

MY LEGACY.

They told me I was heir. I turned in haste,
And ran to seek my treasure,
And wondered, as I ran, how it was placed—
If I should find a measure
Of gold, or if the titles of fair lands
And houses would be laid within my hands.

I journeyed many roads; I knocked at gates;
I spoke to each wayfarer
I met, and said, "A heritage awaits
Me. Art not thou the bearer
Of news? Some message sent to me where-by
I learn which way my new possessions lie?"

Some asked me in—naught lay beyond
their door;
Some smiled and would not tarry,
But said that men were just beyond who bore
More gold than I could carry;
And so the morn, the noon, the day were spent,
While empty-handed up and down I went.

At last one cried, whose face I could not see,
"As through the mist he heaved,
"Poor child! what evil ones have hindered thee,
Till this whole day is wasted?"
Hath no man told thee that thou art joint heir
With one named Christ, who waits the goods to share?"

The one named Christ I sought for many days,
In many places, vainly;
I heard men name his name in many ways,
I saw his temples plainly.
But they who named him most gave me
"No sign
To find him by, or prove the heirship mine.

And when at last I stood before his face,
I knew him by no token,
Save subtle air of joy that filled the place;
Our greeting was not spoken;
In solemn silence I received my share,
Kneeling before my Brother and "joint heir."

My share! No deed of house or spreading lands,
As I had dreamed; no measure
Heaped up with gold; my Elder Brother's hands
Had never held such treasure.
Foxes have holes, and birds in nests are fed—
My Brother hath not where to lay his head.

My share! The right, like him, to know all pain
Which hearts are made for knowing;
The right to find in loss the surest gain;
To reap my joy from sowing
In bitter tears; the right with him to keep
A watch by day and night with those who weep.

My share! To-day men call it grief and death;
I see the joy and life to-morrow;
I thank our Father with my every breath
For this sweet legacy of sorrow;
And through my tears I call to each,
"Joint heir
With Christ, make haste to ask him for thy share!"

—Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson.

HAVE YOU A CUT BIBLE?

BY LAURENS.

Whoso reads the biographies of Josiah and Jehoiakim, as recorded in Holy Writ, will not only discover how the best of fathers may have one of the worst of sons, but also the different ways in which the good man and the bad man treat the Bible.

Josiah received the Book of the Law which Hilkiah found in the house of the Lord, listened with concern to the punishments there foretold, turned with pleading towards God, and made with and for his people a covenant "to walk after the Lord and to keep his commandments and his testimonies and his statutes with all their heart and soul." Josiah stands an imperishable type of the man who takes God's word, all of it, takes God at his word, puts that word into control of his conduct and translates it into life.

Jehoiakim listened to the reading of three or four paragraphs of searching truth, then in a rage seized the roll, "cut it with the penknife, and cast it into the fire that was in the Sraizer, until all the roll was consumed." He stands a type of the man who rejects God's word, refuses to be guided by God's commands, and deliberately chooses to follow his own downward course.

Thus where Josiah revered God's word, Jehoiakim cut and burned it. Where Josiah made it a savor of life unto life, Jehoiakim made it a savor of death unto death. And he reaped the fruit of his iniquities. Beginning with disobedience of God, the unhappy man ended with defiance of God. And he found, as men ever do, that cut and burn and defy and deny as you will, that word of God endureth. Its promises and judgments are alike sure. Jehoiakim cut the sacred roll, and was himself cut off, despised, and cast out, buried with the burial, not of a king, but of a beast. But the saddest funeral was not that of his body; it was that of his soul.

The Jehoiakims still live. In all ages this Scripture mutilator has had successors. Men stand ever with penknife ready to cut the roll. Not many are there who want no Bible at all, but a multitude are there who want a cut Bible. And, of course, every man wants to do the cutting to suit himself. One cuts out everything that relates to hell, because that is undeniably an unpleasantly suggestive word, even when made into a school, as in the revision. Another leaves this word in, but cuts out eternal punishment andastes in probation after death. A third cuts out all reference to God's righteous anger and threatened punishments, leaving only love as the divine attribute; while a fourth is as strongly bent on cutting out love and leaving only justice. The man with a smat-

tering of science and a surplus of conceit cuts out the Genesis and the miracles, and writes legend and myth across whole chapters. The man whose life is not above reproach and honest dealing and unselfishness and self-sacrifice and love to his neighbor puts his dull mental and moral penknife to the practical teachings of Jesus and Paul and John in these regards. The worldly-minded cut out the doctrine of separateness from the world. The man who thinks more of convenience than obedience cuts out this ordinance of Christ or that command, as suits not conscience so much as custom. So bold do men become in this business that one school calmly cuts out the divinity of Christ—that is, the entire centre of the book, which falls to pieces in consequence.

