

THE GOLDEN RULE

FOR CHRIST AND THE CHURCH

Thursday, May 13, 1897

The Power of Sympathy.

A Message to All Christian Endeavorers.

By Maud Ballington Booth,

Of the American Volunteers.

THE more God has brought me into touch with the need of the many Christless hearts around us, the more do I become convinced that the magic influence that can open the most closely barred door, and the wonderful power that can change from hardness to tenderness the human heart, is love, from which springs in every true Christ-follower's heart the tender sympathy which shows one just how to speak, just how to touch, and just how to help in the wisest way the needy heart.



In my work for the prisoners of our country I have found that those whom the world chooses to look upon as almost beyond reclaim can be readily and very fully won for the dear Christ by bringing them to know and love him through the medium of tender, thoughtful sympathy.

Every heart that is Christ's should turn to him with a very urgent plea that he will bring to them this precious gift, that they may be of use in his service for others.

New York City.

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BOSTON & CHICAGO

Topics for May 30.

THE GOLDEN RULE

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Vol. XI. No. 33

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Golden Rule Maxims.—On Oratory.

Just as the noblest conversation is talking with God, so the loftiest oratory is talking for God.

There are hand orators, that seek applause, and get it; head orators, that seek assent, and get it; heart orators, that seek action, and get all three.

The orator must forget the looking-glass.

"Action, action, action,—that is oratory," said Demosthenes. He meant the orator's gestures, but the true test is the listener's action.

Would you be a strong orator? Think deeply. A stirring orator? Feel deeply. An uplifting orator? Love deeply.

The orator will leave more than he found. No true oration without creation.

AS WE SEE THINGS.

LADY ABERDEEN has most fittingly been added to the very few women upon whom the degree of doctor of laws has been conferred.

THIS *fin de siècle* age is only the beginning of the *cycle* age. Three hundred bicycle patents up to 1876, and since then more than four thousand. That is the record.

We are disappointed that the trial of the roller steamer has proved discouraging. All sufferers from seasickness will hope that those equalizing rollers may revolve.

BOSTON intends to celebrate the queen's jubilee, and her majesty will honor the town of the Tea Party by sending a portrait of herself, with her autograph.

THE 1,500 maimed men that make up the National Association of Railway Cripples will hold an *athletic* meet soon in Chicago. What an exhibition of pluck that will be!

THE hundreds of Greeks that have left this country to fight for Hellas have done so at a great sacrifice, leaving in most instances comfortable homes and good positions. Their patriotism is more than a name.

AN advance step of importance has been taken by the Maryland annual conference of the Methodist Protestant Church. By vote of the conference, one of the pastors was assigned to missionary work along lines of Christian citizenship. This is a precedent worthy to be followed.

IN two States the legislatures have passed bills against the manufacture and sale of cigarettes. A third missed its chance to pass such a bill by referring it to a committee "in a moment of abstraction," and a fourth State has now a strong bill before it. May the work go on until these small tools of evil are banished forever.

A NEW development in social shams made possible by science is suggested by the report that making calls by telephone is gaining ground in some circles. Perhaps it is as well that a call that is only a form should be so plainly marked as such, but a telephone at present furnishes a poor substitute for a genuine conversation.

IN many localities the saloons could not exist a day against the active protest of the Roman Catholic authorities. Would that all of them would take the firm stand of the Roman Catholic archbishop of Boston and his 170 priests, who have just petitioned the State legislature to pass a law forbidding the sale of liquor in any public park or pleasure-ground of Massachusetts.

ONE magnificent law was enacted by the New York State legislature this year, the Abell bill, forbidding the sale of bird skins with plumage attached. Now if every

State would follow the Empire State's example, we should no longer be compelled to associate the most beautiful portion of the human race with the thought of the murder of the most beautiful portion of the race below us.

It is a pity that Col. Jesse E. Peyton, the "Father of Centennials," who conceived the plan of our Centennial Exposition, and also of the celebrations of Bunker Hill, Yorktown, the Constitution, and New York City, should not have lived to witness the commemoration he had most at heart; namely, the celebration by all Christian nations, in 1900, and in the city of Jerusalem, of the birth of Christ.

THE Baptists are working like beavers—a fitting simile for Baptists!—in the effort to raise the nearly one-quarter of a million dollars necessary to obtain Mr. Rockefeller's gift of an equal sum to clear off the missionary-board debts of the church. The famous Boston church so long presided over by the lamented Dr. A. J. Gordon has raised \$8,000 of the \$10,000 it expects to raise, and everywhere results as noble have been attained.

