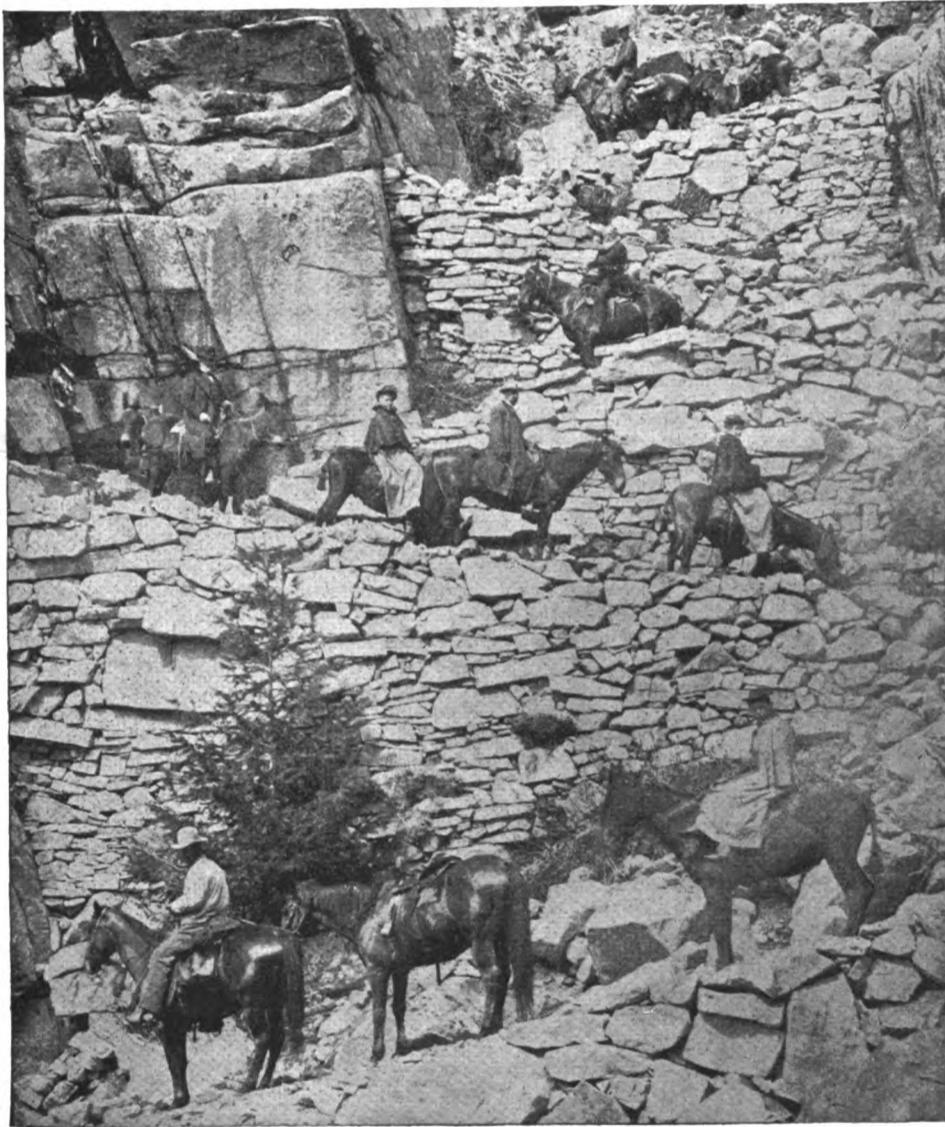


# THE GOLDEN RULE

FOR CHRIST AND THE CHURCH

Thursday, April 8, 1897



ON THE TRAIL TO NEVADA FALLS, YOSEMITE VALLEY. SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 569.

Vol. XI. No. 28.

BOSTON & CHICAGO

Topics for April 25.

