

HOLD THE ROPES.

RENA H. GOOD.

There's a gold mine deep beneath this Hindu land of caste and sin, Self sacrificing ones have come here Heathen souls to Christ to win. Listen, hear them faintly pleading, "Leave us not as yet alone, Let us feel your arms upholding, Hold the ropes as we go down."

Deeper than the deepest gold mine, Is this one in heathendom, "Seas of souls are lost in darkness Bearing on to endless doom. Handfuls here and there are struggling, Christians brave, Christ's love to show; Can you not hear o'er the ocean? "Hold the ropes as down we go."

Shafts that lead one down to gold mine, Are not propped by those who go. Fleet of foot must be the worker, Who the precious seed doth sow, If the shaft has not been builded, Sure of footing, firm and sound, Haste to the building, workmen, For more men must soon "go down."

Strong, glad ropes of faith and courage, Bound by God's eternal love, Held by hands that can not waver, Have we such as these above? Are you holding firmly, Christians, All you can for foreign scopes? Hear a voice from down beneath you, "Hold on, brethren, hold the ropes."

Oh the riches of this gold mine, Deep as center of the earth, Filled with souls, dark, yet diamonds, Germs for God of matchless worth! Are you sharing in their finding? Have you stock in mission hope? Will you hear the last good message, Ye did well! ye held the rope!

—Sel.

CHURCH-GOING BY CHILDREN.

The Rev. Dr. Hills, of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, has been doing good service by sharply calling attention to a lack of parental authority in the matter of church-going habits of children. He justly condemns the practice of letting children of even eight or nine years of age decide whether they shall go to church or not. Parents are altogether too indifferent in this matter, especially in cities, and it is a subject which the pulpit can very well treat with vigor.

In this connection it might be said that the Sunday school is a splendid supplement to church attendance, but a poor substitute for it. In this age of specialization, many look upon the Sunday school as the children's church. This is a grave mistake.

The Sunday school has information for its keynote, not for worship. Its stirring activity, its friendly bustle, its conversational and familiar atmosphere lack the quality of reverence, which is the very first essential of public worship. The best Sunday school for a child, if there can be but one, is a seat in the family pew beside its parents, at the ordinary services of the church.

The argument that children acquire an aversion to the church by being forced to "go to meeting" by their parents is ridiculous. Children are "forced" by their parents to do all sorts of things, such as eating good food and abstaining from food that is harmful, attending school, and going to bed. It is not apparent that they thereby acquire a rooted aversion to wholesome food, to sleep or to an education. Nor is it a matter of observation that children who are trained up by their parents to go to church are the people, who, when they come to more mature years, constitute the absentee class from church attendance and services. The argument is simply one of those ingenious and plausible little fictions invented by that very rabid opponent of church services, the father of lies.—Church Economist.

"THEN DO NOT WORRY."

A traveling man for a wholesale dry-goods house returned from his winter trip, cheerful and contented, for he had sold more than twenty five thousand dollars' worth of goods. The morning after reaching the city he began to select the various pieces of dress goods, of ribbons, of laces, and other things necessary to fill his orders.

Soon, however, he found a shortage in a number of lines he had promised for

early delivery. Annoyed, he turned to other parts of his work, only to discover more shortages. He must wait until the goods came from the factories, or from abroad, he feared. Meanwhile, his customers would be disappointed, and he would be blamed.

So he began to fret and worry. His usually smiling face became clouded. He was short and curt with his friends that morning. He could not sleep that night. He could only think of the twelve hundred and sixty-eight pieces he was short.

"Then I took myself to task," he said to me, in telling the story. "I can not help the shortage," I thought. "I am doing my best. Then why worry and punish others as well as myself?" So I decided it was time to take a dose of the medicine which had always done its work for me. I repeated, over and over again, the words of the late Dr. Deems:

"The world is wide
In time and tide,
And God is guide;
Then do not hurry.
"That man is blest
Who does his best
And leaves the rest."
Then do not worry."

