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# Kind Words Only

Selected

1 How like music o'er the waters,  
 How like sunshine on the sea,  
 How like morning's brightest day-beams  
 Comes a kindly word to me!

2 When my life-cares make me weary,  
 When my soul is racked with pain,  
 Lo! a word of kindness greets me,  
 And my heart grows glad again.

3 O! this life is full of sunshine,  
 Full of sunshine every day,  
 And unless we watch for shadows  
 They fall not athwart our way.

4 O, how bright would be earth's pathways,  
 And how like the world above,  
 Were our word all "words of kindness," and our deeds all "deeds of love!"

In the worst time there is more cause to  
 complain of an evil heart than of an  
 evil world [Fleming]

From Laws of Life  
 " They clasp the hand of heavenly Fate  
 Who live and die for Truth;  
 On them the holy Angels wait  
 In realms of endless youth.  
 Upon their graves the grass is green  
 In everlasting bloom,  
 And love and blessing make the sheen  
 Of glory round the tomb."

Cowper  
 Says, He is the freeman whom truth makes free  
 And all are slaves beside

## What to Drink

The Lily drinks the sunlight, The Primrose drinks the dew,  
 The Cowslip sips the running brook, The Hyacinth, heaven's blue;  
 The Peaches quaff the dawn-light, The Pears the autumn noon,  
 The Apple-blossoms drink the rain, And the first warm air of June.

The Wind-flower and the Violet Draw in the April breeze,  
 And Sun, and rain, and hurricane Are the tipples of the trees;  
 But not a bud nor greenling, From the Flycop on the wall  
 To the Cedar of Mount Lebanon, Is steeped in alcohol.

From the earth's emerald basin, From the blue sky's sapphire bowl,  
 No living thing of root or wing Partakes that deadly dole.  
 I'll quaff the Lily's Nectar, I'll sip of the Cowslip's cup,  
 I'll drink the showers the sun, the breeze, But Never the poisoned drop.  
 Selected

## Selected from the Day Star

Some people appear to have been "born in the objective case" They appear to be the happiest when they are unhappy themselves or making others ~~un~~happy. "Nothing ever quite pleases them except what they do themselves. The suggestions of others are always unwise or impracticable. Their mission in all meetings for discussions is to differ from others, and criticise what has been done, they do so either in public or <sup>in</sup> private company which is wrong. They do good in the world, if at all, by being thorns in the flesh of their friends and those among whom they live and work. Whether this is <sup>an</sup> enviable use to make of one's life may be questioned."

# The effect of Evolution on Religion

By H W Beecher

"For a long time evolution was contested, it was reluctantly received <sup>and</sup> finally embraced, but now embraced with contradictory results. The foremost thinkers of England differ from those of Germany. Herbert Spencer, the typical man of English thought, and Ernst Haeckel the typical man of German thought differ very widely. I think the foremost thinkers of England seem to be growing toward a spiritual center, and those of the Continent toward a material center. The English school seems to repudiate with growing intensity that materialism which is accepted on the Continent and pronounces it gross, dangerous. They refuse to go further at present, though many of them show themselves to be impatient of camping out permanently on that ground. I should not wonder to find in Herbert Spencer, should

his life be spared, the ablest defender of the essential elements of Christianity that has arisen ~~in~~ many days. Is evolution going to tear the Church up by the roots? Is it going to destroy the pulpit? Is it going to overturn all those great spiritual truths on which ~~character~~ has been hitherto founded? Is it going materially to affect the Church favorably or unfavorably? Favorably. One of the achievements of evolution will be that there will be absolute liberty.

The Church needs no such elements as have been hitherto accounted necessary by ecclesiastical tribunal.

It inheres in the spiritual liberty of mankind to group themselves together for a higher life in God.

The peculiar mission of the Church is to take care that there shall be an organization that shall form moral character and conduct in the community. No evolutionary doctrine can take away from

mankind the necessity of an institution that will  
 develop mankind. But evolution will make changes.  
 It will bring about a circumscription or a reduction  
 of the externalities of the Church. It certainly will put  
 them in a different light. I think the time will come  
 very soon when the central element in the Church  
 will be spirituality in men. A man may be a  
 model of all that Christ would have in a man, but if  
 his views of Church organizations or ordinances do not  
 occur with the doctrines of the Church itself he is not  
 admitted, and children look at him, and wonder  
 if such a man, who do not believe in the Church  
 will go to heaven. "There will also be a cure of the  
 despotism of the Church, and its conceit. No safety  
 out of the Church; no covenant safety for an unbaptized  
 child" - These things are passing away. No grace  
 that comes to a man of his own choice and endeavor,



more that does not come thro' an ordinance and a priest - a monopoly of God's spirit in the hands of men in Church connection - these things will be exploded. With the passing away of these despotic claims and tendencies there will be a gradual cure of the quarrelsome-ness of the Churches. They are already growing in unity. The outside work of the different sects is bringing them together, and what a surprise it is for a Protestant minister to find that a Catholic priest has no hoofs or horns, while I don't wonder that it seems strange to the Catholic priest, to find a robust and healthy piety outside of the Church. The whole aspect of religion is becoming more beautiful, more loving, more genial. Theology is not half so blackfaced as it was. Men apologize now for preaching doctrines that once they preached with the thunder of God as they supposed. Religion is itself

developing a spirit of enjoyment, and that old conceit, that the business of a Christian was to be unhappy here in order to be happy in heaven, is being swept out. Entertainments are being given in churches.

Why, this platform has seen things that would have made John Knox shiver! To have seen a Sunday-school picnic would have made John Calvin run, crying 'Horror'! With all its faults is there any thing that would fill the void of the Church should sink? But is not this condition of affairs in the Church one of evidences of evolution?

