

"BE THOU FOR THE PEOPLE TO GODWARD."

EXODUS. 18-19.

Christian Nation

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SOUND PUBLIC MORALS, CHOICE LITERATURE, GENERAL INFORMATION.

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Principal Articles in This Number.

William of Nassau, the Silent
America's Debt to the Negro
What the Future Will Show
Neither Shylock nor Fagin
Men, Measures and Morals
The Baptist Church in New-York City

—Editorial

POEM.

"Ecce Homo!" A. G. Listener, New-York

WHAT OTHERS THINK.

William the Silent The Rev. David G. Wylie, New-York

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

For One Week Compiled from the Daily Press
THE SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSON—"SOLOMON'S
SIN."

The Lesson Analyzed and Taught Pater Familiae
For the Lambs of the Flock Miss E. J. Crothers
Solomon's Sin Joseph Bowes

CORRESPONDENCE.

Among the Vermont Mountains The Rev. S. J. Crowe
THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

A Mother's Soliloquy Harriet S. Pritchard, Brooklyn
Rosie's Geranium Observer, New-York

[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.

NUMBERS 2, 3 and 4 of the CHRISTIAN NATION are now exhausted, but until further notice new subscriptions may begin with the first issue of October, number 5. Our friends will be pleased to learn that our list continues to increase very rapidly.

In his campaign work Mr. St. John has shown himself a debater of rare attractiveness and power. His loyalty to Prohibition has long been known and admired, but many thousands, and especially in the East, have been delighted to learn for the first time that he has also a broad grasp and thorough knowledge of national questions, men and measures, and that he is a Christian, a scholar, a statesman and a patriot. It would be of vast benefit to the cause of public morals if he could be kept in the lecture field permanently. His occupation should not be permitted to end with the political campaign.

A TRULY Christian hero was William of

Nassau, surnamed the Silent, prince of Orange, founder of the independence of the Netherlands, and a martyr to religious and political freedom. To him we are more deeply indebted than is generally owned for the enunciation of many of the grand principles upon which are founded the modern Republics. And it is our rare good fortune just at this opportune time to be able to present to our readers two well written articles descriptive of his times and his character, and setting forth his claims as a political and religious reformer, well worth the study of those now engaged in a similar work. The articles, the first of which we present in this number, are by the Rev. David G. Wylie, of this city.

THOSE who are directly in charge have been endeavoring for some time to raise funds for the removal of the college in Liberia from its present location to a site on St. Paul's river, healthy, fertile, and convenient to the capital at Monrovia, the Liberian Government having donated one thousand acres of land for the use of the College. The plan is to build up a College for industrial as well as scientific and literary education, not only for the colonists but for the native tribes, drawn more and more to seek commerce and culture in the Liberian Republic. As the Negroes forming the African Republic were placed there by the United States, and are in large measure the descendants of those who were for two centuries held by our nation in bondage, it is our duty and ought to be our pleasure to assist them in every way we can, and especially now when so favorable an opportunity is furnished. The Gospel and education are the great need of the Negro both in Liberia and in our own country, and as from the dark South and the still darker Continent, there comes the cry for "Light, more light!" America will prove recreant to its trust as in God's providence the keeper of this people if it does not heed their cry. Evidences of the capacity of the Negro for improvement continually increase; they are helping themselves as far as they are able, but at the point of their need America must meet them with prayers and treasure.

WHAT THE FUTURE WILL SHOW.

