

Pat the Home

A CRAYON SKETCH.

CHARLES H. DORRIS.

PART I.

A little child on his mother's knee,
Crowing in happy, gladsome glee,
Looking away to the dreamy west,
Watching the sun sink down to rest.

PART II.

A brave young man with a cheering
voice,
Making the best of this world his
choice;
Doing the right where the world does
wrong;
Singing for all a sweet, glad song.

PART III.

A "last leaf" flutters alone in the west;
Dear lips whisper, "I'm going to rest;"
There's a flash of wings in the bend-
ing skies;

The victor has entered his paradise!
—Michigan Christian Advocate.

A LESSON IN THE DARK.

One night a man, under strong pressure of care and difficulty, was lying awake thinking, thinking, until the brain grew wild with the struggle. He could see no way of extrication, yet resolved to hold on to his integrity in spite of the temptation to the contrary. While in this grapple with the powers of darkness, the voice of the little child sleeping in the crib by the bedside broke the stillness of the night, saying, "Papa! papa!" Quickly he answered, "What is it, darling?" The call came back, "Oh, papa; it is so dark; take Nellie's hand." He reached out, took the tiny hand with a firm clasp in his own. A sigh of relief came from the little breast, the fear and loneliness were gone, and she was soon sound asleep again. Then came to his throbbing brain and struggling soul the assurance, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." The terror was gone; a great peace came; sleep fell softly on the eyelids, and, with morning light, he rose calm and strong to face the trial of the day. He was held firmly by a Divine hand, and led successfully through the threatenings and enticements that assailed him, maintained his integrity, and escaped the perils of the situation in peace and to prosperity.—Guide to Holiness.

A GIRL WHO KEPT QUESTIONABLE COMPANY.

Coming down to the office on a train a few mornings since we noticed a girl of our acquaintance eagerly reading a book. Our seat was just behind the one occupied by her, and it was almost impossible not to see the title of the volume she was devouring. It was a well known sentimental novel of questionable moral teaching. That evening we chanced to meet this young friend just as we reached the station, and upon entering the coach we sat down together. Presently I said:

"I was sorry to see you in questionable company on the train this morning."

The young woman looked startled and said:

"Why, you are certainly mistaken; I was alone."

"No, not alone," we said; "and you seemed to be very much delighted with your company."

"What do you mean?" our friend demanded, her eyes flashing with indignation.

"Simply this," was the reply; "you were reading a silly book. You were reading it with evident relish. You were so held by its fascination that you noticed nothing that was transpiring about you, and looked up in real surprise when you found yourself

at your journey's end. A book is a companion. A silly book is a silly companion. A silly companion is a questionable one. A questionable one is a dangerous one. You judge people by the society they seem to enjoy. Is it not fair to judge them also by the books they choose?"

The question was not pressed, and we passed on to more agreeable themes.

The books and periodicals we read influence us tremendously. Next to the people with whom we mingle, the literature we devour shapes our sentiment, determines our convictions and makes us what we really are. We cannot afford to spend one day, one hour, one minute in the company of a questionable book.—Ev. Messenger.

Temptations

AND OTHER TOPICS. Selected

THE MIRACLE OF MY CONVERSION.

COL. H. H. HADLEY.

A farmer's boy, soldier, lawyer, editor, missionary.

How can I tell it all in a half an hour?

But I have been asked to write the story of my conversion with a sketch of earlier experience, which I will try to do, with God's help.

My Savior can the drunkard save,
For He has rescued me,
One thing I know, I once was blind,
But now, thank God I see.

Mother was born in the town of Gill, Mass., about where Mr. Moody's Mount Hermon College now stands. She was a graduate I believe, of either Mount Holyoke Seminary or Hopkins' Academy, and came to Ohio by stage to teach a school in Putnam. Her maiden name was Jane Riddel.

Father came from Goffstown, New Hampshire, years before, and graduated at the Athens (Ohio) University.

The stock was good enough, for I see by a Family Tree now being prepared by a relative, that on my father's side were Generals, Judges and Statesmen, while mother's ancestors were ministers numerous. Her father was Rev. William Riddel, her brother, a graduate of Yale, Rev. Samuel Hopkins Riddel, and her mother's—the Hopkins—branch ran back to Jonathan Edwards. I remember when we were little children, mother taught us, away in those backwoods, to say over and over: "President Edwards was my great grand-father's uncle."