Is there any danger that the pulpit and preaching will be injuriously affected by the progress of evolution? That it will in some respects be changed and bettered I cannot doubt. It is necessary to the human race and it walks with evolution. A true preacher is one that lives for his fellow men. A minister

That is merely a scientific professor is no minister  
 of the Gospel. Evolution is not going to take away  
 either the grandeur of the idea of the ministry,  
 or the necessity of it to the human race. But  
 there will be other changes that will make the  
 ministry not only necessary, but far more power-  
 ful than it has <sup>ever</sup> been. I believe there is a rising upon  
 the world a view of God that men will not willingly  
 let die; but a father God, watching, caring, bearing  
 bearing burdens, whose very life it is to take care of  
 life and to carry it on from stage to stage - this  
 thought of God will quench utterly the lurid light  
 of atheism; and we are coming soon to the time  
 when we shall be so assailed by atheistic philosophies  
 that men will be forced back upon a nobler view of  
 God, and there will come up in the pulpit by and by  
 a unity of morality and spirituality. The distinction

between natural and revealed religion will be abolished <sup>25</sup>

Natural religion has nothing in it that is not of God, and revealed religion has God in it. Above all evolution is going to drive out the villainous doctrine that man was cursed in the fall of a fabulous ancestor.

This wild heathenism, this outrageous paganism yet lurking in the bowels of the Church will be purged away by evolution. There are a great many things that theology is going to drop, and be all the more powerful for that which it has dropped. Theology and the Church are undergoing a process of evolution, but not destruction. They are changing upward and for the better. Coming back to my text, I seem to see the Church embalmed and interred, hearing the voice of Him who stood without crying, 'Lazarus come forth'; and out of the crypt staggering and half blind, he emerges, bound about with grave-clothes, and with a napkin bound about his face, and Christ

says, Loose him and let him go; Out of all antiquity, out of all synod, out of all ecclesiastical hierarchies, out of every form of interment and out of all bandages, methinks I hear that voice calling out of heaven to day, 'Loose men; take off the napkin loose them; let them go.' Young people I do not say to you lay aside dangerous books and treacherous literature. Read them. Don't throw away knowledge. But stop Don't make haste too fast. Don't be misguided by false lights. I am for liberty in knowledge, for liberty in philosophy, and, in spite of organizations and precedents, and all that is past, go on from ignorance to twilight, and from twilight to sunrise and from sunrise to midday. But be sure of one thing. Whatever science or philosophy has taught or is teaching, you are a sinful imperfect man and woman, and that is

The root of truth for you, and God is abroad in the world to give inspiration and help, to lift you up out of your animal self into a spiritual creature. These two truths are to be held as you hold your very birthright itself"

### A Smile

Who can tell the value of a smile? It costs the giver nothing, but is beyond price to the erring and relenting, the sad and cheerless, the lost and forsaken. It disarms malice, subdues temper, turns hatred to love, revenge to kindness, and paves the darkest paths with gems of sunlight

### To be Happy

The grand essentials of happiness are something to do, something to love, and something to hope for.

## Good Rules

The following is a code of rules which governed the daily life of Elizabeth Fry, the noted Quaker reformer.

- 1 Never lose any time. I do not think that lost time which is spent in amusement or recreation every day; but always be in the habit of being employed.
- 2 Never ever the least in truth,
- 3 Never say any ill thing of a person when thou thou canst say a good thing of them. Not only speak charitably but feel so.
- 4 Never be irritable or unkind to anybody
- 5 Never indulge myself in luxuries that are not necessary
- 6 Do all things with consideration, and when thy path to act right is most difficult, put confidence in that power alone which is able to assist thee and exert thine own powers as far as they go.

## Items Worth Reading

The soul is a mysterious volume over whose pages no eye hath scanned, save the eye of Him who created it. Often we think we are familiar with its contents, and can read its motives and comprehend its inspiration when in reality we have not read its title page.

Hence we are quick to condemn and slow to understand

The surest way to prevent others from wrong doing is to do right ourselves. The influence of our example will have far greater effect than all we might <sup>say</sup>

Keep the heart tender, and pure, and sweet thoughts, which are but the whisperings of Angels, will shed light and their hallowed influence in it - just as the balmy odor fills the garden wherein the dewy roses bloom.



## Aim High

Thine aims, if noble, must ennoble thee, While  
 sordid ones can but degrade. Thy goal may be yon  
 summit, or thou canst descend the crater of thy life's  
 Vesuvius. It rests with thee to shape thy path, and  
 thou must follow it to good or ill. Say not,

The mountain peak is wrapped in mists which make  
 its <sup>four</sup> crest dim to lower eyes, and clouds rest on its  
 mighty brow. Thou wilt ascend to purer air and  
 Heaven will be near; And having reached it, thou  
 wilt see beyond another peak, which will be easier  
 to climb from having gained new strength in triumph  
 past; And on that most exalted height is peace.

The lightnings flash around, yet they will seem  
 A near and glorious presence of My God. Of Him,  
 The thunder's tones shall speak His voice, Will ever

find an echo in thy soul. But easy paths are dangerous and lead to depths of evil, so tis best to climb from earthly things; and if thine aim be grand, it can make failure far more glorious (If thou art not content to miss thy way and stoop to things beneath thee) than success in a less worthy cause. Then, having fixed that bound, attain it using no unworthy means to reach a worthy end, debasing it. So evil motives must deform the soul and stunt the better life which strives within. Aim high, for life can be transformed, — Made beautiful and grand thereby. Great thoughts <sup>the</sup> fulfilled shall bring great deeds, and at least a true reward is found in well spent years.

Francis Hale Bernard.

Faith makes the heart firm, love makes it soft, hope expands it. Faith hangs on the word of promise, love on that God who gives hope in the promised inheritance

## Abraham Lincoln

Once said I have been driven many times to my knees, by the overwhelming conviction that I had no where else to go. My own wisdom, and that of all about me, seemed insufficient for that day.

Kindly actions begin from a sense of duty blossom into affection and afford some of the sweetest pleasures earth can bestow.

Active industry, at first painful and arduous, unfolds our powers and comes to be the source of honest satisfaction. Purity of thought word and deed, sought at first from knowledge of its righteousness, comes at last to be the natural air which the spirit loves to breathe.

43.

