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The Glory of God in Nature.

Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee,
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When night with wings of starry gloom
O'erhadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beautiful bird, whose
plume

Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

When youthful spring around us
breathes,

Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh:
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye:
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

American Messenger.

The Smell of Fire.

"O Aunt Margaret what a strange subject! What can you write from such a peculiar text? The smell of fire!" Really, I haven't the remotest idea what moral you are going to bring out of that," and Esther smiled incredulously as she seated herself on an ottoman at her aunt's feet. "Please tell me about it, auntie; I know it was quite improper for me to peep over your shoulder at your manuscript; but I think you will excuse me, for you know I cannot stay until the article is done."

Aunt Margaret only smiled at her impetuous niece, and replied just get your Bible, Esther, and read the twenty-seventh verse of the third chapter of Daniel; and Esther read, in a clear, sweet voice, the wonderful verse: "And the princes, governors, and captains, and the king's counselors, being gathered together, saw these men, upon whose bodies the fire had no power, nor was a hair of their head singed, neither were their coats changed, nor the smell of fire had passed on them."

"You see, Esther, that God not only preserved the Hebrew children in the fiery furnace, from all danger, great as it was, but kept them so securely that their enemies could not even detect the smell of fire upon them. Was it not enough that God should preserve the lives of his faithful children? No; their very garments must be kept from the devouring element, and even the odor which is naturally imparted to the clothing from close contact with fire, must be absent, or the enemies of the God of Israel might find some excuse whereupon to base a false report."

"O auntie! I never thought of it before in that light. I am sure the third chapter of Daniel will always seem more beautiful to me than ever before."

"You remember that Christ prays that his children may not be taken out of the world, but that they may be kept from the evil. He is as able to keep his children to-day from even the very taint of sin and impurity as he was to preserve the three Hebrews. His grace can be manifest to deliver from the furnace

today as well as anciently. He can keep us, and he will, from even the very appearances of evil, if we earnestly ask him that the words of our heart be pure and clean.

"I had a friend, Esther, a young man, whose early training had been given him by a careful, tender, mother, who was, withal, an earnest Christian. He went out into the world, and met trials and temptations of a very peculiar nature. Sin was made to appear to him in a false light, and it did not appear exceeding sinful. Well, thank God, he did not fall, but the childlike innocence of his early manhood was marred—was gone—the smell of fire was upon him."

There were tears in Esther's eyes as she replied: "O auntie! I am thinking of Edna Lee; she was such a dear friend; but, somehow, ever since she returned from the city, she has not seemed the same. She has a continual craving for excitement, and the deep religious fervor which before was almost a part of her, seems to be gone. Her life might still be considered almost a model one, in the eyes of the world; but I knew her so well before, and can see the difference."

"Ah," said Aunt Margaret, sadly, "the smell of fire!" and continued, "Here is a little verse among my selections, which is right to the point:—

'Had I but known to dread the dreadful
That lay in ambush at my heart's desire,
Wherefrom it sprang and smote my
naked hand,
And left a mark forever to remain,
I would not bear the fire's ignoble
brand,
I would have weighed the pleasure
with the pain—
Had I but known!"

—Selected.

Spiritual Worship.

"God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."—Jno. 4:24.

There is no worship but that which is the Spirit. None can worship but saved people. A man dead in sin can do nothing to please God. All a sinner can do is to confess and forsake his sin, and believe God. Jno. 6:39. Saved people may sing, pray and give and yet never worship. One may be a son or daughter and yet have no fellowship with the Father. Fellowship is not a matter of the head, but of the heart. There can be no communion with unconfessed sins. Let us confess not only the sins we see, but also the sins which only God can see. We are constantly sinning "through ignorance in the holy things." Lev. 5:15. "We know not what we should pray for as we ought." Rom. 8:26. Every selfish prayer is sin.

Our greatest need is not more of the Spirit, but to be more entirely given up to the Spirit. Fellowship can only be in the light, in the holy place 1 John 1:7. Prayer is occupied with wants, and praise with blessing. Confession of sins is not worship. The place to confess sins is at the altar. The place to get rid of defilement is at the laver, by washing in the water by the Word. Eph. 5:26. The holy place is for communion only. Outside, all goes up to God. Inside, all comes down from God. We worship God only when eye

and mind are withdrawn from what is happening about us, and our thoughts are altogether occupied with God. We go in to worship and come out to serve.

A man who is much on his feet should be much on his knees. The men who move the world are the men whom the world can't move. We must withdraw from the rush of work and haste, be it worldly or religious, ere we learn to worship. There is such a thing as being so occupied with the study of the Word that we forget to have communion with the author.

Fluent, eloquent prayers reach the ears of the great Father no quicker nor with greater effect than do the few broken words. The gilding on a key makes it open a door no better. It is only "the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man that availeth much." Jas. 5:16. Our prayers are effectual and fervent, only when the Holy Spirit in us prays through us. Children of God, whom the Father has called to be holy, as He is holy, take time to worship, take time to be holy.—Charles W. McCrossan, in Christian Unity.

The Slam-Shanty Crowd.

It had taken form in a night. The women said it was a poisonous growth, springing up in haste, like a mushroom, contaminating the whole atmosphere of the new Western village, and carrying wretchedness and poverty in its train.

One dismal rainy autumn day the usual disreputable crowd of men and boys were gathered in the shed-like structure, passing the time with drinking, smoking, and games of chance, when into the foul atmosphere and bedlam-like noise of the place there entered a well-dressed and respectable-looking stranger, who began asking questions about the prospects of business in the place.