"At once my nerves became quieter, and I was more calm. I felt more like smiling and I was not so curt. I went about my work as if I had all day before me. And in a day or two I found that I had collected over four hundred of the missing pieces.

"In the course of my work I encountered another salesman who was as short as I had been. He knew of my disappointment and vexation; he had noted my altered demeanor; and he remarked about it. 'How is it you can go whistling about your work, with a smile for everybody you meet, and looking as if you never had a trouble, when I know you are in just as bad shape as I am?'"

"Then I told him about the medicine. I repeated the lines. At first he sneered. But, as I finished, he looked altered. 'There may be some good in that medicine,' he said. 'Repeat the lines once more, please. I repeated them for him, and told him their history:

"Ten or twelve years ago I was at a Christian Endeavor convention in Philadelphia when Dr. Deems made an address. He said that he had been laid aside by sickness for two months, and that, when he was able to use his pen, he found an appalling amount of work awaiting him. On his desk was a pile of letters a foot high. There were sermons to be prepared, articles to be written, addresses to be made ready. His heart failed him, as he thought of the gigantic tasks before him.

"Then he turned from it all, hastily scribbled the lines which I have repeated to you. He read them over, and resolved to take a dose of his own medicine. Leisurely and calmly he attacked the pile of letters. Then he wrote an article or two. Then he had to turn to the preparation of his Philadelphia address. And he opened it by telling the story of his trouble and its cure—thus giving the lines to the world for the first time. He repeated them until the thousands of young people knew them word for word. Many went home from that convention resolved to take his medicine. That is how I came to have it with me."

"My friend said he thought it was medicine worth taking. He asked me to repeat the lines a third time. And in a few moments he turned to his work, his worry laid aside, and a smile on his face. I see him several times each day, and seem to hear the echo of the words in his steps as he goes about his tasks:

"The world is wide
In time and tide,
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—The Rev. John T. Faris, in Epworth Herald.

THROWING OUT THE SAND.

Balloons, when they want to rise higher, throw out some sand ballast. Why so many people are earthly-minded and have so little of the spirit of heaven, is that they have too much ballast in the shape of love for earthly joys and gains and what you want is to throw out some of the sand, and you will rise higher.—Moody.

SELLING A SOUL.

A gay young lady was deeply impressed with a sense of her sinfulness, and found no peace day nor night. A brother who had always shared with her in her worldly amusements was much troubled and annoyed at her present state of mind. He tried all the shafts of ridicule and sarcasm to turn her mind away from the solemn interests of eternity but still the conflict went on. She would not yield to his persuasions, yet she felt she could not just at the present decide wholly for the Lord.

At last her brother said, "Eliza, if you will give up all this nonsense and be yourself again, I will give you five dollars." It seemed a paltry price indeed at which to sell a soul, but the sister hesitated; and even to parley with such a temptation was to give the enemy infinite advantage. No doubt she considered that she could take the money and dismiss the subject just for this time resuming it again whenever she chose.

She took the five dollars, and her destiny was sealed. Outwardly she was little changed. She did not scoff at religion, nor oppose it in others, but her heart was as insensible to its influence as the hardest rock, nor did anything ever make an impression on it afterwards. She saw that beloved brother lie upon his dying bed, and heard his agonizing entreaties that she would turn from that fearful way into which he had led her footsteps, but she was perfectly unmoved. A short time afterward she was called away, and she died as she lived. The awakening from the frightful lethargy of soul was upon the other shores.

HE WAS NOT ASHAMED.

A clerk and his father, just in from the country, entered a Lima restaurant one Saturday evening, and took seats at a table where sat a telegraph operator and a reporter, both known to the writer. The old man bowed his head and was about to say grace, when a waiter came up to take their orders. Father and son gave their orders, and the former again bowed his head. The young man turned the color of a blood-red beet, and touching his father's arm, exclaimed in a low, nervous tone, "Father, it isn't customary to do that in restaurants."

