

### The Unbridled Tongue.

What is more derogatory to the healthy growth of the church than the unbridled tongue?

Few preachers and overseers of churches that have not had their patience tried to the utmost in trying to settle difficulties originating from and engendered by the tongue.

"Behold, we put bits into the horses mouths that they may obey us; and we turn about their whole body. Behold also the ships, which though they be so great, and are driven of fierce winds, yet are they turned about with a very small helm whithersoever the governor listeth. Even so the tongue is a little member and boasteth great things. Behold what a great matter a little fire kindleth! And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity; so is the tongue among our members that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature and it is set on fire of hell." James iii. 3-7.

The apostle certainly had seen the evils of the ungodly tongue in his time and had wept over its soul destroying tendency by which he was incited to lift the warning voice.

Happy is the congregation that is free from this unruly member, and I fear they are few and far between. "It setteth on fire the course of nature, and it is set on fire of hell."

I think I am safe in saying that nine tenths of the troubles in the church is from this evil, and there is no better manifestation of a corrupt heart, and we can in the language of the great apostle say to such, "Your heart is not right in the sight of God." "From the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

"If any man among you seemeth to be religious and bridled not his tongue but deceiveth his own heart, that man's religion is vain." "The tongue can no man tame."

How often do the elders strive to tame that unbridled tongue which is as impossible as to make a corrupt tree bear good fruit. If the patient labors of the faithful ones can not bring them to reformation, the sooner they are cut off from the congregation the better.

That heart does not love God and that soul has never been purified by "obeying the truth to unfeigned love of the brethren."

They are destitute of forbearance and are ever looking up the faults of the brethren to herald abroad—among outsiders, and are continually tattling and lying. You may labor with them and you can never convince them wherein they are at fault.

"If we say that we have fellowship with him and walk in darkness we lie and do not the truth." John i. 6. "But he that hateth his brother is in darkness, and walketh in darkness, and knoweth not whither he goeth, because that darkness hath blinded his eyes." 1 John ii. 11. "We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren. Whosoever hateth his brother abideth in death; whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer; and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him." 1 John iii. 14, 15.

I fear that but few are aware that their unbridled tongue is an infallible evidence of a wicked heart, and consequently their religion is vain, and their mission is to sow discord and bring trouble into the church, making themselves miserable and leading a course that will ultimately not only insure to themselves but many weak members the reward of iniquity, tribulation and anguish, the wages of sin which is death. Religion is vain unless the tongue is bridled.

"He that will love life and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil and his lips that they speak no guile."

Reader, is your tongue bridled? If so, you control it; if not, you are a

detriment to society, and an annoyance to all good people.

T. M. MORGAN.

Looking Glass, Or., Aug. 16, 1879.

### After Many Days.

David Bruce was a young artist in Philadelphia, nearly forty years ago. He painted until he made money enough to take him to Rome for two or three years. When he came back, he gained high and just ideas of art, and much technical skill. But very few people bought pictures forty years ago, and the times were as hard as they are now.

David, with his mother and sister to support, soon found himself without a dollar.

"I'll have to come to you for work," he said bitterly enough, to his Uncle Ben, who was a carpenter. "I can drive a nail and handle a saw if I can not paint pictures worth buying."

"Na, na," my lad. "When ye've got a trade, stick til't," said the hard-faced old Scotchman. "Though I could wish ye had a decenter one! my own, for example."

So young Bruce contented himself with a diet of black bread and milk, to give his mother and little Jennie a full share of provisions.

Matters were fast coming to an extremity. There was but little bread and water in the larder for anybody, when David received an offer of work from a manufacturer of wall paper, who was in need of new designs.

His Uncle Ben brought the man to see him.

"Here's a rare chance for ye, lad. Mr. Jenking will pay you well, nae doot. My nephew has been for years learnin' his trade in the capitals of Europe," turning to the manufacturer, a red pudgy little man.

"Ye'll find he's fitted himself to design your paper to your satisfaction." "Why, Uncle," cried David, red with rage! "I'm not a dauber of signs and wall paper? I paint landscapes—great historical pictures."

"Ye're a fule!" whispered his Uncle.

"Have you a mind yer mither shall starve. You look at her thin cheeks, yonder?"

David glanced into the other room. He was very civil with his visitor after that, though secretly he gnashed his teeth with mortification.

"You must put your best touches on, Bruce," said the manufacturer. "I'm not easily pleased. I never pay for the first design but if I approve it, I'll be a liberal patron."

"I imagine you'll be satisfied," said David, loftily.

The next day the carpenter came to see how the work progressed. "There are a half-dozen designs. I dashed them off this morning," said David, indifferently.