When I was seven, we moved into the woods of Perry County, Ohio, among the deer, wild turkey and wild cats, on a section of land heavily timbered, that had never seen an ax; miles from any habitation or public road, rich in mineral wealth, now being gathered by various mining companies.

There were four children besides myself: an elder brother, William, and two sisters. My brother Samuel Hopkins (usually called "Hopp"), now superintendent of the Jerry McAuley Mission, who is eighteen months my junior.

William died at the Delaware Wesleyan University, as he was about to graduate. Sisters went to the Putnam Female Seminary, while the two youngest, "Hen" and "Hopp" cleared the land, plowed with the oxen, grubbed out roots, peeled tan-bark, rode bare-backed horses, and grew up generally, without education, except what father and mother gave us at home, evenings, by the light of a tallow candle.

Yet with all the privations how pure and happy was that secluded wild-wood home. We never heard

an oath there, or a lie, or an impure word. As for whiskey, we scarcely knew there were such a thing.

I was twenty when the war broke out, and shortly after, enlisted as a private in the 90th O. V. I., Co. H., which went from New Lexington. Mother bore it resignedly, but could not consent to my going. Father restrained his feelings, but when I ran back to kiss mother once more I found her on the floor in a heap, crying as though her poor heart was breaking—and it was.

Four years after this, or more, I was mustered out, having attained the rank of Captain, and brevet Lieutenant Colonel.

But the temptations of the army had captured me and I was a slave to drink. Father and mother had died, the farm was sold, and I went into business with much success, and but for drink would have become rich. Indeed I did make three small fortunes which were lost through the enemy.

Full of energy and push I studied law; was admitted to practice in all the courts, and fortunately never disgraced the profession. It was in 1868 when I came to New York, and in 1870 I married.

The year 1886 found me editor and proprietor of a daily and weekly paper, *The Up-Town News*, in New York.

But the drink habit grew stronger, all this time, and my numerous efforts to stop had all proved fruitless. I had signed pledges but could not keep them. Was confirmed in Grace Church, Newark, in 1873, but though I tried hard could not overcome drink.

In 1879 I had organized the "Business Men's Society for the Encouragement of Moderation," with the aim of surrounding myself with influences and men that would keep me from falling, but could not take my own medicine. What is moderation to a man with a tiger? The social, mental and moral appetite. It is *insanity of the stomach*, with the kindred sins thrown in.

There is only one hope for the drinking man, and that is *religion, in deed and in truth*. He must fall in love with Jesus and then he will not want to drink. *The day of miracles has not passed*, as thousands of redeemed drunkards can testify. But we must repent of the sin of the thing, with all other sins. In the words of Faber:

O make me feel it was my sin,
As though no other sins there were,
That was to him who bears the world
A load that He could scarcely bear.

Here I was with six bright children and their patient, wise, gentle mother. I was at the very bottom; not a ray of hope; all thought of meeting father and mother in heaven, gone. Every effort to keep sober for a week a greater failure than the previous effort; having tried everything except the only thing that would save me. I could carry an awful load of alcohol, therefore did not reach the gutter, and was often really drunk when I did not appear to be.

On the 26th of July, 1886, at midnight, I entered a saloon, corner Third Avenue and 170th Street, and with a lawyer, who was also a heavy drinker, had six brandy cocktails. I had been drinking terribly all day, but it seemed as if every drink made me strangely sober.

I feared I would drop dead.

The lawyer and I grasped hands and took a solemn oath that we would never touch another drop. I meant it, but had often meant before. I walked home and sent for a physician. The lawyer drank again within a week, and was buried last year.

On the 28th I went out to try the hopeless and oft repeated task of liv-

ing without strong drink. My business took me down town, and on my way back in the evening, trembling in every nerve, with a thirst no man can describe, I concluded to call at the McAuley Mission, at 316 Water Street, and see my brother, who was superintendent, himself a saved drunkard, for I never failed to get sympathy at such times from him and also from my wife.

Strange as it may seem, neither of them ever scolded or complained, but though almost discouraged they prayed and waited. O was ever faith so tried.

He was delighted to see me and persuaded me to remain to the meeting. As I sat there listening to the testimonies I thought of how true he had been, for more than three years then and what a hopeless drunkard he used to be; then a Scotch printer arose and told how he had been saved from the very gutter, and pointing to his well dressed happy wife and little girl, said they had been compelled to leave him but now were restored, all because he had accepted Christ as his Saviour.

