

oceans roll between them. Sometimes the wayward son, wandering in far-off lands, hears the songs his mother sang, and is charmed by its music to know and serve his mother's God. Careful and melodious singing in the home fits persons for singing elsewhere, especially if persons are taught to sing correctly, gently and tenderly, and without much instrumental accompaniment. Then the hymns learned by the young linger long in memory, a precious heritage against days of darkness and sorrow. Let parents set the example of song, and the children will be sure to follow. Take time now and then, and enjoy an evening of sacred song. Let the voice of rejoicing be heard in the tabernacle of the righteous and prayer and praise ascend to the throne of God. Let each child have his hymn-book, and he will learn to prize it next to the Bible, and will from it gather many precious truths which will go with him to life's latest hour. Whoso offereth praise glorifieth God. Let us have more praising and less murmuring, more song and fewer complaints. Instead of fretting because of evil-doers, let us pray; instead of repining at our lot, let us leave our burden at the cross, "and bear a song away."—*The Common People.*

### INFIDELITY.

The Old Testament Scriptures contain much that is history; but it was necessary that the history be written to connect Christ with the promise that God made to Abraham, "that in Him and in His seed all the families of the earth should be blessed," as well as the prophecy "that he should be of the root and offspring of David;" and consequently, as David's royal son, should by right of inheritance rule and reign over the house of David, to govern and establish it forever in truth and righteousness. The Old Testament history differs from all others in this respect—unlike many who profess to tell their experiences and only tell the right side, it tells it all. Infidels hurl the sins and shortcomings of David against the Bible because it says "he was a man after God's own heart," and yet during his lifetime committed some fearful sins, for which he was punished, as well as others of the Old Testament characters—forgetting that it was after he had repented and forsaken his sins that he was a man after God's own heart. On the same principle, if a man who has been a profane blasphemer and a drunken sot, who has abused his manhood and the nearest and dearest ties of nature, who, after hearing the glorious Gospel of the grace of God, is convinced of its truth and convicted of sin, who truly repents, and instead of profaning the name of God he uses his tongue to praise God, from whom all blessings flow, instead of drinking distilled death and getting drunk and abusing his family, he turns away from that course of life and becomes a living demonstration of the power of the Gospel under the influence of Christ's teaching and example, who is the only true model of life and principles that are grand and noble and inspiring and soul-saving. Ask the father or mother who has a son who is wayward, who drinks and at times becomes intoxicated, if they would not like to see him converted to God and become an imitator of the sinless Jesus? There are hundreds of thousands of such characters who, under the power of divine love and truth, have turned right away from that course of life, whose hearts are glad because Jesus lived to teach men how to live, and died and lives again that we, too, may attain to eternal life through Him, who is the only and all-sufficient Saviour of all who will come to God by Him. Until the doubting and unbelieving world gives us an account of the origin of all material things, as well as of our own origin, also of the power that governs and controls the seasons and the attitude of worlds to worlds, that is as good and reasonable as the one

given in the grand old Bible, we will cling to our mother's apron-string and die rather than give up the Bible. Until they give us a character that is the equal of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ—and they never will—we will cling to Christ.

Jesus, in Thy transporting name  
What blissful glories rise;  
Jesus, the angels' sweetest theme,  
The wonder of the skies.

Jesus, thou friend of man, God manifest in the flesh, in thee I see the beautiful, sublime, majestic, grand, divine culmination of perfected humanity, my Saviour and my King. I love Jesus because He first loved me. I love Him because He died that I might live. I love Him because there was nothing that was little and narrow and selfish and mean in Him.

