

A CALL AND ITS ANSWER.

(Mrs. Emery Wyman.)

I. The Call.

Listen a moment, O wind of the evening,
Bear me this message far over the sea:
'Children, come home, for the shadow
doth lengthen
And night cometh quickly. Come home
unto me.

'In the land where you tarry lurk fame
and fever,
And many dread terrors abide by the
way;
There's death in the sun-glare, disease
in the water;
Death threatens the night and o'er-sha-
dows the day.

'Those people are hardened and wed to
their idols—
Those dusky brown people who live
o'er the sea—
They are not of thy race, they are not
of thy kindred,
They will heed not thy teaching. Come
home unto me.

'There are no friends like old friends, no
land like the homeland;
Your birds and your books call you
forth from the gloom.
The places that know you are lonesome
without you;
We are calling together, "Dear children,
come home."

II. The Answer.

Sunshine through shadows and a morn-
ing of beauty,
Rushing winds dashing the spray to
the land,
And a voice in the wind like the blast of
a trumpet,
'Courage, O mother, for day is at hand.

'O'er this dark land the bright gospel
light's breaking;
Idols are shattered, we have nothing
to fear,
No dread of disease or of any disaster;
Death cannot affright us, for Jesus is
near.

'He came on before us. He bade us to
follow,
His footstep doth sanctify e'en this
dark land.
Vipers may sting us, but cannot appall
us
When with the "Comforter" we walk
hand in hand.

'Have courage, O mother, for yet we
must linger,
Unheeding thy summons, though you
pleadingly call.
These dusky brown people are kindred
and brothers,
One Father doth love us, one Saviour
for all.

'Write on your heart the brave word
consecration,
Lift up your eyes to the beauties
above,
Christ will be unto you sweet conso-
lation,
'His yoke it is easy," he ruleth in
love.'

A RUINED LIFE.

A TRUE STORY.

(By Professor Victor Wilker.)

At times there looms up before my
mental vision the venerable form of
one of my early teachers. He was
the first to create in my mind a thirst
for knowledge, and to inspire me with
lofty ideals. He was a frequent and
welcome visitor at my father's house.
For hours I would listen to the words
of wisdom as they fell like music from
his lips. His knowledge was compre-
hensive, and his powers of communi-
cation were wonderful. His Latinity
was of the purest, and the facility
with which he wielded the classic
idioms of antiquity is rarely witness-

ed in this country. Nor was he less
conversant with the intricate ques-
tions in theology and philosophy.
As a pulpit orator, his eloquence was
simply grand. I have heard the most
celebrated preacher of England, and
listened to the three greatest that
America can boast of, but they did
not hold their audiences so spell-
bound, Sunday after Sunday, as he
did. His extraordinary capabilities
will appear less incredible when I
state that he was the son of a Consis-
torialrath at one of the German
Courts, and had received a superior
education, the best that money and
European universities could furnish.
You may ask, 'How did this man,
who certainly might have filled the
highest position in Germany, come
to take charge of a congregation in
America?' At the time, this was a
profound mystery, which people vain-
ly endeavored to penetrate. After a
sojourn of one year, however, it was
discovered that he was the slave of
strong drink. Having been found
intoxicated several times, he was ob-
liged, at the end of the second year,
to dissolve his connection with our
church, and left for parts unknown.

Many years had passed since the
events transpired that have been nar-
rated above. The youthful student
had developed into manhood, but the
image of his former friend and in-
structor had never faded from his
memory. Some years ago, during the
summer vacation, as I was travelling
in a Western State, I met an old ac-
quaintance, who, in the course of
conversation stated that he had
heard of a small rural congregation
some eight miles distant, whose new
pastor was creating a sensation by
means of his wonderful elo-
quence.

