that they are expected to go away in their sins, and to consider the matter at their convenience.  
 Avoid all heat and earnestness in your delivery, lest you make the impression that you really believe what you say.  
 Do not make the impression that you expect your hearers to commit themselves upon the spot and give their hearts to God.  
 Make no distinct points; and take no disturbing issues with the consciences of your hearers, lest they remember these issues, and become alarmed about their souls.  
 Say so little of hell that your people will infer that you do not believe in its existence. Make the impression that, if God is as good as you are, He will send no one to hell.  
 Avoid preaching doctrines that are offensive to the carnal mind, lest they should say to you, as they did of Christ, "This is a hard saying. Who can hear it?" and that you are injuring your influence.  
 Make no disagreeable allusion to the doctrines of self-denial, crossing, and crucifixion to the world, lest you should convict and convert some of your own church members.  
 Admit, either expressly or impliedly that all men have some moral goodness in them; lest sinners should understand that they need a radical change of heart, from sin to holiness.  
 Aim to make your hearers pleased with themselves and pleased with you, and be careful not to wound the feelings of any.  
 Preach salvation by grace; but ignore the condemned and lost condition of the sinner, lest he should understand what you mean by grace, and feel his need of it.  
 Preach Christ as an infinitely amiable and good natured being; but ignore those scathing rebukes of sinners and hypocrites which so often make His hearers tremble.  
 Encourage church sociables, and attend them yourself, because they tend so strongly to levity as to compromise Christian dignity and sobriety, and thus paralyze the power of your preaching.  
 If souls are converted in congregations cursed with such a ministry, it will be by other means than preaching.—Sel.

THE FACTS IN THE CASE.

The morning service at the encampment had been a time of refreshing. The sermon was unctious, there was hearty response, and a closing time of tears and shouts, and hand-shaking. Everybody was encouraged with the prospect. Meantime smoke was rising, and savory odors were coming up from the eating tent, where, upon a long table there were great dishes of fried chicken, piled high, quantities of sliced boiled ham, jars of pickles, pots of beans, and stacks of apple pies, all piously cooked and lovingly prepared. What a happy cheerful company sat down about that table.

The afternoon meeting was a drag. The sermon heavy, the people drowsy, the response poor, and the meeting wound up in a discouraging manner.

One dear brother looking downcast, said sadly through his nose that, "the devil has gotten into the people. I thought at the time it was a half dozen spring chickens, a boiled ham, a big kettle of beans, and high stack of pies, a bushel of biscuit, and "other things too numerous to mention," which had gotten into the people.

I could not believe they had back-slidden; it was simply a case of over-eating, and just as I expected the next morning they came up bright and happy, and we had a good meeting.

People are not in condition for worship just after stuffing themselves immoderately with food. Is there not a great deal of intemperance in eating? Do not many persons fall into gluttonous habits, and eat not so much for strength for the performance of their work, but simply to please their palate? We might severely condemn intemperance in drinking, and at the same time practice intemperance in eating.—Pentecostal Herald.

A WORD TO BOYS.

You are made to be kind, boys, generous, magnanimous.  
 If there is a boy in school who has a club-foot, don't let him know you ever saw it.  
 If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing.  
 If there is a lame boy, assign him some part in the game that doesn't require running.  
 If there is a hungry one, give him a part of your dinner.  
 If there is a dull one, help him to learn his lessons.  
 If there be a brighter one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before.  
 If a larger boy has injured you and is sorry for it forgive him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is than to have a great fuss.—Horace Mann.

HOGS VERSUS MEN.

