

# THE GOLDEN RULE

FOR CHRIST AND THE CHURCH

Thursday, April 29, 1897

## Lives of Purpose.

A Message to All Christian Endeavorers.

By Rev. Henry Van Dyke, D. D.,

Pastor of the "Brick" Presbyterian Church, New York City.



REV. HENRY VAN DYKE, D. D.

"Neither be ye of doubtful mind," said Christ to his disciples. The word describes the tossing and veering of a ship that is at the mercy of wind and wave; a miserable condition for a soul to be in. The opposite and happy state of mind is to have a goal, an aim, a course in life, and to hold to it without swerving. What we need is not a new compass every year, but a new determination to steer straight by the old compass, which is the word of God in Christ.

Vol. XI. No. 31.

BOSTON & CHICAGO

Topics for May 16

# THE GOLDEN RULE

FRANCIS E. CLARK, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITOR,  
ARTHUR W. KELLY

MANAGING EDITOR,  
AMOS R. WELLS

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS,  
"PANSY" (MRS. G. RALDEN),  
MRS. F. E. CLARK

Copyright, 1897, by The Golden Rule Company.

Vol. XI. No. 31

Boston and Chicago

April 29, 1897

## Golden Rule Proverbs.

Work works wonders.  
The temperate tongue triumphs.  
They serve God who master self.  
Righteousness needs no interpreter.  
Culture never tries to appear cultured.  
Better a great message than a high pulpit.  
To do great deeds, first dream great dreams.  
We must speak with God before we can speak for God.

\*\*\*\*

## AS WE SEE THINGS.

*The Wine and Spirit Review*—an English liquor-dealers' organ—is leading a movement in opposition to the extending of the suffrage to women. Wonder why.

A WOMAN'S club in Brooklyn held an exhibit this spring, and the especial feature was a collection of much admired hats and bonnets; and every one of them was birdless.

A SLY paragrapher declares that the X-ray has been used by the queen of Portugal to prove to the ladies of her court how tight-lacing is distorting their bones and vital organs. It is just as well to locate such an event some distance away.

A NEW and most thorough translation of the Scriptures is now in progress. The scholars that have undertaken it will first revise the Hebrew text and then translate from that revision. That looks as if the old Book were still pretty much alive.

LIEUTENANT PEARY says that with a quarter of a million dollars he could establish a colony of Eskimos within 350 miles from the pole, and so accomplish the great discovery. But first let some one offer that sum to the man that can tell of what use the discovery would be after it was made.

IN at least a dozen London churches Edward Bellamy's idea is carried out, and the sermons are transmitted by telephone to the sick and to others that cannot go to church. Soon our preachers are likely, instead of confronting the traditional "sea of faces," to confront nothing more inspiring than a diaphragm and a switchboard.

SAN FRANCISCO is not behind the other cities that have entertained Christian Endeavor Conventions in the need it presents for such an aggressive Christian testimony as a Christian Endeavor convention affords. For its 300,000 inhabitants it has 3,260 licensed saloons. They would reach, says *The Voice*, nearly sixteen miles—"one unbroken, bibulous, beery boulevard."

ONE of the greatest works of faith ever carried on in the world, and one of the most conclusive proofs of the power of prayer, is the labor of George Müller, of England. For sixty-five years now he has carried on his great orphanages without asking for a cent, simply relying upon God. More than \$7,000,000 have come to him for the prosecution of his gigantic enterprises.

THE Connecticut legislator that wanted all the acts of the legislature translated into foreign languages, that they might be read by those citizens from over the seas that do not care to learn the tongue into whose country they have been naturalized, might go a short step further and provide an officer for each foreign language, whose duty it would be to explain these laws to his compatriots after they have heard them read.

THE nation needs not only better politicians, but better merchants. This government loses twenty-five million dollars every year through the undervaluation of imports by the merchants of America. These men would count it an insult to be told flatly that they have actually robbed the people of this enormous sum, but such is the

fact, nevertheless. If society had to make a choice between two thieves, the ragged one who steals a loaf of bread and the opulent one who by "sharp" business practices defrauds the public, it would do well to choose the former.