It is sometimes asked what the fathers of our country would say if they could suddenly be placed in one of our great cities. A hint at one answer is given by the case of a man that had been for forty years an inmate of the Massachusetts State prison, and was taken though Boston not long ago while being transported to another place. He had spent all his early life in a country town, and was almost crazed by the sounds of the city, and, if not prevented, would have thrown himself out of the carriage in his fright at the electric cars.

All Aboard!—Mr. Baer's Secretary's Corner this week is of much interest to all that are thinking of San Francisco, and to all that have at heart the interests of Christian Endeavor. With the remarkably low rates now assured, the excursion trains to the great West should rush across the prairies by the score next July, bearing their thousands of happy young people. The journey will be to these thousands a revelation and inspiration. It will teach them more than a year's schooling. O that we could present to every reader of this paper a free ticket to San Francisco! The money would be well invested for the cause of missions and in the interests of patriotism. It is for the sake of both these great causes, as well as for the sake of Christian Endeavor, that we urge upon our readers that they go to San Francisco. But, on second thoughts, what is the use of this paragraph, anyway? All are going that can possibly go, if they have to ride on the cowcatcher.

A Novel Witness.—A man in New York lately brought a lawsuit to recover damages caused by the building of a railroad viaduct near his property. The lawyers for the railroad found themselves confronted with the evidence of a graphophone, which had recorded several times a day the noise made by the railroad trains. This noise was to be reproduced for the benefit of the court. The lawyers objected vigorously to this testimony on various grounds, and it was ruled out for the time, but without deciding that it could not be admitted under some conditions.

The Tie That Binds.—It will help us to understand much of the unchristian support given to Turkey by the Christian powers if we remember how heavily Turkey is in debt to the nations of Europe. She owes at least \$600,000,000, and some say \$800,000,000. The larger part of this great debt is held in France, and any disaster to Turkey would mean wide-spread loss in our sister republic. While we are abusing the Powers for their failure to support Greece,—a failure in which, notwithstanding this great debt of the Turks, we do not think them at all justifiable,—it is only just to ask ourselves whether, if we were in their shoes, we should bestir those

shoes a whit more rapidly on behalf of the heroic Greeks. The downfall of Turkey would cost the people of Europe about \$800,000,000. Has the United States yet given one-thousandth part of that sum to aid the Greeks? Those Turkish securities constitute an iniquitous bond, uniting the Christian and free nations of Europe to a Moslem tyrant and assassin. Men should be willing to lose even this vast sum in the cause of liberty, but such a recommendation will come with poor grace from this country until we have given far more than we have yet given to help the Greeks and the Armenians. Let us thus qualify ourselves for the post of critic.

God Out-of-Doors.—The recent conference of open-air workers in Boston has awakened new interest in many quarters in this most important and Christlike method of preaching. From across the seas, too, there comes news that seems to record an advance from former conservatism into broader views in this direction. Great pressure has been brought to bear upon Queen Victoria, urging her to reconsider her determination to hold an open-air service in front of St. Paul's on the occasion of her diamond jubilee. The friends of progress, who believe God's open air as holy a place as any within consecrated wood and stone, will rejoice that her majesty refuses to recede from her original plan.

The Wail of the Starving.—Can you comprehend the appalling significance of these figures relating to the famine in India? More than 36,000,000 people have been starving, and 44,000,000 in addition are in terrible distress. More people, all together, than the entire population of the United States are suffering thus fearfully, and of these myriads only 3,000,000 have been receiving relief, and they have been getting only four or five cents a day. Is it any wonder that the central famine committee are making urgent appeal to Christendom for one and a half million of dollars? Quite without doubt this terrible famine will rank as the most fearful disaster in all the history of this world.

No Money-Serf.—Apropos of the calling of the Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus, D. D., of Chicago, to an important church in New York, an intimate friend has said of him: "Money is something he cares absolutely nothing about. For years he has flatly refused to accept the salary allowed him by the trustees of Plymouth Church. He has sent back a check for two-thirds of the total amount each year, keeping only enough to live on. I personally know of half a dozen offers he has received in as many years that it would have been impossible for many men to resist. One was a guaranty of a salary ten times what he is now receiving, yet it was quickly refused." Such a tribute is better worth having than Victoria's crown. We are optimists enough to believe that this tribute might be truthfully given to many men. In spite of the prevalent worldliness and the worship of the almighty dollar, never before in the world's history, we believe, has that dollar had so few devotees. Never before were so large sums given to plant the kingdom of heaven in the kingdoms of this world.

