

# THE GOLDEN RULE

FOR CHRIST AND THE CHURCH

Thursday, July 8, 1897



LADY HENRY SOMERSET GIVING A BIBLE-READING BEFORE THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN  
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See article by Frances E. Willard, on page 831.

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Topics for July 25.

# THE GOLDEN RULE

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## Golden Rule Maxims.—On Bible-Reading.

A Bible read on the knees is lived on the feet.

Not how long you read the Bible, but how deep.

The best reading-glass for the Bible is obedience.

To be a man of the Book you must be a man of many books.

Get your theory of inspiration from the men inspired by the Bible.

A Bible is no flower garden, except to whom it is a vegetable garden; it is no park, except to whom it is a vineyard.



## AS WE SEE THINGS.

A THING is not good just because it can get a majority. A single "pusley" plant will produce 120,000 seeds in a season.

No married man in Vienna can go up in a balloon without the formal consent of his wife and children. They are careful about balloons. How about saloons?

MOST gems will fade, even the ruby undergoing a slight loss in tint when long exposed to the sun's rays. Dame Nature, as well as other women, seems to find it hard to get fast colors.

TESTIFYING in court, a Boston street-car official once said, "It is impossible to get honest men and keep them honest, and make them work Sundays." A crack in the fourth commandment soon spreads over the entire table.

A MAN in New York was sued by his dentist for \$150. He at once brought against the dentist a retaliatory suit for \$1,000 on account of the agony the dentist had caused him! Let no dentist hereafter presume to collect a bill.

A WONDERFUL blind man living in a Maine town has built a good-sized house all by himself, driving every nail and laying every brick. And yet many a man with the best of eyes cannot to save his life saw a board straight.

A MAN that died recently gave directions in his will, that his body should be burned and the ashes scattered to the four winds as a protest against extravagant funerals. An extravagant protest that would have been, and his relatives did not carry it out.

A COMMITTEE of lawyers and doctors in New York has reported in favor of the legal recognition of the force of hypnotism, in view of the possibility that crime may be committed by innocent persons under hypnotic suggestion. It is indeed a terrible thing to yield one's spirit to another soul.

A YANKEE genius has invented a street-car whose sides can be rolled up under the roof like a roll-top desk, thus transforming in a moment a closed car to an open one, or vice versa, according to the changes of weather or temperature. And so, in yet another important particular, life is likely soon to be made easier and pleasanter for us all.

PSYCHOLOGISTS are trying to solve the problem of an Italian schoolboy in this country, who seems unable to make a letter or a figure except backward. We ourselves have had a scholar who insisted on writing, for instance, 69 for 96 and 001 for 100, and he performed all arithmetical processes in reversed fashion. And we have met many an older man who got his thinking on more important subjects wrong side before.

THERE has been built in Japan by a famous bacteriologist a dust-proof, microbe-proof house, whose walls are of glass. No air is admitted to the house except what has been carefully filtered and sterilized. If such houses are

within the reach of common folks who are not bacteriologists, we know of some malarial districts of America where they will rapidly become popular.

THEY have just formed in London an umbrella insurance company, which will make a man pay during his life the cost of six umbrellas for the privilege of losing one with a clear conscience. Well, it is worth it.

**Triumphing Over Difficulties.**—There lives in Brooklyn a remarkable blind woman, who, though totally deprived of sight, conducts successfully a large business. She became blind when a little girl through disobeying her mother, who told her not to wear a certain dress. She put it on, nevertheless, and finding that it needed a slight alteration, was using a pair of scissors upon it when a point entered an eye. The unfortunate girl became the friend of Laura Bridgman, and evidently received a share of her fine spirit. She became skilled in music and pushed her own way, until now she has a profitable establishment for the sale of musical instruments, which she manages without assistance. She finds her way alone with no trouble, and even visited alone the World's Fair at Chicago, and made, unaccompanied, a trip through Europe. She devotes her life and her wealth to the training of the blind. How such a history of one who lacks the priceless advantage of sight should put to the blush us sluggish mortals who can see!

