

WHAT WILL IT MATTER?

What will it matter, dearest,
When the day of life is done,
And the sheaves we've toiled to gather
Shall be counted, one by one,
Whether we worked in the sunshine,
Or whether the storm cloud rose,
If only we have the bundles—
For the Master hath need of those.

What will it matter, dearest,
When the pearly gates are passed,
And our feet, all torn and bleeding,
Find shelter and rest at last,
Whether the path was thorny,
Or whether the way was plain,
If India's poor lost children
Shall join in our glad refrain?

What will it matter, dearest,
At rest at the Master's feet,
Chanting our hallelujahs
In rapture and joy complete;
If China can join the chorus,
And Africa—latest born—
Shall rise up to call us blessed
On the Resurrection morn?

A SUGGESTIVE DIALOGUE.

E. P. MARVIN.

How do you like your new preacher?
O, first rate, he is a twentieth century
preacher, the best loved man in town.
Does he condemn sin plainly and faith-
fully?

Yes, you ought to hear his bold de-
nunciations.

But does he condemn popular sins and
fashionable worldliness in the churches?
Well, I do not know about that. He
might lose his job.

Does he warn sinners from God that
they must repent or perish?

He appeals to love and hope in the
universal Fatherhood of God.

But God says in Ezekiel 33 that if the
Watchman does not warn sinners they
will perish and he with them.

He tells us of the reformatory influence
of punishment and the triumphant evolu-
tion of mankind.

Where in the Bible can he find this?

It is pleasant to believe that all will
finally be saved and I have a right to
believe what makes me happy.

This principle, not only underlies the
creed of an infidel but of a fool.

Well! he is smart, progressive and up-
to-date; he despises old fogies and moss-
backs.

Is he not progressive in unbelief, and a
hundred years behind Voltaire, Hume
and Paine?

Some misunderstand him, he does not
always mean what they think.

If he does not make himself understood,
he is unqualified to preach the gospel.
The writings of skeptics and evolutionists
of the last generation, might be good com-
mentaries on his obscure essays.

But if we are only honest in our belief
we will come out all right.

Does the Bible say so? Does science
say so? Does common sense say so?
Christ and the apostles were dogmatic.
Professor Huxley died of poison, supposed
to be Dovers powders. Honest ignorance
does not change truth nor avert calamity.

Did not your pastor at his ordination
solemnly affirm the orthodox faith and
promise to teach and defend it?

Yes, but with liberal interpretations
and mental reservations.

Let him try his Jesuitical policy on
such passages as: "The wicked shall be
turned into hell." "He that believeth
and is baptized shall be saved, but he that
believeth not shall be damned." Liberal
mathematics will wreck a bank and liber-
al theology will wreck a soul.

Well, I like his account of the glorious
march of liberal ideas around the world.

If you study your Bible and believe its
fundamental and saving truths, why do
you not bear witness and utter protest?

I do not like to be a heresy hunter and
a troubler of Israel.

But, woe unto them that are at ease in
Zion. Dare you cry peace, peace, when
there is no peace?

We depend for success on making reli-
gion attractive, cultivating the social
nature in clubs and entertainments. We
have more fun in the church than any-
where else. We beat all the lodges.

Do you have any conversions?

Perhaps not of your kind, but about
one hundred children of the Sabbath-
school signed cards on Decision Day and
most of them joined the church.

Well, you have a very good "Church

of the World," and I should think you
could get all the worldlings in town to
join it.—Wesleyan Methodist, Lockport,
N. Y.

THE BOY'S WHISTLE

He was an old-looking little figure as
he came merrily whistling down the
street the morning after the big snow.
His nose was red, his hands were bare, his
feet were in shoes several times too large,
and his hat was held in place by a roll
of paper under the sweat-band; but he
piped away like a steam whistle and
carried the big snow shovel much as a
marching soldier carries a rifle.

"How much?" came from an imposing-
looking man, who was asked if he wanted
his walks cleaned.

"Ten cents."

"A nickel's enough."

"It would be if I couldn't do no better;
but I've got to do the best I can, and
business is rushing. Good-morning."

And the merry whistle filled the air as
the boy started away.

"Go ahead and clean 'em!" shouted
the man, whose better nature and ad-
miration had been aroused.

