

Only Wait.

When the spirit worn and weary,
Neath its daily load of care,
Finds the pathway long and dreary,
And the burden hard to bear—
Tired with hoping, faint and fearing,
Sighs to reach the golden gate—
Then in accents soft and cheering,
Patience whispers, "Only wait!"
For a brighter day is dawning,
Joy awaits us in the morning—
In the beauty of the morning—
"Only wait."

O sad hearts, whose soulless sorrow
Dares not let a murmur fall,
Only wait and trust the morrow—
God's great love is over all.
Only wait, O wounded spirit,
By the cross of life weighed down;
Thou shalt surely earth inherit,
Bear the cross and win the crown,
For a brighter day is dawning,
Joy awaits us in the morning—
In the beauty of the morning—
"Only wait."

Sparks From My Anvil.

BY REV. T. D. TALMAGE, D. D.

"Oh," but some say, "they get some people into the Church that ought not to be there." I suppose they do; I know they do. But suppose that you went out to fish, and you swung the net around, and when pulling it into the boat you found that there were a few lamp eels and snapping turtles, while the great bulk of the draught you had made were first-rate shad—would you throw everything overboard? No, you would not. You would throw the bad away, and you would keep the good. And yet I hear men talk as though, because there were some coming into the Church of God during revivals who are not fit to be members, they would for this reason throw over the million of souls that have come in, who have been faithful to the last, and hundreds of thousands of whom are already before the throne of God, singing the praises of Christ.

The Bible is the only book that can give an outfit to our young people for this life, and give them any preparation for the life to come. When those bright eyes are quenched, you will want immortal vision. When that hand falls dead at your side, you will want something with which to pluck the garlands of eternal victory. When that foot is palsied, you will want to bound in jubilation over high hills of heaven. When that heart stops, you will want to feel the pulsation of a grand, over-accumulating and triumphant life. Oh, when this life is over, and the stars shall break ranks and drop their shields, and you hear at a distance the rumbling of the chariot of Judgment, and on glassy seas the crowned sons and daughters of God—a great host, immeasurable, with fingers on harp and mouth on trumpet—are getting ready for the everlasting acclaim of hosanna and redemption—then will we understand, as never before, what a matter of life or death, of heaven or hell, it was whether we did study the Scriptures or did not study them.

All the machinery of the earth could not make anything so delicate and beautiful as the prehensile with which a spider clutches its prey, or as any of its eight eyes. We do not have to go so far up to see the power of God in the tapestry hanging around the windows of heaven, or in the horses and chariots of fire with which the dying day departs, or to look at the mountain swinging out its sword-arm from under the mantle of darkness until it can strike with its scimitar of lightning. I love better to study God in the shape of a fly's wing, in the formation of a fish's scale, in the snowy whiteness of a pond-lily. I love to track his footsteps in the rye fields, and discover the rustle of his robe of light in the south wind. O! this wonder of Divine power that can build a habitation for God until it is fit for the eternal orchestra, and can say to a fire fly, "Let there be light!" and from holding an ocean in the hollow of his hand goes forth to find heights, and depths, and lengths, and breadths of omnipotence in a dew drop, and dismounts from the chariot of midnight hurricane to cross over on the suspension bridge of a spider's web. You may take your telescope and sweep it across the heavens in order to behold the glory of God: but I shall take the leaf holding the spider and the spider's web, and I shall bring the microscope to my eye, and while I gaze, and look, and study, and am confounded, I will kneel down in the grass and cry: "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty!"

As we get older, do not let us be affronted if young men and women crowd us a little. We shall have had our day, and we must let them have theirs. When our voices get cracked, let us not snarl at those who can warble. When our knees are stiffened, let us have patience with those who go fleet as the deer. Because our leaf is fading, do not let us despise the unfrosted.—N. Y. Observer.

Whom To Criticise.

In the revival season when there come times of great activity upon the part of the church, there and must be great heartsearchings. In testimony meetings and meetings for confession how often some one rises and searches out the hearts of the people.

It now and then occurs that some good brother or good sister opens the light on the whole church and lets the people know how cold and backslidden the church is. They just make a general confession for everybody. We have several times tried very diligently to be edified by a powerful, scorching, scolding exhortation from some brother or sister who knew just how it was "impossible to have a revival with all this coldness and deadness in the church." What power is there in this who's-sa criticism and scolding? We presume some people like this; at least some people like to do it.

No, it is our judgment that all that kind of work and talk would better during the revival season be left to the pastor to attend to. He knows better when it is needed, and how much of it, and how to do it.

Brethren and sisters, let us scold ourselves. Let us confess our own coldness and deadness and lack of spiritual life and power. Let us confess our own faults one to another. We can do a very poor business at best confessing other people's sins. We can do better confessing our own shortcomings.