IN Massachusetts is a strict law against the cruel and barbarous practice of cutting off the tails of horses. The penalty is a fine of \$100. Only the other day this was collected in one instance, but usually the owners of the poor beasts send them over into New York, where the operation can be legally performed, and the horses sent back tortured for life. For, of course, the thing must be done. Does not fashion demand it?

THE logical editor of a Sunday newspaper remarks that "the man who habitually prefers newspaper-reading on a Sunday morning to the worship of God would not be apt to get very much good from church-going, could we pen him down in a church pew every day in the year." This might be paralleled by the profound remark that the habitual drinker of rum would not be apt to get much good from pure water, could we drown him in it.

ONE would hardly think it would be necessary for the fire commissioner of a great city to issue a public appeal begging the riders of bicycles not to race with the engines on the way to fires, on the ground that it frightens the horses, confuses the drivers, and endangers the lives of the silly racers. To such lengths of absurdity will men go in our modern Athens as well as in the ancient Athens, when they yield to the passion for seeing and hearing new things.

WISE advice was put into the platform of the Tuskegee conference, in which the negroes urged those of their race to learn the best methods of farming, to save from their earnings, to fit themselves for competition with skilled labor, to have their schools open at least six months a year, and to keep the young busy, to make immoral persons feel the force of others' condemnation, to remove all obstacles to the progress of black and white together, to organize negro conferences through the South. Not least important was the declaration that ministers should teach the people that religion should enter into the smallest details of daily life.

A German Franklin.—The recent death of Baron Von Stephan in Germany deserves more than the passing notice it is likely to receive, when it is remembered that he invented the postal card, and that he had a large share in the changes that have so greatly increased the efficiency, and at the same time reduced the cost, of international postal service. The benefits of the new system are widely extended among all classes of society throughout the civilized world, and the meeting of the Universal Postal Union to be held in Washington next month makes it especially fitting to recall such a benefactor at this time.

For the College Curriculum.—"Students will drink beer," says *The Bachelor of Arts*, and the editor goes on to urge "college authorities to teach students to be gentlemen in their cups." He suggests a few principles that might be inculcated, such as: "Good ale moderately taken is not criminal," and "Even whiskey is not always to be deplored." This in a magazine that aims to be the leading college journal of America! We commend the idea to Presidents Eliot, Dwight, Patton, Low, and Harper. As an adjunct to our college gymnasiums, let us have drinking-halls in which the students may train their legs to walk straight after the heaviest potations. Let the professors of elocution give instructions in overcoming the thickness of utterance and the unfortunate hiccup that testifies rather uncouthly of the bar. Let the occupants of our chairs of ethics learn to distinguish between the sottishness that makes a man incapable of tipping his hat to a lady friend on the street

and the gentlemanly indulgence at home, where there are only children to kick and the wife to abuse. Why, what a vista of possibilities opens before us at the thought! Very likely a new professorship will be needed. It might be called "The Chair of Vice à la Mode, on the Diabolos Foundation."

\*\*\*

A Strange Advertisement.—Some startling revelations of human nature are often made as a result of queer advertisements appearing in the papers. Lately a rich woman offered to give one thousand dollars for a middle finger to be cut from a living person to replace a finger that she had lost from disease of a bone. It seems that four persons responded to the call, but were refused because their fingers would not fit. Appeal to the law against maiming will probably prevent the operation upon the fifth applicant, who wished to make the sacrifice in order to enable her to study singing in Europe.

\*\*\*

Magnifying Smells.—Inventions for the eye and the ear have been many, but the nose has been much overlooked. Now, however, it is said that somebody has devised an arrangement for magnifying odors so that they become almost overpowering. It can hardly be claimed that a long-felt want is thus met; on the contrary, the man that would make but one odor where before there were two would often seem to be a benefactor. But the uses that may be made of the new invention are said to be many. Adulterations may be detected, poisons avoided, fraud may be made more difficult by imparting to bank paper a slight, characteristic odor not noticeable under ordinary conditions.

\*\*\*

A Valuable Discovery.—The first writer referring by name to the authors of our Gospels was Papias, who very probably was a disciple of John. Early in the second century he wrote an "Explanation of the Lord's Discourses," in five books. In addition to making his comments on Christ's words, he had taken great pains to collect all the information that he could glean from those that had met the apostles. Of his writings but a few fragments are to be found in quotations made by later authors, and these few have become a basis of sharp discussion. It is reported that his work, the "Logia," has now been found in a manuscript brought from Egypt. Although it is at present hard to learn the facts, there seems to be good reason to think that this is true. The discovery will doubtless be of immense importance on account of the weight of the testimony regarding the Gospels as we have them, as well as concerning other books of the New Testament. Among the old manuscripts that have come to light within the past few years none will compare with this in the eager welcome that it will receive from biblical scholars.