# THE GOLDEN RULE

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Vol. XI. No. 28

Boston and Chicago

April 8, 1897

## Golden Rule Proverbs.

Truth is not a verdict.  
Manliness, not years, proves the man.  
Seek honor for self, find no honor from God.  
Truth's shafts cannot be shot from cracked bows.  
"Good society" cannot be made up of bad people.  
The masters of men are first masters of themselves.  
Patience reaches the goal while worry falls by the way.  
The faith that overlooks mole-hills will never move mountains.

## AS WE SEE THINGS.

CHRISTIAN Endeavor's own State of Maine, we are glad to see, has passed a law forbidding kinoscope reproductions of prize-fights.

A POLICE judge in a Massachusetts town has given a normal decision that playing whist for prizes is gambling; and the judge is himself a whist-player, too.

SIAM'S king is coming to visit America, report tells us. We have more respect for him than for some more pretentious rulers, and we will give him a royal welcome.

THEY say that the queen of Portugal has made use of the X-ray to demonstrate to the ladies of her court how tight lacing has distorted their bodies. Good for the queen of Portugal!

BROOKLYN is to have a Parents' Congress, which, so far at least as its greater scope is concerned, will be an advance over the notable Congress of Mothers recently held in Washington.

"JOE," the intelligent orang-outang now on exhibition in Boston's Zoo, is, in spite of Darwin, not enough of a man for tobacco. One of his "human" performances was smoking, but it made him sick and had to be stopped.

IF "peace hath its victories no less renowned than war," it also has its dangers. Witness the recent death of an old army officer in Pennsylvania. He had passed safely through 63 battles, but was knocked down and fatally injured by a bicycle.

THE importance of the public-school system of this country cannot be measured by money, and yet a pretty good yardstick is afforded by the sum called for this year simply for school buildings and sites in New York City, namely, \$12,500,000.

THE ex-Confederates, of whom there are many thousands in New York City, wish to organize a mounted battalion for the exercises attending the dedication of the Grant monument; and who can doubt that the hero to be honored on April 27 would have it so?

CHRISTIANS everywhere will join in applauding the gift of the wealthy Jewess, Baroness Hirsch, of one and one-half million dollars to various charities in New York City. A trade school, model tenements, and a working girls' home are some of the good objects the money will further.

EX-MAYOR GRACE, of New York, has done a noble deed in founding and magnificently endowing a manual training-school for girls. This, and the gift of Baroness Hirsch, are the largest deeds of charity reported this week; one from a Roman Catholic, the other from a Jew.

IT is shameful to wait till a man is dead to do him honor, and the Authors' Club of New York did well in giving a dinner on March 25 to one of the foremost

of American poets, Richard Henry Stoddard. "True singer, true lover of intellectual beauty, true inheritor of the great spirit of the poet," was Edmund Gosse's characterization of Stoddard in his letter of regret that he could not be present.

SOME convicts at Sing Sing have asked for instruction in French and Spanish, and the sensible warden has granted their request. With the new languages at their command the men may begin life afresh in South America—which was the reason given for asking the favor.

ACTING under the provision that the estate of a convicted felon must pay the costs of his prosecution, the State of Missouri is trying to obtain from the estate of Duestow, a murderer recently hanged, some recompense for the expense the dead man caused. This might be called post-mortem justice.

THE ancient manuscript, "The History of the Plimoth Plantation," containing the records of the Pilgrim Fathers and their voyage in the *Mayflower*, has most kindly been presented by England to America. This graceful deed should close the mouths of the Jingoers for at least twenty-four hours.

WE must stop twitting Englishmen on their ignorance of the geography of this country. A letter addressed to a man in Frankfort-on-the-Main in Germany was sent across the ocean a few days ago by an English post-master, and carried into the State of Maine before the error was discovered.

PENNSYLVANIA'S lower house is considering a bill providing that when a man is killed in a prize-fight the man that strikes the blow may be indicted for murder in the first degree, and all persons present held as accessories. This is a fit comment on the two pugilistic tragedies that a single day last week brought forth in the Quaker City.

