

"BE THOU FOR THE PEOPLE TO GODWARD."

EXODUS. 18-19.

Christian Nation

A JOURNAL OF ENLIGHTENED STATESMANSHIP,
SOUND PUBLIC MORALS, CHOICE LITERATURE & GENERAL INFORMATION.

Conducted by JOHN W. PRITCHARD, Tribune Building, N. Y.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1884, by John W. Pritchard, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Principal Articles in This Number.

An Argument for National Religion
God Choosing the Humble
Mr. Robert Bonner's Mistake
"Honor to Whom Honor is Due"
"To You, O Men, I Call"
Men, Measures and Morals
Mormonism

—Editorial

WHAT OTHERS THINK.

National Religion *Rev. R. M. Sommerville*

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

For One Week *Compiled from the Daily Press*

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSON—"PAUL'S DEFENCE."

The Lesson Analyzed and Taught *Father Families*
For the Lambs of the Flock *Miss E. J. Crothers*
Wisdom Dwelleth with Prudence *Joseph Bowes*
Teachers' Round Table *Miss E. J. Crothers*

THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

At School and at Home—Poem *Buffalo Advocate*
At Home Again *Rev. J. C. McFeeters*
Little Scotch Granite *The British Evangelist*

[Much other interesting and instructive matter, not indexed, will also be found in this number.]

—God, who is the source of all authority, has appointed our Lord Jesus Christ the Ruler of Nations. The Bible, God's revealed Will, contains law for Nations, and is the standard by which all moral issues in political life are to be decided. National acknowledgment of this authority, and obedience to this law, constitute a truly Christian Nation.

WE are certain our readers will heartily thank us for having procured for them from the pen of the Rev. R. M. Sommerville, of this city, a rather full outline of a sermon on National Religion delivered by him on the 18th inst., which we publish in this issue. It is a rarely felicitous and logical presentation of this important question, and friends of the cause of National Reform will learn with pleasure that at its close a collection of some three hundred dollars was lifted in aid of the movement.

* SOME truths will bear very frequent repetition; and in studying the Acts of the Apostles, teachers are given a splendid opportunity of enforcing the truth that the Almighty is no respecter of persons or numbers. Weak in men's eyes and contemptible in numbers were the little band known as "Paul and his company"; yet their tread was the tread of conquerors, and along their route was always found scattered the spoils of their victories in rejoicing souls. "Why leap ye, ye

high hills? this is the hill which God desireth to dwell in; yea, the Lord will dwell in it forever (Psalm 68:18)." Though the hill of Bashan may excel Zion in outward height and splendor, God honored the latter by making it his peculiar abode. Goliath may look with disdain upon the humble shepherd, but it will be much wiser for him to fall into line with God's purposes and avoid a fatal collision; and the humble followers of Christ may feel like fleeing before the sinful Anakims, but with Christ as their leader the walls of Jericho will topple before them. If "Paul and his company" had stopped to contrast their own weakness with the strength of the enemy, they would never have left Antioch; but they contrasted God's strength with the enemy's weakness, and as God's soldiers they went forward assured of victory, counting not their lives a dear price to pay for it.

MR. ROBERT BONNER, editor of the New-York Ledger, is reported as having said: "I have an imaginary censor who has to be pleased with all the articles written for *The Ledger*. The old lady lives on a farm up in the country, and after the day's work is over she puts on her 'specs' and takes up *The Ledger* to read a story aloud to the family. Now there must not be a word in the story which the old lady will feel any hesitancy in explaining when one of the grandchildren says: 'What does that mean, grandma?'" There is no need of Mr. Bonner's censor being an imaginary one, and there is a possibility that even good words may be profaned into teaching error. Mr. Bonner can have an ever living and all-wise Censor, if he will, one who will exercise a censorship not only over the words used but also over the use of the words. It is true that if Mr. Bonner should submit an issue of the *Ledger* to this higher Censor, instead of the imaginary old lady up in the country, he would in all probability have to alter the character of his paper very considerably; but if he is really anxious, as he claims, to publish the best story paper in the world, he ought to be willing to submit his work to the censorship of the most righteous Judge. In the meantime we have a word of advice for the readers of the

New-York Ledger, and every other paper and book published; it is this: "Read nothing of which you would not like God to say: 'Show it me.'"

"HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE."

[Among the selections published in a recent number was one from an address by Dr. O. H. Tiffany concerning the place that should be accorded the Methodist Episcopal church in history. To one of the Doctor's statements a Covenanter in Philadelphia takes exception. Following is his letter.—ED.]

To the Editor of the Christian Nation:

In a recent number of the CHRISTIAN NATION, Dr. O. H. Tiffany is quoted as making, among other claims for Methodism, this one: "The Methodist church first raised the cry against slavery." Can the reverend doctor establish this claim?

The Methodist church did early raise its voice against the crime of Negro slavery, it did send many men into the war for the preservation of the Union, and with characteristic fervency, it did offer many prayers for the overthrow of this accursed system and for the safety of our Republic, as Dr. Tiffany claims, and for all of this we bow and take off our hat to the Methodist church. But the honor of being the first to raise the cry against slavery, we think, can be successfully contested by the Covenanter church.

When the United States Constitution was framed, the Covenanters, who were first in renouncing their allegiance to Great Britain, who fought during the war in the ranks of the Continental army, and who hailed with delight the triumph of the colonies, refused to accept that Constitution as a basis for national government, because of two great faults which they discovered in it: first, it contained no acknowledgment of the rights of God; and second, it made provision for the perpetuation of human bondage. Thus at the very organization of the Government the Covenanters protested against slavery. In 1800, the Presbytery, then the supreme court of the church, decided that no slave-holder should remain in the communion of the church. The Testimony of the church, which was drawn up and adopted in 1806, takes a strong position against slavery. And at every meeting of the supreme court of the church an earnest testimony was lifted against this system and in behalf of the down-trodden millions. But in a brief note we cannot outline the position of the Covenanter church. Glorious is her record on this question. It is before all men to be read by them, aye, it is on high and eternity will reveal it.

Respectfully,
Philadelphia, January 19, 1885. E. F.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

AT SCHOOL AND AT HOME.

Some time ago I met two boys
Who seemed to have a rule
Like this, "Do as you please at home,
But be good boys at school."

I saw them at their desk one day,
Sedate as little preachers,
Care seemed to mark their every act,
Lest they offend their teacher.

I heard Tom say, "She is so kind
I would not like to tease her."
John said, "I don't care what I do,
If I can only please her."

"Bravo! my little men," I cried,
"But have you read this rule?"
"Good children must be good at home,
As well as when at school."

Yes! good behavior brightest shines
Where sisters live with brothers,
And noble boys would rather harm
Themselves than pain their mothers.

And father too, who toils all day
To earn your daily bread,
Deserves your kindest help and words, —
You'll think so when he's dead.

Come, John and Tom, now what d' you say,
Should you not treat them best,
Who give you more, and love you more,
Then all, yes all the rest?

I'm listening, and I hear you say,
"Yes sir! we'll try your rule,
And show good manners when at home
As well as when at school."

—E. W. S. in *Buffalo Advocate*.

Written for the *Christian Nation*.

AT HOME AGAIN.

REV. J. C. McFEETERS, BURRELL, PENN.

"How glad I shall be to hear of these poor people going back to their homes," said Lily.

"And I hope when they got there, they gave those wicked men a good whipping, who drove them away," followed Harry, with a throbbing sense of justice.

Yes, they returned to their beloved valleys among the mountains. Nor did they have to fight their way back at this time. This massacre in Piedmont was soon known among all the nations of Europe. Letters were sent everywhere about it. And the survivors, as we have seen, were scattered over many countries. Their distress sent a shudder of horror and indignation through all hearts that were not hard as stone.

"And were there many people to befriend these who were hunted for their lives?" asked Harry.