"See the little rascal make the snow
fly," he laughed to his wife, who stood at
the window with him. "Why, he's a
regular snow plough; and he does it well,
too."

"What a little mite! and how comical!
I wonder if he's hungry?"

She called him in as soon as he had
finished, but he would not take time for
more than a cup of coffee.

"Too busy," he said.

"What are you going to do with the
money?" asked the man, as he insisted on
settling for twenty-five cents.

"I'm going to get mother a shawl for
Christmas. She's wearing one you can
see through, and it ain't right."

On he went with his glowing cheeks
and his merry whistle. But they had
his name and address. It was the wife
who took a shawl to the mother; and it
was the husband who installed the sturdy
little snow-shoveler as office boy, in a
bright new uniform and with permission
to whistle when he felt like it.—Sel.

GENTLER RUSSIA.

Just now the chief associations in the
public mind with Russia are those of
death, failure, anarchy and hopeless
misery. It is good to have a pleasanter
vision brought before one, giving glimpses
of the gentler side of the Russian peasant.
A beautiful custom prevails among the
Russian country folk of giving alms in the
"Name of Christ."

Universal sentiment makes it a sin to
turn a petitioner away. A mendicant
bows low to the ground before a house
and murmurs, "For Christ's Sake." How-
ever meager the store of that household,
something is bestowed upon the beggar,
always with the response, "For Christ's
Sake."

Nearly every baker's shop has its bin
where stale bread is put, and from which
the needy are invited to take "For the
Love of Christ." There are many poor
Russian families who are too proud to
beg; for their benefit a sort of secret
charity is practiced. A tap on the
window and the words, "For Christ's
Sake," causes the needy person to open
the door of his hut. No one is to be seen,
but there are footprints in the snow, and
a piece of bread is on the ledge of the
window.

No people treat aliens more kindly than
do the Russian peasants. During the
last Turkish war, when burghers and street
boys were casting mud and stones at the
poor Turkish prisoners, the mujiks offered
bread and coppers, and even took them to
their villages as hired laborers. At first
the peasants were greatly perplexed as to
whether it was allowable to share their
meals with infidels, but their pity con-
quered prejudice, and it became a com-
mon sight to see representatives of two
belligerent nations eating amicably at the
same table.—Youth's Companion.

There is a great deal of religion in this
world that is like a life-preserver, only
put on at the moment of extreme danger,
and then half the time put on hind-side-
before.—Josh Billings.

God's love for poor sinners is very
wonderful, but God's patience with ill-
natured saints is a deeper mystery.—
Drummond.

"I AM SAVED"

One thing I know, that whereas I was
blind, now I see. John 8:24-38.

A young theological student, while
passing down a street in one of our large
cities, was attracted to an open-air ser-
vice, where he heard a young girl tell the
simple story of God's love, and the power
of Jesus Christ to save the vilest sinner.
At the close of the service our cultured
friend approached the speaker and ex-
pressed his astonishment that she, an
unlettered girl scarcely out of her teens,
should be there upon the street preaching.
"How much preparation have you had?"
he inquired. "Oh, very little," she
modestly replied; "but I am making the
best of what I have." "Why," said he
"I have been through college and am
now closing my third year at the seminary.
I can read the Old Testament in
Hebrew, and can even repeat the Lord's
prayer out of my head in Greek." "Oh,"
replied our young street preacher, as she
looked up to her superior. "I can do
better than that; I can say from my
heart in English, I am saved." This is
the kind of workers needed today, not so
much men of learning or of great intel-
lectual ability, but men who have been
born again, and can in English say with
young friend, "I am saved," or with the
blind man, "One thing I know, that
whereas I was blind now I see."—Walter
H. Oldfield.

GOOD STUFF.

Tongues of Fire (London, England)
says truly: "Stuff, but with good stuffing.
We are more and more convinced of the
inestimable value of religious literature of
the right sort.

"While some of the weaker religious
weeklies have expired, and many others
have suffered a serious decline in their
circulation, those that have a message to
mankind, and especially a message to the
church, survive and flourish.

"Politicians are attaching more im-
portance to newspapers than they ever
did.

