

PEOPLE'S COLUMN

Jess Going to.

"Jess Going to!" I heard some one say. "Why who is she? Do you know her? Tell us what she is like."

Yes, I know her only too well. Her name is often on the lips of certain of my young friends, but I am sorry to say that my opinion of her is not very good. It is said that you can always tell a person's character—even that of a child—by the company which he or she keeps. Now, Miss Jess Goingto may generally be found hand in hand with that very questionable character, Procrastination. And it is singular that when a boy or girl is about to give way to the persuasions and temptations of old Procrastination he or she will frequently assume the name as the disposition of this objectionable young lady.

"Have you washed your face yet, Kitty?"

"No, mother; but I'm Jess Goingto," Kitty's features present an unmistakably soiled aspect for perhaps an hour afterward. "Fetch me that shovel of coal, Harry. The fire is getting low."

"Yes mother; I'm Jess Goingto."

Ten minutes later the fire goes out.

"Water those cuttings for me, Tom, before you forget it. They are very dry."

"Yes, Father, I'm Jess Going to."

In the hot sunshine two hours later father's choice cuttings droop and die.

Peculiar, isn't it?

Another bad habit which results from association with Miss Just Goingto is making excuses.

"Here's a dreadful mess you have left from your fret-work, Herbert," says his mother. "Why didn't you clear it away when you had done?"

"I was Jess Goingto, Mother, only Annie called me to look at something, and then I forgot."

"I don't believe you have given your bird any fresh water this morning, Nellie. How thoughtless of you!"

"No, mother, I was Jess Goingto when Lucy came for me and I hadn't time."

Never is the name of Jess Goingto associated with duties done, kindness performed or requests obeyed, but always do we hear of her in connection with heedlessness, idleness, disobedience and neglect. And many are the scrapes into which those fall who are much in her society; many tears—late and unavailing—does she cause them to shed.

Having then, been an eye-witness of so much evil that she has wrought, who can wonder that though I have never seen Jess Goingto, and my knowledge of her is only hearsay, my estimate of her character and influence is unfavorable in the extreme. I wish to avoid becoming personally acquainted with her, and I hope she isn't a friend of yours.—Sunday School Call.

A fourteen year old boy secured a place in a large store. One day his employer sent him to the basement to overhaul and clean up several boxes filled with scraps, old papers and rubbish. Among the stuff he found a bright five-dollar gold piece. He slipped it into his pocket and continued his work until the last box was cleared up. Then he reported to the proprietor, when the following conversation ensued:

"Sir, I have finished cleaning up the boxes. What shall I do next?"

"Done already? I thought it would take you all the forenoon."

"Yes, sir; I am done, but" (taking the gold piece from his pocket and holding it forth) "I found this in one of the boxes, and I return it to you."

"You did! And why did you not keep it and say nothing about it?"

"Oh, sir; that would not be honest, and my mother always taught me to be truthful and honest."

He was a boy hero, and his heroism so commended him to his employer that he was advanced and promoted from time to time, until he became one of the leading members of the firm.

Boys, take notice also that it was David's heroism that caused him to be sent for by the king. Read 1 Sam. 17: 31. This was but in accord with an inflexible rule, namely, courage for the right brings a boy to the front. Manly, honorable conduct in the home, in the school, on the playground commands the

notice of all good people. On the other hand, the bully, the braggart, the mean, the user of vile language, the cheat or the coward brings upon himself the distrust and condemnation of all lovers of God and humanity. Every American boy can be a hero for honor, manliness, truth, honesty and courteous behavior, and above all, a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, if he will; and all such will in due time "inherit a crown of righteousness that fadeth not away." God hath said it, and His word can never fail.—Religious Telescope.

Blind David and His Bible.

In the early part of 1879, there came to me Allahabad, a young Hindu, totally blind, seemingly about eighteen or nineteen years of age. His face was scarred with smallpox, which, when he was very young, had entirely deprived him of sight. He had no recollection of the light. He was needy and helpless; so after ministering to his wants, we preached to him Jesus. He said he had heard of Him in his home in Rajputana, and was anxious to know more of Him.