O, it is shocking how men have mutilated this Book of books—nothing more shocking in the annals of a fallen and miserable mankind!

Mr. Moody tells a pithy story of a young man who held out a book to his pastor saying, "Here's your Bible," and turning the leaves showed him the volume with many books cut out altogether, and hardly a whole page among those that were left. "Why, what do you mean?" asked the doctor of divinity, "that is not my Bible." "Yes it is," was the reply, "I have followed your preaching carefully for ten years, and whenever you have discredited a book or verse, or explained it away as uninspired or mythical, I have cut it out; and this is what is left of your Bible." "O, no," said the young man, instantly, "I am going to hang on to the covers, anyhow."

Sad enough is it to see professed believers in this Bible, men who stand in pulpits and speak in the name of its author, God, cutting at it with their penknives, and new-theologism, and skepticism, and evolutionism, and rationalism, and materialism, and every other *ism*. Sad, I say, but not very dangerous were this all.

But is this all? I ask of the great masses of Christians: *Do you carry a Bible? Is it a cut Bible?*

Are you treating the Scriptures as Josiah did, or as Jehoiakim did? You find the way of life in this book—are you walking in it? You find unpleasant and sharp hints in this book—do you cut them out of your remembrance? Much is being said about the new version of the Bible. This is not mutilation but revision. I wish it were in many cases more clear vision. But have you that best of versions, a Bible character printed on the page of a Bible-life? Have you resisted every temptation from without or within to cut this Bible, and held to it in its entirety as the word of God to you, the word of life, the word of salvation through its revelation of the Christ?

There are no more important questions to-day than these. If our Christianity has anything weak and wanting about it, it is because there is not enough Bible-believing, Bible-knowing, and Bible-living in it. Who can tell what would result of spiritual might if the church of Christ would resolve itself into one great Bible school, get a new and full supply of uncut Bibles, and then throw all the penknives away!

FRETTING.

That fretting existed so long ago as in the Psalmist's time appears from his admonition three times expressed in the 37th Psalm: "Fret not thyself." The chief cause or occasion of the fretting seems to have been the apparent successes and triumphs of the ungodly. "Fret not thyself because of evil-doers, neither be thou envious against them that work unrighteousness. Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass." Indeed his own heart seems at one time to have yielded to this spirit of fretfulness and envy. "As for me, my feet were almost gone; my steps had well nigh slipped. For I was envious of the arrogant, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked." Nor did he get relief from his pain and perplexity "until he went into the sanctuary of God and considered their latter end." Contemplating their character and destiny from this standpoint, he felt that pity would be more becoming than envy, for he saw them "standing on slippery places and becoming a desolation in a moment."

We could wish that fretting were altogether a matter of the olden time,—that the antidote prescribed for it by the Psalmist had cured it forever. That this is not the case is no fault certainly of the antidote, for it is a divinely true and efficacious one, as has been found by all

who have thoroughly tried it. But men can be cured of their moral and spiritual disorders only for themselves, not for others. As the disposition to fret is inherent in human nature, it shows itself, as might be expected, to a greater or less extent, in every age and in every generation. Manifestly there is not a little fretting in the world at the present time, nor is it confined to persons making no profession to Christianity.

The primary signification of the term rendered "fret" in the Psalm above referred to is *to burn* and then *to burn with anger*; that is to say, fretting is in one form or another an ebullition of anger, the fretful man is he who is swayed more or less by this passion. And as anger burns that it may consume, hence the fitting expression of this idea by the word "fret," which means primarily *to eat, to corrode, to wear away*. Fretting, like a corrosive acid, eats into and destroys the inward peace of the breast—the tender felicity of the home into which it is permitted to come. Life itself is worn and shortened by it; other things being equal, fretful, peevish, fault-finding persons die sooner than others.

