

Lost and Saved.

ANOTHER STORY IN THE ANNALS OF PRAYER.

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"Is it any use to pray?" is the principal question of the times; and as facts are better than theories, and example more than argument, I will give you one instance out of hundreds that might be cited by personal observation.

Early in the spring of 1862 I received the following note from a man who had been a contributor to the New York Observer, a writer of poetry and prose, and his translations of Latin verse had been prominently published over his real name. He wrote:

"New York, March 9.

"Dear Sir:—You have doubtless heard of the disgrace that I have brought upon myself by the sin and folly into which I have fallen, and am ashamed to come to you. But seeing in the *Tribune* an advertisement of a book by you on prayer, I was reminded of the kindness of your manner to me in former days, and I was led to ask if it were not possible for me to be saved by prayer. Will you pray for me, a ruined man?"

"Your unworthy servant, J. B. L."

I recognized the name at once as that of an old acquaintance, of whom I had lost sight of for several years. But I had heard nothing of the sin and shame of which he spoke in his letter, and was shocked to hear of it, especially from his own confession. As the letter was dated from his place of business down town, I thought it would be more agreeable to him not to have me call on him there, and I wrote him a few lines upon the instant as follows,

"March 6.

"My Dear Friend:—I never heard until this moment that you were in trouble of any kind. But come and see me; the worse you are, the more welcome you will be when you come to me. I want to see you, and, with the help of God, to serve you. Come as soon as you can; the sooner, the better. Of course I will pray for you and be always

"Your friend and brother."

The next day at noon he entered my room, a bloated, bear-eyed, trembling drunkard; wreck, ruin, shame, all over his wretched face. I took him by the hand with a cordial welcome, and he said, "You see! 'Yes,' I replied, 'It speaks for itself; there's no need to ask what's the matter. But tell me all about it; how long has it been so, and why can't you get out of it?"

He sat down, and with tears running down his face, and shaking as if an ague-fit were on him, he told me his story. I can give it you from memory, and very nearly in his own words:

"These things have been going on from bad to worse for several years. The passion has grown upon me until it is impossible to break it up. I took your letter home last night as the first thing I had laid hold on, and my wife and I wept over it, and my daughters put their arms around my neck, and said, 'Now we will try and get over it, and we all prayed; they prayed for me; and my wife and I got up in the night and prayed, and this morning I prayed for help, and promised them not to taste a drop till I had seen you; and I drank three times on the way down, and am unable to resist the appetite that eats my life like a canker. I have thought God might help me, if you will pray for me; but I don't know; I guess it's all up with me, and if I were dead it would be better for all of us."

I talked as hopefully to him as possible, promised to pray for him as the least and most that I could do for him, but I confess that the sight of the man so changed, his visage so marred, the bloodshot eyes, the sickening countenance, the shaking limbs of a man of forty-five, said "no hope," so plainly that I was on the verge of despair. I exacted no promises from him; pledges from such a man were not as strong as straws; but I did say some things about home, and love, and hope that they are too sacred to be repeated, though they were poured upon his dull ear as if God were bidding me to speak to a man dead to come back to life and joy and heaven. He left me with expressions of gratitude and almost of hope, and I said, as he went out, "I will come to you at noon to-morrow."

Twenty-four hours went by; I went into his office in Pine street, and I declared he positively looked better. He said, "I have not tasted a drop since I saw you; not a drop. I told my wife the talk we had, and after supper we spent the evening singing and talking, and they prayed with me. It looks better, don't it?"

What I said to him is of no account, for words are nothing in way of help to a drowning man; he wants a rope, an arm, a life-boat; and words are breath only, with no power to save. This was on Saturday. As I was walking up Broadway on Sunday, I was joined by a Christian gentleman belonging to the Methodist Church, who put his arm into mine, and at the same time said, "I have been reading that book of yours about prayer," and as I began to tell him that I had a case on my heart and mind that would interest him, a Unitarian minister crossed the street and joined us, saying playfully, "If a man is known by the company he keeps, I shall be a gainer by joining you"; and then, taking an arm of mine, he said, strangely enough, the very same thing that my Methodist friend had said; and added, "I believe it every word of it; there is power in prayer; I know it; for I have tried it and proved it."

Then I related to them both the facts of my poor lost friend, and of my resolution to seek his salvation by prayer. The minister said, "It is near hopeless as a case be; when an intelligent, educated man becomes a sot, he is lost. I never knew one to be saved so far gone as that."

