

MOSES Q'S REASON.

Moses Q. Keeps a barber-shop under the savings bank. He is about as black as black can be, and he carries upon his back the marks of the overseer's lash, for he was once a slave.

One morning I stepped into his shop to get my hair cut. There was another man just taking a seat in the chair as I entered. He was the secretary of the Blank church Sunday school, and a very fine specimen of a man.

I was not a little amused at the conversation that was carried on between Moses and his customer, for, unlike his Hebrew namesake, the darkey Moses is by no means slow of speech.

"No, sah," said Moses, very emphatically, "Ise done quit that dirty business."

"But," said the customer, "you came from a tobacco-raising state. You must have used the weed a good while."

"Yes, sah," said Moses, "I beginn'd it when I was a pickaninny. I smoked on de ole plantation, and I smoked in de wah time, and after de wah was ober I kept on smokin'." I began wid a clay pipe, but arter I got free and commenced to pick up de dimes, I got shut of de clay pipe and took to usin' cigars.

"Seemed like I was mo' of a gemman with a cigar in my mouf, 'specially when de little white boys on 'their way home from school would grab for my stubs, that was as short as my wool, and den go round 'the streets smokin' 'em for all dey was wurf."

"Dey wouldn't eat wid a nigger no how, but dey wasn't above smokin' his old cigar stubs. Dey might jes' as well 'ave worn his old clo'es."

"What made you give up smoking, Moses?" said the gentleman in the chair.

"Well, sah," said Moses, "dere was a great awaken' in the Free Methodist church about five years ago. De evenin' meetin's of dat church used keep de neighbors awake ebery time."

"De debbil make a big fight for dis yer sinner, but de good Saviour stood by him, and I tell you, sah, I didn't get no peace till I went back on de debbil and jined de army of de Lord."

"One Sunday mawnin' de preacher took for his text dis yer passage ob scripture, 'Know ye not that your bodies are the temple of the Holy Ghost?'"

"De preacher said de good Lord did not care wheder de body was black or white, if only it was clean on de inside. I had smoked all de way to de church de very day I heard dat sermon. So I looked at de matter dis way: I axed myself, Moses, is yer clean on de inside? Den I axed myself, Did I ever see a smokehouse dat was clean on de inside? and I have seen some—dat had mo' bacon hangin' in 'em when I opened de doah dan when I shut it."

"Furdermo', for some time befo' I heard dat sermon, I had been teachin' in de Sunday school. Some ob de boys was serious like. Seemed as if Holy Spirit was striving to get into deyer hearts, I thought, suppose de Holy Spirit should come into that class next Sunday, and smell de teacher's bref, and den say: 'Moses, you ain' clean, and it ain't no use for you to try to lead dese young lambs to Jesus, when you's a wonderin' sheep your-self.'"

"And den I thought, can de Holy Ghost live in Moses' heart when dar's old cigar stubs a lyin' round in ebery corner of it, and I tell you, sah, I jest had to give in and tell de Lord I was dun quit smokin'."

"After dat I felt as if I was kind o' tidied up inside, and when I stood befo' my class de next time, it didn't seem like as if dey would say, 'Go away, you old hypocrite, what you lettin' on about a clean heart for?' De boys used to smoke cigarettes, but when dey heard dat de teacher had dun quit his cigars, dey dun quit smokin' too, and I tell you what, boss, Ise got a glorious class."

"Well, what's to pay, Moses?" said the customer.

"Let's see, youse had a shave and a sea-foam. Thirty-five cents, sah. De top ob your head am clean, and I hope, sah, you's clean inside."

A day or two after that my friend, to whom Moses had given his reasons for giving up the cigar, took a seat in my office.

"Do you know," said he, "that I have quit smoking?"

"No," said I, "have you?"

"Yes, I have," said he. "You heard black Moses tell me the other day why he quit, and it occurred to me that if a darkey who has been a slave could take such a position as he takes, for the sake of his influence, and for conscience sake, then for conscience' sake, I, a white man, and secretary of a Sunday school, ought not to take a lower one.—E. L. Bangs, in Union Signal."

WHY I LIKE THE HOLINESS PEOPLE.

(J. B. Culpepper.)

1. I like their aim. They aim high. If they miss all, nevertheless, they have scored one good point.
2. They are uncompromising.
3. They are against sin and wrong, including Sunday trains, secular newspapers, Sunday cooking, Sunday gossip, tobacco and other uncleanness.
4. They are Prohibitionists, almost to a man.
5. They are agitators.
6. They make tracts.
7. They distribute tracts.
8. They circulate books.
9. They have a catching sort or degree of spirituality.
10. They are in for everything that is good.
11. They say "amen" out loud.
12. They shout as I feel.
13. If the load is heavy they all jump out and push.
14. Wherever you meet one, he is already organized and ready for work.
15. If they are scared, they pray and shout and work and move, so that they can't be detected.
16. They always want to dig deeper, climb higher and know and do more.
17. They are long winded in the closet and nearly out of breath in a testimony service.
18. Every one of them will pay if you call on them, and if the fuse seems damp, they will pray, call or no call.
19. They don't ask, how many are the enemy, but where are they?
20. They can shout in the cemetery.
21. They actually use the Bible in their work.
22. They will go to China or Africa as cheerfully as to market.
23. It is not a money question with them.
24. They know the Holy Spirit.
25. They love you hard.
26. Their experience throws up a high way I'd like to die on.
27. They've come to stay.
28. They are unpopular with dirt, dignity and the devil.
29. They are not in "ruts."
30. Whenever I meet or hear one of them, it makes me want quit something, or do something, or go somewhere, or be somebody.
31. They are my kinsfolk.