In Honor of Victoria.—It is hoped that one plan, at least, out of the thousands proposed in connection with the rapidly approaching jubilee of the queen, will be carried out. We refer to the project of placing in London some building that shall serve as an American tribute to the great sovereign whose reign has contributed so much to the safety and true welfare of the world. One and a half million of dollars is named as the desired sum, and surely this wealthy nation should easily raise that amount, to honor one of the noblest women that ever lived and to emphasize our kinship with the motherland. The memorial should take such form as to be a permanent blessing to London. It should be some great public library, or some free school, or other institution for the good of the people. What more fitting and acceptable gift could go from this republic?

For The Golden Rule.

IN THE LIGHT.

By Mary F. Butts.

OPEN to the sky the chill earth lies,
And so we waken to a sweet surprise
Some fair May morn. when sudden the soul thrills
At the glad sight of new-blown daffodils.

Would not each heart some lovely blossom bear
After dark days of discontent and care,
If, shutting every faithless thought away,
It caught the light of love's celestial day?

Johnson, Vt.

For The Golden Rule.

HAND TO HAND, FACE TO FACE.

Instances of Personal Work for Souls.

By Rev. Ford C. Ottman.

ON one occasion I was called to help a friend who was conducting a series of meetings in a large city. Shortly after my arrival a bell-boy brought up to my room the card of a reporter from one of the daily papers. I told him to show the gentleman up.

He came in, was kindly received, and had all his questions answered.

When he rose to go, I said to him, "Since you have interviewed me, would you have any objections to my interviewing you?"

"O, not in the least," he replied.

"Well," said I, "take a seat."

He sat down, and I asked him, "Are you a Christian?"

"No," said he, "I'm not a Christian, I'm a reporter."

I then said to him, "Being a reporter, would there be any inconsistency in your being a Christian as well?"

"It would be quite impossible for me to be a Christian," he answered.

I asked him, "Why impossible?"

"Well," said he, "for the simple reason that the man who is compelled to do the work I do can't be a Christian."

We continued the conversation for a while, when I finally said to him: "You know that we are here to preach the gospel; you are the first man I have met, and you are unsaved. I should very much like to see you saved, and God has a much deeper interest in it than I have. As a reporter you could do much good; it may be that sometime during the meetings God will have a message for you. I trust that you will think seriously about it." He promised me that he would.

For some days I saw nothing of him. One night he came to my room; it was nearly eleven o'clock; he appeared to be in deep distress. He said, "I have come to tell you something about myself."

It was a sad story. He had deserted his wife and children; they were living in a distant city. For years he had been living in sin, but now, under the discipline of the Spirit of God, he was utterly wretched.

It was long after midnight when we knelt together and he gave his heart to God. When I left the city, on a midnight train, he was the last to shake my hand and say good-by. Some time afterward, I received from him a letter of which the following is an extract:—

As to myself, perhaps you would like to know what has occurred. Well, Satan has stood out in the cold for a long time. Although he has knocked many a time, he has found the way barred. I thank God that when the stone was rolled away it was too heavy to roll back. I have sent for my dear ones, and to-night, as I write this, they are about me in a cosy home of our own, our castle and God's.

I wish I were an artist that I could draw you a picture of a home just rebuilt from the ashes of an unholy past, and held together by the bond of God's merciful love. O my friend, it is glorious! I would that you were here to see us as we are. To-morrow is Christmas, and even my tots will be denied the pleasure of a single present, for I have not a cent, except for the bare necessities of the table. However, they love me so fondly that they say if I will stay at home on my half-holiday they will be satisfied. Thus we are happy, for my dear wife says she is satisfied with just my old-time love.

I want to make one other brief quotation from this letter, which lies open before me, but before doing it I will mention another fact.

One day, during those meetings, my friend and I were in the hotel elevator. My friend said a kind word to the boy, and asked him to give his heart to God. Now for the quotation: "I am going to lead the Y. M. C. A. meeting to-morrow. J—O—, the elevator boy at the hotel where you stopped, is going with me."