"San Francisco, '97."—Secretary Baer in another column presents a portion of the provisional programme of the San Francisco Convention,—a Convention that will prove, we hope, the very best that Christian Endeavor has yet held. Of especial significance is the banner designed for the Convention, a picture of which is to be found on that page. In one corner is a representation of the old Bear Flag which was raised at Sonoma on June 14, 1846, in the breezy Fremont days when the State was so heroically won for the Union. It is a fine idea thus to link the sturdy past with the splendid present. May the spirit of chivalry and courage, the spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice, of consecration to country and to God, animate all of the thousands that will gather next July by the Golden Gate.

One Lesson of the Floods.—The losses and suffering along the line of the Mississippi River by the recent disastrous floods, which submerged a country about equal in extent to all New England with the exception of Maine, ought to teach us a lesson concerning our forests. It is no longer a matter of doubt that the cause of the greater violence of these floods as the years go by is the cutting away of the woods by lumbermen heedless of everything but their own immediate profit. The forest's soil, interlaced with its numberless rootlets and loose with its strata of fallen leaves, holds the rain and the melted snow like a great sponge, and yields it up only slowly. Remove the trees, however, and the soil becomes hard and baked, affording no reservoir for the water, so that the rivers of such a country, starved during the most of the year, are overwhelmed during the spring with a torrent that sweeps everything before it. The nation must take a hand to protect the people against themselves. If a wise method of forestry were followed out, the young trees being saved

and only the mature cut down, the lumber interests themselves would profit enormously in the end, since they would then have a perennial source of supply in the regions that they now are converting into barren deserts.

"Oliver Optic."—William T. Adams, the famous writer of boys' stories who has just died in Boston, was the author of more than 125 books, which won an aggregate sale of a million and a half copies. The secrets of his success were two. First, he was a born author. His first schoolboy composition, which covered eight pages, was pronounced by his teacher the best he had ever examined; his second covered twenty-five pages, and his third, eighty. In the second place, he made thorough preparation for whatever he wrote. In the course of his life he visited nearly every country of Europe, crossing the ocean about a dozen times, and had travelled to every imaginable portion of our own land and Canada. It is only this combination of original fitness and untiring energy that will make the success of a writer—and, indeed, of any other worker.

Greater New York.—The charter of greater New York has been approved by the State legislature, and will undoubtedly become law. It forms of New York and the neighboring municipalities a city second only to London in size, and superior in many ways even to that monarch of all cities. Its population will be 3,195,059, its area about 360 square miles, its length about 35 miles. It contains 12,200 miles of roads, 130,000 dwelling-houses and 37,000 business houses, 1,100 churches and 350 public schools. Its property is estimated at the enormous value of \$2,169,795,197. Though all of us recognize the truth somewhat sarcastically expressed by Chicago's mayor in his message of "congratulation," "It requires something besides territory to make a great city," yet, with pride in its material grandeur and hopeful confidence in its thousands of wise and patriotic citizens, we can all make our own the cordial greetings sent across the water by the Lord Mayor of London, "Everlasting prosperity to our sister city of New York."

The Poorest of Men.—One of the richest men in the world, if not the richest man, John D. Rockefeller, in talking before a young men's Bible class, made this significant remark this week: "The poorest man I know is the man who has nothing but money. If I had my choice to-day, I'd be the man with little or nothing but a purpose in life." He read to the young men from a small account-book he kept while getting a start in life. His clothing from November, 1855, to November, 1856, cost him just \$9.09. There were frequent entries, however, such as these: "Given away, \$5.58. Missionary cause, 15 cents. Present to Sunday-school superintendent, 25 cents. Five Points Mission, 12 cents." "My opinion," said this wise philanthropist, "is that no man can trust himself to wait until he has accumulated a great fortune before he is charitable. He must give away some money continuously." We earnestly advise all young men to follow Mr. Rockefeller's example in both these points: wise saving, liberal giving.

