

Selections.

On the Death of the late Rev. F. W. Baughman.

(Written for the West Durham News.)

A useful life is ended, Whose prospects were so bright! We cannot see the reason; 'Tis clouded from our sight.

His preached words were earnest And reached to every heart— They little thought how soon from him They would be forced to part.

A congregation sorrowing For a pastor true and kind; They almost think it would be vain Again his like to find.

They grieve; but there is one who weeps Far bitter tears than theirs; She's lost the one who ever strove To lighten all her cares.

Only a few short, happy months, And then so quickly riven! She could not well have borne the blow; But strength from God was given.

A pastor taken from his flock, A husband from his wife; Alas, we wonder, but we know Such are the trials of life.

We know God's ways are not man's ways, So we must simply trust That what we now can't understand Is truly wise and just. J. T.

Steadfastness.

We are in an age of agitation. Social, political, commercial and religious questions of great moment are being warmly discussed. In times of excitement there is always danger. In the national Republican convention at Chicago, in June, 1890, Mr. Garfield, to whom had been entrusted the honor of nominating John Sherman, of Ohio, for the presidency, said: "I have seen the sea lashed into a fury and tossed into a spray, and its grandeur moves the soul of the dullest man. But I remember that it is not the billows, but the calm level of the sea from which all heights and depths are measured. When the storm has passed and the hour of calm settles on the ocean, when sunlight bathes its smooth surface, then the astronomer or engineer takes the level, from which he measures all terrestrial heights and depths." This principle of measurement is a correct one. It is as true of mental and spiritual elevations and depressions as of physical. Extremes are always unsafe and untrue positions from which to take our bearings. The dead level of your thought and life is the true level from which all just conclusions can be drawn and all correct calculations made. It is needless to say that the political excitement into which our country is being constantly thrown—or more correctly speaking—in which it "lives, and moves, and has its being," is not conducive to sobriety or morality. We are never out of the sight of an election, and bribery and corruption have taken possession of the ballot box, and our offices are being sold to those who can most successfully corrupt and debauch the people.

Business excitement is not safe. The speculations into which so many men are madly rushing are not healthy. Even if successful, they but feed a fire which rarely ever dies when once fairly kindled, and if successful, then poverty and remorse often succeed.

Religious excitement is not less untrue and unsafe than the others which we have mentioned. Government by mere impulse can not effect sure and lasting results. Impulsive men are riding the crest of the wave to-day; to-morrow they are in the trough of

the sea. They are the stony ground in which the seed immediately springs up, but for lack of depth the sun soon withers and scorches it. If we judge men by mere impulse, we shall misjudge them. Impulses only show how lofty a man may rise, for he can never go beyond the splendid height of his best impulse, or how low he may sink, for he will never under reach his lowest passion, and yet neither the lofty height of his best impulse, nor the deep depths of his meanest desire is the normal condition of the man, and men are to be judged by their normal conditions.

The life of the blessed Christ was not always the splendors of transfiguration, nor was it the gloom of Gethsemane, it was that glorious level which Peter describes at the house of Cornelius when he says that God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Spirit and with power, "who went about doing good and healing all that were oppressed of the devil."

The life of the great apostle, the "Man of Rock," to whom was given the keys of the kingdom, is not to be estimated by his mountain heights of glorious impulse nor his valleys of weakness. One day on the mountain height he says, "I can die with you;" in a few hours afterwards he is in the valley and swears "I know not the man." Is it any wonder that this great apostle in later life, when writing to those "that have obtained a like precious faith with us in righteousness of our God and Saviour Jesus Christ," should exhort his brethren to "add to their faith courage."