Thus duty of every kind, containing within it  
the germs of delight and beauty, will, if cherished,  
develop the sweetest flowers and richest fruits,  
and the good and the beautiful thus clasp hands  
and claim kinship forever. Selected from Day Star

### The Monarch's Question

When any was speaking ill of another in the presence  
of Peter the Great he at first listened to him attentively,  
and then interrupted him, "Is there not" said he "a fair side  
also to the character of the person of whom you are speaking,  
come **tell** me, what good qualities, you have remarked  
about him." One would think this monarch had learned  
that precept "Speak not evil of one another."

## Boerhaave's Advice

The celebrated Boerhaave, who had many enemies, used to say that he never thought it necessary to repeat their calumnies. "They are sparks" said he which if you do not blow them will go out of themselves. The surest method against scandal, is to live it down by perseverance in well doing, and by prayer to God, that he would cure the distempered minds of those who traduce and injure.

[P. S. Henson.

What the Church wants is the underpropping of solitary prayer, the strength that comes from secret communion with heaven.

The fourth gospel is the heart of Christ [Earnest]  
 Somebody else will if I dont. This is one of the devil's  
 pet proverbs [Congregationalist]

# A Will-O'-The-Wisp

By J L Harrison

Will-o'-the-Wisp, otherwise termed ignis fatuus, and Jack-with-a-lantern, or Jack-a-lantern - is said to appear at times in marshy places, church-yards, or cemeteries as a pale, bluish flame which varies in size and shape. In general it recedes on being approached, or advanced as one retreats.

This peculiar phenomenon which has puzzled philosophers from the time Aristotle, seems to have a correspondence in the realm of religious manifestations. Humanity in its aspirations for the divine has followed many a false light into the bogs or sloughs of despond from which with much difficulty deliverance has been effected. For centuries a certain will-o'-the-wisp has been dancing before the dazzled vision of devout souls who have striven to follow in the footprints of the Captain of their salvation the more

Christ Jesus. Perfectibility of character as the rightful inheritance, of all the children of God, has been persistently pressed upon conscience, and when in obedience to His grand truth, ardent believers have indulged the hope of being made perfect or complete in this life, their progress has been suddenly checked. Those who minister at the altar have declared such attainments as utterly impossible - but that some time, some where and in some way the work will be perfected.

The glorious goal to such is in the great hereafter, rather than the great hereafter.

As to the various theories on sanctification, nothing will be said, since the object of this article is to present if possible the <sup>in</sup>consistency of that theology which urges to complete Christliness, and then countermands the order, so to speak, ~~to~~ by limiting all perfection of character to the next world.

It was, and many an imaginary line of distinction has been drawn between this world and the next.

That which God has joined together has been violently put asunder. Time, has been put, in striking antithesis to eternity, just as though man's life and experiences were not a constant, conscious fact. A minister recently illustrated his thought upon the time of completeness of character in the following manner. A distinguished artist had among his scholars, one who, though very industrious and painstaking, was dull, and the butt of the class. One evening before the exhibition <sup>vail</sup> of the students' work, the master being alone, took the brush from the painting of his prosy pupil, and drew just one line upon the picture. The next morning when the coverings were removed, every eye was fixed in admiration upon this one specimen, and all instinctively exclaimed, 'The Master! The Master!' So said the preacher 'In the next world when the veil is



taken away, we will find that the Master has finished what we have left <sup>right</sup> undone here.

Is the preacher? Will it be that neglect on our part here and now will be remedied by another doing it for us, and that, without our knowing anything about it till a certain time? Does not such a theory deserve its name of a will-o'-the-wisp, since it will never be realized; and will not this false light lead one into a fearful and grievous disappointment, instead of a glad and happy surprise? If character is destiny, and character is formed daily and momentarily, do we not know that as we leave this world, so we go into the next? Again does not every advance here bring the soul so much nearer the divine ideal? As to when perfection is reached, is it not a question of condition rather

than of time? If condition determines "the ~~time~~ of the end." Then, one very important question is, what is my present condition? If not one of complete divineness, a change for the better is necessary and inevitable before the work will measure up to the conceptions of Him, who is fashioning us into the Christ-hood of <sup>which</sup> Jesus is a perfect specimen. To become like the lowly Nazarene we too must "become perfect through suffering." Must die on the cross, which is composed on the one hand of "the will of God" and on the other, of "the will of man." The conflict resulting from the clashing of the two wills, is the cross upon ~~which~~ every man is hung. God in man was against the man in man as it were. When the lower will is subdued, destroyed, then man becomes one with God, and the cross disappears, never to return

That such is the glorious destiny of man, seems to have been in the mind of Jesus, when he said,

"I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one, and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them as thou hast loved me." Ye shall indeed drink of the cup that I drink of; and with the baptism that I am baptized withall shall ye be baptized: but to sit on my right hand, and on my left hand is not mine to give; but it shall be given to them for whom it is prepared (or have prepared themselves by sacrifice of self) or to those who, through <sup>previous</sup> preparation are entitled to it.

The World would be Better for it

If men cared less for wealth and fame,  
And less for battle fields of glory;

If writ in human hearts, a name  
Seemed better than in song or story:

If men, instead of nursing pride,  
Would learn to hate it and abhor it;

If more relied on love to guide -  
The world would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands,  
And more in ~~words~~ deeds fraternal;

If Love's work had more willing hands,  
To link this world to the supernal;

If men stored up Love's oil and wine,  
And on bruised human hearts would pour it

If "yours" and "mine" would once combine -

The world would be the better for it.  
 If more would act the play of Life  
 And fewer spoil it in rehearsal;  
 If bigotry would sheathe its knife  
 Till good became more universal;  
 If custom, gray with ages grown,  
 Had fewer blind men to adore it;  
 If talent shone for truth alone—

The world would be the better for it.  
 If men were wise in little things—  
 Affecting less in all their dealings—  
 If hearts had fewer rusted strings  
 To isolate their kindly feelings;  
 If men, when wrong beats down the right,  
 Would strike together and restore it;  
 If right made right in every fight—

The world would be the better for it. *M. H. Cobb*

# A Speech by Minister Phelps Of England.

"If men allow themselves to be driven like sheep;  
 if they are to <sup>be</sup> drawn in that worst curse than come  
 upon any country, that I know of, - the warfare of one  
 class against another; if they allow themselves to forget  
 that the prosperity of one class is necessarily and always  
 the prosperity of all classes - that nothing is to be gained  
 by dragging anybody down; that the reverse process is  
 the one to work for; if they remember first, last,  
 and always, that the inhabitants of a country are all  
 embarked in one ship together, that one class cannot  
 save itself at the expense of another, - why then, as in  
 America, as a general rule, the extension of the franchise  
 will work well, and turn out to be a wise and happy  
 measure; otherwise it will not."

