

Western Christian Advocate

LEVI GILBERT, Editor
F. G. BROWNE, Assistant

Cincinnati, August 27, 1902

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**Bishop and Mrs. Moore and Marian, their
Daughter, from a Picture Recently
Taken at Shanghai**

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WESTERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

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LEVI GILBERT, - - - Editor

FRANK G. BROWNE, - Assistant Editor

LUCY JACKSON, Exchanges and the Family

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Point of View

THE phenomenal harvests of this year ought to inspire profound gratitude to Providence. Surely the preachers of Thanksgiving sermons next November will be under no necessity of treating their congregations to such an amount of croaking prophecy and pessimistic generalization as too many think the proper thing to present on a Thanksgiving occasion. This year, the statisticians tell us, will be a record-breaker in the matter of crops. They estimate the value in America of the harvest of breadstuffs—of corn, wheat, rye, and barley—at two thousand millions of dollars, and there are other field-products beside. Two billions of dollars! The figures sound like the measurements of astronomical distances, and stagger even the imagination. Rarely have the farmers of our country had such unprecedented good fortune, and all will congratulate them upon the increased girths of their pocketbooks. One writer significantly asks: "What would Joseph, the agricultural minister of the Pharaohs, have said if Stuyvesant Fish had taken him such an estimate of the crops of the Egyptians? What chapter in history tells of so great a reward for human labor? What nation ever before produced so much food? The output of the gold-mines of America for the year is worth only eighty millions, and the silver mines only seventy-seven millions, which seem insignificant beside these figures for agriculture." It is a natural inquiry what share the Church and its great philanthropies are to have from this outpouring of wealth into the lap of the people. Ought not there to come a great spirit of liberality into the hearts of all thankful Christian people, and ought not every department of Church life and every great cause—whether of missions, education, church erection, the uplifting of our huge and needy white and black populations, city evangelization, or Bible distribution—to be enormously energized? Ought not the appeal of our Missionary Society for special gifts, made stringently necessary by reason of pressing emergencies and open doors swinging wide into new fields, to be heard? Ought not the pathetic claims of our superannuates to touch many generous hearts? Ought not many a hard-working and poorly-paid pastor to receive, in increased salary, some part of this munificence from God? It is a good time for us to read some of the earlier chapters of Deuteronomy, warning against eating and being full and then forgetting Jehovah; against imagining that our own power and the might of our hands have gotten this

wealth, and neglecting the thought that Jehovah our God is he that giveth us power to get it. There is the same danger now of self-glorification—of the worship of our own strength and the material aspects of civilization—that there ever was. Kipling raises his high-pitched warning in the "Recessional," and we trust we shall not "forget." But, before him, one had written: "I will give the rain of your land in its season that thou mayest gather in thy grain. I will give grass in thy fields for thy cattle, and thou shalt eat and be full. Take heed to yourselves, lest your hearts be deceived, and ye turn aside, and serve other gods." There are other gods a-plenty for us to serve to-day, if we wish, even though we may not see their graven images in the market-place.

WE wish we might commend, by some editorial indorsement, the words of a recent contributor to the Western—Mr. J. E. Cowgill, whose article on "Church Finances" we trust attracted wide attention. As the article itself demonstrated upon its surface, Mr. Cowgill is an expert statistician, and his figures were weighty arguments for universal, systematic giving. But the particular point we wish to commend was his contention that the social part of the Church life should not be so uniformly exploited for profit; that entertainments, sociables, and even suppers, should not always wind up with the announcement, "Adults, twenty-five cents; children, fifteen." Many are convinced that it is a mistaken policy for the Church to depend as largely as it does, in many quarters, upon these methods of money-making. We do not here enter into the discussion of the ethical and religious bearings of these features, and have never felt so intensely against them as do many good people. In some places it would indeed seem difficult to keep the ordinances of religion in motion without the aid of fairs, festivals, and concerts. The women of the Aid Societies, upon whom falls the chief labor of these functions, deserve all praise for their self-sacrificing work for a good cause. And the social aspect of these gatherings—the profit to the Church of getting its membership together so that they feel acquainted and grow into a real fellowship—must not be overlooked. It is something better than the representation of the cynic—buying the materials for a cake, a veal-loaf, or a stuffed turkey, having a wife worn out in preparing them, and then going to the church dining-room to pay for the privilege of eating them up. People are brought together in this way, know each other more intimately, and work together in Church enterprises more willingly. So that these suppers are not to be ruled out altogether or condemned unreservedly. But the financial part of the proceeding may be distinctly overdone. We thoroughly believe that there is a more excellent way, and that free gifts ought to meet the chief necessities of the Church as a worshiping body, and even of most of the incidental claims. Let the entertainment "for revenue only" be occasional and exceptional. But let there be, in good number, sociables, readings, concerts, lectures, stereopticon exhibitions, with a free entrance and a generous welcome to the public. While some will claim that the Church has no call to furnish such free entertainment, we think that its religious ends may be often accomplished by meeting people first on their social side.