We had now reached the corner of Fourteenth street and Broadway, and were to part; as we were shaking hands, we picked ourselves up one another, Methodist, Unitarian, and Presbyterian, to pray for that man, and so separated. Next day I called on him again, and he met me with

a smile of joy. Forty-eight hours since I had seen him, and he was yet firm; not having tasted of the cup of wine. He told me of the Sabbath, of his sitting with his wife and daughters in the church, "clothed and in his right mind." Day after day, and then, with longer intervals; I saw him at his office, and marked the progress of his deliverance from a thralldom the darkest, drearful, and most hopeless into which mortal man is ever reduced. By-and-by he was welcomed into the number of church members. His health was re-established. He was happy in his family and useful in the community. I am pained to say that he fell several times. I did not think any the worse of him for that; for he was weak, and the old appetite, like a lurking devil, was always tempting him. But when he fell he rose again. And he fought it out, and died in faith. I trust that he drinks now of the river of the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb.

That is the case. When I make another book on the subject, this may go in as a simple instance of what is the Christian idea of prayer. To the Tyndalians it is all Greek or nonsense. To us, who believe, it is the philosophy of the Christian religion. So far as I know, there were no other agencies employed to save this drunkard than those recorded in this paper. In his besotted state, he saw an advertisement in a daily newspaper of a book on prayer by one who was once his friend. "There," he said, "is my only hope." He followed the star. He told me that he was touched by the words in my note to him: "The worse you are the more welcome you will be when you come to me." The only new help he got by coming to me was the prayer of friends to whom I made known his pitiable state. If his life from that day was a better life; if his wife had her tears and sorrow wiped away by the hand of Infinite Love; if his daughters, grown-up young ladies, once more held up their fair faces covered with smiles of peace and joy; if the household, after years of anguish and darkness, was now daily vocal with gratitude and praise; if my poor drunken friend was brought up from a horrible pit and miry clay, and had a new sound put in his mouth, and is now among those whose robes are made white and whose sins are washed away—it is all, all the power of prayer.

The Promise Sure.

There is much prayer which brings no results. Mere repetition of good words is not prayer. Prayer is bringing God's promise to Him, and pleading it with Him. It carries the checks to the bank, and comes away with the cash. Many prayers are defective for want of pleading promises. I can not pray very long prayers. I just go and plead the promise and come away. I present the check and then go about my work. What would you think of men going to a bank, and looting about the counter for the half hour together? Prayers is not spending a great deal of time on your knees, and saying a great many things to God which He knows beforehand. Yet though we may not constantly pray very long at a time, we go again and again. Prayer needs faith in the promises. Do you say you can not believe? Think what that means. What! can not trust your God? Heaven and earth shall pass away, but no promise of God shall fail.

Do we not often miss answers to prayer because we present the check, and then go without waiting to have the cash? Do you expect and actually look for answers to your petitions? Are you like the child who went to the meeting appointed in time of drought to pray for rain, and brought her umbrella with her, because she expected an answer to the prayers to be offered? Do you say to yourself, "True, I have asked; true, God has promised, but will He give?" Away with the question! God forbid that it should loiter for a moment on your minds! Let us be in earnest; let us have no playing with God! Put your name down, "I do believe this promise. I asked with a real faith."

Parents' Paradise.

We were much impressed lately by the orderly behavior of a large family of children, particularly at the table. We spoke of it to our host; and he pointed to a paper pinned on the wall, on which were written some excellent rules. He said he gave each child who obeyed the rules, a reward at the end of every month. We begged a copy for the benefit of our readers. They were called—"Rules and Regulations for Parents' Paradise":

1. Shut every door after you without slamming it.
2. Never stamp, jump, or run in the house.
3. Never call to persons upstairs, or in the next room; if you wish to speak to them, go quietly where they are.
4. Always speak kindly and politely to the servants, if you would have them do the same to you.
5. When told to, or not to do a thing, by either parent, never ask why you should or should not do it.
6. Tell of your own faults, not of those of your brothers and sisters.
7. Carefully clean the mud or snow of your boots and shoes before entering the house.
8. Be prompt at every meal hour.
9. Never sit down at the table or in the parlor with dirty hands or tumbled hair.
10. Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak.
11. Never reserve your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.
12. Let your first, last, and best candidate be your mother.—*Over Optia's Magazine.*

Begin every day with prayer. It is the golden key that unlocks heaven to your soul; blessings on you. Enter every day with prayer. It is the same golden key that locks you up under heaven's protection.

Thou, God, Spont Me.