Many, very many. You remember how they found kindness in Switzerland. Do you recall how they came into the city of Geneva? How they were sick? and frost-bitten? and hungry? and discouraged? And how they were met with a most cordial welcome, and deepest sympathy? How sweet faces smiled upon them, and loving arms sustained them, and busy hands opened the doors to receive them, made great fires to warm them, and covered broad tables to feast them? They had many friends. Through all Switzerland they had friends; and in Germany; and in Holland; and in Sweden; and in England; and in Scotland; and other places.

"Why did not these gather an army and save them?" queried Harry.

Because the calamity came too sudden.

But when they heard of the destruction of the people of Piedmont, they were greatly stirred. Oliver Cromwell was ruler in England at that time. He was a sturdy man. He feared nobody. He was a Protestant. When he heard of the terrible event, he proclaimed a fast day through all his country. Also they raised money for the sufferers. Thus they implored God to have mercy upon the sad people; and they joined with God in answering their own prayer. They contributed \$200,000. Cromwell gave \$10,000 out of his own pocket. Other countries did likewise, but none of them gave so much. This money was sent with a great and good man, called Mr. Moreland. He staid three years in a city near Piedmont, and distributed the funds as there was need.

"I think it was very kind of these rich men to give their money to build up the homes that were burnt down in those valleys," said Lily.

Yes, but they did better than that. The noble Cromwell wrote letters to many Protestant princes and kings. He urged a Protestant alliance. He was sure that the church of Rome was monstrous in her cruelty. She did not mean to stop with Piedmont. If not checked there, she would go farther. One Protestant country after another would be served the same way. So he prepared for stopping her work of destruction. He sent a very sharp letter to the Duke, who ruled Piedmont, and who was engaged in the massacre. A brave man carried the letter. The Duke called his counsellors together. And this messenger gave them a most powerful address; charged the bloodshed in the valleys upon them; requested them to restore the Piedmontese who were driven away, and made them understand that an army was coming to wright the wrongs, if they did not do the work themselves.

"I think that must have been a fine specimen of a man," said Harry. "I wish I had heard him make his speech. Were they not angry?"

Yes, they were angry. But they were afraid. They had done a nefarious outrageous work. They felt guilty. The best judgment of the world condemned them. And Cromwell was at the head of a powerful nation, and he was a man who would never back down. When he undertook to do a thing he did it. The Catholics were far more numerous than the Protestants. Yet Cromwell would demand the rights that belonged to the fugitives of Piedmont. And he would fight for them, if they were not granted. On one occasion, when Rome did not seem to heed his request, he sent a messenger to say, that he would knock at her gates with his artillery if they did not heed his demands in behalf of the people of the persecuted valleys.

"I think I will always like that man, because he was so good to the people who lost so much for serving God," said Lily, her eyes full-orbed with admiration.

We cannot help but admire him though he had his faults. He caused the Catholic ruler of Piedmont to make way for the return of the exiles. The country was filled with

thieves and murderers. These were compelled to withdraw. The survivors of the slaughter were notified to come and reclaim their lands and property. When they heard the news they both rejoiced and wept. They collected into companies. It was in the autumn. The weather was fine. The groups wound their way among the mountains. They enter their old territory. They go in different directions toward their own homes. But what a dismal sight the country presents. A year ago all the hillsides and meadow-lands were graced with neat cottages. Villages nestled here and there in the pleasant nooks. Each community was adorned with a church. The song of the laborer echoed among the hills. The lowing of the herds and the bleating of the flocks fell upon the Summer air. The prattling and laughing of children filled even-tide with merry voices. But what a change now! All is a dreary desolation. The villages are in cold ruins. There are ashy spots to mark where stood thrifty homes.

"This must have been almost as sorrowful a trip as the journey out of their country," said Harry.

No, the sorrow was not of the same kind. The other was sorrow mingled with terror. This was mingled with melancholy. They spread over their country. Each family group began to locate a home. But they remained under great discouragements. The fireside circles were nearly all broken. One home had lost a beloved father; another a dear mother; another the darling children. And when they built their rude cabins and sat down together, they were not all there.

