



THE GOLDEN RULE

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CHICAGO

No. 5.

INTERNATIONAL REPRESENTATIVE OF THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR MOVEMENT



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THE GOLDEN RULE

VOLUME XI.

BOSTON AND CHICAGO, OCTOBER 29, 1896.

NUMBER 5.

Golden Rule Proverbs.

Who pulls down, sinks down.
Say not *my* work, but *our* work.
If God can do it, prayer will do it.
Judge your day from the Judgment Day.
No growth in the soil, no growth in the air.
Unwilling to promise to try, unwilling to try.
A match in a rat's nest makes the strongest house weak.
Greatness is possible for you, since Christ is possible for you.

◆◆◆◆◆

AS WE SEE THINGS.

So the "Albatross" could not fly. Inventors of airships should postpone the christening until after the first trial.

WE passed a window in which stood a case of cigarettes, labelled "Keep Dry." Yes, very dry. Do not let the moisture of sacred human lips touch the vile things.

WE do not much wonder that the furious crowd tried to kill the Brooklyn motorman, who had just run over and instantly killed a boy nine years old—the 167th victim of Brooklyn trolley-cars.

"THIRTEEN miles of men," report the newspapers, in writing of a political procession. We are not impressed, save with the wasteful foolishness of politicians. Now, if every one of those men were to receive an honest book, fairly discussing campaign issues, instead of a smoky, leaky torch, everybody would have reason to approve.

SEVERAL times in this campaign we have read reports of speeches in which the orators advised their hearers to accept bribes, to get as much for their votes as the enemy would give them, and then—to vote as they pleased. We have faith enough in the common people to believe that such sentiments would condemn a candidate more surely than anything the opposition could possibly say.

THE philanthropic millionaire, recently deceased, Enoch Pratt, of Baltimore, was in the habit, it is said, of walking from his home to the bank to save the car fare. "Only five cents?" he would say. "Sir, don't you know that one hundred dollars would have to work nearly a whole week to earn that five cents?" No one ever became rich, in money or knowledge, that ignored the value of trifles.

THE proprietor of a certain newspaper has offered—happily in vain—to back up his favorite candidate by wagering his paper against another. Quite a commentary on the value of his paper. If McKinley is elected, a man in Ripley, O., has agreed to shave his head, gild it, and walk a mile without his hat, whereas if Bryan is elected his opponent will silver his head, and take the same walk. Quite a commentary on the value of those heads.

WE believe that *The Chronicle*, of London, speaks the truth regarding the Armenian question when it says: "America has a great human opportunity. She has a trick of acting and speaking when European diplomats sit watching events which they dare not attempt to control. If she now offered to do for Europe what Europe dares not to do for herself, her lead might solve the situation from which our timid diplomatists can find no way out."

THE Catholic University and Roman Catholic affairs have attracted so much attention to Washington of late that we are glad to have our eyes turned in that direction by another and more pleasing event—the laying of the corner-stone of the first of the buildings of the American University. Not alone the Methodist Episcopal Church, but Christians of all beliefs, will rejoice in this notable beginning of a truly great undertaking. May this Christian and *American* university be a power for righteousness in the heart of the nation.

WHAT with the Democratic party and Republican party, the Prohibition party, the People's party, the Socialistic Labor party, the National party, the Middle-of-the-Road party, the Independent Gold Standard Democracy, the Independent party, the Independent Democratic party, the Independent Silver party, the Independent Republican party, and the National Silver party, this is a confusing year for a young man to begin to vote. All these thirteen parties present tickets on the ballot of at least one State—the hotly contested State of Illinois.

Push It Along!—This number of THE GOLDEN RULE is sent to many thousands of new readers, whose names have been given us by our subscribers all over the land. To these new readers we have a word to say. This is a sample number of THE GOLDEN RULE. Our regular readers will tell you that we are turning them out just as good as this right along. We ask you to examine it carefully, to read its articles of rich spiritual helpfulness, to note the thorough and practical character of the aid given in all sorts of Christian Endeavor work, to observe the eminence of our contributors and the wide and inclusive scope of the paper, and to close with reading the partial prospectus on the back page, and the remarkable premium offers we are now making, and then to ask yourself whether as an Endeavorer and a Christian you can afford to do without THE GOLDEN RULE. Have you a good club in your society? If not, you have no idea how much the society and, through it, the church would be helped by the paper. Every year more than a thousand pages like these, crammed full of the wisest, most practical, and most inspiring words of the world's religious leaders,—is not this something that no one should willingly miss?