As I was travelling for recreation
principally, I resolved to interview
this modern Bossuet. Accordingly,
at an early hour on the following
morning, I started for the residence
designated by my friend. In-
quiring for the residence of the
clergyman, I was directed to a
small log-cabin in the rear of the
miniature chapel. On knocking, the
door was opened by an elderly wo-
man whose emaciated features and
haggard looks indicated that she had
seen hard times. I was told that the
Herr Pastor was still in bed, but if I
desired to see him he would soon be
at my service.

It was not long before the clergy-
man made his appearance. I judged
him to be about seventy years old.
His beard and hair were gray, and his
features wore an exceedingly haggard
expression. Soon our conversation
was in full flow, and we talked with
as much freedom as if we had long
been intimate friends. When we hap-
pened to touch classic ground, and be-
gan to discuss the ancient world with
its languages, literatures, philoso-
phies and antiquities, a strange in-
spiration seemed to come over the
old man. His eyes began to sparkle,
the color came back to his pallid
cheeks, and his voice grew tremulous
with excitement as he poured forth
with astonishing facility stores of
ancient lore. The conversation con-
tinued with unabated interest until
late in the afternoon of that long,
hot summer day.

When I finally arose to take my
leave, my host sprang to his feet,
saying, 'Sir, you must not leave to-
day; stay at least over night! For
the first time in many years I have
met some one with whom I can con-
verse. I am a lone man, completely
isolated. My peasants do not under-
stand me, and there are no intelligent
persons in the neighborhood. But
tell me, if I dare ask, what is your
profession, and where is your home?'
When I had answered these and simi-
lar questions to his satisfaction, I,
in turn, told him that his personality
and the tone of our conversation re-
called vividly to my mind the many
pleasant hours I had spent while a
youth with a teacher of cherished re-
membrance, 'who,' continued I, 're-
sembled you so much that I should
be led to believe you are he, if your

age did not render such a supposition
improbable. The gentleman in ques-
tion cannot have passed his fiftieth
year, since, at the time when he was
my teacher, he was a young man, and
that was about twenty years ago. If
it were not for this disparity in age,
I should certainly take you to be my
former teacher, Dr. R. S— of the
University of G—, and for some
time professor in the University of
M—.

Scarcely had these words escaped
my lips, when the old man cried out
with a quivering voice, 'Ah, sir, you
are not mistaken! I am that man.
My name is R. S—. Twenty years
ago, you said it was? Let me see. I
was then pastor of a congregation in
C—, in the State of I—, where I
used to frequent the house of one of
my parishioners, whose son I was in-
structing. The youth's name was—I
remember well—was V—, but I had
changed it to Greek, and called him
Nikon. Is it possible that you are my
Nikon?'

The conversation which followed
was sad. Partly from what he re-
lated to me of his own free will, and
partly from his wife, with whom I
had an opportunity to speak in pri-
vate before I left, I learned the his-
tory of these last twenty years. It
would make angels weep to relate it.
Suffice it to say that since his student
days he had been the slave of an in-
domitable appetite, which had ruined
him, body and soul, and was dragging
him into an untimely grave. It had
crushed his genius, paralyzed every
noble effort, smothered the fires of
his ambition, lowered his ideals, ex-
tinguished the lamp of hope, broke
down his iron constitution, and
brought him to the verge of despair.
At times, especially after his mar-
riage, he had made efforts to shake off
the demon that was holding him so
firmly; but his reformation was al-
ways transitory. He had received
many a letter from his parents, espe-
cially from his pious mother, en-
treating him, in the name of all that
was sacred, to conquer the habit that
was slowly but surely ruining him.

One of these letters, written by his
mother, was once found by a church
officer in the vacant parsonage, after
the pastor had left. On reading it,
the deacon wept like a child. It
seems he was an only son. The mo-
ther called him her dearest heart-
darling, her only much lamented but
dearly beloved lost son. She begged
of him, for his own sake, for his father's
sake, for Jesus's sake, not to
drink any more. She wrote words of
cheer and encouragement, told him
that all was not lost, that there was
one mighty to save, that Jesus would
accept him, and that there was free
grace for all. She said that he was
not only ruining himself, but making
his parents extremely unhappy, and
that it would be the happiest day of
her life when she should hear the
glad tidings that her long-lost son
had been found, and was safe. It
seems to have been all in vain. He
could not do without strong drink.
He cursed it, but he must have it.
His whole being craved it.