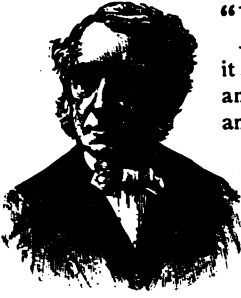
Look Out for Them.—The end of the Louisiana lottery, which since 1892 has been living in uncomfortable exile in Honduras, is soon to come, if we are to trust a newspaper prediction. On the other hand, it is declared that the agents of the company are in Nevada seeking to gain a legal foothold in that State. Since Nevada has shown itself so kindly to prize-fighters, they expect equal cordiality toward a set of gamblers and swindlers so successful that the total profits of their rascality have been more than \$150,000,000. We believe that there are enough Christian people in Nevada to checkmate any scheme of this kind, unless it is pushed through as quietly as the infamous law permitting prize-fights.



## How To Choose Your Calling.

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

Author of "God's Light on Dark Clouds."



THEODORE L. CUYLER.

"**H**APPY is the man who finds what his work is, and does it! To find it is to find our calling, and to do it is to find our highest joy and peace." So wrote the large-hearted and eloquent Dr. Norman Macleod of Scotland, and to those true words I can echo a hearty Amen!

On the other hand, hardly any more lamentable lot can befall any man than to mistake his work, and engage in any occupation for which he is not fitted. This is especially true in regard to the gospel ministry. The peculiar training for the pulpit is not of such a character as to fit a man for any other profession, and when once ordained to the ministry, it is not easy to demit the sacred office. Some who have not been successful in the pulpit have found a congenial harbor in a college "chair" or the secretaryship of a religious society or in editorial pursuits; but many more are drifting from place to place in search after pulpits that do not seem to be searching after them. This pitiable waste of a man's only life in this world is hardly less than a living tragedy.

The three most vitally important choices for any young man to make are: a Saviour for his soul, a good wife for his home, and the right occupation for his life. On this latter point let me offer a few fatherly suggestions.

My own childhood and early youth were spent in a thrifty rural region in western New York, and at that time it was the general custom of the country boys either to learn a mechanical trade or to follow their fathers' pursuit as farmers. Occasionally some bright lad prepared for college, or some ambitious one headed for New York to seek a "situation."

A mighty change has come over young America in these latter days. Among the ancient Jews there was a proverb, "He who does not bring up his son for a trade brings up a boy for the devil." But our native American boys quite scorn the idea of mechanical pursuits, and leave such manual labors to the hands of foreigners. It is quite a waste of breath to remind them that Benjamin Franklin was a printer, that Roger Sherman and Vice-President Henry Wilson were shoemakers, that Elihu Burritt was a blacksmith, and that Governor Banks of Massachusetts "graduated from an institution which had a factory-bell on the roof and a water-wheel at the bottom." I cannot put my eye on a single American boy who is learning a mechanical trade (unless it be telegraphy), and about all the practical mechanics hereabouts are of foreign extraction.

This fact does not give me any peculiar satisfaction; and it affords still less satisfaction to see the swarm of young men who pour into our great city begging for a situation in a store or in a warehouse, or in a counting-room or a bank, or some place in which they can find employment without soiling their hands. An easy place and good pay is about their highest ambition. And the melancholy array of poor fellows who wear out their shoes and their patience in a vain pursuit for a "situation" makes another chapter of living tragedies. City life is full of perilous attractions; and alas, how many young moths fly into the candle, only to be scorched to death!

In selecting your occupation, endeavor first to find out what the Creator made you for. Consult your natural bent and talent. If you have a talent for trade, you may seek an opening for your energies in a counting-room or a store. If you have a natural aptitude for the branches connected with medical science, and what may be called a medical enthusiasm, you may strive to become a physician. If your mathematical capacity fit you for it, you may prepare to be an engineer.

