

The Earnest Christian

and Golden Rule.

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The Everydays of To-day.

MRS. EMMA SELLEW ROBERTS, A. M.

EVERY one makes mistakes. There is no one, in looking over the past, who would not make some changes in his work or life if he could. The past, however, can never be ours to change. Its mistakes and failures, as well as successes and opportunities are beyond our reach to alter, and it is no use for any of us to waste precious time in vain wishes or regrets. We may know that our sins are not only forgiven, but forever blotted out of God's Book of remembrance, and if we are wise we will benefit by the mistakes, so that the present and future shall not be marred in the same way. If we have stumbled we shall avoid if possible the stumbling-stone to-day and to-morrow. If we have learned our lessons well it will not be necessary to go back to them again.

It is the present with which we are mostly concerned. The past has been rich in experience, and God's grace has been displayed for our encouragement. The future is bright with hope, but the present only is ours. To-day's trials must

be met and to-day's opportunities should be embraced.

Each day as it passes is added to the past, and helps to make the aggregate more bright or dark.

If we look to God for grace to bear the present trial, if we are keen to make use of to-day's opportunities then the yesterday of to-morrow will be a joy and inspiration to look back to, and the future will be resplendent with hope.

It is the every-day experience that both test and form a man's Christian character, and it is always the little, petty vexations of every day life that are the hardest to bear, that are the real test of a man's strength and grace.

The evangelist may be most eloquent in the pulpit in discoursing on Christian virtues, and may seem to understand the great Christian graces, but whether or not he is the really holy man that he seems to be can not be proved by his words nor by the emotions he excites in others; but it will be seen and proved by the way he meets petty trials and vexations in the

home circle and among those with whom he lives every day. A fretful, exacting wife, a peevish baby, or a wayward son will test the love and patience and show what is really in the man.

The trying circumstances that may be in the path of every man, connected with his home life, or his business, are not only the tests that prove the man's grace, but they are also the means employed by our great Master to mould and perfect the Christian into conformity to the image of His Son.

We shall always have strength for the great burdens and cares of life if we will allow the every days of to-day to have their intended action on the development of our souls in the Christian graces. The incidents of life, its successes and failures, its joys and sorrows, are soon lost in oblivion as are the sins that have been confessed and forgiven; but the impression that all these have made upon the human soul can never be effaced. This world will pass away, all that now seems to us unimportant, and in regard to which we are laboring and praying, will also be in the past and may be forgotten; but what we ourselves are, the immortal man, can never be lost nor destroyed.

The spirit of man must always exist, and the spiritual body, which is real character, is being fashioned day by day.

We do not need to pray for grace to meet great trials in the future, but it is most necessary that we

keep collected and look for grace to meet to-day's common experiences.

To be patient under vexation, to be loving under injustice and oppression, to be thankful amid losses and hardships, to be long suffering and forbearing every day, and to-day to triumph in a God of abounding love and grace is the ideal for the Christian.

Many are looking forward to future work who think they see ahead of them broad fields of usefulness, but are forgetting to embrace the present opportunity.

The heart of one is stirred over recitals of sorrow and injustice in the world, but sometimes there is a burdened heart at the hearth or a great sorrow hidden in the neighbor's home, or a need of comfort for one who sits with us at table.

Everywhere, in everyday life, however humble or obscure, however narrow the environment, there are passing golden opportunities to bear another's burden, to comfort a sad heart, to speak a kind word of encouragement, and it is the every-days of to-day that make up the whole life of man.

There is an Indian legend that the Good Spirit told a maiden that she was to pass through a field of corn but once, and that the ears she plucked would turn to jewels. She desired therefore to pick only the best and fairest ears. So in hesitation she passed by ear after ear till she perceived that the corn was becoming scanty and and poor. Too late she perceived her opportunity had passed and she had

failed to enrich herself as she might.

To-day is the time for action. To-day is the time for exercise of love and patience. To-day we may so bear the trials, so embrace

the opportunities of every-day life that we shall be able to say with Paul, "I have fought a good fight, . . . henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

"Give Ye Them to Eat."

REV. S. K. WHEATLAKE.

THE word of God not only contains very many beautiful types and figures to symbolize spiritual and eternal things, but there are many things there which, only entitled to a literal interpretation, make striking and beautiful illustration, to bring out the teaching of the Bible. Take, for instance, the account of Jesus feeding the five thousand with the five loaves and two fishes, as narrated in Matthew 14:13-21. Let us notice and apply the same.

I. They were in a desert place. This illustrates the world which is, in a spiritual sense, a desert place. It contains nothing to satisfy the longings of a hungry soul. Isaiah speaks of it as a "desert," and as "parched ground," and a "thirsty land." Jesus saw a multitude of hungry people in this barren place. How well they illustrate the great mass of hungry souls in a world of spiritual barrenness and desert bitterness. The souls of men are so constituted that their longings can not be satisfied by the things of the world. The prodigal son could not find soul satisfaction "in the swine food in a country far from his father's house. Solomon tried all

it could afford and in disgust of soul he cried, "Behold all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

The rich man thought he could store soul-food away in barns; but God called him a "fool," and required his soul of him that very night.

II. Jesus had compassion on them. So He has compassion on a lost and hungry world. He knows all about the inward cravings of a Godless, empty soul. All about how vain are all things below to meet its demands. He knows that the use of them is only like a thirsty mariner, drinking the briny waters of the ocean: it only aggravates his thirst.

Well might Clara Zoar sing,

"Poor I was and sought for riches,
Something that would satisfy;
But the dust I gathered round me
Only mocked my soul's sad cry."

He knows how surely the soul of man will perish unless it gets supplies from God, and moved by deep compassion His great invitation sounds out into all the desert land, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

III. Jesus and His disciples were with the multitude in the desert

place. They composed His church, and stood between Him and the hungry multitude. So to-day God has left His church here amid the barrenness of sin that He may by them reach the multitudes of lost souls. But He is in her midst. In view of this situation how great is the responsibility of the church. How close she should draw to the Master! The disciples through their unbelief endeavored to evade their duty, and requested Jesus to send them away to secure supplies. It is an awful thing for the professed church of God to turn away hungry souls to find satisfaction in a desert world. There is a serious sense in which the world of sinners is on the hands of the church, but if the church has nothing but a mere profession of religion, or a church membership, or some abstract doctrine, or ceremony to offer them, it practically sends them away sad and hungry to get soul-satisfaction elsewhere. Instead of sending them away, the Spirit, through the bride, the church, should say, "Come."

IV. This sending of the multitude away is often due to the same mistake made by the disciples at this time. They got their eyes off from the presence and power of the Master and on the situation and smallness of the means at hand to feed the multitude. They said, "We have but five loaves and two fishes," and Andrew said, "What are these among so many?"—John 6:9. But it was the purpose of the Master to bless littleness before He

sent it forth on its mission. So He took the few loaves and fishes and "blest," "broke," and "gave." If the meager means had been sent forth unblest it would have soon run out; but the blessing of God on littleness multiplied until the need of the occasion was supplied. Let the church commit what it has to God, as did the disciples, and stand in its place between Him and the needy souls to do His bidding, and He will become responsible for the outcome. His blessing on the means, small as they may be, will assure success. In fact the smallness of the means only tends to increase His opportunity of glorifying Himself in the case. If there had been a boat load of bread and also one of fishes the chances of securing His glory would have greatly diminished. The main thing is the blessing of God on the committed means.

V. Notice, the means passed through the hands of the church to the outer world. God works through human agency, and this is one of the reasons that He is pleased to leave the church exposed to all the assaults of hell in a desert place. He can best manifest Himself to the world in the holy lives of His people, hence He works in them "to will and to do of his good pleasure," and then they work out, *i.e.*, make manifest their salvation in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, holding forth (to them) the word of life. The church is His repository of truth, the means of light. He said of

Himself, "I am the light of the world," but He also said to His church, "Ye are the light of the world," *i. e.*, He is now the light of the world through His church. The reason God does not enlighten the heathen is because He has committed to the church "the word of reconciliation," and He now awaits the co-operation of the church. How many of us have been saved absolutely independent of all divinely appointed human agency? Not one! What an open and easy channel God should have in His church in reaching the outer world!

VI. Notice, in conclusion, that the church got food for herself in denying herself for others. They

possibly could have made a small meal on the five loaves and two fishes, but they took them all under the blessing of the Master to the hungry multitude, and after serving them returned with a basket full each for themselves. So God not only secures the salvation of the world in the efforts of self-sacrifice of the church but also the moral development of the church itself. Much of her portion is secured by pouring out what she has to others. She is to go forth bearing precious seed to others; but she will return rejoicing, bringing her sheaves with her. A good revenue. Tears for rejoicing and seed for sheaves.

The Root of the Matter.

REV. E. P. MARVIN.

AFTER Drummond wrote his popular booklet, "Love, the Greatest Thing in the World," Gordon, of Boston, wrote one, "Faith the First Thing." Faith is the Mother Grace from which all others spring. "Without faith it is impossible to please God," or do efficient Gospel work. Read Hebrews eleventh for an account of the wonderful works of faith.

Intelligent and godly men everywhere see and lament the general falling away of the church. Various causes and many remedies are assigned, but I want to emphasize that the decline of apostolic faith is the Root Difficulty.

I will mention seven of these

evils that are lamented, and assert the great cause.

1. Candidates for the Christian ministry are decreasing in number. The prevalence of destructive criticism and decline of evangelical faith is the great comprehensive cause.