A variety of reasons might be urged against fretting, among which are the following:

1. *It destroys affection.* The heart goes out very slowly towards persons of unsubdued tongues and tempers. By the exercise of a high moral principle they may be tolerated and borne with, but can hardly be loved. Their presence is both repulsive and expulsive; it begets the wish that you and they were farther apart. The fretful husband has rendered miserable the lot of many a gentle and uncomplaining wife; the fretful wife has driven many a kind and generous husband to the tavern and gambling saloon.

2. *It is the bane of domestic happiness.* A large proportion of domestic trials and unhappiness spring from this source. Wives sometimes wonder that their husbands are not fonder of their company, that their children cause them so much trouble, that their domestics do not like to work for them, and that they cannot secure the good will of the young people, whereas the true explanation is found in their own peevishness and fretfulness. Alas for the man, woman or child that is exposed to the influence of such a temper in an hour.

3. *It defeats the end of family government.* The secret of good family government is the blending of authority with affection so as to secure respect and love. But this is impossible in the presence of scolding, fretting, and fault-finding. The mother who taunts her child or treats it as though it had no feeling, fosters in it the very disposition from which many of the faults of childhood and of subsequent life proceed. Children brought up in this way will in turn probably bring up their children in the same way, and thus the generation of fretters will be perpetuated.

4. *Fretting is a mark of a vulgar disposition.* Those who indulge in it betray their ignorance and ill-breeding.

5. *It is unphilosophical to fret.* He is unworthy the name of a philosopher who allows the petty annoyances of life to ruffle his spirit or rob him of his calm self-possession. These annoyances are to be dealt with as the traveller deals with the nettles and mosquitoes which he meets in his way, that is, they are to be patiently endured. The traveller in the desert shoots down the lions in his way, but it would be as futile as undignified to deal thus with the pestiferous insects.

6. *It is unchristian to fret.* Fretting is not one of the fruits of the Christian religion. Those addicted to the practice show that they have not gone far in learning of Him who was meek and lowly, and who, when reviled, reviled not again.

7. Finally, will reasons against fretting are vainly comprehended in these two: *First*, we should not fret over what can be helped; and *secondly*, we should not fret over what cannot be helped.—*Canadian Baptist.*

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

The angel of consolation wended his way down to earth one night, and bent his ear to catch the murmur of God's chosen ones.

A faithful pastor was kneeling in prayer for the members of his flock. "Of what avail are my tears and pleading," he cried; "my people are cold and indifferent; my most earnest efforts seem to fall unheeded upon them, and when the time of reaping shall come, how can I say, 'Master, I've nothing but leaves'?"

The voice of the angel fell soothingly upon his ear, "He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

An aged mother wept for her wayward son. "He was the delight of my eyes," she mourned. "I consecrated him to heaven in his infancy,

but he has forsaken his mother's God. Long nights have I pleaded for him; my pillow has been wet with tears; in the harvest I hoped to bring him with me, and how can I bear to say, 'Master, I've nothing but leaves'?" In silvery notes the angel's voice was heard, "A mother's prayers are not forgotten; thy tears are in my bottle; thy faith shall save thy son."

A weary invalid tossed upon a bed of pain. "How useless is my life," she sighed. "Exempt from active labor, the days pass slowly by, only to be followed by more weary nights; and while others are strong, and busily engaged in bringing in the golden grain, in sorrow must I fall at the Reaper's feet, saying, 'Lord, I've nothing but leaves.'"

THE GOSPEL OF WOMANHOOD.

The gospel of Luke has been styled "The Gospel of Womanhood."

