

Perplexities of This Life.

EXPERIENCES OF SOME OF MY OWN LIFE.

I was born in Buchanan county, Mo., in the year of 1842. When fifteen years old my father settled in Kansas, and it being newly settled there were no schools there until after I was of age, consequently my educational advantages were very poor. My father was poor, and it required a number of years of hard labor to make a farm and accumulate property.

The sound of the Gospel after the primitive order was not heard among us; but fortunately at the age of eighteen I began to faithfully and prayerfully study the New Testament, and being so enamored by the simplicity of its teaching in its uncontaminated purity as the humming bird feasts upon the sweet honey from the new blown flower, so I richly feasted my soul putting in all my spare time until there was engendered within my bosom an ardent desire and full determination to "obey from the heart the form of doctrine" delivered unto me, and consequently rode twelve miles to a meeting among strangers, and "before men" made the good confession, and was buried in the liquid grave, and arose to walk in newness of life.

In this there was no excitement, the war was in full blast, and I met with many opportunities to forsake my first love, being seldom associated with religious people.

Although my religious course has been attended by many imperfections I can conscientiously say I never have during the eighteen years of my religious life entertained a desire to forsake the good cause.

I married when twenty-one, and soon commenced family worship and reading, praying, and exhorting at social meetings. In a few years I began my ministerial labors by visiting appointments and preaching in my imperfect manner. I never expected to get above mediocrity, but was zealously anxious to do some good in my Redeemer's cause while sojourning in this earthly tabernacle.

My father died in 1873, after bequeathing the small farm and property to me; my mother making her home with me.

Having a desire from boyhood to come to Oregon, and being in receipt of letters from Coos county, Or., in which the country was extravagantly engolized, I, at a ruinous sacrifice, disposed of land and property, and in December, 1874, took the cars for San Francisco, where I took passage on the steamer and sailed for Coos Bay, and on the 12th day of January arrived at Coquille City, where I resided with my family for nearly four years. Having spent considerable in traveling, and having but a few hundred dollars left I invested in property and real estate at said place. Finding excellent people for neighbors, and liking Coquille City, I strove hard notwithstanding financial embarrassments to provide a living and put in my Sundays preaching.

I visited several important localities, held many meetings. I labored between times in clearing land, raising vegetables, &c., hoping to make me a home with my own hands, and bestow much labor in the cause of Christ.

But alas! the great financial pressure, costly goods and eatables for my family, no market, no income, and almost comparatively nothing for my time spent in preaching, sickness in my family, hiring money at exorbitant rates of interest, &c., dispossessed me of property and home. Secular business, in which I but meagrely find a support for my family, compels me to suspend the work that of all things my heart most delights in. Prospects occasionally loom up for a time, but as the vapor before the morning sun soon vanish. Homeless and without means I am dependent on my own hands. I am not com-

plaining at my lot in life, although it is hard and rough, and as a good old father in Israel that in like manner became broken up, remarked, that when "a man's means was gone he was both without friends and influence for doing good." His words sounded like folly, but by experience I find it too true.

Our Savior had not the whereabouts to lay his head, and precious few stood by him in his deep poverty. Heaven is propitious and our struggle in this world will soon be ended, when the poor preacher that is censured, and distrusted, and held in disrepute on account of poverty, will be clothed in immortality. Then his aching heart will be at peace forever. No more of the cold realities of this world to contend with nor the ungodly frowns of the persecuting world.

Until I get me a home, though a poor one it may be, and my family in comfortable quarters where I can provide for them a living, though it may be by hard manual labor (which I am not ashamed of) my voice will be heard but little in public, and my name will be seen but few times more in print. I have a family consisting of eight, my wife and seven children (mostly small) to feed and clothe. "He that will not provide for his own and especially they of his own household has denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." Of all earthly treasures one's family is most dear and lay near his heart, and his happiness and usefulness here depends on their comfort and condition in life.