Study yourself; study the leadings of Providence, and pray earnestly for divine direction. A man seldom fails in life who understands his *forte*, and few ever succeed who do not understand it.

Seek for a useful and productive calling, and steer clear of any business that savors of "speculation" as you would of a gambling-den or a bottle of brandy. There is too much of what may be called the "gambling element" in several lines of business; it works like a fever on the brain, and is not wholesome to strong religious health and character. Haste to be rich—and rich at all hazards—has sent thousands to perdition. That poisonous malaria is in the air; look out for it!

Having decided on the calling best adapted to your

talents, don't be ashamed to begin at the bottom and work like a beaver.

Isaac Rich, of Boston, began by selling oysters at a stand in the market, and he brought them there in a wheelbarrow from the sloops. He became a millionaire, and bequeathed \$1,700,000 to establish the Boston University. Many a Methodist student has reached the ministry in Isaac Rich's wheelbarrow. A city judge in New York told me that he hammered down paving-stones in the street to earn enough to pay the captain of the sloop who brought him to New York from Rhode Island! That is the sort of fibre to make a good Christian Endeavorer.

That noble Christian philanthropist, the late William E. Dodge, started as an errand boy in a store, swept the floor, and took down the shutters in the morning. For this he received his board and fifty dollars a year! Out of that salary he told me that he laid by some money. Before he died he knew what it was to give at the rate of a thousand dollars a day to great religious and benevolent movements! I once had the privilege to introduce him to that prince of English philanthropists, Lord Shaftesbury, and I said, "My lord, here is our American Shaftesbury."

The multiplication of colleges in our country has multiplied largely the candidates for what are called the "learned professions." Some enter them who are better fitted for a farm or a shop. Of whatever other occupations there be a scarcity, there is no lack of lawyers in almost every town. A prominent lawyer in New York remarked that "unless a young man had remarkable abilities for the bar, or inherited wealth, or influential family connections, the profession of the law is the most genteel method of starving that is practised." That there is always room enough up at the top is poor consolation to the young lawyers or doctors who are struggling for a living down at the bottom.

However crowded may be the legal or medical or mercantile or engineering profession, I am confident that the one line of business that is not overdone is—*good preaching*. No man is so absolutely certain to find immediate and constant employment as a capable, earnest, soul-loving, and truly consecrated minister of Jesus Christ. Vacant pulpits are constantly on the lookout for them. Any healthy, vigorous young minister, who has had a divine call to his holy work, is not likely to wait long for a call to a pulpit.

What is a call to the ministry? Reduced to the shortest and simplest English—it is the ability to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ in such a way that people will come to hear it. This last clause is very important. More than one young man of fervent piety and scholarly culture has failed sadly in the ministry because he had not the gift of preaching. People would not come to listen to him; and it is very certain that we can do but little good to those who do not like us, and none at all to those who will not come to hear our message.

Good health, the gift of speech, a Christ-loving heart, industry, and a holy zeal to win souls; if you have these, you may prepare for the ministry at whatever cost of toil or self-denial. A faithful, soul-winning minister need not wish to change thrones with an archangel.

Of the host of young Christians who may read this article, only a small proportion may enter a pulpit; but all of them may serve Jesus Christ in their calling, however humble it be. In choosing your business, aim higher than to make a living; aim to make a life worth carrying up to the judgment-seat of Christ!

Brooklyn, N. Y.



### THE POISON OF SUCCESS.

**I**N that delightful and instructive book by Dr. Lorimer, "Messages of To-day," (Philadelphia: American Baptist Publishing Society, \$1.50.) he draws a helpful lesson from that wonderful cave near Naples, called the *Grotto della Cava*,—"Grotto of the cave,"—remarkable for its poisonous atmosphere. He says:—

"Various descriptions have been given of this spot, and from one of these I gather that the danger arises from the prevalence of carbonic acid gas. But the cave can be visited with safety if its conditions are understood; for the gas, being heavier than the air, only rises some three feet above the ground; consequently, if an explorer will only stand upright, no serious harm will befall him; but should he be foolish enough to lie down, death would be the immediate penalty. He is safe so long as he keeps his head above the deadly sea through which he walks; but if he sinks, he is lost indeed. Such an atmosphere as this surrounds success, both in the seeking and in the using, and only he who walks straight, with his head toward the stars, can escape asphyxiation."

