



# THE GOLDEN RULE

The Gospel in all Lands  
170 Pitt Ave

Vol. XI.

BOSTON

December 31, 1896

CHICAGO

No. 14.

INTERNATIONAL REPRESENTATIVE OF THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR MOVEMENT



## NEW AND NOVEL USES FOR SAPOLIO

Every One Finds a New Use

- To clean tombstones.
- To renovate paint.
- To brighten metals.
- To clean dishes.
- To whiten marble.
- To scour kettles.
- To polish knives.
- To scour bath-tubs.
- To wash out sinks.
- To remove dust.
- To scrub floors.
- To renew oilcloth.



# ROYAL

The absolutely pure  
BAKING POWDER



ROYAL—The most celebrated of all the baking powders in the world—celebrated for its great leavening strength and purity. It makes your cakes, biscuit, bread, etc., healthful; it assures you against alum and all forms of adulteration that go with the cheap brands.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW-YORK.

# ORGANS

Especially designed and constructed for the needs of all

## MISSIONARY WORK.

La Petite:

A "Four-Octave Beauty." Our latest production. Already winning the highest praise in the most critical circles. Especially valuable for small chapels, Sunday-school rooms, kindergartens, nurseries, schoolrooms, etc. Our price brings this beautiful organ within reach of all.

New Portable:

The best Folding Organ ever designed. In two styles. Single and double reeds. Three and a half or four octave keyboards; four stops, octave coupler, knee-swell, etc. Weight, 65 to 80 pounds. Admirable for domestic missionary or evangelistic work. Quickly adjusted and easily transported. Very full, strong tone. Has successfully led a congregation of 1,200 persons.

Acclimatized:

A special product of the Estey factories. These organs are designed solely for service in tropical countries under severe climatic conditions. Made with all brass fastenings, waterproof glue, etc., etc. Warranted to withstand successfully the hardest usage. Especially valuable for foreign-missionary needs in India and Africa.

Send for Large Illustrated Catalogue.

**ESTEY ORGAN COMPANY,**  
BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT.

## Exhaustion

### Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Overworked men and women, the nervous, weak, and debilitated, will find in the Acid Phosphate a most agreeable, grateful, and harmless stimulant, giving renewed strength and vigor to the entire system.

Dr. Edwin F. Vose, Portland, Me., says: "I have used it in my own case when suffering from nervous exhaustion, with gratifying results. I have prescribed it for many of the various forms of nervous debility, and it has never failed to do good."

Descriptive pamphlet free on application to  
Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

**FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.**

# THE GOLDEN RULE

VOLUME XI.

BOSTON AND CHICAGO, DECEMBER 31, 1896.

NUMBER 14.

## Golden Rule Proverbs.

Worry is weakness.  
Crosses prove our kingliness.  
The price of power is surrender.  
Only they are masters who serve a principle.  
We rise with Christ when we raise others to Christ.  
He is bravest who dares to speak the truth to himself.  
The garment of praise is part of the robe of righteousness.  
The sincerity of a child is better than the sophistry of a sage.

\*\*\*\*

## AS WE SEE THINGS.

A HAPPY new year, Endeavorers all!

THE GOLDEN RULE is planning to do its part better than ever before in making the new year a happy one.

If it is true, as the men of figures say, that only 900 persons in every million die of old age, then we ought to be ashamed of ourselves.

THE X-ray has come to the country just in time, for by it can be proved the adulteration of sugar and other foods by mineral substances.

It is asserted that a woman in New York has sued for divorce on the ground that her husband will not keep out of the kitchen, and insists on coming in and washing the dishes! She should have gone to his office and insisted on answering his letters.

"ENGLAND," says an English paper, "is quite willing to leave the reformation of Turkey to German generosity, French magnanimity, and Russian disinterestedness." We have an idea the English people will have a thing or two to say about that ere long.

It is significant that in conservative Boston a committee of the school board brought in a recommendation urging the introduction into the schools of a system of vertical penmanship. Editors will not be the last to applaud, if the average handwriting can be made plainer.

THE Massachusetts Historical Society will present an urgent memorial to Congress protesting against the proposed destruction of the frigate Constitution, so important historically and so noble an heirloom of our national life. How disgraceful that such a petition should be needed!

