

Give Us Men.

Give us men!
Men—from every rank;
Fresh and free and frank;
Men of thought and reading,
Men of light and leading,
Men of loyal breeding,
Men of faith and not of faction,
Men of lofty aim in action;
Give us men—I say again,
Give us men!

Give us men!
Strong and stalwart one;
Men whom highest hope inspires,
Men whom purest honor fires,
Men who tramp self beneath them,
Men who make their country wreath them
As their noble sons,
Worthy of their sires!

Men who never shame their mothers,
Men who never fail their brothers,
True, however false are others;
Give us men—I say again,
Give us men!

Give us men!
Men who, when the tempest gathers,
Grasp the standard of their fathers
In the thickest fight;
Men who strike for home and altar
(Let the coward cringe and falter),
God defend the right!

True as truth, though lone and lonely,
Tender—as the brave are only;
Men who tread where saints have trod
Men for country and for God;
Give us men! I say again, again,
Give us such men!

—Bishop of Exeter.

Surplus a Duty.

The only biographies we care to read are those of men who, in one way or another, did more than enough. Let us overhear any soul debating about "his share," and our instincts are full of oblivion for him. It does not matter that we ourselves may be guilty of this form of unbelief; we cannot put up with it in another. Be our own record what it may, our sympathies are with the overflowing. The great art of biography cannot thrive among mere prohibitions and carefully kept commandments; it starves there. It was the immense yield of Dr. Johnson's personality over and above what the strict occasions of his life could account for, that made him the very ideal of the biographer. It is the same with the men of the Bible. The Bible can do nothing with the niggardly and the calculating, and is never at home save out among the margins and the overplus of human faith and effort. Hence even in the law times, busy with ordinances, the Hebrew memory seems to avail only for such as keep more than the ordinances.

The man who first obscured the line between what a godly man must do and what he may do was David. After his time the human spirit was fronted, not only by the duties agreed upon, but by the whole sphere of uncovenanted obligations. He made duty an original thing. Henceforth a man must be willing, not only to give, but to give without being asked, and to find his own service. Christ was of the line of David, and in his conception it is not until life begins to run over that it begins to count. The legal is one level, and verily it has its reward,—a balanced conscience and respectability, which are very good things if life is addressed only toward men, but which have no currency on the higher level where law is intimacy and companionship. Never till men give more than enough, live beyond the clock and put in extra service (not, as in the parable, at the Master's command, but on their own discovery and volition), not until there is formed in their hearts the habit of doing more than the immediate occasion demands, can they be sure that they are in the gospel region.

Moses proclaimed obedience. Christ appropriated all that, took it for granted, put it in the background, and moved the measure of life on till he had made abundance a duty. What the crude estimate of the world has always called exceptional, Jesus takes as the normal exercise of the new life. Surplus has become a duty. It is only in the presence of some great frankness that he lets himself out, it is only an overflowing nature with which he can vitally mingle himself, or to which he can fully reveal himself. If a man wishes to bargain about life, Jesus leaves him.

In the time of our Lord this burden of close reckoning was put upon life from the outside, scribes and Pharisees and tithe experts having reduced the spiritual life to a diagram. To day it is ourselves who invite the bargaining spirit into us, and many a fine nature groans in the confusion wrought by high spiritual ambitions and a low and over-strict habit of measuring service. How common it is for one's ideals to be all on the side of the generous and the free, and one's habit choked with literalism! We reverence the exuberant nature without being able to get near it in our own method. We admit without argument that surplus is a duty, and are cast down to find how far from this manner of life is our

own stringent and careful service. Richness is a necessity under the gospel; obedience is taken for granted.

When we look out upon this higher tier of human lives who live in inspirations rather than commandments, the danger always is that we shall turn away in despair, attributing all their excellence to natural endowment. It is when we realize that it is chiefly by grace, rather than nature, that bountiful characters come to be, that they become our inspiration. Very seldom has God turned out upon the world a rich and abundant nature which has not been made so by years of expansion through believing and silent discipline. Back of the wide sweep and the full wisdom of the prophet Samuel stood the years of door-opening in the tabernacle. Prophets were not turned loose upon the world to exhaust all they had to say in a year or two, but they came to their tasks from the schools of the prophets, and the secret of their speech was in the years they had been constrained to keep still. It was not only a bare accuracy of speech that made the prophet, but it was quite as much the tone, the atmosphere, the tenderness, all which things are to the ordinary mind a surplus, a good fortune, to whose sources the unbelieving mind can never trace. Every man who is equal to great occasions is a man who has been more than equal to small ones, and who has made it his constant duty to work beyond the moment and its task.

