

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 fam-
 ine 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 vainly
 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, es-
 pecially 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 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.