

# Citizen and Home Guard

SUPPLEMENT TO DAILY ARTISER---SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1895.

## Motto for the Week:

"I pity the man who has never failed; he has missed seeing God from one of the finest views of him."—[Rev. J. M. Gibbon.]

## Spiritual, not a "Spirit" Heaven.

Ordinarily it would seem as if there would be nothing very remarkable in the fact that the distinguished pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, this city, should preach a sermon from the text in John xiv., 2,—"I go to prepare a place for you." It is a good text and has often been preached from. But either because of the distinguished character of the preacher or by reason of the peculiarity of his views, a sermon on this text delivered on Sunday of last week attracted the attention of the newspaper press. In this sermon, we may premise, the preacher insisted upon the material nature of heaven, making it as substantial as the city of Jerusalem of the present day. In printing their respective reports of the sermon on the following day the Tribune headed its account in large capitals—"An Interesting Heaven;" and the Times announced to its readers the news that "Heaven Is a Locality"—as it undoubtedly is.

We do not take up the theme at the present time for the purpose of bringing together all the evidence showing heaven to be an actual, material locality—to do that would require a volume—but rather to direct attention to one of the greatest misconceptions of the time—the misconception that both heaven and the resurrected saint are immaterial products—spirit creations—heaven being in the speech of some "purely a state," and the resurrection body a ghost, or as it is termed, "a spiritual body." It will be evident at a glance that these two great results are interdependent and of like character. That is, if the resurrection body is immaterial, then heaven is wholly unsubstantial, and is therefore only a state; a ghost body does not need a substantial "mansion," and there is no occasion for Christ to "prepare" one for its occupancy. Conversely, if the bodies of the saints are material and tangible, then they can not only make use of mansions but will need them.

First, and briefly, as to the resurrection body. It is "a spiritual body," it is not a spirit body—which is quite another and very different thing. A spiritual body is not a spirit body, but a body adopted to the wants of a perfect spirit. Christ took such a body with him into heaven; but it was a material body—one that could be and was both seen and handled. What marks the difference between a spiritual and an earthly or "natural" body is not that the one is immaterial and the other material, but that one is incorruptible and the other corruptible; the opposite of spirit is not matter, but corruption. This distinction is unperceived in many quarters, and has led to false conceptions of matter and spirit and of the heavenly state as well.

Secondly, as to heaven. As the believer in entering heaven is not unclothed but clothed upon with his "house," that is from heaven, so he requires a locality, a place suitable for him, and, as Christ tells us, "mansions." The necessity of the case and the express declarations of the Master call for a tangible, substantial, material heaven; and why should it not be so? When God entered upon his great creative work he formed matter; and when he had made a world he fashioned this same matter, even the dust of the earth, into a man, and breathed into him the breath of life, "and man became a living soul." God, then, having so honored matter, in the first creation of the world's genesis, why should he dishonor it in the new creation?—having originally made man a living soul wedded to a material body, why should he put aside one part of his nature as if imperfect? The fact not to be forgotten is that God never discards his types. They are met with in a world of surpassing loveliness in the vegetable and animal creations. Take from the universe sin and corruption and everything that would destroy or hurt, and every hill becomes God's holy mountain, every valley a depression through which flows a river of paradise. As a physical body is no mere accident of our being, so a physical place is no accident of our environment; on the contrary, wonderful in their adaptation and mutual interdependence, each is a necessity for the other; if Eden was created for Adam, no less was he placed there "to dress it and keep it."

Naturally, and along parallel lines to other forms of error, this perverted sense of the nature and functions of matter and spirit manifests itself in two extreme schools—those who dishonor God in his own work by spurning everything, as if matter was essentially of the earth, earthy, and had no place beyond the stars; and those who, with whom matter is all, and spirit only a thing spiritual only a

manifestation of matter in motion, who thus dishonor God who created both mind and matter and who married them, thenceforth to be united forever.

No; as our preacher has said, a world that is simply a spirit world is not a world that we can think about with any safety, or that we are qualified to have any interest in. There is no warrant in Scripture for thinking that the more unlike this world we imagine a thing to be the more heavenly it is. From out the shadow of this perversion let every believer in Christ place himself as he appropriates the comforting and blessed truth that beyond all earthly disappointments lies a hand of surpassing loveliness, a fitting abode for spiritual beings—a land where eyes shall gaze in eyes long closed, shall clasp hands long cold, and where the tongue long silent shall breathe forth words of love in the old familiar tones never again to fall unheard upon the cold, dull ear of death. Into such a land may Christ bring us all in his own good time!—[The Christian Work.]

