

"BE THOU FOR THE PEOPLE TO GODWARD."

EXODUS. 18-19.

Christian Nation

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SOUND PUBLIC MORALS, CHOICE LITERATURE & GENERAL INFORMATION.

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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.

ADVOCATES of the moderate use of wine as a beverage will not find any comfort in reading Mr. W. T. McConnell's criticisms of a critic, published this week; but this journal is not published to give comfort to such people. And although Mr. McConnell's article is published in the Department of "What Others Think," we gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity to say that his thoughts have our fullest endorsement. We believe in the largest liberty of Biblical interpretation consistent with the fundamental principles of Christianity, but we must protest against the abuse of that liberty that attempts to destroy the perfection of the character of Jesus Christ.

WE cheerfully comply with a very kind request from Mary B. Willard, editor of the *Union Signal*, to say that the splendid selec-

tion published by us last week entitled "Burned in Effigy," by Persis Lemon Christian, was written for and originally published in Miss Willard's excellent journal; and which, by the way, began the new year in a new dress and improved "make-up," although its former appearance was to our mind all that could be desired. We think it a privilege to be permitted to commend the *Union Signal*: it declares "the whole counsel of God" on the temperance question with an ability and faithfulness that we greatly admire, and that must be of immeasurable value in cheering and aiding the vast army of consecrated women Christian temperance evangelists known as the W. C. T. U.

WHEN we read from day to day about the St. John controversy—the Republican party against one man, and he a little one—we feel like asking, as the boys do of a big braggart when he attacks a small boy, Why don't you take some one of your own size? The only reason we do not ask this question is, that really we are not quite certain but that the Republicans halt in their attack because they fear St. John is *too big for them!* For several weeks they have been asserting what terrible things they have the proof of about St. John, he keeps on inviting, aye, challenging them to produce the proofs, and yet they are not produced. There is a very homely phrase—borrowed from the vernacular of the worldly—which aptly applies to Republicans at this time. It is this: "Put up or shut up!"

"THE FOUNDATION OF DEATH."

Axel Gustafson has recently published a very valuable work with the above title, in which he makes a study of the drink question in England, but the drink question is the same everywhere, and a study of it in England contains valuable information for temperance workers in America.

The drink question is the rock on which the Republican party was wrecked in the recent election, all opinions concerning rainy days, the unmeant truth of Dr. Burchard, the "Belshazzar feast," etc., to the contrary notwithstanding. The agitation of this question is therefore very naturally deprecated by the Republican

managers, who are proving themselves "wise as serpents" and harmless as dragons. Their only hope of repairing their political ship for future voyages on other rivers than the one called Salt, is to prevent the agitation of the drink question, and so they are doing their best to take the public mind off the demijohn by centering it on St. John. This is the object of the St. John controversy, and just as long as bluff and evasion will hold public attention, they will keep it up, and substitute something else when that is ended.

We very much regret that temperance and other reform journals are giving so much space and effort to the matter, for in doing so they are helping shrewd Republican managers to divert attention from the real issue, and are wasting precious time that should be given to intelligent advocacy of principles, and effective organization.

We quote from a well written review of Mr. Gustafson's work:

"There can be no doubt that the drink question is stirring the hearts of the thoughtful all over the world as never before. The modern enthusiasm of research which carries its inquests to the bottom of all obscure, difficult and complex subjects, is here in co-operation with the quickened modern conscience which cannot accept as a necessary condition of any civilization worth the having the evil and the suffering which permeate society, and are the most conspicuous manifestations in its lower strata. The development of the present phase of thought on the question has been gradual. A century ago drink was regarded as an unmistakable good, of which there could hardly be too much. From the statesman to the laborer all drank and most drank heavily. Drunkenness was no disgrace even to the clergy, a few years farther back, and nobody expected their pastors to be abstainers. With the spread of knowledge, the increase of comfort in living, and the growth of higher ambitions, that gross phase disappeared. During the last half century the feeling that there might be something in temperance has been spreading. At first the advocates of total abstinence were laughed at. Then they were sneered at as fanatics. But as the years

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

MAKE YOUR MOTHER HAPPY.

Children, make your mother happy :
Make her sing instead of sigh ;
For the mournful hour of parting
May be very, very nigh.

Children, make your mother happy,
Many griefs has she to bear ;
And she wears 'neath her burdens :
Can you not these burdens share ?

Children, make your mother happy ;
Prompt obedience cheers the heart ;
While a wilful disobedience
Pierces like a poisoned dart.

Children, make your mother happy ;
On her brow the lines of care
Deepen daily, don't you see them ?
While your own are smooth and fair.

Children, make your mother happy ;
For beneath the coffin-lid
All too soon her face, so saint-like,
Shall forevermore be hid.

—Herald and Presbyterian.

HOMES FOR THE HOMELESS.

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

The Christians of Piedmont moved slowly away from their halting place. They still braved the storms with what strength they had. The roads leading into Switzerland were crowded with them.

"O how glad I shall be if they do not have to stay out another night like the last," said little Lily.

Those who lived farthest away had to stay out two or three more nights. But many were favored with friendly shelter before darkness came with its double cold and double dangers. Soon as they had crossed the borders they were on safe territory. Switzerland was a Protestant country. With open arms and open doors the inhabitants received them. But for quite a distance inland they were without a sufficiency. Each hunter gave them the comforts which his rude hut would afford. Every shepherd took them into his cottage. But the multitude of strangers was too great to find much relief in the rural districts, and among the thinly-settled mountains.