2. The falling off in Church Attendance, especially on Sunday night. This is due primarily to a decline of faith, in both pulpit and pew.

3. The decline of numbers and interest in the mid-week prayer-meeting is due to the same fundamental cause.

3. The resort to ritualistic forms, to secular and sensational preach-

ing, with worldly orchestras and sinners shouting lies to heaven, indicates a loss of faith in the truth and the Holy Spirit.

5. Why is the Lord's day so desecrated by needless labor, travel, visiting, and reading Sunday papers? The decline of faith and the fear of God.

6. Why are revivals so often shallow, transient in influence and discouraging to pastors, even when the evangelist is able and faithful? Weak faith with weak prayer and personal effort among those who have no strong and influential convictions of Judgment, Heaven or Hell.

7. Why are vice and crime so

epidemic, especially in cities, that good people are alarmed and appalled? The radical cause is the decline everywhere, even in the church, of profound and influential convictions of the great fundamental truths of Ruin and Redemption.

This condition is clearly prophetic and indicative of the end of the age and the coming of the Lord.

It is vain to practice pulpit tricks or to organize worldly clubs and trumpery societies, observe rally days, holly days, and folly days, or to resort to any devices of mere human wisdom; the remedy must be some means that will increase the faith of God's professed people.

Lockport, N. Y.

The Gift of the Holy Ghost.

REV. ALBERT NORTON.

ABOUT six months ago we began to hear of Christian believers in different parts of the world receiving the gift of speaking in a new tongue, which they had never known before. Our hearts were much stirred by these accounts, some of them having come from those whom we had known for years as most humble, earnest and devoted servants of the Lord. One week ago to-day I visited the Mukti Mission at Kedgaon, thirteen miles from here, which is under the superintendence of Pandita Ramabai. Miss Abrams asked me if I would like to go into the room where about twenty girls were praying. After entering I knelt

by a table on one side, with closed eyes. Presently I heard some one near me praying very distinctly in English. Among the petitions were, "O Lord, open the mouth; O Lord, open the mouth; O Lord, open the heart; O Lord, open the heart; O Lord, open the eyes; O Lord, open the eyes; O the blood of Jesus, the blood of Jesus! O, give complete victory! O, such a blessing! O, such a glory!" I was struck with astonishment, as I knew there was no one in the room who could speak English, besides Miss Abrams. I opened my eyes, and within three feet of me, on her knees, with closed eyes and raised hand, was —, whom I had bap-

tized at Kedgaon in 1899, nearly eight years ago, and whom my wife and I had known intimately since as a devoted Christian worker. Her mother tongue was Marathi, and she could speak a little Hindustani; but was utterly unable to speak or understand English, such as she was using. And when I heard her speak English, idiomatically, distinctly and fluently, I was impressed very much as I would have been, had I seen one, whom I knew to be dead, raised to life. A few others, illiterate Marathi women and girls, were speaking in English, and some were speaking in other languages, which none of us at Kedgaon understood. This was not gibberish, but it closely resembled the speaking of foreign languages, to which I have listened but did not understand. Again I was at Mukti last Saturday and Sunday, when some twenty-four different persons had received the gift of tongues. Quite a number had received the ability to speak in English, a language before unknown to them.

Just why God enabled these women and girls of India to speak in English, instead of Tamil, Telugu, Bengali, or some other language of India unknown to them, I cannot say. But I have an idea that it is in mercy to us poor missionaries from Europe and America who, as a class, seem to be doubting Thomases, in regard to the gifts and working of the Spirit, and are not receiving the power of the Holy Spirit, as we ought, and as we shall wish that we had done,

when we are entered into the world to come.

On Saturday I was much impressed with the speaking of X—, a Hindi woman, who was rescued in the famine of 1897. She was illiterate, but able to read the Bible in Marathi stumbly. During the year 1899, while my wife and I were at Mukti, we saw much of X—, and knew her as one capable and very faithful in attending to the secular duties entrusted to her. On Saturday she was praying in English. Among other things she was saying, "O, the love! the love! the love! the love! O, the love of Jesus! O, my precious Lord! My precious child!" One not knowing her history, would not see the force of the last sentence. She has an only child from whom she has been separated for ten years, and with whom she is not allowed to have communication. I was struck with the English which she used as being idiomatic, and the words which she spoke being of a class which she would not have used had she been learning by study. And I have no doubt from what I knew of her that she by her own powers could no more have spoken in English as she did than she could have taken wings and flown. There was abundant evidence that God was working in a wonderful way. Those speaking in tongues gave evidence that their souls were flooded with blessing from God.

The gifts of the Spirit are evidently now being offered to Christ's

disciples very much as they were in the times of the apostles. And this puts great responsibilities on us who are Christian workers. Here in India we frequently have gifts sent to us by our Indian friends. If we did not receive these gifts, it would be considered an out-and-out insult to the giver. And I feel that those who are speaking depreciatingly of any of the Spirit's gifts, and yet talking of their desire to honor the Giver, are on very dangerous ground. And if we do not appreciate the lesser gifts of the Spirit, He is not likely to grant us "the greater gift." Besides the speaking with tongues was the distinguishing mark, of which more is said than of any other sign, at Pentecost and in apostolic times, as related in Acts 2, 10:44-46, 19:6.

Those who are attributing the power of the Lord's servants to speak in other tongues, to demons

or evil spirits, seems to me to put themselves in the place of the Pharisees of old, who attributed Christ's supernatural power to the same source. See Matt. 12:24-32; Mk. 3:22-30.

Of course, we need all the other gifts of the Spirit. And with the tendency of our poor sinful hearts to be elated and puffed up, whenever God is pleased to use us in Christ's service, we need to watch unto prayer and plead much to be kept humble and filled with the love described in 1 Cor. 13.

Here at Dhond some of us are waiting on God for the bestowment of the Spirit's gifts, which He has for us. And we have been already blessed by this spirit of waiting and prayer. We ask the prayers of our friends that we may know by blessed experience the uttermost of all God has for us.

Dhond, Poona, India.

His Best Work.

THERE is nothing about which the devil is so angry as about holiness. Holiness recovers man to God and to godliness from whom and from which Satan dragged him, and what he destroyed. Of course he is mad.

The best estate of man was, and is to have the Divine image. To destroy this, is, then, the greatest work the enemy can effect. This destruction he seeks to bring about by any means whatsoever. He cares little how, only so it is done.

We may be sure he will employ any means to accomplish it.

Not only is the devil bent upon this, he greatly succeeds. He has not a little to encourage him in his antagonism of goodness. What does not the history of evil reveal of his successes? How elated, in no few respects, must he be and how confidently must he undertake his awful mission with the individual soul. Not that there is no redemption; not that all go the way of the devil, by any manner of

means; but all have gone his way at some time, and so many are now his followers, that he must labor in great hope of success.

We would expect the devil to use his own folks to destroy holiness—his own in the realm of evil would, of course, be marshalled in bringing to pass this sad end.

But these are not his most efficient and his surest allies. John Wesley said that the devil often stirred up the weak children of God to oppose the work of holiness. What majorities of Christians and preachers are denying the privilege and possibility of personal holiness! See the leading popular evangelists of our day, *not one of*

whom but denies this experience and takes pains, always, to deride it! These men are always to be depended upon, in a series of meetings, to antagonize personal holiness as a second work of grace, and pronounce it an untruth.

And yet how this truth is advancing! How the people are seeing that their heart-hunger can be satisfied in the great provision the Saviour has made. Yes! there is rest for the weary, even *this side* Jordan. Amen! While the many say it cannot be had, people go right on getting it, enjoying it, and leading others in.

—*Christian Witness.*

The Memory of the Just is Blessed.

MRS. SARAH A. COOKE.

"AN upright man, one who feared God and eschewed evil" has lately passed from our midst, in the person of Mr. Gilbert Morgan. It is well to glance back on such a life.

This pilgrim, as he awoke, found himself in the City of Destruction, and through all the snares and temptations of life pressed his way to the land of everlasting glory, leaving his "footprints in the sands of time" to strengthen and encourage others.

Gilbert Morgan was born in the state of New York in 1819. His parents were not Christians. At the age of twenty-one, in the neighborhood where he lived, the Meth-

odists held revival services. He went and was deeply convicted, but did not yield his heart to God. The convictions wore off, and he became worldly and indifferent. The next winter the Methodists held another meetings, and again he was deeply convicted and awakened; the Spirit of the Lord telling him if he did not get saved then he never would be. This greatly alarmed him, and he was blessedly saved. That was the turning point in his life.

There is a time we know not when,
A point we know not where,
That seals the destiny of men,
To glory or despair.

From thenceforth that life was
God's.

In 1854 he was married to Miss Sarah A. Warne, of Furnaceville, who had been, when quite young, blessedly saved of God. No place of worship being near where this young couple lived, their home became the meeting place. As the Lord prospered them they built a house, consecrating the first floor to the service of God and supporting the preacher. The first fruits of all their increase were given to the Lord.

Some thirty years ago a little band, calling themselves "The Mission Band," started from Chicago into Northern Indiana. The pillar of cloud or fire as surely guiding them, as it did the Israelites through the wilderness. Our first place of labor was Hessville, then Ross. When out visiting, as we did much, from house to house, we called at the home of Brother Morgan, near noon. We were invited to dinner, and from that day they were greatly interested in our work.

