

THE GOLDEN RULE

FOR CHRIST AND THE CHURCH

Thursday, July 22, 1897



THE COMMITTEE OF '97
...IN THEIR WORKROOM...

Vol. XI. No. 43.

BOSTON & CHICAGO

Topics for August 8.

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. 43

Boston and Chicago

July 22, 1897

The California Convention.

The Atlantic Greet the Pacific, and All Are One in Christian Endeavor.

Words and Deeds at the Grand Gathering of Workers.

LAST week's chronicle of the Christian Endeavor pilgrims carried them to and through the stirring scenes of the Intermountain Christian Endeavor Rally. Behold us now, having said good-by to Utah's earnest State president and his faithful co-workers, speeding alongside the beautiful Great Salt Lake, that stretches in quiet, hazy sleep for a hundred miles.

But, if the scenery soothed us to drowsiness, wide-awake Ogden woke us up. Ah, that was a rouser of a welcome! Dr. Clark responded to many calls for a speech at the station, and the irrepressible "yell" broke forth at the close:—

"Ogden, Ogden, now good-by.
Soon on journey we shall fly.
But we greet you, one and all,
Come to Boston; on us call!"

"The Last Spike."

Rounding the head of the great inland sea, we reached a place of special interest, Promontory, where, as a large sign-post informed us, the "last spike, completing the first transcontinental railroad," was driven, May 10, 1869. A long wait came here, which was finely used for our outdoor evening service. The half-dozen Mormon families that populate that lonely spot were willing to come and listen. Under Dr. Hill's leadership, a very large number of testimonies, reverent, earnest, brief, made that meeting beneath the twilight sky memorable and impressive.

That Monday was the secular Fourth of July; and, as the darkness came on, our enterprising young men gave us, at every stopping-place, exhibitions of fireworks out among the sage-brush and in the sand. Inside, we "frivelled" with games, and especially with a mystic procession of paper-bag-headed folk, each paper bag having eyes and nose cut in it, and features marked in lurid hues.

"Rapid Transit."

"Why is this train like an organ?" was a conundrum sagely propounded; the answer being, "Because it has so many stops." Indeed, one of the diversions of Car Five was the enacting through the cars of the impromptu charade, "Rapid Transit." Nine "picked" members recited in concert:—

"We will act a charade
That has just been made,
And you must guess it;
That is, unless it
Should prove too severe
For the intellects here.

"There are two common words,
Each of syllables two.
The acting is our part,
The guessing's for you."

The first syllable was accomplished by the gentlemen's putting on ladies' wraps and the ladies' donning overcoats, each with a very inappropriate display of shivering. The second syllable was enacted by the placing in each eye a circle of pasteboard plainly marked with a D. For the third syllable a cup of tea was made to run through the car—on legs, of course; and for the last syllable we all sat down. The *finale* was:—

"We'd act the whole words, if we could do it;
We'd see this country, and soon be through it;
But perhaps a smash-up would make us rue it."

One of these "stops" that we shall never forget was at Humboldt, Nev. This is a genuine oasis in a most dreary desert. We never before appreciated what trees mean, and the blessedness of water. We were all ready to sing with Pindar, "Water is best." No wonder that we were moved to hold another outdoor service in the midst of the towering grove and by the side of that charming circular pool.

Out in the Desert.

Who can forget that unique ride across "the Great American Desert"? Now and then came great stretches of white sand that gleamed in the uncertain light like veritable sheets of water,—as deceptive as any mirage. Now the hot sun beat on stagnant air, and now the atmosphere would be milky with the finest of dust, that sifted in everywhere, and transformed cars into dust-bins and folks into artists' originals, made of clay!

Even here Christian Endeavor flourishes. Ah, that spunky little society at Elko, Nev.! Their decorations and their hearty greeting made that parched little town seem like an oasis. Of course we had to give them some speeches,—Dr. Clark, Dr. Boynton, and Dr. Tyler; and of course we had to take the picture of these heroic Endeavorers and their cheery pastor. Think of it, Easterners! All the way along that railroad, from Ogden, Utah, to this little town of Elko, Nev., there is no single church of Christ; nor for ten hours' journey in the other direction is there a Christian pastor! The Rev. Mr. Donaldson has a parish of 143,000 square miles. But how brave they all are! May we not illustrate by showing you this card of one of their Juniors?

