

# THE RURAL VISITOR.

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## Too Tired to Trust.

"I'm too tired to trust, and too tired to pray,"  
Said one, as the overtaxed strength gave way.  
"The one conscious thought by my mind possessed,  
Is, Oh, could I just drop it all, and rest.  
Will God forgive me, do you suppose,  
If I go right to sleep, as a baby goes?—  
Without ever asking if I may;  
Without ever trying to trust and pray?"

Will God forgive you? Why, think, dear heart,  
When language to you was an unknown art,  
Did your mother deny your needed rest,  
Or refuse to pillow you on her breast?  
Did she let you want, when you could not ask?  
Did she set her child an unequal task,  
Or, did she cradle you in her arms,  
And then guard your slumber against alarms?  
Ah, how quick was her mother love to see  
The unconscious yearnings of infancy!  
When you've grown too tired to trust and pray,  
When overwrought nature has quite given way,  
Then just drop it all, and give up to rest.  
As you used to do on a mother's breast;  
He knows all about it,—the dear Lord knows;  
So just go to sleep as a baby goes  
Without even asking if you may.  
God knows when his child is too tired to pray;  
He judges not solely by uttered prayer,  
He knows when the yearnings of love are there,  
He knows when you do pray, he knows when you trust,  
And he knows, too, the limits of poor weak dust!  
Oh, the wonderful sympathy of Christ  
For his chosen ones in the midnight tryst,  
When he bade them "sleep on, and take your rest,"  
While on him the guilt of the whole world pressed!  
You've given your life to him to keep;  
Then don't be afraid to go to sleep!  
—Henry B. Brown.

## CAN'T YOU HELP US SOME?

BY CHARLES AKERS IN N. C. ADVOCATE.

DEAR DR. IVEY:—In these parts us Methodist folks think you are a mighty knowing man, and a methodist fifty miles in circumference. We are all proud of you because you stand up against that crowd that is trying to run over our church. That's what editors are made for. An editor can't run with two crowds. Only politikers can do that.

Now some of us in this settlement are badly mixed and we want some light so we can unmix ourselves. Mr. Duke has given lots of money to Trinity College, and we thought this was just the thing for him to do, and felt good over it, but now some folks say it is a bad thing, because it is cigarette money this is what we got mixed up on. The church has been trying a long time to endow Trinity, and lots of fuss has been made about it by agents sent around for the purpose of getting money for the endowment. One of you editors worked at it once. All of these agents got some money, but it didn't seem to reach far. But they didn't say when they were before the people, "We only want certain kind of money for endowment of Trinity. Any tobacco farmer present who raises chewing, smoking and snuff tobacco can fling in the hat, but any fellow that raises or is in

any way connected with cigarette tobacco must not fling in." They simply took it and didn't ask any questions. Fact is—I never heard any preacher or elder ask at the quarterly meeting whether there was any cigarette tobacco money in the little pile the stewards had got up. But it seems now that cigarette tobacco is to be ruled out of an orthodox collection, and that farmers who raise it, and other folks who sell, manufacture, or in any other way handle it are heretics, and must not be allowed to fling in when the hat goes round. Benevolence, Methodist benevolence, is getting particular these days, and don't use any kind of tobacco donations, except chewing, smoking, snuff dipping sorts, and no other must be brought to the meeting house, because the elder, preacher, editor and his bishops won't have any other kinds. Anybody that raises, cures, hauls, sells, manufactures, works in the factory, ships, buys, retails, or owns stock in any other sort than these orthodox qualities are reprobates, and must not fling in the hat for bishops, elders, parsons, Sunday-schools, missions, worn-out preachers, church buildings, the poor, or any other object not named herein. No preacher must allow any of the reprobates to pay for the Review, Nashville Advocate, or any other church paper with cigarette money. They can buy the "New York World" and "Police Gazette" for their spiritual comfort with their money, but only chewing, smoking and dipping tobacco money can get church reading.