He eagerly received the Word, and it was evident that the Light had begun to beam on his soul. In a few days he was converted, and his whole face shone with joy unspeakable. We baptized him on June 4, 1879, and called him, by his own request, David.

David became a communicant and rejoiced in the privilege. He had eager avidity for class and prayer meeting. "We cannot but speak," was the inspiration of his testimony. Not obtrusive but irrepressible—he loved to speak of the goodness of his Lord. With bright and earnest face, in joyful tones he would speak of the beauty of the King. Not one who heard him but was touched to the heart, and many wept with silent joy while the sightless saint "told his experience." It was easy to shout "praise the Lord!" after hearing him, and somehow the meeting seemed to have gotten wings and soared nearer to the Throne.

"Brother Osborne, where's the meeting tonight?" He was told it was some distance, in the suburbs of the city. Of course he could not get there. But there he was, in advance of all the rest, running over with joy, happy, expectant and hopeful.

"How did you get here, David?"

"Why, I walked it, of course," with as merry a laugh as ever broke the sadness of this sorrowful world.

"Of course!" We marvel, but he simply confides in his Father and rejoices in His guidance. You call it instinct—intelligence; he has no such idea. I have seen him traversing plains, crossing ditches, moving across thoroughfares, avoiding trees and holes with remarkable precision, nor once encountering an accident. Sometimes standing still, doubtful of the nearness of a bank or boulder, he smites his side with a short stick, while he gravely listens for a sound his ear alone can catch. "Oh!" his face brightens and off he goes with rapid strides, steering clear of bank and brake, stalking joyfully, along as securely as on a stone pavement.

David was an ardent lover of God's Word. He would come for his "daily portion," and sit with his face all aglow as the Father's message was unfolded. When we paused at the close of a chapter, a voice would wistfully ask, "Won't you read some more?" One day, after receiving his portion with more than usual delight, he lingered as though unwilling to depart.

"Brother Osborne"

"Yes, Brother David,"

"Brother Osborne, I—I wish—I could read!" was uttered in broken syllables with a wistful tenderness.

"Why, David, my dear brother, how can you read? You are blind, you know."

"That's true," he sadly replies, "but I have heard that there are Scriptures for the blind with raised letters; haven't you?"

"Why, yes, I have heard of them, and seen them, but I haven't got them, and don't know where they are to be had."

A moment's pause; then as naturally and as joyfully as the birds sing:—

"Won't you pray my heavenly Father to send me these Scriptures?"

Perplexing—wasn't it? Why should this blind man prefer so strange a request? It was decidedly awkward. Small faith is usually speechless under these circumstances. But there are certain

pious platitudes which come to one's help in such an emergency, and so I mumbled something at the necessity of "submission to God's will," "pious contentment," and so forth, oblivious that there is neither "submission" nor "piety" in unbelief.

David heard the homily through, and utterly unchilled, with a vivacity which seemed unbecoming, said, "I am going to pray." Cheerful as usual, he stode on his way. Some two or three months passed; David came and went for his "daily portions," but the conversation above reported was not reverted to. The hope was felt that the blind disciple had been taught the lesson of sweet submission.

One morning destined to be underscored in the calendar of memory—while out on pastoral work—glancing behind, I saw Brother David in evident pursuit. His strides were unusually long and the clatter of his stick sounded ominously. There was an eager joyousness in his face, and—yes—there was a somewhat heavy package under his arm.

"Brother Osborne!" he shouted with a loudness and emphasis which was startling.

"Yes," I replied, "what is it?"

"Stop," he said, "if you please."

"Well, David, what is the matter?"

"Oh! nothing; only I wanted to show you something." Producing the package, which was stitched in cloth, he said, "someone pushed that under my arm as I walked, and I wanted you to see what it contained."

