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A Song of Trust.

I can not always see the way that leads
To heights above;
I sometimes quite forget He leads me
on
With hand of love;
But yet I know the path must lead me
to
Immanuel's land.
And when I reach life's summit I shall
know
And understand!

I can not always trace the onward
course
My ship must take;
But, looking backward, I behold afar
Its shining wake
Illumined with God's light of love, and
so
I onward go.
In perfect trust that He who holds the
helm
The course must know.

I cannot always see the plan on which
He builds my life.
For oft the sound of hammers, blow on
blow,
The noise of strife,
Confuse me till I quite forget He knows
And oversees.
And that in all details with His good
plan
My life agrees.

I cannot always know and understand
The Master's rule;
I cannot always do the tasks He gives
In life's hard school;
But I am learning with His help to
solve
Them, one by one,
And when I cannot understand to say,
"Thy will be done!"
—Gertrude Benedict Curtis, in Pente-
costal Herald.

The Truth Shall Make You Free.

The Independent Girl had been talking to Uncle Bez about things in general, and finally said:

"I suppose you think I have too much spirit, and like my own way too well, but I can't help it. I was born with lots of independence in my make-up, and I just won't stand restrictions. That's the principal reason, I suppose, why I haven't become a Christian. I can't bear the idea of living by rule, and of having to stop before I do or say a thing to decide whether it's exactly right or not. I don't want to turn myself into a human machine. I want to be a free-born American citizen, with the right to do what I please in the way I please."

"I suppose you want to commit murder once in a while," said Uncle Bez, "and get drunk, maybe, and smoke cigarettes, and gamble, and—"

The Independent Girl interrupted him with a little laugh.

"Oh, of course not!" she said. "You know I don't intend to do anything very bad, but I don't want to feel that I have a ball and chain to my foot to keep me from doing what I might want to do. I want to be a free agent."

"I suppose," said Uncle Bez, "that freedom is about the most misunderstood and most abused thing in the world. There are all sorts of persons talking about it all the time. There are the anarchists who think they ought to be free to blow off the heads of all rulers they don't like. And there are the men who think they ought to be free to get drunk every Saturday night and beat their wives every Sunday morning. And there are the boys who think they ought to be free to hang around billiard halls and smoke cigarettes all day and half the night, while father and mother toil and scheme to make both ends meet.

And there are the girls who think they ought to be free to go to matinees and sleep late in the morning, while mother works hard taking care of them."

But Uncle Bez," began the Independent Girl in a tone of protest, "I don't—"

"I know you don't," said Uncle Bez, "but I only wanted to show you what sort of company you are in when you are clamoring for that kind of independence. Now, you can see that if we are going to have a world worth living in, every person must respect the rights of every other person. That's the foundation of all government. When the savage gets mad at his neighbor he takes a club and his neighbor takes a club, and they have a fine time killing each other, but when the savage begins to get civilized he makes laws which put a stop to that kind of thing. Do you think you are not 'independent,' because you can't choke to death every person you don't like without getting into trouble?"

"Of course you don't. You know that that very law makes you free. In this land of law and order you are perfectly free to go and come as you like; in a land without law, you would be held back by fear—you wouldn't be caught very far from home without protection. The law here gives you freedom. Can't you see that? * * * * *

"And I am not so sure that folks who are not Christians have so much freedom, after all. I have noticed that folks who talk the most about 'personal liberty,' usually have the least of it. The man who scorns to bind himself by a temperance pledge, is often a slave to drink. The woman who refuses Christ's yoke, is often a slave to a quick tongue and a hasty temper. The man who refuses to be bound by the superstitions of religion, is very apt to be the slave of petty little superstitions. The boys and girls who won't give up their 'liberty' by joining church, are often slaves to the opinions of those they associate with."

"I don't see that people outside the church are so awfully free, after all."

"But I do know that the Christian is the freest person in the world, for the yoke he bears is easy, and the burden he carries is light."

"Don't you think that that is the greatest independence, after all?"—Johnstone Murray, in Ram's Horn.

Fifty Dollars or Fifty Cents.

There is on the borders of the Connecticut a small town, which, though weak and feeble, still, with the help of a "home missionary society," supported a minister and maintained regular divine worship. About the time when it became necessary to pay the minister's salary, there moved into the place a man who gained his living by carting coal and by other similar labor. It was noticed that this man was very regular in his attendance at church, and was never absent from the prayer-meeting, but from a pecuniary point of view he was not considered important.

It was the custom, when the salary was due, for one of the deacons to collect all he could

from the people, and then get the balance from the home missionary society. In accordance with this custom, one fine morning Deacon A., a man of considerable penuriousness, started forth with subscription paper in hand, to see how much he could squeeze out of the parish for the support of the minister.

The first person he met was the above mentioned coal carter, moving along the road with a cartload of that material. The deacon considered within himself that it might be worth while to ask him to contribute, seeing that he was a good sort of person, and every little helps, and so accosted him with "Good-morning, Mr. B., are you willing to give anything toward the support of the pastor?" at the same time handing him the paper.

The man stopped, stood thoughtfully for a moment or two, drew a pencil out of his pocket, and with his dirt-begrimed hand he headed the list with the sum of fifty dollars.

The deacon was so taken by surprise that he could scarcely believe the evidence of his eyes, and thinking the man had made a mistake, and not wishing to take advantage of him, he asked him: "Did you mean that for fifty cents?" The coal-carter turned, drew himself up to his full height, and with great earnestness replied: "I do not value the gospel at fifty cents a year."

The answer placed the case in a new light. The deacon went immediately to the pastor, related the incident, and said: "If that man can give fifty dollars a year I can give five hundred."