—LIVING WATER.

A WOMAN'S PRACTICAL ARGUMENT.

"What brings you here, Mary?" said Truesdell to his wife, as she entered the liquor store.

"It was very lonesome at home, and your business seldom allows you to be there," replied his meek and resolute wife. "To me there is no company like yours, and as you cannot come to me, I must come to you. I have a right to share your pleasures as well as your sorrows."

"But to come to such a place as this," expostulated Tom.

"No place can be improper where my husband is," said poor Mary.

"Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

She took up the glass of spirits which the saloon-keeper had just poured out for her husband.

"Surely you are not going to drink?" said Tom in huge astonishment.

"Why not? You say that you drink to forget sorrow, and surely I have sorrow to forget."

"Woman, woman, you are not going to give that stuff to the children?" cried Tom, as she was passing the glass of liquor to them.

"Why not? Can children have a better example than their father's? Is not what is good for him good for

them also? It will put them to sleep and they will forget that they are cold and hungry. Drink, my children, this is fire and bed, and food and clothing. Drink; you see how much good it does for your father." With seeming reluctance, Mary suffered her husband to lead her home, and that night he prayed long and fervently that God would help him break an evil habit and keep a newly formed but firm resolution.

His reformation was thorough, and Mrs. Truesdell is now one of the happiest of women, and remembers with melancholy pleasure her first and last visit to the dram-shop.—National Advocate.

GENTLENESS OF SPIRIT.

Few are willing to undergo the suffering out of which a thorough gentleness comes. We must die before we are turned into gentleness; and it is not a painted death, but a real breaking and crushing of self, which rings the heart and conquers the mind.

There is a good deal of real mental and logical sanctification which is only a religious fiction. It consists of mentally putting oneself on the altar, and then mentally saying the altar sanctifies the gift, and then logically concluding, therefore, one is sanctified. But the Adamic flint has not been ground to powder; the bosom has not throbbled with the lonely, surging signs of Gethsemane; the beautiful self-constructed air-castles have not been crushed to pieces.

Death must be carried out in the little hidden details of life, and this involves a vast amount of quiet suffering. Many Christians seem not to understand that, after the instantaneous work of sanctification, there is a vast stretch of progress in having the mind of Jesus; that the will can more and more sink into God's will and the thoughts can be more and more lifted to heavenly perceptions, and all the affections enlarged and flooded with the indwelling of Jesus, until every expression and tone, and manner in some way indicates the mark of God upon it.

To be filled with the gentleness of Jesus we must put it above everything else; that is, set a price on it in our hearts above all Christian activity, or cutting a great figure in the Christian world or the visible church.

The ruin of spirituality among modern Christians is in putting the fussy doing of religion ahead of the deep, divine inward likeness of Jesus. Unless our hearts intensely love the humility and gentleness of Jesus, so that we appreciate being just like Him in all our inward spirit and behavior, and esteem that first and foremost in the moral universe, then we must fail of ever knowing Him in the deep sense that Paul refers to in the third chapter of Philippians.—Trust.

FRUIT UNTO HOLINESS.

Holiness is God without alloy. It is patience without the dregs of impatience, peevishness or fretfulness.

It is "fulness of joy" with doubts, blues and despair extracted.

It is peace without variance, strife, unrest and discord.

It is the assurance of faith rid of every vestige of unbelief.

It is love without coldness, bitterness and uncharitableness.

It is long-suffering without any feeling of complaining or repining.

It is kindness without the roots of harshness, censoriousness and uncompassionateness.

It is meekness separate from a self-asserted, bold and arrogant spirit.

It is like a glass of water without dregs; the troublesome plants pulled up by the roots; the fort with the last internal enemy routed.

Holiness is running without limping, obedience without shrinking, freedom without obstruction.

It bears sorrow without murmuring, hopes without fatigue, submits without dictating, follows without hesitating, has "its fruits unto holiness" and the end everlasting life.—Selected.

A COSTLY BOTTLE.

One of the most cruel things which wicked men can do is to sell strong drink to heathen savages. Thousands of barrels of strong drink are sent from Europe and America to Africa to poison the benighted Africans; and of late strong drink has been sold in Alaska to the Indians, and has produced most ruinous results. The government has prohibited such sale and now and then a man gets what he deserves. Stephen Merritt, of New York, who visited Alaska, says he saw one man sent to prison for nine months for selling a bottle of whiskey.