\*\*\*

Teaching by Phonograph.—This progressive age encourages us in one way to be stationary; that is, it is ready to teach almost everything by mail without our stirring a step after knowledge. Until recently the study of modern languages by this luxurious method was quite out of the question, because pronunciation and accent must be caught from the lips of the teacher in person. An ingenious man in New York, however, is now teaching languages by means of the phonograph to persons many hundreds of miles away. He already has more than five hundred phonographs in use by his widely scattered scholars. With each machine he sends a set of printed lessons and a corresponding set of tubes upon which he has impressed the correct pronunciation of every foreign word and sentence to be used. Ear at his phonograph and eye on his book, the pupil studies his lesson. Using fresh cylinders, moreover, he talks into the machine the translation of a new lot of exercises, and returns the cylinders to his instructor, who listens to them in his New York office, at the same time dictating to his stenographer the necessary criticisms and corrections with which they are sent back to the scholar. Possibly some day a boy may go to Harvard, yet never leave the farm.



For The Golden Rule.

THE PINES.

By Mary E. Allbright.

O PINE-TREES, pine-trees,  
High up on the quarry's edge,  
Lifting yourselves so straight and tall  
From the ragged, slippery ledge;  
Below you, the teeming city  
With its nameless, haunting cry;  
But wrapping your boughs, the silence;  
And over your heads, the sky!

O pine-trees, pine-trees,  
Sometimes you are crowned with snow;  
Sometimes through your branches, spicy, green,  
The birds fly to and fro.  
In your faces, the light of morning;  
Behind you, the setting sun,  
Which speaks of pause, and rest, and sleep,  
When the work of the day is done.

O pine-trees, pine-trees,  
In your stately, fair array  
You are dear to me, and will always be,  
Though I should be miles away.  
I have spoken my deepest secrets,  
My innermost thoughts to you,—  
I have given them up to your watch and ward  
As to comrades tried and true.

O pine-trees, pine-trees,  
I am glad to have it so!  
I live and share in the rush and care  
Of the city here below,  
Where ears are dulled with noises,  
And eyes with the dust are dim;  
But God is with you, in the silence;  
And my secrets are safe with him!

Roxbury, Mass.

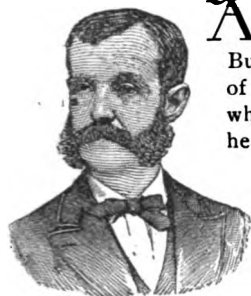


For The Golden Rule.

GOOD HEARING.

By Rev. J. R. Miller, D. D.,

Author of "Making the Most of Life," etc.



REV. J. R. MILLER, D. D.

A GREAT deal is said about the responsibility of preachers. But there is also a responsibility of hearing. It was Christ himself who said, "Take heed how ye hear."

The first thing is—to hear. Some persons never hear a word of Scripture or sermon when they attend a church service. They may join in the words of the prayers and hymns, but not a fragment of a thought of either gets

into their heart. They look at the minister and seem attentive, but not a word he says do they really catch. Unless men hear, they can get no blessing from the holy word.

"Having heard the word, hold it fast." Good hearers do not forget what they hear. It is strange what freaks some persons' memories play. They keep certain things, holding them in firmest clasp. They never forget a slight which they receive. They remember the bit of gossip some one tells them coming out of church. They have vivid recollections of the minister's slips in grammar or history, or his mispronunciation of a word. But they never can remember sermons or Bible texts.

Good hearers, however, having heard the word, hold it fast. They take it into their heart. They fix it in memory so indelibly that it cannot be erased. This is part of all good hearing. Not to remember what one hears is really not to hear well, for what we once truly receive into our mind never can be forgotten.