Some time ago Sam Jones lectured in Sigourney, Iowa, in which he gave a deserved roasting to those who signed saloon petitions. This report is from a Sigourney paper:  
 "This nice little Iowa town, with a farming region around it makes one of the garden spots of the world; but with all your blessings you can't get along without three saloons to debauch your village and ruin your boys, 'because you need the money.'  
 "Here Mr. Jones inquired of the surprised audience, 'How much is the license here?' Some one answered, '\$300 each to the town.' 'Nine hundred dollars altogether,' resumed Jones. 'What is your population?' Answered '2,000.' The speaker then did a little lightning calculation, and resumed:  
 "The liquor dealer walked up to you and said, 'if you will let us damn this town, we will give you 40 cents apiece. Say, what would a 200 pound hog bring?'  
 "Answer, '\$12.' 'So,' resumed Jones, 'hogs \$12 apiece and folks 40 cents a head. Say, brother don't you wish you were a hog? You and your whole family wouldn't bring enough in this town to buy a sucking pig. This is a little lower down than I have ever found them. For the pitiful sum of 40 cents a piece you turn over your boys to be debauched, the hearts of mothers to be crushed, and the town ruined—all for 40 cents. That is cheap; but I expect that is all you are worth, eh?'  
 "I want to drop this out. There is not a man of you that signed that petition to bring saloons to this town, but deserves that every boy you have in your home shall fill a drunkard's grave, and your daughters live in the embrace of drunken husbands. What did you sign it for? If you did not want your boys to drink, or your daughters to marry drunkards, what did you do it for? Stand up and talk back. You surely did not sign hoping your boy would not drink, but that your neighbor's would. Why don't you say, 'To tell you the God Almighty truth, I did it for the 40 cents.' If the

devil don't get you for it, it is just because he don't want you, and every man that will sign that petition—the devil will get the last of you—but, thank God, he won't get much. If you fellows that signed that petition don't feel like a hog, you don't feel natural, that's all.'

SENTENCE SERMONS

Love is life's interpreter.  
 The driest religion is the gushing kind.  
 Every man owes every other man a happy face.  
 "Time to burn" keeps the devil's furnace going.  
 He cannot be a saint who will not be a servant.  
 You soon lose the religion you try to keep to yourselves.  
 You do not cleanse yourself by smutting everyone else.  
 A bushel of potatoes may be worth a ton of philanthropy.  
 We find no better feelings in others than we foster in ourselves.  
 It takes more than the Sunday suit to make the solid saint.  
 The man who puts heart into his work will always get ahead in it.  
 You cannot escape your taxes here by talking about your citizenship there.  
 When "the good things of life" are our best things they become our worst.  
 When you come to say good bye to old sins it is unwise to hold a farewell meeting.  
 When a man wears his piety as an ornament you can depend on its being paste.  
 If vinegar would preserve morals some men are sour enough to save the world.—Sel.

GOD'S METHOD.

In the true spiritual life we rise by sinking, we live by dying, we conquer by suffering, we learn by becoming a fool, we get filled by being emptied, we get strong by perfect helplessness, we save by losing, are made rich by poverty, we rule over others being servants to them, we make others rich by having nothing, we shine by giving up our own brilliance, we fight by keeping still, we triumph by being subdued; we promote ourselves by despising self, we win a crown by bearing a cross; O! what a Heavenly wizard, what a divine necromancer is the love of Jesus, that can so outwit the wisdom of men.

YE RESTLESS SOULS.

Plenty religion generally settles the question of proprieties. A baptism of the Holy Ghost takes the parleying out of a man. Before Pentecost the disciples were great for asking questions. "What shall this man do?" "Who shall be greatest?" "Wilt thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?" But after the cloven tongues appeared, the disciples' tongues were silenced, except as "they began to speak in other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance." Where is there questioning now? It is lost in the fullness of experience. One glorious fact overcomes all their theories. The same kind of baptism would satisfy querulous hearts to-day. Thousands of good persons are asking, "May I do this or that?" "Is there any harm in it?" "May I not dance?" "Can I not attend the theater?" "Must I be different from others?" What these restless souls need is God. One outpouring of the blessed Spirit in their hearts would justify them more than a thousand theatricals. John Fletcher's prayer would be a good one for them to offer:  
 "I feel an aching void in my soul, being conscious that I have not attained the heights of grace described in Thy word. I want power from on high. Turn out all that offends the eyes of Thy purity. Suddenly come to Thy temple. Thou knowest I do believe in Thee. I want a full application of the blood which cleanses from all sin. I want a plentitude of Thy Spirit. Oh, baptize my soul! Michigan Advocate.  
 When a person's inner life is so holy that God cannot but respect every thought and act, he will not want for respect from others; for when the Almighty respects a man he sees that others do likewise, just as an introduction by an influential person gives one prestige among all those to whom he is introduced.—Sel.  
 Tarry at a promise till God meets you there.—Selected.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

