

"BE THOU FOR THE PEOPLE TO GODWARD."

EXODUS. 18-19.

Christian Nation

A JOURNAL OF ENLIGHTENED STATESMANSHIP,
SOUND PUBLIC MORALS, CHOICE LITERATURE & GENERAL INFORMATION.

Conducted by JOHN W. PRITCHARD, Tribune Building, N. Y.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1884, by John W. Pritchard, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

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—God, who is the source of all authority, has appointed our Lord Jesus Christ the Ruler of Nations. The Bible, God's revealed Will, contains law for Nations, and is the standard by which all moral issues in political life are to be decided. National acknowledgment of this authority, and obedience to this law, constitute a truly Christian Nation.

ANOTHER new and what we are sure will prove very valuable feature is this week begun in our pages, viz.: a "Teachers' Round Table." In presenting the matter to our readers Miss E. J. Crothers, who will edit the Department, invites teachers "to be present at these conferences, and not only 'mark, learn and inwardly digest' the good things said, but also contribute statements in regard to the work in their own classes and schools. Questions asked concerning the Lessons, methods of instruction, management, entertainments, etc., will likewise be in order."

THERE are some men who have the knack of picking up a good deal of interesting and valuable information as they travel hurriedly from place to place; and prominent among

such is the Rev. S. J. Crowe, whose communication in this number entitled "Dark Days Recalled," will flood many minds with recollections of a time when our land was passing through sacrificial fires. And his words are the adding of "line upon line" of warning to us as a nation to cleanse ourselves of other abominations which we yet protect and encourage.

ONLY those who have eyes and see not can fail to observe the hand of God in all public calamities, such for instance as the hard times which have seriously afflicted our nation. God has given law for nations, and has said that the nation that will not obey this law must utterly perish. What wonder, then, that a nation that has wilfully, flagrantly and persistently violated every precept of the Decalogue should experience hard times. The way of the transgressor is hard. An article logically tracing out this whole matter, from cause to effect, and urging the only remedy, we gladly publish in this issue, from the pen of Prof. D. B. Willson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Theological Seminary, Allegheny, Penn.

THE *National Republican* of Washington, D. C., recently published the following notice of the Sabbath-school teachers' class conducted in that city by one of our Lesson writers, Mr. Joseph Bowes: "The class of Sabbath-school teachers held at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association for the study of the International Sabbath-school lesson bids fair to rival the celebrated classes of the same kind held in Boston, New-York and Brooklyn, under Meredith, Crosby and Pentecost. This class is held every Saturday evening at six o'clock, and is in charge of Mr. Joseph Bowes. The attendance is so large as to tax the seating capacity of the spacious parlors, and many have to content themselves with standing, and are contented even with that, so valuable is the help given them in their preparation to meet their classes on the Sabbath."

THE eagerness with which every opportunity is seized to attempt to prove that goodness of life is not necessarily associated with the Christian religion, is again seen in the wide-

spread publicity given to the gratuitous assertion of a reporter that the philanthropist, Andrew Carnegie, was a believer in modern Socialism. Mr. Carnegie's real language, which has been so viciously and villainously distorted, was that he believed "that the idea of the common brotherhood of men was the grandest conceivable; that it goes back to Christ, and is part of his teachings; but modern Socialism would set back the hand of time upon the dial of progress. If the Socialist's idea regarding the division and distribution of wealth were carried out at seven o'clock in the morning, it would return to its original possessors before night, and the Socialist would be again in the gutter. The equalization of wealth instead of being a remedy would be an aggravation of evils. The natural forces for the acquisition as well as the distribution of wealth must be left free to act." Modern Socialists are very welcome to all the comfort they can strain from Mr. Carnegie's definition of the "brotherhood of men."

WE have on more than one occasion referred to the Government's meagre supply of food for the Piegan Indians, and the consequent starving of hundreds of them, but it has never until now been made plain just where the blame should rest. Prof. C. C. Painter, of Great Barrington, Mass., in behalf of the Indian Rights Association, has published an open letter to the Hon. E. John Ellis, Chairman of the Sub-Committee on Indian Appropriations; in which he charges Mr. Ellis with having knowingly and wilfully cut down the appropriations asked for, remarking that "the Indian seems to have too many friends." Evidently, Mr. Ellis is not one of them. Upon Mr. Ellis, therefore, according to Mr. Painter, rests the responsibility of having starved fully four hundred persons for whose support and care he was the Government's agent; and not this only, but for the other and still more horrible fact that, in order to save themselves from starvation, the Indians at Fort Belknap took "their wives and daughters, even little girls, and prostituted them to the whites for money with which to purchase food." Mr. Ellis has at last moved for an additional appropriation of fifty thousand dollars for the temporary re-

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

JAMIE DOUGLASS.

