

Out of Death Cometh Life.

BY ELIZABETH M. APPLEGATE.

Out of the death of a Christ cometh life,
Out from the grave with its mold and its gloom;
Light breaketh now, from both manger and tomb,
Scattering darkness of doubt and of sin;
Christ has arisen; ye doubters look in.

Look where they laid him; behold, he is gone,
An angel with vestments as fair as the day
Came down and rolled the great sealed stone away;
The graveclothes are folded, the Christ is not here,
Over death now triumphant, he casteth out fear.

Tie the dawn; now are broken the fetters of night;
A world hushed in silence, awestruck with despair,
Awakes from its fears, for redemption is here;
No longer a Christ held in bondage by death,
But triumphant, ariseth, and casteth beneath
All the powers of darkness, the bondage of sin,
Dispelling the darkness, the light shineth in.

Out from the grave of our hopes come our prayers;
Out from the burden of woe and of sorrow
Cometh a blessed, a faith-lighted morn;
Morning all radiant with splendor is breaking,
Christ hath ascended, intercession is making;
Father, forgive, let the wanderers in
Into the mansion fair, out of the tomb.
Heaven is opened; for all there is room,
Sin's fetters are broken, redemption is free,
Christ conquereth death for you and for me.

—Telescope.

Living to Purpose.

The Bible Society Record of April 20 gives an interesting account of a notable event—the first printing of the entire Bible in the language of the Gilbert Islanders. In 1853 a young man named Hiram Bingham, about twenty-two years of age, was graduated from Yale College. After forty years of faithful work he comes to the Bible House, and there corrects the last pages of proof of the entire Old and New Testaments, every word and line of which he has translated from the original tongues into a language which he reduced to writing, and for which he accumulated a vocabulary and constructed a grammar. All this has been "a labor of love for the sake of Christ and for the enlightenment of his fellowmen. Thousands of islanders in the tropics, who have learned of Jesus and His love only through the labors of missionaries, will be grateful for the access here given them to the complete Bible in their own euphonious tongue." Mrs. Bingham, who has been the tireless and invaluable helper of her husband in this laborious task, was present with him to witness the first revolution of the printing press which was to give the precious result of their forty years' labor to those people for whose uplifting they have given their life. Can we imagine the joyful thanksgiving which must have filled their hearts?

In the past forty years many men have laid up vast fortunes; some have risen to national fame; a host have enjoyed all the pleasures the wide world can offer. Here are two persons unknown outside of the Christian Church where their names are held in high honor, without earthly riches, having denied themselves everything that most people call pleasure, holding to-day a position and possessing a treasure that may well be coveted by all. Natural gifts and educational advantages, such as Mr. and Mrs. Bingham possess, might have won for them both fame and fortune, especially when added to their indomitable patience and perseverance. But fame and fortune of a worldly sort would not long have outlived their present three-score years. When we consider the work of these painstaking, self-denying forty years, we see riches heaped up for them transcending our thought. Think of the souls saved, the minds and hearts enriched, by reading these pages. Think of the moral forces set in motion through the word of the Lord which "liveth and abideth forever!" And think of the personal enrichment in the precious truth from pondering every word over and over in the Hebrew, the Greek the English, and in the dialect of the Islanders!

Everything of value costs effort. No idler or self-indulgent person could have achieved this glorious task. In 1857 Mr. and Mrs. Bingham went to the Gilbert Islands to live among a people numbering about thirty thousand, who were without books and without the arts of reading and writing. At once the study of the language was commenced, and in the midst of the pressing duties and cares falling upon the only white missionaries there, in one year and three

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

months after their arrival the translation of the Bible was commenced.

Through repeated failures in health, by a slow and most laborious process, the New Testament was at last completed; Mrs. Bingham having meanwhile translated a book of Old Testament Bible stories. Then came the desire to translate the whole Old Testament. But the translation must be made from the Hebrew. The examination of Hebrew points is very trying to the eyes; Mr. Bingham's health was delicate, his eyes very weak, scarcely allowing of any use in the evening, and only for a few hours in the daytime. Besides, as he says, for twenty-five years his attention had been given to Gilbert, Greek, English, and Hawaiian, to the utter neglect of Hebrew, and he was nearly fifty years old.