"But they would surely feel glad to be once more among friends," interrupted Harry.

Glad, very glad. Though their losses were great, and their sorrows most crushing, yet they now could breathe freely. The terrors of their great distress were over. And yet their relief from harassing foes and distracting fears only left them better able to comprehend the frightful situation. Hitherto they were partially insensible. The stroke was swift and awful. It stunned. And now they were reviving to a consciousness. They would feel their griefs far more, when they had respite to sit down and quietly think.

"And did they just live there?" asked Lily.

No, they went farther on. The noble people of this country were very kind, and they felt they should do all they could to make the strangers happy. So some of them hastened fast as they could to their great city called Geneva. They reported there the woeful distress which they had seen. The whole city was in commotion. The people were Protes-

tants and very hospitable. And when they heard of the calamity which had befallen the inhabitants of Piedmont they mourned greatly. The officials of the city called upon the citizens to fast before God, and plead for his mercy upon the homeless.

"I expect they had a warm reception in that town," said Harry, by way of anticipation.

Thither they were coming. The fore-runners had prepared the way. The people of the city made preparation for their entertainers. Some were sent out to meet the sufferers. These relief companies did a noble work. They brought provisions which strengthened the hungry. They placed the sick upon horses and such vehicles as they then had. They supported the aged and feeble. None from the place where they met were left by the wayside. How thankful must have been these forlorn travelers to see all their company brought right along. Until this time many had fallen along the route. They could not be saved. The dearest of friends had to part under the most grievous trials; and the living with bleeding affections were driven away from their beloved dead, leaving them unburied.

"I would have been in that crowd of helpers if I had lived at Geneva," said Harry.

But the day may have been too cold for such boys as you. These were hardy brave men; and they did a most worthy work. But they did not do all that was done. Many were hurrying to and fro on the highways that were traveled by the refugees. It is told that some are within a few miles. Others are scattered in the rear for many miles. The women who remained at home were baking and cooking. The boys were carrying in fuel to make good fires. The girls were arranging the house for visitors. All were busy. At length the expected strangers began to straggle into town.

"I wish I could have seen them," said Lily.

"How I would have shouted welcome," exclaimed Harry.

Many were the eyes that gazed upon them, and many were the tears that flowed from those eyes. Many were the cries of welcome, and many were the warm hands that clasped the cold frost-bitten hands of the weary wanderers. One man led a group up into his home and seated them beside a large glowing fire. Another man did the same. And another after the same manner. For hours the stream of haggard men and women poured into the city. And as they came they were escorted into the bosom of those hospitable families.

"They would now almost forget their hardships, being loaded with so many kindnesses," said Harry.

No, they could not forget. Many little boys were without their mothers. Many little girls were without their brothers. Great and painful changes occurred since they left home. This kindness did much good; but it did not heal their wounds. As they warmed by the fires in the comfortable homes of Geneva, the wife would come at intervals and speak a word

of cheer, and the children would nestle around those whom their mothers had talked so kindly about. And the father listened to their tale of woe, which could be told only in broken accents, so heavily did it press upon their hearts. Soon as they were sufficiently warm, they were seated at the family table. It was abundantly furnished. They began to feel as if they were in Piedmont at home. But the remembrance of the crushing agony cast its shadow over their joys.

"Oh, how good the people of that town must have been," said Lily.

They were good indeed. But this is only what God requires all his people to do. When we can relieve the distressed we should. And if we do not when we can, then God will hold us guilty of a great crime. Prolonging distress is almost as bad as causing it. If these people had sent the poor Piedmontese away without relief, they would have prolonged their sorrows. And they would have been classed with the cruel Papists in crushing that desolate country. If we do not help the miserable when we can, we are cruel. They had as much comfort that night as was possible under the circumstances. They were treated as the guests of Geneva. What rest they enjoyed! What tranquility! What thoughts of gratitude and peace! The steel-edged air, or the swirling winds were unheeded, as they shared in the luxuries of Geneva. No doubt many songs went heavenward, and many prayers to God that night.

"And did these new people stay here?" inquired Harry.

They staid for a short time. They were disheartened. They were weak. Some were sick. Some were wounded. And they could not go away for a while.

"But where would they go if they did leave the nice houses at which they were stopping?" asked Lily.

They had no place to go, so the men of this city helped them to find work. Gave them considerable money. Assisted them to buy some land, and build little cots. And soon they were settled down in that country and had their own homes.

"Did all the good men and women driven from their homes come to this city?" said Harry.

Not all. There were friends elsewhere. Some went to Germany. Some to otherlands where Protestants lived. And all fared nearly as well as these. For great indignation was aroused against the Romanists who did the horrid work. This indignation flamed in the bosom of every Protestant prince. And sympathy was awakened for the outcasts. And wherever they found the fearers of God, they found a home. But this is not all. They went back to their own valleys that same year.

"Good, good," exclaimed Lily.

We will tell of this some other time.

BRAMBLES

"Now, I s'pose I'll jus' have to stand still!"
What a quaint little fellow Johnnie Lovell looked as he said these words to himself. One