

For the Home

WELCOME!

Welcome, Lover of my soul!
See, my heart doth open wide;
Enter, and possess the whole,
Enter, cleanse, and then abide.

Welcome, Jesus! claim thine own,
All for Jesus let me be;
Long the world has held the throne,
Bid each base usurper flee.

Welcome! let the crimson tide,
Through my soul in power now flow;
Let the stream from thy dear side,
Wash me whiter than the snow.

Welcome, holy Three in One!
Seal me with the Spirit's seal;
Father, hear thine only Son,
And love's mystery reveal.

Welcome! when earth's skies are bright,
And the birds are full of song;
Thou alone art cloudless light,
And thy footsteps, praise prolong.

Welcome! when sore trials press,
None can sympathize like thee;
In the night of dire distress,
Thou my song and shield wilt be.

Welcome! in temptation's hour,
Thou wilt make a way for me;
I will hasten to my tower,
I'll escape, by thee set free.

Welcome! when my sun sinks low,
Sinks on earth to rise no more;
May I hear, in music's flow,
"Welcome!" from the other shore.

"Welcome!" O, the Bridegroom's voice,
I shall hear it soon I know;
Downward floats a strain, "Rejoice!"
How it soothes my path below!

"Welcome!" see the gates swing wide,
Hear the song the ransomed sing:
"Welcome, to the blood-washed Bride,
Of our Everlasting King!"

ABBIE MILLS.

ARTIFICIAL CHRISTIANITY.

This has been developed now to such a high pitch of perfection as to require close spiritual scrutiny for its detection. Genuine Christianity consists of two parts—divine love in the heart and life, and supernatural gifts for its promulgation. The imitation article is made up of humanitarianism, or mere philanthropy, and human accomplishments for its extension. The popularity of the latter and the obsolescence of the former, are due to causes similar to those which explain why so few real seal skin coats are worn, and so many silk plush in imitation. It is a matter of cost and scarcity. Artificial Christianity is obtained at a much less original outlay than the genuine, and human short-sightedness don't stop to consider how much longer the real will last, or that it is adapted to all seasons or climates, and (in the spiritual world) never gets out of fashion. Pure religion is cheaper in the long run, but old carnality cannot afford it, and yet feels he must have something to make him respectable, and so gets the artificial substitute and advises others to do the same.

There are two tests by which the genuineness or the artificiality of Christianity may be determined. The first is the test of the cross. The artificial seeks to praise Christ, without sufficiently honoring his blood. It exalts his life and makes his death only an incident, whereas the Christianity of the Bible recognizes that he took upon him our form and likeness for the express purpose of the suffering of death. That is, his death was the main thing with his life only an incident thereto. In like manner artificial Christianity despises the cross which kills self. It preserves, pampers and parades self-life, and comes under the woe pronounced upon those who, saving their lives, lose them.

The second test of Christianity,

whether it be real or artificial, is the test of the Spirit. The artificial has found a "practical" side which is superior to the experimental in religion. It has found that culture and civilization abrogate the necessity of conviction. It discovers in religious training and education that which removes any necessity of the new birth. Indeed, it has unearthed a natural germ of goodness in the soil of man's own heart, which only needs rain and sunshine to develop it. And as for any such thing as baptism with the Holy Ghost or a second epochal experience, it denounces that as fanaticism of the worst sort. But genuine Christianity is both conscious and confident of the personality, presence and power of the Holy Ghost. It is confessedly dependent upon him for both grace and gifts. It publishes and presses the new birth for every believer of every age. It has and heralds the witness of the Spirit. It believes in and follows divine guidance. It apprehends the baptism with the Holy Ghost as the necessity and privilege of every Christian. Its supreme ambition and closest caution is that the Holy Ghost may have right of way in the individual and in the congregation. It experiences his indwelling and evidences the power of the Holy Ghost to the subordination and subservience of all human, natural and acquired gifts.

HELP IN NEED.

A poor woman sat upon the steps of a dark prison weeping bitterly over the sentence of a ruined son.

"What aileth thee, sister?" said a gentleman, stopping before her, taking her hand kindly in his.

"My heart is broken, sir," she replied.

"Can I do anything for you?"

"No, sir; nothing."

"Well, God can help you, and I will go home and ask him to do it," said the gentleman. It was a little thing he did. It neither clothed nor fed the poor woman, but that one sweet word, "Sister" fell like healing oil upon her wounded spirit. She arose strengthened, and went to her lowly home. When she knelt to tell her Saviour her sorrows, she felt that some one had been there before her. His prayer was answered, her spirit was calmed.