It is the steadfast man to whom we turn with confidence—the man whose dead level is always high and above the low dismal swamps of vice and corruption. Who was better fitted to exhort his brethren to steadfastness than that glorious hero whom Jesus once halted on the road to Damascus, and turned his face skyward and his high-beating heart Godward? Who could better stimulate his brethren to "be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the Word of the Lord" than he who stood unmoved before Agrippa, made Felix to tremble, faced Nero at Rome, and could write to his Philippian brethren, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content. I know how to be abased, and I know also how to abound; in everything and in all things have I learned the secret both to be filled and to be hungry, both to abound and to be in want. I can do all things in Him that strengtheneth me!" The level of this man's life was very high. It came nearer to the lofty standard of the perfected Christ than has the life of any man of whom we have ever read, and the great secret of the earnest, steadfast, consecrated life was the unwavering faith of his soul, which found expression in that exquisite sentence, "I know Him whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that He is able to guard that which I have committed unto Him against that day." The need of to-day is steadfast, unmovable men and women who know Him whom they have believed, and who are determined to know nothing but Jesus and Him crucified in the midst of a wicked and sensuous generation.

God is ever near to every such soul and in his nearness such an one may truly say:

I fear no foe, with Thee on hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness; Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory? I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

—The Apostolic Guide.

False friends are like our shadows; they keep close to us while we walk in the sunshine, but leave us the instant we step into the shade.

Temperance.

Temperance in War.

Lord Wolsely, referring to his successful Red River Expedition, wrote as follows: "During the thirteen weeks which elapsed between the disembarkation at Prince Arthur's Landing and our marching into Fort Garry, it rained upon forty-five days, and upon many occasions every one was wet for days together. Notwithstanding the magnitude of the labor, the exposure to inclement weather, and the great annoyance from mosquitoes thus endured, there was not throughout the whole of this arduous operation the least murmur of discontent heard from any one. From first to last there was a total absence of crime, and, I may add, of sickness also. Never has any body of men on active service been more cheerful or more healthy. This has been one of the few military expeditions where spirits have formed no part of the daily ration, and where no intoxicating liquor was obtainable. I consider that the above mentioned happy results are in a great measure to be attributed to this fact."

He Poisoned the Others.

The proprietor of a certain saloon was noticed to drink with everyone who asked him, but never took the same liquor as the customer.

"Gin or whiskey of an especial brand I always take, which are never handed to customers, but are kept here on the shelf for my own use. Taste my whiskey," he said, setting out his private bottle, containing a yellowish liquid. "What do you think of it?"

"Curious stuff," said his friend, sipping it and sniffing at it. "Don't think I ever tasted anything quite like it before. It's not at all bad, though. Has considerable aroma, but it's mighty weak for whiskey. What brand is it?"

"Taste the gin," was all the reply the proprietor gave, as he set his private gin bottle down beside the other. "Curious," said the friend, pouring out and sampling a colorless liquid. "I am sure I never tasted anything like it before. Come, now, what is it?"

"That's water," said the publican, with a grin. "Never tasted it, eh?" "Water!" gasped his friend. "Yes, and the other's cold tea. Now you know how I drink and drink and yet keep a clear head and a steady pulse. But keep it quiet, my boy."

A Talk to Railroad Men.

Hon. Chauncy M. Dopey, President of the New York Central Railroad Company, talked a little "sense" to some railroad men on this wise:

"Twenty-five years ago I knew every man, woman and child in Peckskill. And it has been a study with me to mark the boys who started in every grade of life with myself, to see what has become of them. I was up last fall and began to count them over, and it was an instructive exhibit. Some of them became clerks, merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, doctors. It is remarkable that every one of those that drank is dead; not one living of my age. Barring a few who were taken off by sickness, every one that proved a wreck and wrecked his family did it from rum and no other cause. Of those who were church-going people, who were steady, industrious and hard-working men, who were frugal and thrifty, every single one of them, without an exception, owns the house in which he lives and has something laid by, the interest on which, with the house, would carry him through many a rainy day. When a man becomes debased with gambling, rum or drink, he doesn't care, all his finer feelings are crowded out. The poor women at home are the ones who suffer—suffer in their tenderest emotions; suffer in their affections for those whom they love better than life."—Christian.

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