

Family and Fireside.

Love For the Saved.

Traveling down the Ohio River on a steamer, a gentleman passenger's attention was called to the pilot, who was a coarse looking man. "The captain informed me," he said, "that recently, as the boat was going through the rapids, the pilot called him to take the helm. He had just seen a boy struggling for life in the rapids. He sprang into a mere skiff, and ventured himself among the boiling waters without an oar, and saved the boy. I went up to the brave man and spoke to him: 'Do you ever see the boy whom you saved?' 'Yes,' he answered, 'at every trip he comes down to the boat to see me.' 'And how do you feel when you see him?' 'More than I can tell you,' he replied, 'more intense interest than in any of my own seven at home, for whom I have run no risk.'"

How true is it that "there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth more than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance". How must Jesus regard those for whose rescue from everlasting death he has given his life? Will he not regard them with more interest than the angels for whom he runs no risk?—*Christian Witness.*

What Woman Does.

I am glad that there is not a page of the world's history which is not a record of female benevolence. God says to all lands and people, Come now and hear the widow's mite rattle down into the poor box. The Princess of Conti sold all her jewels that she might help the famine stricken. Queen Blanche, the wife of Louis VIII., of France, hearing that there were some persons unjustly incarcerated in the prisons, went out amidst the rabble and took a stick and struck the door as a signal that they might all strike it, and down went the prison door and out came the prisoners. Queen Maud, the wife of Henry I., went down amidst the poor and washed their sores and administered to them cordials. Mrs. Retson at Matagorda, appeared on the battle-field while the missiles of death were flying around, and cared for the wounded. Is there a man or woman who has ever heard of the civil war in America who has not heard of the women of the Sanitary and Christian commissions; or the fact that, before the smoke had gone up from Gettysburg and South Mountain, the women of the North met the women of the South on the battle-field, forgetting all their animosities while they bound up the wounded, and closed the eyes of the slain? Dorcas the benefactress.

I come now to speak of Dorcas the lamented. When death struck down that good woman, oh, how much sorrow there was in the town of Joppa! I suppose there were women here with larger fortunes; women, perhaps, with handsomer faces; but there was no grief at their departure like this at the death of Dorcas. There was no more turmoil and upturning in the Mediterranean Sea, dashing against the wharves of this seaport, than there were surging to and fro because Dorcas was dead. There are a great many who go out of life and are unmixed. There may be a very large funeral; there may be a great many carriages and a plumed hearse; there may be high sounding eulogiums; the bell may toll at the cemetery gate; there may be a very fine marble shaft reared over the resting place; but the whole thing may be a falsehood and a sham. The church of God has lost nothing, the world has lost nothing. It is only a nuisance abated; it is only a grumbler ceasing to find fault; it is only an idle-stopped yawning; it is only a designated fashionable sinner parted from his wine cellar; while on the other hand, no useful Christian leaves this world and is not missed. The church of God cries out like the prophet: "Howl, for the cedar has fallen." Widowhood comes and shows the garment which the departed had made.

Orphans are lifted up to look into the calm face of the sleeping benefactress. Reclaimed vagrancy comes and kisses the cold brow of her who charmed it away from sin, and all through the streets of Joppa there is mourning—mourning because Dorcas is dead.

When Josephine of France was carried out to her grave, there were a great many men and women of pomp and pride and position that went out after her; but I am most affected by the story of history that on that day there were ten thousand of the poor of France who followed her coffin, weeping and wailing until the air rang again, because when they lost Josephine, they lost their last earthly friend. O, who would not rather have such obsequies than all the tears that were ever poured in the lachrymals that have been exhumed from ancient cities. There may be no costly sarcophagus; there may be no elaborate mausoleum; but in the damp cellar of the city, and through the lonely huts of the mountain glen, there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, because Dorcas is dead. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."—*Talmage.*

Fearless Preaching.

A fearless preacher against popular sins commands, in the long run, the popular ear and the popular heart. Let the career of a Scudder in Brooklyn, a Tyng in New York, a Barnes in Philadelphia, a Kirk in Boston and a Hatfield in Chicago testify to this fact. The leading part LaFayette Avenue Church (Brooklyn) has taken lately in the temperance reform, has made its congregations more thronged and its spiritual life more vigorous than ever. The minister who brings God's Word to bear against the great sins of the time, must be heard and will be felt. He may repel a few trimmers and time-servers; he may awaken some bad passions in the self-indulgent and the lovers of their lusts; but he attracts to him the warm-hearted, the philanthropic, the spiritually-minded. Drunkards' wives will persuade their husbands to come and hear him. Mothers well rejoice to place their sons under his faithful ministry. The benevolent will co-operate with such an earnest advocate of Christian reform. The masses love and honor a bold defender of the right. It is not the man who drifts with the current of evil, but he who, like the sure anchored rock, stems the current, that is sure to arrest the popular attention and command the popular heart.—*Dr. Cuyler in Christian at Work.*

The First Prayer in Congress.