WOULD that every town in the land might have the grace and grit reported from Black River Falls, Wisconsin! The people there have induced the dealers to promise not to sell cigarettes any longer, and they propose to buy up all the cigarettes now in stock and make a bonfire of them in the public square.

SOME up-to-date young women in New York City have formed a "society for the prevention of hereditary diseases." All the members pledge themselves not to marry into any family subject to "such hereditary diseases as consumption, insanity, or an appetite for strong drink." Let the movement spread, and let especial emphasis be placed upon that last item.

WHATEVER we may think about many points in Herbert Spencer's philosophy, it is truly inspiring to note his completion, at the age of seventy-six, of the tenth and last volume of the great work. Rarely has the world seen a more remarkable example of a tremendous task, a vast life-work, adhered to under so many discouragements and especially after the destruction of health.

It is to be hoped that Congress will adopt the plan so widely urged of establishing a permanent census bureau, whose members will be protected by civil service rules, and enabled by long service to render more speedy and effective this very important branch of our public works. "Know thyself" is a maxim as important for a nation as for an individual, and heretofore we have, as it were, gone to a doctor for a diagnosis only once a decade, and every time to a different doctor!

MANY stories are in circulation concerning Helen Keller, the wonderful deaf and blind girl. The latest of these tells of her riding a bicycle! The despatch is altogether incorrect, since Miss Keller has attempted nothing of the sort more ambitious than a two-seated tricycle. In this connection it may be of interest to our readers to know that THE GOLDEN RULE will shortly publish an extended

illustrated article by William T. Ellis, describing from personal acquaintance, not only Miss Keller and her accomplishments, but three other similarly afflicted children as well.

\*\*\*\*

**A Case of Self-Will.**—An obscure record of a recent police case suggests not a few useful lessons. A flagman is attending to his duties at a grade crossing where many trains are passing. Only two weeks before, a man had been killed through carelessly walking on the track near there. This flagman, expecting a train immediately, sees a man start to cross the track, and opposes him. The man gets mad. The flagman insists. The man becomes abusive. A brakeman runs to the flagman's assistance and holds the man's hands. Then the man brings suit against the flagman for assault and battery! The more evidently some men are on the road to destruction, the madder they get if one tries to stop them.

\*\*\*

**Preach the Word!**—An article in *The Independent* by an honored trustee of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, Rev. James L. Hill, D. D., gave many facts and figures calculated to rouse the attention of the most heedless Christians. The most startling was this: that, of the two great denominations, the Congregational and the Presbyterian, over 3,000 churches—one-fourth of the whole number—reported no accessions last year on profession of faith, while the condition is certainly as bad in other denominations. By the reading of this article Mr. Moody was incited to make a strong appeal for more wide-spread and earnest evangelistic effort. "What must an unbelieving world think," he asks, "about a Christianity that cannot bring forth any more fruit?" Yes, and what must our Lord himself think? And what shall we think, when we look back upon it from the great hereafter? Praise God, there are many signs that the churches everywhere are beginning to rouse themselves as never before. The Holy Spirit has come upon many hearts. The great cities are moving. The villages have felt the blessed impulse. We look to see at the revival services that will follow the Week of Prayer a marvellous ingathering of souls. May it come. May it come. And to that end let us all pray and labor.

\*\*\*

## Able To Use Their Education.

—A physical examination is required of applicants for certain scholarships in one of our great universities, in order that the aid may not be given to those whose bodies show that they will not be able to make any use of their education after they get it. A sensible writer asks why the same principle should not be applied to all college students. No college is supported by its tuition fees. The students owe their education in large part to the endowments given by generous men and women. There would be nothing amiss in requiring all who present themselves to take advantage of this store of beneficence to show a sound body in which the university teaching may be well invested, with no fear that the young man will graduate a nervous wreck, or retire to his invalid's chair after a year in active life. How such a provision as this would increase the popularity of dumb-bells, chest weights, and Indian clubs!