Within a year the writer was present in a large gathering of Christian men and women, in which were many devout preachers of the gospel. A good sister took advantage of the experience meeting to administer a vehement exhortation of no mean ability, in which she denounced the church for its impiety, and in fact gave it a scolding. Now, it was our opinion that there were two hundred or more present who were much better Christians than she, and they told of how Jesus loved them and how they loved the children of God, till all grew glad and felt like shouting.

If you want to confess sins, confess your own. If you want to scold in the meeting, give it to yourself. If you want to criticise, just lay it unto yourself with all your might. Get your own heart so full of Christ and his love that it will just run over unto others, all about. Let every reader of the Telescope just be cruelly hard and exacting of himself this week, and be prepared to do the very work Christ wants done in the very way Christ would have it done. Scold yourself.

Little Leaks.

The old saying that "A woman can throw out with a tea-spoon faster than a man can throw in with a shovel," finds illustration in a great many families. If all the little leaks were stopped there are a large number of households now on the ragged edge of poverty that might be in the possession of a competence, so that if the wage earner were laid on a bed of sickness the wolf would not straightway look in at the door. These leaks are to be found in the parlor, the dining-room, the kitchen, the cellar; in the use of time and material, in enthusiasm and volition, in affection and motive.

As the drift of practical philosophy seems more and more to be tending in the direction of teaching us how to make the most of life by the best ways of living, we are stimulated to look into the nooks and corners of our lives and see that nothing is neglected, nothing goes to waste.

Let us begin with the kitchen where probably more little leaks are to be found than in any other one place. They occur in the careless preparation of food, in consequence of which far less nutriment is obtained from it than would be if it were properly cooked. A potato may be so boiled or baked as to be delicious and it may be ruined in the process. A piece of meat judiciously treated may make a savory stew; unskillfully treated, it may be repulsive. Flour, yeast, and milk or water may be made into delicious bread, or they may form loaves it is a penance for even a hungry man to eat.

The cold remains of a feast may be worked up into a lesser feast scarcely inferior in quality to the original one, or they may be fed to the domestic animals or thrown into the garbage. Some people don't like "made dishes," but it is because their tastes have not been properly formed. From the fragments of a roast or stew the skillful cook will get up an appetizing dish into which a great many odds and ends have been saved in a cleanly and careful manner, why are they not as intrinsically good as when they appeared on the table for the first time?

Leaks in the cellar are to be guarded against. Apples need pickling over, vegetables looked after lest they spoil and corrupt the air of the rooms over the cellar, bringing

sickness into the house and making doctor's bills a necessity.

There is often great waste in the matter of clothing. Some women never have nice clothing, no matter how much or how often they buy. A new dress will be worn while sweeping or cooking and soon lose its freshness, or it will be worn in the rain and on muddy streets and be spoiled. Aprons, false sleeves, overall, save a great deal in the course of a year if they are used freely. Then if one has taste and contrivance and "gumption," new garments may be made out of old that will be handsome, and answer all the purposes of absolutely new ones.

Leaks in enthusiasm, volition, affection, and motive are not always easy to stop. If we are enthusiastic only over such things as are noble and worthy, if we use our will power only on such matters as are of duty and obligation, if our affections are properly placed, if our motives are habitually right and pure, we shall be in a way to check wastes of an intellectual and spiritual sort. And we shall not be likely to squander that most valuable of all our possessions—time.—Ad. vocate.

An Accuser Silenced.

Two fellow-travelers were seated together in a railroad carriage engaged in earnest conversation. It was of a religious nature, and one of them, a skeptic, was evidently seeking to excuse his skepticism by expatiating on the various evils which afflict Christendom. He was detailing, with manifest pleasure, the hypocrisy and the craft and the covetousness and the divisions found in the professing church, and then he hinted to some of the leaders as the most markedly corrupt of the whole.

In front of them was a Christian who was compelled to hear all this. Had he felt the accusations to be false, he might have suffered them all, as a part of the hatred the world bears toward Christ, and been truly happy in so suffering; but he knew them to be true—too true to be concealed from the most charitable mind, so all he could do was to bow his head and bear the deserved reproach.

Soon, however, the accusers anxious to extend the circle of his audience, addressed this fellow-passenger in the front of him. "See you are quick to detect evil," answered the Christian, "and you read character very well. You have been uncovering here the abominable things which have turned Christendom into a wreck, and are fast ripening it for the judgment of God. You have spared none, but given all a good measure. Now, I am a Christian, and I love the Lord Jesus and his people. Not a word shall I offer in defence, but I here solemnly challenge you to speak the first word against the Lord Jesus Christ himself."

The skeptic was surprised. He seemed almost frightened, and sheepishly replied, "Well, no; I couldn't find fault with him. He was perfect."

"Just so," said the Christian, "and, therefore, my heart was attracted to him; and the more I looked at him, the more I found I wasn't like him at all, but only a poor, sinful, guilty man. But tell me yourself if I hadn't a right to be happy and to love him when I found out that he died for me? Ever since then I truly love him, and all the evil which professed followers of his may do cannot turn me away from him. My salvation hangs on what he has done, and not what they are doing.—Horatio Bonar.