There is another step—first, hearing; second, keeping; third, bringing forth fruit. The hearing which does not result in the fruit of a better life has failed of its true mission. It is not enough to know the truth intellectually. One may know the history, the biography, the geography of the Bible, and even all its great doctrines, being able to construct a theological system, and not be any the better therefor. The results which the truth of God's word is intended to produce are, a turning away from sin, a growth of holy character, activity in the service of Christ, more love for God and man. Every fragment of truth received into the heart should show itself in some way in the life. Otherwise it has failed of its full divine purpose.

The Master explained it in this way: "No man, when he hath lighted a lamp, covereth it with a vessel, or putteth it under a bed; but putteth it on a stand, that they which enter in may see the light." The Master speaks of his words as heavenly lamps lighted in this

world, which were to be set so that their light would shine out for the brightening of the world.

The responsibility of those who hear the truth is put in another word of the great Teacher's, "Nothing is hid that shall not be made manifest; nor anything secret that shall not be known and come to light." If a man sits close to the Master's feet and hears words of comfort, cheer, hope, or life, he is not to keep these new revealings to himself, but must speak them out. Take the first disciples. For three years they had been with Jesus. He had spoken into their ears and hearts the most wonderful words that had ever been uttered in this world. Suppose that they had kept these words in their own hearts, hidden there, not revealing them, how would the world have been impoverished through the withholding! Suppose that John, having leaned on Christ's breast, learning the secret of his love, had gone back to his fishing after the ascension, failing to be an interpreter for Christ, what would the world have lost!

Like responsibility rests upon us. We read the Bible, we listen to our teachers, we hear the words of divine truth, we wait near the heart of the Master where we learn the blessed secrets of his love and grace. All these we are required to give out to others. It is never given to us for ourselves alone, but to us as interpreters. When God says, "Know," he also says, "Speak." "What I tell you in darkness, that speak ye in light." We dare not hide in our heart the revealings which God makes to us.

If we fail to receive, to assimilate in our own character, and then to give out the truth, we shall lose the blessing even for ourselves. The lamp we cover up and hide away will grow dimmer and dimmer, until it goes out altogether. Only when we set it in the window, where it will shine out for others, will it continue to shine on us.

Philadelphia, Penn.



EVERY LIFE NEEDED.

One small life in God's great plan,  
How futile it seems as the ages roll,  
Do what it may, or strive how it can,  
To alter the sweep of the infinite whole!  
A single stitch in an endless web,  
A drop in the ocean's flow and ebb;  
But the pattern is rent where the stitch is lost,  
Or marred where the tangled threads have crossed;  
And each life that fails of the true intent,  
Mars the perfect plan that its Master meant.

Selected.

—Susan Coolidge.



For The Golden Rule.

JOHN'S TWO BOOKS.

A Word to the Folks That Don't Belong to the Tenth Legion.

By Rev. John Franklin Cowan, D. D.,

Methodist Protestant Trustee of the United Society of Christian Endeavor.

MY friend John is a good-hearted, sincere young man, though not always as thoughtful and logically consistent as he might be. If he were a better in-seer, he would be more sincere. He means well, but sometimes the meanest thing of which a man can be guilty is to mean well and not feel bound to try to do as well—provided he is not too stupid or blind to discover the inconsistency of it. That's what I mean by "in-seeing."

John is n't stupid, but he is blind to the fitness of some things. Just to show you—and John—how the thing looks to a man up a tree, I came into possession—I won't say how—of two books of his. They were both kept in his own handwriting, and perhaps the entries in them alternated. I can't see for the life of me, though, how John could ever leave off writing in one and begin writing in the other without noting in his mind the incongruity of the two sorts of entries; and yet he kept up this sort of double entry day after day and month after month without ever trying to strike a balance. I have no doubt some other as good young men are doing the same thing. I present here a balance-sheet which has been audited by the court of common sense.

The first of the two books was a diary in which he writes down every night all he has done, or tried to do, each day, and what he fondly dreams of doing the next day—the latter usually the bulkiest part of the entry. For instance, read entry for July 3, 1896.

"It is Friday night, and I drew my week's salary, because to-morrow will be a holiday. Ten dollars is n't bad for a young man of my age, and yet I could manage advantageously to lay out more if I had it. Think I will get a raise soon. My employer told me only the day before yesterday that I stood very high in the office for my intelligence and integrity. God knows I want to be an honest man, honest in thought and deed. I mean to be more so in the future. I read a story to-day about one of the old Romans who lived in a glass house so that the public might gaze upon his conduct at any time. How I should like to make my life so transparently good

that I would not fear the scrutiny of any eye upon my actions!"