* * *

A Contrast.—Good for the Chester Slate Company of Easton, Penn.! They have sent out to their employees the following manly note, which we should like to see copied for a like purpose by every employer in America: "To the employees of the Chester Slate Company: DEAR SIRS,—As intelligent men, you are capable of forming your own judgment as to how you should cast your ballots at the coming election for president and vice-president. The company takes this opportunity of saying to you, 'Vote as your conscience dictates, without any fear or favor. No man in our employ will ever lose his job because he chooses to exercise the rights of American citizenship.'" Following close on the heels of this noble report comes another from St. Louis concerning the discharge of a number of employees of a large department store because of their political beliefs. Such intolerance is an anachronism in nineteenth-century America. This employer gloried in his unjust, unmanly, and un-American action for a few days, and then reinstated the workmen, with an apology!

* * *

"Literary" Clubs.—It has not been found so easy to outwit the Raines law in New York as some of the saloon-keepers thought it would be. Under the provision of the law that exempts clubs, the saloon-keepers, tired of keeping up mock hotels, organized their patrons into "clubs." The first trial of this absurd artifice has just been completed satisfactorily—to the temperance forces, at least, and the "steward" of the "Hoop Literary Club" has been fined \$1,000, and sentenced to the city prison for thirty days. What protean phases this temperance fight presents, and how simple it would all be if the law and the lawmakers would only take up the cry of Habakkuk of old, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink!"

* * *

Ether's Jubilee.—There has just been celebrated at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston a notable anniversary. The occasion may not have attracted general notice. The company gathered was a small one, for the place could accommodate comparatively few. But there is no land that might not well have shared in the celebration of a discovery that meant untold relief to sufferers. Fifty years ago in that hospital ether was first successfully administered to a patient about to undergo a serious operation. It is hard to realize the terrible agony of the patient and the severe strain upon the surgeon during an operation in the earlier days, or to realize that the great change was so recently wrought. Of all the triumphs of science, there is hardly any for which we have more reason to thank God than that which has done so much to lessen pain and to make it possible to save precious lives.

* * *

A Test of Places.—It was a great ball-room in Cadiz. Suddenly into the midst of the swirl of gayety there came a solemn hush. A great marquis had fallen in a fit and was at the point of death. The doctors ordered the administration of the last sacrament, and as the priest advanced for his sacred office all the throng knelt and crossed themselves. The man recovered, however, and the ball went on. Not far away, that same week, one of the greatest of Englishmen, the English primate, the Archbishop of Canterbury, while attending divine service with Glad-

stone at Hawarden, fell as the marquis fell, and passed away. His loss is mourned by the entire English world. Dean Farrar said that "of Archbishop Benson's more than ninety predecessors none was endued with more graceful learning, more charming geniality, or holier or truer wisdom." What a lesson for us in these two scenes! This is the best test of where we should go, the question, "Is it a place where I should be willing to die?"

* * *

Paid for Being Bribed.—In Indiana a man who accepts a bribe to vote in a certain way, or not to vote at all, may bring suit against the briber and recover \$300. Such a case was recently brought, and the briber had the impudence to make the defence that the person whom he had bribed not to vote really was not bribed at all, since he went on and voted! Of course the court did not sustain such an absurd contention, though the judge did say, and very sensibly, that it was too bad that it was necessary, in order to enforce the law against bribing, to confer a benefit upon either party to such an infamous transaction.

* * *

A Preacher of Justice.—A few years ago in a church in a Western city there was held a unique conference. Capitalists and laborers had been brought together that in a frank talk they might consider problems in which they had a common interest, although they seemed to be arrayed against each other. The execution of such a plan was characteristic of the pastor of the church.



Rev. Washington Gladden, D. D., LL. D.

