

# RELIGIOUS READING.

## THE BURDEN OF IN-DWELLING SIN.

Under the same burden a New Testament saint was groaning all his days. He had a constant conflict between the flesh and the spirit, and he has left the account of it upon record. I pressed to God for the seventh chapter of the Romans. Wether read of the inward cross, with which all the children of God are exercised. In the very same Paul there was brought in the law of God, after the inward law, while he found another law in his members, rebelling against the law of God—the law, in which dwelleth no good thing. We must not assault the spirit with its legal workings, and rebellious inclinations; when he had a will to do good he could not do it so perfectly as he desired—his best moments were never free from the inroad of in-dwelling sin; therefore in the bitterness of his soul, he cried out, "O wretched man that I am!" O, that I knew what he felt; he groaned, being burdened. Weary and tired with this continual conflict he looked for deliverance: "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" He saw, by faith, his Almighty Saviour, and in Him expected everlasting victory. I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. He relied upon Christ in the battle, and through Him waited for deliverance, knowing that one day he should be made more than conqueror.

"Well, then, O my soul! here is comfort. If the corruption of nature be thy cross, so it was to David, and so it was to Paul. Thy case is not singular. It is common to every soldier who is fighting under the banner of Christ. This cross is unavoidable, because it is in thy bosom. It is thine inmost self, thy whole nature, which is corrupt, according to the deceitful lusts. Thou hast not an atom of thy body, nor the least motion nor stirring of any faculty in thine (animal) soul, but sin is in it; and therefore it is capable of being a plague to the new man. . . . These two are contrary to life and death, and they are always in action; every moment the one hitting against the other; so that no believer can do the things which he would so perfectly as the law requires."—Romaine.

## THE TRUE GROUND OF INTEREST.

A great writer, speaking of the effort to convert the Jews, said that interest in such a mission cannot be strong enough to stand the strain unless it is founded on the love of God. "It is not love for the sheep that will sustain Peter in feeding them; it is the fact that they are Christ's sheep. It is not because they are lovable that his interest in them will continue, it is because Christ is lovable." And the application is made, "Unless you believe that Israel is God's nation your effort to evangelize among Israel will soon languish."

This rule applies to all work. Martineau says that the ground of all charitable work is not the needs of the people but the love of God, and although we cannot accept all of Martineau's teachings, in this he is surely right. We must very often grow weary in well doing when we see how little results from our work, how unthankful and evil are those for whom we are spending our strength and using the very best that is in us, unless we are doing this work directly and conscientiously for love of God. It will not suffice to sustain us that in a general way we recognize the fact that our Saviour accepts all that we do for others as done for him. The sentiment must be turned the other way around. Love for him must be so strong in our hearts that we cannot help doing good to others, because our love must find a way of expression and this is the most natural and satisfactory way. God loves these wretched, needy, sinning neighbors of ours. He loved them well enough to give His Son to die for them; how can we help wanting to do something for them for His sake?

This is the secret of perseverance in good works, and of efficiency in them. We may not see our reward. No matter; we shall not weary in well-doing for that. We have all the time the inestimable reward of working together with God for those whom he loves and we for his sake love also. Let us apply this thought to our Christmas benevolences and it will make all the year that follows a time of true Christian charity.—American Messenger.

## RELIGION PUT IN PRACTICE.

I had gone into my butcher's shop one Saturday night and was waiting for my steak. While doing so, a man black with dust and tool of machinery came in. He was old and heavily and meanly dressed, and I never should have looked upon him as a divine agent of consolation had not a little girl come in and revealed him to me.

"How's father to-day, Polly?" he asked.

"He's worse today, and mother's down too; and the weary little thing began crying softly to herself. Then the man stooped and said something in a low voice, to which she only shook her head and cried more bitterly. So he took the basket from her saying, "Run away home Polly, or that baby he'll be in mischief. I'll bring the basket." She offered him twenty-five cents, but he hurried her away and would not touch it. Then he chose some good beef, a piece of bacon and plenty of vegetables, and having paid for them, walked off toward a large tenement house in sight.

I gave him, silent reverence as he passed and I knew him then as one of God's messengers, unconsciously, but oh! how blessedly taking a share in the ministry of angels!

Opportunities like these are constantly thrown in our way by the angel who watcheth over our souls; but, "if a brother or sister be naked and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto him, depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled, notwithstanding ye give

him not those things which are needful to the body, what doth it profit."—Christian at Work.