Had not the time gone by for such a work? But he says: "I could not forget that when well-nigh despairing of life my dear wife had again and again endeavored to inspire hope in me by saying: 'We want you to translate the Old Testament for the Gilbert Island people before you go home to heaven.' So down came the old Hebrew grammar from the shelf where it had long been unopened, and the work was begun at the Psalms, with the sentence, 'Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly.' By translating from one to twenty-one verses daily, with interruptions of serious illness, the work slowly progressed until, on April 11, 1890, the entire translation was completed, the last half having been done in exactly two years."

We have given this recital because we believe it must be stimulating to all who read it. How weak and paltry seems our selfish, indolent living in comparison with such consecration to a purpose! We have gifts and callings different, but every life may be set to the same keynote of love to Christ and service to fellowmen. What are the educated young men and women of the Church doing with their money? Will they be as rich as these faithful servants of Christ forty years hence, or will they find themselves hopelessly in debt when they are asked to give an account of their stewardship?—*Advocate.*

"Lovest Thou Me."

BY THE REV. G. W. BROWN, D. D.

This question recalls a scene which the graphic word-painting of John has made very vivid. The Master standing on the shore in the early morning, the fishermen, the boats, the bright fire, the net full of fishes—we are told the very number—all unite to make an attractive picture. The disciples had been toiling vainly all night, and were about to come ashore empty handed when Jesus came. Helpful and sympathetic as ever, he first gave them a great draught of fishes, and then invited them to a breakfast. His own hands had prepared. We are sometimes prepared for spiritual teaching by the supply of bodily wants; so it was only "when they had broken their fast" that Jesus probed the heart of Peter with the delicate yet searching words, "Lovest thou Me?" The thrice repeated question must have reminded Him of the threefold denial. Three times he had said: "I know not the man;" three times he is required to say: "I love the man." Our Lord is slow to cause pain to any true heart, yet for wise reasons He repeated the question till the apostolic backslider, wincing under its calm, searching monotony, is healthfully reminded of the past, and taught the needed lesson of self-distrust.

Can we bring these words down from the heights of antiquity and listen to them as if personally addressed to us, and falling warm from the lips of Jesus? Surely Christ puts the same pointed question to every disciple. Indeed this question furnishes the most sensitive and delicate test of our personal relation to Him. Religion is an affair of the heart, and love to Christ is never absent in any true Christian.

There are many evasive answers to this searching question. One man claims to love Christ's ideas, and what honest man with an intellect would not? Another loves His church, at least that branch of it in which he is personally interested. Many love His Heaven, or think they do, and cherish the hope that it may be their final home. This is all very well; but to all these the Master says, as of old: "Do you love Me?" He makes His appeal to the heart. His question cleaves straight down to the very core of our being, and He says: "Is your heart Mine?"

There is something very pathetic yet very grand in the words of Peter as he rises to the occasion, and summons Omniscience as his witness:

Try K. D. C. while cholera threatens.

"Thou knowest all things: Thou knowest that I love Thee." He avoids all comparisons. He does not know whether others love more or less. But he does know his own heart, and despite all his failures, his cowardly desertion, his base denial, he lays that humbled but honest heart bare under the glance of Omniscience, as if to say: "Lord, see for Thyself if I do not love Thee." This is the true test of reality in our religion—to be able to appeal confidently to the "searcher of hearts."

If we love Christ, we shall delight in His companionship. He will be to us a living, present Friend. When we kneel in the closet our lips will be close to the listening ear as He says: "What wilt thou that I shall do unto thee?" His book will not speak in "cold, unmodulated type; it will be the warm utterances of the living Lord. And death itself will be conquered by this overmastering love; for when we lie faint and weary on the border land between two worlds, we shall overhear Him say: "Father, I will that he be with me where I am, that he may behold My glory," and straightway we "shall have a desire to depart," which will be "far better."