"One day a lady came home from shopping. Her little boy did not run to meet her and throw his arms around her neck, as he was in the habit of doing, to show how glad he was to have her come home again. Instead of this, he seemed to be afraid to look his mother in the face, and kept out of her way as much as he could all day. His mother thought it very strange, and wondered what was the matter.

At the close of the day she found out the reason. When she was about to undress she went to bed, he said, "Mother, can God see through the crack in the closet door?"

"Yes," said his mother.

"And can he see when it is all dark there?"

"Yes," she said, "he can see us at all times and in all places."

"Then God saw me," said the little fellow, "and I may as well tell you all about it." When you were gone out, I got into the closet and ate up the cake. I am sorry, very sorry. Please forgive me; and he laid his head on his mother's shoulder and cried bitterly.—*S. S. Visitor.*

Who Made It?

Sir Isaac Newton, a very wise and godly man, was once examining a new and fine globe, when a gentleman came into his study who did not believe in a God, but declared that the world we live in came by chance. He was much pleased with the handsome globe, and asked,

"Who made it?"

"Nobody," answered Sir Isaac. "It happened here."

The gentleman looked up in amazement at the answer, but he soon understood what it meant.

The Bible says, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." Must not that man be a fool indeed who can say this beautiful and wonderful world came by chance, when he knows that there is not a house, or ship, or picture, or any other thing in it, but has had a maker? We might better say that this paper we are reading grew just as it is, than to say that the sun, moon, and stars, and this globe on which we live, came without a creative hand.—*S. S. Visitor.*

Wear a Smile.

Which will you do—smile and make others happy, or be crabbed and make everybody around you miserable? You can live as it were among beautiful flowers and singing birds, or in the mire, surrounded by fogs and frogs. The amount of happiness you can produce is incalculable if you will show a smiling face and a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, by sour looks, cross words, and a fretful disposition, you can make a number of persons wretched almost beyond endurance. Which will you do? Wear a pleasant countenance, let joy beam in your eyes, and love grow in your face. There are few joys so great as that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest, at morning when you rise, and through the day when about your daily business.

- A smile who will refuse a smile,
The sorrowing brow to cheer,
And turn to eve the heart of gulf,
And check the falling tear?
A pleasant smile for every face,
Oh, 'tis a blessed thing!
It will the lines of care erase,
And those of beauty bring."

Religious Titles.

Religious titles include the special applications of the Pope, and the distinctive adjectives which he has granted to certain European monarchs. His own names have varied from time to time; his present denomination of Holiness has been restricted to him only since the fourteenth century, before which period Bishops and then Kings possessed it. Louis Le Debonnaire, and Bala, King of Hungary, were both called "Your Holiness."

Moseigneur, which once was copiously employed, is almost forgotten as a royal title; the last lay personage who bore it was Prince Napoleon: it now belongs exclusively to prelates.

Eminence was reserved to Cardinals by a Bull of Urban VIII., in 1680; till that time they had been Most Illustrious and Most Reverend. The knights of Malta called their Grand Master "Eminence Serenissime," the Ecclesiastical Electors of Germany were also Eminences.—*Blackwood.*

The best Sermon.

People are always listening to the "best sermon they ever heard." At an advanced age, still hearing the "best," we might conclude that they started on very poor ones; for this superlative did not, perhaps, express the opinion of some other person equally able to judge. But there are various kinds of sermons. There is the doctrinal one, the principal, the biographical, logical, illustrative, and various other styles; and men speaking of the "best" will mean the best of those several kinds. Then men are in varying conditions for hearing. If they are full of joy, the best one will be glad and enthusiastic. If they are borne down with sorrow, their praises are only for the consoling and sympathetic. Just in so far as the sermon is suited to the hearer, and is blessed to the edification by the Holy Spirit, will he find it such as he will greatly prize. The really good hearer will find something helpful in all, and now and then he will be flooded with happy emotion.—*Selected.*

You cannot tell the size of a flower by the size of its seed. Nay, a grain of mustard seed is indeed the least of all seeds; but when it is sown in the best ground, it grows to the size of a tree, and bears much fruit.—*Edward Garrett.*

Too Shocking!