"Oh!" I made sure it was some gift of clothing from one of the many kind friends who ministered to David. And so I carelessly cut the stitches open and unwrapped the package, when lo!—An English copy of the Gospel according to St. John, in characters for the blind!

For once I was glad that David was blind! Speechless again; was it "sweet submission?" At length I asked—"Who gave this to you?"

"I don't know," replied David (and let me add, the name of that donor has not transpired to this day); "but what is it?"

"Why, this—this—is a copy of St. John's Gospel in characters for the blind!"

"Oh! bless the Lord! I knew my heavenly Father would send it to me! Now, Brother Osborne, won't you pray my heavenly Father to teach me now to read?"

"Now, Brother David, I certainly will."

It was as the clearing of one's mind from a smoky mist.

And so David prayed and toiled; and being already able to speak English well, very soon he was able to spell along the precious lines. If he was joyful before, he was fully radiant now. He had the mine all to himself, and could extract the rich nuggets at pleasure.

"Why, Brother Osborne, I shall be able to preach with you now!"

And so we stood in the streets together, David and I, and the blind reader attracted a great crowd, and if he didn't preach, he "told his experience."

But David was not altogether pleased with his performance. The volume was bulky; he had to hold it with one hand, and trace the letters with the fingers of the other. "I lose my place, sometimes, you see. I wish I could use both my hands."

In a few days David appeared with something unusual slung around his neck.

"What is this, David?" we asked in consternation.

"This!" replied the blind discipline, looking somewhat surprised at our obtuseness: "Why this is a hanging desk for my Gospel. See here, how beautifully it works." And so adjusting it around his neck, and spreading his precious Scriptures upon it, with both hands at liberty, he carefully traced the letters with his fingers, and as the scarred face, turned upward with an expression of loving reverence, the words never seemed more sacred as he read with lingering pathos:—

"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father's house there are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."—Dennis Osborne in Bombay Guardian.

No large growth in holiness was ever grained without taking time to be often alone with God.—Austin Phelps.

No Room for Old Mother.

"Going north, madam?"

"No, ma'am."

"Going south, then?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"Why, there are two ways to go."

"I didn't know. I was never on the cars, I'm waiting for a train to go to John."

"John?" There is no town called John. Where is it?"

"Oh, John is my son. He's out in Kansas on a claim."

"I am going right to Kansas myself. You intend to visit?"

"No, ma'am."

"John sick?"

"No."

The evasive tone, the look of pain in the furrowed brow were noticed by the stylish lady, as the gray head bowed upon the toil marked hand. She waited to hear her story; to help her

"Excuse me—John in trouble?"

"No, no; I'm in trouble. Trouble my heart never thought to see."

"The train does not come for some time. Here, rest your head upon my cloak."

"You are kind. If my own were so I shouldn't be in trouble tonight."

"What is your trouble? Maybe I can help you."

"It's hard to tell it to strangers, but my old heart is too full to keep it back. When I was left a widow with three children I thought it was more than I could bear; but it wasn't bad as this—"

The stranger waited till she recovered her voice to go on.

"I had only the cottage and my willing hands. I toiled early and late all the years till John could help me. Then we kept the girls at school, John and me. They were married not long ago. Married rich, as the world goes. John sold the cottage, sent me to the city to live with them, and he went West to begin for himself. He said he had provided for the girls and they would provide for me now—"

The tears stood in the lines on her cheeks. The ticket agent came out softly, stirred the fire, and went back. After a pause she continued:

"I went to Martha's—went with a pain in my heart I never felt before. I was willing to do anything so as not to be a burden. But that wasn't it. I found they were ashamed of my bent old body and withered face; ashamed of my rough, wrinkled hands—made so toiling for them—"

The tears came thick and fast now. The stranger's hand rested caressingly on the gray head.