"You have a church, I see," he said at length.

"Oh, yes," replied Uncle Tom Johnson, who always led the conversation. "We a'n't heathen. We have a meeting-house for the women and the little shavers."

"And you have a minister, perhaps?"

"Oh, yes, a good one too, they say, but none of the Slam-Shanty crowd have had any use for him yet."

"I have heard that there is a new man coming to hold a protracted meeting."

"Well, stranger, he can come, and he can stay, and he can preach; it won't make any difference to Slam-Shanty. No old preacher, nor no new preacher, gets a shot at us."

"Then you will not understand anything about the chance you have lost. You will be like the man I heard of, twenty miles or so back, who had been in the war, a poor, ragged, sick, miserable, hungry, cold, friendless old veteran."

"Had a pension, of course?" said some one.

"No; he knew he deserved one, but he wouldn't go to work the right way to obtain it. He had his discharge paper, but he didn't believe it was good for anything. His friends, who were anxious

about him, tried to reason with him, but he was obstinate, and would say, 'You can't make me believe that there is any good in that old yellow paper,' and he wouldn't have anything to do with it."

"What an old fool! Deserved to be poor and wretched and miserable!" decided Uncle Tom, and the others all echoed,

"What an old fool!"

"In that same town," went on the stranger, "there were a good many prominent and well-to-do citizens living in open sin in the way of intemperance, gambling, profanity, Sabbath-breaking, and all their attendant vices. Every one of them had a Bible at home, and a praying wife, mother, or sisters, and every week the minister preached from the pulpit the beauty and joy of righteousness and the blood of Christ, a free gift, cleansed from all sin; but it was of no use, they would not listen. The oldest sinner of them all jeered and reviled, and the younger ones followed his example, and although the good men in the community deplored the mistake, it wouldn't have done for any one to call them fools, and no one would have presumed to say, 'Good enough for them. They deserve to be lost.'"

"I reckon you are the new minister," said Uncle Tom meditatively.

"You are good at reckoning." "Well, I swore I'd never hear you preach, but I have, and now, so long as you've got the better of us and preached us a smart gospel sarmint without our mistrusting it, we'll go to meeting every time you preach, if you protract all winter. We'll go instead of comin' here, I'll pass my word, and Uncle Tom's word stands for all this Slam-Shanty crowd."

Sure enough, at the first service held that evening the "crowd" was there, and whatever the rest of the congregation might have thought, it was to them the evangelist preached, and it was among them that results were first seen, for after a few meetings Slam-Shanty disappeared.

That night, when Uncle Tom stood up to be prayed for, the others all followed, and the evangelist, looking down upon them, said, "Even they whom He himself hath called; for Christ came not calling the righteous, but sinners, to repentance." So the reign of sin and idleness was broken, and industry and prosperity followed the reign of righteousness.—Selected.

Legal Evidence.

Salmon P. Chase, chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, appointed by President Lincoln, will take the witness stand, "Chief Justice Chase, please to state what you have to say about the book commonly called the Bible." The witness replies: "There came a time in my life when I doubted the divinity of the Scriptures, and I resolved as a lawyer and judge I would try the book as I would try anything in the court room, taking evidence for and against. It was a long serious and profound study, and using the same principles of evidence in this religious matter as I 'al-

ways do in secular matters, I have come to the decision that the Bible is the supernatural book, that it has come from God and that the only safety for the human race is to follow its teachings." "Judge, that will do. Go back again to your pillow of dust on the banks of the Ohio." Next I put upon the witness stand a president of the United States—John Quincy Adams. "President Adams what have you to say about the Bible as Christianity?" The president replies: "I have for many years made it a practice to read through the Bible once a year. My custom is to read four or five chapters every morning immediately after rising from my bed. It employs about an hour of my time, and seems to me the most suitable manner of beginning the day. In what light soever we regard the Bible, whether with reference to revelation, to history or to mortality, it is an invaluable and inexhaustible mine of knowledge and virtue." "Chancellor Kent, what do you think of the Bible?" Answer: "No other book ever addressed itself so authoritatively and so pathetically to the judgment and moral sense of mankind." "Edmund Burke, what do you think of the Bible?" Answer: "I have read the Bible, morning noon and night, and have ever since been the happier and the better man for such reading." Talmage. C.

Winning Souls.

A strange reluctance comes over many when they try to talk about the soul and its relations to God. Very often the gay girl whose heart is running over with fun and mirth, and whose speech sparkles with wit and humor, has deep in her consciousness the feeling that she is unsatisfied; that she wants something better, purer, higher. She wishes that the Christian woman who is talking with her would ask her a question, would give her a hint, would lead the conversation to the subject of personal religion. The other has no thought of the kind. She has even the faint, undefinable dread that any effort on her part would be received coldly, or made occasion of ridicule.

So the opportunity passes. The souls have been within speaking distance, but have failed to communicate with each other. Each goes on its way. The friend of Christ, who might have won a soul to him, has been silent, afraid, ashamed. What wonder if to that too faithless friend there comes the sad experience that the Beloved has withdrawn himself and is gone; that seeking the Spirit, finds him out; and calling, there returns no answer! Can there be perfect serenity and the full sense of communion with God to one who refuses or neglects so important a duty.—Margret E. Sangster.

If any little word of mine
May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
May make a heart the lighter,
God help me speak the little word
And take my bit of singing
And drop it in some lonely vale,
To set the echoes ringing.

—Selected.