**Vanity of Vanities.**—A new enterprise is reported, which, if it is not the invention of some writer "hard up" for copy, reaches the acme of modern humbuggery. It is a concern that manufactures trips abroad. The man that wishes to take such a trip very cheaply simply retires to some quiet place in the country, and sends letters to his friends through this business concern, which, through its foreign connections, has them mailed at Paris, or Naples, or Shanghai, or wherever the pseudo-traveller would be understood to have gone. Presumably he spends his leisure hours in the country reading up the guide-books.

**For Reformation, Not Revenge.**—An anecdote told of the late Dr. Howard Crosby is helpful in illustrating the motives that should animate all who have to do with criminals. The distinguished clergyman caught a thief in his house, and himself took him to the station. After the man's sentence and imprisonment, Dr. Crosby called on him in jail and said: "My friend, I have no malice toward you. You were performing a desperate deed; you deserve your punishment; but now I say to you that I am ready to help you begin a new life." So Dr. Crosby labored with him while he served out his term in prison, and converted him. When the man came from prison, the minister used his influence to get him a situation. The man proved himself reformed, married a respectable girl, and always kept up a grateful correspondence with his benefactor.

**Why He Left the Stage.**—An actor who has had a five years' experience in the business—Mr. Bingley Fales—has left the stage to study law. He gives these reasons for his course: "The actor leads a nomadic life. He is constantly with self and for self. He grows away from family associations and becomes estranged from old companionships. He never forms new ties to take the place of the old. . . . The demands of his business tend to make him live his whole life on the surface. . . . It is a tinsel, shallow existence, utterly devoid of the deeper sentiments and nobler ambitions that give solid value to life. . . . Every actor—every capable actor—has his artistic ideals, but O, how few attain them! The actor with an income can afford to indulge his art impulses. He can afford to play such parts as he is attracted to and in such companies as he chooses. But, alas! few actors are so placed. Necessity compels them to play the parts they can get at the best going salary. They fall from the exalted plane of the artist to the common

hire of the artisan." These statements, which moralists are constantly making, should certainly be heeded when they become the admission of an actor. Theatre-going, if there were no other argument against it in the world, is to be reprehended for the sake of our unhappy brothers and sisters upon the stage.

**Little Notions.**—Patent Office figures are the despair of that large class of persons who are eager to make much money and make it in a hurry. The ideas that have "paid big" are usually very little ideas, applicable to a very large number of people. Millions of dollars from a "hump" to keep a hook from slipping out of an eye; half a million in a wooden shoe-peg; another half-million from copper toes for boots; \$200,000 for hollowing out the handle of pens to put ink therein; large fortunes in the compartment paper box for eggs, the ball-and-socket glove-fastener, the glass lemon-squeezer, the ring of cardboard that keeps the hole in shipping-tags from tearing out, the little strips of cork along the nose-pieces of eye-glasses—it is such tantalizing things as these, which any one might have thought of, but which we did not think of, that have made people rich. And the worst of it is that this very year there will be patented another lot of bright, simple notions—which will not be ours!

**What Say the Bicyclers?**—The League of American Wheelmen has made a valiant and greatly needed fight for better roads. All riders of the popular steed have gloried in the many victories won by the league. Who, indeed, does not by this time recognize the immense advantage to the farmers and merchants of a nation that comes from well-built roads? Without the king's highway there would be no king. One of the surest tests of a civilization is its roads. But there is no doubt that bicyclers are more benefited by good roads than any other class of citizens, and in several parts of the country they are planning a tax on bicycles for the purpose of road improvement. A slight levy—fifty cents or one dollar—is all that is suggested, but this would amount to a large sum, so many thousands ride the silent horse. We believe that such a tax would be unique among taxes, in that it would be gladly paid.

**A Babe Again.**—A few months ago a strange and very sad event occurred in Connecticut. A Baptist clergyman, thrown from his carriage, was struck on the head. When his consciousness returned, it was found that his mind was an absolute blank. He had to be taught to eat, like a baby. He did not know the meaning of "father" or "mother." He did not know how to walk. Beginning with little words, he had to be taught to read. All the Bible he had memorized has gone from him; all his accomplishments, such as drawing and typewriting. He is learning rapidly, and has progressed as far as a simple story-book, but he is still in intellect a little child. Upon how slight a thread hangs all that we have and are! How necessary it is for even the strongest man and the most learned scholar to trust himself to the almighty Father! "Babes in Christ,"—ah! that indeed we are, however vigorous our bodies and powerful our minds. Let us give him daily gratitude for daily preservation.