## GOD'S FLOWER GARDEN.

I have sometimes thought, when looking on a church full of children, there is nothing more beautiful in the sight of God. A beautiful garden full of roses, lilies and lovely flowers, is sweet and beautiful to the eye. The hand of man guards and watches over it so that no harm can enter. Sometimes a storm of wind or hail breaks the lilies, destroys the roses and makes ruin where before all was sweet and orderly. The wicked and malicious man comes in to wreck and ruin his neighbor's garden, and when he sees this, everybody is touched to the heart. Everything lovely and sweet, trampled down and wrecked, makes one grieved; but in the sight of God, not the most beautiful garden fashioned by the hand of man, not even Paradise, the Garden of Eden in all its glory and beauty of flowers and fruit, was so bright and glorious, as are the souls of little children in whom the Holy Ghost dwells. Such a scene is sweeter and brighter in the sight of God than any garden man ever formed.—Cardinal Manning.

## THE REASON WHY.

Infidels should never talk of our giving up Christianity till they can propose something superior. Lord Chesterfield's answer, therefore, was very just. When at Brussels he invited by Voltaire to sup with him and Madame C—. The conversation happened to turn upon the affairs of England. "I think, my lord," said Madame C—"that the Parliament of England consists of five or six hundred of the best informed and the most sensible men in the kingdom." "True, madame, they are generally supposed to be so." "What, then, my lord, can be the reason they tolerate so great an absurdity as the Christian religion?" "I suppose, madame," replied his lordship, "it is because they have not been able to establish anything better in its stead. When they can, I do not doubt that in their wisdom they will readily adopt it."

When a man says amen right it always means that he is willing to be put down for his share of the expense.

Small evils hatch quick.—Ram's Horn.

# TEMPERANCE.

## THE RUMSELLER ROLLS IN GOLD.

Men starve as they toil in the black coal mines.

Girls freeze as they stitch in the cold; But in every land where the moonlight shines,

The rumseller rolls in gold.

The laborer laboreth all his youth For the poorhouse when he is old, And many the farmer's toils and fears; But the rumseller rolls in gold.

Jack drinks his wages and staggers away To his wife, the story is old, You may read the police reports next day— While the rumseller rolls in gold.

In a coffin of pine lies the drunkard, dead, Under the pauper mold, And his orphans beg their daily bread— While the rumseller rolls in gold.

—Mary Kyle Dallas, in Demorest.

## TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES.

Drunkennes is very rare among Japanese women.

The moderate drinker is helping to gravel the road that leads to the pit.

Keep the devil away from the children, and he will soon have to give up the saloon.

Look into the drunkard's home, if you would see tracks that have been made by the cloven hoof.

When a physician in Arkansas, becomes a habitual drunkard the State Board of Health is by law enjoined to revoke his license.

Six woman's colleges have temperance societies organized under the name of "Somerset Y" in honor of Lady Henry Somerset.

It is estimated that in the large cities of the country there are twelve saloons to every church. The ratio in hours of work is one to 294.

The St. Louis Post-Dispatch states that the great majority of saloons in that city are owned by brewers, or that brewers hold mortgages upon them, so that the saloon keepers are the political vassals of the brewers.

The London Temperance Hospital has had 10,000 patients in its wards. "Stimulants" have been used only seventeen times. During the past two years no alcohol has been allowed at all, nor has any substitute for it been admitted.

Berry, the English hangman, while lecturing at Grimsby recently, said that during his term of office he had conducted over five hundred executions. A great many of the crimes were caused by drink, but, he added emphatically, "I have never hanged a teetotaler!"

A Toronto saloon keeper is reported as saying that the introduction of the electric cars in that city has largely diminished the sales in saloons, as workmen who previously walked home in companies of from five to twenty and stopped at the saloons on the way for a social drink, now ride home and, once there, spend the evenings with their families.

## About Tea Culture in California.

Professor Sanders, of Fresno County, tried tea growing once. He thinks it can be successfully grown in Humboldt County, but his experience in the hot county of Fresno may be of interest, since the question of tea production on a large scale in California has recently been brought forward. Professor Sanders says:

"My tea trees were growing in a grove of cottonwoods, whose shade I found indispensable to the life of the tea trees. I also found, in addition to dense shade, that water heated in the ditch by the summer sun would kill them as soon as it touched them, and that I must irrigate them only in the morning, when the water was cool.