T. M. MORGAN.

Woman.

The following extracts are from the eloquent address delivered by Rev. R. S. Storrs, D. D., at the celebration of the semi-centennial of the Abbott Academy. After speaking of the movement for the education of women as a part of the wide, vital, pervading force of civilization, he said:

Where genius is valued, and intellectual attainments for their brilliancy and variety are honored and applauded, she may have her place, an exceptional place like that of Aspasia at Athens, or Hypatia at Alexandria. Where scientific instruction, she may have an opportunity, like the noble women who have for centuries, at intervals, taught in the University of Bologna; where religion is the paramount interest in sight, and she shows the devout temper and the high intellectual intuition of truth which religion inspires and demands, she may again have her eminence, like Catharine of Sienna, like Elizabeth of Hungary, like Hildegard in Germany, like the Spanish Theresa.

You do not want to make a woman like another man in her moral nature, but to unfold that which is peculiar to itself, and give it its royal place and power in the world. On the other hand, you do not want merely what are called sometimes "the passive virtues"—gentleness and meekness and humility and forgiveness and patience. They are all excellent in their place, like "the low sweet voice, [that] excellent thing in woman." But it is by positive force of character that this world is to be educated and carried forward.

Society needs woman's conscientiousness, sympathy, courage, self-devotion, and her intuitive discernment of God. I do not care what philosopher is expanding his vast system of philosophic thought; I do not care what statesman is planning for his country's future; I do not care what architect is lifting the edifice into the air, or is strewing the canvass with the splendor of his own spirit; there is no other office so grand on earth as that committed to woman—Christianly culture, in fellowship with God, of bringing up her acute and dominant moral sense into contact

with the minds of men, that ultimate and supremest law of the universe, the law of righteousness, for which the planets and the stars were builded; she glorifies herself and she glorifies God in that sublime ministry.

Sympathy in woman comes nearest to the heart of Christ; sympathy for the erring, for the sick and suffering, for the down-trodden; sympathy even for the sinful, if they be penitent. That is the power which she needs to contribute to human society. Her sympathy is the heart-ray combined with the light-ray in the perfect sunbeam, and wherever it goes, their flower charities, asylums, and all institutions of human benevolence spring naturally from it, as the flowers from the sod which the sun has warmed, and as the blooms of the orchard on the distant hillside. More and more this is needed, as material interests attract man's thoughts and absorb to themselves the active affairs of society.

The reckless rapture of self-forgetfulness, that which dominates and inspires persons and nations, that which is sovereign over obstacle and difficulty and peril and resistance, it has belonged to woman's heart from the beginning.

Man hunts after God with his understanding and fails to find him; science searches after him with its lenses, and its force seems like a blind man trying to help his sight by using a glass eye; logic tries to soar toward God, and waves its wooden crutches in mimicry to witness; woman sees him, feels him within, discerns him above, sees him in Christ; she who was last at the cross and first at the sepulchre has seen the Lord ever since in his sympathy and in his sovereignty, in his power and in his wondrous parable; she feels him in the deepest experience of her heart, and then she sees him in all the providential history of the world, in all the creation round about, from the golden spots on the butterfly's wings to the supreme splendor of the triple suns above. The universe to her is full of God, and that thought of God, that revelation of God, it is hers to make the world.

One of the most foolish questions ever asked is: "What is going to be the sphere of woman when she is so educated?" The sphere! If she don't make her own we may stop prophesying. For six centuries women taught at Bologna, taught mathematics, the classics, natural science, philosophy, the civil and the canonical law, anatomy and surgery and medicine: taught when sometimes they must veil their faces lest the thought of the students should be distracted from the beauty of the subject to the beauty of the speaker. Authorship is all open to women in every department. Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Jamison, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Howe, and many others in this country illustrate this.