# Self Culture

Its dangers to the Moral and Religious Life

Culture's Crown is character. The aim of all true self-cultivation is, as we have seen, the complete and harmonious development of the being, the building of "a perfect man".

The noblest reach of man's nature, the moral and religious life, cannot then be overlooked in any true self-cultivation, but must be the result unto which all intellectual improvement strains as the plant strains into the blossom and the flower. To form a noble character and to breathe through it the spirit of aspiration, faith and worship - this is the end and aim of culture.

As a matter of fact, however, very many people whom we must call cultivated, seem to fail of finding in their intellectual life a stimulus to the moral or religious life but rather find in it a substitute for morality or

religion. They lose earnestness in their sweetness and light even if they do not revolt against the common morality and exalt Truth or Beauty over Goodness. Their widened knowledge seems to blur the vision of the spiritual realities in whose calm light the simple folk of earth have walked. In gaining learning, they seem to lose faith and hope, and, as the lesson drawn from nature and from man, they cease to worship God.

Out of this fact has arisen, as we can readily see, the deep-seated suspicion which Religion has entertained toward Culture. There must be some real grave dangers to the moral and religious life in the cultivation of the intellectual life. In the cultivation of the intellect there lies the danger of developing it beyond its due proportion, of turning a means into an end. Character is not the immediate aim sought in our reading and studying, but rather knowledge and the thought.



which it feeds. Our eyes are upon the august form of Truth, rather than upon the sacred vision of Goodness. Now nothing is easier in our pursuit than to make an end of the means which were designed to subserve that higher aim. Especially is this true when the means are in themselves a delight to us an intrinsically noble occupation. This is the case with culture.

Some one asked the Saunterer  
 "Why do we treat our friends worse than we do any one else? It is, perhaps, because we are sure of their affections, and their kind consideration, and so we devote ourselves to the task of endeavoring to win over the great world, that cares not a fig about us, to our side. It is an undoubted fact, that we show our greatest failings to our friends, We say things

in their presence, that we would not utter elsewhere, and we sometimes cut so deeply, that it takes all the healing power of love to close the wound.

Forbearance is a great virtue, and it often has to be practised by our intimates. The wife who was remonstrated with, because she entertained her friends with a hot supper and let her husband eat a cold one an hour afterwards, said loftily: "Poor Peter, don't care"

But he did all the same, though he said nothing, and remembered the slight, when the opportune moment arrived, much to the fine lady's astonishment.

"We are all too prone to make the remark, "Poor Peter don't care," or something like it, and this would be a much happier and much less selfish world if we would reform in this respect altogether.

Selected

## Good Will to all

Genuine good will to all, is one of the most essential requisites of success in life and an element of character that is certain to bring happiness to its fortunate possessor. The mere statement of this truth secures for it, general recognition as such, and yet knowing as almost every one does that genuine good-will insures success and happiness, how few there are, how very few, who continually retain and exercise this quality of mind and heart in the daily affairs of social and business life. That the few and not the many should be permitted to win and enjoy more than others, by the possession and use of a treasure so easy to acquire is one of the many mysteries of our nation. As most of us understand from experience, good-

will is not an easy thing to practice and preserve.

There seems to be so many things to annoy us and destroy it, so much that is deceitful and dishonest in our daily dealings that tends to disperse it, that we are apt to find ourselves irritable and censorious toward some. There are so many people who are stupid, or ignorant, or provoking and annoying in many ways; that to preserve a perpetual good-will toward all is a work of self-control compared with which the removal of mountains would not be a more difficult or seemingly impossible task to many people, and it cannot be denied that he who ruleth his spirit may be greater than he who taketh a City.

But it can be done - it is daily done by some. It is, however, possible for any man or woman, by great determination and positive self-denial, to become master of self, to such an extent, that the things which induce

in most people a state of fretfulness or anxiety, and deprive them of the composure and cheerfulness which good-will for all, is sure to confer on every one who manifests and really feels it, will not overcome or have the mastery over him. Without doubt such a condition of mind and heart, requires the sacrifice of a great many things that are thought by some to be evidences of self respect. Quick resentment, cheap pride, obtrusive vanity, undue self-esteem, and a numerous progeny of the same kind must necessarily be subdued or banished, because they are inconsistent with a spirit of good-will, and whoever is well furnished with them, will always be in hot water, and a perpetual fountain of ill will.

We know that the generous good-will, of which we speak, reigning in the hearts of men and women of forbidding exterior and unattractive person have

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made them chosen and beloved friends, whose inner lives kept them altogether radiant and lovely, and in the eyes of such they appeared to be temples polished after the similitude of a palace. There are not many persons, on the face of this earth, who can possibly long resist their tributes of respect, and affection, to one who is a fountain of good-will to others.

The reward to such an one is certain to be offered at last, and thus beside the joy and peace of those who possess this rare jewel of character, there is returned to them the good-will and affection of those to whom it is manifested. It is twice blessed it blesses him who gives and him who takes. It is well worth the sacrifice and heroism required to possess it, and it can be had in its purity, from but one source — the Good Will and Love of God, transfused into the human soul

Copied from the Day Star

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Speak No Ill

May, speak no ill! — a kindly word  
Can never leave a sting behind;  
And oh! to breathe each tale we've heard  
Is far beneath a nobler mind.  
Full oft a better seed is sown  
By choosing thus the kinder plan;  
For if but little good be known,  
Still let us speak the best we can.