That was an effectual way of extending help to the sorrow-stricken woman, and you may do likewise. If you have not money to give, go home and tell God about the case, and the one bending low at his feet, may be lifted up, wonderfully lifted up.

LIKE CHRIST.

It is said, one day, the wife of Dr. Judson, thinking to amuse him, read to him some newspaper notices, in which he was compared to one or other of the apostles. He was exceedingly distressed, and then he added, "Nor do I want to be like them. I do not want to be like Paul, nor Apollos, nor Cephas, nor any mere man. I want to be like Christ. We have only one perfectly safe Exemplar—only One, who, tempted like as we are in every point was yet without sin. I want to follow him only; to copy his teachings, drink in his Spirit, place my feet in his footprints, and measure their short-comings by these alone. O, to be more like Christ!"

Such are the aspirations of a truly holy man. Not like Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, but like Christ, and Him only. Is your soul thus desiring,

To follow the heavenly Lamb,
And after His image aspire?

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Many dear ones wonder why their children are so unruly, and they spend much time in worrying over it, and in prayer for God to make them good and obedient children, they forget that God requires them to do something. Solomon says, "Withhold not correction from the child; for if thou beatest him with the rod, he shall not die. Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shall deliver his soul from hell" (Prov. 23: 13, 14). "Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying" (Prov. 16: 18). "The rod and reproof give wisdom: but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame. Correct thy son, and he shall give thee rest; yea, he shall give delight unto thy soul" (Prov. 29: 15-17).

Not even we as God's children escape correction, and it is necessary for the human family to be thus governed. It is God's wise and holy plan: "But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards and not sons. Furthermore, we have fathers of our flesh who corrected us, and we gave them reverence: shall we not much rather be in subjection to the Father of Spirits and live?" We fully believe that a departure on this line from God's holy Word is to fail to obey the words, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," and the lack of this is what brings the state of disobedience spoken of in 2 Tim. 3: 1-4.—*Com.*

EVIL-DOERS HATE THE LIGHT.

"For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds shall be reprobated." (John 3: 20.)

The first thing Adam did after he became a sinner was to try and hide from God, and the history of the act is still repeating itself all around the world every time the clock ticks. The first characteristic of sin is that it hates light. Putting a screen in the saloon door is the devil's confession that he is ashamed of the business. The moment a man becomes a rogue he hates a policeman, and trembles in his boots whenever one looks him in the face. Nothing is more natural than for the man who steals to want to keep as far away as he can from the court house.

A homely woman has never yet been convinced that there is such a thing as a perfect looking-glass, and for the same reason the more wicked a man is, the more ready he is to declare that the Bible is not true. When you see a workman frowning behind the back of the inspector, you may know that he has not been doing honest work; and when the Bible is neglected or disregarded, it is because there is something in the heart that is at war with the Sermon on the Mount. There may be a handsomely bound copy of the holy book on the parlor centre table, but its commandments are not the standard of conducting daily life.

There may be an intellectual assent to some of its doctrines, but the Christ who was and is the Living Word, is not made welcome in heart.—*Ram's Horn.*

Do not feel troubled because you are in the minority. Noah was in the minority, but he came out of the flood all right. Lot was in a very small minority in Sodom, but he escaped the fire. Our Lord and his disciples were in a small minority in Palestine, but he started a flame of ever-increasing power that is destined to envelop the earth. Be sure you are right, and calmly stand alone if need be.—*Way of Faith.*

Temperance

AND OTHER TOPICS. Selected.

HOW MY BOY WENT DOWN.

It was not on the field of battle,
It was not with a ship at sea;
But a fate far worse than either
That stole him away from me.
'Twas the death in the ruby wine-cup,
That the reason and senses drown;
He drank the alluring poison,
And thus my boy went down.

Down from the heights of manhood,
To the depth of disgrace and sin;
Down to the worthless being,
From the hopes of what might have been;
For the brand of a beast besotted,
He bartered his manhood's crown;
Through the gate of a sinful pleasure
My poor, weak boy went down.

'Tis only the same old story
That mothers so often tell,
With accents of infinite sadness,
Like the tones of a funeral bell.
But I never thought once when I heard it
I should learn all its meaning myself;
I thought he'd be true to his mother,
I thought he'd be true to himself.

But alas for my hopes, all delusion!
Alas for his youthful pride;
Alas! who are safe when danger
Is open on every side?
O, can nothing destroy this great evil?
No bar in their pathway be thrown,
To save from the terrible maelstrom
The thousands of boys going down?