In justification of this peculiar designation, Canon Farrar says: "St. Luke alone records the special graciousness and tenderness of Jesus to women. He alone tells of the raising of the dead boy, for whom the heart of Jesus was touched with compassion, because he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. He alone, that Jesus was accompanied in his mission, not by warriors, like David; not by elders, like Moses; not by kings and princes, like the Herods, but by a most humble band of ministering women. He alone preserves the narratives, treasured with delicate reserve and holy reticence in the hearts of the blessed Virgin and of the saintly Elizabeth; narratives which show in every line the pure and tender coloring of a woman's thoughts. He only tells us how honest Martha was cumbered with much serving, and how Mary of Bethany—the gentle and the lowly—chose, sitting humbly at the feet of Jesus, the better part; he alone, how the Lord once addressed to a poor, crushed, trembling, humiliated sufferer, the tender name of daughter; he alone, how when the weeping women mingled with the crowds that followed Him as he passed to Calvary, he turned and said, 'Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children.'"

—*Baptist Weekly.*

A REMARKABLE STORY.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon relates the following, which was told him by one of his evangelists:

A woman in Scotland, who was determined, as far as possible, not to have anything to do with religion, threw her Bible and all the tracts she could find in her house into the fire. One of the tracts fell down out of the flames, so she picked it up and thrust it in again. A second time it slipped down, and once more she put it back. Again her evil intention was frustrated, but the next time she was more successful, though even then only half of it was consumed. Taking up the portion that fell out of the fire, she exclaimed, "Surely the devil is in that tract, for it won't burn."

Her curiosity was excited; she began to read it, and it was the means of her conversion. The tract was one of the sermons published in "The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit." Verily, that sermon, and the woman, too, "were saved, yet so as by fire." What wondrous ways the Lord has of bringing home the truth to the hearts and consciences of sinners!

HAPPINESS IN PRISON.

Samuel Rutherford, in prison, used to date his letters "Christ's Palace, Aberdeen." He wrote to a friend, "The Lord is with us; I care not what man can do; I burden no man. I want nothing. No king is better than I. Sweet, sweet and easy is the cross of my Lord. All men I look in the face, of whatsoever rank, nobles and poor, acquaintances and strangers, are friendly to me. My Well-beloved is kinder and cometh and visiteth my soul. My chains are overgilded with gold. No pen, no words, no engine can express to you the loveliness of my only Lord Jesus. Thus in haste I make for my palace in Aberdeen."

THE BOTTLE DISAPPEARED.

"No, I won't drink with you to-day, boys," said a drummer to several companions, as they settled down in the smoking-car and passed the bottle. "The fact is, boys, I've quit drinking—I have sworn off."

He was greeted with shouts of laughter by the jolly crowd around him; they put the bottle under his nose and indulged in many jokes at his expense, but he refused to drink, and was rather serious about it.

"What's the matter with you, old boy?" sang out one. "If you've quit drinking, something's up; tell us what it is." "Well, boys, I will, though I know you'll laugh at me. But I'll tell you, all the same. I have been a drinking man all my life, ever since I was married, as you all know. I love whiskey—it's as sweet in my mouth as sugar—and God only knows how I'll quit it. For seven years not a day has passed over my head that I didn't have at least one drink. But I am done. Yesterday I was in Chicago. Down on South Clark street a customer of mine keeps a pawn shop in connection with his other business. I called on him; and while I was there a young man not more than twenty-five, wearing thread-bare clothes, and looking as hard as if he hadn't seen a sober day in a month, came in with a little package in his hand. Tremblingly he unwrapped it, and handed the article to the pawnbroker, saying, 'Give me ten cents. And, boys, what do you suppose it was? A pair of baby's shoes, little things with the buttons only a trifle soiled, as if they had been worn but once or twice. 'Where did you get these?' asked the pawnbroker. 'Got 'em at home,' replied the man, who had an intelligent face and the manner of a gentleman, despite his sad condition. 'My—my wife bought them for the baby. Give me ten cents for 'em—I want a drink.' 'You had better take the shoes back

to your wife, the baby will need them,' said the pawnbroker. 'No, s-she won't, because—because she died. She's lying at home now—died last night.' As he said this the poor fellow broke down, bowed his head on the show case and cried like a child. Boys," said the drummer, "you can laugh if you please, but I—I have a baby of my own at home, and I swear I'll never drink another drop." Then he got up and went into another car. His companions glanced at each other in silence; no one laughed; the bottle disappeared, and soon each was sitting in a seat by himself reading a newspaper.—*Chicago Herald.*

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