In Thacher's Military Journal, under date of December, 1777, is found a note containing the identical first prayer in Congress, made by Rev. Jacob Duché, a gentleman of great eloquence. Here it is—a historical curiosity:

O Lord, our heavenly Father, high and almighty King of kings, and Lord of lords, who dost from Thy throne behold all the dwellers of the earth, and reignest with power supreme and uncontrolled, over all the kingdoms, empires and governments! Look down in mercy, we beseech Thee, on these American States, who have fled to Thee from the rod of the oppressor and thrown themselves, on Thy gracious protection, desiring to be henceforth dependent on only Thee. To thee they have appealed for the righteousness of their cause; to Thee do they now look up for that continuance and support which Thou alone canst give. Take them, therefore, Heavenly Father, under Thy nurturing care.

Give them wisdom in council and valor in the field. Defeat the malicious design of our adversaries; convince them of the unrighteousness of their cause, and if they still persist in sanguinary purposes, oh, let the voice of Thine own unerring justice, sounding in their hearts, constrain them to drop the weapons of war from their unnerved hands in the day of battle. Be Thou present, O God of wisdom, and direct the council of this honorable

assembly. Enable them to settle things on the best and surest foundation that the scenes of blood may be speedily closed, and order, harmony and peace may be effectually restored, and truth and justice, religion and piety, prevail and flourish amongst thy people.

Preserve the health of their bodies and the vigor of their minds; shower down upon them and the millions they here represent, such temporal blessings as thou seest expedient for them in this world, and crown them with everlasting glory in the world to come.

All this we ask in the name and through the merits of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Savior. Amen.

Cares.

"I had often wondered at myself and sometimes mentioned it to others, that ten thousand cares of various kinds were no more weight or burden to my mind than ten thousand hairs were to my head. Perhaps I began to ascribe something of this to my own strength. And thence it might be that suddenly that strength was withheld, and I felt what it was to be troubled about many things. One and another hurrying me continually. It weighed upon my spirit more and more: till I found it necessary to fly for my life and that without delay. So the next day I took a horse and rode away to Bristol.

As soon as we came into the house at Bristol, my soul was lightened of her load, of that insufferable weight which had been upon my mind, more or less for several days.

On Sunday several of our friends from Wales, and other parts, joined with us in the great sacrifice of thanksgiving. And every day we found more cause to praise God and to give him thanks for his still increasing benefits."

Wanted! Large Salary Offered.

1. A GOSPEL, that will at the same time comfort the giddy worldling and the true saint.
2. Preachers and evangelists who will get men converted and into heaven without "hurting anybody's feelings", or awaking any opposition.
3. A holiness that will permit its possessors to eat, drink, dress, and live, "just as other folks do", and at the same time please God, and stand the test of his word, death, judgment and eternity.

A large sum will be given any one who will supply the above wants. Many have tried to satisfy them, and been paid large salaries for their services, but in every instance they have finally failed.

Address, Mr. Awakened Professor, Empty Profession Street, City of Worldliness, Land of Formality.—*Christian Witness.*

The Message for Papa.

One Sabbath evening a father called his children around him and asked them what they had learned at the school that day. He was not a Christian man himself, but he had a pious wife, and the children always went to Sunday-school. In their own simple way the little ones began to tell what the teacher had been saying of the beautiful home in heaven that Jesus had left because of his love for sinners. Nellie, the youngest, had crept upon her father's knee, and looking full in his face, she said: "Jesus must have loved us very much to do that; don't you love him for it, father?" Then they went on to describe the Savior; how he was betrayed by Judas, and led before the high priest and Pilate; how the wicked soldiers crowned him with thorns and mocked and scourged and buffeted him; and again the little one looked up and said, with tears in her eyes: "Don't you love him for that, father?" At last the children came to tell the dreadful death of Jesus on the cross; and once more little Nellie looked up in her father's face and said the third time: "Now, don't you love him, father?" The father could not bear any more; he put his little girl down and went away to hide his tears, for the words

had gone home to his heart. Soon after he became a true Christian, and he said that little Nellie's questions had had more effect upon him than the most powerful preaching he had ever heard in his life.—*Exchange.*

Doing No Harm.

The story has been told of a soldier who was missed amid the bustle of a battle and no one knew what had become of him, but they knew that he was not in the ranks.

As soon as opportunity offered, his officer went in search of him, and, to his surprise, found that the man, during the battle, had been amusing himself in a flower garden.

When it was demanded what he did there, he excused himself by saying, "Sir, I am doing no harm." But he was tried, convicted and shot!

What a sad but true picture this is of many who waste their time and neglect their duty, and who can give no better answer than, "Lord, I am doing no harm."

Victory of Faith.

A man, advanced in years, who had served the Lord faithfully, was asked, when near his end, if he had any doubt.

"Doubts!" he answered; "how can I have doubts? I have the eternal promise."

"Have you any darkness?"

"How can I have darkness? I dwell in the sunshine of his glorious countenance."

"Are you afraid to die?"

"Afraid to die! No; death will be my birthday in the palace of glory."