For The Golden Rule.

### THE TRUE MAN.

By James Buckham.

NOR him who hath the largest store  
Ingathered of life's wealth, I praise,  
But him who loveth mankind more  
Than treasure-trove of all his days;  
Who, from the world-wide brotherhood,  
Withholdeth naught of heart and brain,—  
Yea, counteth it the highest good  
To show the Christ in man again!  
Boston, Mass.

For The Golden Rule.

### The Fragrance of Service.

By Wayland Hoyt, D. D.,

Baptist Trustee of the United Society of Christian Endeavor.



WAYLAND HOYT.

**M**ARY lovingly drenched the Lord with the costly spikenard, and—the house was filled with the odor of the ointment. How beautiful that is!

You see, such sweet and gracious ministry could not be confined. Her service terminated ostensibly on Jesus, but it did more and went further; it made an atmosphere of fragrance.

It seems to me this exquisite incident is a very

real and true parable of hearty service Christward, anywhere and always. Service toward our Lord not only serves our Lord, it diffuses fragrance in addition.

There is certainly this perfumed effect reactive in the person serving—the fragrance of an increased love.

That is our too perpetual Christian plaint—we have so little love. "O if we loved more!" we are constantly saying. "How much easier everything in the Christian life would be!" And what we say so much is true utterly. The more we love, the easier will be the achieving of every Christian thing to which we should set our hand.

But we make steadily one radical mistake. We vainly and vaguely wait for love, hoping that, vaguely waiting thus, somehow and from somewhere, the tides of it will flow in upon us and overwhelm us.

Here is a tender bit I came on once. A Cincinnati paper says: "In a pottery factory here there is a workman who had one small invalid child at home. He wrought at his trade with exemplary fidelity, being always in the shop at the opening of the day. He managed, however, to bear each evening to the bedside of the 'wee lad,' as he called him, a flower, a bit of ribbon, or a fragment of crimson glass—indeed, anything that would lie out on the white counterpane and give color to the room. He was a quiet, unsentimental man, but never went home at night without something that would make the wan face light up with joy at his return. He never said to a living soul that he loved that boy so much. Still he went on patiently loving him, and by and by he moved that whole shop into positively real but unconscious fellowship with him. The workmen made curious little jars and cups upon their wheels, and painted diminutive pictures down their sides before they stuck them in the corners of the kiln at burning time. One brought some fruit in the bulge of his apron, and another engravings in a rude scrap-book. Not one of them whispered a word, for this solemn thing was not to be talked about. They put them in the old man's hat, where he found them. He understood all about it, and, believe it or not, cynics, as you will, but it is a fact that the entire pottery full of men, of rather coarse fibre by nature, grew quiet as the months drifted, becoming gentle and kind, and some dropped swearing as the weary look on the patient fellow worker's face told them beyond mistake that the inevitable shadow was drawing nearer. Every day now some one did a piece of work for him and put it on the sanded plank to dry, so that he could come later and go earlier. So, when the bell tolled and the little coffin came out of the lonely door, right round the corner, out of sight, there stood a hundred stalwart working-men from the pottery with their clean clothes on, most of whom gave a half-day's time for the privilege of taking part in the simple procession, and following to the grave that small burden of a child which probably not one had ever seen."

Now, is it not the most evident of things that the tender love, both of that father and of his sympathizing fellow workmen, for the "wee lad," grew and greatened, as both father and fellow workmen did for the little child? Every flower, bit of ribbon, fragment of crimson glass the father carried to the child; every curious little jar or cup the