Ben looked over them through his spectacles.

"I'm no judge of such matters. Are these good, David?"

"Good enough."

"Is it the best you can do?"

"Certainly not. Do you think I'd put my best work on wall paper? Did I go to Rome for that?"

"Dinna ye mind the gude book says, 'whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might?' Naw, there my journeyman, Jack Sawtree," lay the papers carefully in a pile on the table, "Jock says to me this morning, 'Ben, says he, 'why do you plane off the top planks of the perch as smooth as the bottom? It's a was-ing of time,' says he. 'Nobody'd know if you slighted them.' 'Jack,' says I, 'I'd know.'"

David looked at the old man a minute, and then gathered up his designs and threw them in the fire. "You're a better artist than I," he said.

"I know naething about art, but I know what's honest," said Ben.

"David spent the rest of the day on a design. It was the best he could do. In the evening he showed it to his mother and Jennie. "My idea is his

paper of a chamber, in which the occupant, waking from sleep, shall have a glimpse of the field outside."

The ground of the design was the pale blue of the air, against which waved long, fine grasses and white wild daisies, with here and there a joyous sparrow, in poise to sing.

"It is the field where you used to play when you was a boy, David!" cried his mother.

"I know mother."

David had put so much feeling and his tenderest recollections into the sketch, that he felt he must succeed. But the next day he received a curt note from the manufacturer, saying that he "could not feel justified in employing him. This design being the first, was, of course, his own."

"So my best work was wasted," said David.

Several weeks later he saw in the windows of the manufacturer in High Street, paper printed in his design. It sold rapidly. But the truth was, the manufacturer chose to employ cheaper and inferior workmen.

The times began to revive soon after that. Young Bruce had a commission to paint the portrait of the Mayor, and so became well known. Presently his landscapes were sold. Slowly and surely he went on his way to fortune, carrying his dear old mother and Jennie with him; and after a little wife and baby were added to the happy household.

There were one or two little incidents in his after life which I wish to recall.

Many years after he had gained fame and prosperity he visited a brother artist of yet higher standing than his own, who lived in a bleak district of New England. His host had but one child, a boy of about eleven, who was carried into the parlor by two men, seated in an easy chair. He was worn to a shadow, but his face was full of sensitive feeling.

"My boy has been an invalid from cradle," his father said. "For months in the year he has not been able to leave his bed."

Bruce during his stay became much attached to the little fellow. One day his father said to him—

"This month of August is Charley's one glimpse of freedom. During the fall and winter, he never leaves his room, and is not able to read, to amuse himself with toys, or even to listen to music. By the way I found a rare pleasure for him last winter, most unexpectedly, in an old-fashioned wall paper, of a singular design of leaves, with flowers, and birds flying here and there in the summer light. He used to lie and look at it with real delight."

"It just takes me right out of doors papa," he said, and he would fancy stories about the birds and tell them to his mother by the hour. There is really remarkable artistic merit in the paper. I should like for you to look at it."

"I should be glad to see it," said Mr. Bruce, who was troubled just then by some far-off memories.

When he carried little Charlie into the chamber after awhile and heard him explain his "winter garden," his pale face reddening with pleasure, the tears came to Bruce's eyes.

Five years later, in looking over a Western newspaper, Bruce found this paragraph:

"By the confession of Jim Budd, last week, just before meeting his fate on the gallows, it was proved, as our readers will remember, that Oscar Arnold was innocent of the crime of forgery, for which he was sentenced five years. Arnold was an old man, a farmer, whose life had always been inoffensive before his trial. His pardon was sent at once to the prison, but arrived just too late. The old man had died the day before. He had been confined to his cell for months, and some kindly soul had covered the walls with a cool, summery paper, the birds flying here and there through the grass. The prisoner, as his mind fail-

ed, took a great delight in these pictured walls as a child, fancying himself, poor fellow, free and in his own fields again."

Not long afterwards, Bruce passed through the city where Arnold had been confined, and visited the prison. The wife of the jailor told him the whole pathetic story, and showed him the white daisies and song sparrows on the wall.

"He fancied himself out of doors, among them, poor soul," she said, "and so died, calm and happy. The Lord put it into the heart of somebody to paint that paper, I think. I wish the designer could know the good it has done."

Bruce stood in the cell, himself a gray-haired man, looking at the work of his youth; and he thanked God for every stroke which had made wild flowers or birds more real or true. He remembered old Ben's motto, "Good work always pays the worker, soon or late." But he thought no work ever paid him as this had done.—*Youth's Companion*.

### Courage! Another Change.

BY REV. E. A. RAND.

Ho! ho! What is the matter, man?