\*\*\*

**A Great Opportunity.**—We are entering the Week of Prayer. There is no limit to the blessings that God will give his church at this time if it will but ask aright. He is willing that there should be another Pentecost; are we? Make the most of this prayer time. Be loyal to the special meetings. Increase your private devotions. Put away all worldly amusements, and, so far as possible, all worldly thoughts and employments. Wait earnestly upon the Lord for a baptism of fire. The Week of Prayer is peculiarly a missionary season. He misses the full significance of the occasion whose heart does not go out in increased longing in behalf of the unsaved world. Supplement your missionary prayers by some missionary reading. It is especially appropriate and desirable that young people should participate actively in the preparation for missionary Sunday (January 10), and for the missionary services of the week following. By no means let your church neglect these special missionary meetings.

Christian Endeavor unions can help much in arranging for the interdenominational rally. Heed this call of the church, O Endeavorers! Arouse yourselves and arouse your neighbors. Awaken the community by your prayers, by your personal solicitations, by your preparations. In the Week of Prayer, *work*. And, for the sake of dying souls and a living Redeemer, in the Week of Prayer, *pray!*

\*\*\*

**The Twentieth Century.**—Christ was born toward the close of the fifth year B. C. In these days of careful Sunday-school training, every one knows about the mistake in our calendar which makes the present year 1896 A. D., instead of 1900 A. D., which it should be. *To-morrow begins the twentieth century of this era!* Let us all salute it! May it have glorious things in store for this sad and glad old earth. Good-by to wars and rumors of wars. Good-by to misrule in high places and ignorant prejudice in low places. Good-by to greed of gain. Good-by to strife between brethren. Good-by to the accursed saloon. Ah, that these good-bys might be real, and that this birthday of the bright new century might welcome true peace on earth and good will among all men! But if not to-day, may it come to-morrow; and if not to-morrow, then next year. Let Christian hearts will it, trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, and it will be done. Even so come, Lord Jesus, with this thy twentieth century!

\*\*\*

**The Builder of "Thrums."**—A little group of Scotch writers has to a remarkable degree had the ear of the reading public for the last few years. The twelvemonth just closing has been made brighter by the presence of some of this group on this side the Atlantic. The position of one of them, Mr. J. M. Barrie, has been thus stated by "Ian Maclaren" himself: "He stands by himself, the head of the Scottish school." Mr. Barrie's prominence in this respect is the more striking in view of the fact that he is not yet forty years old. He began his contributions to the papers while he was in his teens, and the comic side of his treatment of the training of children, in a series of letters, would have been too evident if he had not hidden behind the disguise of "Paterfamilias." Under Professor Masson at the university his taste for literature was strengthened, and when his education was finished he felt drawn toward journalism. In this work his ability was recognized, yet the cordial welcome won by his "Auld Licht Idylls" was not expected by the publishers. His popularity

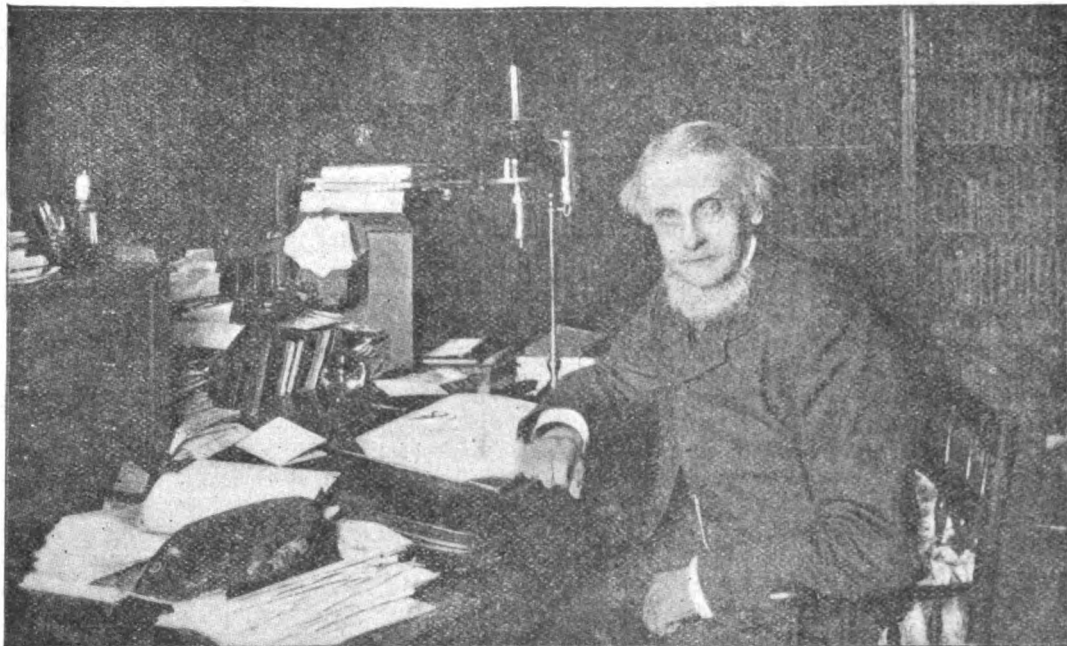
was secure after the appearance of "A Window in Thrums" not long after. From his mother he gained an intimate knowledge of the Auld Lichts; his native place furnished him a model for Thrums, whose fame has become so great. The humor and the pathos that have marked his work from the first are seen to their full advantage in his strong story, "Sentimental Tommy," which has just appeared. Mr. Barrie has often disclaimed all ability as a public speaker, but on the occasions when he has appeared he has won friends by his spoken words as well as by his writings. Most of all has he charmed by his delightfully simple, modest, sincere, and tender personality.