As the fall approached, the Lord laid it on Bro. Morgan's heart to go into Chicago and buy us a tent and all its fixings. We held a meeting in his grove where many precious souls were born into the kingdom. Their home opened to all the band of workers; horses, buggies, everything free as the air to our little band. His eldest son was converted, and his own spiritual life greatly quickened. Still we felt he needed the blessing of holiness, and soon he began to realize it himself. In consecrating

his all to God he said, "Lord, I give thee all my land." The answer came, "the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." "I give thee all my stock." Still the answer came, "The cattle upon a thousand hills are mine," and again, "Lord, I give thee all my property," and again the answer, "The silver and the gold are mine, you are only my steward." Then he gave himself, wholly and entirely, unto the Lord. The witness was given that the consecration was complete. The refining fire went through his heart, and on the streets of Valparaso shouts were heard from that full heart of a "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

The following particulars of his life were given the writer two or three months before his death: One evening the Lord seemed very near: such a holy calm on his heart, then it seemed right above him were white, fleecy clouds, interlaced with streaks of golden light; then they opened and he saw the Lord Jesus just as the disciples saw Him on the Mount of Transfiguration. He did not feel afraid, but, as He drew nearer and nearer, he said, "I felt as though I should die if He came closer." Like the beloved disciple, he would have fallen at His feet as dead.

And now he sees Him face to face,
And dwells before the Lamb.

This mortal has put on immortality,
and death is swallowed up in victory.

Brother Morgan lived to a great age, 88. For several years he

was afflicted much. His sight had so failed he could not read the largest print: he also became very deaf, but he loved to be in the house of God, and enjoyed the fellowship of the saints. No gloom or sadness marked the closing years of his life. He had "fought the good fight, kept the faith," and knew that henceforth there was laid up for him a crown of life.

For a great many years he was a member of the Free Methodist church. He loved its plainness, its separation from the world. He was stricken with paralysis and apparently conscious but not able to speak. He passed away the next day, to be forever with the Lord.

Lives of good men all remind us,
We may make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us,
Footprints in the sands of time.

Hindrances to Obtaining Salvation.

REV. R. A. TORREY.

THERE are so many people who go away without a blessing. The fault is not with God. He is always ready to do more than He has promised. The fault is with us. There is some hindrance in our souls. God is willing to work in the soul of any man or woman who will let Him. Just as He worked in the souls of John Wesley, Jonathan Edwards and all the other great saints of the church, so He will work in the soul of every one. Try to believe that truth; try to live up to it, and God will come and dwell with you. There are so many of us who often ask ourselves: "Has God ever wrought anything in me?" and we are obliged to say "No." The trouble is in ourselves and not in God, and we know it.

Very well, then, let us proceed to find out what are the things that hinder us from finding God. The first hindrance is present sin continued in. Maybe we say our sin

is a small one, though there are really no small sins, and we may thus try to hide our fault, even from ourselves. But it won't help us. God will continue to hide His face from us until we repent of that sin, whatever it is. You may go to church and prayer-meeting every day; you may give up everything else for God, but while you refuse to give up that one sin you will fail to find Him. The second hindrance is an old sin, unconfessed. Maybe you committed the sin two, ten, fifteen or twenty years ago. It makes no difference. So long as it is unconfessed it will stand between you and God. It was so with David, and your heart will tell you it is so with you. If you have wronged anybody, confess it to him. Sometimes, even, a public confession is a duty. But one way or another the old sin must be repented of. Pay your old debts; make it right with the man you cheated so many years ago; go and

tell the man the truth you lied to, for thus only will you find God. A third hindrance is an unforgiving spirit, hatred, suspicion, and bitterness. God cannot work in a bitter heart. If any one has wronged you, forgive him. Oh! that God would take the bitterness out of every heart. The fourth hindrance is the fear to surrender to God's will. You don't want to give up to God; you are afraid He will tell

you to be a foreign missionary or be a preacher. But He is our Father. He is more tender than a mother, and His will is the wisest and best. Let us trust Him and learn to say, "Thy will be done." The fifth hindrance is spiritual pride, and the sixth is unbelief. Let us tear down the walls that separate us from God, and His be the glory forever. Amen.—*Sel.*

How the Apostles Did It.

REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

WHEN we read that in the days of the apostles "The word of God grew mightily and prevailed," we are constrained to look further and see how they did it. We inquire for the secret of their success. It may be said that if the Holy Spirit were poured out as wonderfully upon our churches, as upon the churches of Jerusalem, we would see the phenomena of Pentecost and the scenes of Samaria and Antioch repeated again. Suppose we reverse this, and say that if we live and pray and labor as Peter and his fellow-Christians did, we should have as plentiful out-pourings of the Holy Ghost. Of the divine side of these early successes we will say nothing. On the human side what do we discover?

I. We see a prodigious amount of personal labor. The Book of the Acts is not a chronicle of conventions, or conferences, or councils, or even of churches as such.

It is the story of individual life and labor. What Philip did to enlighten the Ethiopian treasurer, and what Paul did for a heathen jailor, and how Peter visited and guided Cornelius, and how Aquila and his wife set Apollos right—these are the main features of the apostolic history. We do not read that a "benevolent society" was organized at Joppa, with plentiful by-laws. But there was one woman's needle very busy there under the "by-laws" of love. Throughout the Book runs the golden thread of personal consecration to Christ's cause. In our time there is no small amount of eloquent nonsense uttered about "reaching the masses." It is a glittering generality, which finds no warrant in God's wise book. Human beings sin as individuals, suffer as individuals, and must be saved as individuals. Christ did not die for "masses;" He died for men. Each person

must be reached—one at a time. Brother Moody preached Jesus to ten thousand hearers in Dublin or Manchester, and then he asked each individual to stop and be conversed with in an inquiry meeting. When he left a town he solemnly enjoined upon Christians to keep personal oversight of each new convert. If brother Moody had any "hobby" it was the sensible one personal labor is the mainspring of spiritual success. He had no patience with that magniloquent rubbish about saving sinners by wholesale.

If the devil can only succeed in enticing God's people into a big convention and into the passage of a series of flaming resolutions and the appointment of a tremendous committee and then going home to sleep over it, he is perfectly delighted. But when he sees a man like Dr. Spencer wrestling with an obstinate sinner, or a Harlan Page hard at it in personal effort with some impenitent soul, he is full of rage. Satan knows what hurts him, and there is nothing that he chuckles over more than the pious vamping about "saving the masses." His policy is to tempt people and ruin them one by one. When churches are revived, it is by individual hearts getting aroused and at work.

II. Another secret of apostolic success was that they knew how to pray. They had no stereotyped liturgy such as we hear in too many Presbyterian meetings. Too many Christians pray "like a book."

Those early Christians prayed for just what they wanted. If Peter was in the dungeon, they met at Mark's house, and prayed him out of the dungeon. If they needed courage to face the enemy, they prayed that they "might speak thy word with all boldness." Every prayer had a point, and a purpose. They were united in their requests. They continued in supplication till the blessing came. Such prayer would bring a revival in the most cast-iron church in all our borders. Nay, such prayer-meetings would be a revival.

III. Those early Christians knew how to give. They sold a part of their possessions in order to help Christ's poor. They gave also systematically, every week, as God had prospered them. When the time comes that American church-members begin to sell their carriages, and rosewood pianos, and Brussels carpets, in order to fill up the treasury of Christ, we may conclude that the millennium is nearer by several degrees. Whenever they begin to give "as God has prospered them," we shall hear no more about "destitute neighborhoods," and starved out mission enterprises. The art of giving to the Lord is well-nigh a "lost art." Let us go back and find it in the New Testament.

IV. Those early Christians knew how to preach. The narrative is,—"They preached Christ unto them." A personal Saviour was brought right up to each needy, guilty sinner. They wasted no

time on bootless controversies. Taking it for granted that the Gospel of Calvary was true, they pressed the Saviour upon every conscience. Conversions came quick and strong.

V. But the grandest thing about those early followers of Jesus was their lives. For them to live was Christ. No epistle that noble Paul

ever penned affects me more than his pure, sweet, cheerful, honest, heroic life. The man himself represented Jesus to a wandering, wicked world. The crying need of our day is more Christ-like men and women. Then we shall have a fresh and beautiful "book of the Acts."—*Evangelist*.

Shining Faces.

SOME one has recently asked, "Have you ever met the beautiful surprises of the street—met a man or woman who had the Ten Commandments written on the face?" The inner light may be so strong within us that it shines forth to illumine other souls.

Unconscious witness for Jesus! What a blessed ministry! A young lady missionary in Japan was traveling by steamer from one seaport to another in the Island Kingdom. On the same boat was a Japanese merchant so worried and depressed by business reverses that he was seriously contemplating suicide. He saw the foreign young lady quietly watching the beautiful view with such an expression of peace and absolute satisfaction on her face that he could not refrain from looking at her again and again.

She was a stranger, but he knew she must be one of the American Christian missionaries. His own restless, burdened heart cried out for the inner calm which could so stamp its impress upon the counte-

nance. It was a miracle beyond his ken.

Could it be something in her religion which so transfigured her face? In his distress and desperation he felt that he must know. He ventured to address her, and his profound respect was evident in both his words and manner. He unburdened his heart, and asked if she could give him the secret of the wonderful peace which told its own sweet story to those who looked upon her face. From the depths of wickedness he appealed to her for help and light.