Among the ministers of the gospel that have made a study of the social questions of the times Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden is recognized as a leader. For a score of years he has made these questions the subject of careful investigation and observation. On the platform, in print, and as the leader of a summer school of sociology he has urged the recognition of the laborer as a man and not as a machine. But in advocating the cause of the laborer he has striven to keep the balance true and to do justice to the employer no less. He has

been a champion of united effort, not only in the industrial world, but in Christian work. That he has won friends in widely differing communions is shown by the fact that the degree of LL. D. was conferred upon him by a Catholic institution. While he is most widely known for his study of the labor problem, his energies have not all been turned in that direction. His work as a preacher and pastor has borne fruit in several books on practical and doctrinal themes, he has had experience as an editor, and is known as the author of some hymns well worthy to be remembered.

* * *

The Farmer's Gift to the City.—Farmers and other rural dwellers, in New England at least, have been mourning over the great quantities of apples that seemed destined to waste, since the supply vastly exceeded the market. But, as always, for every surplus loaf there is an empty mouth, and Mr. Moody has made public the advice that the hungry hundreds of the great cities would rejoice to receive these apples that were rotting beneath ten thousand trees. The students at Mt. Hermon, Mr. Moody's school, promptly devoted some spare hours to gathering apples about Northfield, which the railroads transported free to Boston. The charitable societies of the city systematically began the work of receiving and distributing the fruit, which soon after the publication of the suggestion commenced to arrive from all directions. Gifts of bags and barrels for the carrying of the apples, room for their storage, railway cars, with strong arms to fill them,—all were proffered promptly and gladly. Massachusetts alone has sent six carloads of apples to Boston at this writing, and the stream of gifts increases, making glad thousands of needy families. What is to hinder a repetition of this noble service in all parts of the country? Let the farmer, who has been appointed steward over a generous earth, stretch out his full hand to the empty hand of his brother in the city. Sanctify the approaching thanksgiving season by deeds worthy of thanks.

Following his father's occupation, this boy who saw everything wandered as a pilgrim over those eastern counties whence came five-eighths of the settlers of New England. At home he danced around the May-pole and frolicked on the village green. But, despite Gradgrind biographers, the lad Bunyan was no better and probably no worse than the average village youth.

At seventeen he became a soldier in the civil war, enlisting, as we now know from documents found in 1876, in the Parliamentary army. At the siege of Leicester a comrade who took Bunyan's place on picket duty was killed by a shot from the town. This mightily impressed John. It seemed the direct call of Providence.

The worse England,—which all the world hates, and which Americans fought in 1775 and 1812, not the better England we all love and honor,—incarnated in Charles II., threw Bunyan into prison. There he "tagged laces" for a living, taught his fellow prisoners the gospel, and, dreaming his immortal dream, wrote it out. When released after twelve years, Bunyan became preacher, pastor, author, peace-maker. He met his death from exposure on a journey made to reconcile an estranged father and son.

This is his outward life. Inwardly, from the time when the Divine Spirit called to him on the village green, he began the pilgrim's path to God. His sensibilities were so keen and his imagination so vivid that he suffered from his own thoughts and visions, so that his nerves were often perilously overstrained; yet he struggled, prayed, persevered, and God gave him peace and joy. In due time the seraphim touched his lips with a live coal from off the altar.

Then inspired (shall we not say?), the tinker-pilgrim pictured, as no other man has ever done, the soul's pilgrimage to heaven. The Parliamentary soldier lifted into transfiguration the camps and sieges of earth, showing the warfare of the aspiring soul. Bunyan's books are so true because they are stories of the soul. They use the resources of fairy tales and romances and poetry and everything lovely in letters; and out of the background of actual experience they make the pilgrimage and warfare of a common person, that is, everybody, as wonderful as those of any prince or princess. Their body is fiction. Their spirit is reality. They read like fairy tales, while they make us laugh and cry because they are so true.

As an author, Bunyan's experience was new and at first far from pleasant. It puzzled him. Some of his friends frowned on his manuscript and scolded him roundly, rating him as frivolous and even immoral. However, trusting in God, he plunged into the cold pool of publication. The proof-reader helped him by correcting his spelling and mending his doggerel, but rewrote nothing. Flowing out of a full heart, the book soon spoke to millions. All over old and New England, in democratic Scotland and republican Holland, the welcome was warm and instant. What fancy, pathos, humor, tenderness, sympathy! How heart-warming, kindling, and full of warning and cheer! Each reader thought the book written for him. Only time was needed to prove it a book for the world and the ages. The pool of fame soon

became a stream, ankle-deep, knee-deep, then wetting the loins, and even in Bunyan's lifetime a river to swim in. Now, the ocean billows of his renown gleam with unnumbered ripples.