\*\*\*

**A Heavy Problem.**—A well-known missionary—one who has seen nearly the entire course of missionary activities in Turkey—describes in her pathetic article on another page the terrible suffering of the little children of murdered Armenians. We have been thinking of the poor fathers and mothers. To some of us the thought of their helpless orphans will come with a shock of surprise. Yet there they are, some say 50,000 of them,—Dr. Hamlin says 100,000,—bereft in an hour of awful savagery, not only of parents, but in most cases of all relatives and friends. When before this has Christian civilization met so urgent and pitiable a task? The only solution of the problem is the establishment of industrial homes for these children, and as fast as money can be obtained such homes are springing up. And in the meantime the massacres continue, and more orphans are made.



J. M. BARRIE.



DR. McLAREN IN HIS STUDY.

For The Golden Rule.

## The Vision That Forbids Fear.

A NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE.

By Rev. Alexander McLaren, D. D.,

Author of "Christ's Musts, and Other Sermons," etc.

SOME shadow of fear always mingles with anticipation, however bright. There are dark possibilities and darker certainties hid in the future, which warrant fear only too fully. He must be strangely sanguine and foolishly self-confident who can front the unknown to-morrow without some tremor. The vision which John saw in Patmos when he "beheld one like unto a son of man," and the words which the glorified Christ spoke, as he laid his strong and gentle hand upon John, are the best antidote to such dread. If we see him standing above the future, and hear him say, "Fear not. I am the first and the last, and the living One," we shall be made strong to meet all that may lie concealed in the days that are to come. If we have not him for our companion and comforter, we ought to fear.

The vision of Jesus as "the first" will inspire with true courage, not resulting from overestimate of our own strength or underestimate of possible dangers and foes, but springing from quiet trust that he is throned above all events and directs all things. For that epithet "first" expresses more than priority in time. It distinctly asserts that he is cause of all things. By it Jesus claims for himself what John has asserted for him in the prologue to his Gospel, that "all things were made by him, and without him was not anything made that hath been made." Paul tells us the full dignity conveyed by the expression, when he explains that Christ is called "the firstborn of all creation, for in him were all things created." He is first in order of time, for "he is before all things" and before time itself; but he is not merely the beginning of a series, but "all things have been created through him. . . . and in him all things hold together." So Jesus Christ is Lord of nature and Director of providence, as well as Creator of the visible worlds. The hands that were nailed to the cross hold the helm of the universe. John saw in his later visions the closed book of what should be in successive epochs the history of the world and the church, and wept because none were able to loose the seals, and, as it were, send out the imprisoned destined events on their career. The Lamb that had been slain opened the roll, and at his bidding the riders galloped forth on their steeds, and the trumpets blew. What is that but the presentation in magnificent imagery of the thought of Christ's supreme power administering the affairs of the world? And the affairs of each unit of us, small as they are, are guided by the same hand that broke the seals and holds the seven stars.

