

"Drink of the Brook by the Way."

BY ELLEN M. GIFFORD.

O ye, who are fainting and weary
With the burden and heat of the day,
When life looks so hopeless and dreary
Go, "drink of the brook by the way."

Let those who in sickness are pining,
Impatient at health's long delay,
Those hearts filled with pain and depression,
Go, "drink of the brook by the way."

Send those that in anguish are bending,
O'er the dear one 'neath death's rigid sway,
And, like Rachel, refuse to be soled,
To, "drink of the brook by the way."

Tell sinners, who're bowed down by their guilt,
And from heaven's just laws gone astray,
Now penitent, sorrowing, wretched,
To, "drink of the brook by the way."

It will comfort, encourage, and cheer;
All the trials of this world away;
'Twill cleanse from dark sin and defilement
To "drink of the brook by the way."

Pure, sparkling, and bright as the crystal,
It flows on forever and aye,
And whoever will may go freely,
To, "drink of the brook by the way."

Duty and Safety.

In carnal warfare the post of duty is often the post of greatest danger to life and limb. In such conflicts he who unnecessarily exposes himself is not only a fool, but indirectly an enemy to his government. He endangers the life of one of its defenders when duty does not require it.

It is said that once when under fire in one of his great battles, a distinguished civilian drew near to and assumed a position by the side of the Duke of Wellington. On seeing him thus expose himself the duke administered a sharp rebuke. "Sir," said the civilian, "I am in no more danger than you are." "I know it," replied the duke, with much feeling, "but my duty requires me to be here and yours does not; so you will betake yourself to the rear immediately, or I shall send you there under arrest."

No man has any right thus to endanger his life needlessly. And what soldier who, by actual experience, knows anything about a battle does not admire the good sense of the duke? In such warfare the post of duty is often the place of greatest danger to life and limb, but it is, at the same time, the place of greatest safety to a man's honor and patriotism.

But in the great moral conflict that convulses the world the post of duty is ever the post of safety—in fact, the only post of safety. This, however, does not always appear so clear to our dim vision. Often men shrink from the post of duty because of the seeming danger of assuming and firmly holding that post. Although they hear the voice of God sounding out clear and strong as to what duty requires of them, yet they shrink from the exposure of their dearest earthly interests involved in standing where duty requires. Such men fall far short of being moral heroes.

Fifty years ago there were more than a hundred journalists who had heard from God the voice of duty just as distinctly as did William Lloyd Garrison. But to them the post of duty seemed to be the post of extreme danger and certain defeat. Garrison saw it as the only post of safety and final triumph for him. Theoretically he took his position; stood firm, and to-day his fame is immortal. Had all his contemporary journalists who heard that voice done as he did, the country would have been rid of the curse of slavery without wading to that glorious achievement through a sea of blood.

Many ministers of the Gospel heard the voice of God just as distinctly as did Geo. B. Cheever, Theodore Parker, and Henry Ward Beecher. But they were afraid to speak out as those heroes did against the sin of slavery. They feared the consequences. They cringed before public sentiment and popular prejudice, and sought to excuse themselves by piling up sophistries to prove that slavery was a divine institution. But where are they to-day? Their names are lost in the debris of the overthrown "sum of all villainies," while the names of Cheever, Parker, and Beecher shine high on the scroll of fame because of their having figured so conspicuously in the overthrow of oppression in America.

Thus does reasoning unbelief lead its votaries to defeat and obscurity, while a living, heaven-inspired faith in God and the right sooner or later crowns those who stand true to it and the duty it imposes with undying earthly fame and a crown of glory at God's right hand. It does this because God has ordained that they who, with faith in him, stand where duty dictates, must and shall triumph finally.

Try K. D. C. while cholera threatens.

ly. By assuming the post of duty, relying upon God, they become the allies of and co-workers with the Omnipotent, and they can not fail. Their post is the post of safety and of triumph, because God has made it such. To all such he says, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

In the true sense, all the dangers which seemingly cluster around the path of duty are only imaginary. When Bunyan's Pilgrim first saw the lions he was frightened and afraid to proceed farther. In fact he was about to turn and run; but a friendly voice called to him, saying, "Fear not the lions; they are chained." So the dangers that seemingly threaten him who is true to duty are powerless. Like the lions they are chained. God's right arm of omnipotence is the shield of all his faithful servants. Hell may seem to triumph over them as it did over Christ on Calvary and Paul in the Roman dungeon, but it is only a momentary triumph. The crown of righteousness is in readiness, and is eventually given.