In every land the sin-smitten soul struggling toward God sees himself in this dream-mirror. Tardily but surely England's peering of intellect has saluted this modern Joseph,—immortal pilgrim, prisoner, dreamer, king. Unspeakable was the compliment paid the mem-

ory of this believer in the priesthood of

all the redeemed souls in Christ

Jesus, when one of the highest

of "high" churchmen in

the Establishment

actually "medica-

ted" "The Pil-

grim's Progress,"

and republished

it, making it

teach priest-

craft and a

tinkered plan

of salvation.

We have heard

of our own Park-

man desiccated and

made medicinal for

French folk in like

manner.

Read Bunyan, all ye that love

the charm of a fairy tale, a

romance, a thrilling story, or any

other form of good fiction that be-

comes a vehicle of immortal truth. Bunyan's allegories are shining chariots, wherein rides Christian experience. More beautiful than Solomon's palanquin, they are "paved with love" and freighted with gospel truth. Next to the Bible for enjoyment in reading, let Bunyan's book be ever with us. It is no disgrace now to be a tinker, for John Bunyan has elevated his craft. Pilgrim and soldier he must ever be who follows Jesus, the file-leader of our salvation.

Ithaca, N. Y.



For The Golden Rule.

The Extent of Love's Dominion.

By Rev. George Matheson, D. D.,

Author of "Voices of the Spirit," etc.

"Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth."—GEN. 1:26.

THE image of God is love, and love is the most ambitious thing in the world. Wherever it rises, it claims universal dominion. There are four things over which love claims dominion. The first is the "fish of the sea," the little nibbles on the waters of life. Does that seem a small claim? It is a tremendous one. It requires more love to stand worry than to stand grief. The second is the "fowl of the air," the restless thoughts of the heart. Love can arrest unrest. It can remain unmoved amid the flight of old forms of faith; it can recognize the one presence beneath the constant change of apparel. The third is "the cattle," the earthly or animal nature. Love can overcome that. How many a young man has it made pure! How many a sensuous soul has it refined and beautified! Love has done more than law to lift the heart above the mire. The fourth is the thing that "creepeth upon the earth," the moments of human insignificance in which it seems presumptuous in man to hope. There are seasons when I ask myself, What is my petty life amid the vastness of the stars? But love makes me stand erect. It gives me a sense of immortality, of imperishableness. It lifts me above all material things, however magnificent. It tells me there is room in the inn amid the guests of my Father. It carries me up from the manger of my own humiliation. It makes me say, "What a piece of work is man!"

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love," give me the dominion over these four. Give me the dominion over the fish of the sea, the power to do Martha's service with Mary's uncumberedness. Give me the dominion over the fowl of the air, the power to meet Peter's shipwreck with John's quiet rest. Give me the dominion over the beast of the field, the power

to wash the leper's spots with Magdalene's tears. Give me the dominion over the creeping thing, the thing which makes me crouch, called death. It is the last enemy which shall be left thee to conquer. Reveal thyself, O Love, in the valley. Reveal the immortality of thy youth in the midst of decay. Reveal thy spring-time in the winter, thy Nebo in the desert, thy singing on the leafless tree. Reveal that there is something which passes not away when tongues shall cease and prophets fail. Reveal that thou art seen face to face when other things appear through a glass darkly. Then shall I walk, not creep, through the valley of the shadow of death; in the vision of thy crown I shall crouch no more.

Edinburgh, Scotland.

For The Golden Rule.

BABY'S KISS.

By Mary F. Butts.

I CARRIED it with me down town,
I sipped at its sweetness all day;
It made me more patient with worrying work,
More thoughtful of what I should say.

And once in the thick of the fray,
When the flame of my anger flashed high,
I cooled with the thought of my baby's smile
As she kissed me a loving good-by.