The God-given opportunity was gladly welcomed. It was a rare privilege to tell this suffering soul of Jesus and His redemption, and the forgiveness of sin which alone can bring with it the "peace which passeth all understanding." Because of the joy and gladness shining out through her face, there was given into her hands that day the blessed privilege of leading this storm-tossed soul into the peaceful haven.

Rev. F. B. Meyer is another of the "illuminated" servants of the King. Dr. Parker of London, once made a characteristic allusion to this fact. He said :

"Here is my friend, Mr. Meyer. He always has a new scheme—the sweetest and brightest thing ever seen in the market-place. He calls upon me before nine o'clock in the morning, having risen a great while before then, and he always gets younger and younger. He is to me a most welcome visitor; he brings a benediction with him—a better air than earth's poor, murky climate; and he never leaves me without the impression that I have been face to face with a man of God."

Very like to this is the following description of another saint-soul, who also illumined old England with his presence. A clergyman writes :

"Many years ago, in company with several ministers, I spent a morning with the Rev. W. Pennefather, of Midway Park. After breakfast he read a portion of Scripture in a manner so devout that the guests not only listened, but looked, for the pure soul of the man of God was shining in his face. It was a face one could never forget. Naturally of a hard, stern type, now the hardness was changed, and he had a beautiful, softened, saintly face. As we sat around the table, fastening our eyes upon him, we saw his face as it had been the face of an angel.

"Afterwards I was not surprised

to hear of a little boy who one day ran home from school and joyfully rushed to his mother to tell her he had seen Mr. Pennefather. 'And what did he say to you, my lad?' she asked. 'Oh! he said nothing, but he beamed on me,' cried the delighted child."

An infidel Swiss artist was devoting every talent to the service of Satan. In Sheffield, England, he was asked to make a caricature of a Salvation Army meeting. This was a commission quite to his taste. He went to the assemblage and studied the faces of the people engaged in the holy work of uplifting the fallen. With a heart in his bosom that could not rest; tormented day and night, with a conscience not yet seared, he looked on this company, set apart by their devotion to a perishing humanity, and saw everywhere shining faces on which rested a deep, abiding peace. The sight intensified his unrest into agonizing conviction of sin. This became the turning point in his life.

A young girl often met an old Quaker lady as she went to and fro upon the street cars. The wrinkled face grew upon her irresistibly. One day a sudden impulse caused her to address the quaint old soul, saying, "Won't you let me kiss you?" "Yes, dear, certainly," came the sweet response.

This was the beginning of a beautiful, sanctified friendship. One day the young lady inquired of the older one: "Weren't you surprised that time in the car, when

I asked you to let me kiss you?" "Oh! no, dear," was the unexpected reply, "people often ask me that." The soul-sweetness and light shining in the withered face called forth swift response from the other pure, responsive souls.

A Hindu trader in India once said to a native Christian, "What medicine do you put on your face to make it shine so?" With surprise the other answered, "I don't put anything on." "You may expect me to believe that if you like, but what do you put on?" "Nothing," answered the Christian, "I don't put anything on."

By this time the heathen interrogator had well nigh lost his patience, and he said with considerable emphasis: "Yes you do. All you Christians do. I have seen it in Agra, and I have seen it in Ahmedabad and Surat, and I have seen it in Bombay."

Then the believer in Jesus understood and his glowing face shone all the more, as he said, "Yes, I'll tell you the secret; it is happiness of heart."

It is a remarkable fact attested by missionaries in China, that there is such a difference between the faces of the native Christians and those of the heathen, that it is impossible to mistake the two. That is the reason the Boxers murdered so many helpless converts. The "face-mark" could not be hidden.

Do our faces shine as do these faces of the souls just rescued from heathenism. If we are Christ's indeed, the Christ light should shine in and through us, a glory to be seen and read of all men. Let us carry with us

"The look of one who bears away,
Glad tidings from the hills of day."

—Sel.

Wonderful Salvation—Jesus Only.

S. H. HADLEY.

THE above heading brings out a peculiar phase in our work in Water Street Mission, and may show some how far reaching is the grace of God. One night in the McAuley Water Street Mission is devoted to a free supper to the outcasts. Mr. John S. Huyler, the great candy manufacturer, who is, by the way, our president, has for years furnished the means for one big liberal supper for the worst outcasts in our great city. They

begin to come about 4 p. m., and fill up the mission room so we have to lock the door when it is full. We furnish a nice sandwich, six inches thick, with nice cooked pressed corned beef, fresh bread, and good, fragrant coffee—some thirty gallons. It is a great night, and great is the disappointment of the poor fellows who do not get in. One night the doorkeeper came to me and said, "Brother Hadley, there is a man out there who will

tear the house down if he don't get in." I said, "Go and bring him to me." He did so, and I seated him close to me. He was a tough man. His coat and hat were gone, and I saw he had delirium tremens. When the supper had been disposed of, and the cups gathered up, a fine looking convert arose and read the lesson and gave his testimony. He was, as all our leaders are, a redeemed drunkard, and told with glowing heart how Jesus had saved and kept him, and had restored his family to him, and made a man of him. This man watched him like a cat. Many others spoke and the invitation was given. Our drunken friend came out with some twenty more and knelt at our mercy seat. Some one prayed, and I came to him and said, "Brother, pray." He lifted up his head and hands, and cried, "Dear Jesus, give me sleep, give me sleep, or I'll die." We all knew what that meant. A man with the horrors dies for want of sleep. As many of us as could put our hands on him did so, and we cried out, "Oh! Jesus, here is something for You to do. You alone can raise this man up." He arose from his knees a saved man. I shook his hand and said, "My brother, you are going to have a good night's sleep, and I want you to come round in the morning and take breakfast with me." He said, "Do you mean that?" I said, "Come and see." I sent him to a lodging-house, and he slept thirteen hours. He came back next fore-

noon, and I had him washed clean from head to foot, hair cut, shaved, etc., and a good breakfast given him. I saw he was badly hurt mentally. He sat around the mission for over three months. This man was Billy Kelly, and he had been for thirteen years head bartender, general bouncer, and all-round fighting man for The Allen, in his notorious dive hall on Bleecker street, New York. He had become such a drunkard he was discharged—a helpless drunkard. He became one of the sweetest Christians I ever saw. I got him a position in a lodging house at six dollars a week, and he lived his life there, though it was a hard place. I had a friend who is treasurer of one of the largest (if not the largest) financial institutions in this country. I asked him to become one of our trustees, and he consented. He came down some weeks later and wrote me a letter to come and see him. When I came he said, "Brother Hadley, I want to get off your board of trustees." I was astounded and asked him why. He said, "I was down there the other night and every one there talked of nothing but Jesus. I should have told you I was a Unitarian, and can't see things as you do, so I had better get away." I said, "What kind of men were these who were speaking about Jesus?" He said, "They had been thieves and drunkards, by their own stories." I said, "What kind of men are they now?" He said, "They are

the finest looking men I ever saw."

I said, "And you must leave us on this account?" He said, with much agitation, "Will you keep me?" I said, "Yes!" He came down again soon, and Billy Kelly was there and spoke, saying, "Brethren, I have had a trying time to-day, and the devil has been after me all day, but I have made up my mind to take that for my motto," and he pointed to a large silk banner on the wall: "Jesus Only." He took pneumonia about fourteen months after his conver-

sion, and went to St. Luke's hospital, where he died.

We do not cry much when one of our boys go home. We shout because one more redeemed one has passed the dead line of saloons and gone to be safe with Jesus. The converts preached the funeral sermon, and as a long line of redeemed ones came by the coffin and shed tears of love on the peaceful, upturned face of Billy Kelly, this gentleman slipped his hand in mine and said, "Brother Hadley, Billy Kelly's motto is my motto from henceforth: 'Jesus Only.'"—*Sel.*

Prohibition Laws.

THE Earnest Christian gives, with pleasure, the following quotation from *The Bar and Buffet*, a paper devoted to the interests of the liquor traffic. The purpose of the article is to awaken the liquor interest to the peril of the hour.

The purpose of the quotation is to incite the lovers of prosperity and good to greater effort.

With four states "dry" by statute, and local option prevailing in many others, it is said that more than half the nation is under prohibition laws.

Maine, North Dakota, Kansas and Georgia are the states where statutory prohibition rules.

The following statement of the conditions regarding the states where license and local prohibition exist in varying degrees, compiled by temperance advocates, is as follows:

Alabama—Majority of the counties dry; part of others also. A county option law has just been passed, moving for state prohibition in the next two or three years.

Arkansas—Sixty out of seventy-eight counties dry. Much dry territory in other counties.

California—Four dry counties and much dry territory in other counties.

Colorado—Local option law, 1907.

Connecticut—Town local option; ninety-six no license to seventy-two license towns.

Florida—Thirty dry counties out of forty-five. Few saloons in the state. Move for state prohibition, led by Gov. Broward.

Idaho—License. Sunday law only, passed in 1905.

Illinois—Probably two hundred dry towns. Local option law, recently passed. Two dry counties.

Indiana—Three dry counties ; seven hundred and ten dry townships out of one thousand sixteen. Half of population in dry territory.

Iowa—Sixty-five out of ninety-nine counties dry ; eleven other counties have only one saloon town. Move for state prohibition again under way.

Kentucky—Ninety-seven out of one hundred and ten counties dry ; only four counties entirely wet. Saloons close on Sundays.

Louisiana—Seven-eighths of state dry. Orders may not be solicited or received in dry territory.

Maryland—Ten out of twenty-three counties dry, two nearly dry, and two others where liquor is sold in only one place.

