

History and Application.

BY REV. J. H. GAMBRELL.

Samuel Johnson thoroughly disliked Scotchmen, and was unwilling for Scotland to have any credit for Lord Mansfield's success, because he was educated in England. Concerning Mansfield he said: "Much may be made of a Scotchman, if he be caught young." This remark applies with singular force to Christians. Much may be made of young church members, if they be taken in hand and trained for usefulness now. This is the object of the Baptist Young People's Union. Let every church have this training school.

Simonides proposed to teach Themistocles the art of memory, and was answered: "Ah, rather teach me the art of forgetting; for I often remember what I would not, and cannot forget what I would." The Holy Spirit will teach the Christian the art of forgetting those things which are behind, and of reaching forward to those things that are before.

"On little circumstances hinge great destinies." Constantinople was lost by the flight of John Justiniani from an important post, because of a slight wound, the pain and blood of which alarmed him. Following his retreating footsteps, the common soldiery surrendered the whole situation and cause.

Courageous, non-retreating leadership in Zion is the pre-eminent need of the times. Let all who assume to occupy stations of leadership lead under the divine guidance, and all will be well. Give every church in America the leadership of a courageous pastor and mission debts will be liquidated, the saloon curse blotted out, and Sunday desecration ended. A leadership that cannot be terrorized by pain or blood would usher in a new day.

Bacon describes Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, "as a most fit man to keep things from growing worse, but no very fit man to reduce things to be much better." In other words, Robert Cecil, if he lived now, would be called the wise, conservative man. A good deal of our modern conservatism amounts to nothing more than stagnation in and death to laudable enterprises. Many whose talents and culture render them capable of accomplishing great things in aggressive work for God and humanity, are whiling away their lives, trying to keep things from happening. Going on to perfection is the only preventive of retrogression. It ought to be the ambition of every Christian to be a "very fit man to reduce things to be much better." A great thing it would be if Georgia Baptists were stirred by this ambition for missions and Mercer University.

In 1796 Napoleon wanted to cross the bridge at Lodi, which was being swept by Australian batteries. One of his officers said it was impossible for men to live in such a storm of bullets. "Impossible," said Napoleon, "that word is not French." Bearing a standard, Napoleon was the second man to cross. Just one hundred years later, servants of Jesus Christ hear his voice saying, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," and are saying, "Impossible. Times are too hard." Mercer University is hampered in its great work and appeals for larger revenues and increased facilities, and 165,000 Baptists are saying, "Impossible" to do it. Those who fight for the uplifting of humanity, and the glory of the King, ought to be as heroic as he who fought to aggrandize himself, and make humanity suppliants at his own feet.

The colonial Governor of Virginia, 1671, scored ministers for advocating education. He said: "Ministers should pray more and preach less. But I thank God there are no free schools, nor printing; and I hope we shall not have for these hundred years, for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them and libels against the best government. God keep us from both." "The world do move." A man who entertains such sentiments could not be elected dog killer in Virginia now. Experience has shown in thousands of ways that the most perfect and reliable obedience is born of the highest intelligence, and that "we must educate or perish by our posterity." There are men still who, like Berkeley, think they are called upon to regulate the conduct of ministers, and like him their assumed wisdom receives rebuke.

A gentleman was walking through a cemetery, in which were buried a number of those who fell during the late war. On the board at the head of one grave he observed simply the word "Unknown," which inspired this couplet:

"Unknown is all his epitaph will tell,  
But if Jesus knew him, all is well."

Though the soldier eyes closed on earthly conflict and carnage, away from home and mother, if Jesus was there with his own, it was the hour of supremest triumph with "the boy in gray." Though the post of duty may be far removed from earthly home and loved ones, yet to those whom Jesus knows, it is very near the eternal "home, sweet home," that he has gone to prepare for them.

From what spot we bid adieu to the world does not matter so much, nor is it important that mother's kiss seal the eyes and lips for the last repose. If Jesus knows us, he will be there and worth more than sweet mother's presence.