Give me the heart that fair would hide —  
Would fair another's fault efface;  
How can it please human pride  
To prove humanity but base?  
May: let us reach a higher mood;

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A nobler estimate of man;  
 Be earnest in the search for good,  
 And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill - but lenient be  
 To others failings as your own;  
 If you're the first a fault to see,  
 Be not the first to make it known.

For life is but a passing day,  
 No lip may tell how brief its span  
 Then, Oh! the little time we stay,  
 Let's speak of all the best we can.

Charles Swain

Beedle - I hear you finding a good deal of fault with others, but I never hear you say anything about your own faults. Beedle - Of course not. The fact is, life is so short I don't have any time to think about my own short comings. It is about as much as I can do to look out for the fault of others.



## Downhearted

Downhearted? Phaw! There's seldom seen  
 A lane without a turning!  
 Each desert has a spot of green,  
 In spite of bright Sol's burning.  
 Your friends have feiled you? Well what then?  
 Remember changeling Peter;  
 Sorrow has tried the best of men,  
 And life is all the sweeter  
 What adds a zest to Summer joys?  
 Is not a winter weary?  
 Peace would be thame without alloy,  
 Past grief makes solace cheery.  
 All cannot win though all must run  
 When once life's race is started;  
 Yet all may hear the words: "Well done"  
 So never be downhearted.

# The Conscience and Future Judgment

I sat alone with my conscience, In a place where time had ceased,  
 And we talked of former living In the land where the years increased  
 And I felt I should have to answer The question it put to me  
 And to face the answer and question Through an eternity

The ghosts of forgotten actions Came floating before my sight,  
 And things that I thought were dead things Were alive with a terrible <sup>might</sup>  
 And the vision of all my past life Was an awful thing to face,  
 Along with my conscience sitting In that solemnly silent place.

And I thought of a far away warning, Of a sorrow that was to be <sup>mine,</sup>  
 In a land that was then the future, But now was the present <sup>time.</sup>  
 And I thought of my former thinking, Of a Judgment day to be  
 But sitting alone with my conscience Seemed Judgment enough <sup>for me.</sup>

over

And I wondered if there was a future To this land beyond the <sup>grove</sup>,  
 But no one gave me an answer, And no one came to save.  
 Then I felt that the future was present, And the present would <sup>(never go by,</sup>  
 For it was but the thought of my past life Grown into eternity.

Then I woke from my timely dreaming, And the visions passed <sup>away,</sup>  
 And I knew the far ~~away~~ warning Was the warning of yesterday  
 And I pray that I may not forget it In this land before the <sup>grave,</sup>  
 That I may not cry in the future And no one come to save.

So I sit alone with my conscience In the place where the years <sup>increase</sup>  
 And I try to remember the future, In the land where time with <sup>cease</sup>  
 And I know of the future judgment How dreadful so e'er it be,  
 That to sit alone with my conscience. Will be judgment enough <sup>for me.</sup>  
 London Spectator

# For the Journey of Life

The following rules from the papers of Dr West, according to his memorandum, are thrown together as general waymarks in the journey of life:

Never ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem as such, however absurd they may appear to you.

Never show levity when people are engaged in worships.

Never resent a supposed injury till you know the views and motives of the author of it. Always take the part of an absent person, who may be censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow. Never think worse of another on account of his differing with you in political and religious subjects. Never dispute with a man more than seventy years of age, nor with a woman, nor any sort of an enthusiast.

Never affect to be witty, or to jest so as to hurt the feelings of another. Act with cheerfulness, but without levity. Speak with calmness and deliberation on all occasions, especially of those circumstances which tend to irritate.

## Live For Something.

Thousands of men and women breathe, move and live; pass off the stage of life and are heard of no more. Why? They did not ~~do~~ <sup>do</sup> a particle of good in the world; and none were blest by them, none could point to them as the instrument of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished— their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insect of yesterday. Will you thus live and die O man and women immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue, that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name, by kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year

And you will never be forgotten. May, your name, your  
deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the  
stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as  
bright on earth as the stars of Heaven. Chalmers.

### A Loving Word

Only a loving word, Which cost us nothing to say  
And yet in the tangled life It shines like a sunny day  
Only a loving word! But it made a weak heart strong  
And helped a tempted soul to choose The right instead of <sup>the wrong</sup> ~~of~~.  
Only a loving <sup>word</sup>! But it brightened a gloomy day;  
Or, spoken to some one weary and ~~sick~~, It charmed their pain  
Only a loving word! But it made the angels smile;  
And what it is worth, perhaps we'll know after a little while

## Rules For Letter Writing

Have you any unkind thoughts? Do not write them down;  
 Write no word that giveth pain, Written words may long <sup>remain.</sup>  
 Have you heard some idle tale? Do not write it down.  
 Gossips may repeat it o'er, Adding to its bitter store.  
 Have you any careless jest? Bury it and let it rest.  
 It may wound some loving breast. Words of love and tenderness  
 Words of truth and kindness, Words of comfort for the sad  
 Words of gladness for the glad. Words of counsel for the bad  
 Wisely write them down. Words though small, are mighty <sup>things</sup>  
 Pause before you write them. Little words may grow and bloom  
 With bitter breath or sweet perfume, Pray before you write them  
 Selected.

## A few Good Rules

It would be well to remember the following rules in listening  
To evil reports

- 1' To hear as little as possible of what ever is to the prejudice of others.
- 2' To believe nothing evil of the kind till you are absolutely forced to it.
- 3' Never to drink in the spirit of the one who circulates an ill report.
- 4' Always moderate, as far as you can, the unkindness which is expressed towards others.
- 5' Always to believe that if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.

Selected

If you would read comfort take Five things observe with care,  
Of whom you speak, To whom you speak, And how and when and where.