"Good for our friend John!" you say. I say nothing at this point. But since John invites it, we will turn our eyes upon that other book. It is John's little vest-pocket cash-book. Under the date of July 4, 1896, we read as follows:—

To horse and buggy . . . . .	\$3.00
" ice-cream . . . . .	.50
" lemonade . . . . .	.20
" boat-ride . . . . .	.50
" torpedoes . . . . .	.25
" sky-rockets and Roman candles . . . . .	1.00
" tickets for entertainment . . . . .	1.00
" lunch . . . . .	1.50
Present for Sue . . . . .	3.00

You will observe that the total expenditures for "glorifying" on the Fourth were \$10.95. The entries were made in John's bold office hand as though to intimate, "I had a good time, and I don't care who knows it." Now the following day was Sunday, and we find this modest, retiring entry shrinking back from observation.

July 5, 1896.

To S. S. Col. . . . .	.01
" Ch. Col. . . . .	.01
" Miss. Col. . . . .	.05
" street-car fare . . . . .	.10

Who is this "S. S. Col." who thus hides his identity behind two mysterious initials and an abbreviation? Collins, maybe. Nobody to be compared with the Fourth of July, to be sure. And who may be the still more diminutive and disguised "Ch. Col."? If it is Charles Collins, he has a fashion different from all the Collinses I know. And what sort of personages are he and his beggarly relative, "S. S. Col.," that they do business on so petty a scale as a one-cent transaction, when the least item on the Fourth of July account is "lemonade, 20 cents"? The "Cols." are something, evidently, that to our John are utterly insignificant, even compared with two glasses of acid beverage with straws stuck in them. Copper is good enough for them, no doubt.

To be sure, the next one of this pauper family, "Miss Col.," scales up to the nickel valuation. "Miss Col., 5 cents"; that's equal to half a glass of lemonade, anyway. But who is this "Miss Col."? No one "Sue" need be jealous of for a second. Just look at it! "Miss Col. 5 cents"; "Present for Sue, \$3.00." Pshaw! speak up and tell us who she is, John; you don't say that—John, John!

Honest, John! You don't mean to tell me that those abbreviations stand for the Sunday school, church, and missionary collections on the Sabbath day? You need n't answer. Your drooping head and blushing face tell the story. No wonder you were so chary of your letters in spelling them out. Don't you think, John, that God knows all the abbreviations in the spelling-book, and in yours besides? No; you did n't think at all. That's the trouble.

"Street-car fare" is plain enough; but you did n't bring your office familiarity with percentage to bear there, did you, John? Let's figure on it—it took exactly 142 6-7 per cent of that little bit of glorifying your Maker with your substance to pay the freight on it, don't you see? And though the Saturday's glorification rode in a livery rig instead of a street-car, and the freight cost thirty times as much, yet the outlay was over twice the distributing expense.

Now the point to which I call attention is this. How did that expense account chime in with John's little effusion in his diary on Friday night about wanting to be so transparently honest? A man does n't need to be as transparent as a watch-crystal for God to look into his soul and see that the world is getting the best end of the bargain with him, when it comes to seven cents against ten dollars and ninety-five cents. If that week is a fair sample of John's financiering,—and I have gone all the way through the book, and am prepared to give further testimony if called for,—instead of a tenth, the Lord did n't get much more than a paltry hundredth part of his weekly income. And yet I want you to turn over another page in the first book and read what took place after the last collection had been taken up:—

"I stood up with the congregation and joined in the tenor of 'Bring forth the royal diadem and crown him Lord of all.'"

I wonder what sort of a "royal diadem" John thought could be made of two copper cents and one nickel, anyway. He did n't think, I tell you. That's John's trouble.

I would n't for the world question John's truthfulness, or his sincerity; but I would simply like to get the boy to put these two books together and try by a critical course of cross-questioning to make them tell a story consistent enough not to bring a blush of mortification to his own cheek. That's all. All that is necessary to correct John's habit, and bring him to a calculating, consistent system of honoring God with his means, is to set him to thinking and figuring. Tell him that I said there is no true consecration without calculation.

Pittsburg, Penn.