Stella M. Pullman,
Member of
Junior Endeavor of Presbyterian Church
of Elko, Nev.

That is showing one's colors!

With the Red Men.

Quite early on the plains the Indians began to appear,—the short, brawny figures; the stolid, copper faces; the brilliant blankets and great, soft moccasins; above all, the bright-eyed children that hid their faces in terror or ran swiftly away whenever a camera was pointed toward them. Indeed, a stalwart Shoshone Indian added himself to our party, and was obliging enough to pose for his picture—at the price of "two bits." Our merry man, Foster, insisted on snapping his camera at a fierce young squaw, who thereupon snatched up a double handful of black railroad dust, deluged him with it, and ran laughing away.

The condemning of two of our "Wagners" back in Colorado compelled a general "doubling up." It was delightful to see the good nature with which the Endeavorers submitted to this serious inconvenience. Indeed, we count this graciousness the crowning glory of the entire journey.

Rounding Cape Horn.

"To-morrow morning at five we pass Cape Horn," was the announcement that made all of us determine to rise early; but, when five o'clock came, and we reached the platform, we found ourselves rolling through a snow-shed

sixty miles long! Once in a while the long train would stop, that the wheels, hissing hot from their prodigious motion on that steep down grade, might cool off. And then the light streamed through the gaps in the boards on the Endeavorers as they swarmed out "to stretch their legs," or made adventurous sorties through broken boards after the bright flowers on the mountain-sides.

Rushing along through that smoky wooden tunnel, two of our party, having wrapped a blanket around them to ward off some of the frosty air, "dropped into poetry," and composed between them two "Songs of the Snow-Sheds." These "poems" were afterwards recited through the train, and a "laurel" crown of mullein leaves was formally presented to their fortunate authors. Can you stand them, in fine type? Well, "if you have tears, prepare to shed them now."

DOWN GRADE.

Brake, brake, brake,
On thy hot steel wheels, O train;
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that whirl through my brain.

O woe for the sleepers glum
That snore in their bunks inside;
And woe for the folks to hum,
That never have taken this ride.

And the palace train glides on
Through the snow-sheds around the hill;
But O for the tale of a Pentecost,
And the sound of a Lowden [loud 'un] that 's still!

Brake, brake, brake,
On thy sizzling wheels, O car:
But the view that is dead of a wooden shed,
What a horrible thing it are!

A PSALM OF WAIT.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
This is but a wooden shed;
For the sleepers in their slumbers
Know not what fine view 's ahead.

This is glorious, panoramic,
For Cape Horn 's to be our goal;
Dashing sentiments dynamic
Surge and seethe within my soul.

Sign-boards that we pass remind us
We shall reach Cape Horn sometime,
Leaving these dull sheds behind us,
Whirling into views sublime;

Views that our ignoble brother,
Snoring in his blanket blind,
Leaves to some more sprightly other
Of an enterprising mind.

Let us, then, be up and viewing,
Though our breakfast we 've not ate;
Mountain visions still pursuing,
Learn to squint through boards, and wait.

Here and there, as we whirled along, we caught glimpses of the magnificent peaks and valleys of the highest Sierras, over which we were passing. Far down below us gleamed a swift cascade. Again, our breaths would be drawn quickly at sight of a superb lake, or of a line of serrated summits, or of a glittering snow-field.

On the Heights.

But when at last we emerged from the long shed, ah, what superb mountain-scapes lay spread out before us! Those pine-clad summits around which we crept, those majestic valleys that fell off into vast chasms at our very feet, those ribbon watercourses, those lofty promontories that seemed to place us on the very lookout of the



BIBLE COMFORT.

Twelve Testimonies on This Week's Topic.

Topic for August 8: "The Comfort That Comes from the Bible."—*Isa. 12: 1-6.*

"Sweeter than honey and the honeycomb."

