

ONLY A WOMAN DRUNK.

BY W. A. EATON.

A crowd in the busy street, a block in the bustling way,
A pause for the weary feet, that scarcely have time to stay;
"What is the matter? Say! Someone to earth has sunk,
Why do they stop the way?" "It's only a woman drunk!"

Only a woman drunk! Look at her as she lies,
With her face all mud and dirt, and that wild leer in her eyes,
Hark to the grating voice shouting in drunken glee,
Would she could see with sober eyes her own deep misery!

A woman, did you say! Woman was made to bless,
To while our cares away, to comfort and caress.
Oh, who could love that face, begrimed by dirt and drink!
Oh, who from that embrace would not in terror shrink?

Look at her foaming lips, hark to the muttered curse;
A drunkard is a fiend, but a woman—oh, 'tis worse!
God save the maidens fair who gaze upon her now,
From falling in the snare of the fiend who has laid her low.

Only a woman drunk! Oh, sons with mothers dear,
Pass her not by with tearless eye, but for her drop a tear.
Husbands with loving wives, oh, guard them well, I pray,
And save them from the foul drink fiend! who does all virtues slay.

Only a woman drunk! Once on a mother's breast
That woman closed her baby eyes, and sank to peaceful rest;
And when in maiden prime, a bashful lover came,
And whispered words of tenderness, until her cheeks grew flame.

Only a woman drunk! That woman was a wife,
And vowed to love and honor one, and help him on through life;
And children round her knee once lisped their evening prayer;
O God! that ever she should lie and wallow there!

There on the pavement stone, scoffed at by passers by,
Singing in drunken tone, with that wild leer in her eye;
Only a woman drunk! Brother, go home and think,
Think of your mother, sister, wife and save them from the drink.

In the National Advocate.

UNCLE BEN'S PREACHING.

When I was in the South last summer at a camp-meeting, I met Bro. Blake, who said he was in the very first and very last battle of the Southern war. One day in a testimony meeting he was speaking of the power of being true to God, and illustrated his remarks by a touching incident as follows. Before the war, a rich Georgia planter had a little son, and also a slave negro boy the same age as his son. These two boys were greatly attached to each other, and the white boy taught his little black playmate and slave to read and also gave him a Bible. The black boy, whose name was Ben, read the Bible a good deal, and was soundly converted, and then got his little white master converted. When Ben got older he began preaching to the other slaves, and numbers were converted. And then on Sunday Ben would go to other plantations and preach to the slaves. His old master was a very wicked man, and told Ben if he went beyond the bounds of his own farm to preach he would whip him. But Ben had a call from God, and when Sunday came he was off with his Bible preaching the gospel. On Monday morning the master had his back stripped, and whipped him severely. Next Sunday the fire was burning in Ben's heart, and away he went with his Bible to adjoining plantations. The next Monday his master whipped him again. On the third Sunday away went Ben, preaching among the plantations, about the cleansing blood of Jesus. On the third Monday the master whipped him more severely than ever,

and many wondered how the poor slave could live. But God strengthened him, and on the fourth Sunday away he went preaching the everlasting gospel, and about the poor slaves washing their robes in the blood of the Lamb. On the fourth Monday when the master stripped his back for another awful beating, the master said, "Why Ben, your back is a solid sore, and I cannot find a place to lay a lash. Why is it that you will disobey me, and preach among the plantations?" Ben's reply was "Master, I love Jesus, and He has washed my sins away, and His love is so sweet I must obey Him, and am willing to suffer for His sake." Then the master said, "There must be something real in this religion of yours, to make you willing to suffer so for it, and I feel I am a poor sinner and want you to pray for me." He dropped his whip, and united the poor slave, and they bowed in prayer, the slave leading the prayer, and the master confessing his sins. In a short time after the master was converted, Ben then had all the liberty he needed in preaching in the various plantations. Now suppose Ben had done like thousands of others would have done, compromised and failed to obey God to avoid being whipped, he would likely lost his soul, and all power for usefulness. Or suppose he had run away, and tried to escape from his cruel master he would have become bitter in his soul, and likely the bloodhounds would have caught him, and he would have lost his life. He determined to be like Jesus, keep full of pure, humble love, and take patiently all the suffering that might come even unto death. There is a strange, supernatural, pathetic power in suffering. Our power in the spiritual world is in proportion to our crucifixion and suffering with Christ, and those who have swayed the most influence over their fellow men in all generations, have been those who in some way have been baptized into deep suffering and sorrow. The bleeding sores on the back of poor Ben, preached a sermon ten thousand times more eloquent than any great orator could speak, and melted the heart of stone in the cruel master. Uncle Ben is still living, (1903) an old man, with white hair and feeble step, still preaching in Georgia, after two or three generations have past away. The master is gone, the plantation is in other hands, and everything is changed, but the Bible that Ben learned to read from his little boy master, and the love of Jesus, and the precious old gospel, goes right on the same as before the war.—Living Words.

A YEAR WITH THE COMFORTER.