**A Golden Wedding Indeed.**—There is a wealthy couple living in the most aristocratic part of Boston that celebrated the other day their fiftieth wedding anniversary. On the invitations, which were printed in gold, appeared the following words: "We are grateful to our heavenly Father for the blessings received, and will express that gratitude in a thank-offering to the poor and suffering. If our friends desire to join in this offering, it would be pleasing to us. The friends' offerings limited to \$1. Less amounts would be received with gratitude as a thank-offering with our own. Other gifts not desired." What is received in this way will be at least doubled by the happy couple, and distributed to the poor. Surely that is a golden way to celebrate a golden wedding.



For The Golden Rule.

**Interfused.**

By Susan Coolidge.

"Seek your life's nourishment in your life's work."—*Philips Brooks.*

We cannot lie every morning and repent the lie at night;  
 We cannot blacken our souls all day and each day wash them  
 white;  
 Though the pardoning blood availeth to cleanse the mortal  
 stain,  
 For the sin that goes on sinning that blood was shed in vain.  
 We must buy and sell in the market. We must earn our daily  
 bread,  
 But just in the doing these usual acts may the soul be helped  
 and fed.  
 It is not in keeping the day's work and the day's prayer  
 separate so,  
 But by mixing the prayer with the labor that the soul is taught  
 to grow.

For if sweeping a room by God's law is a service he deigns to  
 bless,  
 And mending a kettle worthily is working for him no less  
 Than steering steady the ship of the state, or wielding the  
 sword in war,  
 Or lifting the soul of man by songs to the heights where the  
 angels are,—  
 Then none may deem it wasted time, who stands in a humble  
 spot  
 And digs and waters a little space which the hurrying world  
 heeds not,  
 For the Lord of the harvest equally sends his blessed sun and  
 rain  
 On the large work and the little work, and none of it is in vain.

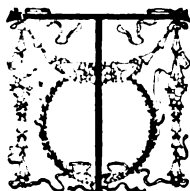


For The Golden Rule.

**The Great Mischief of Some Little Things.****Practical Words To Young Men.**

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

Author of "Christianity in the Home."



HE character of many a young man is  
 sadly damaged by what he considers  
 small faults, and the success in life  
 of many a one has been hindered by  
 what he regarded as small things.  
 The mistake he makes is in his  
 moral measurements. Little things  
 become great things when they work

great mischief. In the West Indies there is a worm that  
 gnaws out the interior of an apparently solid piece of  
 timber, and when a sudden strain is put on the timber, it  
 snaps and fills the eyes with a fine powder. Weaknesses  
 may be multiplied until they outmatch strength. Small  
 faults may fracture a whole character.

The Bible—which throws its divine light on every  
 phase of human character—illustrates the mischief  
 wrought by the "small things" in the following pithy  
 text from the Song of Solomon: "Take us the foxes, the  
 little foxes that spoil the vineyards; for our vineyards are  
 in blossom" (so the Revised Version renders the passage).  
 Those mischievous animals had a propensity to nibble  
 away the blossoms of the grape-vines, so that the vintage  
 was destroyed. Though the foxes were "little," the  
 damage was great.

If any Endeavorer will turn to his New Testament, he  
 will see that Christians were represented by Christ as  
 the branches of a vine; and a noble, well-developed,  
 and useful character is what every branch ought to pro-  
 duce. Besetting sins are the sly foxes that spoil the  
 vintage.

My young friend, do not put a false measurement on  
 that word *sin*. It does not mean only huge offences like  
 profanity or drunkenness, theft or perjury, adultery or  
 murder; it means anything that violates conscience, mars  
 the beauty of your character, damages your usefulness,  
 and hinders honorable success. The word "sin" in the  
 Bible literally signifies to miss the mark, or miss your aim.  
 If you fail to hit the mark of absolute right, a miss is as  
 good as a mile. And then, what if you miss heaven?

