

## ARE YOU REFINED?

Julia A. Shelhamer

Occasionally in our travels, we meet with cultured people. This is very refreshing for such persons are few. We know them by a number of little signs, one of which is their ability to control their tongues and to refrain from evil speaking. I have looked with curious admiration upon some such persons, who, it seemed, could not be induced by love or money to drop one word, tone or gesture that would reflect upon another.

I have in mind a dentist's wife and a banker and a minister. Then I remember one of my university professors, who though a fellow teacher was blameworthy, refused to drop a word that would reflect upon him. That was true greatness. Then I recall to mind a doctor and a lawyer and a few others of this stamp; but I am ashamed to own that I have friends who profess great grace but who are not thus cultured. They are highly educated and are considered great but they lack true refinement. They can butcher another's name as glibly as they can name the name of Christ. Some of them are excellent Sunday School teachers and gospel workers, but naturally are lacking in Divine Power.

We have known of able ministers of the Gospel, who were handicapped by a lack of tongue control. Having been a member of the stationing committee of a certain Methodist annual conference we have discovered to our sorrow that some able pastors were kept from occupying high positions and the best pulpits because their wives were so unrefined that they occasionally mentioned the failings of others.

Personally, I believe that all missionary boards should refuse to send out any more missionaries until they give them good proof that they never backbite or speak evil of a fellow missionary.

We have visited a large number of mission fields and some of them are literally riddled by the devil's shotgun of evil-speaking.

Tattlers' minds and souls have not been properly trained in culture and God looks at them as shallow, mentally and spiritually.

It is hard to live with such and they can never be trusted as true friends. He who can control his tongue can control his whole body and can control others.

One who speaks of the faults of another, may have been converted at one time but just how much grace he has retained heaven only knows. Wesley says that a sanctified person "cannot speak evil of his neighbor any more than he can lie or steal for love keeps the door of his lips."

Evil-speaking is always prompted by some motive. Examine your heart and see just why you said that unkind thing. Was it pride, conceit, revenge, envy, jealousy, selfishness or unbelief? Ask God to chase the hateful thing to its den and destroy every serpent that inhabits your bosom. Then and only then may you be trusted by God or man. Then and only then are you prepared for life or death.

When I run across one who tells me of another's faults, I try to make myself distant as soon as possible and study to avoid contacting such persons again. Why? For self protection; for it stands to reason that he who in my presence will backbite another, will in my absence likely talk about me.

Oh, for more real refinement and less hypocritical profession of Christianity.

If you are not naturally so cultured that you never reflect upon an absent one, then seek the experience of perfect Love, but at the peril of your soul, do not profess it until you are able

to hold your tongue.

There has been a curse on evil-speakers ever since King David prayed, "Let not an evil-speaker be established in the earth." Ps. 140:11.

On the other hand, a reward is offered those who can control the tongue. "To him that ordereth his conversation aright, will I show the salvation of God." Psa. 50:23.—The Sky Pilot.

## THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW

When Edward Dunbar was a small boy he lived in New Bedford, Mass., and worked in a factory. His mother lived at the foot of the street on which the factory was located, and as the lad's work kept him away till after dark, she always placed a light in the window to guide his footsteps homeward. One day the boy took a notion to go to sea, and off he went for a three years' cruise. During his absence his mother fell ill, and was at death's door. She talked incessantly about her boy, and every night she asked those around her to place a light in the window in anticipation of his return. When she realized that the end had come, she said: "Tell Edward that I will put a light in the window of heaven for him." These were her last words. The lad had grown to manhood ere he returned home, and his mother's dying message had such an effect upon him that he reformed. In the course of his reformation he wrote the song: "There's a Light in the Window for Thee, Brother." This hymn has done a great deal of good, and has no doubt led many people to see the light in the window of heaven for them. The sad part of the story is that Dunbar himself fell into sin again, and became a poor vagabond upon the face of the earth. He died in jail where he had begged lodgings in a Kansas town, and some Christian people erected a marble slab over his grave, on which these words were inscribed: "Here lies Edward Dunbar, who wrote 'There's a Light in the Window for Thee, Brother.'" It is not enough that we see the light and turn toward it, we must endure patiently unto the end. The crown is promised to the man who overcomes. "Hold fast that thou hast, that no man take thy crown."—Selected.