ONE abuse of the Church entertainment deserves particular notice. When these genial affairs are left in the hands of young people there is sometimes a tendency, without any intention of doing anything very wicked, to introduce large elements of the amusing, if not of the farcical. And this is not to be frowned upon always, without discrimination, as though it were an unforgivable sacrilege to laugh out loud in a church. Anything like vulgarity must, of course, be rigidly ruled out; but there may be innocent merriment without imperiling the soul's salvation. However, many an unsuspecting pastor has had a "notice" handed up to him, among a dozen others, to be read just before the service. He may not have had time to glance it over. He plunges into its reading, only to find that the secretary who wrote it, in a laudable desire to attract a

Life in the Spirit

"Good Mornin'"

He always said, "Good-mornin',"
 An' emphasized the "good,"
 As if he'd make it happy
 For each one, if he could.
 "Good-mornin'!" Just "good-mornin' "
 To every one he met;
 He said it with a twinkle
 That no one could forget.

He always said, "Good-mornin',"
 An' people used to say
 That one o' his "good-mornin's"
 Clung to you all the day,
 An' made you always cheerful
 Just thinkin' o' the sound—
 It always was "good-mornin',"
 'Long as he was around.

He always said, "Good-mornin',"
 An' glad an' happy-eyed,
 Those were the words he whispered
 The mornin' that he died;
 Those were the words he whispered,
 As cheerful as he could—
 An' I believe the angels—
 They emphasized the "good!"

—Baltimore American

The Ministry of Sympathy

We meet every day persons weighted with care and sorrow, of which they do not speak. Their business life is apart from the inner life. It is possible to know them and know nothing of their feelings. But observant eyes could not fail to see the shadow and to find the reason for it.

The young clerk with whom you trade every week lost his mother a few days ago. Your evening paper announced the fact, but it didn't tell, what her neighbors knew, that she was the light of the home; that her boys, sometimes discouraged because they got on so slowly in business, took heart again after they had talked with her about it. The young man's eyes glistened when a customer, just as he was turning away, pressed his hand and said he had heard how much his mother had been to her children.

The man who delivers groceries at your back door had a boy and girl ill with consumption for a long time. He has sent them both into a better climate, hoping to save their lives; but it is taking all he can earn, and he is afraid he can not keep them there. A word of interest from you might give him new hope. The policeman on your street has been laid up for three weeks, though you have not missed him. He is just taking up his duties again, hardly strong enough to go his round. It would brighten his walk to know that you had thought of him while he was ill and were glad to see him back.

The young woman next door to you has just become engaged. It seems to her that no event ever happened before of such importance, and that no two persons ever cared so much for one another as she and her lover do. But the affair took on an added importance when a neighbor came in to congratulate her. Her heart beat faster, her cheek took a brighter glow, and the world seemed more beautiful than ever. She is more ready to do a kindness to any one than she ever was before, because you are glad in her happiness.

There will be times—perhaps have been already—when you will reach out your hand blindly in the darkness of a great shadow, hoping some one will clasp it. The rude or effusive grasp would bring you only added pain, but you know the delicate touch of genuine sympathy that carries healing with it. If you have known that unobtrusive ministry, give it to some other. If you have n't experienced it yet, learn to give it. Those who need it are close at hand. It may be you can change for them the color of their sky by a word, a touch, a look.—The Congregationalist.

Do It To-day

Every little while we read about the finding of some letter which has been lost for years, but has recently been discovered and delivered to the person for whom it was intended. Who can tell what changes would have taken place in the life history

of those who should have received these belated messages had they been delivered as the writer desired?

Life's belated messages! How they rise up when it is too late to trouble us! Yesterday we were very busy. The work of life crowded upon us hard. We grew weary and impatient. We spoke harshly to one we love. We did not intend to do it, only we were so tired. Night came, and as we were thinking over the day after we had gone to the quiet of our rooms we thought of that harsh word. Too bad we said it! It was so uncalled for. If we only had been patient until the temptation passed! Well, to-morrow we will make that all right. We will go to the friend we hurt and tell him how sorry we are. He is good and kind; he will forgive us.

