

Our Home

YOUR OWN.

[As read by Miss Genevieve Oviatt, just before leaving San Francisco (with her sister, Minnie) for missionary work in China.]

What if *your own* were starving,
Fainting with famine pain,
And you should know
Where golden grow
Rich fruit and ripened grain;
Would you hear the wail
As a thrice-told tale
And turn to your feet again?

What if *your own* were thirsting,
And never a drop could gain,
And you could tell
Where a sparkling well
Poured forth melodious rain;
Would you turn aside
While they gasped and died,
And leave them to their pain?

What if *your own* were darkened,
Without one cheering ray,
And you alone
Could show where shone
The pure, sweet light of day;
Would you leave them there,
In their dark despair,
And sing on your sunlit way?

What if *your own* were wandering
Far in a trackless maze,
And you could show
Them where to go
Along your pleasant ways;
Would your heart be light
Till the pathway bright
Was plain before their gaze?

What if *your own* were prisoned
Far in a hostile land,
And the only key
To set them free
Was held in your command;
Would you breathe free air,
While they stifled there,
And wait and hold your hand?

Yet what else are we doing,
Dear ones by Christ made free,
If we will not tell
What we know so well,
To those across the sea;—
Who have never heard
One tender word
Of the Lamb of Calvary?

"They are not our own," you answer;
"They are neither kith nor kin."
They are *God's own*;
His love alone
Can save them from their sin.
They are *Christ's own*;
He left His throne,
And died their souls to win.

A TRAVELING MAN'S EXPERIENCE.

On the night of January 6th, 1894, I was pursuing my usual vocation as a traveling man, and was in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio; the Gibson House was my hotel, and my room number 240. Prior to this date I had not slept ten hours in the ten preceding days. More dead than alive I retired that night to try and sleep, bordering on the very verge of insanity, or threatened with brain fever, either of which I feared, and expected one or the other to have me as a victim. The asylum or hospital seemed to be before me with open doors. The details of that awful night and afterwards glorious morning following, I will not burden you with, for, like Paul of old, the particulars seem almost unlawful for me to relate. Suffice to say the night was spent in a self-examination, complete dedication, entire consecration of every faculty of body, soul and spirit, and "laying aside every weight and the sin which 'did' so easily beset 'me.'" The death of self and sin by the aid of the spirit of truth was fully accomplished, and at just six o'clock on the morning of January 7th, "I arose to walk in heaven's own life above the world and sin, 'with heart made pure and garment white, and Christ enthroned within,'" "the cleansing stream I see, I see, I 'plunged,' and oh, it 'did' cleanse me."
The first night thereafter I slept nine and a half hours on a sleeping-car between Cincinnati and Pittsburg,

and from that to this, have slept every night like an infant in perfect health in its mother's arms of love.

To God be all glory. I gained ten pounds of flesh during the thirty days which followed, selling more goods than I have ever sold in any thirty days of my life and doing it with greater ease. The humble lines following give a little review of the two years which have followed. These were written as I left Chicago on the B. & O. train for Pittsburg, on the evening of January 7th, just two years from the day of days in my life.

IN HOLY MEMORY OF JANUARY 7, 1894.

I've walked two years this very day
Upon the King's high holy way,
I never shall forget the hour
When God cleansed me by His own power.

I long had known His will to be
His child to save from sin set free,
To sweetly keep by day and night
His garments spotless, pure and white.

I laid aside my worldly pride
And yielding up my all, I died,
To self and sin I died that day,
Then started on the King's Highway.

This step I never shall regret,
It's memory lingers with me yet.
The covenants God made with me
Shall last through all eternity.

I now am His in service sweet,
Feeding upon His choicest wheat,
The kingdom of my Lord has come
Since I have said "Thy will be done."

I'm living now to honor Him
Who cleansed me from my every sin,
To tell to every brother friend
The Lord is mighty to defend.

God's promises have been to me
Sweeter than honey far could be,
God's spirit comes, abides with me,
He is my Lord, He leadeth me.

He leadeth me by waters still,
In pastures green I roam at will,
I have no fear of want or woe,
My cup of joy doth overflow.

"I beseech you therefore, brethren,
by the mercies of God, that ye present
your bodies a living sacrifice, holy,
acceptable unto God, which is your
reasonable service.

"And be not conformed to this
world; but be ye transformed by the
renewing of your mind, that ye may
prove what is that good, and accept-
able, and perfect will of God."—
Romans xii. 1, 2.

Your brother in holy union with
Jesus, S. H. BOLTON, Austin, Ill.

[I met this brother in Lowell, Mass.,
and to say he is on fire is to put it
mildly,—S. A. B.]

ADORNMENT.