## THANKSGIVING

By Harold W. Freeze

Redeemed, lift up a radiant face  
To thank thy Saviour for His grace.  
O, bless Him in thine inmost heart  
That of Himself to thee a part  
He richly gives, and with thee lives;  
Nor can all time his love erase.

Praise Him that in this love he came—  
He heard thy prayer—and through His name  
Thy soul, once fettered, now is free.  
Rejoice, and in humility  
Give thanks each day! Unceasing pray  
For grace to guide and guard from shame.

No width there be since time began  
That God's great love hath failed to span;  
His mercy, boundless in its height,  
The soaring soul outspeeds in flight.  
There is no length beyond His strength,  
Nor depth unplumbed by grace, for man.

Yea, though the pen may strive to frame  
This raptured theme, or tongue proclaim  
The sphere of grace to loved ones known,  
Ah, little still could e'er be shown  
Of God above—His strength, His love—  
To-day and evermore the same.

Moncton, N. B.

## Temperance Column

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging. Whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. 1:20.

## THE HOUSE THAT BEER BUILT

Joe and Billy liked to watch Mr. Thompson, the carpenter, while he worked; and Mr. Thompson never grew impatient at having them around, as some men would. In fact, he seemed glad they were there.

"It's a big help you are, handin' me nails and things," he said.

One day they came while he was building a beautiful new house. The boys stood admiring the woodwork.

"When I'm grown, I'd like to have a house like this," declared Billy.

"It'd take a lot of money," objected Joe.

"Yes," agreed the carpenter. "This fine home has taken the savin's of years. Mr. Brown, the owner, doesn't have a large income,—he keeps a grocery—but he never drinks or smokes or gambles or wastes his money in any way. So now he's saved enough to leave the little house his family has outgrown, and build this nice place."

Joe looked thoughtful. "If he had drunk and smoked, I wonder what kind of a house he would have now?"

Mr. Thompson put down his tools. "I'll show you. Come to this back window and look across the alley. See that tumbledown shack? That's the kind of place he would have."

The boys whistled softly. "I'd hate to live there," declared Billy.

"So would he,—once. Now he's got to the place where he doesn't care. All he wants is drink—and more drink."

"Oh, did he used to have plenty?" asked Joe, wonderingly.

"Yes,—he was one of the richest men of this town—lots richer than our grocer who is building this house. But he drank up his fortune, including the fine place where he lived. He and his family were almost homeless, till his brother took pity on him and gave him that lot, an' a pile of old lumber for a shack. Even at that, his wife had to do a good part of the work puttin' it up. But she really didn't build it, or him, either,—I call it the House that Beer Built."

Billy gave the shack another look, then peeped inside. "I wonder," he mused, "how this nice, new house that Temperance built will like its ugly neighbor, the House that Beer Built?"—Agnes E. Volentine in The Church Herald.

CONVINCED OF SIN, YET  
FASCINATED BY IT

Prof. Charles Rice, the botanist, once had a most thrilling experience with a monster rattlesnake. He was on a botanical expedition with a fellow scientist, and was sleeping in an open tent. He was aroused from his slumbers, one morning, to find to his horror a large rattlesnake coiled on his chest with its head raised to strike at the least movement. While he realized his awful danger, the eyes of the snake seemed to fascinate him, and left him powerless to think or act in any way to save himself. The strain was so great that he mercifully swooned away, and his companion awakening discovered the snake and destroyed it.

There are many times when people are conscious of their sins, and yet are so fascinated by their evil habits that they seem powerless to break away from them, or crush them out of existence; but if we will pray to Christ we can have His help in delivering us from the deadly danger.—Selected.