## The Red Cross Society.

A very highly valued correspondent, and one of the best authorities on the subject, writes the Outlook appreciatively of a recent mention in these columns of the Red Cross Society, and incloses the following item concerning that society in Japan. The facts mentioned below correspond with the information received from other sources. While there seems to be little doubt that occasionally the Japanese have given way to their former barbarism, yet, on the whole, they have shown the influence of Christianity and civilization in a very remarkable degree. Our correspondent writes as follows:

In a letter from—, dated from Osaka, Dec. 10, she says: "After the army, the most popular institution just now in Japan is the Red Cross Society. The common people who do not understand English seem to be ignorant of its Christian significance, and speak of it as the 'Red Ten-Letter Society,' as the cross is the character for ten in Chinese and Japanese. The Emperor is its most enthusiastic patron, and all officials, excepting the lowest are obliged to belong to it. There are a large number of Chinese prisoners at Osaka. An official of the local government asked the missionaries to go and see how they were treated. They wore the Red Cross Society clothing, with the badge of Christianity on their arms. We had Chinese Bibles and other books for distribution, and both Chinese and Japanese attendants were delighted with them and with the sympathy of the Americans. We must praise the Japanese for their kind and just treatment of the Chinese and Koreans and their noble aims. Of course there is an inordinate desire for praise, but the nation is taking great strides forward and entering into the races with Christian nations."

## Writing Sermons Asleep.

One of the most remarkable and puzzling stories of somnambulism has recently come to light. The subject was a young ecclesiastic at a seminary. The bishop of the diocese was so deeply interested that he went nightly to the young man's chamber. He saw him get out of bed, secure paper, compose and write sermons. On finishing a page he read it aloud. When a word displeased him he wrote a correction with great exactness. The bishop had seen a beginning of some of these somnambulist sermons and thought them well composed and correctly written. Curious to ascertain whether the young man made use of his eyes, the bishop put a card under his chin to prevent him seeing the paper, but he still continued to write.

Not yet satisfied whether or not he could distinguish different objects placed before him, the bishop took away the piece of paper on which he wrote and substituted several other kinds of various colors. He always perceived the change because the pieces of paper were of different sizes. When a piece exactly like his own was substituted he used it, and wrote his corrections on the places corresponding to those of his own paper. It was by this means that portions of his nocturnal compositions were obtained. His most astonishing production was a piece of music written with great exactitude. He used a cane for a rule. The clefs, the flats, and the sharps were all in their right places. The notes were all made as circles, and those requiring it were afterward blackened with ink. The words were all written below, but once they were in such very large characters that they did not come directly below their proper notes, and perceiving this he erased them all and wrote them over again.

A BROTHERLY TESTIMONIAL.—Adorer (feeling his way)—I—er—suppose you sister does not like my coming here so often, does she?

Little Brother (confidently)—Oh, you needn't worry about sister. She can endure most anybody.

## A Spade Spade

Do Not Things be Called by Their Right Names?—Do Not be a Moral Coward—Right and Wrong Views Regarding Charity—The Right Ought Always to be Parliamentary.

How much wholesome accounts is it that there should be word for an ugly thing, one involving condemnation and disgust, even expense of a little coarseness, rather than one that plays fast and loose with moral principles of morality, misleads, and shifts the divinely landmarks of right and wrong.—[A. Trench.]

We are not accustomed to think of plain speaking as a duty. Men and women who have enough to call things by their names are generally known as "uncharitable" and "coarse," as they are part of Carlyle's "Gy," society is apt to hold them in abhorrence; while the male woman who softens language degree of gentle falsehood thatters to mankind's enfeebled sins is estimated as a "perfect man" or a lovely woman.