'Twas in the days when Claverhouse
Was scouring moor and glen,
To change with fire and bloody sword
The faith of Scottish men—
Who'd make a covenant with the Lord
Firm in their faith to bide,
Nor break to him their plighted word,
Whatever might betide.

The sun was well-nigh setting,
When o'er the heather wild
And up the narrow mountain path
Alone there walked a child.
He was a bonnie, blithesome lad,
Sturdy and strong of limb—
A father's pride, a mother's love,
Were fast bound up in him.

His bright blue eye glanced fearless round,
His step was firm and light;
What was it underneath his plaid,
His little hands grasped tight?
'Twas bannocks, which that very morn
His mother made with care
From out her scanty store of meal,
And now, with many a prayer,

Had sent by Jamie, her one boy—
A trusty lad and brave—
To good old Pastor Thomas Roy,
Hid now in yon dark cave,
For whom the bloody Claverhouse
Had hunted long in vain,
And sworn he'd never leave that glen
Till old Tam Roy was slain.

So Jamie Douglass went his way,
With heart that knew no fear;
He turned the great curve in the rock,
Nor dreamed that death was near.
And there were Claverhouse's men,
Who laughed aloud in glee
When, trembling now, within their power,
The frightened child they see.

He turns to flee; but all in vain;
They drag him back apace,
To where their cruel leader stands,
And set them face to face.
The cakes, concealed beneath his plaid,
Soon tell the story plain;
" 'Tis old Tam Roy the cakes are for!"
Exclaims the angry man.

"Now guide me to his hiding place,
And I will let you go."
But Jamie shook his yellow curls
And stoutly answered, "No!"
"I'll drop you down yon mountain's side,
And there upon the stones,
The old gaunt wolf and carrion crow
Shall battle for your bones."

Then in his brawny, strong right hand
He lifted up the child,
And held him where the cleft rock frowned,
A chasm deep and wild—
So deep it is the trees below
Like stunted bushes seem.
Poor Jamie looked in frightful maze;
It seemed some horrid dream.

He looked up to the sky above,
Then on the men near by—
Had they no little boys at home,
That they could let him die?
But no one spoke, and no one stirred,
Nor lifted hand to save
From such a fearful, frightful death
The little lad so brave.

" 'Tis woeful deep," he shuddering cried
"But oh! I canna tell,
So drop me down then, if you will;
'Tis nae sae deep as Hell."
A childish scream, a faint, dull sound,
O Jamie Douglass true!
Long, long within the lonely cave
Shall Tam Roy wait for you!

Long for your welcome coming waits
The mother on the moor,
And stands and calls, "Come, Jamie, lad!"
Through the half-opened door.
No more adown the rocky path.
You'll come with fearless tread,
Nor over moor and mountain take
The good man daily bread.

But up in heaven the shining ones
A wondrous story tell,
Of a child snatched up from a rocky gulf
That's nae sae deep as Hell.
And there, before the great white throne,
Forever blest and glad,
His mother dear and old Tam Roy
Shall meet their bonnie lad.

—K. A. Peters.

(WRITTEN FOR THE CHRISTIAN NATION).

A FEARFUL NIGHT.

REV. J. C. M'FEETERS, BURRELL, PENN.

"Now we will hear more about the poor Christians, who were driven from their homes in Piedmont," said Harry. The day's work was finished. Evening had flung her shades over the earth. The frosts and blasts of winter were scorned by the glowing comforts of the sitting room. The household were gathered in a circle for the domestic pleasantries that fill the lamp-light hours between work and rest.

Yes, Harry, we will talk a little of the noble men and women who forsook their homes rather than their God. The day of their flight was to them most dreary. The struggling, surging crowds were most pitiable to witness. They had left their warm houses to go they knew not where. But they had to go somewhere, or be struck down by cruel soldiers who hated them, and would be glad to kill them. This family was large. A father and mother and six children. Also a grandmother, who was tottering with old age. One of the little girls had a fever. But they must all wrap up and venture on that dreadful journey. That family was small. Just a faithful daughter, with her frail father and mother, whom she cared for night and day with most tender kindness. But she must now fix their garments upon them, and start them out into the storm. Yon house was the residence of a couple who were married but a fortnight ago. They had settled down with the blessings of friends upon them, and had entered into the joys of home. But they must depart. The husband must see his fair prospects vanish; the bride must baptize her hearth with tears, and forever leave it. Thus all the people moved out of their country on that terrible day. What a scene for the angels to witness. All over that district, the people were hurrying.

"And did they all go together?" asked Harry.

They were scattered when they started. Their homes were over the entire valleys. They were far apart. But the people all faced in one direction. They all went northward. They seemed like a wave of human life, rolling in the one direction. But it was not an unbroken wave. The wicked army of Romanists met them here and there, and terribly wasted their numbers. And the storm beat down their feeble ones. Here an old grandfather would give out, and lie down. But he had to lie on the snow, and a faithful son would stay with him. They would soon be left behind. A band of plunderers would spring upon them, and they would be seen by their friends no more. And there a mother with her tender babe would be compelled to stop. She had no strength to go farther.