When I thrust at my work-fellow's fault,
Whom I deemed in honor remiss,
I sheathed the blade of my scorn as I thought,
"He has no baby to kiss."

Whatever of pleasure or self
Thy father may haply miss,
God make him, my darling, more fit
Each night for thy welcoming kiss.

Boothbay Harbor, Me.

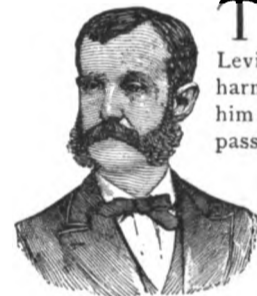


For The Golden Rule.

Passing By On the Other Side.

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

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



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

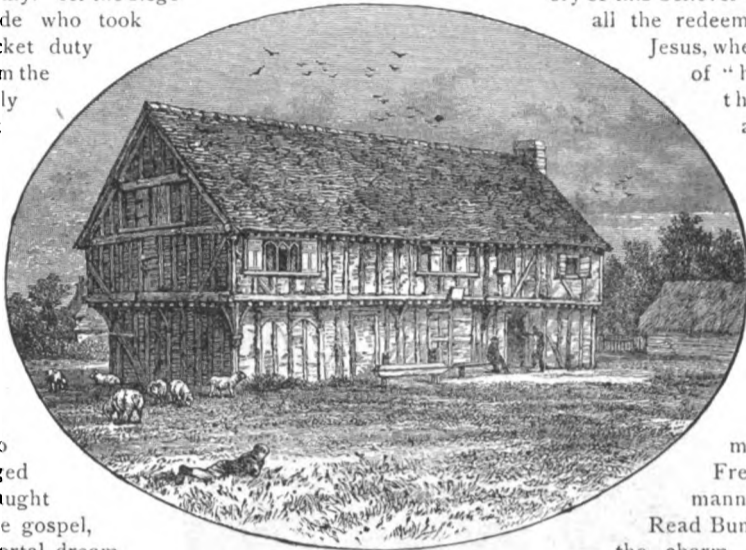
THE story is very familiar. Neither the priest nor the Levite did the wounded man any harm. It was the robbers that hurt him almost to death. The men that passed by were good men, with kind hearts and gentle feelings. They felt sorry for the poor man. One of them lingered a moment, and told the sufferer that he was very sorry he had been hurt so badly. They would not have done him any

injury for the world—this good priest, fresh from his sacred functions in the temple, and this kindly Levite, with hands consecrated to holy service.

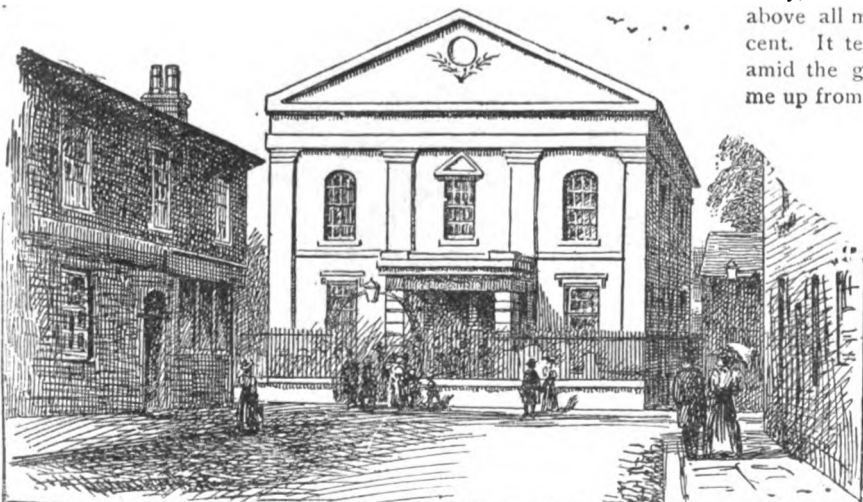
No; yet somehow the story reads as if they had done something not just right, as if they had injured the wounded man in some way. When we think the matter through, we find that the Master means to teach us that we may do sore wrong to others by not doing love's duties to them.