The same spirit actuated the rest of the parish on hearing the story, and in a few days the salary was raised by the people themselves without the necessity of applying for outside aid.

At how much do you value the gospel?" for upon the answer may depend your fate for eternity. If by a whole-souled Christianity you prove that you have consecrated time, influence, money—all that you have and are, to the service of the Master, at that dread hour all will be well. But if not, then this question may well startle you, for, according to your valuation of Christ here will be his valuation of your services there.—The Free Methodist.

Spiritual Drill.

Statistics of the present generation of young men and women indicate an increase of bodily size and muscular development, as a consequence of increased attention to physical training. The country has also been taught the lesson that it is unwise to undertake a military campaign without a trained army. Popular education is also making success in professional life more and more impossible without severe mental drill.

There is also such a thing as spiritual drill. It is such a constant moral religious exercise as braces one's conscience, and helps to keep the heart strong and clean.

During the War of the Revolution a private in a Highland troop of the British army was detected stealing out of camp in the night into a neighboring piece of woods. He was watched,

and for several nights was seen to repeat the act—always returning in about half an hour.

He was arrested, and accused of secret correspondence with the enemy. The penalty was death. The soldier begged pardon for any offence he might have committed against discipline, but protested his innocence of intentional wrong, and declared that he went into the woods that he might be alone to pray.

"Down on your knees and pray now," said the stern Scotch captain. "You never needed it more in all your life."

The man knelt and poured out his soul as one prays who looks eternity in the face. His petition started the tears in the eyes of his rough comrades.

"Let him go!" muttered the old captain. "A man couldn't pray like that unless he'd been regular to gospel drill."

Life has a thousand emergencies, and in some of them one must face death, or worse than death. Then it may not be enough to have kept the laws of man. Strength of soul that knows no moral fear comes from constant training under the laws of God, and constantly practising His precepts as declared and embodied in the life of His Son.

—Youth's Companion.

Fruit From Old Trees.

Who cannot remember the old apple-tree which was loaded with fruit so luscious and so precious that it was cherished from generation to generation, and its fall at last was esteemed a public calamity? Many another younger and stronger, went to the flames unregretted, because the fruit was scanty or worthless, and the husbandman said, "Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?"

Premature decay and untimely death are the direct results of transgression and disobedience. If our lives are rebellious and our days are passed away in God's wrath, then "the days of our years are" but "threescore years and ten, and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow, for it is soon cut off and we fly away." Ps. xc. 10. "The wages of sin is death." The ungodly are like the chaff which the wind driveth away; but "length of days and long life and peace" come from the blessing of the Lord, "even life for evermore." Prov. iii. 2; Ps. cxxxiii. 3. And men who have laid hold on eternal life, are like green olive-trees in the courts of the Lord, and "still bring forth fruit in old age." Ps. lii. 8; cxii. 12-14. Some of the grandest work done is done by old men.

Ogilvie began the study of Greek at fifty, and made an excellent translation of Homer; Galileo at seventy pursued his studies with unflagging zeal; Michael Angelo designed the rebuilding of St. Peter's at seventy-one, and had charge of the work until he was eighty-nine. He produced his masterpiece, "The Conversion of St. Paul," at seventy-five, and died at ninety, still working. Titian lived to be one hundred years old, and produced "The Last Supper" at eighty-seven, and it is called his masterpiece. Stradivarius made his most famous

violin at ninety; his eyesight failed at eighty-five, but he still continued to make violins, and lived to be nearly one hundred years, spending only his last year in idleness."

Let Christians not be disheartened, but let them save their strength, converse their energies, and live as long as they can, and as well as they can, and make this life but the beginning of the life that shall never end.—Exchange.

The Unchanging God.

The world is full of change. Storms and tempests, earthquakes and convulsions, work their changes. Mighty elements and tremendous forces struggle for the mastery, and rage in their fury, working desolation on every hand. But amid all these changes, there is one unchangeable Rock; there is one in whom there is no variability nor shadow of turning. Everything that man trusts in fails him; everything that man rests on totters and shakes, but they that trust in the Lord shall be as Mt. Zion which cannot be moved, but abideth forever. Earthly glory fades; earthly power perishes. Everything earthly decays. In the words of Dr. John Cumming:

"The empire of Caesar is gone; the legions of Rome are mouldering in the dust; the avalanches Napoleon hurled upon Europe have melted away; the pride of the Pharaohs has fallen; pyramids they raised to be their tombs are sinking every day in the desert sands; Tyre is the rock for bleaching fisherman's nets; Sidon has scarcely left a wreck behind; but the Word of God still survives. All things that threatened to extinguish it have only aided it; and it only proves every day how transient the noblest monument that man can build; how enduring is the last word God has spoken. Tradition has dug for it a grave; intolerance has lighted for it many a fagot; many a Judas has betrayed it with a kiss; many a Demas forsaken it; but the Word of God still survives."

And that Word which has endured will still endure. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." (Matt. 24:25.) "The grass withereth and the flower thereof falleth away, but the Word of the Lord endureth forever." (Peter 1:24, 25.)—Armory.

When a man attaches himself to a church he should enter into its spirit, abide by its rules and throw his soul into all its operations. He should join it not to be simply entertained, or to be carried along, or to be humored, or to receive attention, or to lead a selfish, idle existence; but he should deal out whatever he has of grace, love, purse, time, advice, help, zeal, and energy. If all acted upon this principle, what a power the church would be! How the drones would disappear! How the treasury of the Lord would be filled! How Christian work would be advanced! How complaints would cease! How the pastor would be relieved of many a burden, care and anxiety! And how God would be glorified!—Sel.