They would soon die. Thus a great many fell away from the moving masses, and were heard of no more. Such breaking up of families was most distressing.

"I think I could never endure that," said little Lily. "Would it not have been better for them to have become Catholics and have lived at home?"

My little girl, you are very tender. You feel badly for these dear people of God. But what they did was best for them to do, under the circumstances, and the best thing for any person to do, when in the same condition. But you will not likely ever have to suffer, for Christ's sake, what these servants of God endured. We live in a land where we can worship God according to his commandments. And if anybody would try to hinder us, there are fifty millions of people pledged to protect us in our rights. So you see we are not in danger, and, therefore, we should serve God with the more heart, and highest earnestness. These worthy witnesses of Christ could not leave their own church, and unite with the Papal communion, without departing from Christ. Had they done it, they would have saved their lives, but lost his favor. They might have saved their homes, but lost heaven. Which is best to keep, our life, or God's love?

"God's love, every time," said Harry.

Which is best to keep, our home, or heaven?

"Heaven, heaven," exclaimed Lily.

These people were wise in choosing their course of action. They knew it was better to suffer a while in this world, than forever in the next world.

"And had they no friends on earth at all?" asked Harry.

They had many friends. But the friends were afar off. Mountains were across their way. Up in Switzerland, and in Germany, were thousands of godly people. These would be very kind to them if they could. But they did not as yet hear of the distress.

"I wish I had lived on that road which they came on," said Lily. "How I would have opened the door and invited the freezing strangers to come in and warm. And I would have given them a good supper. Wouldn't they be glad?"

They would have been glad to find kindness in the midst of such cruelty, I am certain. But instead of warm and hospitable entertainments they had a dreadful night. They fled as far as they could. Then darkness fell upon them. But they were not out of their own country yet. And murderous bands were hovering all around. They ate some cold provisions which they had brought along. The bravest of the men stood as guards. A few fires were kindled. The old had need of heat on that memorable night. And the little children must die if not revived from the chills that were freezing their blood. However dangerous, they had to make a few great fires on the sides of the mountains, where they stopped for the dawn of another day. But many were missing. Hardly one family was there in full. A mother was gone, or a father, or a son, or a daughter. Could you have seen those sorrowful companies huddling together

near the confines of Switzerland that night, your heart would have been melted. The sight was most affecting. They were shivering with the cold. They were weeping over the loss of dear ones. They were heart-broken with the ruin of their native land. They were uncertain of relief and comfort ahead.

"How glad I am that we have no such nights to spend," spake Harry, as he felt that he was almost one of those out on the dreary mountain side.

How glad we should be for a quiet home. We are warm when the winter hurls its storms down upon our roof. We can sleep soundly when the rains pelt against the windows. We are safe night and day. The Lord has given us a land where comforts are showered, and life is fortified. The next morning came. The sufferers did not all awake. Some of them had slept the sleep of death. The survivors were cold and weak. Their slumbers, if they found any, were far from refreshing. They could only take their leave of the dead who still lay over their encamping ground. It was a sad farewell. The snow was their winding sheet. And their sepulcher was in the bosom of the drifts. But of those who lived, we have not heard that one ever murmured against God. They did not even yet think their religion was at too great a price. They thought now as ever, that it was better to serve God at every sacrifice than serve the devil, and have the greatest ease and the grandest homes. They lived for heaven, not for earth; for glory, not for pleasure. The bitter cold morning finds them with their faces still toward the North. Another day's hard travel and they hope to find friends.

"I do hope they will," said Lily, with a wistful look.

But we must leave them at present, and will try to follow with them on the next evening.

WHAT KEPT THEM ALIVE.

"Why did the survivors survive?" This question was addressed by a friend of the *companion* to Sergeant Fredericks, one of the six men of the Greely expedition who lived to return home. He had just been to visit his family and friends in Ohio, and looked the ideal survivor; ruddy and robust, packed full of muscle.

He looked puzzled at the question, and so our friend explained a little.

"What I mean," said the questioner, "is this. There were twenty-five of you, all picked men, and you were all subjected to the same hardships. You had about an equal chance for your lives. Why were you six the survivors?"

The sergeant sat silent, as if thinking the matter over. Then he said, "It was our *minds* that did it. We kept up our spirits. We wouldn't give in, but kept talking and telling cheerful stories, and making believe that we had no doubt about our rescue."

That was a very good account of the matter so far as it went, but it did not explain why those six were better able than the rest to keep up their spirits. A few days later, the same friend had the great pleasure of conversing

with Major Greely himself, to whom he proposed a similar question.

