

THE GOLDEN RULE

FOR CHRIST AND THE CHURCH

Thursday, March 25, 1897



THE LARGEST JUNIOR SOCIETY IN THE WORLD.
See editorial note on page 527.

Vol. XI. No. 26.

BOSTON & CHICAGO

Topics for April 11.

THE GOLDEN RULE

FRANCIS E. CLARK, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.
ARTHUR W. KELLY
WILLIAM T. ELLIS

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. 26

Boston and Chicago

March 25, 1897

Golden Rule Proverbs.

Live selfishly, live little.
Great duties teach great faith.
Sovereignty is proved by service.
Despair is the child of anticipation.
The only expression of love is duty.
There can be no peace without purity.
The purposeless life is a headless arrow.
The crown of love is given to him whose back has bent beneath the cross of sacrifice.

AS WE SEE THINGS.

ALL caps off to the Juniors!

Now let Swinburne, or some other good alliterative poet, write an ode on the Grit of the Greeks.

THE New York legislature has forbidden Sunday baseball games. An imperial act, worthy of the Empire State.

IF only Keats could have known that in this year of grace the original manuscript of his "Endymion" would be sold in London for \$3,475!

BLOOD will tell. Riciotti Garibaldi, a son of the famous Italian patriot, has organized three regiments of volunteers for service in the Greek army.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S extension of the civil-service rules left only a handful of offices for the spoilsmen, with the exception of the fourth-class post-offices, and now all is quiet along the Potomac.

WE overheard this on the street: "Yes, sir, when I had those boils on my neck, the doctor says, 'Now you want to give up drinking,' and I have n't touched a drop since." O, for more such doctors—and such boils!

"THE oldest man in the world" died this week in Guadalajara, Mexico. It is said that documentary evidence proved him to have reached the hale old age of 154; that is, he was born before the middle of the last century.

A BILL imposing fines for the offence of expectorating upon sidewalks has just been rejected by the Connecticut legislature. Some day, nevertheless, in the interests not only of common decency but of health as well, such a law will be enacted everywhere.

WHAT community is not blessed with a so-called "bottomless pit or well"? The aldermen of a New York city thus favored have sensibly decided to use this receptacle for the disposal of the town's garbage. Probably the wide adoption of this scheme would lead to the forced abandonment of most of these local Stygian myths.

GOOD for the girls! The president of Harvard University calls attention to the fact that of the thirty-one women graduates that received the degree of bachelor of arts from Harvard last year, there were only eight that received the plain degree, "without distinction." This is a much higher proportion than the young men show, though the examinations for the two sexes are the same.

The Quality of Mercy.—The gospel does more than set men's gaze upon the stars. It turns their eyes downward to all the oppressed and needy of creation, human and brute. In these latter days the cause of man's dumb servants is receiving especial attention. There is before us at this writing the annual report of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals,—an excellent organization,—showing that within a year 37,635 cases were investigated, and 3,207 disabled animals were temporarily relieved from labor, while a somewhat larger number of beasts of burden were humanely destroyed. Of small animals, 73,197 were painlessly put to death. Other features of the report

show how vigilant the society and its friends have been to protect dumb creatures from pain and ill-treatment. That our animal friends have rights before the law is unknown to many persons. But this knowledge is spreading, thanks to the increasing number of private citizens who make it their duty to rebuke cruel teamsters, and to report, when necessary, cases of cruelty to animals. All this agitation is making people more thoughtful on the subject. Householders are reminded to think of the cat and the dog, when leaving home for the season. Boys are ashamed to rob birds' nests, and to increase the wanton destruction of song-birds that is making silent the woods and fields that once were filled with the melody of feathered songsters. Well may all Endeavorers, and especially the Juniors, lend a hand in speeding the cause of mercy. "Blessed are the merciful."

Alas for Madagascar!—Ranavalona III., the Christian queen of the Malagasy, has been sent into exile by her French conquerors, and, leaving her hill city and her palace with its memories of the Christian martyrs, must live henceforth on the island of Réunion. This young woman, trained in the English missionary schools, has faithfully led her people in the paths of the Good Shepherd. Her lofty patriotism has won for her the most enthusiastic support of the nation, but all has been in vain. An article to be printed in the next number of this paper, written by Rev. W. E. Cousins, the English missionary who has established so many Christian Endeavor societies among these dusky tribes, relates the deplorable plight of the Christian church in that great island. This loss of their royal leader will mean still further demoralization.