Since Richard Che Trench is by no means as popuwardays as many less vigorous writers, I place his true words at the head of this arduous task that someone may be induced to read the whole of his chapter of morality of words. No modern writer can presume to add anything to his hand, some and scholarly censure of those weakly fastidiousures who cannot call a spade a spade. But the arduous task of ill-used misused words, with his observi thereon, is by no means compand the immoralities which catalogues are harmless imparison with others unnoticed by

Conservative, for inst, meant, originally, tending to pre, and, as a noun, meant one who opposed to political changes—ason the opposit: of revolutionary a word. But nowadays every dispyt ignorance, stupidity, obstinate narrow-mindedness and meanness subject whatever will be digd by its perpetrator and his fellowners as conservatism. A man whojects to the higher education of en will tell you with a wise air tha is conservative; the man who thir, woman ought not to have the sawages a man gets for the same work] cover his meanness and selfishness with the same high-sounding wordje man who objects to a woman eing her livelihood by the exercise of talent God may have given her—us it be a talent for sewing, teaching cooking—covers himself with gloy posing as a conservative. A people who know better, but lack thourage to do better, will tolerate tsort of verbal immorality in others d even perpetrate it themselves. Believe that if we would stop cag such opinions and the holders thaf conservative and apply to them s suitable adjectives as stupid, norant, narrow-minded, contemptil the world's progress would be neasurably hastened. Is anyone dy to help me try the experiment?

Peculiar is another word than the lips of some mistaken souls ses its true meaning and becomes a ritable substitute for hateful or m. In every community you will find one or more persons, generally won, make it the business of their res to be as mean as they possibly u be. They are often of good social sition and always church members; et the heathen to whom they help send missionaries could teach them ow to improve their manners and th morals. They are quick to repay adness with injury and courtesy withsult, and wherever they go they lee behind them a trail of wounded things, broken friendships and scarof all sizes and depths. Yet if anywider dare complain, he is met by thesoothing protest, "Oh, well! Mary ipeculiar, you know," or "We must nke allowance for people's peculiaritie." Of course no one minds being calli peculiar. To be peculiar i the next thing to being original. Ad so Mary indulges her peculiarities o the extreme length of mean anthefulness of which she is a ble and, while saying the Lord's Prayer every time she goes to church, she sends most of her week-day time in deferring the fulfillment of that petition thich says, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." If kind friends would only give Mary's conduct the epithets that properly describe it, and Mary herself the treatment she properly deserves, what a blessing it would be!

"But," says a shocked reader, "what about Christian charity?"

I reply that Christian charity has nothing to do with such a case. When a woman from the back-woods or the slums commits a breach of courtesy toward me, or violates the canons of well-bred society, it is my Christian duty to overlook and make allowance,

But when a woman who has had advantages of birth and civilized training equal to my own walks into my parlor and tells me that my children look like Sioux Indians, that my best friend is a woman of bad character, and that I was invited to Mr. Blank's dinner party only to fill a vacant place, then there is a call for Christian self-respect and Christian sincerity on my part, and it becomes straightway my Christian duty to drop the "peculiar" lady from my visiting list, and thus give her more leisure to display her peculiarities to those who find a pleasure in excusing inexcusable things—a very dubious sort of virtue, let me say.

A great deal of what we call Christian charity is, in plain English, very un-Christian moral cowardice. We tolerate insult, humiliation and rade-ness, and say to the world of resentful sinners: "Behold! how great is the length and breadth, the depth and height of my Christian charity!" And all the while, if you are honest with yourself, you know that the motive actuating you is not charity, but the meanest of cowardice. You are afraid that if you quietly drop the "peculiar" person from your circle of friends, the malicious tongue that spits venom on the reputation of your neighbor will attack yours next; that stream of "false witness" that flows from those lips may turn in the direction of your door; that the base insinuations that have prejudiced you against other women will be whispered against you. So in fear and trembling you throw the weight of social influence on the side of the "peculiar" woman and against her innocent victims, and thus make yourself one of those who "call evil good and good evil; that put darkness for light and light for darkness."

It is a little singular that the sweet charity we bestow so graciously on grown-up sinners is entirely withheld from little children—the beings of all others who have an indisputable right to expect it of us. How promptly does the impertinent, the ill-bred child meet his just deserts. If he be our own, there are switches and slippers and dark closets for his reformation. And if he be a neighbor's—especially a neighbor who is not in society—how quickly do we instruct our darlings to ostracise him from the charmed circle of their back yard. How firm and decided and heroic we are in calling our precious pets into the house whenever the "bad boy" or the "bad girl" appears on the scene of their innocent play.