We do not think much of this kind of sins. At the close of the day we examine ourselves and review our record, to find wherein we should confess sin. We remember the hasty word we spoke, which gave pain to a tender heart and also grieved the Holy Spirit. We recall our self-indulgence, our unkind feelings, our selfish acts, our envyings and jealousies, our impatience and anger; and we make confession of all these sins, asking forgiveness. But do we make confession of the things we did not do, and ought to have done? Are we penitent for our failures to do deeds of kindness? During the day we have passed by on the other side of a human need and want and danger. Do we confess these neglects among the day's sins? The "other side" is too well trodden by many of us. The path is beaten hard by our feet.

Some people talk a great deal about perfection. They really mean a life free from positive and wilful sins. They do not think of that whole hemisphere of life which in them is almost empty. Love is more than not doing others harm; it is doing them all the good it is in our power to do. We are taught to pray, not, "Forgive us our crimes," but "Forgive us our debts." Debts are what we owe. It is not supposed that respectable people will commit crimes against their neighbors; but, when we look into the matter closely, we shall find that most of our days leave unpaid debts,—debts of love, kindnesses, or services due but not paid, certainly not paid in full. The priest and the Levite did not hurt the wounded man, but they failed to pay him the debt they owed him. What



The Moot Hall, Elatow.



Bunyan Chapel, Bedford.

they owed and did not pay was the difference between their passing by in harmless neglect and the noble service that the good Samaritan rendered.

It is well to press the application of the lesson very closely. All along life's dusty wayside lie wounded men and women, robbed and left to die. We are continually passing by. Which rôle are we playing—the priest's and Levite's, or the good Samaritan's? Take a single day's life, and see how many times we pass by some need on the other side. You learned of a neighbor in trouble. It was in your thought to go to him to offer him help. But you did not do it. The day closed, and there was that brotherly kindness that you ought to have done left undone. Yonder, at the ending of the day, your neighbor is still bowing in the darkness, beneath his burdens. He might have been rejoicing, had it not been for your sin of omission.

Here is one that has failed and fallen in the dust. There he lies, wounded in his soul, unable to rise. You know of him; he was an old neighbor of yours, a school-mate, perhaps. You have a vision of the possibilities that are in your old friend's soul, under sin's ruin, and you feel impelled to go to him in Christ's name. But you do not follow the good impulse, you pass by on the other side, and let him lie where he fell.

Listen to the word of the Lord: "When I say to the wicked, O wicked man, thou shalt surely die, if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand." You were not his tempter. The wounds in his soul you did not inflict. You did nothing to lead him into sin. Yet you knew of his wounding, his fall, his peril, and had it in your power at least to try to save him; but you offered no helping hand, spoke no word of love to warn him. You simply passed by on the other side.

All about us, evermore, are human needs and sorrows, which make their mute appeal to us. We are our brothers' keepers. It will not avail as excuse for us that we did our brother no harm. Did we do him the good that his condition needed? It looks from the story as if the priest, when he came to the wounded man, kept his face turned away, so that he could not see him. There are many people that do the same in these days. They refuse to see the misery and sorrow about them. But keeping ourselves ignorant of human needs will never excuse us for not relieving them.

The Levite turned aside and looked at the wounded sufferer, and said: "Poor fellow, I am very sorry for you. Are you much hurt? I hope some of your friends will come to help you." Then he, too, went on. There is much of this kind of sympathy in the world. People express interest in those that are suffering, telling them how sorry they are for them. Perhaps they promise to pray for them. Then they pass by on the other side. Such sympathy is very cheap, and is as valueless as cheap. It costs to do good to others. We cannot love our neighbor as ourselves and then save ourselves from self-denial and sacrifice. He that will save his life shall lose it. The way to save our life in reality is to give it out in love as the good Samaritan gave out his life. It may seem a waste, a failure; but nothing emptied out in love is wasted.

"Long, long centuries
Agone, One walked the earth, his life
A seeming failure;
Dying, he gave the world a gift
That will outlast eternities."