We have, then, in our forward lookings, to pass beyond nature and men, and to draw courage from the assurance that "chance" has no existence, and that "second causes" are but tools wielded by his hand. His living, loving will is busy with our concerns. We have not to cower before the blank unknown, nor to tremble as we think of the sorrows that must come sometime, and may be lying in ambush for us before a new year is many days old. Jesus is "the first," and whatever comes to us comes as his messenger, and therefore as our friend. Since he is the cause of all things, "all things are yours" if "ye are Christ's." His soldiers do not turn their arms on one another, but all things serve the souls that serve Christ. The very stars in their courses fight against those that fight against him and his servants.

Since the direction of our lives is in the hands of the Lamb that was slain, we may be sure that the purpose of all that befalls us is in harmony with the purpose of that great sacrifice. He who has died to redeem us carries on our redemption by his providences, and seeks to make us more entirely his and more like himself thereby. So how should we not welcome all his will, or how should we dread anything that may come out of the misty darkness? His perfect love wielding his sovereign power should cast out all our fear.

The vision of Jesus as "the last" will inspire with courage. Just as "first" points to something deeper than chronological order, so does "last." It declares that, as all things come from, so all things tend to, him who is their goal. The approach may be devious, and often it seems as if the whole course of human affairs tended away from him: but, however great the deviation, the path of history will return to its true direction. So is it also with our little lives. If these contribute to his glory, and advance his purposes, what can there be in them to frighten us? Only one thing need we fear, that, by our opposed wills, we do our utmost to thwart his aims, and turn his obedient servants, namely, the providences of our lives, into hindrances to his effecting his loving designs in us.

When we look onwards a short distance, there may be grounds for dread; but, if we look ahead far enough, and see how all the chaos is shaped into order, and how at last "to him are all things," we shall not fear. If we realize our unity with him, we shall be brave; for nothing that carries out his purposes can harm us, if we are in alliance with these purposes. If we make him our end, we need fear nothing, for then we are on the same side as all the forces of the universe, and our welfare is secured by the irresistible drift of things. We are soldiers in the army that is destined to conquer, and may go into every fight without fear.

The vision of Christ as the ever-living One will inspire with courage. Of old Jehovah had been known as "the living God," not merely as in opposition to dead idols, but as being essential and absolute life. The title belongs to the eternal Word, whom incarnate we name Jesus the Christ. That fulness of essential "life" that was "in him" ere he was manifested as man was not diminished by his passing through death, any more than the sunlight is quenched in eclipse. Therefore, side by side with this great proclamation from his own lips, we read, "And I became dead, and, behold, I am alive for evermore." That august form, radiant with life, should rise before us from every tossing ocean of change, as the fabled goddess from the foam of the vexed sea. We use the fluctuations of time for their highest purpose when by the force of contrast they reveal to us the unchanging Christ. Blessed will our looking forward be, if we can see in the dimness the calm figure of him walking on the water, and coming near us in the storm! Happy are they to whom every change proclaims the name of the unchanging cause of all changes, and all death speaks of the living Christ!

That vision will give us courage as suggesting the limits within which change and decay can operate. Whatever goes, he remains. Other love may fade, or turn into

hate, or die with the heart in which it dwelt, but he is the ever-living lover of our souls. The clouds in the lower sky are wind-tossed and swept away, but the calm blue above is always there. We need not fear what time can do "with this wide world, and all its fading sweets," for it has no power over him, and we shall always have Jesus.

Since he is the living One, we may set our faces to the unknown future with quiet hearts, because he will be in it what he has been in the past, and we may take the prayer on our lips, assured of his answer, "Thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me." Nor need any dread of that "shadow feared of man," which keeps many men "all their lifetime subject to bondage," chill our courage, for if he lives we shall live also, and shall pass through the last struggle of death as unaffected by it in our deepest life as was he who is none the less the living One because he "became dead." Like him, we shall be "alive for evermore."

Manchester, England.

For The Golden Rule.

### THE LENGTH OF LIFE.

A Thought for the New Year.

By Amos B. Wells.

ARE your sorrows hard to bear?  
Life is short!  
Do you drag the chain of care?  
Life is short!  
Soon will come the glad release  
Into rest and joy and peace;  
Soon the weary thread be spun,  
And the final labor done.  
Keep your courage! Hold the fort!  
Life is short!  
Are you faint with hope delayed?  
Life is long!  
Tarrys that for which you prayed?  
Life is long!  
What delights may not abide,—  
What ambitions satisfied,—  
What possessions may not be  
In God's great eternity?  
Lift the heart! Be glad and strong!  
Life is long!