Take your hands down from your face. Why so sad and despairing? If you don't look out they will think old Heraclitus has come to life, the philosopher that took such a gloomy view of things that they called him the "weeping philosopher." Up, man! the sun yet shines. You are in the woods, but you may get out of them. Have a stout heart and a brave will.

"Ah," says some one, "I am badly off. Poverty pinches me. Business has gone wrong. Times are bad."

But times may be better. Come, hope is a good fire to warm one's soul at.

In relations far more important, when locating those three angels that come to us right out of the sunshine of God's presence, Faith, Hope, and Charity, they put Hope in the middle. It is a fire that warms on both sides. What would Faith be without Hope, and what would Charity be without Hope! Come, long-face, have a good time hoping. Better days are coming. Let Hope be the spur in the horse's side, and something will be done. A march will be stolen on that enemy, "hard times."

"Ah," says another, "I have fallen fearfully. Tempted, I fell; and falling, I went to the bottom." That may be, and yet though you may have tumbled to the bottom of the ladder, as long as it is a ladder and there are rounds above you, there is hope. There is a round near you. "God's to-day," it is labeled. "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." Take hold of that round, "God's to-day," and climb. There have been many low down who have yet gone high up. There was the eminent John Newton. He was once master of a slave-vessel. He walked the quarter-deck as an officer, but in character he went to the bottom of the hold. How God raised him, and raised him high! God is willing to help you, if you will lay hold of that round in the ladder near you.

And here is a Christian worker. Obstacles confront him like a thorn hedge. He is baffled and dispirited. What shall be done? A Spanish commander sent for an under officer, Oquendo, to advise him what was best to be done. The safety of a noble fleet was periled. "We are lost; what are we to do?" asked the commander. That was a brave answer, which included these spirited words of Oquendo, "Let your excellency bid me order up the cartridges." God's servants need that spirit of dauntless endeavor. Opportunities are not over. Resources are not exhausted. There is nothing in the way

so much an obstacle as your own will. "Order up the cartridges!" There is a field, though a hard one, for another fight. There is a day dawning for a new opportunity. There is another chance. "Order up the cartridges."

### About Punctuation.

All young writers are troubled about proper punctuation. Indeed some old writers have the same difficulty. Years ago, an experienced teacher, with whom we were sometime associated, who wrote exceedingly well in both prose and verse, was accustomed to seek our inexperienced aid in the final preparation of manuscripts for the printer. "I think so much of the higher and more essential excellences of writing," he would say, "that I can't well attend to the lesser ones of capitalization and punctuation." Now we did not then believe, and are not yet persuaded, that the correct use of capitals, and the true employment of punctuation points, are so inferior matters that they should be lost sight of in superlative rhetorical endeavor, yet as to punctuation the *Journal and Messenger* makes something of a case in the following:

It is not necessary to make the meaning of a good writer plain. Every rhetoric teaches that words should be so chosen and so arranged that there is no ambiguity about the meaning. Contracts are drawn up without dependence upon punctuation. Laws if properly made do not rest the interpretation on dots in the manuscript and why should other writing be dependent upon such helps to make it plain. It is hurtful sometimes because young writers depend upon their punctuation for the expression of thought rather than upon the clearness of their sentences.

It is not necessary for the reader. The old rule for counting one when you come to a comma is outgrown. Every reader knows that the pauses he must make are those which no rule for punctuation notices at all.

There is no uniformity about rules and from the nature of the case there can not be.

If we have capitals to mark the beginning of sentences and spaces to separate them from one another with a judicious use of these and the proper care in forming sentences no reader would be at loss to understand. At least the matter may be simplified.

### Remember the Pastor's Wife.

"Remember your pastor's wife has a woman's heart," says an Eastern paper. "Do not be too frank and free in criticizing her to her face. She may keep a calm countenance in your presence, but the floodgates will give way when you leave the house. Do not be too unjust or ungenerous. You have a small church and pay a very limited salary. You think your pastor's wife should do her work without the aid of a servant. Some of you have no such assistance. While she is struggling to do this; probably without your robust health, do not lecture her because she visits so little, and does not attend all the social meetings. You can readily visit her; but there are fifty families in the congregation to whom you must pay equal attentions. She heard your well-meant but sharper criticism the other day, and tried faintly to pass it off with a smile and response, like a Christian woman; but she sank under the weight of it when you left, and husband found her utterly discouraged, exhausted by weeping, and reclining upon the couch in quite a fever. Carry balm when you visit her, not an irritant!"—*Ec.*

—Hope is a very agreeable hostess. If she provides ever so meager a breakfast, she never fails to promise a good supper, and entertains you with agreeable anticipations until the supper hour arrives; consequently it pays to cultivate her acquaintance.