There is here no "dread of something after death", but a "hope big with immortality". And such an end comes to him who has "lost the fear of death through the blood of the Lamb".

Add.

We have seen somewhere "St. Peter's Chain," linked and wedded together in this way: Faith may become feeble; therefore, add virtue. Virtue may become rash; therefore, add knowledge. Knowledge may become conceited; add temperance. Temperance may become ascetic; add patience. Patience may become stoical; add godliness. Godliness may become morose; add brotherly kindness. Brotherly kindness may become bigoted; add charity. This links faith, the foundation, with charity, the cap-stone.—*Anonymous.*

A Judge Pays a Prisoner's Fine.

"A criminal was brought before a Scottish judge, charged with a grave violation of the law, the penalty of which was a fine not exceeding \$500, or imprisonment until the fine was paid. As the poor, miserable criminal was brought in, he looked at the judge and at once a bright smile took possession of his hitherto dejected countenance. It was also noticed that as the judge regarded the prisoner, a slight flash of recognition crossed his face. From that moment the prisoner seemed to lose all anxiety. Witness after witness was called, and the case clearly proved, and now it was time for the judge to pronounce the sentence, yet the prisoner seemed to have no fear of the result. The judge and he had been school-fellows and close companions. The one by his energy had attained an honorable position on the bench, but the other went down step by step in the path of sin until he came to the criminal docket. The prisoner was called and condemned to pay a fine of \$500 and to be imprisoned until it was paid. As the prisoner heard it, he murmured, 'My old friend does not know me.' The officers removed him, and as soon as he was gone the judge said to the clerk of the court, 'Make out the prisoner's discharge; I will pay the fine.' He paid when the day's business was finished, and then he hastened after his old friend, and, seizing him by the hand, said, 'O Donald!—and there was tenderness in his voice as he continued—'when I was on the bench I was the representative of the law and must be just, but here is your discharge; I have

paid the fine. Come home with me till I can see what can be done for you.' (Sinners, if we stand before the law we must be condemned. God must condemn sin, but He has found a substitute, even in Jesus Christ. For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.)—*Sci.*

Two Blind Men.

There were once in Rome two blind men; one of whom cried in the streets of the city: "He is helped whom God helps;" the other, on the contrary, cried: "He is helped whom the emperor helps." This they did every day, and the emperor heard it so often that he had a loaf of bread baked and filled with golden pieces.

This gold-filled loaf he sent to the blind man who appealed to the emperor's help. When he felt the heavy weight of the bread he sold it to the other beggar as soon as he met him. The blind man who bought the bread carried it home. When he had broken it, and found the gold, he thanked God, and from that day ceased to beg. But the other continued to beg through the city; so the emperor summoned him to his presence and asked him, "What hast thou done with the loaf that I lately sent you?" "I sold it to my friend because it was heavy and did not seem well risen." Then the emperor said, "Truly he whom God helps is helped indeed," and turned the blind man from him.—*Kind Words.*

Temperance.

Iowa's Decreased Crime.

The criminal statistics of Iowa are published biennially, and the report for 1888 is not yet ready, for it is waiting for the 1889 report. But through the courtesy of Secretary of State Frank D. Jackson, the *Voice* is enabled to present the official figures for ten months of 1888 that have especial bearing upon the liquor question. These are given below, comparisons being made with the figures for the five previous years:

Total convictions in the state: 1880, 1,081; 1881, 1,370; 1882, 1,470; 1883, 1,377; 1884, 1,592; 1885, 1,339; 1886, 1,645; 1887, 1,520; 1888, 838.

Total expenses of counties on account of criminal prosecutions, not including fees of District Attorneys: 1880, \$313,141.10; 1881, \$358,535.50; 1882, \$401,431.18; 1883, \$361,173.78; 1884, \$379,580.81; 1885, \$413,349.77; 1886, \$421,024.31; 1887, \$282,877.66; 1888, \$300,424.06.

Population: 1880, 1,624,615; 1885, 1,753,980; 1888 (estimated), 2,000,000.

The prohibitory law of Iowa went into effect, nominally, in July, 1885, but the series enforcement did not begin until 1887, after the passage of the Clark act. The effect was immediately seen in a decrease in the number of convictions for crime and in a very large decrease in the aggregate amount expended for criminal prosecutions. On the basis of the official statistics for ten months of 1888, there were fewer convictions for crime than in any former year for eight years, notwithstanding the large increase in population, so beneficial had been the result of prohibition.

More interesting still is an official statement from Secretary Jackson in reference to the empty jails of Iowa. He writes:

"Of the ninety-nine counties in Iowa, in 1888, there are fifty-five which reported no commitments to county jails."—*N. Y. Voice.*

King of Poisons.

"Alcohol drinking must be called alcohol poisoning. You can't speak of a temperance use. It is nothing but a poisoning business right through from beginning to end. It is a poison that takes the active substance from the nerve tissue. It licks the nitrogen from the ganglia of the brain and the nerve-cells wherever and whenever it comes in contact with them. It