Massachusetts—Local option by cities and towns, two hundred and fifty being dry and one hundred wet. Laws strict and well enforced.

Michigan—County option, with a few dry counties. If county votes wet it reverses dry vote in small unit.

Minnesota—License, with village local option ; one thousand one hundred and twenty-three dry municipalities. Sunday closing in entire state.

Mississippi—Sixty-eight out of seventy-five counties dry. State prohibition campaign actively under way.

Missouri—Forty counties dry. Sunday closing rigidly enforced under Gov. Folk.

Montana—License.

Nebraska—Village and city op-

tion ; four hundred dry and six hundred wet towns.

Nevada—License with little restriction. No chance to vote on question of prohibition.

New Hampshire—Nominally prohibition, modified by local sentiment. Trend is toward prohibition ; sixty-two per cent. of population is in dry territory.

New Jersey—Local option law.

New York—Town and township option ; three hundred dry towns.

North Carolina—Few saloons ; campaign for state prohibition, with the Governor leading the fight.

Ohio—Out of one thousand three hundred and seventy-six townships, one thousand one hundred and forty are dry, sixty per cent. of municipalities are dry and three hundred and fifty thousand people living in dry residence districts in wet cities. County prohibition assured—probably at next session.

Oregon—Twelve dry counties and one hundred and seventy dry municipalities in other counties.

Pennsylvania—License, with privilege of remonstrance.

Rhode Island—Sixteen dry municipalities out of thirty-eight.

South Carolina—Recently passed a county local option and repealed dispensary law ; move for state prohibition following Georgia's victory.

South Dakota—Large section of the state dry.

Tennessee—Saloons from all but three municipalities in the state excluded ; state prohibition predicted in three years.

Texas—Two thirds of state dry by local option; state prohibition campaign under way.

Utah—License.

Vermont—Dry, save twenty-four municipalities; entire state and every county in state show majority against license; state prohibition expected shortly.

Virginia—Much dry territory.

West Virginia—Thirty dry coun-

ties out of fifty-five; Governor publicly opposes liquor traffic.

Wisconsin—Local option, with six hundred and fifty dry communities.

Arizona—License.

District of Columbia—Ratio of saloon to population reduced more than half during the past fifteen years.

New Mexico—License.

To Babylon via Bombay.

W. R. MILLER.

TWO and a half years ago when I visited Palestine and India in company with my brother, D. L. Miller, we planned to visit the Euphrates Valley, but each time our planning failed. Bubonic plague, smallpox and an almost fatal accident were some of the hindrances that prevented the journey. Before starting on my second journey, Babylon was among the first places to be written in my itinerary, and I determined that nothing that could be controlled should prevent my going into the very cradle of the human race.

While in Palestine in December and January of 1906 and 1907, both at Damascus and Jerusalem we tried to arrange to make the journey overland via Palmyra from Damascus to Bagdad, but ten dollars per day for each member of the party for twenty-two days and the exceedingly disagreeable weather prevailing on the desert during the early spring months at once pre-

cluded our going from Damascus, and so it was decided that if we made the start at all it must be made from Bombay, India.

This difficulty we faced in arranging for the trip, no reliable data is available as to the conditions in the Euphrates Valley. We could not learn whether there were hotels, means of conveyance, etc., nor time, nor expense of the trip, except that there was a line of steamers running into the Persian Gulf, and a river boat to Bagdad. But still, in the face of these facts, we took a goodly sum of English gold, engaged passage on a freight steamer, the "Mohammadi," and on the nineteenth of March, with our trio augmented to a sextet by the addition of Sisters Eliza Miller and Effie Long, and Brother Isaac Long, we started for Babylon.

The "Mohammadi" carried cargo for the Persian ports on the north side of the Persian Gulf; this gave us the advantage of seeing some-

thing of Persian life. The ship, after leaving Bombay, set her course directly for Bunder Abbas just within the Gulf. Here the ship lay several days discharging her cargo, giving us an opportunity to go ashore and mingle with the people. The doctor at this place who came aboard our ship to examine our bill of health assured us that he knew of no epidemic prevailing in Bunder Abbas, "only smallpox." We had come to see, and, notwithstanding "only smallpox" went ashore with the camera. One would have thought that a walking menagerie had come to town. Whether a European woman had ever visited this place before I do not know, but this occurred; we had scarcely landed until a crowd of men, women and children began to gather about us and continued to increase until the following was so great that at several places in town, when we stopped at the bazaar the crowd actually blockaded the streets. All the street traffic for the time being was paralyzed, and we became the center of interest and gazing stock for hundreds of pairs of eyes. The women all had their faces covered with a dark piece of cloth with holes cut in for them to see through, and so this interest continued until we were tired out, and were glad to escape from the crowd and get on board our ship again.

Just here we may say that the Mohammedan religion prevails in Persia, and of her nine million inhabitants it may be said that prac-

tically they are Mohammedan to the man, and of course where the Mohammedan religion prevails the most dreadful conditions, morally, socially and spiritually exists; and as noted in an article in the Messenger some months back, the saddest part of the whole matter and the awful condition falls heaviest upon the heads of the women. Polygamy prevails in Persia, and it is no uncommon thing to see a man have from three to five wives, and as he tires of them, one or more, he disposes of them as best suits his purpose. It may be by sending her home to her people, or trading her off for a cow, or cutting her throat, or strangling her to death. There is no one to call him in question because when she becomes his wife she becomes his chattel, and the law gives him the privilege to make any disposition of her that he may choose.

As one travels in Persia and Arabia as well as any of the countries where the Mohammedan religion prevails, and sees the awful and dreadful conditions existing among the people for which that religion is directly responsible, one is made to wonder sometimes how God can look down upon this low-down condition of the people, and suffer it to go on from year to year.

Our ship had an occasion to stop at Linga and Bushire, and at each place we had new opportunities of seeing Persian life, and especially at Bushire, where our ship took on some three hundred pilgrims who were starting on a pilgrimage to

Arbela, on the Euphrates river north of Babylon. This is the burial place of the prophet's nephew, Hassein; and it is the ambition of every true Mohammedan in the eastern part of Mohammedan territory at some time to make a pilgrimage to this shrine, as it is for the Western Mohammedans to take a pilgrimage to Mecca. It is also an ambition of these people to be buried at this place, and going in from Bagdad where the pilgrimage must be continued by donkeys or horseback, it is no uncommon thing to see a long, narrow box roped on to a donkey and in it the remains of some loved one, long since ready for the earth, on the way to be buried at Arbela.

This large number of pilgrims taking passage on our ship gave us an insight into Persian life and Persian customs, that we could have gained only by living among them in their homes, because they brought with them their families and their household effects, and lived very much on the boat as they lived in their homes. The course of the ship after leaving Bushire was directly for the mouth of the Shat-el-Arab river. The river has deposited a bar some seventeen miles out in the Gulf, so that vessels drawing more than eighteen feet of water cannot cross, because at low tide there is but twelve feet of water, and they have a tide of six feet. Our ship was obliged to make three efforts before crossing the bar, and then in getting across

she was obliged to plow her way through two feet of mud.

After crossing the bar there is ample water in the river to float the largest ocean steamers, and ships of medium draft go as far up as Busrah. This river is called the Shat-el-Arab, the combined waters of the Euphrates and Tigris, and is one of the most beautiful rivers in the world. From its mouth to the junction of the Euphrates and the Tigris is one hundred and twenty miles. It has an average width of over half a mile and a depth of thirty feet. From the mouth of the river, for one hundred and sixty miles, both shores, from one-half to two miles back from the river, are cultivated in date palms, and as we steamed up the river these beautiful date gardens with their dark green foliage presented a most beautiful sight. The territory back as far as the eye could see is perfectly level, and very little higher than low water in the river. This makes it possible to irrigate the palm trees from the river.

There is every evidence to show that this low, level plain has been the work of the seventeen hundred miles of the Euphrates and the eleven hundred and fifty miles of the Tigris rivers, borrowing the soil from the mountains of Armenia and during the spring high waters, when the rains come and the south winds blow and the snows melt in the mountains, the soil is carried in solution to the delta of the river and there for ages and ages the process of building up out

into the Persian Gulf has gone on. Geologists say that at one time in the history of the world the Euphrates and the Tigris entered the Gulf by two different mouths. This would bring the gulf more than a hundred and twenty miles north of where it is now, and as Ur of Chaldea is only a little to the northwest of the junction of the rivers, it is possible that the home of Abraham was a sea coast town when he lived there.

This rich valley with its hundreds of miles of date palm gardens has become the center of the date industry of the world with Busrah the shipping point. It was at this place that we took a river steamer to continue our journey to Bagdad, a distance of three hundred miles

in an air line, but almost seven hundred miles must be traveled following the crooked Tigris river. At the time of our going up the river the Tigris was exceedingly high, overflowing its banks in many places, and inundating millions of acres of land. Our ship steamed against a six mile current, thus making our progress very slow, and taking more than six days to reach Bagdad from Busrah. On reaching Bagdad we were told that the river had not been so high for thirty years, that the city was surrounded with water, and to get to Babylon was an utter impossibility, that the last teams that came in had been stuck in the mud for three days.—*Missionary Visitor*.

Be Not Affrighted.

MRS. M. K. NORTON.