The brilliant McLaren, of Manchester, has truly said  
 that "the worst sin is not some outburst of gross trans-  
 gression, forming an exception to the ordinary tenor of a  
 life,—bad and dismal as such a sin is; but the worst and  
 most fatal are the small continuous vices which root  
 underground and honeycomb the soul. Many a man who  
 thinks himself a Christian is in more danger from the  
 daily commission, for example, of small pieces of sharp  
 practice in his business than ever was David at his worst.  
 White ants pick a carcass clean sooner than a lion will."

Instead, therefore, of trying to whitewash your faults  
 by calling them only "infirmities" and "weaknesses,"  
 you had better label them by their true name of *vices* and  
*sins*. Everything that is not right is wrong.

There is a pretty large lot of these little foxes which  
 work great mischief to Christian character and to a real  
 success in life. One of these is a *bad temper*. Pray don't  
 dismiss this as a mere foible or natural infirmity. It is a  
 sin and of very ugly dimensions, though you may think it  
 small. An irritable temper—whether it explodes like  
 gunpowder, or simmers and stews over a slow fire of  
 sullenness—is a violation of the central, cardinal Chris-  
 tian grace of *love*. It is a sin against the grace of  
 patience and against the grace of humility and against

the Spirit of Jesus Christ. It has an ugly root, for it is  
 born of hatred, which is the very spirit of the devil.

Don't confound the vice of an irritable temper with the  
 virtue of a righteous indignation against wrong; for God  
 himself abhorreth evil. Professor Drummond describes a  
 deadly, venomous snake which he saw in Africa, called  
 the puff-adder; it coils itself among the leaves, and  
 resembles the leaves. When you get angry, stop and  
 think whether Jesus Christ or the devil is stirring you up.  
 An irritable temper is not to be condoned as a "natural  
 weakness" or a constitutional infirmity; drunkenness or  
 licentiousness may be hereditary, but they are none the  
 less wicked and destructive.

You can cure a bad temper, if you try to,—with God's  
 help. One of the kindest and calmest Christians I ever  
 knew told me that he used to be violently passionate, but  
 he broke his bad temper by resolutely bridling his tongue  
 until he cooled down.

If *procrastination* is not as wicked a fault as a hateful  
 temper, it is fatal to success in about everything worth  
 your doing. The Bible injunction to "redeem your time"  
 does not refer to time in general, but to the "nick of  
 time." The text properly translated means, Buy your  
 opportunities! Success in earning money, success in  
 achieving any good undertaking, success in doing any-  
 thing for your Master, all depend on this seizing of the  
 opportunity.

Poor Slowcome Tardy is always whining about his  
 "bad luck"; the reason why he will wear a poor man's  
 hair into his grave is that he is always behind time; he  
 does not buy till everything has gone up, or sell till  
 everything has gone down, or hoist his sails until the  
 wind has died out.

Never let a duty drift past you. Jesus Christ never  
 lost an opportunity. Procrastination is the worst of  
 thieves, for it steals what never can be restored to us.  
 To-morrow is the fool's paradise; for human souls, it is  
 Satan's doorway to perdition.

Is want of *punctuality* a sin? Yes, because it often  
 involves a violation of your word, and is an acted false-  
 hood. It also involves a serious wrong to other people.  
 You may recall Washington's answer to his secretary  
 who excused his want of punctuality by saying that his  
 watch was out of order. "Then you must get another  
 watch, or I another secretary."

Tardiness and carelessness in keeping engagements  
 may be regarded as small faults, but they are things that  
 hinder a young man's success; and you must remember  
 that most failures in this world are not caused by other  
 people, but by the persons themselves. Failure in life is  
 more than a misfortune; it is a terrible sin, it is a suicide,  
 when such want of success is due to your own want of  
 sense, or want of conscience. God is only true to the  
 man who is true to himself.

Dr. McLaren, in the pungent passage above quoted,  
 alludes to "sharp practices in business." It is a lamen-  
 table fact that more than one professing Christian is  
 inclined to them. It comes from that detestable vice  
 that I warn you against, and that is *trickiness*. Smart-  
 ness is too many a young man's ambition and constant  
 aim; to be smart in taking advantage of a customer,  
 smart in a bit of stock-gambling, or smart in dodging an  
 obligation.