"It's customary with me to return thanks to God wherever I am," was the old man's answer. For the third time he bowed his head, and his son bowed his also. The telegraph operator paused in the act of carving his beefsteak and bowed his head; the journalist pushed back his plate and bowed his head, and there wasn't a man who heard the short and simple prayer who did not feel a profounder respect for the old farmer than if he had been president of the United States.

When we remember how many Christians are afraid or ashamed to be seen praying, we may appreciate to the full the devout spirit of this old man, who was accustomed to "return thanks to God" wherever he was.—Sel.

THE TRIALS OF LIFE.

Life is not entirely made up of great evils or heavy trials; but the perpetual recurrence of petty evils and small trials in the ordinary and appointed exercises of the Christian graces. To bear with the failings of those about us—with their infirmities, their bad judgement, their ill-breeding, their perverse tempers; to endure neglect when we feel we deserve attention; and ingratitude when we expected thanks; to bear with the company of disagreeable people whom Providence has placed in our way, and whom he has provided, or purpose for the trial of our virtue; these are best exercises of patience and self denial, and the better because not chosen by ourselves.

To bear with vexation in business, with disappointment in our expectation, with interruptions of our retirement, with folly, instruction, disturbance—in short, with whatever opposes our will, contradicts our humor—this habitual acquiescence appears to be more of the essence of self-denial than any little rigors or inflictions of our own imposing. These constant, inevitable, but inferior evils, properly improved, furnish a good moral discipline, and might, in the days of ignorance, have superseded pilgrimage and penance.—Hannah Moore.

"NOT FROM MY BOTTLE."

In speaking on the subject, "Thy Bottle," John G. Woolley says:

"Four words answer all arguments: 'We must be politic,' says one. Not from my bottle. 'They will have it.' Not from my bottle. 'It will always be drunk.' Not from my bottle. 'Men have a right to drink.' Not from my bottle. 'It will be sold on the sly.' Not from my bottle. 'Perhaps the saloon is to go on. I am not bound to abolish it, but only my interest in it. There are 12,000,000 voters in the United States. I'll vote my fraction right, and every time I vote I'll carry my share of that election as long as God is alive. That may not do the saloon any harm, but I am bound to be true. A square man is never wrong side up. 'My vote won't count.' Listen 'Abraham believed God, and it was counted.'"

"Yes, the saloon may go on, like the brook, forever, and men die in them like fleas, and hell grow fat on drunkards. Women may still break their hearts in the vain efforts to woo their loved ones from the drink. Ladies may sip their wine, boys still learn to drink, and men burn their hearts to a crisp in alcohol; priests may still desecrate God's altar with it; the national capitol may have a saloon in either end; senators and representatives may be drunk on the floors of Congress; the soldiers' home may still sell drink to the old soldiers; the mistress of the White House may brew her famous punch—but not from my bottle!"—Sel.

PROHIBITION TESTED.

Prohibition by constitutional amendment has been in force, more or less, in Kansas for twenty one years, which is time enough to test its value. The statistics which have been gathered is full of interest. In five of the 105 counties the prohibitory law is not enforced. These five counties have 17 per cent of the population, and furnish over 30 per cent of the crime. The population in these twenty one years has increased from 996,616 to 1,470,495, while the number of prisoners has decreased from 917 to 788. That prohibition is generally enforced appears in the fact that the United States collects in Kansas only \$7,700 for each 100,000 inhabitants, while in Nebraska, not a prohibition state, it collects \$252,000. In the last ten years Kansas has gained three cities of over 10,000 inhabitants, while Nebraska has lost three. Kansas, while not a populous state, is one of the most prosperous in the Union, and can afford to spend \$2,000,000 annually on her schools. She saves it in beer and whiskey.—Independent.

DRIFT.

At the narrow entrance of Pictou Harbor an ice-floe grounded. Two boys swept of the snow, and skated on the ice for a week. Engrossed in play, and growing confident with time, they did not notice that the spring tide was floating them out to sea. When at length one of them noticed the widening water between them and the shore, with a warning shout he instantly sprang in, and after a desperate struggle, scrambled up the beach.