Ah, if we were only brave enough to use such wholesome sincerity in our intercourse with the "bad man" and the "bad woman," there would be few peculiar people outside of lunatic asylums, and life would become infinitely more agreeable than it now is.

There is another word, whose Latinity so cloaks its real meaning that a very shameful thing seems very innocent and respectable. The word is prejudice—pre and judicium, a judgment beforehand, a judgment before knowledge, or to put it still more plainly, a judgment founded on ignorance. Can there be anything more worthless, more contemptible, than such a thing? Yet men and women, apparently perfectly sane, rational beings in all other respects, will unblushingly acknowledge a prejudice against a certain thing or person. Their manner would indicate that a prejudice is something that no well-conducted person can afford to be without, or something that only a very superior person can get up. They not only govern their own course of conduct by an opinion founded on ignorance, but they would like to force the whole civilized world to be governed in the same way. A prejudice! If you have one, hide it as you would the skeleton in the closet. Do not let your bosom friend know you have it. Treat it as you do the blot on your 'scurcheon. Mourn over it in secret, and think of it when you kneel in church to acknowledge your " manifold sins and transgressions" against Almighty God. And finally feed the uncanny creature to death as soon as possible on a good, wholesome diet of absolute truth and certain knowledge, two things that are sure death to all prejudices.

There has always been to me a great charm in those clumsy German words *bismarkensvertete*, *erhebungs-linien*. They are so plain, so frank, so all-expressive. They bear the same relation to a Latinized or a Gallicized word that the rude plaster models in a sculptor's studio bear to a draped and finished statue. There should be in English some word of this kind that would give the meaning of prejudice in all its repulsive, disgraceful hideousness. The use of such a word would

make the wheels of every reform fairly spin. There would be less of expressed opinion and more calm research and study; our newspapers would not teem as now with articles written by women who declare that they don't know anything about a certain question of the day, that, moreover, they don't want to know anything about it, and yet they are totally opposed to it; there would be less argument and more work, and the reign of reason would at once set in.

Suppose we begin to use opinion-founded-on-ignorance instead of the word prejudice. Try the effect of it at the first opportunity. Say with your politest air and most winning smile: "Ah, I see you are governed by an opinion founded on ignorance." Then mark the lowering brow and offended start of the man who would only have smirked in flattered complacency if you had accused him of a prejudice. Dress makes as much difference in words as it does in people.

If we call a thing by a name which makes it appear to be something it is not, we are lying. If any reader feels shocked at my coarseness in using that emphatic word, let him tone up his nerves by re-reading the quotation at the head of this article. Our aversion to calling things by their right names has brought us to such moral decadence that the name of an odious thing is more shocking to us than the thing itself. The words lie and liar are striking examples of this. The words themselves are strictly tabooed in polite conversation, while the liar and his lies are treated with distinguished toleration and exquisite courtesy.

"Sister told a lie," exclaimed a small boy, rushing into the parlor one day when I was calling on his mother. "O, Tommy!" exclaimed his shocked parent, "what dreadful language!" And when "sister" was called up and her guilt established by credible witnesses, no special horror was manifested at her being a liar, and poor Tommy got the largest share of the reproof for calling a lie a lie, and was strongly admonished never to use such a word again, but to say "story" instead.

I do not believe there is a case on record of a man being knocked down for lying. This punishment is reserved for the man who merely calls his fellow man a liar. Centuries hence, when some philologist writes on the Study of Words, he will cite, as a proof of the moral degeneracy of the nineteenth century, that it was a worse offense to mention a lie than to tell one.

One day last summer, in the board of lady managers, a member stated an ugly fact in unequivocal language.

There was a great hue and cry.

"But isn't it true?" asked a spectator.

"True? Yes; but such language is unparliamentary."

"But the truth ought to be parliamentary," persisted the unlearned one. Parliamentary law does not govern society, but one would think it did to hear the evasions and shifts practiced by people who cannot call a spade a spade. Who can measure the harm done to a child's moral nature, when he is instructed to call a lie a "story"? No wonder he comes to think that a lie is next door to a fairy tale, and that in telling one he elevates himself to the rank of a juvenile novelist of the realistic or romantic school, according to the nature of his "stories."