Selected



## Quarrelling Selected

We find the following excellent sentiments going the rounds of the press. They are so very correct, that every person, whether they follow the precepts they set down or not, must approve of them:

One of the most easy, the most common, most perfectly foolish things in the world is to quarrel, no matter with whom, man woman or child, or upon what pretence provocation or occasion whatsoever. There is no kind of necessity in it, no matter of use to be gained by it and no species or degree of benefit to be gained by it, and yet, strange as the fact may be, Theologians quarrel, and politicians, lawyers doctors and princes quarrel, the Church quarrels, and the state; nations and tribes and corporations, men women and children, dogs and cats

birds and beasts, quarrel about all manner of things and on all manner of occasions. If there is anything in the world that will make a man feel bad, except pinching his finger in the crack of the door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man or woman ever feels so much less of themselves after a quarrel than they did before one; it degrades them in their own eyes, and in the eyes of others, and what is worse it blunts the sensibility to disgrace on the one hand and increases the power <sup>of</sup> passionate irritability on the other.

The truth is the more quietly and peaceably we all get on the better; the better for ourselves and better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest course is if a man cheats you to quit dealing with him; if he is abusive quit his company; if he slanders you the wisest way is just to let him alone for there is nothing <sup>but</sup> than this cool, calm, way of dealing with the wrongs we meet

## Have Patience from the Day Star

"The mills of the Gods, <sup>grind</sup> slow, but they grind exceeding small  
Have patience. Whatever may have been done to you by an  
enemy, if it be really an evil thing, a detestable thing  
bad in itself, so that it stains the soul of the doer, you  
need not break a commandment to have revenge.

Left no finger, say not a word—above all, pray no  
prayer, that punishment may fall upon the one who despite-  
fully used you, but be sure it will fall. The time will come  
when, if you have any pity in your soul, you will gladly  
do aught in your power to help the one who has the day  
stabbed you to your hearts core. For in the accomplishment  
of a cruel deed, in the doing of a shameful act, in the  
very utterance of words that injure the feelings of others,  
forces are set to work, the power of which cannot be  
comprehended.

# Duty

Think oft of your duty to God Though sorely afflicted you be;  
Not through fear of the rod, Nor yet because danger you see.

Think more of your duty to man — Your brothers and Sisters on  
The sweetest of ways that you can Prove your claim to heavenly birth

Fail not in your duty to do Nor yet in your duty to know;  
Words may be well prayer is, too; But add to them works, and keep

The true faith which worketh by love Hath no need for fear of the rod,  
Our duty, below or above, Will lead us in safety to God  
Elder John Whitely  
Harvard

Waste not your kindness on one, Who heeds not the good you have done  
Selected

My Faith Mrs E E Brown

I trust in God; whatever ills around my pathway fall,  
Whatever clouds obscure my sun, God sends and guides them all.

I am not wise to frame a creed, Or talk of things divine;  
I know not where 'twixt good or ill, To draw a boundary line.

I cannot tell what saints shall fill His glorious courts above,  
I only know this one blest truth; That God is boundless Love.

And knowing this, I cannot fix The limits of his grace,  
Or tell what souls have strayed beyond The light of His dear face.

So in my faith I rest content, Wherever my lot may fall;  
I cannot wander far from Him Whose care is over all.

Selected from Manifesto



Trust in God and do the right <sup>(might)</sup>  
 Courage, Brother! do not stumble. Though my path is dark as  
 There's a star to guide the humble; Trust in God and do the right

Let the road be long and dreary; And its ending out of sight,  
 Foot it bravely, strong or weary: Trust in God and do the right.

Perish policy and cunning, Perish all that fears the sight.  
 Whether losing whether winning: Trust in God and do the right.

Trust no form of guilty passion, Friends that look like angels <sup>(bright)</sup>  
 Trust no custom, school or fashion: Trust in God and do the right.

Some will hate thee, some will love thee, Some will flatter some will  
 Cease from man and look above thee: Trust in God and do the right. <sup>(slight)</sup>  
 Simple rule and safest guiding, Inward peace and inward light  
 Star upon our path abiding: Trust in God and do the right  
 — The Catholic

A Pretty Sentiment

To the Editor of The Better Way.

The following poem came to me last evening while sitting alone and with it the impression that I should send it to The Better Way, and that some reader of your paper would understand and apply it, which may heaven grant.

Something Has Come 'twixt My Brother And Me.  
 Something has happened to sadden my heart,  
 A nameless something I cannot see;  
 But something that rends two souls apart,  
 Something has come 'twixt my brother and me.

I prized his friendship more than the gold  
 For which men dig and toil so and slave,  
 I believed his heart would never grow cold  
 Toward me, on this side or that of the grave.

over



How genic'd his smile, and cheery his voice,  
 The life of each social circle was he;  
 The touch of his hand made my spirit rejoice,  
 But now there is something between him and me

It may be the tongue of envy or hate,  
 By jealousy prompted, has stirred up his heart;  
 For a little matter becometh so great  
 When spread by the tale-bearer's devilish art;  
 But what ~~ever~~ the blame, — on me it shall rest, —  
 If either have sinned, it is I, and not he;  
 Still the burden no lighter becomes in my breast,  
 While this something remains 'twixt my brother & <sup>me</sup>

Could I but shake down this wall of distrust,  
 Which has grown up between us so dark & high,

And see it crumble away to the dust;  
 The happier one of the two would be I;  
 For though there be friends whose sweet love I prize,  
 It matters little how many they be -  
 By the of a traitor the ~~one~~ friendship dies,  
 For a traitor has come 'twixt my brother and me.

It may be some word so hastily said,  
 Without any thought of a wound be given;  
 Or a tone, or a look, or a toss of the head,  
 That slender to use has mightily striven;  
 But the cloud has 'risen across the sky  
 And hiding the love that was sunshine to me,  
 While friendship, wounded must bleed and die,  
 And we two now suffer - both I and he.

But Oh, thank heaven! beyond those gates—  
 Those gates—the portals to Angel spheres—  
 The mists that cloud us in earth's estates,

And lead us in sorrow so many long years  
 Shall be rolled away, and we'll know as we're known

And then, when love's eyes are opened to see,  
 I am sure that the barrier must be overthrown,

That has come, alas, 'twixt my brother and me.