He was fireman on the ship on which Mr. Merritt sailed, and when he came on shore in Alaska he took a bottle of whiskey which cost him a dollar, thinking to make something by selling it for a larger amount. An Indian woman bought the whiskey and paid him two dollars, so he made a dollar; but he violated United States law, and soon found that he was "out of a job" and was landed in jail for nine months. Mr. Merritt and others tried to persuade the officers to let him off with a fine, so that he could keep his place as fireman where he was needed, but they refused, and so he was sent to jail. If every man who sells whiskey either to the savage or the civilized, in Africa, America or Alaska could be landed in jail for nine months, the people could afford to board them there, pay them a salary and take care of their families at home, and make more money by the operation than this sailor did selling a bottle of whiskey for two dollars.—Sel.

RIGHT SIDE OUT.

Jack was cross; nothing pleased him. His mother gave him the choicest morsels for his breakfast and the nicest toys, but he did nothing but fret and complain. At last his mother said:

"Jack I want you to go right up to your room and put on all your clothes wrong side out."

Jack had to obey; he had to turn his stockings wrong side out, and put on his coat and his trousers and his collar wrong side out. When his mother came up to him, there he stood—a forlorn, funny-looking boy, all linings and seams and ravelings—before the glass, wondering what his mother meant; but he was not quite clear in his conscience. Then his mother, turning him around, said:

"This is what you have been doing all day, making the worst of everything. You have been turning everything wrong side out. Do you really like your things this way so much, Jack?"

"No, mamma," answered Jack, shamefacedly; "can't I turn them right?"

"Yes, you may, if you will try to speak what is pleasant, and do what is pleasant. You must do with your temper and manner as you do with your clothes—wear them right side out."—Shepherd's Arms.

SELF.

The greatest burden we have to carry in life is self. The most difficult thing we have to manage is self. Our own daily living, our frames and feelings, our especial weaknesses and temptations, and our peculiar temperaments—our inward affairs of any kind—these are the things that perplex and worry us more than anything else, and that brings us oftenest into bondage and darkness. In laying off your burdens, therefore, the first one you must get rid of is yourself. You must hand yourself and all your inward experiences, your temptations, your temperament, your frames, and your feelings, all over into the care and keeping of your God and leave them there. He made you and therefore he understands you and knows how to manage you, and you must trust him to do it.—Hannah Whitall Smith.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

THE BUSY MAN.

(Michigan Tradesman.)

If you want to get a favor done
By some obliging friend,
And want a promise safe and sure
On which you may depend,
Don't go to him who always has
Much leisure time to plan,
But if you want your favor done,
Just ask the busy man.

The man with leisure never has
A moment he can spare;
He's busy "putting off" until
His friends are in despair;
But he whose every waking hour
Is crowded full of work
Forgets the art of wasting time—
He cannot stop to shirk.

So when you want a favor done,
And want it right away,
Go to the man who constantly
Works twenty hours a day;
He'll find a moment, sure, somewhere,
That has no other use,
And fix you, while the idle man
Is framing an excuse.

COULDN'T.

A few days ago we noticed a little boy amusing himself by watching the frolicsome flight of birds that were playing around him. At length a beautiful bobolink perched on a bough of an apple tree near where the urchin sat, and maintained his position, apparently unconscious of his dangerous neighbor.

The boy seemed astonished at his impudence, and after regarding him steadily for a minute or two, obeying the instinct of his baser part, he picked up a stone and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself for a good aim. The little arm was drawn backward without alarming the bird, whose throat swelled and forth came Nature's plea: "A link, a-link, a-link, bob-o-link, bob-o-link, a-no-sweet, a-no-sweet, I know it, I know it, a-link, a-link, don't throw it, throw it, throw it," etc. And he didn't. Slowly the little arm fell to its natural position and the stone dropped. The minstrel charmed the murderer.

Anxious to hear an expression of the little fellow's feelings, we inquired: "Why didn't you stone him, my boy? You might have killed him and carried him home." The little fellow looked up doubtfully, as though he suspected our meaning; and with an expression half shame, half sorrow, he replied: "Couldn't, 'cos he sung so."—Kindergarten Magazine.

"THE LIVING GOD"

How many times we find this expression in the Holy Scriptures. And it is just the very thing we are practically prone to lose sight of. We know that it is written, "the living God;" we may speak about him as the "living God," but in our daily life there is scarcely anything we practically so much lose sight of as the fact that God is "the living God," and that he is now whatever he was 3,000 or 4,000 years ago; that he has the same sovereign power, the same saving love toward those who love and serve him as ever he had, and that he will do for them what he did for those 2,000, 3,000, 4,000 years ago, simply because he is "the living God," the Unchanging One, the same as ever he was.

O how, therefore, we should confide in him, and in our darkest moments and in our greatest trials and in our heaviest difficulties and afflictions should never lose sight of the fact that he is still "the living God," and ever will be "the living God."—Muller.

JUDGE LINDSAY'S INDICTMENT OF THE SALOON.

As a judge I have faced the woes, the trials, the miseries, and broken homes of society caused only by the want of a proper solution of this problem of problems. Thousands and thousands of homes have been broken up, caused by the traffic in intoxicants.

I have divorced four thousand people. I have tried no less than six thousand in the past six years.

This lamentable social condition is traceable in a large degree to the legalized saloon.—Judge Ben B. Lindsay, Denver, Col.