Surely any one might have rendered a similar service. And is not the reward sufficiently glorious?

On one occasion I was holding a series of meetings in a certain city, and up in the gallery at my right, night after night, sat a gray-haired old man. He was evidently under deep conviction, but he would never rise when the invitation was given.

One night I pointed him out to one of the lady assistant ushers, and said to her, "To-morrow night I want you to sit near him, and when the invitation is given, ask him to rise." She protested, and declared that she could never do it, but I insisted, and the next night she took a seat just behind him.

When the invitation was given, he sat as before, unmoved. Presently I saw the lady lean forward and say something to him; in a moment more the old man rose to his feet for prayer.

I feel sure that many a decision would be made if, at the time when the plea is made, you would say some kind, encouraging word to the unconverted friend who sits beside you.

At the close of a meeting once, a young man with a very eager face came to me and said, "I never have led a soul to Jesus yet; how can I do it?"

I said: "Do you see that man just going out? He is concerned; go and speak to him."

He went after the man, brought him back, and they sat down in a pew together. The young man was a Christian Endeavorer. After a while they came up the aisle together; both faces were shining, and the Endeavorer said, "Praise the Lord, this man has given his heart to God, and this is the first soul I ever brought to Jesus."

In almost every series of meetings there are scores of cases like this. The evangelist cannot take care of them all; an earnest co-operation of Christian workers would marvellously multiply the good done.

Another very interesting case came under my observation not very long ago. A young man, who was a Christian, brought an unconverted friend to one of our meetings. The service was a very solemn one, and the young

man was very much impressed, but came to no decision. At the close of the meeting the two young fellows went together.

The young Christian was greatly concerned for his friend, and concluded that the best thing to do was to intercept me on my way home and introduce his friend. His intention remaining unsuspected, he induced his friend to walk around the block; at the street corner we met, and I was introduced.

The unconverted young man turned to his companion and said indignantly, "I believe you brought me around here on purpose to meet this man."

"Well," said I, "suppose he did; I'm not a bear."

"That may be," he replied, "but I did n't want to meet you."

I said, "Neither do you want to meet God, but some day you will have to do it." We conversed for some time longer, and when we parted he had surrendered to God. At the next communion he united with the church.

In some such way there could be given in all revival meetings a personal service that would tremendously affect the general result. A word spoken, a timely action, may usher an immortal soul into the kingdom of God. If you have had no part in a work like this, you have missed much blessedness that might have been yours.

I trust that the incidents related in this article will encourage my fellow Endeavorers to undertake this service when the opportunity offers. You may feel that you cannot do it; you are timid and diffident; you lack the moral courage; but nevertheless, try it. God has amazing strength to give you. The cost is not to be compared with the infinitely precious reward.

Newark, N. J.



For The Golden Rule.

The Wise Saving of Money.

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

Author of "Heart-Life."



THEODORE L. CUYLER.

MONEY is a large word, because it fills a large space every day in the thoughts of people both rich and poor, and because it makes a large provision for all the necessities of life. It "answereth all things"; i. e., it procures those things that none of us can do without.

The desire to get money is a universal instinct; it is a legitimate desire; there is no sin in possessing money; the real sin comes in when money *possesses*

us. It is the "love of money that is the root of all evil," because it breeds detestable selfishness, and hardens the heart toward God and our fellow men.

The Bible thunders out the most tremendous warnings against those who "will be rich," who make wealth the chief object of their desire, and tells all such that they fall into temptation and snares and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition! Jesus Christ tells us that the "deceitfulness of riches" makes a bed of thorns in the heart that strangles the seed of divine truth and cheats a man out of his salvation. All that multitude of young men who are in a mad haste to be rich, and all those young women who are intent on marrying wealth, will do well to heed old Matthew Henry's wise words, "There is a burden of care in getting riches, fear in keeping them, temptation in using them, sorrow in losing them, and a burden of account at last to be given up concerning them."

All these things being true, how should a young Christian regard money? for it is to young Christians that I am now writing.

I would answer that you should regard it just as you regard your time or your health or your talents or your influence; you should look at it as a *trust*. You are stewards of Jesus Christ for everything you have; and you ought to see his image and superscription on every dollar that you possess.

Wilful poverty that is produced by indolence or extravagance or reckless mismanagement is more than a misfortune; it is a disgrace and a sin. On the other hand, great wealth may be great wickedness when conscience has no control of the purse.