TOO LATE.

The old farmer died suddenly; so when Judge Gilroy, his only son, received the telegram, he could do nothing but go to the farm for the funeral. It was difficult to do even that, for the judge was the leading lawyer in X—, and every hour was worth many dollars to him.  
 As he sat with bent head in the grimy little train which lumbered through the farms he could not keep the details of his cases out of his mind.  
 He had never given his father a heart-ache, and the old man died full of years and virtue, "a shock of corn fully ripe." The phrase pleased him.  
 "I wish to tell you," said the doctor gravely, "that your father's thoughts were all of you. He was ill but an hour, but his cry was for 'John! John!' unceasing."  
 "If I could have been with him!" said the judge.  
 "He was greatly disappointed that you missed your half-yearly visit last spring. Your visits were the events of his life," said the doctor.  
 "Last spring? Oh, yes; I took my family then to California."  
 "I urged him to run down and see you on your return, but he would not go."  
 "No, he never felt at home in the city."  
 The judge remembered that he had not asked his father to come down. Ted was ashamed of his grandfather's wide collars, and Jessie, who was a fine musician scowled when she was asked to sing the "Portuguese hymn" every night. The judge humored his children, and had ceased to ask his father into his house.  
 The farmhouse was in order and scrupulously clean, but its bareness gave a chill to the judge, whose own home was luxurious. The deaf old woman who had been his father's servant sat grim and tearless by the side of his coffin.  
 "Martha was faithful," whispered the doctor, "but she's deaf. His life was solitary. The neighbors are young. He belonged to another generation."  
 He reverently uncovered the coffin, and then with Martha went out and closed the door. The judge was alone with the dead.  
 Strangely enough, his thought was still on the cold bareness of the room. Those hacked wooden chair were there when he was a boy. It would have been so easy for him to have made the home comfortable—to have hung some pictures on the wall! How his father had delighted in his engravings and pored over them!  
 Looking now into the kind old face, with the white hair lying motionless on it, he found something in it which he had never taken time to notice—a sagacity, a nature fine and sensitive. He was the friend, the comrade, whom he had needed so often! He had left him with deaf old Martha for his sole companion.  
 There hung upon the wall the photograph of a young face, looking proudly at a chubby boy on his knee. The judge saw the strength in the face.  
 "My father should have played a high part in life," he thought.  
 "There is more promise in his face than in mine."  
 In the desk were a bundle of old account book with records of years of hard drudgery on the farm; of working winter and summer and often late at night, to pay John's school bills and to send him to Harvard. One patch of ground after another was sold while he waited for practice, to give him clothes and luxuries which other young men in town had, until but a meagre portion of the farm was left.  
 John Gilroy suddenly closed the book. "And this the end!" he said. "The boy for whom he lived and worked won fortune and position—and how did he repay him!"  
 The man knelt on the bare floor and shed better tears on the quiet old face. "O father! father!" he cried. "But there was no smile on the quiet face. He was too late.—Youth's companion.  
 You may depend upon it, that people who are always complaining about long meetings are sadly lacking of genuine love of God, and his house and go to the church from a sense of duty, rather than love for it and unless a great change takes place in them they would get tired of heaven if they got there.