But before this new law and higher moral distinction was made these fellows gave lots of money for all sorts of church doings. Cigarette money has been put into church buildings, song books, communion services, Bibles, bishops, elders, pastors, and mixed in everywhere else. Now it must all be taken out, so nothing but the orthodox—chewing, smoking and dipping—sort will remain. This a hard sum in rule of three. Lets get the crowd together and make every fellow shell out. Put the bishops and elders to the front; call in behind them the worn-out preachers, widows and orphans; put in the preachers four abreast; behind them muster all the others, Sunday-school treasures, missionaries, woman's society secretaries, mite-box crowd and all the rest. Appoint the editors of the Advocate managers of the procession, but let them first unload all they have got for subscriptions, advertising warehouses, merchants, and others that handle cigarette tobacco, and make them promise never to say a good word about any steward or layman who is connected with this anti-Methodist tobacco, nor to advertise any factory that sends cigarette papers along with bags of tobacco for home rolling, and never take a subscription from any other than the chewing, smoking and dipping money crowd. Now let them make all the others shell out. What a pile of old planks, books, hams, etc., when all the lumber bought with cigarette tobacco money is taken out of meeting houses returned as well as books and

hams given the parsons by these cigarette tobacco fellows at the poundings. Wash day has come and every fellow must go to the tub. Dr. Yates and Elder Bishop got lots when they served that church in Durham, and it will be hard to raise it at the third quarter, but they have a large bill to meet, and must have some money. The present and past teachers of Trinity got lots of it also, and when they shell out the pile will grow.

Fact is, Mr. Ivey, the church ought to return that money to the United States, because it might have been raised out of revenue on cigarettes, and until the Senate will give us only chewing, smoking and dipping tobacco revenue, let them know that we will take none. Because we Methodists ain't going to have any unclean money flung in the hat. That is fixed.

Now I got mixed up on what was to be done with these fellows that make money by having anything to do with this heresy tobacco. Will they be turned out of the church? Haven't seen anything on that subject. Will they be told, "You ain't membership in the church, sit on front pews, say public prayers, talk to mourners, sing in the choir, have your children baptized, take the holy communion, accept of the be Sunday-school superintendents, carry around the bread of love feast, tell your experience, lead class, have family prayer, but you must not fling in the hat when it goes round, nor take any of the church papers. You ain't fit to fling in, you are only fit to do the other things. Some day you may get fit, and then you can fling in. If these men want to fling in, they must join another church. Other churches are not up to the Methodist church, and will take cigarette tobacco money, but the Methodist won't have any sort but the chewing, smoking and dipping sort. Them Presbyterians built a preacher-making college out of cigarette money. Think of it. We will not educate our preachers with any than the orthodox chewing, smoking and dipping qualities. Our young fellows ain't predestinated and we ain't so sure they will finally persevere.

Can you help us out of this mixtry? Do I understand the situation? Because we folks want to know what kind of tobacco to plant next year, so we can fling in the hat and go to the pounding of the preacher. Would it be wrong or forniest our church to plant a little patch of chewing, smoking and dipping kind, so we could have a little to fling in when the hat goes round? Could we cure this in the barn after we cured the anti-Methodist lot? Would it be good to fling in if we did? Can't you help us some?

## The Teaching of The Beautiful Earth.

It was Monday morning. Helen Channing started from her boarding-place for her first day in the school-room as teacher of "District No. 7."

The road lay along the edge of the timber from her new home almost to the school-house yard. The September sun had begun to slant its beams, so that in the early morning they came almost

at her back as she trudged northward, and the young girl felt as though all the brightness of life was behind her and the future held only a cold, north outlook.

This young girl had not learned that it is sweeter to win victory than to ride in a triumphal chariot. It looked to her, that morning, as though life was only one great defeat. Only seventeen, and all her aims, her hopes, and ambitions laid aside that she might follow Duty! Her father had died only a few months before. There was the precious mother to comfort, and there were the two younger sisters and a young brother to help educate. The little farm, a few hundred dollars, ten willing hands, and five trembling hearts between them and poverty.