"Give, And It shall Be Given You."

Wherever we consider the operations of nature we discover one law of progress and growth—receiving and giving. It furnishes the motive power to the whole machinery of nature; it opposes itself to inaction and consequent decay in the material universe; it maintains order amid elements apparently conflicting; and introduces on every side a pleasing variety to charm the eye. The sun beams upon ocean and lake, the waters evaporate and charge the clouds with moisture. Borne by the winds over mountain and dale, the clouds drop their precious freight upon the earth to swell the streams for commerce and enrich the soil for fruitage. If they were ever absorbing and never giving back, they would shut out our sunlight without any compensation. How soon would the whole earth present a scene of desolation! But as a beautiful illustration of practical benevolence, "if the clouds be full of rain, they empty themselves upon the earth." The animal and vegetable kingdoms are sources of supply to each other. God has written his law of receiving and giving upon every leaf and flower, and should that law be offended very soon our atmosphere would become noxious, and death would reign in place of life and beauty. He has made this the invariable law of progress in the human mind.

A student may win admiration for exact scholarship, but if he does not go out into life to communicate his knowledge in some laudable calling, he will fall below those who have never had his advantages. Giving back to the world the knowledge gained, knowledge invested with the coloring of our personality, is God's way of intensifying truth within us, of deepening our own convictions, and enlarging the whole being.

This law is never more fully illustrated than in personal spiritual life. There is but one way to enjoy fullness of blessing: give as it has been given to you. Give yourself according to the divine will to the temporal and spiritual welfare of mankind, and as doing you enlarge your capacity of receiving the "fullness of God."

"Brother," said a man to his pastor, one Monday morning, "you preached about heaven yesterday, but you didn't tell us where it is."

"I'll tell you now," he answered. "There is a poor woman up yonder whom I have just been to see. She needs everything. You go and take her some meat and potatoes, and kneel down and pray with her and her little children, and then come and tell me if you haven't found a little piece of heaven."

Not Self, But Christ.

There is more pulp than pluck in a great deal of what passes for piety. It is an audacious attempt to get a free ride to heaven in a drawing-room car, with plenty of select company and good fare on the road.

"Will Dr. A. be in the pulpit to-day? Will the music be up to the mark? Is it likely to clear off? Then I'll try to go to church to-day." With such a soliloquy on Sabbath morning, how much grace is there likely to be left for the wear and tear of the week?

The piety that Christ smiles upon is a piety that will stand a pinch and face a storm; that would rather sit in an honest crust than fare sumptuously on unholy gains; that gladly gives up its couch of ease to rally out on its mission among the outcasts; that sits

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

its Puritan face like a flint against fashionable sins. We talk glibly about "taking up a cross," but a cross is intended for somebody's crucifixion. On Calvary's cross we know full well who bled away his precious life. On our cross self is to be the victim. Paul, the heroic was emphasizing this fact when he commanded Christians to mortify their members which are upon the earth. The American revision of the New Testament hits the sense of this passage more accurately: "Put to death your own members," etc. Loyalty to Christ often demands the plucking out of the right eye and the amputation of the right arm. The sublime glory of Abraham's offering really was that he was willing to thrust the knife through the very heart of self. Oh, it is not the taking up, it is the giving up, that makes a strong, athletic, heroic Christian.—*Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler.*

How to Promote Harmony Among Church Members.

1. To remember that we are all subject to failings and infirmities of one kind or another.
2. To bear with and not magnify each other's infirmities (Gal. 6: 1, 2).
3. To pray for one another in our social meetings, and particularly in private (Jas. 5: 16).
4. To avoid going from house to house to interfere with other people's business.
5. Always turn a deaf ear to any slanderous report.
6. If a member be in fault, to tell him of it in private, before it is mentioned to others.
7. Watch against a shyness of each other, and put the best construction on every action.
8. To leave off contention before it be meddled with (Prov. 17: 14).
9. If a member has offended, to consider how Godlike it is to forgive (Eph. 4: 2).
10. Remember that Satan desires to promote animosity among members of churches.
11. To consider how much more good we can do in the world at large, and in the church in particular when we are all united in love, than we can when indulging a contrary spirit.
12. Lastly, to consider the express injunction of Scripture, and the beautiful example of Christ, as to these important things (John 13: 5; 16: 35; Eph. 32; 1 Peter 2: 21).