In Savannah, Ga., May 5, 1736, Mr. Wesley, the founder of the great Methodist denomination, was asked by Mrs. Parker to baptize her child, but she did not want it dipped, and refused to certify that the child was weak. Wesley declined to baptize the child, and on September 1, 1737, he was tried by a jury of forty-four men, convicted on ten counts, and ordered to leave the country. The fifth count, as stated by Wesley himself, was this: "By refusing to baptize Mr. Parker's child otherwise than by dipping, except the parents would certify that it was weak and not able to bear it." This occurred here in Georgia where those who claim to believe what Wesley did abound, and yet they deny that immersion is baptism. In his journal, February 21, 1736, Wesley made this entry: Mary Welch, aged eleven days, was baptized according to the custom of the first church and the rule of the Church of England, by immersion. The child was ill then, but recovered from that very hour." Has Wesley ceased to be good authority among his own people? It looks that way.

It was an unvarying custom with Pericles to pray to the gods before he spoke in public. The responsibility of public speaking almost overwhelmed him, because he feared he might be betrayed into using words unsuitable to the occasion. This was a wise precaution, which saved both speaker and hearers much annoyance and even mortification, no doubt. If such a custom was observed by all public speakers of today, many a scandalous, infamous falsehood would die unborn. If political speakers were to pray before speaking, we should speedily see an end of political rancor and partisan bitterness, and at an end there ought to be of these things. If prayer were to become the prelude to public speaking, more than half of our public speakers would resign their vocation and go to plowing. Then the people would rejoice. Selah!

When Lucullus, with his small army, encamped before the army of Tigranes, the latter remarked: "If they come as ambassadors, there are too many of them; if they come as soldiers, there are too few of them." If all professed Christians who are doing nothing for the cause of Christ at home and abroad, fancy they are ambassadors for him, there are too many of them. If only those who are doing something for his cause in every land are his soldiers, there are too few of them, and genuine recruits enlisted by the Holy Spirit are sorely needed. The deep need of the times is an army for Christ, bound together and dominated by the holy desire and exalted purpose of Jesus Christ. Enlist every church member in such an army, and the hill tops and valleys of every land, in less than a year, would ring with and re-echo the glad tidings of free salvation. What would the harvest be?—Christian Index.

Temperance.

Lady Macdonald, widow of the late Premier of Canada, was asked, "Did you not set out wine when you entertained the Marquis of Lorne?" She replied, "Never." She was asked if she did not apologize. "Certainly not," was the answer: "wine is not a natural beverage, and should rather come in than go out with apology."

The old Scotch woman understood the value of reducing the number of places where liquor is sold, when she said about her drinking husband as she tried to get him home sober, "I can get him past seven places, but I canna' get him past fifteen." There is something of pathos in that remark, that will come home to many a poor, aching heart.

Prof. Fisk, official physician at Yale, gives as a page from his experience that of a class of 147 students, the 77 who did not use tobacco surpassed the 70 who did by 10 per cent. increase in weight, 24 per cent. increase in height, 26 per cent. in chest, and 77 per cent. in lung capacity. The highest fourth of the class in scholarship were almost all non-smokers, and the lowest fourth almost all smokers.

Hon. Hiram Knowlton, at the recent Neal Dow celebration in Portland, Maine, in the course of a few remarks made the following forcible, common-sense declaration: "The most convincing evidence that Prohibition does prohibit is the fact of the persistent, united, continuous, expensive opposition of the liquor interest to prohibitory enactments or enforcement. Evidence against the witness' own interest is to be allowed its full weight. Matters are determined by the weight of testimony, not by the number of witnesses."

In fifteen years of the present local option law in Massachusetts, closing with 1896, a comparison by periods of five years shows that the majority in the cities for license has decreased from 21,211 to 8,879; the majority to the towns for no-license has increased from 9,751 to 16,936, and the majority of 11,510 for license in the State has been changed to a majority against license of 7,653. Only one town showed, in the fifteen, a unanimous vote for license, while in 260 town elections there was a unanimous vote against license.—Michigan Christian Advocate.

Morning.

The grey dawn breaks upon the eastern sky;  
Night whispers, "See, the morning draweth nigh;  
The darkness ever must give place to light,  
My reign is over, I must take my flight."