Money is power; in these days it is a prodigious power for Jesus Christ, and for human welfare. I never shall forget a remark made to me by our Christian millionaire, the late Charles Pratt, the founder of the "Pratt Institute." He said: "There is no greater humbug than the idea that the mere possession of money makes a man happy; I never got real happiness out of mine till I

began to do good with it." Yet Charles Pratt began life as a poor and industrious boy, and he never would have become the public benefactor that he was if he had not understood the wise saving and use of money.

Many a fool has made money; it is the wise man who knows how to save it and to use it.

Economy is a rather old-fashioned word, and not very popular in these days,—especially among the politicians, who get their long arms into the public treasury. Extravagance is the raging sin of the times. From the national government, which spends more than it receives, down to the farmer, who wastes more than his family eats, we are the most wasteful nation on the globe!

There is an extravagant style of living that breeds no little misery and often ends in disgrace. Some young men tell me that they cannot afford to marry because "the girls are not satisfied unless they can live in style"; whereas these young men cannot afford *not* to marry, for they are often living in secret sin. Of those who do marry, how many there are who, in their silly ambition to get "into society," refuse to live frugally, dress plainly, and reside in economical quarters! The wretched husband racks his brains for means to keep up appearances, and is tempted to rash speculations and gambling operations, in some cases to secret frauds. More than one husband has been tempted to ruin in order to gratify the foolish passion of his wife for fine equipage and fine display.

I wish that every young woman had the good sense of a lady friend of mine who received an offer of marriage from a poor, but industrious and honest, young man. He said to her, "You have a chance to marry wealth and live in style; I can offer you nothing but a good name and sincere love and quarters in a plain boarding-house." She was wise enough to discover the jewel in the "leaden casket," and accepted him. He became a prosperous merchant and an office-bearer in my church. That young couple had the courage to live above appearances, and made frugality a part of their religion.

Economy is not—or ought not to be—a matter of negatively penuriousness, but of high moral principle. You have no right to spend what you do not have, or what is not in sight. I beg you to strike for an honest independence, so that, although you wear a coarse coat, you are not ashamed to look any man in the face.

Keep out of debt as you would keep from the devil! It is the horrible slavery that drives sleep from the eyes and peace from the mind, and sometimes drives to despair and disgrace. Debt has destroyed more than one Christian character. "The borrower is *slave* to the lender."

If you learn how to save money, you will not be driven to the humiliating necessity of asking for loans—which is often a real asking for alms. I could tell tales of the

For The Golden Rule.

A QUEER HOSPITAL.

By Rev. Francis E. Clark.

Illustrated from photographs by Rev. F. E. Clark

conduct of borrowers that would make you blush for human nature. To see a Christian Endeavorer sneak over to the other side of the street to avoid meeting the person to whom he or she owes money, is not an edifying spectacle. Face hard work, face a scanty purse, face the sharpest self-denial, face anything rather than be ashamed to face any fellow creature, or even yourself when you look in a glass. "Owe no man anything but love."

Christian economy means more yet than saving up money for a rainy day. It means also saving up something for the Lord, and for benevolent uses. The great apostle commanded Christians in those days to "lay by in store on the first day of the week as God had prospered them"; and then they would be sure to have something for the cause of Christ.

Systematic beneficence is a part of healthy religion. But if you have not learned to save money, you will not be able to give it. Economy is the mother of liberality. My observation has been that those who have practised the wisest economy in their early life are commonly the most generous givers after they have become prosperous.

How are you going to save money? Are you to accomplish it only by practising a selfish stinginess? No! A skinflint is as contemptible as a spendthrift. The only way to do it is to regulate your outgo by your income. Cut down false expenses. "Flee youthful lusts" in the shape of cigars, and clubs, and all kinds of sensual indulgences. Never mortgage to-morrow to pay for to-day.

Blessed be the memory of the Rev. Henry Duncan of Scotland, the founder of the modern savings-banks! He deserves a place alongside of William Carey, the father of foreign missions, and Neal Dow, the father of the prohibition movement, and Francis E. Clark, the father of Christian Endeavor societies. When you put a dollar safely out of your reach, you enforce self-denial, and ensure future comfort when that one dollar has doubled.

Remember that your Christianity has got to be carried into your finances, as truly as into your devotions; and frugality, like cleanliness, is one of the fruits of godliness.

Brooklyn, N. Y.



For The Golden Rule.