Much as we admire resources, however, the laying up of them is about the last thing the world will ever recommend to us. Years later it will come and coolly ask if we have any. While you insist on working in view of some greater contingency than has ever risen, or, more nobly, from the overflow of your own heart and interest, the same world, which will later use every such surplus, may even sneer at you for your impracticability. It is here, if anywhere, that one walks by faith.

Always is it our lowest and most earthly wisdom which prompts us to do the commanded and no more, to think more knowledge than is required a burden, and more belief than a minimum something to be cast overboard. Christian history begins at the point where men have gotten past the things of obligation and out into the uncovenanted. God has set up in the earth a great institute of waste and excess, in the coping of which we become godlike and creative and free.

Fulness of life demands also the habit of doing things better than they need to be done. It is quite true that your labor may be unappreciated, but remember there is always yourself to take care of, and the highest care a man can give his spirit is that he give it something to love which is the creation of his own hand. No poorer service to the world can we imagine than to renounce in its behalf any beauty or generosity which may later help it either to enjoy life or to endure it. Christian courage never takes a higher form than daring to do things better than they need to be done.

Lyman Abbott says, "Life sparkles only at the brim." How men try to shine without ever bringing up their motives and services to the point where they can catch the light. Half measures absorb the light, and reflect none on it. Life sometimes rises to the edge, but it is in the moment of its trembling over that it begins to sparkle. This was the moment at which Jesus rejoiced in the life of a man, the moment of the more than enough.—S. S. Times.

The Abiding Guest.

Merely a word or a glance from our Lord is not enough. It is not sufficient to have Him remain for an hour while we worship, or for a day while the Sabbath remains. We need Him every hour of every day. We need Him twenty-four hours of every day, to watch over us while we sleep and to walk with us when we wake. We need His presence three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and every moment of the time. For if He should be absent for one moment, the tempter, taking advantage of our defenseless condition for that one moment, may compass our ruin. The failures of the past year are due to the fact that at certain times we forgot our best Friend and Counselor. Our hope for the year to come is that we shall cling to Him every moment, and take counsel of Him in everything.

If He shall abide with us, evil shall be cast out. While on earth He cast out evil spirits. There are in each heart evil tempers, evil thoughts, evil desires which are more than a match for us. We have struggled with them in vain. But there is an inward evil which He cannot cast out. He will warm the heart in which He abides. Did not our heart burn within us while He talked with us by the way? So spoke the disciples at that memorable interview. Christian

sometimes sing about "these cold hearts of ours." When He is absent there is no fire of love or zeal, no fervor in worship, no warmth of sympathy with the fallen. But where He abides the heart within is hot. He will open the Scriptures to those with whom He abides. He will open the way of life before them. He will carry them over insurmountable obstacles. He will lead them every step of the way.

Life is a hard struggle. Even in this favored country, where poverty is comparatively rare, and plenty is found almost everywhere, the struggle of life is sore. Young men are supposed to be strong and hopeful. But when we see the young men seeking places where they may earn their bread and contribute their share to advancing civilization, and finding all places full and all professions overcrowded, and the way of life hedged up at the start, we wonder how even young men can think of making their way through without some one who is higher and stronger than man to help them. How much more difficult is it for the widow with helpless children to support and educate, to get on without a mighty arm to lean upon. Thousands of young men go down under the struggle with temptation and hardship every year. Multitudes of all classes sink into despair and ruin. The world is cold and dark and unsympathetic. Even rich men and those who hold the best places have a hard struggle.

Where shall we find a friend on whom we can depend? The father on whom the son relies will soon be called away. The mother to whom the daughter looks for counsel and comfort will not be here long. All earthly helpers fail. To whom shall we go?

"The best friend to have is Jesus. He will hear you when you call. He will help you when you fall. The best friend to have is Jesus."

He will open the way that seems to be closed. He will guide the feet that cannot find the right way. He will give counsel in time of sore perplexity. He will subdue enemies and win victories. Let this be the prayer of the heart for the new year:

"Abide with me; fast falls the eventide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,

Help of the helpless, O, abide with me.

"Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;

Earth's joys grow dim, its glories fade away;

Change and decay in all around I see;

O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

"Not a brief glance, I beg, a passing word,

But as Thou dwelt with Thy disciples—

Lord, familiar, condescending, patient, free,

Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me.

"I need Thy presence every passing hour;

What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?

Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?

Through cloud and sunshine, O, abide with me."

—Chris. Advocate.

Honey-Tipped Sins.

BY THE REV. G. B. F. HALLOCK, D. D.

Henry M. Stanley tells us that when he was passing through the forests of Africa, the most formidable foes he encountered were the Wambutti dwarfs. These diminutive men had only little bows and arrows for weapons, so small that they looked like children's playthings; but upon the tip of each tiny arrow was a drop of poison which would kill an elephant or a man as surely and quickly as a rifle. They would steal through the dense forest, and, waiting in ambush, let fly their arrows before they could be discovered. They dug ditches and carefully covered them over with sticks and leaves. They fixed spikes in the ground and tipped them with poison. Into these ditches and on these spikes man and beast would fall or step to their death. One of the strangest things about it was that their poison was made of honey.

It is thus that the Evil One wages his destructive warfare against God's people, and especially the young. Stealthily, under cover of darkness, by treachery, with weapons seemingly harmless, through the sweets of life, he comes clothed as an "angel of light."

Yet how deadly are the little honey-tipped sins which he administers! How sure the destruction of him who is deceived into wandering from the straight and narrow way. What are some of these sins usually thought of as little sins? There are sins which by comparison with great sins men call little. Ill-tempered in family life, at school, and in commercial and church relations; a light and frivolous spirit; slandering and backbiting; vanity and folly in dress; indulgence in hurtful amusements; careless and impure conversation; pride, &c. There are a host of these "little foxes" we might easily find.

What is the harm they do? They injure our consciences by hardening them, they keep us from feeling the sweet companionship of Christ; they grieve the Holy Spirit; and especially, they make way for greater sins.

There is an Indian story of a morcel of a dwarf, who asked the king to give him all the ground he could cover with three strides. The king, seeing him so small, said, "Certainly," whereupon the dwarf suddenly shot up into a tremendous giant, covering all the land with the first stride, all the water with the second, and with the third he knocked the king down and took his throne.

It is said that a man one day strolling along in the country happened to see a magnificent eagle flying bravely upward toward the sky. He watched it with delight and admiration as it so strongly mounted upward, but presently he saw that something was wrong with it. It seemed unable to go any higher. Soon it began to fall, and presently it lay at his feet a lifeless mass. What could be the matter? No human hand had harmed it. No sportsman's shot had reached it. He went and examined the bird, and what did he find? It had carried up with it a little vessel in its talons, and as it had drawn its talons near to its body for flight, the little creature had wormed itself partly out of them, and had drunk the life blood from the eagle's breast.

How like this is with sin! It may appear a very little thing one is at first tempted to do, but presently it fastens upon the soul and works death and destruction.

How must little sins be dealt with? Not tenderly, not connivingly. We must watch against, and pray against, and fight against even the smallest of them, or by and-by we will be overcome of sin and fall into utter ruin. Look out, dear young people. Make no place in your life for so-called minor evils. Sometimes honey-tipped sins prove the most destructive.

Conviction and Prejudice.

These two mental states are very close akin and are not easily to be distinguished. We are prone to consider the convictions of other men only their prejudices, while our own prejudices are dignified by the name, convictions. A little effort to distinguish between the two might lead us to regard ourselves with more modesty and others with more charity. What then distinguishes convictions from prejudices? The fundamental difference is just this: A conviction is an opinion held with a knowledge of the arguments for and against that position; a prejudice is an opinion held in ignorance of the arguments for and against that position. The former is a matter of judgment, the latter is a matter of feeling. Either may be right or wrong, but the former is intelligent and the latter is ignorant. Conviction has studied through the subject, prejudice does not need to study. Conviction rests upon the authority of individual reason, prejudice upon the authority of names. Conviction is, therefore sometimes in doubt, prejudice is always absolutely sure. Conviction may be just as firm, but it is more modest. Prejudice may be inherited, passing from generation to generation. Conviction is necessarily the product of hard labor in each individual life. Prejudice selects its leader or leaders and follows them blindly; conviction has no leaders, but reason and God. The ease with which a prejudice is acquired and held, doubtless explains the reason why so few of us take the trouble to transform our prejudices into convictions. It is the business of the Sunday-school teachers, the preachers, the religious press and our theological seminaries to transform the prejudices of our Baptist people, which are true, into convictions by showing the reasons for our faith and the weakness of objections to it. If there are weak places in our harness let them be seen, that we may strengthen and repair them. Let us not be less Baptist, but more intelligently Baptist. There are reasons for our faith, good reasons. Our fathers thought them out and were convinced of the truth of our position. Let us become convinced, not by quoting their great names, but by diligent study of the Word of God.