Young people should especially take note of this great truth: The post of duty is the post of safety. If we could secure your ear, young friends, we would thunder to you this truth in trumpet tones. Great questions will soon, perhaps, do already, confront you. The right side of these is not always the popular side. In fact, it often happens, as it was in the agitation of the slavery question, that the right side is the unpopular side. Where will you take your stand? This question you must decide, each for himself. The post of duty for you is ever on the morally right side. There also is the post of safety. Will you heroically plant yourself there and stand, even if, like Paul, it subjects you to scorn, derision, and premature death? Ah, the popular side is so inviting. The unpopular side is so uninviting. So it was once to Wendell Phillips, Garrison and Sumner. But it was the right side, and they heroically planted themselves on the side of the oppressed and against the oppressor, and to-day how their names shine out as stars of the first magnitude. Well has our own James Russell Lowell said:

For humanity sweeps onward. Where to-day the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands,
Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling fagots burn,
And the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return.
To gather up the scattered ashes in history's golden urn.

Take your stand, then young friends. Choose for yourselves on which side you will do battle; and, in choosing, remember that the same poet quoted above has also and as truly said:

Count me o'er earth's noblest heroes;
They are souls that stand alone,
While the mob they agonized for hurled
The contumelious stone;
Stood serene, and down the ages, saw
The beam of right decline,
To the side of perfect justice measured
By their faith sublime.

By one man's plain truth to manhood
—and to God's supreme design.
Rel. Telescope.

Stepping Down.

A few days ago two or three ministers were conversing about a church which is somewhat dreaded and where the pastoral office would not prove a "Saint's Rest" nor a "Garden of Eden." One of them, the pastor of an influential church, said: "I would like to take that church and see what I could do with it." The salary would be one half less than he is now having and the social change would not be inconsiderable. The reply was made: "O, that would be stepping down."

As we listened, the question arose in the editorial cranium—"Can a man trying to do God's will, and in obedience to the divine command ever step down?" Salary may be sacrificed, ease may be given up, social life and position may be changed, loss of clerical reputation may be involved, but is there any "step down?" God's estimate of this thing is quite different from ours. We often hear men say: "O, we do not want to step down," as if leaving the city for the country, giving up a large salary for a small one, in order to do some needed work in the kingdom of Christ, was a downward step.

We are not in the ministry to make a reputation for ourselves or to secure worldly fame, or to obtain positions of distinction and ease. We are the servants of Christ. Our marching orders are from him. If he says: "Go into the city," we must go "though there are as many devils as there are tiles on the housetop." If he says: "Go into the country," we must go though there is never a newspaper to report our most elaborate discourse nor a trumpet to sound our fame.

When we say to a man: "You have a good place," it may be true or not

Drive out Dyspepsia or it will drive out thee, Use K. D. C.

true. Large salary, intelligent people, a fine town, a united church, do not make a "good place." The good place is where God wants to have a man labor. It may be some ward of a city where congregates the poverty, woe, crime and distress of hundreds of forlorn people; or it may be out so far in the country that the minister feels that he is only "a voice, crying in the wilderness." It is a pardonable egotism the feeling that we are fitted for some very nice place in the Lord's vineyard. Our gifts, we think, adapt us for a fine location in the kingdom of Christ. Sometimes we find out that the Lord thinks differently from what we do, and sometimes, too, our neighbors and friends agree with the Lord and not with us. We learn by experience what is our field.

But there is no stepping down if the Lord directs our path. The honor lies in doing our duty well where God places us. John Newton tells us that the angels are so lost in the divine will that if one of them should be commanded to sweep the streets of the New Jerusalem, and another should be commanded to go on some grand embassy to a distant planet, they would fly with equal joy and feel the same honor, one to be a scavenger in heaven, and the other to be the ambassador of God to some far-off world. A pastor of a great city church is no more honorable than the minister of some little country parish that yields few results and scant returns. The honor does not lie in the position where God places us, but in the fidelity of our work and willing obedience to our great Master. Nehemiah was as honorable when he was building Jerusalem with a trowel in one hand and a sword in the other, as when after the work was done he ruled as governor in his beloved Jerusalem.