PLANS FOR A GOOD MEETING.

THE admirable symposium on this page hints at a good plan for the meeting. Turn your meeting into such a symposium. Have the contributions written or oral. If the former, let them be written beforehand, collected at the door, and then given out again so that no one reads his own contribution.

At the opening spend a few minutes in the recitation of favorite Bible verses.

Make this a testimony meeting. Ask the Endeavorers to get the first personal pronoun into every speech.

A song service on the Bible is easily arranged.

If you have the written symposium, sing a verse of some appropriate hymn, call for three or four testimonies, then have another verse, and so on.

HOW TO GET COMFORT OUT OF THE BIBLE.

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

Author of "Things To Live For," etc.

THERE is a picture of a woman sitting in deep grief beside the sea, in whose dark waters her heart's treasures had gone down. Close behind her is an angel, lightly touching the strings of his harp. But the woman is so absorbed in her grief that she hears not the sweet music and receives no comfort from the minister of consolation.

Too often is it thus even with Christians who believe in Christ. The Bible is full of comfort, but, with its blessed words falling upon their ears, they go un comforted in their griefs.

How can we get the comfort which God's word has for us? For one thing, we must know just what God's comfort is. It is not the lifting away of the burden. Bible promises do not make the sense of loss less keen. Nor does divine comfort dull the senses so that a child of God feels the pangs of grief less poignantly.

The word "comfort" means strength. Instead of making the sorrow less, God puts into our heart that which helps us to accept it and to pass through it victoriously.

What is there in the Bible that will give such comfort as this? We may turn to Jesus, for example. Once, in a time of great sorrow, he came as a comforter to the Bethany home. How did he give comfort? First he showed love's sympathy with the bereft sisters. Then he spoke to them the great truth of resurrection and immortal life. He sought to put hope into their saddened hearts, making them strong to endure.

In like manner did he comfort his disciples in their sorrow over his departure. He showed them his great love for them, manifesting it in all tender and gentle ways. Then he opened doors into the life beyond, giving them glimpses of the Father's house and the blessedness which he was preparing for them there. He promised them his own peace, his own joy. That is, Christ's comfort consisted in the revelation of great truths, especially of the divine love and the immortal life.

If, therefore, we would find comfort in the Bible, we must look for it along these lines; we must take the great truths of divine revelation which the word of God gives us to lighten the darkness of our sorrow and solve the riddle of our trouble.

There are certain portions of the Bible which in the Christian experience of the centuries have proved to be full of comfort. These are such as the twenty-third Psalm, the fourteenth of John, the eighth of Romans, and several chapters and parts of chapters in the Revelation. These passages reveal the great truths of the love and goodness of God, the closeness of the believer's relation to God, and the eternal blessedness of the future life. To get com-

fort out of the Bible we must draw from these wells.

One special thing about Bible comfort is that it cannot be found until we need it. We cannot see the stars until the sun goes down. The divine comforts lie in the Bible like stars, unrevealed by day, but shining out brightly by night. It is one of the blessings of sorrow that it reveals to us new meanings in God's words.

If we would find the comfort of the Bible, we must come to it in the right spirit. If we are unsubmitive, we shall receive no comfort. But if we come with love, faith, and confidence, we shall find the consolations of God neither few nor small. The love of God will fill our emptied heart. The hand of God will gently bind up and heal our wounds. The wisdom and power of God will take our broken things and with them build up for us beauty and good.

Philadelphia, Penn.

WITH YOU ALWAY.

By W. L. Amerman,

President of the New York Christian Endeavor Union,

"AND lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." This, the complement of the great commission, always a precious promise, has become far more richly realized since I have made a business of seeking to carry out the command to which it is attached. May it bring new gladness to each worker for missions to feel this pledge of the Master's presence his or her peculiar property, whether stationed on frontier post or foreign field or detailed for service at home, perhaps on some Christian Endeavor missionary committee, as together we strive to hasten the coming of "the Desire of all nations," though they know him not."