The other, for a minute, watched the lights of home, high up on the shore, and the dark stream between them, growing wider all the time as the ice caught the sweep of the tide. Then with a wild cry, he too, sprang in; but he never reached the shore. That moment of indecision cost him his life.

Engrossed with the work or play of this life, men are unconsciously swept away from eternal life by currents that do not make for godliness. Now is the accepted time. A moment of indecision may cost you your soul.—Robert Murray.

A dog hitched to a lawn-mower stopped pulling to bark at a passer-by. The boy who was guiding the mower said, "Don't mind the dog, he is just barking for an excuse to rest. It is easier to bark than to pull the machine." It is easier to be critical than to be correct; easier to bark than to work; easier to burn a house than to build one; easier to hinder than to be helpful; easier to destroy a reputation than to construct a character. Fault-finding is dangerous as it is easy. Anybody can grumble, criticize or censure.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

MOTHER-LOVE.

Mrs. Inogere Murray.

Mothers, show that you love them— The children you hold as your own, Let them feel the strength of "mother-love."

Let its depths to them be shown: May it hang like a canopy o'er them As the sunlit heavens above; For nothing can chill little natures That are warmed by a mother's love.

Nestle them close in your loving— In the strong hold of childhood's bliss: For nothing can sorely grieve them While they're sure of a mother's kiss. Their minds may receive highest training, Well chosen their food and their dress; Yet their best life may be starving For a mother's often caress.

Dear little tender babies! They grow as the blossoms do; By wind-storms so easily withered Needing the skies all blue. Living in mother's sunshine, Expanding beneath its law, Unfolding lives of sweet fragrance; Thus growing as rose-buds grow.

They scan your face for the sunshine, As seamen the face of the sky; And if it fails in its shining, Their song is change to a sigh. Your laughter to them is sweet music; How they echo it everywhere! And infinitely greater the pleasure Which mother takes pains to share.

Bind them well with the cords of affection, Draw them closely while you may; And in the years coming later, The returns will brighten your way. Instill by your loving-kindness That the "better part" is not of the sod, And as you are teaching the lesson They are learning the while—to love God.—Zion's Watchman.

MILLIE'S BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

"Why, this is your birthday, isn't it dearie?" exclaimed grandmother; "and not one of us remembered it! I guess you must have forgotten it yourself."

"No, I did not forget it," answered Millie; "and at first I felt provoked because no one else thought about it. Then last night it popped into my head that it would be nice to give presents on my birthday. But I could not think of anything to give; and then, pretty soon, I thought I'd give such presents that no one would know I was giving them. It has been lots of fun. You see, Uncle George never knew who put that patch on his coat sleeve; and a patch is such a comical present that I laughed all the while I was doing it. Mother never will think when she laughs over the letter I wrote her, that I was making her a present of a laugh, will she?"

"I should think not," said grandmother, smiling.

"Then I happened to think of Aunt Lucy's flower garden she wanted Glenn to weed, and he didn't. But she never knew I made her a present of some work. But I think the present I made Glenn was the queerest. You see he got mad when we were playing tennis, and what do you suppose I made him a present of then, grandmother?"

"I don't know," answered grandmother, "a kind word, perhaps."

Millie looked up into her grandmother's eyes and whispered "yes; and a prayer."—Sel.

REMEDYING SQUEAKS.

BY REV. CHAS. H. PARKHURST, D. D.

What a drop of oil is in machinery, a bit of tender consideration is in relieving the frictions constantly developing in the mechanism of society. One day there was a workman aboard a trolley car; and he noticed that every time the door was pushed open it squeaked. Rising from his seat, he took a little can from his pocket, let fall a drop of anti irritant on the offending spot, and sat down again, quietly remarking, "I always carry an oil can in my pocket, for there are so many squeaky things that a drop of oil will correct." Now the squeakiness that he dealt with is only a sort of parable of another species of the same kind of thing that proceeds from the contacts of one man with another.