The unhappy wife inquired of me
whether I could not do something for
her husband. She thought that a
position in some institution of learn-
ing, where he would move in a more
intellectual atmosphere, and enjoy
the society of the scholarly, might
possibly enable him to overcome his
terrible appetite. If he only had
friends to speak a good word for him!
Did I know of an opening in some col-
lege? Was there no vacancy in the
school with which I was connected?
If so, would I use my influence in his
favor?

Alas! what could I say under the
circumstances? What could be done
for a man who during his whole life-
time had been the slave of an in-
domitable appetite? Was there a rea-
sonable prospect that he would ever
reform, no matter what his surround-
ings might be?

With a very sad heart I took leave
of the unhappy old man. While
pressing his hand I spoke words of

encouragement to him. I recalled to
his mind an impressive sermon that
he had preached more than twenty
years previous, on the power of God
to save to the uttermost. 'Yes,' he
replied, 'at that time I still had
hope; but now hope is dead. I fear I
shall never be different.' 'With God
all things are possible. He can save
to the uttermost,' was my parting
word.

Though requested to write to me,
he has never done so. I learned,
however, that soon after he was ob-
liged to resign his position as pastor
of that small church, and left for
parts unknown.

What a frightful drama such a life
presents! It is the struggling of a
human soul with its most powerful
enemy, alcohol. Young men, do not
trifle with this enemy. Like the boa
constrictor, he will slowly but firmly
tighten his muscular rings around
you. Arise in the majesty of your
manhood, and say, 'I will not touch
nor handle.' If you do so, God and
good people will stand by you, and
you will be safe.

GOD'S REVOLVER.

A number of years ago an incident
occurred which greatly endeared the
Bible to me, and caused me to feel
safe without any carnal weapon.

All in a moment I found myself
surrounded by six men demanding
my purse. I was where I could not
defend myself or obtain help from
man. I confess to a strange palpi-
tation in my heart. It seemed clear
that my purse or life must go. At
that instant something seemed to say:

'Tell them who you are.'

With much difficulty I said to
them:

'I am a minister of Jesus Christ.
My business is to preach Christ
wherever I go, and you know you are
making a demand upon me that you
cannot meet at the judgment seat of
Christ.'

After a little I distinctly heard one
of them say:

'Let him go!'

Then I knew God's revolver had
taken effect. I now became calm,
and pointed them to the judgment-
seat, where they must meet me and
this whole transaction. Strange to
tell, they were silent for a little, then
one by one went away, and left me
alone. This was plainly the effect
of preaching to them the great Day
of Judgment, accompanied by the di-
vine Spirit.

I can never forget my feelings as I
walked away from the spot, seeing
'Jesus only' with me. I seemed to
grasp the 'Bible' with a new love and
confidence, and silently said:

'I shall never need any other re-
volver than this.'—Incidents by A. B.
Earl.

'OCCUPY TILL I COME.'

(By M. F. Rowe.)

'Tis only one little talent,
Yet I may not hide it away;
The Lord of my life has claimed it—
I must use it for him each day.
I must use my one small talent
As though it were five or ten,
For my Lord, at His own returning,
Will require His own again.

It is only a little corner
In the world's wide harvest-field;
It gives no glowing promise
Of grand and glorious yield;
Yet here would I gladly labor
Until the harvest home,
For to me the Master speaketh:
'Occupy till I come.'

Perhaps had He given more talents
Or a field that was not so small,
I might not have traded wisely—
I might not have given Him all.
He appointed my place to labor,
And surely He knoweth best;
I'll occupy till He cometh,
And leave in his hands the rest.