Involuntary Righteousness.—Within one square from the office of THE GOLDEN RULE they have nearly completed a magnificent hotel, whose cost will be two and a half million dollars. After its towering walls had risen, some one with a tape measure and a memory bethought himself of our Massachusetts temperance laws, and measured the distance between this great hostelry and the nearest public school building. It was less than four hundred feet. At once a mighty tremor seized the owners, for the law forbids saloons within four hundred feet of a public school and on the same street. Then began a vigorous siege of the legislature. "Give us an appendix to the law," they cried, "and exempt from its provisions hotels having two hundred and fifty rooms or more." But this the Massachusetts legislature—all honor to them—steadily refused to do, and it may be that the little Winthrop School building will give Boston a great temperance hotel, worthy to be named alongside those Christian "hospices" of Germany, about which Dr. Clark wrote when he was in that country. If so, we shall all "put up" at La Touraine.

Way for the Juniors!—Surely the Juniors deserve to have an occasional number of THE GOLDEN RULE pretty much to themselves, and this, their thirteenth birthday, is an appropriate time to honor them. We give our heartiest thanks to the many leaders in this noble Junior work that have favored us with their contributions to this number. May 1897 prove the best year our Juniors have ever known. The picture that appears on our front cover shows what is probably the largest Junior Christian Endeavor society in the world, that of the Yarra Street Wesleyan Church of Geelong, Australia. The membership of this Junior society is now 415, though the picture does not show so many Juniors. The three officers are in the centre: Miss Ada Hitchcock, the president, upon her left the vice-president, and upon her right the secretary. These have many officers under them, because the society has become so large that its members are grouped in three subdivisions, which come together only on consecra-

tion days. On these occasions one of the ministers of the church is in charge. One of the divisions consists of girls under twelve, a second of boys under twelve, and the third of both boys and girls that are over twelve. This large society has fourteen committees altogether, and it does an immense amount of work. Honor standards are used to reward the committees that do the best work. These are presented at the consecration meeting. In connection with this Junior society is a boys' reading circle and a boys' club. The missionary work is under the charge of the Birthday League, to which many of the members contribute. They are greatly interested in a "cottage by the sea" for poor and convalescent children, and also in one of the city missions. Surely such a society is no unworthy representative of the bright-eyed Juniors everywhere, whose good cheer and trusting service this number of our paper is to honor.

Drummond Dead.—The great-hearted Scotchman that wrote so nobly about "The Perfected Life" has entered the perfect life. He who saw so clearly what is



HENRY DRUMMOND.

the greatest thing in the world has gone to the presence of Him whose name is Love. Lifted out of natural law into the spiritual world, Henry Drummond has found awaiting him the work for which his splendid life has fitted him; and who will doubt that it is a task honored in the sight of the angels and of God? With the exception of Spurgeon, no religious writer of modern times addressed an audience so vast as this Scotch professor. Into his short life—for he was born in 1851—he crowded a wide experience. He was a

pastor in the island of Malta. He became a distinguished teacher of science. He had charge of a workingmen's mission. He travelled extensively and to much profit of the world, on the Continent, in our Yellowstone Park at the peril of his life from the Indians, among the cannibals of the Pacific, and in the heart of Africa. His work among the poor, and his remarkably successful labors among young men in college, added much to that fullness of experience which enabled him to touch with so happy a power the lives of his perplexed and weary brothers and sisters. It is especially fitting that this man, so much of whose work was done for the young, should be held in loving memory by all the young Christians of America.

Abusing Charity.—A study of reports from the New York dispensaries has lately brought out some interesting results. There is much evidence that dispensaries established to furnish medical aid to the needy have altogether too many patrons well able to pay for treatment. Facts about individual cases point more strongly in the same direction. This does not, of course, bear against the worth of dispensaries as a noble form of philanthropy. But it does suggest once more what one so often feels after making a study of charities,—the great need of wisdom in order to administer charity helpfully. When improper advantage is taken of offered aid, the worthy poor suffer wrong by unjust judgments in which they are included, the public is injured because hearts are hardened against all appeals, those that claim aid are themselves injured by being pauperized. In most cases where charity is abused the remedy is the one suggested in this case,—prompt and careful investigation of all applications, that the deserving may be encouraged and the undeserving discouraged.

If I Should Die To-night.

By Belle E. Smith,

The First Superintendent of the First Junior Christian Endeavor Society.

[This famous poem was first published in *The Christian Union*, June 18, 1873.]

If I should die to-night,

My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting-place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And, laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress,
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,

My friends would call to mind with loving thought
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought,
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said,
Errands on which the willing feet had sped;
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside;
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,

Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully.
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften in the old, familiar way;
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So I might rest, forgiven of all, to-night.