Everything Going Wrong.

There are times when everything seems to go wrong. From seven o'clock a. m. till ten p. m. affairs are in a twist. You rise in the morning, and the room is cold, and a button is off, and the breakfast is tough, and the stove smokes, and the pipes burst, and you start down the street nettled from head to foot. All day long things are adverse. Insinuations, petty losses, meanness on the part of customers. The ink-bottle upsets, and spoils the carpet. Some one gives a wrong turn to the damper, and the gas escapes. An agent comes in determined to insure your life, when it is already insured for more than it is worth, and you are afraid some one will knock you on the head to get the price of your policy; but he sticks to you, showing you pictures of Old Time and the hour-glass, and death's scythe, and a skeleton, making it quite certain that you will die before your time comes unless you take out papers in his company. Besides this, you have a cold in your head, and a grain of dirt in your eye, and you are a walking uneasiness. The day is out of joint, and no surgeon can set it. The probability is that if you would look at the weather-vane you would find that the wind is northeast, and you might remember that you have lost much sleep lately. It might happen to be that

you are out of joint, instead of the day. Be careful and not write many letters while you are in that irritable mood. You will pen some things in the way of criticism or fault-finding that you will be sorry for afterwards. Let us remember that these spiked nettles of life are part of our discipline. Life would get nauseating if it were all honey. The table would be poorly set that had on it nothing but treacle. We need a little vinegar, mustard, pepper, and horse-radish that brings the tears even when we do not feel pathetic. If this world were all smoothness, we should never be ready for emigration to a higher and better. Blustering March and weeping April prepare us for shifting May. This world is a poor hitching post. Instead of tying fast on the cold mountains, we had better whip up and hasten on toward the warm inn, where our good friends are looking out of the window watching to see us come up.—N. Y. Observer.

A Korean "Man of Straw."

In Korea when a person feels that he has committed a sin, he applies to a sorcerer. A sorcerer may be found standing in almost any public place, bearing a little boat-shaped drum to call attention to his mast spread on the ground on which "charms" are spread for sale. He quickly makes for the penitent an image of rice straw, concealing in its body some Chinese "cash." Next, he proceeds by some incantation to delude all avenging spirits into believing the straw image to be the wicked man himself.

The sinner takes the straw man home, arrays it in some of his cast-off clothing and throws it into the common path. Partly to get the concealed money, and partly to help a fellow sinner in distress, every passer-by takes a great pleasure in helping to destroy the man of straw. This appeases the angry spirits, and the penitent goes free. Many of the Koreans have been converted to Buddhism, but they take their man of straw along into the new religion and find him convenient. In the act of Renunciation, on the fourteenth day of the first month, the Korean convert secures one of these images, dresses it up in his old clothing at evening, casts it into the highway, and, putting on new clothing himself, feasts merrily the whole night. Into the image he has put by prayer all his old self. What ever happens to the man of straw thus kicked out is supposed to happen to the man's former self, while the man in new clothes is looked upon by the gods as a new man.

In 1886 when the French invaded Korea during the siege of Tong Chin the frightened Koreans made hundreds of straw men dressed them in their own clothing, and stood them within range of the enemy's artillery, doubtless expecting the images to suffer death in their stead and that they themselves should thus escape. Perhaps this was in the mind of a Korean gentleman traveling in America, who when he saw a straw man at the Smithsonian Institution seated upon a glass case, said to his interpreter, "No good any more!"

Sunday Travelling.

After John Adams had returned to his Massachusetts home, from his Presidential office, he was travelling by carriage toward his home, when Saturday evening overtook him, some ten miles away. He tarried with the clergyman of the village, who, in the morning assured him that he would be justified, if he desired, to drive to his home, as his family were in sickness. But Adams insisted that he would not be justified, as his example would not be given to the general public, and so he tarried for rest and worship until Monday morning, when he resumed his journey. Half the Christian world would, we fear, laugh at this act as one of superstition in the honorable ex-President, but we see in it everything to admire. Indeed, it was one of the noblest acts that can stand to the credit of that honored name. Sunday travelling has become the custom of the age, even with Christian men. As a matter of pleasure, it certainly should be discouraged, and we are glad to know that the Anti-travelling Union of America, after a life of four years, has 6,000 members. We would like to see the union grow into 60,000 within the four years to come.

Life is a crucible. We are thrown into it and tried. The actual weight and value of a man are expressed in the spiritual substance of a man. All else is dross.

The rest of Christ is not that of torpor, but that of harmony; it is not refusing the struggle, but conquering in it; not resting from duty, but finding rest in it.—F. W. Robertson

Conviction for sin is a consciousness of wrong to the Heavenly Father, so pungent that the mind is unfitted for any thought or action that affects our self-interests. "There is no peace saith my God to the wicked."

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