You never can be smart enough to cheat God—even in

the smallest transactions in life. Conscience is your best  
 friend and counsellor, if you are true to her; when you  
 begin to play sharp tricks upon her, she becomes your  
 terrible punisher. Incorruptible honesty is your best  
 capital in business.

If time and space permitted, I could mention many  
 other things which young men reckon to be small faults,  
 but which deface character, and hinder honorable success.  
 Backsliding from Christ starts with small slips at first.  
 Spiritual declension begins with little offences against the  
 laws of honesty or sexual purity, or occasional neglects  
 of Christian duty, and quietings of a reproving conscience.

When burglars want to plunder a house they sometimes  
 hoist a small boy into a window, and he unbolts the doors  
 for the older accomplices. Be careful how you let Satan's  
 little imps slip into an open window of your heart.

A Christian Endeavor society is a vineyard in a state of  
 blossoming. Young converts are setting out on a new  
 life. Character has not yet attained strong fibre and  
 solidity. Experience is limited. Small faults and slight  
 departures from Christ's commandments will grow on,  
 and wax worse and worse, unless they are resolutely  
 resisted and overcome.

If the little foxes will devour the blossoms, or steal  
 away the "tender grapes," then every one must with  
 prayer and watchfulness guard his own vine, and make  
 short work with the foxes.

My friend, you have only one life to live; its success or  
 failure for time and eternity will depend upon little  
 things. I beg you, don't go off fox-hunting in your  
 neighbor's vineyard; look squarely and sharply after the  
 little destructives that threaten the beauty and the fruit-  
 ness of your own vine.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

For The Golden Rule.

**Wildwood Glimpses.**

By Mary F. Butts.

WILDWOOD glimpses, O how sweet!  
 Where the woods and waters meet,  
 Where shy blossoms in a dream  
 Watch their image in the stream,  
 And the breeze, a lover bold,  
 Whispers secrets manifold.  
 Wildwood glimpses, O how sweet,  
 Where the woods and waters meet!

Wildwood glimpses, O how dear!  
 Little lovers hovering near,  
 Chirping babies in a nest,  
 Insects on a happy quest,  
 Lovely mysteries of shade  
 By the sun-kissed branches made,—  
 Wildwood glimpses, O how sweet,  
 Where the woods and waters meet!  
 Johnson, Vt.

**HIS PRESENCE.****A Golden Rule Meditation.**

What is it to be present with thee, divine Master?  
 It is to be absent from my sins, to abhor my lusts and  
 fleshly passions, to thrust behind me with loathing  
 every temptation. Whatever desire I have that selfish-  
 ness has conceived and pride fostered, it is to forget that  
 desire. Whatever plan I have formed alone in my im-  
 agined wisdom, it is to forswear that plan. To be  
 absent—far away, as heaven leaves hell—from malice  
 and suspicion, from covetousness and envy, from low  
 ambitions and thoughts of pettiness,—that is to be  
 present with the Lord.

What is it to be present with thee, O divine Master?  
 It is to be present with peace. It is to know of a  
 surety that all is well on earth and in time, since all is  
 well in heaven's eternity. It is to pulse in every vein with  
 overflowing joy, to exult in every fibre of one's being  
 with splendid energy. It is to fear no evil, to shrink  
 from no difficulty, to face all futures with a smile. To  
 be present—near as body to soul, near as eyes to see-  
 ing—to be present with a serenity that possesses all  
 power and all happiness,—that is to be present with  
 the Lord.

What is it to be present with thee, O divine Master?  
 It is to bid farewell forever to loneliness, for a friend is  
 with me; and to weakness, for a helper is at hand.  
 Indeed, it is not to be absent from my sins, but to see  
 thee drive them far away. It is not to be present with  
 peace, but with the peaceful One, or with power, but  
 with thee, O thou Mighty. Let me feel the pressure of  
 thy fingers upon mine. Let me catch the loving glance  
 of thine eye. Upon my inner ear let fall some whisper,  
 saying, "My child, my child, I love thee, I am close  
 beside thee," O my Father!