Marietta, G. A. Jan 18, 1888.

H. A. Beach

## A First Class Stranger

Some shrewd man, when asked what he thought about the character of a neighbor, replied: "Mister, I don't know very much about him, but my impression is, he would make a first class stranger."

There are a good many people in this world who might be ranked in this same class; persons whose friendships is worse than their enmity, and whose acquaintance is to be deprecated and avoided. In making acquaintances we need to keep this fact constantly in mind.

The Scripture warns us not to make friendship with an angry man; and many a poor fellow has involved himself in a serious trouble by companionship with the rash and hot headed. A dishonest man makes a much better stranger than acquaintance. A flattering mischief-maker, who insinuates himself into your

confidence, worms out your secrets, and then uses his power to dishonor and disgrace you, may be recommended as a first-class stranger. The fast young man, who dresses gayly, lives high, drinks and gambles freely, may be very fascinating to <sup>the</sup> young of both sexes; but those who know him intimately, and those who have known others of his kind, are well aware that he makes a first-class stranger.

There are persons who fear not God, who scoff at religion, who tell vile stories, who mock a godliness and despise reproof; all such persons are likely to make first class strangers. Treat them courteously and kindly, but let them know that it is the kindness of a stranger, and not a boon companion or a bosom friend.

Selected from  
Zion's Watchman

# Nobility

1 True worth is in being— not seeming;  
 In doing each day that goes by  
 Some little good— not in the streaming  
 Of the <sup>great</sup> thing to do by and by:  
 For whatever men say in blindness,  
 And spite of the fancies of youth,  
 There's nothing so kindly as kindness  
 And nothing so royal as Truth.

2 We get back our mite as we measure—  
 We cannot do wrong and feel right;  
 Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,  
 For justice avenges each slight.  
 The air for the wings of the sparrow,  
 The bush for the robin and wren, (of men  
 But always the path that is narrow and straight for the children.

B<sup>d</sup> We cannot make bargains for blisses,  
 Nor catch them like fishes in nets,  
 And sometimes the thing our life misses  
 Helps more than the thing that it gets.  
 For good lieth not in pursuing,  
 Nor of gaining of great nor of small;  
 But just in the doing and doing.  
 As we would be done by is all.

4 Thro' envy, thro' malice, thro' hating,  
 Against the world early and late,  
 No jot of courage abating -  
 Our part is to work and wait;  
 And slight is the sting of his trouble  
 Whose winnings are less than his worth;  
 For he who is honest is noble,  
 Whatever his fortune or birth - E.W. Wilson

## If I Were a Girl

If I were a girl, a true hearted girl just budding to fair womanhood  
 There's many a thing I would not do, And numberless more that I would.  
 I never would frown with my mouth drawn down. For the creases will come <sup>(there and stay)</sup>  
 But sing like the lark, should the day be dark. Keep a glow in my heart any <sup>way.</sup>

If I were a girl, a bright winsome girl, just leaving my childhood behind,  
 I would be so neat from head to my feet, That never a fault could one find.  
 So helpful to mother so gentle to brother, I'd have things so cheery and sweet,  
 That the streets and their glare could never compare <sup>(so replete)</sup> With the charms of a home.

If I were a girl, a fond, loving girl, With father o'erburdened with care  
 I would walk by his side with sweet tender pride, With ever a kiss and a <sup>prayer</sup>  
 Not a secret I'd keep that could lead to deceit, Not a thought I should blush <sup>(to share)</sup>  
 Not a friend my parent would disapprove - I would trust such a girl any <sup>where.</sup>  
 In Golden Days



" I say what I think "

I say what I think says the valiant man,  
 With a voice and look of daring,  
 Determined to act on a selfish plan,  
 And for nobody's comfort caring  
 " I say what I think " and at every chance,  
 This impulse of his obeying,  
 His plain to be seen at a single glance,  
 He does not think what he is saying

O many an arrow will reach the heart,  
 For which it was never intended  
 If a careless marksman wings the dart,  
 And the hurt can never be mended;  
 And many a friendship may be lost,  
 And many a love-link broken

Because of neglect to count the cost  
Of words that are lightly spoken

"I say what I think" ah! the truly great  
Who give their wisdom expressions,  
In chosen phrases, would hesitate,  
To make such a rash confession.  
For think what injuries might be wrought  
What evils we could not smother  
If every one said just what they think  
With regard to one another

To say what you think is a noble thing  
When your voice for right is needed,  
To speak out your mind with a royal ring  
When order and law is impeded;  
But the evil thoughts that flow thro' the brain  
And the heart, should be retarded

over

For we lessen the tide of grief and pain  
 When our speech is carefully guarded

You may think what you choose, nor give offence  
 Be a traitor and not display it  
 And if you're deficient in good common sense,  
 By silence you'll not betray it.  
 And let it be written in blackest of ink  
 For the good of each son and daughter  
 That those who always say what they think,  
 Are most of the time in hot water  
 Selected

# The Sign Post

1 <sup>at 22</sup>

If you sit down at set of sun,  
And count the acts that you have done,  
And counting find  
One self-denying act or word,  
That eased the heart of him who heard,  
One glance most kind,  
That fell like sunshine where it went,  
Then you may count that day well spent.

2

But if through all the live long day  
You've cheered no heart by you or way;  
If through it all  
You've nothing done that you can trace,  
That brought the sunshine to one face;  
No act most small,  
That helped some soul, and nothing cost,  
Then count that day as worse than lost.

## Three Lessons

There are three lessons I would write,  
 Three words with a golden pen,  
 In tracings of Eternal Light,  
 Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope! though clouds environ round,  
 And gladness hides her face in scorn,  
 Put thou the shadows from my brow,  
 No night but hath a morn.

Have Faith! Where e'er my bark is driven  
 The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth  
 Know this God rules the hosts of Heaven,  
 The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love! Not love for one,  
 But man as man thy Brother call;  
 And scatter, like the circling sun  
 Thy charity on all.