THE HIDDEN THORN.

By Rev. George Matheson, D. D.,

Author of "Searchings in the Silence," etc.

And they departed into a desert place by ship privately.—MARK 6: 32.

If you have a desert place in your heart to which you must sometimes go, you should depart to it in a "ship, privately." No man should make a thoroughfare of his desert. Keep your grief for the private ship.

Never go into company with an abstracted mind; that is to display your desert. You have sometimes refrained from God's table of communion because your thoughts were away. You did well. Man's table of communion has the same need.

If you are bidden to a feast when you are troubled in your mind, try first whether you can carry your burden privately away. If you can, then leave the desert behind you, "anoint thy head and wash thy face, that thou appear not unto men to fast." But if you cannot, if there is no ship that can take away your burden in secret, then come not yet to the feast.

Journey not while the cloud is resting over the tabernacle. Tarry under the cloud. Watch one hour in the garden. Bury thy sorrow in the silence. Let thy heart be reconciled to thy Father, and then come to the world and offer thy gift.

O thou that hast hid thy thorn beneath a rose, steer the ship in which I conceal my burden. Thou hast gone to the feast of Cana from the fast in the wilderness; where hast thou hid the print of the nails? In love. Steer me to that burying-ground.

Let the ship, on its way to my desert, touch for an hour at the desert of my brother. Let me feel the fellowship of grief, the community of sorrow, the kindredness of pain. Let me hear the voices from other wildernesses, the sighs from other souls, the groans from other graves.

And when I come to my own landing-place and put down my hand to lift out my burden, I shall meet a wondrous surprise. It shall be there, but it shall be there half-sized. Its heaviness shall be gone, its impossibility shall have vanished. I shall lift it easily; I shall carry it lightly; I shall bury it swiftly. I shall be ready for Cana in an hour, ready for Calvary in a few moments.

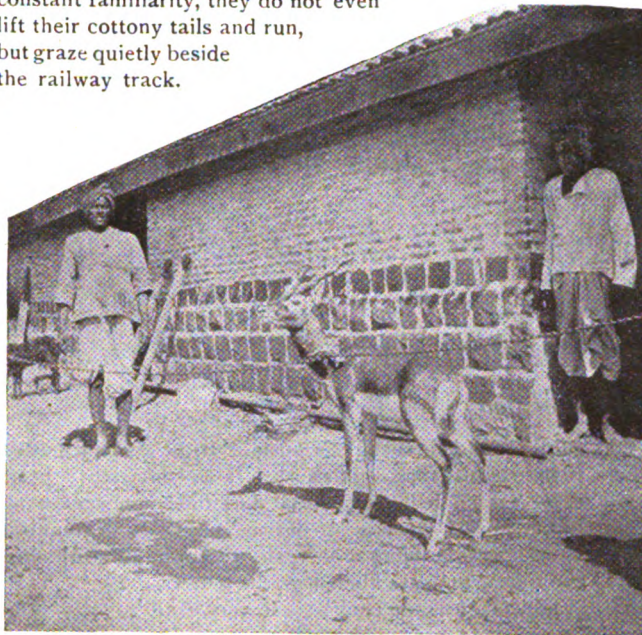
I shall go back to enter into the struggle of the multitude; and the multitude shall say, "There is no desert with Him."

Edinburgh, Scotland.

No large growth in holiness was ever gained by one who did not take time to be often and long alone with God.—Austin Phelps.

THE abundance of animal life in India is one of the things which first of all strikes the traveller. Wherever he goes, birds and beasts seem to swarm in numbers never approached in western climes. He sees not simply a few impertinent English sparrows, whose numbers can never be diminished, even by the small boy with his gun; not simply a timid and far-sighted crow here and there, which smells the hunter's gun a mile away; but such a variety and quantity of living creatures as arouse the untamed hunter's instinct at every turn.

Bright green parrots alight on the telegraph wires; herds of spotted deer scamper off into the jungle as the train approaches, or perhaps, made bold by constant familiarity, they do not even lift their cottony tails and run, but graze quietly beside the railway track.



"A PET GAZELLE," IN THE ANIMAL HOSPITAL.

Wild peacocks with extended tails, on every feather a brilliant painted eye, stalk lazily over the stubble fields as the train whizzes past. Monkeys chatter in the branches of the banyan-trees, and perform acrobatic feats for the amusement of the passer-by.