"Was it not a great pity of them," asked Lily.

It certainly was. But they out-lived the sorrow. They grew out of the sadness. They were fearers of God. They knew that this world was not a home forever. And looking forward to the resurrection they rejoiced in the assurance that they would meet with all their dear friends who believed in Jesus. This gave them pleasure in circumstances of great affliction. The Winter came. They had no harvest that year. But the liberal friends of other countries furnished provisions for them. They had a good degree of comfort. Yet all the time they were annoyed with rumors that another massacre was approaching. It did not come for years. The next spring they planted their fields and reaped their crops. The old time industry was resumed; and prosperity soon clothed these scourged valleys. All the people wished for, was to be let alone with their homes and their God. They were harmless as doves. To devour them was cruel as vultures.

"I feel happy that they got back again," remarked Lily. "And I hope they never more had to go through such troubles. What a dreadful time they had."

"I do not know why God permits wicked men to do such things on his people," said Harry enquiringly.

God saved these—his servants—for a number of years. But they were tried again and again after the same manner. And God had

his purpose in it all. Did you ever enter a factory?

"Oh, yes," responded Harry. "I have been in a plow factory."

And you saw them make plows. And they piled them up in heaps; but not all they made. Car loads were being shipped; because the plows were not for filling the factory. They were for plowing the fields. And they must not be piled away in the warehouse from day to day; but sent abroad.

And did you ever read in the Bible of candle-sticks?

"I have, I have," said Lily. "They were in the Temple."

That is right. They are also mentioned in the Book of Revelation. And we are there told that a congregation of Christians is a candle-stick. Now the country of Piedmont was one place where such candle-sticks were made in those days. This was a great factory. And the wares were for the world. But they were laid away. They were not scattered through the earth. And God in this way exported his candle-sticks, that the world might be lighted. The best way for a Christian country to escape such troubles, is to export her religion. Send the candle-sticks out into heathen lands. If we keep them all at home God may take this severe way of shipping them to other countries.

"I believe I must be a missionary then," exclaimed Harry.

"And I too," cried little Lily.

LITTLE SCOTCH GRANITE.

Burt and Johnnie Lee were delighted when their little Scotch cousin came to live with them. He was little, but very bright and full of fun. He could tell curious things about his home in Scotland and his voyage across the ocean. He was as far advanced in his studies as they were, and the first day he went to school they thought him remarkably good. He wasted no time in play when he should have been studying and he advanced finely.

At night, before the close of the school, the teacher called the roll, and the boys began to answer "Ten." When Willie understood that he was to say "ten" if he had not whispered during that day, he replied, "I have whispered."

"More than once?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, sir," answered Willie.

"As many as ten times?"

"Maybe I have," faltered Willie.

"Then I shall mark you zero," said the teacher, sternly, "and that is a great disgrace."

"Why, I did not see you whisper once," said Johnnie, that night after school.

"Well, I did," said Willie. "I saw others doing it, and so I asked to borrow a book; and then I lent a slate pencil and asked a boy for a knife, and did several such things. I supposed it was allowed."

"Oh, we all do it," said Burt, reddening. "There isn't any sense in the old rule, and nobody could keep it; nobody does."

"I will, or else I will say, 'I haven't,'"

said Willie. "Do you suppose I would tell ten lies in one heap?"

"Oh, we don't call them lies," muttered Johnnie. "There wouldn't be a credit among us if we were so strict."

"What of that, if you told the truth?" laughed Willie, bravely.

In a short time the boys all saw how it was with him. He studied hard, played with all his might in playtime, but according to his own account he lost more credits than any of the rest. After some weeks the boys answered "Nine" and "Eight" oftener than they used to; yet the school-room seemed to have grown much quieter. Sometimes, when Willie Grant's mark was even lower than usual the teacher would smile peculiarly, but said no more of disgrace. Willie never preached at them or told tales, but somehow it made the boys ashamed of themselves, just the seeing that this sturdy, blue-eyed Scotch boy must tell the truth. It was putting the clean cloth by the half-soiled one, you see; and they felt like cheats and story-tellers. They talked him over, and loved him, if they did nickname him "Scotch Granite," he was so firm about a promise.