The "battle of the ballots," as the daily press alliteratively style an election, will be over when this number of the CHRISTIAN NATION is taken up for perusal by its more distant readers, but the battle for Prohibition will not be over; and we want to suggest that during the interval of quiet before another election will be a most favorable time to discover the real convictions of many intelligent political journals on this question. They dare not express them during a campaign, "lest any question be obtruded into the national campaign which belongs properly" anywhere else you choose to relegate it. But after election, having hoodwinked Christians into believing that Prohibition is not a national question and must be ignored in a general election, it suddenly flashes forth again as "the burning question of the hour," and these same deceived Christians talk to one another about "what a fearless champion of Prohibition and Christian morals" is this, that and the other daily journal. The following extract was taken from a Republican daily that has throughout the campaign vehemently urged Christians to abandon the only party that has the courage of its convictions on this question: "Upon what does the success of the liquor-traffic depend? Upon debased manhood, wronged womanhood, defrauded childhood. It holds a mortgage over every cradle; a deed written in heart's blood over every human life. Shall mothers know this and be silent? Shall fathers understand and be indifferent?" If this picture be a true one,—and it is a true one,—is Prohibition a state question only? Is it not as national as are manhood, and womanhood and childhood? The editors of these journals are not idiots. They know the truth, but wilfully pervert it, and their own conduct at other times condemns and criminales their campaign tactics. The election will be over when these lines are read, although as we write it is still to come; but we have no doubt of the defeat of the Prohibition party. And we ask these Prohibitionists who have helped defeat it, to watch the daily journals from this on, and read in their attitude toward Prohibition the

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

A MOTHER'S SOLILOQUY.

HARRIET S. PRITCHARD, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

We have sent the dear children to school,
Seeming anxious to learn what they can,
And I'm solving the problem to teach
To the dear little woman and man.

Shall we strive to improve their fair forms?
Decked with gems, amid pride and great state
They might scorn humble man and his cares,
Though the dear Lord endured such a fate!

Shall we guide them that they may grow rich,
And live in a home big and grand?
I am doubting if they are most blest
Who have servants and wealth to command.

Shall we show them the way to be great,
That the world in their presence may bow?
Would such homage life's sorrows abate?
Would their lives be more happy than now?

No; we'll teach them that God from his throne
Ever watches the doings of man,
And that Nations are swayed by his will
To accomplish the work of his plan.

That the world is the school to prepare
To enjoy the bright home of our God;
E'er we enter the shadowy vale,
We must feel the sharp stroke of his

We will teach them the way to be good;
To fulfill the great mission of man:

That with God and his Word for their guide,
They must do all the good that they can.

That whatever's distasteful to God,
Or on man's onward march lays a ban,
Shall be fairly abhorred in the minds
Of the dear little woman and man.

ROSIE'S GERANIUM.

FROM THE NEW-YORK OBSERVER.

Rosie Denmead's mother was sick, and that meant so much to Rosie; not only did it grieve her tender little heart to see the tired white face upon the pillow and hear the sad moans of pain, but it meant a scanty breakfast and no dinner, for the work could not be finished, and no money would be paid for it until the last stitch was put in.

It was a poor enough place in which Rosie lived, this one room with its scanty furniture, but it was clean and it was home, all the home little seven-year-old Rosie had ever known. The one bright spot in the whole place was a large geranium standing in the window and covered with bunches of scarlet flowers. This plant, a present from her Sabbath-school teacher, was the child's pride and delight; she tended it with a mother's care and hailed every new flower with joy. But this morning she stood sorrowfully at the window resting her cheek upon the green leaves with no thought of its beauty, her whole heart was of mother. How could she help her? What could she do for her? She had tidied up the room with her deft little hands, and had shaken her head sorrowfully as she made her mother the last cup of tea, and now there was nothing more to do. If only she could help her—if only she could make some money to buy what mother needed, some little delicacy to tempt the feeble appetite. Her own teacher was away and the Mission School was closed for the Summer; besides they had never begged in their lives, had paid while they could and done without things when the money was gone. Suddenly the sad face brightened, for down in the street she had seen Tommy Vick, the lame boy, going off with his little bunches

of flowers to sell in the streets, and the thought came, there was a chance at last. To be sure it would distress her to strip her beautiful geranium of its blossoms, but then it was for mother, and one glance at the dear face she loved made the sacrifice seem nothing. Mother was sleeping now, and there was silence in the room for a minute; then the scissors went snip, snip among the branches, and presently the plant was bare of flowers, and with many of its broad green leaves gone too. The tears came for a minute, it looked so forlorn, but in another minute they were wiped away, and soon six little scarlet bunches were carefully laid in Rosie's own basket and sprinkled with water to keep them fresh.

