

**God the Home**

**SAINT AND SINNER IN ETERNITY.**

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN BREngle, WORCESTER, MASS.

**I.**

Shout for joy, ye saints of God,  
Who have passed beneath His rod!  
Be ye faithful unto death,  
Praise your Lord with every breath.  
Fearless do His blessed will,  
Ca'm your hearts; be strong; be still!  
Fear not Satan's threat'ning might,  
Look to Jesus, Prince of Light  
(Satan is a child of night),  
Onward speeds eternal day,  
Fast the shadows flee away.

Soon the Lord will come in glory,  
Soon will end Time's solemn story.

Then all the saints enthroned on high,  
So far above earth, hell and sky,  
Shall, full of wondering surprise,  
Forever feast and feast their eyes  
Upon His lovely form and face,  
Who wrought for them with matchless grace,

Who bought them with His precious Blood,  
Who kept them by His faithful word,  
Who trained them in humility,  
Who won them by His love so free,  
Who nerved them for their fiercest fight,

Whose eye pierced through their darkest night,

Who was their true, Almighty Friend,  
Who loved and loved them to the end,  
Who makes them sit upon His throne,  
Who crowns and calls them all His own.

**II.**

O bitter cry! O long lament!  
Of those whose hearts have not been rent

By faithful warnings of God's word,  
Or dying love of Christ the Lord!  
Who dreaded not Hell's awful night,  
Who thirsted not for Heaven's delight,  
Who made not righteousness their choice,

Who heeded not the Spirit's voice—  
With impious laugh, or careless ear,  
Or hardened heart, refused to hear.

What can they do? Where can they flee?

How while away eternity?  
How drown the memories of the past?  
How deaden conscience, crowned at last?

How now forget the wrongs they did?  
How cover all the sins they hid?  
How e'er forget their mothers' prayers?  
How wipe away her burning tears?  
Or how forget her gentle face?  
How find again Christ's spurned grace?  
How spend the slow, the endless ages?  
How blot out recollection's pages?  
Mem'ry will be quenchless flame,  
Conscience be fierce gnawing worm.  
Each man carries in his breast  
Hell's hot fires or Heaven's sweet rest.  
Haste then, sinner, to the light,  
E'er you're lost in hopeless night.  
Come to Jesus while you may,  
Seek His face while still 'tis day.

One of the most subtle temptations that attack a sanctified soul is to take to heart some wrong or injustice, real or fancied, and brood over it. The cure for this is the fulfilment of the conditional clause of the petition in the Lord's Prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."—*Tongue and Fire* (Eng.)

\*\*\*

Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, one of the prominent Wesleyan ministers in England, and a well-known Christian and Temperance worker, has taken a very prominent position regarding Temperance, both in his pulpit and out of it. Some Mr. Old-school attempted to rebuke him a while ago by reminding him that "his duty as a pastor consisted in taking care of his flock." Canadian Temperance ministers sometimes get just such grave "reminders" from just such sources. Mr. Pearse readily replied: "The sheep are all right just now; I'm looking after the wolf." An exchange remarks that "one good way to care for the sheep is to put an end to the wolf."—*The Templar*.

**THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER.**

The spirit of prayer must be born from above and cannot be imitated or counterfeited by merely human effort. It springs from the combination of all the circumstances of life and qualities of our Christian character. It is the flower of piety and the fragrance of the heart, distilled like perfume, indescribably delicate, pure and heavenly. Nothing is too small to enter into it, and become an occasion for it. The incense of prayer may be beaten very small, and rise from a thousand trifles in our life, which we may so consecrate to God as to become a sacrifice of a sweet-smelling savour. Our little trials and trifling ministries, laid on this golden altar, become to Him like the fragrance of the spring and the breath of Aaron's censor; and He treasures them in heaven in "vials full of odours, which are the prayers of saints." But, in order to be divinely fragrant, they must be set on fire by the Holy Ghost, the true Intercessor and Advocate on earth, as Christ is the Advocate on high, making intercession "within us with groanings which cannot be uttered."  
—Rev. A. B. Simpson.

**THE FOURTEEN MISTAKES OF LIFE.**

Most people would say, if they told the truth, that there was no limit to the mistakes of life; that they were like the drops in the ocean, or the sands of the shore in number, but it is well to be accurate. Here, then, are fourteen great mistakes. It is a great mistake—

To set up our own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly.

To measure the enjoyment of others by our own.

To expect uniformity of opinion in this world.

To look for judgment and experience in youth.

To endeavor to mold all dispositions alike.

To yield to immaterial trials.

To look for perfections in our own actions.

To worry ourselves with what cannot be remedied.

Not to alleviate all that needs alleviation, as far as lies in our power.

Not to make allowance for the infirmities of others.

To consider everything impossible that we cannot perform.