New York City, N. Y.

HIS LOVING-KINDNESS.

By Rev. J. Clement French, D. D.,

President of the New Jersey Christian Endeavor Union.

PSALM 42: 8. "Yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life."

This was my talisman during a six months' sojourn in California, for the recovery of health impaired by a sunstroke.

Study it. "Yet"—notwithstanding my distresses and apprehensions; "the Lord"—Maker of heaven and earth, Giver of my life; "will command his loving-kindness"—will exercise it with authority, as a sovereign. It shall be mine "in the daytime"—it shall enshrine every waking hour. "In the night his song shall be with me"—the sweet tones of his mercy.

Even the night shall be filled with divine music. Thus every moment of the twenty-four hours of every day shall be vocal with his covenant promises. "And my prayer shall be unto the God of my life;" or, with the richer translation, "unto my God of life," my living God. A ceaseless prayer to him, who is by creation the Author, and by covenant, the Preserver, of my life.

I shall never cease to bless God for that verse.

Newark, N. J.

GOD'S TENDER MERCIES.

By Rev. W. F. McCauley, Ph. D.,

Ex-President of the Ohio Christian Endeavor Union.

THE text that has influenced my thinking probably more than any other is Ps. 145: 9: "The Lord is good to all; and his tender mercies are over all his works."

In my early boyhood's days, an old man drove through the country with paint and brushes, and inscribed Scripture texts on board fences in letters three or four inches long. The text quoted was one of these, and as I

passed it frequently, its truth gradually took possession of me, and for years has been an axiom that has comforted and satisfied the soul. The latter part of the text had the chief weight, teaching not only that each of God's works is merciful, but that each one is a tender mercy, the best and kindest that could be wrought. That thought has affected my whole life, and given a different character to my views of trial, enabling me to realize that there is no more solid footing for a Christian than an affliction with God under it.

Toledo, O.

SEEING THE INVISIBLE.

By Miles Martin Shand,

President of the District of Columbia Christian Endeavor Union.

"HE endured, as seeing Him who is invisible."—*Heb. 11: 27.*

If the things upon which my mortal eyes gaze were all there is in life, I should be miserable and useless.

But by the eye of faith I may look upon the invisible One, and he "whom not having seen I love" inspires me to "run and not be weary, to walk and not faint." Also the invisible "cloud of witnesses" by which I am compassed gives me cheer in my endeavor to "fight the good fight."

Thanks be to God for the invisible things.

Washington, D. C.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

By Frank E. Page,

Superintendent of Christian Citizenship, Illinois Christian Endeavor Union.

RECENTLY while ill, suffering from insomnia and its accompanying nervous and discouraging depression, I was tossing on my bed and my prayers seemed utterly unavailing for comfort. Finally I began to repeat the twenty-third Psalm. I had not finished the fourth verse when a wonderful calm came over me, and I fell into quiet sleep. The extreme nervousness did not return.

Often we do not need to talk with God, so much as to let him talk to us. "This is my comfort in my affliction: for thy word hath quickened me."

Chicago, Ill.

WITH YOU ALWAY.

By Allan Nicholson,

Secretary of the South Carolina Christian Endeavor Union.

AT the beginning of my Christian Endeavor work, while writing my first copy of the pledge, I prayed earnestly that God would give me a token of his presence with me, and as if in direct answer to that prayer, I unconsciously added at the bottom of the pledge, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." I think this my favorite verse, for in times of temptation, trial, perplexity, sorrow, and joy, I remember these words, and they make me strive to be more worthy of His companionship.

Union, S. C.

GOD IS LOVE.

By Rev. W. J. McKittrick,

President of the New York Christian Endeavor Union.

I THINK one of the most helpful texts to me has been the three great words, "God is love."

Hope, encouragement, assurance of faith, a bright outlook from every struggle, a ringing cheer on every hard battlefield, a core of Bible and Christianity that sends life and inspiration in every direction, a comfort when we are cast down, a Father's hand beckoning to the prodigal, something that calls out an answering love as nothing else could do, sunshine by day, illumination by night, mightiest help for human souls, and profoundest revelation of God—these are all there, and thank God for it.