But, whatever the cost, we should never fail in a duty of love. We do grievous wrong to others by withholding from them what we owe them. There is a sin of not doing. We shall be judged, not alone by what we do, but also by what we leave undone. We cannot cut ourselves off from our brothers. It is not enough to think of getting on in the world; we dare not seek to get on, paying no heed to those that are journeying with us. There is a startling saying of Amiel's that we should do well to ponder: "It is better to be lost than to be saved all alone." One writes:—

"We go our ways in life too much alone;
We hold ourselves too far from all our kind;
Too often we are dead to sigh and moan,
Too often to the weak and helpless blind;
Too often where distress and want abide
We turn and pass upon the other side."

"The other side is trodden smooth, and worn
By footsteps passing idly all the day;
Where lie the bruised ones that faint and mourn
Is seldom more than an untrodden way.
Our selfish hearts are for our feet the guide;
They lead us by upon the other side."

"It should be ours the oil and wine to pour
Into the bleeding wounds of stricken ones;
To take the smitten and the sick and sore,
And bear them where a stream of blessing runs.
Instead we look about; the way is wide,
And so we pass upon the other side."

"O friends and brothers, gliding down the years,
Humanity is calling each and all
In tender accents, born of grief and tears.
I pray you, listen to the thrilling call,
You cannot, in your cold and selfish pride,
Pass guiltlessly by on the other side."

Philadelphia, Penn.

Endeavorers in Council.

Talks with the Readers of The Golden Rule.

By Pansy.

"What Ought I—?"

My Dear Friend:—I can understand the state of bewilderment into which you are thrown, but at my age the light is plainer. As I read your letter, I find myself wishing that all questions were as easily answered as yours.

In the first place, let me beg you never to allow any chain of circumstances or specious reasoning to persuade you that it is right to marry one that you are not sure beyond the peradventure of a doubt is the man above all others that you believe your heart would have chosen under any conceivable circumstances. Any other marriage than this I believe to be mockery in the sight of God. I can conceive of one loving another in this way, and yet not marrying, from motives of duty; but I cannot conceive of any duty that would make it right for one not so loving to marry. Do not you see how simple a matter such conviction of right and wrong as this makes your query?

Be sure, dear friend, that what "the Lord means" for you is that you should do right, even if in doing so you are compelled to grieve some one that has given you the best his heart has to offer. It would be but a sorry return to give such a one mere dregs of feeling. I wonder whether I may frankly tell you that in my judgment one that would pay exclusive attention to a young woman for a term of years, yet make no mention of love and marriage, is not worthy of her. I know it is the fashion in certain circles to talk a great deal about "Platonic affection." I have often been tempted to think that many people use the term without having a clear idea of what it means; but the fact remains that with honest, earnest, well-trained young men and women exclusive and long-continued companionship means, other things being equal, companionship for life; and, when two persons arrange to set aside this rule of nature, it generally means sorrow for one of them.

Let me still further say that it seems to me you are perhaps making the very common mistake of thinking of marriage almost as a necessity to a woman's life. Does it not occur to you that possibly God may not mean you to marry at all? In saying this I do not want to be understood to speak lightly of marriage; on the contrary, I believe a true marriage to be the crown of a woman's life. But there are many honorable exceptions; there is blessed work in the world being done by women with warm affections and motherly hearts, who have yet no home ties, and so are able to do that which but for them would be left undone. Who can estimate how many homeless and motherless ones rise up to call such blessed? Possibly your work lies in this direction. Whether it does or not, let me repeat the admonition with which I began: Never mistake friendship for love; never stand before the marriage altar with one of whom you could not say, "My heart chose him alone from all the world."

My dear girl, I want to emphasize this as much as possible because I believe in it so thoroughly. The world is full of wrecked homes and ruined hearts that need not have been so if friendship had not been so often mistaken for love, and marriage relations entered into so carelessly.

About the other matter, do you know that I am strongly tempted to feel that bright, merry, charming women that have "young ways," and appear younger than they really are, would be very much wiser if they would confine their philanthropic efforts to young women like themselves, or to the army of young girls that need help; or to the boys in knee-trousers and jackets, who can by no possibility mistake their motives? I have seen infinite, and in some cases fatal, mischief result from well-meant efforts to "help" young men, when young women somewhat older than themselves were the helpers. There is a period in life when these same mature young women are especially fascinating to quite young men; the young man believes that the world holds nothing better for him than to be always at the side of one such, whom he has elected to be his guardian angel. In nine cases out of ten the same men at thirty are ready to smile at their folly, or groan over their irretrievable mistake.