A correspondent of the English Church Herald (we copy an extract from the London Record) enters his solemn protest against the burial of Dr. Livingstone in Westminster Abbey, on the ground that he lived and died a Presbyterian: He writes:

"I am not naturally credulous, and yet I want proof that he has a claim upon us and upon posterity to be considered a great and wonderful geographer. I do not care to postulate on the matter, like some good folk! But supposing him to be all this and supposing him to be one of the best men who ever lived, there is still a mighty reason why his remains should not find rest in Westminster Abbey! He lived and died, I believe, a Presbyterian. He had forsaken the faith of his forefathers and associated himself with a sect which (on a par with Dissenters in England), from having no divinely appointed ministers or teachers, can have but one available sacrament, that of baptism. Such a one then at his decease, ought to find no place in Westminster Abbey. As well may we enter the Sultan or Turkey, his Majesty of Ashanfer, or the King of the Cannibal Islands."

It is shocking beyond expression that the dust of some of the men whom we might name that now slumber in Westminster Abbey, should be desecrated by the presence, within the same mausoleum, of the remains of a Presbyterian! And such a man as David Livingstone, one of the noblest, purest, most self-sacrificing of his race; a man, who during a great part of his life, in the depths of Africa, far away from human observation, utterly alone, has been devoting himself to the service of his Divine Master in the work of Christian missions; to the cause of humanity in the suppression of the slave trade, to the cause of Science in solving some of the most difficult problems in geography!

The deed is already done, but, perhaps, in some future years there may be virtue enough in the English Government or nation to violate the grave of the distinguished philanthropist and Christian, and, as in the case of Cromwell, who was nothing but a Congregationalist, to take his body out and bury it at the foot of a scaffold and allow his head to be used as a foot-ball, or carried no one knows where.

Or, perhaps, there is a slight touch of bigotry about this writer in the *Church Herald*. When a respectable paper publishes such absurd nonsense, it gives some importance to the matter by becoming a partaker in his bigotry. And yet we do not doubt that there are thousands who would applaud just such bigotry as this.

The Tarus, a Curious People.

Their traditions point to an entirely different derivation from the Red Karens. The Red Karens say they came from the borders of China or Ava, on the north; but the Tarus, that the homes of their fathers is in the south, and that they were driven north by war. They are a small clan, and it is not improbable but they will be found, in the end, to be a genuine offshoot of the Pwos.

They have a custom, however, not found in any other Karen tribe, but common among the Oraons and other Dravidian tribes on the borders of Assam, of erecting a bachelor's hall in every village, in which all the large boys and young men are compelled to sleep every night.

Mr. Cushing writes, "The unmarried men wear a picturesque head-dress, adorned with beads, silver, and tufts of feathers. When a man takes a wife, he gives up his head-dress to her, and never uses one again.—*Baptist Missionary Magazine.*"

"Cheap" Things.

Just so long as purchasers ask for cheap things rather than pure and serviceable things, we shall find men ingeniously endeavoring to meet this popular proclivity. The grocer who, offering pure beef at a dollar and a quarter a pound, sees his customers abandon him *en masse* to obtain an inferior article of another dealer at a dollar a pound, will soon, either in disgust or in self-defence, adulterate his own stock down to the level of the public wishes. With a great majority of people cheapness is seductive beyond everything else. It is the pressure of this class for lower price that leads to so much inferior production. Whether there shall be adulteration and shoddiness or not remains solely with consumers to determine. Producers are certain, and indeed are compelled, to cater for the public taste. Buyers have only to insist upon having first-rate articles, have only to resist the temptation to buy inferior things because they are cheaper, to reform the evils they complain of altogether. Complainers are idle. The public are supremely masters of the situation, and may enforce their wishes to the utmost.—*Appleton's Journal.*

The Premier as a Worker.

The Toronto Nation says: "Mr. Mackenzie's claim is distinction to not as the possessor of a brilliant intellect, or as being one of those versatile Crichtons, who shine wherever they appear. He does indeed not affect show; he makes no unreasonable pretensions, and power has not yet had the effect with him of causing the enjoyment of his pleasures to lead to forgetfulness of his duties. People at Ottawa speak of his devotion to his office. It is said that he arrives earlier at his seat than the humblest of his clerks, that he reads every paper put before him, and that he personally examines every subject and tries to master its details. The eye of a chief thus attentive to his duties often works wonders. It stimulates the zealous, and gives the man of ability and worth hope that his merit may now be recognised; while the indolent and indifferent are spurred to exertion from the fear of disgrace. Mr. Mackenzie, moreover, is supposed to have some special knowledge of the subjects he has to deal with. A contractor himself, his fortune having been made in that branch of industry, he has the advantage of some special acquaintance with the subjects with which he has to deal. His strong points are his freedom from intrigues, and his character for nobility."

Fervent Prayer.