But the morrow comes. We sleep late. The world crowds in upon us again. Time presses. Some way, there is more than we can do. We must hasten, or darkness will come again and find us behind with our work. We forget the message we had so firmly resolved to deliver. We pass the friend on the street. We notice that he smiles as usual, and yet we can not help feeling that he remembers the sharp word of yesterday. We ought to have stopped right there on the street and made that all right. Still, there may be time later, when we are not so busy.

What is this? Our friend gone away? Last night he unmoored his bark for that portal which no human eye has ever seen? Impossible! Why, when we met him last he seemed as well as usual. But when was that? Last week? No; a month ago? Perhaps even longer than that. Then we think of that belated message. It never was delivered. Our friend went away without ever knowing just how we felt toward him. And now we never can tell him!

O friends, why should we carry about with us so many of these belated messages? You and I know that it is the word spoken now, this very day, which brings cheer to the friend we love and blessing to our own hearts. What is business by the side of the loving deed, the smile on passing, the little token of recognition of merit? Deliver the message to-day, before it be too late.—Edgar L. Vincent, in the Christian Work.

Our Own

If I had known, in the morning,
 How wearily all the day
 The words unkind would trouble my mind
 That I said when you went away,
 I had been more careful, darling,
 Nor given you needless pain:
 But—we vex our own with look or tone
 We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
 You gave me the kiss of peace,
 Yet it well might be that never for me
 The pain in the heart should cease!
 How many go forth at morning
 Who never come home at night!
 And hearts have broken for harsh words spoken
 That sorrow can never set right!

We have careful thought for the stranger,
 And smiles for the sometime guest;
 But oft for our own the bitter tone,
 Though we love our own the best!
 Ah! lip with the curve impatient,
 Ah! brow with the shade of scorn—
 'T were a cruel fate were the night too late
 To undo the work of the morn!

—Author unknown.

Lovable Christians

It is well to remind the most conscientious Christian that he should strive to render his religion attractive to others. For not every good man's piety is lovable. Some men's religion has too much acidity to taste well. Others sour their religion with an intense censoriousness. Their conversation is enough to set every one's teeth on edge. After an hour's talk with them you think the worst of even the best men you know. They are crabbed Christians. Everybody respects them, but nobody loves them. We once had a venerable and most godly-minded officer in our Church, who never did a wrong act, to my knowledge; and yet he never did a pleasant one, either. There was a deal of good solid "meat" in him, but no one liked to prick his fingers in coming at it. So the rugged old man was left to go on his way to heaven, working and praying and scolding as he went; but even the children in the street were almost afraid

to speak to him. A drop or two of the Apostle John in his composition would have made him a glorious specimen of a Christian. He has become mellow in heaven.

A lovable Christian is one who hits the golden mean between easy, good-natured laxity of conscience on the one hand, and stern, ungenial moroseness on the other. He is sound, yet ripe and sweet and mellow. He never incurs contempt by yielding to men's sinful prejudices, nor does he incur the antipathy of others by doing right in a hateful, surly, or bigoted way. Did our blessed Savior fall into either of these extremes for a moment? Was not his the sinless, incorruptible majesty that awed his followers, while his gentle benignity inspired their enthusiastic love? If Jesus were now on earth, we can imagine that the poorest people would not be afraid to approach him. Were he to enter a modern mission school, as he once entered a synagogue, how the ragged youngsters would draw to him! If he visited our homes, how welcome he would make himself at our firesides, and how our children would love to climb on his lap and kiss that sweet, pensive, benignant face! There is nothing derogatory to his divine dignity in this. Christ Jesus drew to him poor, suffering women, and outcast publicans, and troops of little children, who rejoiced to receive his benediction or to sing hosannas in his praises. Now, what Christ was every Christian should strive to be. He is our model, not only in spotless holiness, but in winsomeness of character also. Let us learn of him. Let us learn from him how to combine the most rigid sense of justice, purity, and integrity with the lovable attractions of a sunny face, a kind word, and unselfish courtesy, and genuine sympathy for even the most hardened sinners. The worst men may scoff at Bible-religion, but at heart honor the consistent Christian who wears the beauty of holiness in his character and conduct. A living, lovable Christian is the most powerful argument for the gospel. If you would win sinners to the Savior you must make your religion winsome.—Theodore Cuyler.

If We Had But a Day

We should fill the hours with the sweetest things,
If we had but a day!
We should drink alone at the purest springs
In our upward way;
We should love with a lifetime's love in an hour,
If the hours were few;
We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power
To be and to do!

We should guide our wayward or wearied wills
By the clearest light;
We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills,
If they lay in sight;
We should trample the pride and discontent
Beneath our feet;
We should take whatever the good God sent
With a trust complete!

