

## Tears All Wiped Away.

AND God shall wipe away, at last,  
 All tears from eyes that weep;  
 Death, sorrow, crying, pain, all passed  
 For those in Christ who sleep.  
 Not e'en a mother's love can stay  
 Her child's returning tears;  
 But those which God doth wipe away,  
 Are gone for endless years.

Our tears of shame and sorrow, shed  
 O'er failure, sin, and loss—  
 Tears for our cherished hopes now dead—  
 Tears 'neath our heavy cross—  
 Tears for a loved one gone astray—  
 And tears with those who weep—  
 All tears, God's hand shall wipe away,  
 For those in Christ who sleep.

O this the vision from of old,  
 Sometimes of greater cheer  
 Than gates of pearl, and streets of gold,  
 And waters, crystal clear.  
 No death, nor grief, nor pain, nor sighs—  
 And tears all wiped away!  
 For that we wait with lifted eyes;  
 Speed, Lord, that happy day!

—Rev. Edward A. Collier, D.D.

## To Be a Boy Again.

IF I were a boy, I should want a thorough discipline, early begun and never relaxed, on the great doctrine of will-force as the secret of character, with faith in God as the foundation. I should want my teacher to put weight of responsibility upon me; to make me know and feel that God furnishes the material and the conditions, but that I must do the work of building my character; to fill me with the thought that I am not a "thing," a stick, a stone, a lump of clay or putty, but a "person," a "power," a "cause," a "creator," and that what I am in the long run, in the final outcome, I am to make myself.

If I were a boy with my man's wisdom, I should eat wholesome food and no other. I should chew it well, and never "bolt it down." I should eat at regular hours. I should never touch tobacco, chewing gum, or patent medicine; never once go to bed without cleaning my teeth; never let a year go by without a dentist's inspection and treatment; never sit up late at night, unless a great emergency demanded it; never linger one moment in bed when the time came for getting up; and never fail to rub every part of my body every morning with a wet towel, and then with a dry one. But all this takes will power. Yes, but that is all it does take.

I should never speak a word to anyone who might be worried about it, and only kind words of others, even of enemies, in their absence. I should put no unclean thoughts, pictures, sights or stories in my memory and imagination. I should want to be able to say, like Dr. George H. Whitney, "I have never pronounced a word which I ought not to speak in the presence of the purest woman in the world." I should treat

little folks kindly, and not tease them; show respect to servants, and be generous to the unfortunate.

I should play and romp, sing and shout, climb trees, explore caves, swim rivers, and be able to do in reason all the manly things that belong to manly sports; love and study nature; travel as widely and observe as wisely as I could; study with a will when the time came for study; read the best books; try to speak accurately, and pronounce distinctly; go to college and go through college, even if expected to be a clerk, a farmer, or a mechanic; try to be a practical, every-day Christian; help every good cause; "use the world, and not abuse it"; treat older men and women as fathers and mothers, the young as brethren and sisters in all purity.

Thus I should try to be a Christian gentleman, wholesome, sensible, cheerful, courteous, independent; a boy with a will; a boy without cant or cowardice; a man's will and wisdom in me, and God's grace, beauty, and blessing abiding with me. Ah, if I were a boy!—*Bishop Vincent.*

## Beecher and the Protesting Pew.

A DEVOUT Western man, having occasion to be in New York over Sunday some years ago, decided that he would improve the opportunity by going over to Brooklyn and hearing Henry Ward Beecher preach. It was on the eve of a great local campaign, and the Plymouth pastor preached a stirring sermon, calling men to their civic duties. This angered the visitor, who believed that politics had no place in the pulpit, and upon reaching his hotel he sat down and wrote to Mr. Beecher:

"Dear sir: I journeyed over from New York this morning to hear you preach, expecting, of course, that I should hear a sermon. Instead of that I got nothing but a political address for my pains. I suppose it means little to you to be told that I was disappointed, but I nevertheless want you to know that there was one man in your congregation who feels that politics has no place in God's temple, and that such political rantings as was your address this morning are unbecoming to a servant of God. Plainly speaking, sir, you made an ass of yourself.

"Very truly yours,

"\_\_\_\_\_."

Mr. Beecher read the letter, and with his characteristic love of fun took a sheet of paper and wrote:

"My dear Mr. \_\_\_\_\_: I am very sorry you were disappointed at my sermon yesterday morning. Some of us like to think, however, that a man's highest duty as a citizen is essential to Christian character. Still, I regret you didn't like my words, and I regret even more that you think I made an ass of myself. However, you have a great consolation in the fact that you will never be put to the trouble and mortification of making an ass of yourself. The Lord did that.

"HENRY WARD BEECHER."