H. T. BESSE.

"Whose adorning let it not be that
outward of plaiting the hair, and
wearing of gold, or of putting on ap-
parel; that women adorn themselves
in modest apparel; . . . not with
braided hair, or gold or pearls, or
costly array."—I Peter iii: 3; I Tim.
ii: 9. We have heard this question
discussed in a way that was disgust-
ing to sensible people, by persons
who were violating some principle in
these passages. There are three
things opposed in these texts:

1. The wearing of immodest ap-
parel. Harlots were known by their
dress and the way they fixed their
hair. It is said that this class of
women in Paris now control the
fashions. Hence, for a woman to be
known a fashionable lady by her
dress is guilty of wearing immodest
apparel, having on the costume of
harlotry.

2. These passages oppose the
adorning which fosters pride. No
proud person is spiritually minded.
Spirituality is found only in the
humble minded. Persons of high
moral character and intellectual cul-
ture are not known by their fashion-
able or extravagant dress.

3. These texts oppose extrava-
gance in spending money for personal
adornment. The principle not only
applies to ornaments and costumes,
but also to our houses, furniture, food
and drink; in short, it applies to
everything for which we spend money
and apply labor. Many of our tables
are loaded with luxuries; houses and
furniture are more expensive than
they should be. In many ways we
spend for ourselves that which God
demands we should apply to religious
objects. Some say they are poor
and cannot give. We answer, that
if you have one dollar with which to
buy bread for your family, God de-
mands ten cents of it to feed precious
souls with the bread of life. And
should you obey God in this way,
His veracity is at stake that more
bread shall come to you. Please do
not insist that you must use all that
you have for your children, for Christ
has said: "He that loveth son or
daughter more than Me is not worthy
of Me." Should we practice economy
in expenditures for ourselves and
make liberal appropriations to Chris-
tian and benevolent objects, we would
prosper in our home interests, and
have flourishing missions and schools
for the education of our youths.
Shall we do it? Let every one who
reads this say, "I will." Amen.

QUESTION DRAWER.

What is the *difference* between
justification and entire sanctification?
"The same as there is between moon-
light and sunlight, the sunlight has
the heat in it."—Amanda Smith.

Regeneration makes one a child of
God; Sanctification makes the heart
holy.—Rev. B. Carradine, in *Sancti-
fication*.

What are the *conditions* of receiving
the Pentecostal fulness?

"Consent to make room for the
Holy Spirit.

"Consent to retain the Holy Spirit.
"Consent to receive the Holy Spirit
now."—Rev. S. A. Keen, in *Pentecostal
Papers*.

What are the *best helps* to growth
in grace?

"The ill usage, the affronts, and
the crosses which befall us."—John
Wesley.

WAGE ROBBERY.

A writer in the *Temperance Chronicle*
says of the \$700,000,000 annually
spent in drink in the United King-
dom only \$50,000,000 goes to labor.
If that sum was spent in any other
trade, it would mean that \$300,000,-
000, or \$250,000,000 additional, would
go directly into the pockets of the
wage earning class.

It does not pay to have fifty work-
ingmen and their families live on
bone soup and half rations in order
that one saloon-keeper may flourish
on roast and turkey and champagne.
—*Living Issue*.

As by their miraculous crossing of
Jordan the people were assured of
the succeeding overthrow of the
Canaanites by like power exerted in
their behalf; so by the mighty work
wrought in entire sanctification the
soul is assured of a succeeding life of
victory, not only in defensive, but like-
wise in aggressive warfare.—*Christian
Standard*.

Though all Christians have the
Spirit's grace, and though wholly
sanctified Christians need still to re-
ceive "the supplies of the Spirit,"
nevertheless the gift of the Holy
Ghost is a distinctive blessing differ-
ing from the common grace of Chris-
tians, and from the oft-recurring sup-
plies of advanced saints.—*Christian
Standard*.

Temperance

AND OTHER TOPICS. Selected

FARMER BROWN'S SOLOILOQUY.

M. M. LIGHTCAP.

Good Farmer Brown returned from
town,
His tax list in his hand;
And sitting down with dark'ning
frown,
He every item scanned.
"These rates so high will by and by,
Take from me my good farm;
Must I sit by with patient sigh,
And witness all this harm?"
"One reason why I'm taxed so high,
Is all because of rum,
For those who drink are sure to sink,
To prison or almshouse come,
Asylum, too, filled through and
through!
The courts are thronged meanwhile,
And, then, they say, 'Tax I must pay
To keep these things in style.'"

But, now, I think, that if the drink
Were neither made nor sold,
Our boys 'twould save from drunk-
ard's graves,
While I would have more gold.
And women's fears and women's tears
Would all be chased away
If laws were made for which they've
prayed
For many a weary day.