Dec. 7, '96.

For The Golden

### A NEW YEAR'S GREETING

To Christian Endeavorers.

By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.,

Author of "Beulah Land, or Words of Good Cheer."

ALL hail to my brothers and sisters in the army of Christian Endeavor, and a happy New Year to you all! As an older soldier in the ranks, who has heard seventy-four loud strokes by the great clock of time, let me give you a loving salute and a few frank counsels. The boom of that mighty clock as it tolls out an old year, and rings in a new one, ought to set us all to thinking.

"My times are in thy hand." So said the Jewish psalmist many long centuries ago, and they could not be in better hands. That little verse means that our times are in our all-wise and all-loving Father's hands, both for control and for concealment. He takes care of us, and yet we cannot tell just what to-morrow or the next year will bring forth. For one, I am glad of it. Joy would lose half its sweetness, if it did not often come as a happy surprise; and sorrow would be all the harder to bear "if we had to suffer by anticipation." So let us all sing,—

"Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene; one step enough for me."

During the past year we have heard abundant complaints of "hard times." There has been stringency in the money markets, and dullness of trade, and depression in most lines of business. This state of things has prevented some warm-hearted Christians from giving as much money for religious purposes as they formerly did; and it has probably been an excuse for another sort of Christians to cheat their Master. They have not curtailed in their luxuries; they have cut down their benevolent contributions. But there are worse things for a professed Christian than dull trade or diminished salary or small profits. It is hard times for him when he gets but few glimpses of his Bible, and tries to keep his soul alive on novels and newspapers. The times are "hard" with him when he neglects his closet, and prefers to spend an evening in a social frolic or the theatre rather than in his prayer meeting. The times are hard with one that has not a single scheme of benevolence on hand, or a single seed sown and sprouting in Christ's vineyard, or a single human soul to feel grateful to him. In short, it has been

a hard year for every Christian Endeavorer that has been backsliding from Christ and the path of duty.

"I want you to repair my watch," said such a young man to his watchmaker; "it loses time."

"Have n't *you* been losing time lately?" said the watchmaker, and the young man went away blushing and cut to the heart.

If any reader of this article feels that he or she has been running behind badly during the year now closing, I would say to such a one, Down on your knees, and beg your offended Saviour to forgive you! The year 1896 is gone past recall, and you are the poorer for it. The only repentance that is genuine, and that will go for anything with your Saviour, who died for you, is to begin the opening year with a fresh straight start to Jesus Christ.

Begin the new year with a solemn promise to your conscience and your Master that you will take a new departure. Some people sneer at promises, and point to the ease and the frequency with which they are often broken.

But every fruit-tree issues its "promissory notes" in white blossoms every May; no blossom, no fruit. At the marriage-altar wedlock is built upon a solemn vow. Admission into the church is accompanied by a covenant, and a cardinal feature of the Christian Endeavor Society is its pledge. To make your pledge effective during the coming year, you should re-enforce it with fervent prayer, and constant watchfulness over yourself. A pledge without the Holy Spirit's power behind it is a rope of sand to an anchor of straw. Open the Bible to the seventh verse of the fiftieth chapter of Isaiah, and lash your promise fast to those glorious words. Then promise will become performance.

New Year's is the time when merchants "take account of stock" to find out what their assets are worth. This is a good process for a Christian to employ. What progress have you made during the past twelvemonth? How much good have you done? What soul have you tried to lead to Christ? What bad habit have you conquered? Are your love for Jesus and your zeal up to blood-heat? Then write under the record of 1896, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me," and resolve to make the next year yield a still larger dividend. If you do not advance, you will go back; there is no standing still in the Christian life; dropping the oars means a drift down the stream.

Let the coming year be one of more fervent prayer. Growth in the Christian life is no more possible without prayer than eyesight without light, or music without air for it to float on. While you pray for what you need most, do your own part to bring about the answer to your requests. Work with the Holy Spirit, never against him. It is a mockery to ask for what you are not earnestly working to obtain; a farmer might as well pray for a wheat-crop without putting in a plough. Aim also at a deeper spirituality; a shallow religion brings no joy to yourself and no good to others. All growing Christians are hungry feeders on their Bibles: hem every morning with a stout seam of prayer and God's word; then the day will not ravel out into frivolity and failure.

This next year will have three hundred and sixty-five days in its calendar, but really will have only one working-day, and that is called "to-day." That is all that you will be accountable for; none but a fool lives in tomorrow. Serve your Master by the day. Each four and twenty hours brings its own duties to be done, its own temptations to be conquered, its own loads to be carried, and its own progress to be made heavenward. There was never a Christian yet that was strong enough to carry to-day's duties with tomorrow's worries piled on the top of them. Take short views, and never try to climb walls until you get to them, or to cross a bridge until you reach it. Begin every day with Jesus Christ, and then, keeping step with him, march on to duty over the roughest road that lies before you, and in the teeth of the hardest head-wind you may encounter.

The danger in churches and in Christian Endeavor societies is the loss of personal responsibility. You expect the society to grow; that means that *you* are to grow. Souls are to be converted this year; how many

will *you* win to Jesus? On a certain last afternoon of a year I met a gentleman that had never entered a prayer meeting in his life. I said to him, "My friend, suppose that you and I take a fresh start for God, and make next year a better one." That very evening he came into our meeting, and within a week he was a converted man. Your success this year will depend entirely on your seizing your opportunities. Hell means the loss of opportunities; and the joy of heaven will be measured by our

use of them for the good of others and the glory of our crucified Lord. It is a luxury to live a full, vigorous, happy life for Jesus, sowing and reaping, filling and being filled. Yonder is a shining gateway over which is inscribed "1897"; let us march into it, my younger comrades, with locked step and our colors flying; if we keep our pledge true to Christ, it will be the richest, happiest year of consecrated endeavor.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

For The Golden Rule.

## THE MOUNTAINS OF THE YEARS.

By Sam Walter Foss,

Author of "Whiffs from Wild Meadows."

OLD Whitehead Mountain raised its crest  
Against the background of the west;  
The clouds about its top were curled,  
It seemed the limit of the world;  
It stood there clothed in misty grace  
Upon the outmost verge of space;  
For such did its high summit seem  
To my deluded, childish dream.

But one day came, I climbed its crest,—  
And still beyond me gleamed the west;  
And there against the sunset sky  
Were other hills more grand and high,  
More richly wooded, strong, and fair,  
And bathed in a serener air;  
And then I learned the earth we tread  
Had loftier mountains still ahead.

The years are hills by which we climb  
To new-discovered heights of time;  
And every year we gain a crest  
With ampler outlook toward the west;  
And there against the crimson sky  
Are other summits still more high;  
There, through the parted fogs of time,  
Loom other mountains still to climb.

And there 's a Shape climbs every slope—  
The Flying Vision of our hope;  
She stands upon each summit high,  
And, pointing toward the western sky,  
She floats with lifted wings outspread  
On toward the distant hills ahead;  
And while we follow she recedes—  
But still we follow where she leads.

Fly on, strong Vision of our hope.  
We follow up each shining slope,  
Through uplands where the view is clear,  
Through shadowed cypress growths of fear,  
O'er summits crowned with fair cloud-flags,  
And o'er the thunder-blasted crags;  
We still fare on with songs and tears  
To climb the heights of all the years.

From one fair summit, far outspread,  
Now loom the loftier hills ahead.  
Climb on; 't is the reward of time  
To fare and faint not, but to climb.  
Heed not the underbrush outspread,  
Think on the loftier hills ahead.  
So on! and cast away all fears,  
To newer heights of newer years.

## Some Sad Armenian Faces.

By Mrs. Crosby H. Wheeler,

For many years missionary to Turkey.

**Y**OU are not weary, I am sure, of hearing about the Armenians.

These pictures show the faces of some Armenian orphans,—children of parents killed in the terrible massacres. The pictures come right from the land of St. Paul, who certainly preached in the city of Cæsarea when he travelled through Cappadocia.

Look into these faces, and tell me if you think they are worse than the Hottentots. Some think so. A British merchant from Persia declared to me that these Armenians "should be swept off the earth."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because they are sneaks and thieves."

I told him that my experience had been very different, and that it seemed to me the reason for the difference would be found in what we had sought. He went to make money, and I went to teach them the way of life. The rest of the voyage we did not discuss the Armenians.

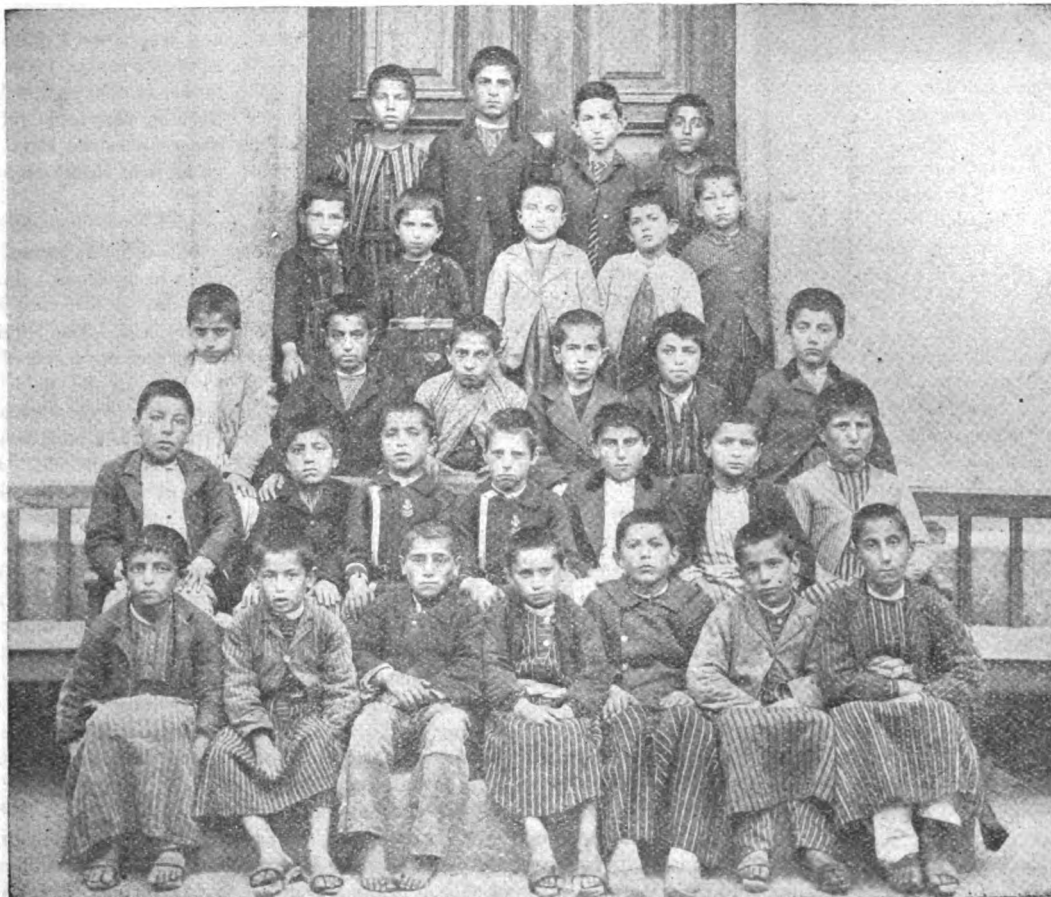
But look once more at these pictures. Some of these faces are very sad. We do not wonder at this, since we know what these children have passed through and why they are orphans.

Among these boys you see some bright, intelligent faces. I have watched the development of a village boy from the primary department up to the college. It is wonderful to see how the face changes as the light from education enters. Some boys, heavy-looking enough at the start, have come out of our colleges at the head of their classes, and we missionaries know they have great capabilities in them.

But we must not forget *these girls* (see the next page), for we are not in the Orient. They look a little too well dressed for orphans, but somebody has dressed them in their "Sunday best" to have their pictures taken. Some of them would be very pretty if in the cultured homes of this land, with the pretty dresses you wear.

We have had in our schools a girl who came from a rude village home, who never had a mark in her lessons below one hundred, and she finished her course in Euphrates College, and had some hard lessons to learn.

We wanted to keep one whose name was Anna, but her father feared we should give her to a native preacher, and she would be poor and far away from him, so he gave her to a merchant in a city near his village. She wrote me after the massacre: "Dear Mamma,—My father-in-law, my



Cæsarea Orphans—children of Armenian parents killed in the massacres.

Engraved for The Golden Rule, from a photograph.