Thus grave these words upon thy soul;  
 Hope, Faith, and Love and thou shalt find  
 Strength when life's surges madest roll,  
 Light when thou else wert blind. Copied

" We shape ourselves the joy or fear of which the coming life is made  
 And fill our future's atmosphere. With sunshine or with shade. "

The tissued of the life to be, We weave with colors all our own,  
 And in the field of destiny, We reap as we have sown

# Word and Works

## Gossip

Gossip arrives at the greatest perfection in the country. Not because country living and country people favor gossip more than city people, but because in the country gossipers have the least competition to contend with.

Gossips upon gossips there are in the city; but their field of labor is confined to rehashing, what has already been mixed and dispensed. They can very rarely

claim the honor of discovery; they are only second-hand dealers in petty wares of filth and slander.

But on the other hand the country gossip frequently enjoys the honor and pleasure of discovery; and of being the first to circulate some new tale.

Gossiping denotes lack of mind and lack of intelligence. It is made a substitute for deeper and worthier intercourse. Light, idle talk is

indulged in by those who have not the ability to talk better. It is natural for us to talk of that which interests us most, and if our conversation is taken up with petty concerns and airy trifles of our little world it shows only too well the narrowness of our minds.

The greater and better part of our beings are spiritual and our thoughts and conversation should be at times centred on something better than material things. Gossip never is better; it can not deal with spiritualities or abstract ideas. It is of the earth earthly, and degrades all who handle it. If gossip was only idle and harmless it would not deserve severe condemnation; but too often it partakes of the nature of slander. Too often it is centred upon character, not to exalt its purity and commend its virtues but



to detract from both and sully it with filthy lies. By their fruits ye are to judge them, and the lone fact that gossip rejoices in evil, and exults at human downfall, would be enough in itself to prove its contemptible character. The gossip is nearly always a defamer of character. ~~It~~ <sup>It</sup> seeks to drag others down to its own disgusting level. Good, falls unheeded to the ground; but evil is caught up by the gossip and carried to the four corners of the earth. The gossip not only secures property by title of accession but by invention as well. How many souls are driven to still lower levels by gossip, the records of eternity alone will reveal.

Mrs Horatio Nichols, East Branch  
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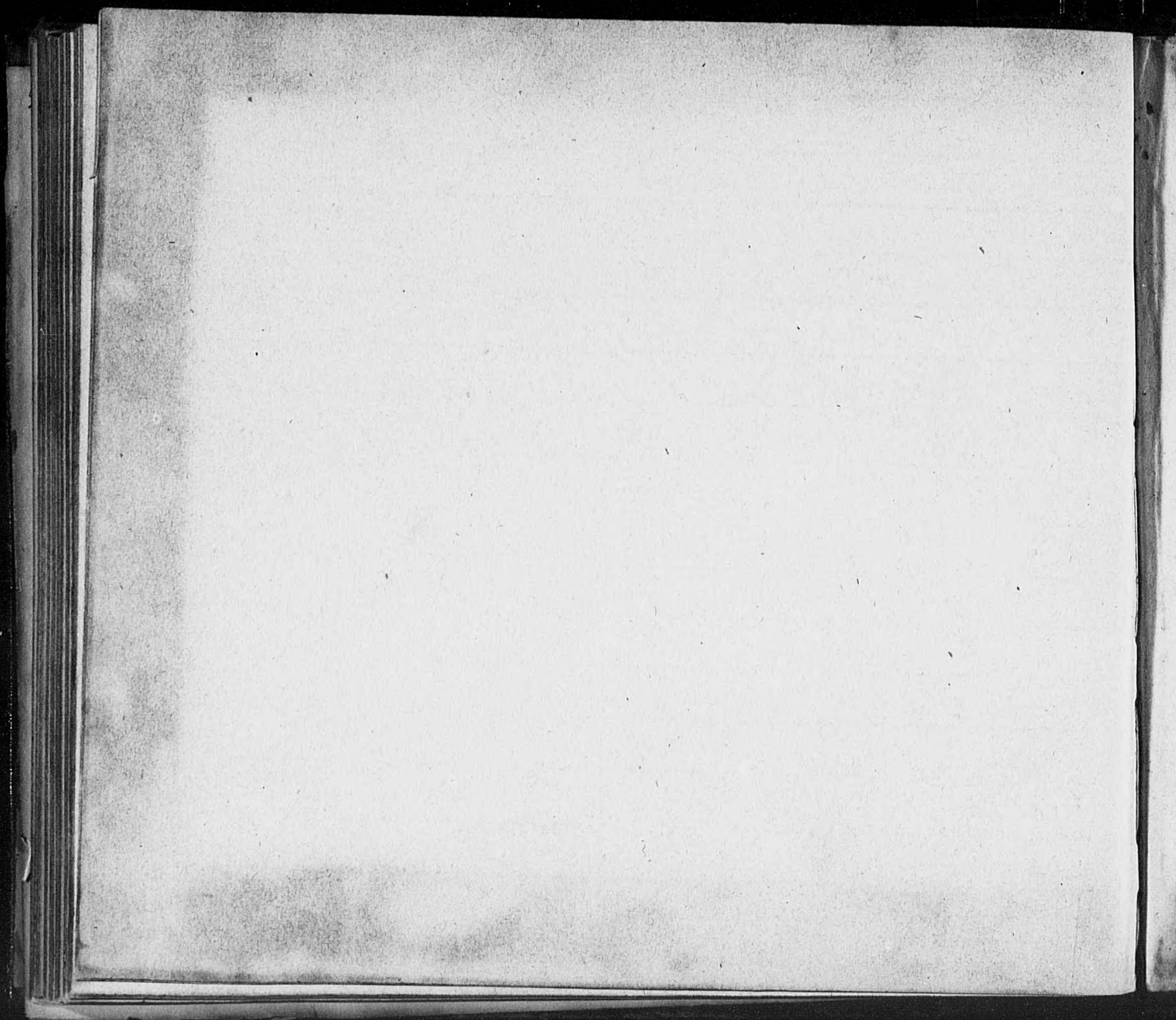
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Weaving in Wholesale  
my interest is in you my good friend

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