It goes without saying that not compatible with the sternest verbal sincerity, then good breeding is the most immoral demands in the world. If politeness demands that we call a thing that which it is not, then politeness is nothing but gross insincerity, and polite society but a vast human machine for the manufacture of lies.

"I will never believe," says Kingsley, "that a man has a real love for the good and beautiful, unless he attacks the evil and the disgusting the moment he sees it." And the first step in this attack is that we recognize the evil and the disgusting by their own evil, disgusting names.—Kate Field's Washington.

Does any man wound thee? Not only forgive, but work into thy thought intelligence of the kind of pain, that thou mayest never inflict it upon another spirit.—[Margaret Fuller.]

## A Phonographic Ghost.

If you sleep in the house of a wizard, you must be prepared for experiences out of the common. So thinks a gentleman who once passed a night under Mr. Edison's roof.

In the middle of the night he was awakened by the sound of a voice at his elbow. "Midnight has struck!" it said, in hollow but resonant tones. "Prepare to meet thy God!"

The guest was out of bed in haste. He must be the victim of some hallucination. There was no one in the room. His would be a fine case for "psychical research" people. But even whilst these thoughts were passing through his head, he was making for the door. In the hall he met Mr. Edison, who reassured him by saying: "Don't be scared, old man; it's nothing but a ghost."

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## About People.

Paderewski's father, who died a short time ago, was 64 years old, but looked 80. He was made prematurely old by a seven years' imprisonment in Siberia.

A recent writer on Lord Rosebery says the Premier is never so happy as when he can gather his four children round him of an evening and read Scott's poems aloud to them.

One of Robert Louis Stevenson's great heroes was the Duke of Wellington. He used to say that the best thing ever said of Wellington was this: "He did his duty as naturally as a horse eats oats."

The wife of the new French Prime Minister, M. Ribot, is an American woman. She was born in Chicago. Her maiden name was Burch. She left America when but 5 years of age, and has since resided in France.

It is not generally known that there is a son of Darwin, the famous naturalist, in the House of Commons. The distinction is enjoyed by Major Leonard Darwin, who carried the Lichfield division of Staffordshire at the general election of 1892.

Madame Magnusson, who is visiting America for the purpose of raising funds to establish a high school for the girls of Iceland, her native country, wears a black dress embroidered with gold, made after a fashion that her countrywomen have been wearing for 900 years, the same gown often passing from one generation to another.

Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, who was unjustly incarcerated in an insane asylum for fourteen months, declares that she will make it her life work to expose the treatment of sane people in asylums. She is about to publish a book relating her experiences. She is deeply interested in the case of working women, especially those who have been reduced from wealth to poverty.

An interesting little attention on the part of the young Empress of Russia towards her mother-in-law is recorded. The St. Petersburg Calendar for 1895 places the members of the royal house in the following order: The Czar, the Empress-mother, and then the young reigning Empress. The public at first took this for a misprint, but it is now known to have been done by the special wish of the young Empress and the ready consent of the Czar.

The most interesting relic offered at the sale of the late Mr. Edmund Yates' library was the writing slope used by Dickens, who was an intimate personal friend of Mr. Yates, into whose possession the desk came after the death of the great novelist. For the possession of this darling relic, which Mr. Yates prized above all else, there was very spirited competition, and eventually it was knocked down to Mr. Bancroft for 100 guineas, amidst loud applause.

Mr. Winston Churchill, the eldest son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, is about 20 years of age, a trim, well-built figure of a man, and gives promise of high ability. There is every chance that in his case the erratic genius of the Churchills will be toned and solidified by the American shrewdness of the Jeromes. He was educated at Harrow, and left there after a brilliant career when he was 18. He possesses a wonderful memory, and on one occasion astonished his friends by reciting off 2,000 lines of verse without a glance at the book.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe says that Robert Louis Stevenson's love of adventure was inherited from his mother. She is described as a remarkable person—a fine-grained, wiry, active little Scotch woman, wonderfully young looking for her age, and filled to the finger tips with romance and the spirit of adventure. Persons who have traveled with the family say that the elder Mrs. Stevenson looked younger than her daughter-in-law, and that whenever the party found themselves in danger—when there was the prospect of an upset, a shipwreck, or any other accident—the old lady was in the front of the line.