The great reason, I suppose, for the superabundance of animal life in India is that the country is largely inhabited by vegetarians. The great majority of the people in India, after centuries of training, have come to regard the eating of meat with horror and disgust; and the lusty beef-eaters who live in the land of John Bull or Brother Jonathan are regarded by many of the mild-eyed Hindoos with a peculiar loathing.

One result of this reverence for animal life has been the establishment in all the large cities of India of hospitals for aged and infirm animals. Here the lame, halt, and blind of the animal kingdom are gathered together. Raw-boned oxen that have been overworked and half starved are here tenderly cared for until they die.

Spavined and wind-galled horses are here collected from their cruel owners. Mangy dogs and half-starved Thomas cats; animals big and little, wild and tame, here form a happy family in the strangest menagerie that was ever seen. These queer hospitals are often very largely endowed by rich Hindoos, who are supposed thus to please their benign deities and gain an easy entrance into heaven.

It is even said that some of the stricter Hindoos carry their reverence for animal life so far that they will not disturb a mosquito at his evening meal, or interfere with certain creatures that are not mentioned in polite society or numbered in the census, when they are foraging for their daily blood pudding.

It is gravely asserted that in one city a man is hired for a small salary to furnish meat and drink for the fleas that are turned loose upon him, and that he not only earns his daily bread in this way, but cultivates the grace of patience at the same time.

This regard for animals, many of which are supposed to be incarnations of some special deity, is particularly shown at some of the famous temples of India. For instance, when on a recent Christian Endeavor pilgrimage to Benares, I visited in the intervals between the meetings the famous Monkey Temple. Swarms of little grinning parodies of men surrounded me as soon as I set foot within the sacred

precincts. Some large apes, aged and sedate, would ask in a dignified way for the cakes and parched corn which every visitor is supposed to bring them. But at the same time a score of little fellows, younger and less dignified, would jump down upon their aged relatives and filch the tidbits out from under their very eyes.

The precincts of this temple, with its hideous goddess grinning behind a screen within the holy of holies, also swarmed with other kinds of animals, gathering for the sake of receiving the crumbs that fell from the monkeys' tables. Black and white goats nosed about with a confidence of familiarity. Mongrel curs dogged our heels. Gray and black ravens perched upon the haunches of the goats, that they might get their share of good things; and altogether it was a zoological garden of tame animals such as I never saw before.

"What the monkeys are to Vishnu, the sacred zebu is to Siva," we are told; "and so the cow and bull are the objects of special worship to the Hindoos; their slaughter is a terrible crime, and to eat their flesh is loss of caste in this world and far worse in the world to come. It is a most meritorious act to dedicate bulls and cows to Siva, and to multiply around the god the living images of Nandi, the divine steed. These animals are always numerous in places sacred to this god, where they live in perfect freedom, pampered and fed by pious devotees, who tempt their appetites with dainties put out on the door-step in a pot, and let them wander unchecked into any shop they fancy, to help themselves to any grain or vegetables for which their souls may lust."

In contrast to this care and regard for animal life on the part of the heathen Hindoo, the cruelty of the brutal Anglo-Saxon is sometimes brought out in hideous contrast. For instance, on a recent journey through Central India, there were on the same train with myself some private soldiers, who were taking the same long journey of twenty-four hours. For a time they beguiled the tedium of the way by coaxing to their compartment in the train every poor, mangy dog which they could induce to come near them with a chicken-bone or a piece of bread. Then, when the dog got within striking distance, with a heavy hockey stick they would hit him with all their might over the back or legs. I saw them break the back of one poor dog and the leg of another that went off crying with a most pitiable "ki-i-i." By this time I thought it was time to interfere, and, as few people travel in this part of India except government officials and military officers, I knew that "Tommy Atkins" would take me for one of his superior officers. So, putting my head into the compartment where the four human brutes were seated, I said to them: "You are the most cruel and cowardly men I've ever seen in my life, to beat the poor dogs in this way. If I know of your doing anything more of this sort on this journey, I will report you to the general in command at Agra." It is needless to say that these particular "Tommies" were cowardly as well as brutal. They said not a word, but slunk into a corner of



A DISCOURAGED ECCA HORSE, THAT OUGHT TO BE SENT TO THE HOSPITAL.

the compartment, and I heard no more yelping dogs that day.

In the same compartment with me on that journey were some high-caste Brahmans, who were equally