The Discipline of Life.

Sooner or later we find out that life is not a holiday, but a discipline. Earlier or later we will discover that the world is not a playground. It is quite clear God means it for a school. The moment we forget that the puzzle of life begins. We try to play in school; the Master does not mind that so much for its own sake for he likes to see his children happy; but in our playing we neglect our lessons. We do not see how much there is to learn, and we do not care. But our Master cares. He has a precisely

overpowering and inexplicable solicitude for our education; and because he loves us, he comes into the school sometimes and speaks to us. He may speak very softly and gently, or very loudly. Sometimes a look is enough, and we understand it, like Peter, and go out at once and weep bitterly. Sometimes the voice is like a thunder-clap startling a summer night. But one thing we may be sure of: the task he sets us to is never measured by our delinquency. The discipline may seem far less than our desert, or even to our eyes ten times more. But it is not measured by these—it is measured by God's solicitude for our progress; measured solely by God's love; measured solely that the scholar may be better educated when he arrives at his Father. The discipline of life is a preparation for meeting the Father. When we arrive there to behold his beauty, we must have the educated eye; and that must be trained here. We must become so pure in heart—and it needs much practice—that we shall see God. That explains life—why God puts man in the crucible and makes him pure by fire.—Henry Drummond.

Perfumed Garments.

A very effective way of exalting Christ before the world is to live in such close friendship with him that we will gather in our own lives the sweetness and beauty of his character. There is a valley in Roumania which is almost entirely given up to the cultivation of roses; for miles and miles on every side stretch the rose gardens. Their fragrance fills the air and scents everything that comes into the valley. It is said that travelers stopping over for a few days in this valley become so fumed in their garments with the fragrance of the roses that it clings to them for days afterward. It will be like that if we associate intimately with Jesus Christ. The fragrance of his love and hope and sympathy will cling to us and make Christ seem lovable to those who know him not.—L. A. Banks, D. D.

Destroyed By Neglect.

One way to destroy a good thing is to neglect it. A fine fabric, an edge tool, a rare manuscript, an eye, an ear, a flower-bed, a virtue, a truth,—all are more or less damaged by neglect. It is not necessary to cut God's Word into pieces and burn them as Jehoiakim did in order to destroy its usefulness to ourselves. In effect we do what that wicked king did, when we neglect the Bible. And this is to damage ourselves by destroying that upon which we are so dependent.—S. S. Times.

Happiness pursued is never overtaken, because, little as we are, God's image makes us so large that we cannot live within ourselves, or even for ourselves, and be satisfied.—George W. Cable.

About Catarrh.

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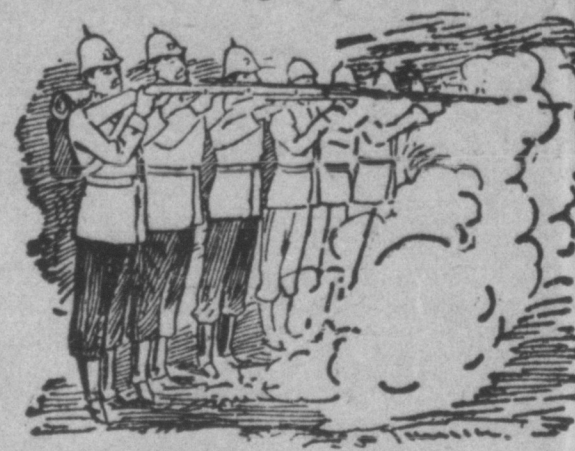
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