Observing these two necessary points, I nursed my tea plantation until the trees had acquired sufficient foliage to pick. So I got a Chinaman from the tea region of China to teach me how to proceed. He deftly cut the leaf stems off with the nails of his thumb and forefinger. Thus instructed, I gathered my first crop of tea.

"The process was tedious. I soon concluded to count the leaves as I picked them, and I thus ascertained that I could select and pick 250 leaves in a half hour. When I had worked one half-hour I brought the result to my office where, as per instructions by my Chinaman, the additional work of wilting, rolling, etc., was done. I ascertained that it took about 8,000 leaves to make a pound of tea, and that this pound of tea, from the beginning of the picking to the end of the 'pan-firing,' represented two days' work, and then it was about such quality as 'spider-leg' Japan tea, costing 50 cents per pound by the chest."

## Billy's Bright Idea.

The Churchman has given us Billy's idea, which is surely valuable enough to be spread abroad. His mother was going to the seashore, and while she was packing her trunks he was popping in about every five minutes with something of his that must be packed also.

"I'd like to help you, mother," he said once, preparing to pitch his fishing tackle in on his mother's lace gown, "cause you look so tired."

"Never mind, Billy," said his mother, catching the tackle; "I shall rest after a while. Packing is hard work for a tall person, though, for it makes one stoop so."

"Why," said Billy, with his hands in his pockets, and his head on one side, "why don't you put the trunks upon something? Hullo, I know; horses, wooden horses, you know, mother; carpenter's horses; there are some in the basement. I'll bring 'em."

And directly there he was again with a wooden horse on his back.

"'Nother one's coming with Sam," he said, panting, "and we'll lift up the trunks."

"Billy boy," said his mother, straightening up her tired back; "I believe your plan is a good one."

Sure enough, the packing went on beautifully after that, and at dinner Billy's mother said she had never packed so easily and comfortably.

## RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

A tombstone never makes the recording angel a good slate.

The house is on the sand where the religion is all in the head.

The man who lives a solitary life will die a stranger to himself.

Personality is always power when God controls and directs it.

Whenever faith goes to church to pray for rain, it takes an umbrella.

In Christ God showed us what he wants every man to become.

The man who would walk with God cannot do it in a crooked path.

When praise starts the ringing it always strikes the right keynote.

The devil will be sure to stay awhile if he calls on you when you are idle.

It is only the truth we follow that has power to lead us straight to God.

Every time treasure is laid up in heaven it does somebody good on earth.

No matter what he may claim to be in church, a stingy man cannot be a happy one.

The man who loves sin is a sinner, no matter how big a place he may fill in the church.

The man who shrinks from self-denial pushes the cup of happiness away from his lips.

Lot was dragged out of Sodom, but there are some church members who live there yet.

Give the devil your coat and it won't be an hour before he will come back after your vest.

Purity don't stop working at the trade because somebody swears to a lie and sends it to prison.

There is a good deal of public praying done that don't mean anything in heaven or on earth.

The religion that is noisy in church is sometimes very quiet in places where it is needed just as much.

Some preachers are afraid to open the Bible very wide for fear they will have to die in the poorhouse.

The preacher should pray that every time he opens the Old Book in the pulpit somebody will find it new.

No man weighs anything in the church of Christ, unless he does it on the scales they use in heaven.

Every church has just as many conversions in it as the spiritual condition of its membership will warrant.

## A Pathetic Picture.

"There's no help for it," said the pugilist, wearily. "I've gotter go an' get shaved."

"There ain't nothing terrible in that, is there?"

"I should say there is. Just think of that feller standing over me with a razor and doin' all the talkin'."—Washington Star.

There is still a good deal of religion in the world that consists in putting the big sound apples on the top of the basket.

# Spring Medicine

Or, in other words, Hood's Sarsaparilla, is a universal need. If good health is to be expected during the coming season the blood must be purified now. All the germs of disease must be destroyed and the bodily health built up. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. Therefore Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine to take in the spring. It will help wonderfully in cases of weakness, nervousness and all diseases caused by impure blood. Get Only Hood's Because

"My little girl has always had a poor appetite. I have given her Hood's Sarsaparilla, and since I have given it to her she has had a good appetite and she looks well. I have been a great sufferer with headache and rheumatism. I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla. I am now well and have gained in strength. My husband was very sick and all run down. I decided to give him Hood's Sarsaparilla and he began to gain, and now he has got so he works every day." Mrs. ANNIE DUNLAP, 385 E. 4th St., S. Boston, Mass.

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