O friends, I pray to-night

Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow;
The way is lonely; let me feel them now.
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, O hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

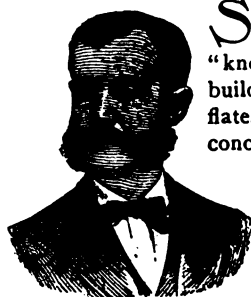


For The Golden Rule.

THE CRITICAL HABIT.

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

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



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

ST. PAUL, in one of his terse, strong sentences, tells us that "knowledge puffeth up, but love buildeth up." Mere knowledge inflates a man, makes him vain, self-conceited. In relation to others it makes him arrogant, critical, impatient, intolerant. Thus knowledge alone is insufficient as a qualification for dealing with others. There must be love as well as knowledge.

Love in the heart tempers knowledge. It makes us patient with others, charitable toward their mistakes, quick to see the good that is in them, and ready to bear with their infirmities and to help them to do better.

At no other point is this teaching more important than in our judgments of others. The habit of finding fault is very common. It is easy; any one can find fault. We see faults and flaws, and we like to speak about them. It seems a luxury to some people. The law of love, however, if given full sway, would put restraint upon us, not only upon the utterance of our criticisms, but also upon all unkindly judgment of others and of their acts.

Criticism often discourages, and too often does permanent and serious harm. Life is not easy to any one, and to many people it is very hard. They are carrying every pound of burden they can possibly carry. They sometimes almost totter beneath their heavy load. Now suppose that, instead of saying cheering words to these people, heartening words, which would put new hope and courage into their spirits, we do nothing but criticize them, find fault with them, speak in a harsh, unloving way of them; what is the effect upon them? We know what it is. It makes their load all the heavier; or, rather, it weakens them, and thus makes it harder for them to go on.

At certain points in the Alps tourists are cautioned not to speak or sing, or even to whisper, as the faintest sound might start reverberations in the air which would loosen a delicately poised avalanche from its place on the mountain, and bring it crashing down upon villages and fields. There are men and women who are walking under such stress of burden, care, responsibility, sorrow, or temptation, that one whisper of censure, of criticism, of complaint, of unkindness, may cause them to fall under their load. The world needs love, love that will never add to another's burden, that will not judge or condemn another, but that will always give cheer, encouragement, inspiration of hope. Knowledge that puffs up and makes one censorious is not of God. Without love we are not fit to touch another life. Love builds up.

This lesson is not unneeded. We may as well confess that we are all prone to be critical of our fellows. We fall most easily into the habit of saying unkindly things of others. We do not mean to hurt any one. We imagine that our criticisms are just and right, and therefore that we should utter them. We forget that we ought to look at others through eyes of love and not through eyes of mere cold knowledge. We do not know how much hurt we do by our unchristian censure and faultfinding.

Especially should we think of the influence of this critical habit on Christian workers, our companions and friends. It is not our work that they are doing. They

are not in our employ. We are not their masters. They are not under our direction. We have no right whatever to dictate to them how they shall do the work of Christ, or to criticize the way in which they do it. Christ is their Master. It is his work that they are doing. They do it under his direction. To him as their Master they stand or fall. We can have no possible right to criticize them or find fault with them.

When young and timid Christians know that everything they do is watched for the purpose, not of kindly commendation, but of criticism, and when they hear of unkind things said about their work, it is not hard to foretell the consequences. There may be no special harm in criticizing a woman's dress or bonnet, or gait, or the house a man builds, or his foolish way of doing business, or the singing of one who sings for pay, although I am not sure that we can vindicate even this sort of dictation on any Christian principles. But surely we have no right to sit as judge on our fellow Christians' efforts to do Christ's work. It may be that we know better ways of working, and could teach them much. But let us never assume to be their censors, their judges, their critics, talking of the sacred things of Christ as if they were only bits of common week-day work.

We all remember how Jesus dealt with his disciples in their poor, faulty work. He commended what they did. "She hath done what she could," was his gentle defence of one who had done a deed of love, which older disciples were condemning and criticising. So it ever was. He never found fault with his disciples when they were doing their best.

Some one has said that many of the most beautiful things in heaven are earth's blunders,—things God's children, with loving heart, tried to do to please God. The blunders tell of love, and are dear to God. I know a home in which the most sacred and precious household treasure is a piece of puckered sewing. A little child one day picked up the mother's sewing,—some simple thing she had been working on,—and after half an hour's quiet brought it to the mother and gave it to her, saying, "Mamma, I's been helping you, 'cause I love you so." The stitches were long and the sewing was puckered; but the mother saw only beauty in it all, for it told of her child's love and eagerness to please her. That night the little one sickened, and soon went home. No wonder the mother keeps that piece of bungled sewing among her rarest treasures. Nothing that the most skilful hands have wrought, among all her household possessions, means to her half so much as that puckered seam.

