

SELECTIONS.

maintained as it had been from the rearing of its altars; but not one word or sign of a devotion that had not belonged to him in his hour of supremest health. Those who have drawn comfort from his words, when called to mourn their own, may know that he gave their sorrows a hundred fold more tender consideration than ever he gave his own.

The end came suddenly and painlessly. It was his daughter Jennie's custom to watch with him till two o'clock in the morning, when she was relieved by her mother. At half-past twelve on the morning of December 19th he called her to him, complained of being cold, and asked her to call her mother, which was done, and while they waited on him, without a word or sigh, the worn thread that had prisoned his eager spirit parted noiselessly, and the poor, wasted tabernacle lay in ruins. The worn, pained look now vanished from his face, and once again it bore the stamp of peace.

So passed from the ranks militant to the ranks triumphant a true soldier of the cross. He had fought a good fight, had finished his course, and through the gates of suffering has entered into rest.—R. E. in *Standard*.

A NOBLE LIFE.

Isaac Errett's great devotion was to the cause of Christ, and to the advocacy of the grand plea for the restoration of New Testament Christianity. This filled all his soul to the last moment of his life. With a sublime enthusiasm he entered into this reformatory movement. No one more intelligent than he sought to penetrate into all the meaning of this great controversy, and no one understood it better or appreciated it more. The earnest desire of his life was, that this plea should be properly understood—should be freed from all injurious misconceptions among its friends and others; should win the just appreciation and acceptance of men. His ardent passion was that apostolic Christianity should shine before men once more with its ancient lustre, and develop itself, as designed by its Author, in the true nature of its doctrine and organization, and in the great power and objects that constitute its life; in one word—in the fullness of its great mission on the earth. This was the meaning, this the explanation of all his efforts as a public man. That he accomplished much to attain this end, in fellowship of purpose and labor with those who stood by him, is beyond all question.

He was, at the same time, in largest sympathy with the entire Christian world in all that is true, great and good in its faith and life. He was a believer after the old fashion of faith in the Bible, and in the great truths which it teaches. He was not a neologist in any sense, but a true, full, sincere evangelical man.

He rejoiced in the liberty with which Christ has made us free. He accepted joyfully, and with all the energy of a mighty conviction, the law of thought and action of all true, enlightened believers—an admirable expression of the teaching and spirit of the New Testament—unity in necessary things; liberty in doubtful things; charity in all things. This all will understand who have diligently followed the current of his life as a Christian teacher.

The last days of our brother were most heroic. Like Paul, he was ready to depart, yet his soul burned still to take part in the great battle for the triumph of the great interests of the cause of God on the earth. It was hard, very hard for him to see this grand, stirring conflict going on in which he had so long borne such an eminent part, and feel his weakness—that he was not able still to wield the sword, as of old, and lead the host of the Lord to yet greater victories. Like a noble warrior on the field who, smitten with a mortal wound, but with spirit unbroken, still urges his comrades to deeds of valor, so our brother, dying day by day, for weary weeks, still felt the glory and ardor of strife for the Cross burning in his heart, and still with strong words encouraged his brethren to heroic duty and sacrifice. He died on the battle field, resting on his shield—as the hero dies!

Farewell, brother, friend: how rich, how fair, how precious has been your noble life to the thousands of Israel—above all to us who knew you best—nearest! Your memory shall remain with us, cherished, undimmed while life shall last!

[The above is part of the address delivered by Pres. Loos at the funeral of Isaac Errett.—Editors.]

A man who does not love the truth, but disputes for victory, is the swine before whom pearls must not be cast.

BIBLE STUDY.

Bible-listening! There is much of it. It is of value; it is better than nothing. It is easy; many enjoy it. We find it in our churches, in our Sunday-schools, in our schools and colleges. Some imagine it to be Bible-study; some even so call it. But the mistake is great. The sad fact is that, in the case of many who so deceive themselves, Bible-study is becoming a thing unknown, well-nigh a thing impossible. Bible-listening has become a bane. Who will measure the evil it has done? Who, the evil it is doing?

Bible-reading! There is very considerable of this. It is of more value than Bible-listening. It may not be as easy; it may not be as enjoyable; but it is more profitable. And yet, how profitable is it? Are we not satisfying ourselves with the less? Are we not neglecting larger possibilities? Have we not, in many directions and in many cases, much Bible-reading that is called Bible-study? that is really thought to be such? The evil is not in the reading of the Bible; it is in the fact that we do not call things by their right names.

Bible-study! There is very little. Many who talk about it have never met with it, or have not recognized it. What is it? The way to find out is not to study a definition, but to become acquainted in experience with the fact. When one can clearly distinguish, in one's own practice, between Bible-listening, Bible-reading, and Bible-study, then probably one has become acquainted with the last.