DEAR BROTHER, we would be glad to know that you had gone on with the brethren who were praying for the baptism of the Holy Spirit in Pentecostal power, because, as we have gone on prayerfully, we have been more and more convinced, in our own minds, that God is with these people. Evidently we are in the last days, when we may expect greater manifestations of the Spirit than before. It seems to me that God is bringing about that revival, spoken of as the "latter rain" in Scripture, and which our dear brother, Mr. Hudson Taylor, was permitted to foresee,

and you will remember that he said "Immediately after, Jesus will come." As far as we have been affected by what is *improperly* called the "tongues movement," the results have been most blessed. Our boys never before got down into the depths of humility as they have now. In confession they seem to have gone to the depths of everything, and some of them who stood well with us had such a terrible struggle over the matter, that for a time they acted as though they would *rather die* than confess some things, and yet they came to the point where they yielded to God

and did it, and at once came into great blessing, and were praying and singing, in the power of the Spirit, in unknown tongues. Some of them have had the interpretation, and they tell us that they know even when they cannot give the meaning of the words, that they are saying words of prayer and praise to God, and that there is much of Jesus in what they say. Those who have been going on in this way are to all appearance saved from sin, and *great* grace is upon them. John (our son) was speaking of one of these lads who has been in the habit of going out to the surrounding villages to preach, but was not a good speaker. He said, "I never heard J—— speak with so much power as he did last night in a village." This lad has prayed in several different languages, all unknown to him. After reading your letter yesterday, I met this lad, J——, and a few other boys in a prayer meeting, and I said to J——, "Of what use is there of you speaking in other languages?" "Oh!" he said, "when I pray in a tongue the Holy Spirit is praying through me, and *His* praying through me must be of great use." B—— is another lad, about seventeen years old, who prays in tongues. I said to him, "Of what use has this blessing been to you?" He replied, "I want to pray before I answer." After a minute he looked up and said, "I am now saved from all sin." I then said to U—— (a blind lad), of what use has this been to

you?" "Oh! I am now very happy and I am saved from all sin now," was his answer. Some others gave about the same testimony. I asked, "Do all the boys who have spoken with tongues remain faithful?" Their answer was, "Some do not go on, but we do not know that they have fallen into sin." But we know of one lad who had a severe provocation and got very angry at another boy. He soon after asked forgiveness, but I do not think that he has got back into the same blessing which he had before. Evidently, however great our blessing, we must always in this pilgrim life gather fresh manna every day, and we shall never in this world get where we shall not be tempted to "grieve the Spirit" by disobedience, or even to "quench the Spirit." But may God save you and me from doing either! For myself I feel now that I should grieve the Spirit if I did not go on seeking this "endowment of power from on high." I am told that we are not to seek gifts, but to seek the baptism of the Holy Ghost in Pentecostal power. This is what I am seeking. I am already much blessed *in seeking*, though the enemy of souls has tried to hinder. I have no doubt that when the Comforter has fully come into His temple, that I then shall have greater power to witness for *Him*. This is what I want.

Dhond, India, June 25, 1907.

The people who scramble for positions are the least fitted for them.

Peril and Opportunity brought by Immigration

THIS problem of immigration has long been the great question that has perplexed the minds of our educators and religious leaders. What shall we do with the masses that come to our shores day after day, month after month, and year after year? They are coming in ever increasing numbers to seek home, bread, and opportunity for betterment in our land. A million a year, and more, is the rate at which immigrants are now coming into the United States.

In the last forty years about twenty-three million aliens have come. The children would bring the total up to about forty millions. How shall we Christianize them and teach them the Gospel? Are they a degenerate class of people? Do they bring with them anything for the making of good, honest, American citizens?

Where can we find a better mission field than right at home? It has been said, "Save America and you save the entire world," which is very true. The United States is in one sense the most foreign country, for here are people from all over the world. Through the immigrant the world will be reached, for there are many cases where foreigners have returned to their own country and started missions and preached the Gospel after being educated here. We must get hold of them some way. The outlook sometimes seems discouraging. The uneducated, the un-

taught, are coming in ship-loads with their ideas, customs, and religion. In New York city alone there are six hundred thousand Italians, a city by itself. It makes us shudder when we think of so many illiterates with no use for pen, paper, or book. This mass of dense ignorance was distributed some way within a short time, and more of the unlearned are coming all the time. Some of them are unskilled and some are not.

When the voyage of ten or twelve days is completed, the United States officers come on board to inspect the prospective Americans. Each one is examined six or seven times, and at last is sent to the "stairs of separation," as they are called, probably never to see again the ones with whom he has made the voyage. Some take the train for Buffalo, Albany, and Chicago, but great numbers stay in New York city.

A great peril for these people in the large cities is the overcrowding in small tenement houses. Probably there will be a family of from four to six children and their parents living in one room. All cooking, sewing, and washing is done in the same room. Life is very low. Some of the foreigners are very dirty, especially the Italian.

Another peril is the terrible vice and evil surroundings. The mother and girl work very hard. The mother will sit up till midnight sewing and washing, and the poor

immigrant girl will work fourteen hours a day.

Some one may ask, What are the causes of immigration? It is the great attraction of America and the sorry conditions in other countries. America means two things, money and liberty, which the European lacks and wants. In the foreign countries, population increases and poverty broadens; then they want to come to America for freedom and liberty.

No nation has the right to send her people to America, or by persecution to drive them upon other nations. The aliens come here to better themselves and not us. We must be kind to them or else they will hate and despise us.

What a marvelous opportunity the immigrants have afforded us! They have made it possible for the consecrated Christian in this day and land to be a missionary. Have you ever felt any responsibility for the salvation of these common and despised foreigners, as they are called by some? Here is a field open to our young people. What do we think of the immigrant, and what does the immigrant think of us? is a question to be considered carefully. We have a great opportunity to do some good work, and should not miss this opportunity of having our lives broadened in Christian service.—*The Religious Telescope*.

Peter Walking on the Sea.

REV. G. H. MORSE.

ELIMINATING for the moment what may seem miraculous and spectacular, let us see what important truth for us in this day this deeply interesting incident teaches, which, if heeded, may make strong, stalwart Christian lives.

The first truth taught is, that another life is possible for the disciple of Jesus beside that of toiling and rowing against wind and tide, tempest and storm, temptations, turmoil, worry and fret, namely, that of walking over waves, upon the waters, having them under our feet, as did the Master. Above the turbulent waves, while surrounded by them, becoming master

of them, Peter, unaccustomed hitherto to conquer but only to contend with, now walks upon the waves, as he sees the Master doing.

The incident teaches, secondly, how to attain this new life of control over disturbing elements:

By prayer. Peter astonished at the ease with which his Master triumphed over difficulties, not hindered by tempest and boisterous sea, but walking over them, having them under His feet, entertains the thought he, too, could do this if the Master aided and gave the power. So he prays, "Lord, bid me come to thee on the water." Immediately his prayer is answered

by the Master's invitation, "Come." And Peter came down out of the boat and walked on the waters to go to Jesus.

This new life of control is attained by faith as well as by prayer: faith in action; accepting the Master's invitation, "Come." How often this invitation is given in Scripture, calling us away from our troubled life to a new life. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." "Come ye and join yourselves to the Lord." "Come up hither." Faith which accepts these invitations realizes in approaching the Master, new life is given, as Peter did. As soon as he accepted the invitation, Come, and stepped out of the boat to go to the Master, he found himself walking as his Master walked, upon the water above the waves; they beneath his feet.

This new life of control is attained by an absolute surrender of self to the will of Jesus—boldly venturing wholly upon Him—by a distinct act of the will, doing a thing which at any other time would have been deemed impossible, but now willingly undertaken because the Master's bidding is, "Come to me upon the water." Peter making this attempt to do what at any other time he would have felt it impossible for him to do, boldly ventures out of the boat, putting his feet confidently upon the water and walks toward Jesus, the waves boisterous, but under

his feet. He does this because for the moment he has absolutely surrendered to Christ's will. So as his eye is fixed on Jesus and his will surrendered to Christ's will, he walks securely. But soon his gaze is for a moment turned downward toward the boisterous waves, and doubt and distrust seize him, when immediately he loses his power. The joy of the new life goes out of him, and with sense of peril his prayer is, "Lord, save me," and Jesus immediately stretches forth His hand and saves him from sinking beneath the waves.

Thus we are taught the new life of control is maintained by looking up instead of down; looking to Jesus instead of self and unfavorable surroundings. Doubt, mistrust, failure, follow when we think more of our perils than of our Saviour from peril. "O thou of little faith, wherefore did'st thou doubt?"

The incident teaches, if the new experiences of life are by indiscretion lost they may be instantly recovered by instant confession, prayer and renewed self surrender to Christ. Peter's "Lord, save me" was at once a confession of his fault of looking away from Jesus and perilous surroundings and of renewed surrender to Jesus as the source of all his power. Quickly all is righted by the outstretched hand of Jesus. Peter is restored to harmonious relations, walks again upon the water confidently by the side of his Master, and as they come into the ship the wind ceases; all is calm.

Jesus undoubtedly was pleased when Peter ventured to do the difficult thing by a firm reliance of faith upon his Master. He was equally displeased and disappointed when Peter looked away from Him to the turbulent waves, and doubt and distrust being entertained, he began to sink. So must He be dis-

pleased with the hesitancy, faltering, shrinking faith of His disciples of to day, and only pleased as beginning by His help to surmount difficulties, obstacles, we continue to triumph by our faith in Him. Paul tells us (2 Cor. 2:14): "God always causes us to triumph in Christ."—*New York Observer*.

The Saints and Salvation.