"At last they told me I must live in a boarding house, and they'd keep me there. I couldn't say anything back. My heart was too full of pain. I wrote to John what they were going to do. He wrote me back a long, kind letter, for me to come right to him. I always had a home while he had a roof, he said. To come right here [and stay as long as I lived. That his mother should never go to strangers. So I'm going to John. He's got only his rough hands and his great warm heart; but there's room for his old mother—God bless—him—"

"Some day when I'm gone, where I'll never trouble them again, Mary and Martha will think of it all. Some day when the hands that toiled for them are folded and still; when the eyes that watched over them for many a weary night are chosen forever; when the little old body bent with the burdens it bore for them, is put away where it can never shame them—"

The agent drew his hand quickly before his eyes, and went out as if to look for a train. The stranger's jewelled fingers stroked the gray locks, while the tears of sorrow and the tears of sympathy fell together. The weary heart was unburdened. Soothed by a touch of sympathy, the troubled soul yielded to the lodging for rest and she fell asleep. The agent went noiselessly about his duties, that he might not wake her. As the fair stranger watched she saw a smile on the careworn face. The lips moved. She bent down to hear.

"I'm doing it for Mary and Martha. They'll care for me sometime."

She was dreaming of the days in the little cottage—of the fond hopes that inspired her, long before she learned, with a

broken heart, that some day she would turn, homeless in the world, to go to John.—Sel.

The Great Mocker.

The story is told of a young man who had for many years been a total abstainer from all intoxicating drinks. But evil influences were at work, undermining his principles. One day he said to a friend: "I think it's a stupid thing to be a total abstainer, and tie one's self down so much. I can't see why a man can't make a definite allowance for himself every day. It would do him no harm. Now I am going to change my habit and just take one glass a day and no more."

"No," said his friend, "you are perfectly well without it, and why not let well enough alone?"

"I don't know about that; I shall try just one glass a day and keep to it."

For twelve months that man did keep to his single glass per day. But at the end of the year he said; "I think it's a foolish thing for a man to lay down any hard and fast line for himself. A man ought to be able to say, 'I will take as much as is good for me and as little as is good for me. I will restrict myself to what my requirements need.'" This was his aim for the second year.

Six months later that young man was picked up reeling drunk in the street. His employers forgave him for the first offence as he had always borne an excellent character up to this time; but as one excess followed another he was soon dismissed from his position and was cast out from good society. He then plunged into dissipation, and with a very few years died of delirium tremens.—Sophie Bronson Titterton, in *Illustrator*.

Share Your Blessings.

The world is very full of sorrow and trials, and we cannot live among our fellowmen and be true without sharing their loads. If we are happy we must hold the lamp of our happiness so that it will fall upon the shadowed heart. If we have no burden, it is our duty to put our shoulders under the load of others. Selfishness must die or else our own heart's life must be frozen within us. We soon learn that we cannot live for ourselves and be christians, that the blessings that are sent us are to be shared with others in that we are only God's almoners to carry them in God's name to those for whom they were intended.—Pacific Protestant.

The Scriptures speak of the times when false prophets shall arise and deceive, if it were possible, the very elect. Those times have come. When droves of men are coming out of the theological seminaries going into the pulpits of the churches and seeking to destroy the faith of the people in the word of God, we may well say perilous times have come. Then the true children of the kingdom may well keep to their Bibles and to their knees.—Pentecostal Herald.

Remember that charity thinketh no evil much less repeats. There are two good rules which ought to be written on every heart: Never believe anything bad about anybody unless you positively know that it is true; never tell even that unless you feel it is absolutely necessary and that God is listening while you tell it.—Henry Van Dyke.

As most dangerous winds may enter at little openings, so the devil never enters more dangerously than by little unobserved incidents which appear to be nothing, yet insensibly open the heart to great temptations.—Wesley.

A good death is better than a bad life.—John Huss.

When a church or denomination begins to decline, all that is necessary is to look at their attitude towards holiness. Without exception it will be found that they have ignored holiness. No church can prosper that ignores holiness, and none can fail to prosper that have genuine holiness, for God intended that the church should prosper only as it is holy.