May I remind you that in our day women age earlier than men? A woman at forty is "middle-aged," while a man at forty is spoken of as "in his prime." In forming lifelong friendships it seems to me wise to take such facts into consideration; probably the cases in which we go against nature should be very exceptional.

I wonder whether I have fully answered your thought. I have thus gone into details, not only for your sake, but because, although I have no doubt that you consider your circumstances peculiar,—we all do,—the letters that

I have received lead me to believe that a large number of your sisters are thinking along much the same lines.

I hope I have not seemed to undervalue Christian work or a young woman's influence over young men. God only knows how great that is. Yet, as a rule, when a man of twenty or twenty-two needs and seeks woman's help outside of his own home, if he would choose the happy wife and mother that is old enough to lay her hand frankly on his arm and say, "My son," when she sought a confidential word with him, or else a woman whose hair was so gray and her bearing so unmistakably that of middle age that she could seem to him as the sister that watched over him when he was in kilts and curls, I believe that the world would be the better for it.

I wonder what the other girls think. I shall welcome their letters.

ISABELLA M. ALDEN.

Address all letters and questions intended for this department to Mrs. G. R. Alden ("Pansy"), 35 Trowbridge Street, Cambridge, Mass.

ON LETTING ONE'S LIFE BE SPOILED.

A Golden Rule Meditation.

How many times I have allowed some gloomy look to darken a day for me, or some unkind word to embitter its sweet hours! Especially if these little wrongs have come from some one near and dear to me, they have pressed deep into my soul and rankled there. So by others' harshness of temper my own spirit has been made harsh, and the sun has gone down upon me because others wore dark glasses.

But to what avail have I a spirit separate from the men and women around me, if I must take my temper from theirs, be happy only when they are gay, and serene only when they are kindly? Is it a proof of my affection for them if I thus take to heart their harshness and reflect it in my life? It would far better prove my affection for them if I should dissipate their clouds with my sunshine and smooth away their frowns with my smiles. But I cannot do this unless, with all my love for them and my joy in them, I hold myself regally independent of them in my spirit life.

And then, how dare I permit another mortal to spoil even a day or an hour of that life which I am living to God alone? In him I should seek my sufficiency, my all in all. When he frowns upon me, then indeed the world should be black about me, but when he looks graciously upon me, it is enough; I have no business heeding the ungracious looks of his creatures.

My spirit shall dwell apart. I will be alone with Thee, and let Thee interpret the world for me. In whatever house I live, or in the thickest crowd, my spirit shall make an abode for itself where it may be serene.

And O that my loved ones might do the same, that my frequent peevishness and passions might have no baneful influence over their spirits, that they may live so close to me as to love me, yet so far from me that my many sins shall not spoil their lives! Grant this, dear Lord, to them and to me!

Christian Endeavor Calendar.

A Choice Thought To Live by Every Day in the Year.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 1.

Some of your hurts you have cured,
And the sharpest you still have survived;
But what torments of grief you endured
From evils which never arrived!

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 2.

Just as the goblet may be full to the brim with water,
and yet you may put sugar in, and fill up the little
invisible cells and interstices, and it will still be full,
so Christ may come blessedly and divinely into every
one of our lives, making the life richer, purer, more
worthy.—Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 3.

We rise by the things that are under feet,
By what we have mastered of good and gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.
—J. G. Holland.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4.

Let the weakest, let the humblest, remember, that in
his daily course he can, if he will, shed around him
almost a heaven. Kindly words, sympathizing atten-
tions, watchfulness against wounding men's sensitiv-
ness—these cost very little, but are priceless in their
value. Are they not the staple of our daily happiness?
From hour to hour, from moment to moment, we are
supported, blest, by small kindnesses.—F. W. Robertson.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5.

"Of little faith!" Yes, gracious Lord!
It is my constant grief
That I so little trust thy word:
"Help thou my unbelief!"

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6.

He who possesses the love of his family, the respect
of his friends, and who believes in God, has happiness
enough to triumph over all possible misfortunes.—
From the French.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7.

That which is called considering what is our duty in
a particular case, is very often nothing but endeavoring
to explain it away.—Bishop Butler.