Buffalo, N. Y.

TITUSES.

By Belle M. Brain,

Author of "Fuel for Missionary Fires," etc.

"NEVERTHELESS God, that comforteth those that are cast down, comforted us by the coming of Titus."—*2 Cor. 7: 6.*

This text has brought much sunshine and comfort into my life. Ever since a troubled day, some years ago, when just the help I needed came unexpectedly in a letter from an absent friend, I have learned to call all sweet and loving ministries that cheer my days—Tituses. Yesterday Titus was a loving message from a friend; to-day, a gift of flowers from a

little child; to-morrow—well, perhaps I may not need him, and he will not come at all.

Watch for the Tituses, dear fellow Endeavorers. God still sends them to comfort those that are cast down, but too often we lose half their blessing by failing to recognize them as God-sent. Perhaps, too, if you are ready to do his bidding, God may send you to be a Titus to some weary soul.

Springfield, O.

IN THE SHADOW OF THY WINGS.

By Rev. Edwin P. Farnham,

President of the Massachusetts Christian Endeavor Union.

I AM glad that in my boyhood days I was encouraged to commit to memory a good many passages of Scripture. The sixty-third Psalm has long been a source of joy to me. The seventh verse is the key-note; as some one has well said: "As the spirit and soul of the whole book of Psalms is contracted into this psalm, so is the spirit and soul of the whole psalm contracted into this verse. It embraces the whole compass of time, past, present, and future." "Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice." Our heavenly Father will never fail any heart that has learned to confide in him. His past fidelity is assurance for the future.

TRIUMPH WITH CHRIST.

By Rev. Joseph W. Cochran,

President of the Wisconsin Christian Endeavor Union.

I HAVE been feasting on *2 Cor. 2: 14*: "Thanks be to God, who always leadeth us forth unto triumph with Christ." Paul uses the figure of a Roman triumph. In the triumphal march with Jesus! What resurrection glory, as we ascend new Olivets!

But there is also the triumphal entry into the shadows of Calvary. Are you willing? To be slighted, neglected, forgotten, and to keep sweet through all; to be misunderstood and not seek justification; to witness irregularities, waste, and extravagance, and not grow pessimistic; to suffer long, await deferred answer to prayer, to live the life sacrificial, what the world calls failure—this is victory, triumphing with Christ. "We are MORE than conquerors."

Madison, Wis.

WILLING HIS WILL.

By Charles N. Hunt,

President of the Minnesota Christian Endeavor Union.

"IF any man will do His will, he SHALL know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself."—*John 7: 17.*

This helps me, because it places knowledge of Christ in the will, not in the feelings.

I cannot be learned, eloquent, or gifted. I can be willing. I do not control my feelings; I do control my will.

For years I took the world's way and sought to know before I would do a single thing; but now, I take Christ's way. "I will to do his will," and he teaches me. As long as I willed to do my own will I learned not of Christ, had no peace or joy. But now,

"Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine."

I do know of his doctrine. It is of God. It makes me Godlike and like God.

Minneapolis, Minn.

GILMOUR TESTIFIES.

JUST before James Gilmour sailed for China, he wrote to a friend: "Companions I can scarcely hope to meet, and the feeling of being alone comes over me till I think of Christ and his blessed promise, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world.'"

"No one who does not go away, leaving all and going alone, can feel the force of this promise; and when I begin to feel my heart threatening to go down, I betake myself to this companionship, and, thank God, I have felt the blessedness of this promise rushing over me repeatedly when I knelt down and spoke to Jesus as a present companion, from whom I am sure to find sympathy."

COWPER'S COMFORT.

WILLIAM COWPER writes thus concerning one of the crises of his life. "But the happy period which was to afford me a clear opening of the free mercy of God in Christ Jesus, was now arrived. I flung myself into a chair near the window, and, seeing a Bible there, ventured once more to apply to it for comfort and instruction.

"The first verse I saw was the twenty-fifth of the third of Romans: 'Whom God hath