I'll be a man, do what I can,
With money, voice and hand,
I'll haste away and join to-day
The Prohibition band.
With them I'll work, nor duty shirk,
And on election day
I'll take my stand with that brave
band,
To vote this curse away.

**MY EXPERIENCE WITH TO-
BACCO.**

JOHN ROWE.

My parents both used tobacco and
I was taught to think there was no
harm in its use. I used it to excess
for several years. I was not in the
habit of attending church and had
not attended in over three years. I
was now twenty-two years of age.
A revival meeting was being held
near my house. The gospel was
preached by a dear old saint of God,
long since gone to his reward. I was
invited to attend the meetings, but
made excuses. Finally I went, and
was under great conviction. A friend-
ly hand was laid upon my shoulder
and I was asked "if I thought I
needed religion." Before I knew it
I was on my way to the altar, and
there sought pardon with all my
heart. I there met with a glorious
change. A light came down from
above which I could see, and filled
my very being. The Bible to me
was an unknown book. But the
next morning the Holy Spirit clearly
pointed out the way I should walk.
He told me plainly I should give up
my tobacco. I took my pipe and
tobacco and tobacco-box (for I both
chewed and smoked) and threw them
away. Satan tried hard to make me
think I would die; but I did not be-
lieve it. It made me very sick for
two weeks. After that my strength
returned. The desire for tobacco
was all gone, and I saw plainly that
it was the will of the Lord that I
should be kept from using tobacco.
For twenty years I have not used the
vile stuff in any form, and I hate it
as poison. When I hear professors
of religion say, "I haven't any light
on tobacco," I think it very strange,
for Jesus says, "I am the light of the
world," and in II. Cor. vii: 1, we are
told to cleanse ourselves from "all
filthiness of the flesh and spirit," per-
fecting holiness in the fear of God.
We, as a reform church, ought to set
an example before the world that is
pure and good.

Every murmuring thought is the
child of unbelief, and makes God a liar.

BE CONSISTENT.

The president of a liquor dealers'
association which had indorsed the
Tammany ticket in this city, says:—
"I will not support any man who is
not in favor of my business. I am a
liquor dealer first and a Republican
afterward." In other words, his pat-
riotism is devotion to his business.
He is a rum seller first, a citizen
second.—*The Independent*.

Just so. In this he differs widely
from many so-called "temperance
men." They are old party voters
first and temperance men afterward.
If the professed friends of temperance
evinced the same devotion to tem-
perance that the rum seller does to
his business the saloon could not
survive. We play at prohibition and
temperance, while the rum seller is
deeply in earnest 365 days in the
year.—*Texas Baptist Standard*.

TOBACCO, ITS USE.

"When I was a young man," said
president Finney, "almost every
young man used tobacco, and I among
the rest. After I was converted I
continued to use it. The practise
was so common that the question as
to whether it was right did not occur
to me. I was innocent as a baby
about it. But once when I was hold-
ing revival meetings in New York city,
I was one day filling my tobacco box
from a paper I had just bought, when
the gentleman in whose house I was
staying, came into the parlor and said,
"Brother Finney, do you think it
right to use tobacco?" "Right? Of
course it isn't right. Here, you take
this tobacco and keep it until I call
for it." The minute the question was
presented to me I knew it wasn't right,
and I have not touched tobacco from
that day until this. (decision) And
I believe what success I have had in
life, has been due, in a great measure,
to my manner of settling every such
question. When I saw a thing that
was wrong, I gave it up at once, and
forever, and when I saw a course that
was right, and my duty, I entered
upon it without stopping to confer
with flesh and blood."—*Selected*.

PROHIBITION COUNTS.

After prohibition had been carried
in a town in Kentucky, a milk man
said to Rev. G. R. Stuart one day
that he wished he could have gone
on the rounds with him after the
saloon men had left the town. As
he stopped at the house of a man who
had formerly been a good patron of
the bar room, a little daughter said
to him, "We want a quart of milk
this morning."

"Oh, no, you don't," said he, "you
haven't been taking a quart for a
year."
"Mamma, mamma, come here,"
called out the child.

The mother came to the door and
said, "Yes, we will take a quart this
morning."

As the rich foam came over the top
of the measure, the little daughter of
the man now sobered up by prohibi-
tion, said:

The saloons are gone, and papa's
quit drinking, and we are going to
get a quart of milk every morning."

May we see the day, and may it
not be far off, when many a poor
child, now robbed by the whiskey
traffic of necessary comforts, will be
able to say, "The saloons are gone,
and we are going to get a quart of
milk every morning."—C. C. Carey, in
Soldier.

GOOD LOGIC.

A drinking deacon once tried to pur-
sue a converted negro that God sent
intoxicating drinks. The negro did not
begin to argue about it, but just answered,
"God made dog—you go eat dog. God
made poison—go eat poison!"—*Selected*.