Rev. Daniel Steele, D. D., says in an article entitled "A Year With The Comforter," "The new departure, which the doctrine of full salvation has taken is remarkable for the prominence which it gives to the exclusion of speculative theories. The movement so providentially and powerfully begun, will lose its momentum just in proportion as it becomes disputations, and substitutes wrangling for witnessing. Let everyone who has a heavenly torch, lift it high and keep it aloft. When preconceived theories modify testimony, its value is proportionately diminished. My experience contradicts my own life long belief. It was quite against my doctrinal training and belief, that a soul in probation, could before death, be assured of eternal salvation, yet the conviction that Jesus and my soul will never be separated has been with me for twelve months a certainty. I did not believe I received the precious baptism that I desired till I knew it was mine. Christ alone was the object of my trust. I could not believe that the Comforter had taken up His blissful abode in my heart before He had reported Himself to my consciousness. The question was propounded to me how to keep the blessed Comforter. He will keep Himself and you too, if you will let Him. He is in no haste to leave any bosom, after so long an endeavor to get an invitation to enter in. Let me say in conclusion that my spiritual life is no longer like a leaky suction pump, half of the time dry and affording scanty water only by desperate tugging away at the handle, but it is like and artesian well of water springing up unto everlasting life. The Scriptures are sweeter than honey; prayer and praise are a delight; the closet with the door closed is paradise regained. The glory of Christ has become the all

absorbing passion of my soul. However the Holy Spirit affords no dispensation free from hard work; He is not bestowed as a premium to laziness. The things of this world must be known in order to be loved, but Jesus must be loved in order to be known.—The Missionary World.

IT PAYS.

To live right.
To tell the truth.
To spend much time in prayer.
To give the tenth to the Lord.
To go to church on a rainy day.
To resist the devil in every temptation.
To consecrate your life fully to the Lord.
To attend regularly to religious duties.
To allow the Holy Spirit to control your life.

To live a consistent life before your children.

To be kind to the poor, and help the needy.

To follow the advice of a godly father or mother.

To let people know for which world you are living.

To study your Bible regularly and thoroughly.

To spend your spare moments in reading good books.

To seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness.

To deny yourself that you might make someone else happy.

To be honest enough to pay a debt when you might get out of it by law.

To stand for the right when your friends and public opinion are all against you.

IT DOES NOT PAY.

To act the hypocrite.

To talk religion and live a sinner.

To tell a lie in order to cover up sin.

To build up a business by ill-gotten gain.

To profess something you have not got.

To marry for money or for social position.

To harbor ill feelings towards your neighbor.

To neglect secret prayer because of pressure of other duties.

To live on luxuries when you have to go into debt to get them.

To deal lightly with sin in order to have the good will of your friend.

To neglect the Bible because you have so many other things to do.

To criticize the preacher or Sabbath-school teacher before your children.

To pay more attention to your business or cattle than you do to your family.

To court the friendship of the world while you pose as a follower of Christ.

To do in private what you would be ashamed to be found doing when Christ comes.

To spend money for that which gives neither comfort to the body nor rest to the soul.—Gospel Banner.

GIVE WHILE YOU CAN.

A minister of the Gospel once called upon a merchant, Mr. Thornton, afterwards treasurer of a missionary society, and solicited his aid for some benevolent object. The merchant, in response to his application, gave him a check for ten pounds. Before the clergyman left there came a letter with the news that one of the merchant's large vessels had gone to the bottom of the sea. The merchants read the letter, and told the poor minister of his loss, and then said:

"I must ask you for that check back."

The poor man returned the check with a sad countenance, and then the merchant wrote another check for fifty pounds, and handed it to him, saying:

"I must give while I can, for God is warning me that some time I may not have anything to give."—Selected.

Whether it be in reference to conversion or entire sanctification if a man is not clean clear through he is not able to be clean clear through.

A man came stamping up to Mr. Wesley: "I never give way to fools." "I always do," and Wesley stepped aside.—Sel.

He that will believe only what he can fully comprehend must have a very long head or a very short creed.—Colton.

There are no disappointments to those whose wills are buried in the will of God.—Faber.

WHAT IT FEEDS ON.

An exchange furnishes the following as representing the yearly supply of food for the whisky fiend:

2,500 smothered babies.
5,000 suicides.
10,000 murderers.
60,000 fallen girls.
100,000 paupers.
3,000 murdered wives.
7,000 murders.
40,000 widowed mothers.
100,000 orphaned children.
100,000 insane.
100,000 criminals.
100,000 drunkards who die yearly.
100,000 boys who take the place of the dying.

Untold crimes, misery, woe, want, weeping, wailing, war, shame, disgrace, disease, degradation, debauchery, destruction, death, riot, revelry, ruin, and \$2,000,000,000 in cash.

IT WAS BROUGHT HOME.

When the writer was speaking in Indiana recently on the drink curse, a certain Methodist pastor was unwilling that we should come into his church for fear we would create dissension, and some of his whisky voting members should take offense. We understood him and did not urge the privilege. The following from W. D. Lukens, prominent in Prohibition work, is the point:—

"A Prohibitionist told me that the pastor of his church was a staunch Republican and would hear none of Prohibition till after one night he was aroused and came down to his door to find his two sons upon the piazza too drunk to find the keyhole."