We should waste no moments in weak regret,
If the day were but one;
If what we remember and what we forget
Went out with the sun;
We should be from our clamorous selves set free,
To work or to pray,
And to be what the Father would have us be,
If we had but a day!

—Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson.

Unworldly in the World

We live in a wonderfully fascinating age. The world makes a powerful and continuous appeal to us from many points at once. We live in the midst of a whirl of rushing trains, rattling drays, clanging trolleys, flying automobiles, surging crowds, shouting newsboys, tramping troops. We like to see it all go on, we like to watch things, to dip into things, to sample societies and clubs and news-mongerings and "tips" and calls and wirings, wireless or otherwise. When the rush lets up for a few moments or hours, there is art to entertain men, and there are numberless shows to divert them, while a thousand appliances for luxurious comfort are at hand, and a dreamy voluptuousness makes its siren appeal to the bewildered brain or the spent energies. About such is the situation as it appears to the average man, who, almost before he knows it, finds himself caught in the meshes of a continuous self-seeking, and drawn along without protest in the snare of the world. Yet there is no age in which Christianity does not make its protest against worldliness and serve notice upon men that they are more than beasts, and must be better

than mere bloodless automata. In a subtly fascinating age, beset with a myriad attractions to self-seeking and sensuality, a man must still be a Christian. He may mix in the din, but he must reserve in his heart a precinct where he may listen for the still small voice of heavenly inspiration; he may welcome with joyful heart the many offerings of the age in the realms of the aesthetics, the entertaining, and the pleasurable; but if he is ever to see God's face in another life he must keep himself unspotted from the world.—The New York Observer.

Haste Not! Rest Not!

Without haste! without rest!
Bind the motto to thy breast;
Bear it with thee as a spell—
Storm and sunshine guard it well!
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb.

Haste not! Let no thoughtless deed
Mar for eye the spirit's speed;
Ponder well, and know the right—
Onward then with all thy might!
Haste not! Years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done!

Rest not! Life is slipping by;
Go and dare before you die;
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time!
Glorious 't is to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.
Haste not! Rest not! Calmly wait!
Meekly bear the storms of fate!
Duty be thy polar guide—
Do the right, whate'er betide!
Haste not! Rest not! Conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last!

—Goethe.

Brookside Pebbles

HARRIET BAILEY CLARK

"You have no fear of death, Alice?"

The pastor looked searchingly at the lovely girl, the daughter of his boyhood friend, who was slowly wasting away with consumption.

"No fear at all," she answered; "but, do you know, I am half ashamed to confess that I do not want to leave all this," giving a comprehensive glance about the beautiful room. "Those stained-glass windows, that picture of the Christ, those Madonnas, those statuettes, my piano, my books—all these exquisite things with which my friends have surrounded me. I have grown to love them. How can I do without them? I do not grieve to leave Emma. She has her husband and children, and her beautiful home. She will miss me, of course; but she does not need me. But I do not see what I shall do without these lovely things that have been my life for so long! Do you think I am wrong to feel this way?" she asked, timidly.

"Before I answer your question, let me tell you a little story of my boyhood, Alice. It was my fifth birthday—although I had forgotten the fact. I was a happy little chap at all times, but in the country, where we were spending the summer, my joy was unbounded. On this morning, I was down on the bank of a tiny stream that hurried joyously past the foot of the garden. I had gathered an assortment of shining pebbles and little gnarled roots, and was making a little house of boughs, and roofing it with wild grape-vine leaves, when my mother called me. I did not want to go. How could I leave all these delights? But I went to the house. No one was in the kitchen, so I walked on through the long hall into the parlor, where I heard some one speaking. The door was partly closed. I pushed it open. 'Here he is! here he is!' whispered several excited voices, and I stood bewildered in the presence of my first party—Aunt Julia had brought it from the city in her big carriage—six of my kindergarten friends.

"They crowded about me joyously, with gifts dear to my boyish heart—a toy boat, a big knife, balls, and games. After a happy time, mother took us to the dining-room. It was a bower of smilax and roses. Aunt Julia had determined that my first party should be a memorable occasion to me—and it was. With its surprise and the gifts, the roses, and the birthday-cake, with its frosted angels and the red and blue candles, it stands out to this moment as a wonderful experience; and at night, when I lay in bed so happy I could not sleep, I said to my mother, 'And I did n't want to leave the pebbles, mother, to go into the party.' She smiled—a wise mother-smile—as she kissed me."

"I see, Uncle Robert; you think these are but brookside pebbles, compared with the delights of my heavenly home?"

"Even so, dear child."

Columbus, Ohio.