All at once it occurred to me that possibly I might be saved, too, if I were to stop trying to do all myself, and follow Jesus and trust Him. And I determined right then to test His power and love.

I stood up and told the condition I was in, and then coming forward with all my sins, I fell down on my knees at the bench in front, with a lot of other poor wretches and cried to God with all my heart for mercy and forgiveness.

I determined then that I would live a Christian life the remainder of my days, any how, whether I felt forgiven or not. I remembered then that mother once told me that if a person dies while earnestly praying to God they would not be lost. Here seemed to me at last a chance for heaven. I would pray till I died, and then surely I would be saved. As I asked God to forgive me for the sake of his dear Son. I felt that Jesus died for me alone. O how real it seemed! I could almost hear them driving the great spike nails into the rough cross through his hands. I confess that as I entreated God to take away the terrible appetite for drink, I had not much faith. It had been fed and growing for twenty-four years; had controlled me asleep and awake.

So my faith was weak, then, if I had any at all.

Then I thought, "well, He bore all that agony for me, on the awful cross, and I'll bear this thirst as long as I live." Soon as that thought entered my mind, it was precious, and I felt a bond of sympathy between the Saviour and me, even me, and said: "Oh yes, Lord Jesus, I will gladly bear it all for Thee." I did not pray any more to have it removed, but that He would comfort me for bearing it with His strength.

As Brother Smith, the assistant superintendent prayed, I felt resigned and with a fixed purpose to see the end of a Christian life, took my seat. Some how I lost my load; I could feel sad no longer, and from that moment to this I have had no desire, or longing, or thirst for alcoholic beverages.

Again quoting from Faber's "Work of Grace":

Free! free! the joyous light of heaven
Comes with full and fair release:—
O God, what light! all sin forgiven,
Jesus, mercy, love and peace.

Surely I was turned into another man. I was controlled by the habit of profanity until then, but since have not thought an oath.

That must have been a happy night

for my dear brother. He accompanied me far on my way home and seemed loth to leave me. When I reached home and told my wife, who was awake, anxiously watching, as she had so often done before, she said:

"You need not have told me, darling boy, I knew it when you came in; now I shall call you *good* Henry."

O the tears of joy that night.

When at last I slept I dreamed I was in the mission singing the hymn they sang that night:

"I have found repose for my weary soul,

Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;
A harbor safe when the billows roll;
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.

The next morning I awoke singing. I felt that I was free; the birds never sang so sweetly as then, and the very rocks seemed to wear smiling faces for me, poor wicked sinful me; the chief of sinners, but saved, forgiven, redeemed, converted sure enough, this time.

It was no trouble to keep out of saloons then, nor has it ever been since.

I know God can keep me in a saloon, but He does better—He keeps me out of one.

No man who loves God, loves to go into a saloon.

My first testimony was given the next morning to a brewer who insisted on my taking a drink.

"No! I was converted last night," said I.

"What's that," said he. And then I told him all about it and that I would never enter a saloon again, or touch a drop of strong drink.

"Well," said he, shaking my hand, "I'm glad for the sake of your boys, but just come in and have a soda water or a cigar."

"No," said I, and from that day to this I've kept off temptation ground, and soon after stopped the use of tobacco.

I immediately committed myself in all possible ways, and in the columns of my paper, which had been largely devoted to beer and liquor interests. I informed its readers that the editor was converted and would no longer receive advertisements of saloons and brewers, thus throwing away many hundred dollars yearly, from that source. It was a severe struggle, but I had decided that Christ and I would live this life together, cost what it may.

(Concluded next issue).

EXTRACTS

FROM GENERAL BOOTH'S WRITINGS.

Be determined never more to be satisfied with a service that is a mere outward performance.

The true Salvationist lives the same kind of life, and is actuated by the same purposes, as God Himself.

A soul on fire will make the people listen wherever you may be, or whatever you may have to say.

How important it is that we should individually seek to discharge our responsibilities as in the sight of God.

Take hold of God, and take full share of your responsibility for the kingdom on your own shoulders, and stand up, if you stand alone, and God will make a Stephen of you.

Watch the enemy. It is in unguarded moments that nearly all people go astray. Depend on God, not only to keep clear of sin, but to be always strong for Him, showing a brilliant example to all around.

Unbelief of the most diabolical character often clothes itself in the garb of humility. Measure yourselves, not by one another, nor by the achievements of others, but by the promises of God, the merits of the atoning Blood, and the power of the Holy Ghost.