—Selected.

Mrs. Cleveland has joined the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Miss Willard and a few of her friends who were attending the National Council of Women at Washington had the honor of welcoming the mistress of the White House into the order. Mrs. Cleveland signed the constitution, then Miss Willard kissed her and pinned a badge of snow-white ribbon upon her breast. Then the ladies shook hands all round. Mrs. Cleveland appeared at one of the meetings of the National Council of Women wearing her white ribbon, and seemed to be proud of it.—*Christian Statesman.*

THE SELFISHNESS OF IT.

Although the air God made us to inhale comes sweet and pure, it is rendered sickening, impure and poisonous, by the smoke of tobacco.

The crowded streets in our large towns and cities are now so constantly polluted with tobacco smoke that they are hardly fit places for temperance men and women to walk.

Smokers (many of them) assume that other people are as fond of this smoke of the pit, that comes through their individual noses, as they are themselves. While temperance people have just as much natural right "to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" as they have, yet they will show little or no regard for the faces or feelings of the pure. They seem to take it for granted that clean people have no rights that tobacco-smokers "are bound to respect." "If you don't like it," they say, "get out of the way, or learn to smoke."

The tobacco habit, from beginning to end, is rooted and grounded in human selfishness. By selfishness men and boys are led into it; by selfishness they are stimulated to continue it; and they show their selfishness as long as they continue it.—*Tobacco Tornado.*

EVIL SPEAKING.

"I heard such a nice thing said of Rev. Mr. S—the other day," said Mrs. Brown to Mrs. Atwell. "I do so enjoy hearing nice things said about people."

"What was it, Mrs. Brown? I'm sure it would be hard to say anything

else about Mr. S.— He is so eloquent, and has such a voice and form."

"I heard an intimate friend say she had never heard him speak ill of a brother minister, or even criticise his sermons or his style."

"What is so wonderful about that? Doesn't the discipline, at least the old one, forbid speaking evil, especially of ministers? Then the Bible says, 'Speak evil of no man.'"

"True, yet how many remember it? Criticism is much more common than kind words, and often a good man's influence is destroyed by the careless words of a brother minister."

"I hope we aren't speaking evil, Sister Brown. If I detest anything it's that. And I do hope that the 'nice thing' you heard about Bro. S— will get to be so common as not to excite notice. It must be a depraved taste that enjoys hearing absent ones spoken against. Of course it is mere thoughtlessness. They cannot be jealous or censorious."

"Well, Mrs. Atwell, the quality of the sin, for it is a sin, is much the same in minister or lay member; only it grates more on our feelings when we hear it from a minister. We expect better things, just as the sin of profanity or drunkenness shocks us more in a woman. I do not believe there is sex in sin, and evil speaking is only evil, wherever we hear it."—*Mrs. E. J. Richmond.*

THE LORD'S POCKET-BOOK.

"Whose pocket-book is that which you carry?" said a friend to a business man, as he drew a well-filled wallet from his pocket.

"Why, my own, of course. Whose else could it be?" was the prompt reply.

"To whom the pocket-book belongs depends on another question. If you belong to the Lord, I guess the purse is his also."

"Well," said the man thoughtfully, "I hope I do belong to the Lord, but your remark throws a new light on this subject. It never impressed me before as it does just now, that I am to carry and use this pocket-book, 'my pocket-book,' as my Lord directs. I must think this matter out, for I confess honestly I never have looked at it in the light in which you place it."—*The Christian Giver.*

A SPIRIT WITHOUT GRACE.

Matthew Henry says, "A spirit without the grace of God is a field without a fence, and a fool without understanding; it is a horse without a bridle, and a house without furniture; it is a soldier without armor, and a cloud without rain; it is a carcass with a soul, a tree without fruit, and a traveller without a guide."

A dark picture indeed—a graceless soul—poor, weak, degraded, helpless! But an infusion of divine grace can change the whole scene.

It is seldom that the Holy Ghost and a kitchen get on well in the same church.—*Ram's Horn.*

To receive members wearing gold, feathers, etc., into a church to reform them afterward, is too much like the fatal step of a girl marrying a drunkard to reform him. God's order is: Reform first, union afterward.—*J. F. W.*

Dr. A. Clarke says, "What marrow is to the support and strength of the bones, and the bones to the support and strength of the body, that faith in God is to the support, strength, energy and salvation of the soul." "Faith," the apostle says, "is the substance of things hoped for;" or, as the same distinguished writer says, "the subsistence"—it is the soul-sustaining principle, nourishing even unto eternal life.