SR FLORENCIO has been a Christian now some five years, and before that had lived a very drunken and dissolute life. He is an elder in our church, and a corporal in the police force.

The incident which follows throws light upon both his Christian life and the way in which the Spirit of God works to awaken and draw souls, out here, to Christ.

Some three months ago, a man named Manoel was in Rio de Janeiro and there things went heavily against him, so much so that he began to look around for the reason. He was a Roman Catholic and said to himself, "I have been serving the saints faithfully for these twenty-nine years past, and if this is all that comes of it, there must be something wrong." So he began to feel about, but without finding any light. He had come to the end of everything, so left his wife in Rio and came up to Sao Paulo to try and find employment. He got work on a partially finished building, and was also in his heart wondering if there was not something more real than the saints,

when one day he noticed a police corporal enter the building where he was working. The corporal looked around, and seeing no one, went into a corner and knelt down to pray. Manoel watched him for some ten minutes, and finally went up and accosted him. The corporal was none other than Sr. Florencio, and soon they entered into conversation, and Manoel, with a considerable amount of profanity, to which he was a slave, commenced to tell his story.

Florencio soon saw where he stood, and told him that all his troubles had come because he was not obeying God, that his very speech showed that, and that if he would get right with God, he, Florencio, would guarantee that all the rest would soon come right. It was a new view of things to Manoel, who had never looked past images into the great Unseen, nor had the Living God entered truly into his consciousness. He was struck with the corporal's simple way of speaking to God and his forcible way of putting things, with the result that he began to attend one of the evan-

gelical churches on his own side of the town, and we believe has truly given his heart to God. He came over to attend one of our meetings two or three weeks ago, and it was from his own lips we heard the story.

He also told us that when he began to seek after God and attend the evangelical worship, his friends and acquaintances had shewn great concern, and did all they could to dissuade him from such a disastrous step. They told him of one man whom the saints had caused to fall and break his leg in the street, as a procession was pass-

ing—this being a punishment for his having ceased to worship them. They told him of another who had been rich, but from whom the saints had taken all his money when he joined the "Protestantes," and that he had since been turned out of that body, and had to sit begging at the door of a Romish church. Other absurdities they also told him, but these will show the falsehoods which the Truth must overthrow before hundreds and hundreds here can find their way to the living Saviour.

—*Missionary Witness.*

Grace-made Men.

GEORGE B. KULP.

SHOES of iron and brass were not made for men to travel smooth roads and flowery paths. The grace of God which bringeth salvation hath appeared unto all men, teaching us that denying all unrighteousness we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world. In this world ye shall have tribulation. Marvel not if the world hate you. The sons of God are to shine in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. The man who founded a city where the saints were to be gathered to the exclusion of all others was hardly cold in death ere disruption set in because eternal law for His saints is contact with an ungodly world—being made a spectacle to Heaven, Earth and Hell, witnessing to the power of grace to make and

keep men anywhere they ought to be.

The grace-made man rejoiced that he was preserved by grace in perils among false brethren, fighting wild beasts, stonings oft, stripes well laid on, never hinting for a single moment that these were otherwise than the will of God for him. Shining, not whining, is the business of every child of God. Firing lines, not soft billets, is God's choicest place for choicest saints. When one has the least intimation he would like the reserve corps, he had better hunt a lone place to pray, fearing he may get outside the will of God.

The grace-made man will not have to hunt the firing line; it will come to him.—*Selected.*

No solid wealth but in Christ.

The Brahmin High Priest.

REV. JACOB CHAMBERLAIN, M.D.

ALL through the country we missionaries go, presenting Jesus Christ as the "Light of the world;" as the only Saviour from sin, who can and will save all mankind if they will accept Him as their Saviour. We meet with varied receptions and have to present the truth in different ways to different audiences of different grades of intelligence and diverse attitudes of mind.

We endeavor never to abuse their gods nor needlessly to attack their systems, as an angry man will not listen to, nor take in the truth. We seek to present with courtesy and kindness and love a higher truth than any they have, satisfied that if that truth finds an entrance their system will go. If specious objections are brought forward, we sometimes have to turn aside and answer those before they will listen to the truth.

Occasionally we are received with real courtesy, but more often we are treated at first with scorn—and sometimes with real abuse. We are obliged to vary the weapons we use according to such utilized by those who attack us, always having at hand, however, the whole panoply of God to draw upon as needed; for the missionary in a close place does often reverently recognize the fulfilment of the Saviour's promise in Mark 13:11: "For it is not ye that speak but the Holy Spirit."

Two of us missionaries were on a preaching tour in the Telugu country, and had gone into a native state in that part where missionaries had even never before preached, and had pitched our tents under a mango grove, just outside of the chief city gate of the walled town of Chintamanipet. We had been told that on an eminence in the northern part of the city was a famous school for training young Brahmans as priests, with a noted Brahman high priest at its head.

Pitching our camp in the morning, we had remained through the heat of that August day in our tent under the grateful mango shade, and when the sun began to approach the western horizon we, with our native assistants, went through the gates to the market-place in the center of the city, and taking our position on the wide stone steps on its north side, we together sang a rallying Gospel song to one of their favorite old Telugu tunes. Reading from the Word of God, we began to preach to the large throng that had assembled, on God, and man, and sin, and redemption.

The audience were listening attentively as we were speaking of the nature of sin, and how it could be gotten rid of, when down the street leading from the Acropolis, on which stood the "school of the prophets," we saw approaching a

venerable Brahman priest in his robes, surrounded by some thirty young Brahmans who seemed to be his disciples.

Slowly approaching us through the crowd who made way for him with his disciples, he came up to within a little distance of the market steps upon which we were standing, and making a snort of utter scorn, which the Brahman knows how to do with emphasis, he addressed us: "Yes, talk to *us* about *sin* do you, you old *beef eaters*, you revilers of our gods!"

"We have not been reviling your gods, my venerable friend," replied one of the missionaries. "Ask these people who have been listening to us. But we have been courteously talking about the matter that is of the highest import on earth or in heaven to every man that lives, and we desire to go on and speak further of that matter which concerns you and your disciples as well as those that were listening. But since you have interrupted us we will, before resuming, ask you a few questions.

"You charge us with being *beef-eaters* as the most heinous of sins. Now will you very kindly tell us in exactly what the heinousness of that consists? Is it in taking away from a creature the principle of life, with which it has been endowed by the Creator?—for while we are not ourselves in the habit of killing and eating beef, we acknowledge that most English people in India do so and we should like to know just in what the essence of the sin

consists. Is it in the depriving a living being of the principle of life with which it has been endowed by its Creator?"

"Yes, that is just it; you Europeans take life and eat the dead animal just to satisfy your own appetite."

"I understand," said the missionary, "the real sin consists in depriving a living creature of life. Now, does it make any difference how large or how small that animal is? Is the sin any more heinous if one kills an elephant than if he kills a calf?"

"No, not at all; the act is the same."

"You are sure, are you, that the sin is the same whatever be the size of the living thing? I wish to be clear on that point."

"Yes, there can be no difference in the character of the act. The sin is the same; it can only be intensified if one takes such life for his own benefit or convenience, or to save him trouble."

"My venerable friend! You know not into what a position this puts you. If this be true, and you wish to avoid heinous sin, you have but one thing to do. You must very cautiously and circumspectly pick your way home and spread down your mat and lie down on it and expire, for you cannot live another day without committing mortal sin—yes, multitudes of such sins."

"Why! how is that?" said he, quite startled.

"I will tell you. It is now ap-

proaching sunset. As you turn to go back to your abode, the sun-set ants will be running in myriads over the streets as is their wont for their evening meal; and, walk as carefully as you may, you will step upon some of them and crush them. When you reach your home your wife will spread down your dining-mat upon the floor and place your evening meal upon it, and you will sit down to eat, and in doing so you will inevitably crush some of the many insects which, unseen by your wife, were upon the floor when she spread the mat down. But, far worse than that, in cooking that delicious pot of rice and curry, your wife had used many dried *bratties*. Now, as we all know, *bratties* are made from rice husks coarsely mixed with cow dung and stuck up on the wall in the sun to dry. Into these interstices multitudes of small insects crawl to avoid the heat of the sun, and remain in their hiding-places when the *bratties* are dried. Your wife took those dried *bratties* to boil your rice and thus your evening meal was cooked by a holocaust of living beings, which were sacrificed for the delectation of your palate. Your wife brings to you your little brass water-pot for you to quench your thirst. In each drop of water are multitudes of infinitesimal living beings, animalcules.

"If you will bring a sample of your choicest drinking water to our tent to-morrow at midday when the sun is bright, we will show

you with our magnifying lens or microscope, hosts of these infinitesimal living beings, these animalcules, in each drop of water. When you take that water into your stomach to quench your thirst the gastric juice kills myriads of those animalcules, so that your stomach becomes a veritable cemetery.

"You finish your supper and spread out your *kora* grass mat for the night, and as you lie down you crush some more small insects that have been under it unperceived, and during the night each time that, in your dreams, you roll over you crush still more. No, my friend, you cannot live another day without destroying the principle of life in some living creatures, and you say that it makes no difference what the size or character of the living creature, the taking away of its life is murder. The only thing then for you to do, if you wish to avoid what you have declared to be mortal sin, my venerable friend, is to have these, your disciples, go before you to your home, very carefully sweeping a path before you all the way, and spread out your mat and expire. I am telling you what all learned men know to be true."