GROW.

BY REV. J. R. MILLER, D. D.

There is not enough breath in many lives. We ought to grow in height, reaching up to the fullness of the stature of Christ. We ought to grow in the outreach of our lives. We ought to know more of God and of heavenly things tomorrow than we do today. We are told that if we follow on we shall know, that if we do the little portion of the will of the will of God we understand, we shall be led on to see and know more of that will. We ought to grow in love, also, becoming more patient, more gentle, more thoughtful, more unselfish day by day, extending the reach of our unselfishness and helpfulness.

There is a legend of an artist who long sought for a piece of sandalwood, out of which to carve a Madonna. He was about to give up in despair, leaving the vision of his life unrealized, when in a dream he was bidden to carve his Madonna out of a block of oak wood which was destined for the fire. He obeyed, and produced a masterpiece from a log of common firewood. Many of us lose great opportunities in life by waiting to find sandalwood for our carvings, when they lie hidden in the common logs that we burn.—Orison Swett Marden.

An Indian was asked what his conscience was. Putting his hand over his heart, he said: "It is a three-cornered thing in here. When I do wrong it turns round and hurts very much. If I keep on doing wrong, it will turn until it wears the edges all off and then it will not hurt any more."

It is wonderful what miracles God works in wills that are utterly surrendered to Him. He turns hard things into easy and bitter things into sweet. It is not that He puts easy things in the place of the hard, but He actually changes the hard thing into an easy one.—Hannah Whitall Smith.

One of the ancient philosophers once said: "When men speak ill of thee, live so that no one will believe them."—Chimes.

A volume of the Congressional Record was labelled, "Dry Goods." Same label would do for some sermons.

No man can be sanctified who is unclean physically, mentally, morally, socially, politically.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

FAITH.

The first condition of salvation is repentance; the second, faith. If I should ask the children to tell me their favorite verse in the Bible, probably more would repeat John 3:16 than any other: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son; that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The last verse of the same wonderful chapter reads: "He that believeth on the Son, hath everlasting life," and he that believeth not on the Son, shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." I want to talk to you today about believing in Jesus or having faith in Jesus.

You see God tells us very plainly in these and a multitude of other Bible verses, that faith in Jesus is a condition without which we cannot be saved. You all, no doubt, wish me to make it very plain what it is to believe on Jesus with a faith that will save the soul and bring it everlasting life and a home in heaven. But remember, when I speak of faith as saving us, I mean that faith unites us to Jesus and it is Jesus that saves. Two other words "confidence" and "trust" help to make plain what faith is. You put confidence in your mother when you believe what she tells you, and you trust her when you depend upon her for food and clothes and all needful things, without anxiety or care. That restful confidence and trust is "faith" in your mother.

A similar state of mind toward God would be faith in God. A few simple stories will make plain what faith is.

A house was one day on fire and all the inmates but one boy had escaped from it. He was in a chamber and flames cut off all escape by the stairs. He ran to the window and cried out, "O father, how shall I get out?" He could be seen by the light in the room, but the thick smoke kept him from seeing the people below. He heard their voices and he cried, "O save me!" "Here I am, my son," said the father as he held out his arms for Charlie to jump into them. "Here I am don't fear, drop down; I will be sure to catch you." Charlie crept out of the window, but held fast by it, he knew that it was very far from the ground and he was afraid to let go. "Drop down my boy," cried the father. "O I can't see you dear father," the lad replied. "But I am here you can trust me—I will save you." "I am afraid I shall fall father." "Let go and don't fear" cried the people, "your father will be sure to catch you." And now Charles felt the flames. He was sure that if he hung there he would be burned. He knew that his father was strong, that he loved him and was waiting to save him. At last he let go and dropped safely into his father's arms.

Now you see how faith works. Charles was in peril—great peril. He knew his father's love and strength, he knew his own danger and that if he staid he would perish in the flames. So he yielded to his father's persuasions and in faith dropped into his father's arms.

Now, each dear boy and girl is surrounded by the flaming, consuming perils of sin—around and within. You know your peril. "The wages of sin is death." You cannot see the face of Jesus; but you hear His words saying through His Holy Book. "Whosoever believeth in me shall not perish but have everlasting life." "Come unto Me. . . I will give you rest." "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."

Now, in faith put confidence in these invitations, believe these promises and cast yourself upon Jesus for salvation. Take your Saviour at His word just as Charles believed his father and you will be saved.—Rev. A. M. Hills, in "Food for Lambs."

"Only let it be remembered, that the heart of even a believer is not wholly purified when he is justified. Sin is then overcome, but is not rooted out; it is conquered but not destroyed. Experience shows him, first, that the root of sin, self-will, pride, and idolatry, remain still in his heart. But as long as he continues to watch and pray, none of these can prevail over him."—John Wesley.