Bible-study stands in direct relation to Bible-listening and Bible-reading. It fits one to do either with profit, with intelligence and Christian judgment. It prepares the congregation to listen to expository preaching, the Sunday-school scholar to consider the lesson in company with the teacher with interest and independence of thought. Especially, it prepares the scholar and student in our institutions of learning for proper Bible-listening and Bible-reading throughout life. How often we sacrifice the lasting good to the apparent edification of the moment! Shall we do less Bible-listening and less Bible-reading that we may do more Bible-study? Shall we do more Bible-study that we may listen and read the better and the longer?—*The Old Testament Student.*

A BAD FIRE.

"Jones, have you heard of the fire that burned up the man's house and lot?"

"No, Smith, where was it?"

"Here in the city!"

"What a misfortune to him! Was it a good house?"

"Yes, a good house and lot—a good home for any family."

"What a pity! How did the fire begin?"

"The man played with fire, and thoughtlessly set it burning himself."

"How silly! Did you say that the lot was burned too?"

"Yes, lot and all—all gone, slick and clean."

"That is singular. It must have been a terribly hot fire, and then I don't see how it could have burned the lot."

"No, it was not a very hot fire. Indeed, it was so small that it attracted but little attention, and did not alarm anybody."

"But how could such a little fire burn up a house and lot? You haven't told me."

"It burned a long time—more than twenty years, and, though it seemed to consume very slowly, yet it consumed about one hundred and fifty dollars' worth every year, till it was all gone."

"I cannot understand you yet. Tell me where the fire was kindled, and all about it."

"Well, then, it was kindled on the end of a cigar. The cigar cost him, he himself told me, \$12.50 per month, or \$150 a year, and that in twenty-one years would amount to \$3,150, besides all the interest. Now, the money was worth at least ten per cent., and at that rate, it would double once in about every seven years, so that the whole sum would be more than \$10,000. That would buy a fine house and lot in any city. It would pay for a large farm in the country. Don't you pity the family of the man who has slowly burned up their home?"

"Whew! I guess you mean me, for I have smoked more than twenty years. But it doesn't cost so much as that, and I haven't any house of my own, have always rented, thought I was too poor to own a house. And all because I have been burning it up! What a fool I have been!"

The boys would better never light a fire which costs so much, and which, though so easily put out, is yet so likely if once kindled, to keep burning all their lives.—*Selected.*

Who would take joy in paradise with hell in his heart?—*George Macdonald.*

HOW AN ALPHABET IS DEVELOPED.

Suppose that some old nation of Asia, after having for ages drawn an ox when they wished to recall an ox, began at last to draw the picture of an ox, also, whenever it was needful to write about plowing. Then, instead of an ox, it would be what is called a symbol. After a while some one would say to himself: What is the use of drawing all of the ox when the head alone, which every one will know from its shape and its horns, gives just the same thought? Now suppose this ox-head gradually gets to mean the sound of ox in all words of the language wherein that syllable occurs, as in the name of the River Ox-us. Then the ox-head would appear in words having nothing whatever to do with cattle or plowing. Then it is called a piece of sound-writing, because it does not recall a certain given thing, but a sound. Sound-writing is thus an improved kind of picture-writing. You all know sound-writing, and have probably composed sentences in it, but you know it under another name. Hardly a magazine for young people is printed in which you will not find rebuses. Well, many rebuses are nothing but sound-writings. And many, many thousand years ago our ancestors had no other kind of writing. And the next step onward from sound-writing was syllable-writing. Remember that people who had reached that stage thought of a sign or symbol as representing one syllable at the least. Suppose the ox-head was called aleph. It would soon be found more convenient to employ it in all words where there was the sound or syllable of al. And this was the process with as many other letters as there were in such early writing. We will call this the syllabary stage, because signs stood for syllables, and so distinguished it from the alphabet that came later. The next advance would be to take the little picture for the sound alone, and thus began to use a real alphabet.—*Selected.*

Look up and not down;
Look forward and not back;
Look out and not in;
Lend a hand.

—Edward Everett Hale's Motto.



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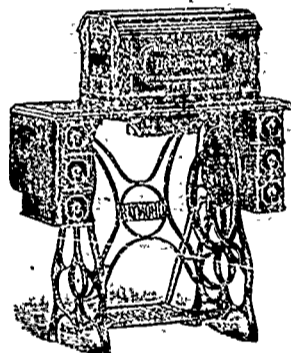
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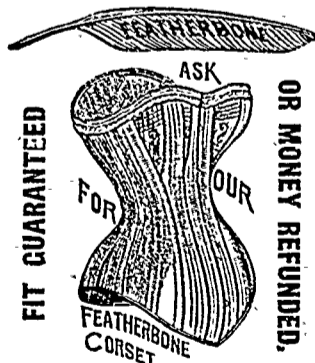
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