"A good paper is necessary for the pro-
gress of any real movement. Especially
in these days of bustle and dispatch do
men need a paper that shall educate them
aright. The average man believes what
his mind is stuffed with—it is the busi-
ness of his paper to stuff him, and to stuff
him with good stuffing."

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

A young minister in a college town was
embarrassed by the thought of criticism in
his cultivated congregation.

He sought counsel from his father, an
old and wise minister, saying:

"Father, I am hampered in my ministry
in the pulpit I am now serving. If I cite
anything from geology, there is Professor
A., teacher of this science, right before
me. If I use an illustration of Roman
mythology, there is Professor B. ready
to trip me up for my little inaccuracy.

If I instance something in English
literature that pleases me, I am covered
by the presence of the learned man that
teaches that branch. What shall I do?"

The sagacious old man replied:

"Do not be discouraged. Preach the
gospel. They probably know very little
of that."—Anon.

WHAT PROHIBITION DOES.

Geauga county, Ohio, has no saloons,
and the following is the result: At the
recent session of the grand jury of that
country there was not a criminal case re-
ported, and the county jail was without a
prisoner. One would be perfectly safe in
offering a reward of \$100 or \$1000 for a
similar record in any county in the
United States that supports saloons.—Sel.

ONE AT A TIME.

Yonder man is engaged in carrying
sacks of flour every day. He carries so
many hundred weight each time, and in
the day it comes to tons; and so many
tons in a day will come to an enor-
mous mass in a year. Now, suppose, on
the first of January, this man were to
calculate the year's load and say, "I have
all that immense mass to carry; I can not
do it; you would tell him that he has not
to carry it all at once; he has all the
work days of the year to carry it in.
So we put all our troubles together,
and we cry, "How ever shall I get over
them?" Well, they will only come one at a
time, and as they come, the strength will
come with them.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

FOUR INDIANS AND A KEG OF WHISKEY.

The great curse of the Indians is fire-
water. Their love for strong drink is
their greatest weakness.

When America was discovered the
Indians had no intoxicants. They were
content to drink water from the streams
and lakes. But the white man introduc-
ed his spirituous liquors among them, and
many and grievous have been the evils
that have followed.

Mr. Evans and other missionaries in-
sisted on all Indian converts becoming
total abstainers from all intoxicating
liquors. In some places this met with
fierce opposition from unprincipled white
men who had been thriving on the trade
of selling firewater to the Indians. They
were furious when this trade fell off, and
tried by various schemes to get the Chris-
tian Indians drunk.

On one occasion four Indians from
Muncy Town went to the white settle-
ment to trade. The trader tempted them
to drink some whiskey, but they refused,
saying they were Christians.

Finding he could not succeed, he
thought perhaps they were afraid lest
some one should see them drink and tell
the missionary, and that if they could
take it on the sly they would drink as
heretofore. Knowing the road they would
take home, he put a small jug of whiskey
by the side of the Indian trail at the
edge of a sloping bank, and hid him-
self in the bushes beneath, thinking to
enjoy the sport of seeing them drink
when all alone.

At length they came along in Indian
file. Suddenly the first one stopped and
exclaimed:

"O, mah-je - mum - e-doo sah-oomah
ahyah!" "Lo, the evil spirit (the devil)
is here!"

The second, on coming up, said: "Aahe,
nebeje - mahmamsah." "Yes, we smell
him."

The third shook the keg with his foot
and said: "Kagnit, nenoonahwahsah."
"Of a truth we hear him."

The fourth Indian, coming up, gave
the keg a kick, and away went the fire-
water tumbling down the hill.

The four then went on their way like
brave Christian warriors, leaving the
mortified white heathen to take up his
keg and drink the devil himself.—E. R.
Young.

RIGHT USE OF WORDS.

Jerry would use slang. He said it
didn't make any difference what words
he used, so people understood what he
meant to say. Jerry was mistaken. It
does make a great deal of difference
about the words that we use, and the
way we speak them. When Peter de-
nied Jesus of Galilee, he was told that
his speech betrayed him. Our words
reveal ourselves. They tell of our edu-
cation, habits of thought, our age, and
our country.

Daniel Webster, who was a master of
language, made a daily study of words,
that he might use only clear strong ones
to express his thoughts.