May not this be the way in which God looks at his children's homeliest and humblest efforts to do things for him? Only think how faulty even the best Christian work done in this world must seem to Christ,—how full of unwisdom, how foolish, much of it, how mixed with self and vanity, how untactful, how indiscreet, how without prayer and love, how ignorant, how ungentle! Of course we can see many faults in the work of others; but we should remember always how poor, mistaken, unworthy, how imperfectly done, is even our best service, as it looks to Christ's pure and holy eyes. We should remember, too, that he does not chide us for it, does not blame us for doing so ill the sacred things he gave us to do, does not talk complainingly to the angels and the apostles about our mistakes. O no; many of our poor blunders, our most faulty pieces of work, are held as

among our Master's most holy treasures in heaven. He uses our blundering efforts, if only love and faith be in them, to bless others, to do good, to build up his kingdom. He is saving the world to-day, not through faultless work of angels, but through the poor, ignorant, flawed, oftentimes foolish, work of disciples who love him and want to help him. He puts the treasures of grace for the world into earthen vessels.

Can we not learn this great lesson from our Master? "Knowledge puffs up, but love builds up." Somehow the habit so grows upon us that we come to feel after a while as if we had a right to find fault, we have grown so wise. "Knowledge puffs up." We think ourselves quite competent to criticise any Christian worker, old or young, layman or minister. "Knowledge puffs up." Yes, but it is not Christian; it is not like Christ. He did not do it, and why should we? If he is pleased to use people's poor, blundering work, have we any right to find fault with it?

We should remember, too, that no most faulty work hurts Christ's heart half so much as when we grow censorious and critical. That is a kind of Christian work which never pleases him, which he never commends.

"Love builds up." Shall we not learn to look on all other Christians and their work as Christ looks upon us and our work—with patience and love? Shall we not seal our lips on every faultfinding word that we are tempted to speak when we see flaws or mistakes? Of course we can criticise finely, but that is not a high Christian attainment, a fruit of the Spirit, an art in which proficiency is honorable. Criticism is not our mission. Two things we are set here to do: we should do our own work as well as we can; then we should give cheer, inspiration, and encouragement to every other worker for Christ who comes within our influence. How much more angelic is this than to censure and blame and find fault with others!

Philadelphia, Penn.

THE CHILDREN.

My heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of fate blowing wild;
O, there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

Selected.

—Charles Dickens.



For The Golden Rule.

NO SUCCESSFUL CRIMINALS.

By E. C. Jackson.

IT has been my fortune to serve along various lines of newspaper work for a number of years. Reporter, telegraph and exchange editor, travelling correspondent—I took my turn at them all.

In pursuit of news I have written up lawbreakers great and small. I have seen the young boy trembling for the first time in the strong grasp of the law, and have interviewed men for whom the sun had set for the last time, and over whose heads the black shadows of the scaffold already fell. I have seen in their faces bravado, defiance, abject fear, or assumption of injured innocence, but never happiness or even real satisfaction at the memory of their crimes, no matter how cleverly executed those crimes might have been. I have come to the conclusion that the "successful criminal," so often mentioned in sensational newspaper articles, is a myth, and that, from a simple, common-sense business standpoint, putting morality and self-respect entirely out of the question, it pays to be honest and obey the laws of God and man.

Simply to gratify a whimsical curiosity of my own, I commenced, in the past decade, a record of the career of some prominent criminals; not of the small thieves or common assassins, but of the men who, with education, friends, position, everything in their favor, fell to the depths of the hunted outcast. Only the cream of these were jotted down in the tiny note-book.—public officers and trusted employees, bank presidents and confidential friends, whose stealings amounted in the aggregate to millions of dollars, and arose to the questionable dignity of "embezzlement" or "defalcation."

My work enabled me to keep trace of these during the years over which my notes extend. There were twenty-three of them. I could have filled the volume with names, but only those were selected whose crimes were the sensation of the day in their own State or country—in a few cases a world-wide sensation. The cause of the wrong, in almost all these cases,—eighteen,—was gambling,—cards, races, or stocks. Not one commenced with the intention of defrauding any one of a cent. They fully intended to replace the money used as soon as this or that "sure thing" brought in its winnings; but the