To believe only what our finite minds can grasp.

To expect to be able to understand everything.—*Exchange*.

A patient was arguing with his doctor on the necessity of his taking a stimulant; he urged that he was weak and needed it. Said he, "But, doctor, I must have some kind of a stimulant; I'm cold and it warms me." "Precisely," came the doctors crusty answer; "see here; this stick is cold"—taking up a piece of wood from the box beside the hearth and tossing it into the fire. "Now it is warm, but is the stick benefited?" The sick man watched the wood first send out little puffs of smoke, and then burst into a flame, and replied, "Of course not; it is burning!" "And so you are when you warm yourself with alcohol; you are literally burning up the delicate tissues of your stomach and brain."—*Hurlbut*.

**MEN WHO WILL CERTAINLY FAIL.**  
—The pastor who is too busy to look after the circulation of his church paper is sure to prove a failure.

The man who will not do anything to secure a fair and reasonable contribution from his church for the general work of the church, fearing lest his people will not contribute as much for his support; this man is a failure as a pastor, and will in the end lose more than he gains.

**Temperance**

AND OTHER TOPICS. Selected

**FREEDOM.**

Is true freedom but to break  
Fetters for our own dear sake,  
And, with leathern hearts, forget  
That we owe mankind a debt?  
No! true freedom is to share  
All the chains our brothers wear  
And, with heart and hand, to be  
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak  
For the fallen and the weak;  
They are slaves who will not choose  
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,  
Rather than in silence shrink  
From the truth they needs must  
think;  
There are slaves who dare not be  
In the right with two or three.  
—Lowell.

**ALCOHOLIC SERPENT.**

This nation had become, and still is, a nation of Sabbath breakers, and profaners of God's name—covetous; "lovers of self more than lovers of God."

So the Lord sent the fiery serpent—alcohol—among the people, and it bit the people, "and much people" of America died.

To show this people that it was the same God who sent the serpents to the children of Israel, he caused many who were bitten to see snakes in their delirium, and in almost every hospital in this land (as at Bellevue Hospital) there are padded rooms and alcoholic wards, where there are more snakes seen every day than were ever seen near the Red Sea by Moses and his snake-bitten associates.

And so it has gone on for more than a hundred years, during which time it is estimated that over 4,000,000 people in these United States, who have been bitten by this fiery serpent, alcohol, have died without hope, for God tells us that "no drunkard can inherit the kingdom of heaven."

And on an average, once in every eight minutes, this fiery serpent kills some mother's boy in this "land of the free and home of the brave."

Is this nation free? What do you think about it? Are you free?

There are, in New York city, 215,000 slaves to alcohol; they've been bitten. Are you one of them?

Strange as it may seem, physicians have found no cure for this snake bite, because of the insanity that comes from the poison, causing the victim to imagine that for relief from the bite he must be bitten again.

And so the awful ruin has gone on, sweeping before it fond mother's hopes, manhood's pride, honor, virtue and hope of eternal life.

O, the lovely, cozy homes and bright prospects that have been crumbled by this serpent!

But, shout the glad tidings! Tell it out among the victims, the bitten, the wretched, the dying! O, hear the news!

It has been discovered that this Son of Man, who was "lifted up" nearly two thousand years ago, that all who will may look upon, is a sure and certain cure for the bite of the fire serpent, alcohol.

Listen to the particulars. About 24 years ago a drunkard who had been controlled by alcohol sought refuge by looking at the cross. He was astonished to find himself not only forgiven, but cured of the desire for drink. The appetite was entirely gone.

Then nearly twenty years ago Mr. Moody, at one of his first meetings in Philadelphia, encountered a similar case, and he had the cured victim publicly testify that the thirst for drink had left when he was converted, and had not returned.

Still these cases were considered

"freaks of nature," for, said the reasoners, "Is not the day of miracles past?"

Had not the men of science and medicine agreed that there was no cure for the drunkard? "What we cannot account for by natural laws we will not believe," said they.

But soon after that—about 18 years ago—a river thief and drunkard named Jerry McAuley was converted down in the Fourth ward, and he had a similar experience. With the help of Mr. A. S. Hatch and other good men, he opened a mission at No. 316 Water street, where the doctrine was taught that by looking at the cross by faith the appetite for drink would depart, and "the people should live."

Men were saved there nightly. The public, including the unsaved victims, scoffed or doubted; few would look and live. But occasionally one would, and then he would tell it to others, so the number of cures increased gradually until hundreds were found who were willing publicly to testify that the appetite for drink had been entirely taken away by looking to Jesus and accepting His death upon the cross as for them.

The names of many who were cured might be mentioned, if necessary, including Mr. John F. Shorey, a New Orleans bartender, who was converted some fifteen years ago and afterwards became a wealthy and prominent business man.