But a minister does sometimes step down. When lured by the project of ease or gain, he leaves a little struggling church to get rich in some secular employment. When the favorite son of Dr. Carey had accepted a high office under the British government in India, which necessarily interfered with his work of teaching the people the way of Christ, his father said of him: "Felix has shivered down from a missionary to an ambassador." Mr. Spurgeon would have shivered down by giving up his great work in London to become prime minister of England. There was something after all in the answer of the little schoolgirl, who when the class was asked "Who is prime minister of England," answered naively, "Mr. Spurgeon."

A minister steps down when he turns from his own grand commission, given him by the Master who put him into the ministry, and preaches his own fancies and not the gospel of Christ. Close by every pulpit is the plain of Ono, and thereon are countless inducements for the minister of Christ to go down and have a discussion with the men who never get so high as the towers where the true minister is building.

A church can do much to keep a pastor from stepping down. By backing up his words, speaking kindly to him, approving when the gospel is plainly preached, and sustaining him with warmth and life. Some churches chill a pastor. He wants to flee. He is envied with snow and ice. Winter lasts twelve months in that congregation. Speaking of one of these cold cheerless churches, Dr. Richard S. Storrs says: "You might as well put the man at the poles, in the heart of an iceberg, walled up all around with solid pinnacles and expect him to maintain his warmth in that austere and dampening cold, as to put him in such a pulpit, and expect him to continue a faithful, earnest and quickening preacher." The church must uphold the pastor or he and they may step down together to the plain of Ono.—*Christian Inquirer.*

Too Great A Risk.

As a seminary student the writer preached his first sermon in the little white church attended by fishermen and their families, at Bay View, near the entrance of the harbor at Digby, Nova Scotia. One afternoon as we stood near the Point Prim lighthouse, near a sailing vessel, a brigantine, near the harbor entrance. The sky was taking on a somewhat dark and threatening aspect, and we noticed that the vessel had stopped. There was evident hesitation on the part of the sailors as to whether it was best to proceed on the way, or to take refuge in the harbor. But presently all sail was spread to the wind and the vessel passed on toward the south. Busied about something for an hour or more all thought of the vessel had passed out of mind until suddenly we noticed that the sky was growing very dark and threatening, and that a strong wind had sprung up. At once our

Ward off spring Disease by taking K. D. C.

thought returned to the sailors, and looking toward the sea we saw that the vessel was returning. The entrance to the harbor is very narrow. Great perpendicular cliffs threaten on either side. In a high wind there is not room enough for a sailing craft to enter in safety.

Well knowing the danger, and, as they neared the harbor entrance finding the winds unfavorable, the only thing the sailors could do was to pass by the entrance and then "tack" in a great circle outside. Thus they waited for a favorable chance in the wind's direction. Several times they came around, but each time the wind seemed fiercer than before, and the prospect more alarming. To add to their distress the darkness of night began to fall upon them. To us who watched and to them, the hope seemed to grow less and less that they could make the entrance at all. It was one of the saddest scenes I have ever witnessed, and I shall never forget the deep sympathy in look and voice-tone as one, a fisherman's wife turning her face from the sea, said, "God pity them. This will be an awful night. They cannot get in; and long before morning they may drift upon rocks on the other shore."

The time for them to have entered was when the winds were favorable, and before the storm had broken upon them in its fury. They took too great a risk when they passed by so safe a refuge.

Fellow voyager on the ocean of life, possibly just now the skies of eternity seem darkly lowering over you, and God's Holy Spirit is striving with timely suggestion that you take refuge in Christ. If so, then now is your time of opportunity. Your soul's promptings, the Spirit's leadings, the gospel's invitations and a friend's persuasions all betoken this as your moment of vantage, and are all like the timely winds that would waft you into God's eternal harbor of safety. Be careful that you do not disregard or check or resist these feelings that so unbidden rise in your soul. They are plainest indications that you stand before a most transcendent opportunity. The thought in your mind is to become a Christian now; to accept of God's offer of refuge in Christ. Do it. Do it. It is the prompting of all that is highest and best in your manhood and is the only real wisdom, for in the matter of your soul's salvation you cannot afford to take any risk.