Lord Chesterfield, known as one of the
most polished talkers of England, was
asked how he acquired such a command
of language. He replied that early in
life he determined not to speak one word
in conversation which was not the fittest
he could recall. And he charged his son
never to give the commonest order to a
servant but in the best language he could
find, and in the best tone.

If the masters of the English language
thought so much care necessary in the
use of words, surely the study of words
and the correct use of them ought to be
worthy of our closest attention.—Sel.

STRENGTH IN CONFESSION.

Miss Havergal once said: "Soon
after I became a Christian, I was
sent away to a boarding school.
Judge of my surprise when I found
that I was the only Christian in the
school. My first thought was: 'I
cannot confess Christ before all these
worldly girls. I can be a Christian
just the same.' My second thought
was: 'Since I am the only one to
represent Christ in the school, it is all
the more reason I should confess him
at once.' And I did, and gained
great strength and blessedness in so
doing."—Western Christian Advocate.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

UNCLE BOB'S NUGGETS.

It is time enough to put off things until
tomorrow when you go to bed at night.

Boys, of all things, be kind. Consider-
ation of others and right treatment of
those boys younger and smaller than you
are will bring a reward multiplied. Every
human being appreciates these two things.

There is an old axiom: Life is what
you make it. You can make your own
life miserable if you decree to do so, but
you have no right to make other's lives
miserable.

Remember this, my young girl friend,
you have a great deal yet to learn if you
get the idea into your head that you
know it all.

A little girl, or a large one for that
matter, who is just either, "crazy to
dance" might be tied a little tighter to her
mother's apron strings, for fear that some
asylum may get her. These "crazy-to-
dance" and "hopping mad" girls are sore-
ly afflicted truly.

I copy the following from an old paper:
A blind wood-sawyer's wife says she never
saw him see, but she often goes to see
him saw."

This is inserted in these columns with-
out any comment. In fact it needs none:
"She was dressed smartly, and when she
met a little urchin carrying a bird's nest
with eggs in it, she said: 'You are a
wicked boy; how could you rob that nest!
No doubt the poor mother is now griev-
ing for the loss of her eggs.' 'Oh, she
don't care,' answered the boy, edging
away, 'she's on your hat.'"

Do you want to possess wisdom, young
man? Then don't tell all you know, but
if you will do so, then talk to yourself.

To tell one tiny little lie often requires
a whole regiment of big ones to hide it,
and then—ah, then—your good Lord
heard all of them.—Baltimore Methodist.

DOING AND BEING.

A young girl had been trying to do
something very good, and had not suc-
ceeded very well. Her friend hearing
her complaint, said:

"God gives us many things to do, but
don't you think He gave us something to
be just as well?"

"Oh, dear! tell me about being," said
Marion, looking up. "I will think about
being if you will help me."

Her friend answered:

"God says:
"Be kindly affectionate one to another."
"Be ye also patient."
"Be ye also thankful."
"Be ye not conformed to this world."
"Be ye therefore perfect."
"Be not wise in your own conceit."
"Be not overcome with evil."

Marion listened, but made no reply.
Twilight grew, into darkness. The tea
bell sounded, bringing Marion to her feet.

In the firelight Eliza, both could see that
she was very serious. "I'll have a better
day tomorrow; I see the doing grows out
of being."

We cannot be what God loves without
doing what He commands. It is easier
to do with a rush than to be patient, or
unselfish, or humble, or just, or watchful."
"I think it is," returned Marion.—
Selected.

Certain European countries have
laws against desertion which appear
to be worthy of trial in the United
States. Under their operation a de-
serting husband is sentenced to prison
at hard labor. The state or munici-
pality allows a daily wage for his
work, but instead of paying it to
him pays it to his family. It is said
that when a man once finds that he
cannot escape the support of his
family, he prefers to labor outside,
rather than inside, the prison walls.

But in an event swearing is awful.
The proof is to be found in the crawling
repulsion felt when a woman swears.—Sel.

"Be thou mine eyes, that they may see
The good in man, not his iniquity;

Be thou my hands, dear Lord, that
they may be

Thy minister to some one needing me."

—MARY ANDERSON.

Men should give expression to their
religious emotions, for if they restrain
these they will soon have none.