But the number who have been cured increased until it is said that nearly 2,000 men of business now occupying good positions in New York city were once drunken tramps, having been brought down by the fiery serpent, alcohol, and now they are willing to and do certify that they are entirely cured, and that the thirst and appetite for strong drink which formerly controlled them has left them ever since they looked at the cross of Christ, by faith, and resolved that "henceforth Jesus Christ and I will live this life together."

The Christian people of the country have become so thoroughly convinced that this simple cure is efficacious, that nearly twenty missions similar to Jerry's old mission, which still goes grandly on, have been started in New York city, and more than three hundred all over the country, and the number is increasing.

How appropriate is the number of the Jerry McAuley Water Street Mission, "316"—where I was converted and the thirst for drink all taken away from me, on the 28th of July, 1886, at 9:40 p. m.

Water street, 316—visit it.  
John, 3:16—read and test it.  
—Extract from tract by Col. H. H. Hadley.

**"DAT OLE PIPE."**

"I say, brudder, I thought you belonged to de church."

"So I does."

"Den why are you suckin' dat ole pipe?"

"Can't a fellow smoke a pipe and belong to de chuch?"

"Well, yes, he may belong to de church buildin' but neber to de church triumphant."

"I should like to know how you make dat out?"

"Well, brudder, look at it in dis way; how would you look walkin' de golden streets of de New Jerusalem wid dat ole pipe in your mouf?"

"I would jus' snatch it out berry quick."

"Yes, but what would you do wid it? You could not find any place to frow it out ob sight; no place to hide it; no way to get rid ob it. You had been gibben a nice, white garment to put on, and dare ain't any pockets in it to put de ole pipe, so you will hab to hide it in yo hand."

"I say, brudder Jones, you are gettin' a feller in a bad fix wid de ole pipe, de way you are puttin it."

"But dat aint all; by and by you will want to smoke, and you will walk de golden streets tryin' to find a place to hide, so you can smoke; and de streets ob dat city is 'bout fifteen hundred miles long, and if you should get to de end ob de street you would fotch up again de wall dat is made of jasper, and so high you can't clime ober, and no hole in de wall to stick yo head for a smoke, and you want a smoke so bad you will almost make up yo mind to smoke right in de golden city. Den you will begin to think ob gettin' a match to light de ole pipe; and den it will come ober you all ob a sudden dat dare aint no matches in yo new close. Den you would wish you was back in dis ole worl' again wid de ole clothes, wid de matches, and de ole pipe, so you could take some comfort."

"I say, brudder Jones. I can't stand dat. I can't afford to lose dem golden streets for de ole pipe, so here it goes, de pipe, de tobacco, de matches, and all."

"Dat is de right way. If you was goin' to a weddin', where would you fix up?"

"I would fix up at home, of course."

"Jus' so. Now, if you 'spect to go to heaben you must get ready down here, for de church triumphant is de folks dat triumph ober all der sins, by de help ob de Lord; ober all dare nasty habits, and lib just as pure as possible, and hab no wrong things about dem; for de Word says, 'Let him dat is filthy be filthy still,' and let him dat is holy be holy still,' so you see you will be jus' what you are when you fotch up in dis worl'; so if you lub to use de debil's colone you will hab to go where de brimstone kinder kills de smell; you neber, neber can get in de golden city, habin' on yo de smell ob 'Dat ole Pipe'."—*Self*.

The following good speech is nearly a verbal report of one heard at a temperance meeting:

"I have been thinking since I came into the meeting to-night about the losses I've met since I signed the total abstinence pledge. I tell you there isn't a man in the society who has lost more by stopping drink than I have. Wait a bit until I tell you what I mean. There was a nice job of work to be done in the shop to-day, and the boss called for me.

"Give it to Law," said he. 'He's the best hand in the shop.'

"Well, I told my wife at supper time, and she said:

"Why, Laurie, he used to call you the worst. You've lost your bad name, haven't you?"

"That's a fact, wife," said I. "And it ain't all that I've lost in the last sixteen months either. I had poverty and wretchedness, and I lost them. I had an old ragged coat and a shockin' bad hat and some water proof boots that let the wet out at the toes as fast as they took it in at the heel. I've lost them. I had a red face, a trembling hand, and a pair of shaky legs that gave me an awkward tumble now and then; I had a habit of cursing and swearing, and I've got rid of that. I had an aching head sometimes and a heavy heart, and, worse than all the rest, a guilty conscience. Thank God, I've lost them all.

"Then I told my wife what she had lost."

"You've had an old ragged gown, Mary," said I. "And you had trouble and sorrow, and a poor, wretched home, and plenty of heartaches, for you had a miserable drunkard, Mary. Mary, thank the Lord for all you and I have lost since I signed the temperance pledge!"