Woman has been a physician since the days of the Iliad and the Odyssey. In France and in Russia to-day, as in the medieval time, women are freely received into the ranks of medical practitioners, and often instructors. In England and America it is going to be so. I don't know about the law, but they do say a woman is one of the most skillful conveyancers in London. I don't know about the ministry, though it is a scandal in parishes sometimes, that the minister's wife writes the most brilliant passages in his discourse. I stopped writing mine long ago lest that should be said about me. —Pacific.

A woman should never consent to be married secretly. She should distrust a man who has any reason to shroud in darkness the act which in his own estimation should be the crowning glory of his life.

The Two Ways.

"Enter ye in at the straight gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat; because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

On a mountain's summit in Capernaum's plain,
Where the Galilee heaves her surging main,
The Savior sat in His wisdom profound,
And taught the multitudes that stood around.
His disciples first were called to his side,
To learn their duty and to hear him chide.
And he opened His mouth and these things taught
As the Master can teach, with wisdom fraught;
Gems of truth, of greater value than gold
From a mine of wealth—of treasures untold.
"Twas a sermon of truth with wisdom filled,
More learned than that in which Grecians were skilled.
Not man's wisdom which is a foolish thing,
Compared with wisdom that Jesus did bring,
May this sermon grand be our constant guide,
To direct our barks o'er the heaving tide;
It comforts the afflicted, wipes the tear,
And soothes in the trials that linger here.
It teaches the Christian a light to be
That all the world His glory may see.
Let the light of truth be your guide each day,
As you wander along life's dusty way.
As salt in the earth, the Christian's pure state,
To preserve this world from Sodom's fate.
Before He spoke of the different roads,
Named blessings that follow the Christians' loads;
"The poor in spirit—a heaven above,"
And comfort the mourning with changeless love:
The meek with an earthly inheritance bless
Fill hungering and thirsting for righteousness.
They who wish mercy must merciful be,
Also the pure in heart, their "God shall see."
He blessed peace-makers as "children of God,"
And those who are scourged with Persecution's rod
He blessed. When you reviled—persecuted strong,
When all for His sake as you move along,
Rejoice, oh, Saints! be exceedingly glad;
Your reward is great though your way is sad.
The prophets before you were sorely tried
But in joy triumph have crossed the tide.
Of all the sins that are in the broad way,
Of the wicked things that men do each day,
And always strive to keep the straight way
How to do ams we are told, and to pray
If we would succeed and keep the right way.

Let prayer be your guard body and soul,
When waves of temptation and adversity roll.
Neither on the streets or corners renowned,
Nor long or short, or in learning profound
But turn from the busy and opulent mart,
Go with humble and contrite heart,
Better be humble and lowly and meek,
Than worldly honor and glory to seek.
So the Savior says in your closet hide,
And God there your humble spirit will guide.
Go quickly and then shut to the door,
On bended knees in the dust of the floor,
Pour out thy wails and thy wishes alone,
Confess all the faults to which thou art prone.
Always be ready to secretly pray,
God'll openly reward in the great day.
Tho' homely thy words and trembling thy voice,
The Father will make the faint heart rejoice;
Like his disciples be ready to say,
At every moment, "Lord teach us to pray!"
Go out in the morning's refreshing air,
And God and his spirit will meet you there.
Go at noon when the sun is bright,
Go in the evening or hush of night,
Go when the mountains are all tipped with gold,
To the throne of grace says the apostle "bold,"
When the stars are out in their twinkle bright,
And when the moon rolls on in her silver light,
And when thou hast bowed down before the throne,
Say: "Father not my will, but thine be done."
As the Christian's way is narrow and straight,
We must all "learn to labor and to wait."
Must strive to keep our feet from the path of sin,
From temptation without, and foes within.