The river that runs slow, and creeps by the banks, and begs leave of every turf of grass to let it pass, is drawn into little holes, and spreads itself in smaller portions, and dies with diversion; but when it runs with vigour and a full stream, and breaks down every obstacle, making it even as its own bow, it stays not to be tempted with little avocations, and to crop into holes, but runs into the sea through full and useful channels. So is a man's prayer; if he moves upon the feet of an abated appetite, it wanders into the society of every thing; accident, and stays at the corners of the fancy, and talks with every object it meets, and cannot arrive at heaven; but when it is carried upon the wings of passion and strong desire, a swift motion and a hungry appetite, it passes on through all the intermediate regions of clouds, and stays not until it dwells at the foot of the throne, where mercy sits, and thence sends holy showers of refreshment.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Four Impossible Things.

1. To escape trouble by running away from duty. Jonah once made the experiment, but did not succeed. Therefore manfully meet and overcome the difficulties and trials to which the post assigned by God's providence exposes you.
2. To become a Christian of strength and maturity without undergoing severe trials. What fire is to gold, such is affliction to the believer. It burns up the dross, and makes gold shine forth with unalloyed lustre.
3. To form an independent character, except when thrown upon one's own resources. The oak in the middle of the forest, if surrounded on every side by trees that shelter and shade it, grows up tall and comparatively feeble; cut away its protectors, and the first blast will overturn it. But the same tree, growing in the open field, where it is continually beaten upon by the tempest, becomes its own protector. So the man who is compelled to rely on his own resources forms an independence of character to which he could not otherwise have attained.
4. To be a growing man by looking to your position. Therefore prefer rather to climb up the hill with difficulty than to be steamed up by a power outside yourself.

Care for Daughters.

Would parents show themselves really good to daughters? Then they should be generous to them in a truer sense than that of heaping trinkets on their necks. Train them for independence first, and then labor to give it to them. Let them, as soon as ever they are grown, have some little money, or means of making money, to be their own, and teach them how to deal with it, without needing every moment to help them. Calculate what you will give them, or will bequeath to them, not, as is usually done, on the chance of their making a rich marriage, but on the probability of their remaining single, and according to the living to which you have accustomed them. Suppress their luxuries now, if need be, but do not leave them with scarcely bare necessities hereafter, in striking contrast to their present home. Above all, help them to help themselves. Fit them to be able to rely on their own means, rather than to be forever pinching and economizing till their minds are narrowed and their hearts are sick. Give all the culture you can to every power which they may possess. If they should marry, after all, they will be truly the happier and better for it. If they should remain among the millions of the unmarried, they will bless you in your grave, and say of you what cannot be said of many a donating parent by his surviving child, "My father cared that I should be happy after his death, as well as while I was his pet and his toy.—*Exchange.*"

Implements of the Inquisition.

There is in Venice a chamber in which you may see the engines which have been invented by earthly devilry for the persecution of truth. It most resembles the private inquisition in which that diabolical monster, Cardinal Carrafa, found the delatation of his soul. The rack, the horse, the boot, the cord, the wheel, the strangling chair, screws for the thumbs and arms machines to crush, or compress, or dislocate, or stretch the human frame, are collected as ghastly memorials of those regretted days when Europe gave her idolatry to Rome. There are bottles and vessels once full of strange and slow or rapid poisons; scent boxes with concealed knives to leap out and gash a woman's cheek who used them; jewel cases, from which long, sharp needles darted forth, or a pungent, detonating powder exploded, to blind her who bent over to admire the contents. There are necklaces made to strangle and contract the wearer; bracelets to lacerate the arm; helmets, gauntlets, breast-plates—all forms of fiendish ingenuity—the relics of a time when the sunken-eyed, shaven-crowned families of the holy office could gloat over the sudden horror and agony of some young girl whose snowy form they extended and racked to conquer her modesty, her piety, or her virtue; or some faithful martyr, refusing to sanction the tyranny of a corrupted Church.—*Life of Torquato Tasso.*

Honesty and Piety.

On a certain occasion a father, speaking of his two sons, said "John is the more honest man, but James is the better Christian." How could this be? Can true piety exist without honesty? We apprehend there are some persons who think it can, but if so they are mistaken. The consistent Christian is a man of his word, a man of integrity, an upright man of all his business transactions. There may be honesty where there is no piety, but where there is piety there will be found honesty. Says Longfellow: "Morality without religion is only a kind of dead piety, an endeavor to do our duty on a steady basis by measuring the distance we have to run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies."