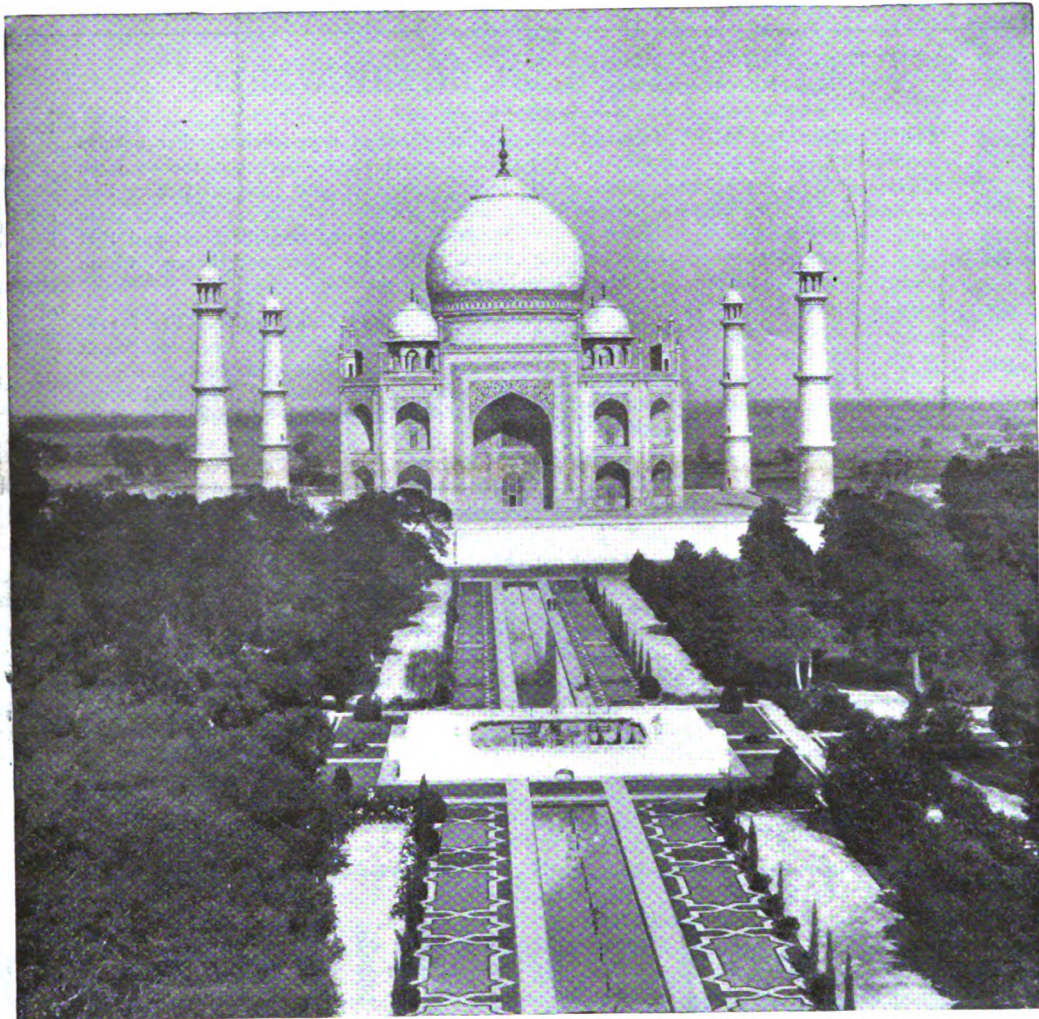


THE GOLDEN RULE

FOR CHRIST AND THE CHURCH

Thursday, March 11, 1897



THE TAJ MAHAL FROM THE GATEWAY, SHOWING THE GARDEN IN THE FOREGROUND.
See Dr. Clark's article, "A Christian Endeavor Meeting in the Taj Mahal," on page 488

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BOSTON & CHICAGO

Topics for March 28.

THE GOLDEN RULE

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Vol. XI. No. 24

Boston and Chicago

March 11, 1897

Golden Rule Proverbs.

Criticise by construction.
Delight dwells with duty.
Earnestness is supreme eloquence.
Death's pillow must be made soft in life.
He is weakest who thinks himself strong.
The beauty of holiness is not a cosmetic.
There can be no high aim below unselfishness.
The masters of men are first servants of a principle.



AS WE SEE THINGS.

"CHRISTIAN citizenship" is the motto of this number.

CHRISTIAN Endeavor in the Taj Mahal! Dr. Clark's article this week is full of romantic interest.

To carry out an election wager, a man is riding across the continent on a donkey. There's a pair of 'em.

BELGIUM officials must now number their hours from 1 all the way to 24; and why should n't we all do it?

"THE diplomacy of maps and murder"—that's the Boston *Transcript's* appropriate name for the statesmanship displayed by the European nations just now.

THE Emperor William has killed 25,372 game animals since his coronation. If our dumb friends could talk, they would apply to him Gladstone's epithet for the Sultan of Turkey.

MANY and notable will be the celebrations next week of Neal Dow's ninety-third birthday. In these THE GOLDEN RULE, and, we hope, every Christian Endeavor society, will have some part.

A SMALL boy in Indiana touched a match to some waste oil flowing on a creek. Result, a large bridge and part of a grain elevator burned down. "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

THE Theosophists have dedicated the site, in California, for their "School for the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity." We should prefer to call it "School of Those That Have Lost Their —"; but we will be charitable.

THE newspapers say that, to impress the king of Abyssinia, the English embassy just sent to him from Egypt consists of nine men, all more than six feet high, the two leaders standing six feet three inches. That's a tall story.

It is sad that Steinitz, the great chess-player, for so many years the world's champion in the king of games, has passed away in an insane asylum. It was only a month before his death that Lasker wrested from him the championship.

WE fervently hope that every member of the New York legislature will vote for the bill recently introduced, which forbids the printing of any one's portrait in a newspaper without the written consent of the victim. And then let every other State copy that bill.

WE note that South Carolina's House has passed to its third reading a bill forbidding Greek-letter fraternities and similar organizations in all schools and colleges supported in whole or part by public funds. Evidently those legislators want their sons brought up in the light.

ON wings of love. One of the most remarkable railroad feats ever accomplished was the run lately made over the Burlington route from Chicago to Denver, a rising grade, 1,025 miles, in 18 hours and 53 minutes,—a speed, deducting 86 minutes of stops, of nearly a mile a minute the whole way. And it was done to carry a father to his dying son.

ENTERPRISING reporters are found in Germany, it seems, as well as in the United States. One of them, the other day, boldly walked into a banquet at which the emperor was present, and seated himself as an invited guest, in order to report the speeches! He was deservedly kicked out.

How sensible the settlement of the Alaska boundary question! England and the United States simply send to Alaska some surveyors to mark out the one hundred and forty-first meridian, at the joint expense of the two countries. In former times that meridian would have been surveyed by chain-shot.

HERE'S the way Mr. Moody's meetings in Boston closed, and, for that matter, the way they ran all through the eight weeks. The keeper of the outer door is talking to the crowd: "You can't get in. All the seats are taken, the spaces are full, and wherever there's room for a man to hang on by his toes, there's two men."

The *Washington Star* just before the inauguration suggested that instead of half a hundred brass bands playing "Hail to the chief" as they passed McKinley in review, it might be well to vary the monotony by "letting a little sunshine in" on the new administration, "as the Endeavorers sang on the streets of Washington last summer."

FOR about two years the Baptist Young People's Union has been looking forward to the holding of its national convention in Brooklyn this year. The decision of the railway associations make this impracticable, to the disappointment of all concerned; but, thanks to the prompt and energetic Baptist young people in Tennessee, the convention will be held in Chattanooga instead. May it be as great a success as Christian Endeavor's similarly transferred convention—Boston, '95.

THE "Powers."—Valiant little Greece defies the superior force of Turkey, and goes to the relief of her oppressed kinsmen in Crete. All the world applauds—save the Turks and the diplomatists. The latter look askance at one another. Each says to himself: "This may bring on a general war, and I can't trust my neighbor. He is scheming to get some slice of Turkey for himself. Hands off from Crete, you Grecians!" The Sultan chuckles. The mutual distrust of the "Powers" alone explains the present preposterous situation. They are like half a dozen dogs, each with the corner of his eye upon a bone. No dog dares to seize it, but they can unite on driving off any other dog that comes near. A general European war would be a terrible calamity; but if the "Christian Powers" of Europe were only half as manly as a decent private citizen, and as unselfish as even the average Christian, there would be no more of this disgraceful upholding of history's most fiendish assassin; nor would there be war, either. The entire world of honorable men has reached the conclusion of Gladstone, who has just said: "My feelings over the entire conduct of the Powers during the past two years are sorrow and indignation. The Powers are now applying themselves to filling the measure of their dishonor."

EVERY Man His Own Historian.—Some useful handbooks make a point of giving a list of the rulers of all countries. One work of this class has been strangely neglected until lately. Issued by the few Jacobites still to be found in England, it surely deserves notice for the marvellous information said to be given in its pages. In view of its source, it is not especially surprising that this almanac does not recognize Victoria's title to the throne, notwithstanding her sixty years' rule, but gives the name of the queen of England as Mary IV. But England is not the only country whose history is revised. France, it would seem, has never had a president, but together with Spain is ruled by Charles VII., whose name in connection even with Spain will sound strange to not a few.

King Humbert figures, to be sure, as the sovereign of Jerusalem, Sardinia, Cyprus, Savoy, and various other places of similar importance; but, as to a kingdom of Italy, there is none. From this same source the self-sufficient William II. might learn some facts as to the rulers of Germany that would give him a severe shock. So these odd chroniclers make history as they would have it, not as it is. But are they so very much more foolish than some others, who remain wilfully blind to all unpleasant truths, and indulge in fond illusions as to their real master, regardless of what principles are supreme in their characters and what revolutions have marked their lives?

Another Centennial Struggle.—All Endeavorers remember the pitched battle—the long campaign, rather—fought over the question of the Sunday opening of the Columbian Exposition. The Endeavorers of Tennessee have a similar matter on hand. Several weeks ago we printed an article concerning the Christian Endeavor plans in connection with the coming Tennessee Centennial Exposition, to be held at Nashville, where the Endeavorers of the nation meet in '98. We presented a picture of the beautiful Christian Endeavor building, which was to be erected on the grounds, and serve as Christian Endeavor headquarters and a conspicuous advertisement of our glorious Society. Now, alas! all plans in this direction have come to a standstill, owing to the announcement that intoxicating liquors are to be sold on the Centennial grounds. The nearly five hundred Christian Endeavor societies of Tennessee have ceased raising money for their building, and instead have begun to raise protests. We hope they will take a firm stand. We trust they will have back of them the solid Christian sentiment of their State. We pray for the triumph of temperance.

Economical Use of Great Men.—The throng of callers and the whirl of importunate letters that assailed President McKinley before his inauguration almost caused a physical breakdown. If he maintains his health, and is able to perform the duties he was elected to perform, it will not be the fault of the office-hunters, the seekers after notoriety, or the selfish promoters of countless schemes. Often a patriot has no more important duty, with regard to the leaders of his country, than to let them alone. The death of Blondin, the famous tight-rope walker, has called to mind the reply Lincoln made to a party of men who had called upon him to criticise the course of the administration. Said the great, care-burdened man: "Gentlemen, suppose all the property you were worth was in gold, and you had to put it into the hands of Blondin to carry across Niagara Falls on a rope; would you shake the cable or keep shouting out to him, 'Blondin! stand up a little straighter! Blondin! stoop a little more; go a little faster; lean more to the south?' No. You would hold your breath as well as your tongue, and keep your hands off until he was safely over."

Our National Forests.—Just before the close of his administration, ex-President Cleveland issued a proclamation setting apart thirteen new forest reservations. There were only seventeen in existence before, and the forming of these reservations has gone on only since 1891. About forty million acres of woodland are included in these thirty districts, and they are found in all our States west of Denver. Government control of this vast territory does not mean that the people cannot use it, but only that they cannot waste it. There will be no more wholesale slaughter of trees, leading to the abandonment of these regions and their lapse into arid deserts. The sources of our great rivers are thus protected, and floods largely prevented, as well as dangerous forest fires. In the Eastern, Southern, and Central States there are many tracts that are now exposed to private greed. These also should be placed under the authority of the general government before it is too late.

For The Golden Rule.

THE SONG OF SONGS.

Dedicated to All Christian Endeavorers.

"The song of songs, which is Solomon's."—CANT. 1: 1. Tune: "The Beautiful Land."

By Rev. George C. Lorimer, D. D.,

Pastor of the Tremont Baptist Temple, Boston.

THE song of all songs is the song of the spring,
Which charms the bleak winter away,
When the choiring birds on fluttering wing
Fill the woodlands with melody gay—
Fill the woodlands with melody gay,
While flowers burst forth from the tomb of their death
To sweeten the air with their breath.

The garden of God shineth bright in the spring,
When the Bridegroom, beloved and fair,
With myrrh and rich spices seeks entrance in,
To meet the fond Shulamite there—
To meet the fond Shulamite there;
But he patiently waits, unheeded, forlorn,
Wet with dew till the flush of the morn.

I am come to my garden, my sister, my bride,
With spikenard, saffron, and myrrh,
To dwell where the roses and lilies abide
In a mansion of cedar and fir—
In a mansion of cedar and fir;
Then arise, my dear love, come with me away—
See, lo! 't is the breaking of day.

Alas! the south wind wakes the bride all too late;
Yet she speeds to the garden door;
But the Bridegroom no longer stays by the gate,
And she finds her beloved no more—
And she finds her beloved no more;
Oh, bitter and sad, then, the song of the spring,
Which has lost all its music with him!

The song of the spring is the song of our youth,
When the Bridegroom comes seeking our love,
To garland our souls with flowers of truth
And wed them for mansions above—
And wed them for mansions above;
But if, lost in sweet dreams, we let him pass by,
The spring song must end in a sigh.

Boston, Mass.

For The Golden Rule.

God's Gold Tried in the Fire.

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

Author of "The Empty Crib: a Book of Consolation."

TRUE Christian life is pretty well described by the definition of a verb in old-fashioned grammars; it signifies "to be, to do, and to suffer." How to *be* a disciple of Jesus Christ, and what a disciple ought to *do* have often been admirably discussed in these columns. But there are many Christian Endeavorers that belong to the large class of sufferers. One is suffering from sickness; another from a sharp bereavement; another from poverty; another from some sore disappointment. Jesus Christ has a vast school in which he gives instruction and administers discipline; the very word, "disciple," signifies a little scholar. His ripest and most royal scholars are often made such by an expensive education.

"There is a place for gold, where they refine it"; in this passage from God's Word my readers who are in the school of suffering may read something to their profit. A godly character is often described in the Bible as "gold." It is the most beautiful of the metals, and a resemblance to Christ is the most beautiful of characters.

Brass is a metal of human manufacture, but gold is a divine production; so is genuine godliness. If you are a genuine Christian, my friend, it is because the Holy Spirit has regenerated your heart, and made you a "new man" or woman "in Christ Jesus." The essence of the best Christian character is even more than faith; it is *obedience to the Master*; it is the keeping of his commandments and submission to his holy and loving will.

Don't make too much of the "aesthetics" or the emotional in your religion; let its home and headquarters be in your conscience. There is a tremendous grip in that word "*ought*"; what you ought to be and what you ought to do must be your first consideration; and obedience to Christ's words, and submission to Christ's will, is about the true idea of the "beauty of holiness."

Now if the production of pure and noble character is the great purpose of redemption, if it is the great end and aim of Bible-teaching and preaching, then we can understand that one great purpose in God's providence is to purify and refine the gold of character. In the third chapter of Revelation we read of "gold tried in the fire"; that is, a faith that will stand the severest test and endure in the furnace of affliction. The apostle Peter was striking on this same line of thought when he said that "the trial of our faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ."

There is too much sham religion in this world, for all is not gold that glitters. Your religion and mine must be tested to prove its solid value. What are our faith and hope worth to us? What impression do we make upon other people? How much like Jesus Christ do we look in their keen, scrutinizing eyes? Has our faith any power to sustain us under strong temptations? Can it comfort and cheer us in dark hours? Can it make us submissive under such trials as sickness, bereavement,

adversities, and disappointments? The effectual way to prove this is to put us into the furnace.

Beloved Christian Endeavorer, "think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you." That is just exactly the way in which God has dealt with his own, from the days of Abraham and Joseph and Daniel and Paul and the two sisters of Bethany, clear down to this day. God's crucibles are not meant for gravel-stones; they are made to test his gold and his silver.

And not only to test the metal, but to *refine* it. Jesus Christ takes a world of pains in the making of a first-class Christian. Sometimes he applies his pruning-knife so that every branch of his vine may bring forth more fruit. Knives are made to cut, and sometimes our loving Master's knife cuts deep. So does the sculptor's chisel. Before the sculptor's eye there rises a certain ideal form which he desires to bring out of the marble, and he does not ask the marble's permission to apply either chisel or hammer. Before our Master's eye there is an ideal of what you and I ought to be, and if he can correct our faults, and develop our graces, and increase our influence for good, and make us better Christians, he does not hesitate to use sharp instruments. "Whom I love I *chasten*"; and the literal meaning of that word is to cause suffering.

The Master has a great many places for his gold where he refines it. May you not be in just one of those places now? If so, then it is the best place for you.

"I thank God for this sick-bed," said a certain minister to those who called on him; "it is the best pulpit I ever was in." He was there showing his people how to practise the spirit of submission and patience that he had often preached.

"There is one," said Walter Scott's noble Jeanie Deans, "who kens better what is for our gude than we ken oursels." God discovers sometimes even in true Christians an alloy of self-will or pride or worldly ambition or cowardice or some other besetting sin, and then they require the "fining-pot" or the furnace.

Sudden prosperity is often a state of spiritual peril. It is the sunny days that bring out the adders. There are some Christians that can endure the ordeal of great prosperity without being spoiled; they keep humble, and use their money for God and the good of others; such conduct requires great grace and deserves great honor.

Our Master often employs adversity as a purifier and a refiner of character. This keen winter kills off the vermin; even thus doth our heavenly Father permit wintry seasons of affliction to kill off certain kinds of besetting sin. He sometimes casts you and me down to see whether we will cast him off. If your trials only drive you closer to Jesus, then are they a blessing indeed.

In more than one case poverty has proved to be a fining-pot of God's gold. When sudden calamity swept away much of noble George H. Stuart's fortune, he showed to the world how rich he still was; his priceless

assets were a good conscience, a stalwart faith, a sunny spirit, and the gratitude of God's people for his splendid services to his fellow men. He could truly say, "O God, thou hast tried me, but I have come forth as gold."

I have often been in a sick-room that was a laboratory in which Christ's chemistry of trial was making his precious metal to shine. The furnace heat had sent away the dross, and left the gold all the purer. Many of my readers may be wondering why a loving God permits them to suffer so, or why they are called to endure so painful trials. Don't wonder. Don't worry; don't rebel. A chemist who is purifying silver keeps the crucible over the fire until he can see his own face reflected in the bright, clear metal as if it were a mirror. My friend, when Jesus Christ, who "sitteth as a refiner," can see something of his own image reflected in your conduct and character, then you are ready to be moulded into the beauty of holiness and the richest usefulness. Hot furnaces often make the brightest Christians.

Brooklyn, N. Y.



For The Golden Rule.

A General in the Lord's Army.

Glimpses of Mr. Moody and His Work.

By Amos R. Wells.

OUR readers have not forgotten Mr. Meyer's noble tribute to Mr. Moody, which we printed early in the year; but it would not be right to refrain from at least a hasty portrayal of the great preacher's work in Boston for the last two months. The meetings have just come to an end. They have been wonderful meetings. How Mr. Meyer enriched them, how Mr. Murphy warmed them, we have already described. Sam Jones also has brought to them his big heart, his scintillant wit, his common sense right from the shoulder. Our own Rev. William Patterson has come down from Canada, and preached the word with winning manliness. Dr. A. C. Dixon, whom all Endeavorers know and honor, has added his fervent appeals. Finally, that man of the Holy Spirit,

Dr. Pierson, has poured into them his wisdom and his faith.

But, through it all, they have been Moody's meetings. He has been the commander-in-chief. He has



DWIGHT L. MOODY.

proved himself, as so often before, a general in the Lord's army. I fancy in his face a resemblance to Grant's.

Souls have been won; yes, by the score and hundred. But these have not been meetings for ingathering, but for revival. They have been aimed at the church rather than at the world. Boston needs—all great cities need—a thousand Moodys, and Mr. Moody is trying to manufacture them. It's better to send out many preachers than to preach many sermons. There's no evangelistic work so valuable as the conversion of Christians into evangelists. This Mr. Moody is trying nowadays to do. God grant him rich success!

But to quicken the churches of cultured Boston? To light a red-hot gospel fire on the Beacon Hill of the Modern Athens? And this to be done by a man whose verbs and nouns do not always agree?

Ah, who cares for Mr. Moody's slips of grammar? They simply remind us how slight have been the worldly opportunities of this self-made man, and how grandly God-made he is, in spite of it all.

What we need is the Holy Ghost, more than Harvey's Grammar; and that Boston is beginning to find out.

Yet many a polished orator might envy Mr. Moody's use of the English tongue. People know what he has said when he is through. His words weigh weight. His sentences hit the bull's-eye.

And what skilled word-artist can paint a picture truer than he? Why, that widow woman with her debt pressing upon her, can't we see her as she obeys Elisha? Knock, knock, knock! "Got any oil-jars I may borrow?" To the next house. Rap, rap, rap! "Will you lend me some empty jars? The biggest you have." And so on,