Mother still slept on while Rosie took down her hat, went quietly down stairs and into the street. At first all was familiar enough, but when she reached the thoroughfares, crowded with wagons and busy shoppers getting ready for the Summer holiday, her courage oozed rapidly away. There seemed no time to notice the little girl standing there so timidly, holding out her flowers; some people even pushed her carelessly aside, others frowned at her, and a policeman told her she had better go home to her mother. Her flowers began to droop, and, as hour after hour passed, the tears came again to her eyes. But she held out bravely, she must not, she could not go home without something for mother. Presently a boy came along and stopped in front of her. "How much for your flowers?" he asked, taking a bunch from her hand. "Ten cents," she answered, eagerly, "please take one." "Why, of course I will," and pinning it on his jacket, ran off up the street, thinking he had done a very smart and funny thing.

Poor little Rosie; she could not believe it—one of her precious bouquets gone, actually stolen. She waited for some time for his return; then, realizing it was really true, she fairly broke down, and sitting on the steps of a store, buried her face in her hands and burst into tears. "What's the matter? What's the matter, little girl?" she heard a voice say. "What are you crying for?" "My flowers, the bad boy stole them."

"What boy, where is he?"

"He has gone away, out of sight, and now I have only five, and that will be such a little bit of money."

"Look up here and tell me what you are going to do with the money?" Rosie raised her eyes full of tears to the kind face bending over her. "Oh, sir, I wanted it for mother." "For mother, did you? And what is mother about, to send such a little girl out in the streets?"

"Mother did not send me; she was asleep when I came. But mother's so sick, and there ain't a thing to eat at home; for to-day mother can't finish her work, and so she won't be paid, and I wanted to get her something, so I picked the flowers off my 'geranium' and no one will buy them," the tears coming again.

"How much do you ask for your flowers?"

"I did ask ten cents, but they are all faded now, so I expect I must only ask five, and no-

body wants faded flowers and I must go home to mother with nothing."

"I will buy your flowers, my child, and here is fifty cents, and here is ten more for the bunch the bad boy stole. Now tell me where you live, for I am a doctor and will come to see what I can do for mother."

Rosie's eyes sparkled with delight as she gave the number, and scarcely waiting to see it written down, started off on a run toward home. Stopping at a store she bought some tea, bread and sugar, and hugging her parcels tight in her arms rushed into her mother's room.

"Rosie, Rosie, where have you been? I was so frightened when I waked up and found you gone. And where did you get those things? Surely you have not been begging?"

"No, mother, it's my scarlet geranium," and seeing her mother still look puzzled and worried, she proceeded to tell the morning's adventure. The mother's heart was touched at the child's love, but she shuddered at her being alone in the crowded streets. "My little Rosie, you must never go again into the streets; what would I have done if you had been hurt?"

"I had to help you mother, and I did not know any other way, and the kind gentleman is coming to see you. Why, mother, I expect he's here now," as there came a knock on the door. She opened it, and in came the stranger still carrying his flowers in his hand. "Good morning, ma'am, so your little girl is safe at home again. She is a good brave child, and will be a comfort to you one of these days. And now can I do anything for you? I am a doctor and will be glad to serve you. Don't trouble about the bill; I am doing this for my own pleasure." So in spite of objections the whimsical old gentleman made his visit and wrote out a prescription to be filled at the dispensary, and then after a little talk took his leave.

Day after day he came, for Mrs. Denmead's illness lasted a long time, and Rosie grew very familiar with the looks of a certain basket he brought with him and which always seemed to contain the very things they needed most. At last her mother was well again, and able to sew once more, but the kind gentleman did not forget them, and Rosie was always a great favorite. It was her pride to take him from time to time little bouquets from the scarlet geranium, and there never was such a flower for blooming. All that Summer it was covered with blossoms, and Rosie loved it more than ever, since in the time of her great trouble it had helped mother.

A RELIGIOUS character is the greatest of all human attainments. This it is to have Christ formed within us, the hope of glory. Jesus, the blessed Master, lived the perfect life. In Him, each good affection of humanity had its fulness, its permanence, its perfection. How reverend, how holy, how dear, how soul entrancing, is that incarnate loveliness! God in Him, God with us; the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His person!—*Dewey.*