Many do assume awful risks in this matter; but it is none the less unwise. A few years ago a well known pastor made a pungent appeal to his hearers in reference to the danger of delay in taking refuge in Christ as the harbor of safety. "Will you," said he "run the risk of losing your souls? Will you run the risk of missing heaven? Will you run the risk of perishing in your sins, and dying without hope? At the close of the service which had been a very solemn one, in passing down the aisle a lady who had been deeply impressed with the appeal which had been made, said in a low but earnest tone to a young unconverted friend: "Can you resist such an appeal as you have just heard? Will you venture to run the risk of losing your soul? 'Oh, yes, she replied in a thoughtless tone, 'I will run the risk.' In about a week after, the pastor was called to attend the funeral of a young person who had died suddenly. It proved to be the young lady who had ventured to run the risk, the risk of losing her soul. Eternity alone will tell the rest.

Friend, this is not to frighten you; though it is a true case, I admit that it is an unusual one, but it is told with the one purpose of showing how foolish it is to run risks at all, in the matters of the soul. Christ is the sinner's harbor of safety. Now is the accepted time. The winds are all favorable. Now is your time to enter the harbor of eternal safety:

"Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted may take
His sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish
thy race—
To sink in the gloom of eternity's
night."

—REV. G. B. HALLOCK, in Pres. Witness.

False Witness.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." The special sin forbidden by this command is perjury in court. It was said that the Scott Act was responsible for a great deal of perjury, but he did not think so, and if the sin had not been in the heart of the perjurer he would never have committed it. At any rate the law was not to blame. But there is another court in which every one is on trial—the court of public opinion. It is possible to harm a man more in this way than by false witness in court. The witness box has certain

K. D. C. Cures Dyspepsia and makes them cholera proof

restrictions, and the accused is given an opportunity to reply to the charge, but in common street gossip no chance is given to deny the statement. Slandering is one of the most prevalent sins that society suffers from. It can be indulged in by those who have not an opportunity of committing any other sin. One of the meanest violations of this command is that of mismanagement, which is frequently done. A man makes a statement, and verifies it by other statements. These are quoted by some evil-minded person in such a way as to give a wrong impression of the sense of the report, with a view to injury. It is possible to violate this law by silence. A report is circulated which is known to be entirely false, but no effort is made to repudiate it. One of the excuses given in defence of gossiping is that it is true, but this is a very good reason why it should not be repeated.

Rev. R. N. Grant.

Random Readings.

The shadow of human life is traced upon a golden ground of immortal hope.—G. S. Hillard.

I find that doing the will of God leaves me no time for disputing about his plans.—George MacDonald.

Justification by faith on the side of man, is justification by grace on the side of God.—Timothy Dwight.

Thank God for sympathy; it has a wonderful power of turning keys in rusty locks.—New York Observer.

While the life of the trees lies hid in the root, the life of the tree must be known and shown by its fruit.

"The Lord will comfort Zion; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody."

Peace is the sentinel of the soul, which keeps the heart and the mind of the Christian through Jesus Christ.

Do well the little things now, so shall great things come to thee by and by asking to be done.—Persian Proverb.

When "we walk by faith," God is near us, angels are about us, and earth and heaven are brought very near together.

Worrying about things we can't help is as foolish as throwing stones at the sun when its shining doesn't suit us.—Ram's Horn.

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It would be useless for me to try to tell the suffering this boy endured. I took him to two different doctors, both gave him lots of medicine, but all to no use. He grew worse. I therefore despaired of ever having him cured. One day I saw the great benefits promised to those who would use CUTICURA REMEDIES. I went right away to the drug store and bought them. I must confess I had but little faith in them. However I used them according to directions, and to-day I say truthfully to all the world, if you wish to publish it, that my son is entirely cured, thank God and thank the discoverers of CUTICURA REMEDIES. They cured him in four weeks as would be a gold dollar.

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