Well, at the end of the term, Willie's name was very low down on the credit list. As it was read he had hard work not to cry; he was very sensitive, and he had tried very hard to be perfect. But the very last thing that day was a speech by the teacher, who told of once seeing a man muffled up in a cloak. He was passing him without a look, when he was told that the man was General —, the great hero. "The signs of his rank were hidden, but the hero was there just the same," said the teacher. "And now, boys, you will see what I mean when I tell you that I want to give a little gold medal to the most faithful boy—the one really the most conscientiously 'perfect in deportment' among you. Who shall have it?"

"Little Scotch Granite!" shouted forty boys at once; for the child whose name was so "low" on the credit list had made truth noble in their eyes.—*The British Evangelist.*

A SHORT TALK WITH BOYS.

My son, I heard you speak of your father the other day as "the old man," and of your mother as "her highness." What's the matter that you can't speak of them as your father and mother?

Suppose your parents should speak of you as "the kid," or "the fly"? You'd soon begin to think you'd been born into the wrong family. The son who is ashamed of his parents ought to be ashamed of himself.

Suppose their ways are old-fashioned and their grammar a little off, and they don't feel like keeping up with the fashions of the day? Not one father or mother in ten had the advantages you enjoy. Forty or fifty years ago they walked three or four miles to a public school to pick up a little learning, while now you are talking of going to college. They began poor and have toiled and labored and saved for their children. You must remember that things have greatly changed in this country.

Years ago a calico dress was seen at church far oftener than a silk. Men went to meeting clad in homespun. The rule in most houses was for the children to stand up to eat. The biggest pieces of pie went to father and mother, and the children were not allowed to sit up until 10 o'clock at night, or to argue a question after the head of the family had decided it.

My boy, don't get foolish notions into your head. If your father is old and gray and bent—if your mother is trembling and weak and has no care for the frivolities of this day, it is toil which has brought these, days of hard work and nights full of anxiety that their children might be spared the same slavish life. Where they wore bluejeans you have broadcloth. Where they ate the johnnycake you have sweetcake and pie. Where the mode of life and forced economy prevented them from enjoying society, amusements or books, just think how you make the shillings fly and what is offered to interest and amuse you.

"OLD PATCH."

A poor boy was attending school one day with a large patch on one of the knees of his trousers. One of his schoolmates made fun of him for this, and called him "Old Patch." "Why don't you fight him?" cried one of the boys, "I'd give it to him if he called me so." "Oh," said the boy, "you don't suppose I'm ashamed of my patch, do you? For my part, I'm thankful for a good mother to keep me out of rags. I'm proud of my patch for her sake." This was noble. That boy had the courage that would make him successful in the struggles of life. We must have courage in our struggle if we hope to come out right.

TAKEN FROM OTHER JOURNALS.

THE CHANGES OF TIME.

It is alleged by some historians that when Hendrick Hudson first sailed into the bay of New-York, and up the great river that now bears his name, he thought he had at last discovered the passage which was to be the inter-oceanic channel between the Atlantic and the great Northern and Southern seas stretching from the polar regions to the Indies and beyond. And as he sailed for many miles up that broad and deep estuary, he must have felt all the exultation of one who has made the greatest discovery of the age. Of course, disappointment must have soon followed exultation—but his discovery was a great one, nevertheless.

Hudson would find the river—we speak now of nothing but the river—very greatly changed if he could once more sail from the bay to the head of the tidewater. In his day the channel was undoubtedly broader and deeper. The forests upon its banks and upon the banks of its tributaries had not been disturbed. Lumbermen had not then invaded the Adirondack region. Then there was no necessity for dykes to narrow the channel, or for dredging to deepen it. Ships of heavy draught could have sailed from Sandy Hook to the present site of the City of Hudson, and vessels of much greater