"What kept you up, Major Greely?" (He is major by brevet, and army etiquette requires that he should be called by his brevet title.) "You are not stronger than the other men, and you had already seen a good deal of hard service. Why did you pull through when stronger men gave out?"

The answer of Major Greely in substance was this: "It was the feeling of responsibility that sustained me. I felt that I *had* to live anyhow. I felt that I must stand by the men and fulfil the object of the expedition. A hundred times I should have been glad to die, so acute were my sufferings, but in fact I had too many things to attend to."

This was Major Greely's view of the matter. Some days later, our friend read in the *Boston Journal* another explanation much more simple if less romantic. "Of the nineteen men who perished," said the *Journal*, "all but one were smokers, and that one was the last to die. The survivors were non-smoking men."

The *Companion* would be rejoiced to be able to believe this clean cut and highly effective statement, because we are opposed, and have been from the beginning, to the use of tobacco in all its forms. Upon referring to Major Greely, we find that the paragraph, though not exactly true, yet contains a great deal of truth.

Of the six who lived to see their country again, all were men of the most strictly temperate habits in every particular. Four of them never use tobacco. The two others would sometimes, on festive occasions, to oblige friends, smoke a cigarette or a part of a cigar. They took no tobacco with them among their private stores, and cared nothing for it.

Of the nineteen who perished, the large majority were users of tobacco, some in moderation, some to excess. The first man to die was one who had been in former years a hard drinker, and there is reason to believe that the deaths of several others were hastened by previous habits of excess.

We do not doubt that the non-smokers and non-chewers on this expedition had a positive and very great advantage over their comrades, because tobacco acts as a stimulant upon the digestive powers, and it is the nature of stimulants first to excite, and then to weaken. The excitement is temporary; the weakening is permanent.

Every one must have noticed how uncomfortable a smoker is after dinner until he begins to smoke. The reason is that the languid digestive powers (made languid by frequent stimulation) are awaiting to be roused to exertion by the accustomed stimulant. We have not the slightest doubt that men subjected to just such a trial, having to subsist upon shrimps and seal-skin, would die about in the order of the strength of their digestive organs.

The sum of the matter is that *all* the virtues, mental and moral, tend to strengthen our hold upon life, and all the vices to lessen it.

We add an anecdote related by Sergeant Fredericks. Three weeks before the rescue, Major Greely, observing that his hands were

swollen, removed from his finger with great difficulty a ring given him by his wife on his wedding-day, and wrapped it in a little piece of paper with his will and a lock of his hair. He did this, as he remarked, to save the men who should find him, the trouble of cutting off his finger. The little parcel he put in his pocket.

Three more weeks brought him to the anniversary of his wedding-day, June 20, when they all lay in their tent at death's door. He celebrated the occasion by putting on his ring, although he could only succeed in getting it about half-way down to the second joint. He said to the sergeant,—

"Fredericks, this is my wedding-day, and you see I have put my ring on again. I do it, believing that it will bring us all as good luck as it brought me six years ago to-day."

In forty-eight hours the rescuing party arrived.—*Youth's Companion*.

LIGHTER READING.

THE boy who to his mother says,
As he the pantry passes,
And sights the tempting syrup-cup,
"Oh, gimme some molasses!"
Advanced to riper years, still cries,
When wearied from his classes,
And lounging at some watering place,
"Oh, give me summer lasses."

—*Chicago Sun*.

—"John," said a millionaire to his son, "I have just willed you my property, and made B— and R— trustees." "That will never do. I can suggest an improvement." "What?" "Make them your heirs, and appoint me trustee."—[*Somerville Journal*].

—He (solemnly): "You had a very narrow escape last night, Miss Julia." She: "Mercy, what do you mean?" He: "Well, you see, I had a dream about you. I thought I was about to kiss you, when the Chinaman rapped at the door, and I woke up." She (after a pause): "The Chinese must go." [Only the intimate friends of the family invited.]

TAKEN FROM OTHER JOURNALS.

PROGRESS OF DRUNKENNESS IN GERMANY.

Germany is becoming alarmed, as well she may be, on account of the rapid progress and terrible ravages of intemperance among the people. The Government, realizing that something must be done to arrest the overflowing scourge, is seeking by some means to restrain the sale of liquor to a certain extent. The wonder is not that such action is contemplated, but that it has been so long delayed. The "hideous plague" of drunkenness must be arrested or it will ruin the nation. According to the *Cologne Gazette* not less than 10,000 persons perish wretchedly in the horrors of *delirium tremens* every year in Germany. There are 11,000 saloons in Berlin. In Prussia the average quantity of beer annually consumed is from twenty to twenty-five gallons per capita, and of ardent spirits about three gallons. In 1869 there were 120,000 saloons in Prussia.

In 1880 there were 165,000, or about one for every ninety-two inhabitants. Of the crimes committed in Prussia during the last five years, forty-one per cent. were committed