There is not a desire of the soul that is not met in thee, my Saviour and my Lord. I have ties that bind me to the world of departed spirits, and who has not? The lessons of thy life, the glory of thy power, thy resurrected victory over the power of death, binds our souls to thee, and through thee to the Father of our spirits, and to the spirits of the loved ones gone before. Glory to thy matchless name. Ours is not the wail of despondency and gloomy doubt in the hour of sickness and death. It is not "Let us hope, after all our doubts and fears, it is well with our departed dead. Ah no! It is the glorious, blissful, triumphant hope of the gospel. We believe that Jesus lived, we believe that he died, we believe that he lives enthroned in glory at God's right hand on high. The same Jesus that said to the Samaritan woman, "Thy sins are forgiven thee;" the same Jesus that restored the widow of Nain's son to life; the same Jesus that was betrayed by a kiss; the same Jesus that was arrayed in a purple robe, crowned with thorns, that prayed while they scoffed, scorned and derided Him: "O my Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." The same loving, warm-hearted Saviour is seated at the right hand of God, with the crown of the universe upon His brow, and He lives to bring us to glory and to God, He lives to plead His merits in behalf of all who will come to God by Him. We expect to see Him; for He has promised that those who are His He will bring with Him, that they may be where He is. Aye, more. John says, "We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." To be with Jesus, and all the justified and sanctified and glorified forever and ever; to roam the ever-green fields of everlasting life; to enter upon the patrimony of the omnipotent, omniscient, all-wise, self-existent, uncaused Cause of all cases, our Father who is in heaven; to meet the patriarchs and prophets, Noah, Job, Daniel, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, Mary Magdalene, Mary the mother of Jesus, the twelve apostles of the Lamb, and all the heroes who have ever lived and served God and honored the divine authority of the Son of God, in one grand re-union of the triumphant multitude of redeemed souls; to meet all our own loved departed over there; aye, the dear little cherub that said, "Good by, Pa; come back soon," and was stricken down with disease and hurried off too soon (though we took the wings of the lightning express), to say "Good-by for glory and the paradise of God." Yes, we hope to meet them. We know they are looking for us. It won't be long, either, until all the toils of life are over, and we shall pass over the river and come up on the other side, through the power of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. We expect, as sure as God lives, and he does, to meet them and sit down with them at the marriage supper of the Lamb, and dwell with them forever. But, Mr. Doubter, unbeliever, what is your hope? What are your anticipations? You have none. You are without God and without hope in the world. Turn away from gloomy, desponding doubting, and flee for refuge and lay hold on the hope of the gospel, the only anchor to the soul.—*R. H. Singer, in Leader.*

God brings no man into the conflicts of life to desert him. Every man has a friend in heaven whose resources are unlimited; and on him he may call at any hour and find sympathy and assistance.

### INGERSOLL'S CREED.

THE lectures of Joseph Parker, D.D., in reply to "What must I do to be saved," by Col. Ingersoll, recently published in *The Monthly*, are timely and unanswerable, and will be appreciated by the Christian world.

R. J. Burdette, "the Burlington Hawkeye man," whose wit is familiar to all, has replied to some of the more noted epigrammatic expressions in the same lecture of Col. Ingersoll's.

Says Burdette:—

"We subjoin a few articles of this great man's creed; just to show from what book he got his declaration of faith:—

"The men who saw the miracles all died long ago. I wasn't acquainted with any of 'em."—*Ingersoll.*

"Same way with the men who saw Servotes burned. But the colonel believes that Servotes was burned.

"A little miracle now, right here—just a little one—would do more towards the advancement of Christianity than all the preaching of the last thirty years."—*Ingersoll.*

"If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." (Luke xvii:31.)

"If there is a God in the universe, He will not damn an honest man."—*Ingersoll.*

"A false balance is an abomination unto the Lord; but a just weight is his delight." (Prov. xi:1.)

"Their is only one true worship, and that is the practice of justice."—*Ingersoll.*

"Render, therefore unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that be God's." (Luke xx:25)

"God will not damn a good citizen, a good father, or a good friend."—*Ingersoll.*

"Certainly not, or any good man. 'A good man showeth favor and lendeth; he will guide his affairs with discretion. Surely, he shall not be moved forever; the righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance.' (Psa. xii:5,6)

"Study the religion of the body in preference to the religion of the soul. A healthy body will give a healthy mind, and a healthy mind will destroy superstition."—*Ingersoll.*

"That explains why the Indians have no superstitions.

"People who have the smallest souls make the most fuss about saving them."—*Ingersoll.*

"Of course, colonel, they are the hardest kind to save.

"I will never ask God to treat me any fairer than I treat my fellowmen."—*Ingersoll.*

"Well, that's perfectly orthodox. 'For, if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.' 'For with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged, and with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you.'

"Upon the shadowy shore of death the sea of trouble casts no wave."—*Ingersoll.*

"The colonel must have been singing that good old hymn, 'When I can read my title clear,' in which occur the lines:—

"And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast."

THAT BOY.—His name is not Solomon. There are many things he does not know. Remember that he is only a boy. You were one once. Call to mind what you thought and how you felt. Give that boy a chance. Keep near to him in sympathy. Be his churn. Do not make too many cast iron laws. Rule with a velvet hand. Help him have "a good time." Answer his foolish questions. Be patient with his pranks. Laugh at his jokes. Sweat over his conundrums. Limber up your dignity with a game of ball or a half day's fishing. You can win his heart utterly. And hold him steady in the path that leads higher up. That boy has a soul, and a destiny reaching higher than the mountain peaks. He is worth a million times his weight in gold.

It is not our rock, Jesus Christ, which ebbs and flows, but the sea of our own unsatisfied, restless lives. We can trust Christ that we shall always find him the same, in his fixed purpose to save, to protect, to bless.

Look upon the success and sweetness of thy duties as very much depending upon the keeping of thy heart closely with God, in them.—*Flavel.*