"I Used My Two Knees."

A poor Chinaman had been the slave of opium smoking for thirty-nine years. Those familiar with this course know that the opium appetite becomes a deep-seated disease, and few who are once entangled in this snare of Satan ever escape. Opium smokers who profess faith in Christ are looked upon with great distrust, and dealt with, with the utmost caution; for they are almost sure to relapse into their former evil ways. But this man was rescued from opium smoking; he was cured, and he stayed cured. One day some one asked him how it was that he had broken off the terrible habit. He answered,—

"I used my two knees!"

How many people there are to-day who are caught in Satan's snares, who struggle to escape, and sink back despondent and despairing, who might find deliverance as this Chinaman found it. They use their tongues, they use their wills, they use their minds, they make vows and promises and resolutions, but they do not use their two knees.—*The Christian.*

Silence.

When our houses take fire, the first impulse is to go after a bucket of water. But if temper takes fire, the first impulse is to throw on more fuel. Now, the best water-bucket for aroused temper is resolute silence. If, whenever an irritating act were done, or an injury struck us, we should firmly seal our lips for even ten minutes, we would save ourselves many a quarrel, many a heartburn; many a mortification, many a disgrace to our religious profession. Speech is often explosive and shattering. Silence is cooling. It cools us off, and cools other people. One of the calmest men I ever knew told me that he used to be violently passionate, but he broke his temper by resolutely bridling his tongue until he cooled down.—*T. L. Cuyler, D. D.*

At a religious meeting in the south of London, a timid little girl wanted to be prayed for; she wanted to come to Jesus, and she said to the gentleman conducting the meeting: "Will you pray for me in the meeting, please? But do not mention my name." In the meeting that followed, when every head was bowed and there was a perfect silence, the gentleman prayed for the little girl who wanted to come to

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

Jesus, and he said: "Oh, Lord, there is a little girl who does not want her name known, but Thou dost know her; save her precious soul." There was as perfect silence, and away in the back of the meeting a little girl rose, and a little voice said: "Please, it's me, Jesus; it's me." She did not want to have a doubt. She meant it. She wanted to be saved and she was not ashamed to rise in that meeting, little girl as she was, and say: "Jesus, it's me."

Random Readings.

Keep true to the dreams of thy youth.—*Schiller.*

Men who believe nothing are men who achieve nothing.

No man ever excels in anything who is not a hard worker.

As much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.—*Rom. xii. 18.*

If a man walks close to God he can trust God to care for his reputation.

No book that will improve by repeated reading deserves to be read at all.—*Carlyle.*

The law of life is service, not to be ministered unto, but to minister; to give to others.—*F. G. Peabody.*

The man who declares that his life is not worth the living, is not usually the man whose hopes for a future life are brightest.

We must take the world as it is, not as we would like to have it, and try to make it better for having lived in it.—*Rev. James Billings.*

The serene, silent beauty of a holy life is the most powerful influence in the world, next to the might of the Spirit of God.—*Spurgeon.*

Men must judge of their religion by examining its foundation; if that fail, the superstructure is perishable and worthless.—*Flavel.*

I love that tranquility of soul in which we feel the blessing of existence and which in itself is a prayer and a thanksgiving.—*Longfellow.*

It is a firm belief in the Bible, the fruit of deep meditation, which has served as the guide of my moral and literary life.—*Goethe.*

Where Christ brings his cross he brings his presence, and where he is none are desolate, and there is no room for despair.—*Mrs. Browning.*

Cherish your best hopes as a faith, and abide by them in action. Such shall be the effectual fervent means to their fulfillment.—*Margaret Fuller.*

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