Slowly the sun uplifts his kingly head,  
Across the sky he moves with stately tread;  
The golden gleams across the house-tops fall,  
And cheerily the birds begin to call.

Along the street there rumbles heavy carts,  
And country folk begin to throng the marts;  
The hush and quiet of the night are o'er,  
And busy life has now begun once more.

—ETHEL MAY CROSSLEY.

Those Slighted Passages.

Bro. Davis still remains silent, (1.) about the critical point made concerning the Passover, (2.) the contradiction between Mark 16: 1 and Luke 23: 56, (3.) the fact of their being two Sabbaths in Passover week, (4.) and the Lord's own statement in Math. 12: 40 that he was to be "three days and three nights in the heart of the earth."

His exposition of Luke 24: 21 is casuistical and would be ridiculed in any other than theological discussion. By the same use of idioms, etc., he could prove that he was George Washington. In all Greek figures the second leads off the first, the third leads off the second, the fourth leads off the third, and so on. The disciples said, "Today leads off the third day since these things were done." "The simple interpretation should surely be accepted."

Dr. Doddridge, as quoted, evidently had reference to some Monk, or Jesuit Casuist, who spent his time fitting in those classical Mosaics so that a simple interpretation would become unacceptable.

Fallbrook, Cal., Oct. 15th.

Alone With God.

In these days of hurry and bustle we find ourselves face to face with a terrible danger, and it is this: No time to be alone with God. The world, in these last days, is running fast; we live in what is called "the age of progress," and "you know we must keep pace with the times." So the world says. But this spirit of the world has not confined itself to the world. It is, alas! to be found among the saints of God. And what is the result? The result is no time to be alone with God, and this is immediately followed by no inclination to be alone with God. . . . This "desert life," as many call it, is of an importance that cannot be overvalued. Let us turn to the pages of the Book. On scanning its precious pages we find that the men of God—God's mighty men—were those who had been in "the school of God," as it has been well said; and his school was simply this—"in the desert alone with Himself." It was there they got their teaching. Far removed from the din and bustle of the haunts of men—distant alike from human eye and ear—there they met alone with God; there they were equipped for the battle. And when the time came that they stood forth in public service for God their faces were not ashamed—nay, they had faces as lions; they were bold and fearless, yea, and victorious for God; for the battle had been won already in the desert alone with him.—London Christian.

A Russian Legend.

A poor shoemaker, Martin by name, had a great longing to behold the Lord Jesus. One night in a dream he received the promise that the Saviour would visit him on the morrow. Martin's dwelling was a cellar, and his work bench stood beside the low window, from which he saw nothing but the feet of those who passed by. As was his custom, he rose early, worked at his trade, ate his morning meal, and said to himself, "To-day the Lord Jesus will visit me."

Looking up, he saw a pair of shabby feet wearily dragging themselves past his window. Full of pity, he went out and found a poor woman, hungry and homeless, who had wandered about the streets all night long, carrying a sick baby in her arms. Martin took her into his dwelling, gave her the remnant of his breakfast, and fed the child with milk. When she had gone he again sat down to his work, hoping that now the Lord Jesus would soon appear. About noon he saw another pair of tired feet shuffling past. Hurrying out Martin found an old man who had not tasted food that day. He invited him in and shared his midday meal with the hungry guest. When he had gone Martin thought sadly, "The day is half spent and the Lord Jesus has not yet come."

Towards evening he saw more feet in violent movement hurriedly flying hither and thither, and when he went out he found an old fruit seller and a street boy in a fierce fight. The woman, clutching the sleeve of the boy's threadbare jacket, screamed, "He stole my apples and I will beat him for it!" Martin made peace between them, and, finding that both were hungry, he took them home and shared his supper with them.

The day being ended, he went to bed with a sad heart, for the Lord Jesus had not visited him, as it had been promised him in his dream.

He slept, and again he dreamed; and behold in his dream appeared first the tired woman and her sick child; she looked into his eyes and said, "Martin, dost thou know me?" And the old man came, and the fruit seller, each asking, "Martin dost thou know me?" Then Martin understood, and he remembered the words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—North-western Christian Advocate.