Only seventeen years old, and starting out into the world all alone! Her life had been sheltered and shielded by the father's tender care, and now he was gone, and on her heart rested a load almost unbearable. She had not slept well the night before, and body and brain as well as soul were weary. But this young girl was not in the habit of looking on the dark side of life, and she had not walked far in the bracing Kansas air before she felt the influence of Nature's tonic. Presently a red-bird whistled and cried out,

"Dear! dear! dear!"  
The young girl looked up and smiled at the gay intruder.

Its mate called out from a distance with its five clear notes of response, and quickly came the reply,

"Dear! dear! Cheer! cheer! cheer!"

A thrill of hope and courage ran through Helen's veins, as though the bird had spoken to her.

"I will take it as God's message," she said softly in her heart "God is meeting me on the way," and she reverently lifted her face toward the heavens above and looked off beyond the fleecy clouds, still streaked with crimson and purple and gold, to the clear, blue sky, almost human with its gentle, brooding tenderness, and almost divine in its immensity.

It was beautiful to receive the message here alone with God. She had patiently waited, going steadily forward doing the next thing; and the Father, choosing his own way and time, had given the relief—lifted the burden in the very best way and at the right moment.

It did not matter now that No. 7 was a hard school. Her boarding-place, so unlike her own comfortable home, would no longer be a lonely spot, for the promise was to her, "Lo! I am with you alway." Why had she forgotten this fact? There is nothing in all the world so sure as God's promises. They never fail, and yet she had forgotten to lean upon them.

The girl lifted her head, threw back her shoulders. Her step grew firmer, and it was not her red gown, but the rosy hue of hope and strength that brought the flush of joy to her face, making our maiden no longer a pale martyr in her gown of fire, but a self-reliant woman. Life, which had seemed one long *miserere*, had burst into *jubilate* notes. She

was up-borne by a strength not her own, and yet it was her own. The world looked brighter. She heard new notes in the bird-songs all about her. She saw God revealing himself in the sky above. She saw his love and and power in the great trees at her side and in the vines that ran riot over the cotton-woods, elms, and walnuts, flinging out their waving tendrils high up in the air. The clusters of Indian currants by the fence-rows looked as though dipped in a red sea of love, as they nodded and swayed on their slender branches as she passed by. The morning-glories, with their twining vines, heart-shaped leaves, and purple bells, laughed as if glad to be God's messengers of beauty to every passer-by.

And now she drew near the opening. On the hillside beyond, in a plot of ground all its own, as everywhere all over Kansas, stood the handsome school-house with its shade-trees, and its bit of flower-garden started by willing hands in early spring. Here was the strangely-marked euphorbia standing erect, two or three feet in height, with its illiptical light-green leaves, all the upper ones gathered into a perfect rosette, and each bordered with a rim of pure white. How beautiful! The wormwood, with its deep-lobed leaves, downy-white beneath, crowded down into her path as she left the road to go up to her school-room. She stooped, broke a branch, and tasted the tip of the tender stems, smiling to herself as she thought, "Bitter to the taste, but a tonic." She put the key into the lock, opened the door, then turned for one more message from the beautiful world without.

It was no longer a tired heart, a weary body, a discouraged soul. Often, on her knees, with a sob, she had cried out in vain, "Oh, my Father!" but now she heard his reply, "Here, my child!" and the perfect rest which came with the message in the silence and sweetness of the morning was precious beyond expression. For the first time in her life she realized that she not only could but did "cuddle doon" in the everlasting arms and rest. Oh, how sweet this was!

Nothing had changed since she had looked on the same scene the week before. There were the far-away bluffs across the Blue River, lifting their brown, bare peaks toward the sky, like the hill Difficulty, with always the wondrous outlook from the top. On this side of the Big Blue were the majestic trees throwing out their great arms with a sense of freedom and roominess; there were the vines, the blossoms, the color and fragrance; all were the same, only she had learned to see God in it all.

But Helen looked beyond all this as she quoted from her morning lesson, "In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river—"

She thought over the verse as St. John must have thought of it as he stood on the Isle of Patmos.

"Both sides of the heavenly life have the all-nourishing blessedness, the seen and the unseen. The loving Father is on that side and—he is on this!"—Mrs. Charlotte F. Wilder, in American Messenger.