The way to destruction is plain and broad,
And thousands are going that murky road.
You see them moving on every hand—
Here is a company and there is a band.
Arousing gambling and dancing along,
Drunkards, revelers—an ungodly throng.
They will ask you to join their giddy band
With winning smiles and friendship's hand;
Beware of temptation, they're always bright.
"Satan transformed to an angel of light—
To allure your feet from the narrow way,
That leads on to the realms of endless day
Turn from the Tempter and his Syren voice,
He'll promise pleasure to make you rejoice.
But heed not his words, nor his cunning wiles,
His promises sweet nor his cunning smiles
He lies. He's not your friend, but there's another
Who "sticketh closer than even a brother"
Dust and fog deeply enshrouds the throng
That through the wide gates are moving along,
Keep far out of sight lest you encircled be

And led off from the path of true charity.
In the broad road many pitfalls do lay
To ensnare the traveler on each day.
But the strait gate and the narrow way keep,
And his word will be a light to your feet:
A pillar by day and light by night.
While in the great "warfare" we valiantly fight.

Many will come from this broad sinful road,
And claim a seat at the right hand of God,
That they have done wonders in time of need,
When in truth and fact 'twas a hellish deed.
But they who enter that glorious abode,
Are not every one who sayeth Lord! Lord!
But he who shall do his masters will,
Shall triumphantly stand on "Zion's hill."

Then my young friends, if you'd be truly wise,
And dwell in the world far beyond the skies
I beg you be not like that "foolish man,"
"Who built his house on the uncertain sand."
For winds and floods will come, and you'll lose all
With an awful crash in a terrible fall.
Then to-day be ye wise and build on the rock,
Where neither floods or flames can ever shock.

Winds of adversity will ever blow,
And tides of temptation will ebb and flow;
But may you be firm in truth and in right,
And our God will strengthen you in his might.
"In six troubles he will deliver thee,"
"And in seventh no evil shall touch thee."
Fight on, fight on, through this pain and strife,
And in heaven you will "wear the crown of life."

And as you are journeying let your song be,
"Nearer to Thee, my God, nearer to Thee."
J. D.

Entering the Church.

To us enter a motley crowd, drawn of God, self-impelled, pushed by zealous friends, the pressure of current opinion and the day's excitement. Hand in hand come the sifful child who "feels better," and the venerable man who from infancy has known the Scriptures of salvation and the leadings of a covenant-keeping God; the rake and the drunkard, whose life-long lust has become, in the twinkling of an eye, their loathing, stand shoulder to shoulder with the Nathanaels, who were under the fig-tree before that Philip called them; the collegian whose chum watches for his fall, having at the beginning bet two to one upon his conversion as upon the next ball-match, follows the happy soul about whom the angel of the Lord encamps continually. Babes and strong men, the learned and unlearned, and the unteachable alike present themselves, and by indissoluble oath bind themselves to the same creed of indefinite ramifications, and to one covenant of absolute devotion.

We know some of these newcomers personally, more by hear-say, the majority (I speak of city parishes) only by name as they are "propounded" from the pulpit. We receive them with acclaim; rising in our places we solemnly promise every one of them "all helpfulness, brotherly love and watchfulness." And this vow is not for a few days only, while the fervor of the tabernacle and the ring of the rink yet thrills them and us, but for the year after next, and for A. D. 1900 if we are still of the church militant, and for any day of any conceivable variety of experience in all these coming years.

If the church's welcome to new members means less than this, then in the name of truth let it say less and do what it says.

Better that our manuals be revised until the Confession of Faith be reduced even to the childish formula. "I feel better," and the covenant of the church to,

"I am glad to hear it; good-bye!" than that we should forever lie to God and man.—MRS. EDWARD ASHLEY WALKER, in Good Company, Number One.

Christian Fellowship.

It is a mistake to suppose that Christian fellowship is the keeping of certain sects, and can only be had by those to whom they dispense it. The faithful and loving disciple of Christ will not fail of friendship; good men will love him for his master's sake, and the recognition of those who can see no goodness that does not bear their own denominational trade mark can do very well without.—Sunday Afternoon.