The venerable priest fairly gasped as this picture was completed and his group of disciples looked at each other with deep concern.

"I admit," said the old Brahman, after standing thinking for a time, "that you have brought forward matter for which I was not prepared. I must have time to

look up the Vedas, but I will meet you here again to-morrow at the same hour and then I am sure I can demolish you."

"Very well," said the missionary, "we will gladly waive that matter for the present. When you came we were talking about sin and how to get rid of it, and that, you will admit, is the most important question that can engage the attention of mortal man; and now, my venerable friend, let us resume its consideration and see if we cannot together in a kindly spirit find some light upon the matter. I am going to ask you, as I have asked many of your venerable men, what is the real meaning of the Sanskrit sloka that you Brahmans devoutly chant as you go to the river for your daily ablutions? What you chant is this, is it not? (and the missionary chanted it in the rich Sanskrit :)

"Papoham papakarmaham, papatma papa sambhava.
Trahimam Krupaya deva, sharana gata vat-sala."

"Is not its real meaning this (speaking in Telugu :) 'I am a sinner; my actions are sinful; my soul is sinful; all that pertains to me is polluted with sin. Do thou, O God that hast mercy on those who seek thy refuge, do thou take away my sins.'"

"Yes, that is it," said he, with very evident respect for one who could correctly chant the holy texts; and his disciples looked at one another and smiled approval.

"Now," said the missionary, "we are agreed on that point that

we are all of us sinful and that we cannot of our own selves get rid of our sins, but must have God's help. The next great question is how to obtain that help. Your own beloved poet Vemana says (intoning it in Telugu :)

"'Tis not by roaming deserts wild nor gazing at the sky;
'Tis not by bathing in the stream nor pilgrimage to shrine;
But thine own heart must thou make pure,
and then and then alone
Shalt thou see Him no eye hath kenned, shalt thou behold thy King."

"Now, how can our hearts be made so pure so that we can indeed see God? The secret has been revealed by the one Great God in the Holy Bible, the true Veda, and my ancestors have learned it; shall I tell it to you?"

All were now attentive while the missionary went on to tell them the story of stories, the story of redeeming love. He told them that sin was not, as so many regarded it, simply the violation of the ceremonial law, but that sin was any disobedience of that only one true God who had created, preserves, and blesses us, and who alone is entitled to our perfect obedience. He told them how, when men had fallen into sin and lost all harmony with God and had become His enemies, that God of love determined Himself to save them; how God sent His own Son into this world as a divine Guru, a divine Saviour, for our sins; and, opening one of the Gospels in his hands, he read out distinctly in the melodious Telugu: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth

in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "That only begotten Son of God," continued the missionary, "was not born in England or America, so that this could not be a white man's religion. He was born in a land midway between here and England, in Asia, your own continent; so that He was more akin to you than to us."

And then the missionary went on to tell of that wonderful virgin birth, foretold by God's prophets hundreds of years before, and for whose coming God had prepared a people by centuries of discipline. He told of the wonderful life and works and words of Jesus Christ while here upon earth—of His deeds of love and mercy, of His giving sight to the blind, causing the deaf to hear, healing the sick, raising the dead; and yet how He was rejected by those He had come to save; and how He was crucified and how He was buried, and how, on the morning of the third day He rose again from the grave by His own divine power, and how

the soldier guard that were around the grave were so terrified that they fell to the ground as dead men, and how He appeared to His disciples and they saw the wound scars and knew for a certainty that it was indeed their Jesus risen from the dead; and how, after being with them for forty days, teaching them, He took them up on a hill and after giving them His last command, "Go ye into all the world and preach this good news to every creature," He had ascended again to heaven and that He ever lives there at the right hand of God the Father to make intercession for all who believe in Him; and how, at the last day, all nations of all the earth will be gathered before Him for the final judgment and He will separate the good from the bad, and will take all who, in this life, have believed in Him and cried to Him for salvation from sin, and accepted Him as their Saviour—will take all such to dwell with Him in heaven in eternal felicity.

To be concluded.

Difficulties and Character.

DIFFICULTIES determine our character. The great battles of life are not contests of body against body, but spirit against body, thought against materialism. There is a great difference between truth and fiction. It is one thing to state facts, it is another thing to state those facts so that our view will not be perverted. The evil spies looked only at those

things which were material. If you look only at dirt you will be sure to get dust in your eyes. The evil spies could see nothing but stone walls and giants. The man who goes out trusting in himself will soon run amuck on the rocks. The man who goes out knowing that he is sent of God will surmount all difficulties. With this thought before him he will leap

over the wall, as did the Psalmist, and the giants will fall before him. It is a bad plan to exaggerate the strength of the enemy. Fear and timidity always magnify the foe. Let us be careful, Oh! Christian friend, that we do not magnify the

material above the spiritual. Keep the spiritual sight clear by faith. Keep reason and imagination at a distance. There is reason that is not faith, but true faith is always reasonable. Faith never exaggerates the enemies' strength.—*Ex.*

Twelve Years in Canaan.

MAJOR BRENGLE.

TWELVE years ago God sanctified me wholly, and for twelve years I have been a free man and have walked in liberty, but I have been able to do this only by continually seeking God's face and putting Him before my work, my wife, my friends, my health, my life. I have not dared to rest in any past experience or victories or happy feelings. God Himself and God only, is the goal of my soul. If I have pitched tent for a night, I have broken camp and marched forward the next day, hard after God. Every day I have sought His face. I have listened for His voice, I have read His word and pondered it, I have waited for His counsel, and I have considered the doing of His will my meat and my drink. I have found no time for murmuring and complaining, for lightness and trifling, or seeking and selfish ends. I have no fear of falling, and yet I realize the awful possibility of it. The true olive branches were cut off by unbelief, and I, a wild olive branch, was grafted in by faith, and by faith I stand. Rom. 11:17-21. "For if

God spared not the natural branches," I must take heed lest He spare not me. I must "be not high minded, but fear," and yet there is that spiritual paradox in my experience of perfect love casting out fear.

I have learned during these twelve years that definiteness is essential, both to the obtaining and to the retaining of this experience.

The Lord has enabled me to be definite in my consecration. I see clearly that God has rights in me prior to and greater than my rights in myself. I have a right to life, to health, to the possession of property, to the pursuit of happiness. But God has rights in me above these, and if, in order to carry out His great, gracious, redemptive plan and to secure the highest good of the moral universe, He sees fit to allow me to be placed in circumstances where I am robbed of property, or health, or happiness or life itself, then a definite and perfect consecration on my part will lead me to say from my heart, "Amen, not my will but thine, be done, O Lord!" I will

not murmur nor complain, nor repine, so long as I am thus definite in my consecration. But as the true soldier willingly sacrifices and dies for his country, so I will sacrifice and if need be die for Jesus and the truth. I do not mean to say that I shall be indifferent to the pain of such losses, but I do mean to say that if I am given over to God in this whole-hearted way, I shall not feel these losses in a way to make me rebel and think hard things against God and His way of ordering my life, but I will cry out with Paul, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or sword? As it is written: For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay in all these things, (even death itself) we are more than conquerors through him that loved us."

The Lord has also enabled me to be definite in my asking. I have searched my heart to know my need; have studied the experiences of other people; above all, have meditated in the word of God day and night, that I might find out His revealed will and those eternal principles that govern all His dealings with us, and to discover His commands and promises, that I might not fail through ignorance of those things I might know and ought to know, and I have asked God to search me by His Spirit and show me all my need and all His supply for my need, and then

I have definitely asked Him for an uttermost salvation.

I have learned that this salvation is not a salvation from all infirmities and weaknesses and trials and persecutions, for Jesus said to Paul, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness," and Paul responded, "Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me. Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake, for when I am weak then am I strong."—2 Cor. 12:9, 10. I have found, however, that it is a salvation from sin, from temper and malice and deceit and pride and backbiting and hasty judgment and doubts and fears and worry and trifling and seeking great things for myself, and from all desire to be thought "Good, or great or wise, in any but my Saviour's eyes."

I have learned that the fruit of this salvation is "love out of a pure heart, a good conscience and faith unfeigned."

Having learned these things, I have not chafed and fretted under infirmities and troubles and trials and disappointments, but I have taken them to Jesus and have asked Him to overrule them for my good and for His glory, to deliver me from them as soon as He saw best, and then I have trusted and rested in His will without anxious care.

I have also been definite in my

believing, really counting God faithful, assuring Him that I had all confidence that He would perform that which He promised. And when my feelings have clamored against my faith and the devil has mocked me, I have gone on steadfastly believing, until God has turned faith into fact and confounded all my foes. Bless the Lord, O my soul!

Oh! that I could get men everywhere to believe God. I do not mean in theory, but in very deed and truth, with that practical appropriating faith that brings the blessing, that enables Him to come into their hearts and conquer all their foes and cause them to sing and shout and triumph in the joy of His presence with them.

I have been definite also in testifying. John in the Revelation saw a great company of white-robed ones, and on inquiry he learned that these were they who "overcame by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony."—Rev. 12:11. And just as they overcame so must we overcome. I saw if we wanted to keep a definite experience of full salvation and rout the devil at all times, that I must give God the glory by a definite testimony to all He has wrought in me. It has not always been pleasant to do this. Sometimes my enemies and my friends and my feelings have been against me, but I have testified in spite of these, just as a man who means business gets out of bed in the morning whether he feels like it or not;

and just as activity improves the man's physical feelings, so testimony has acted like a tonic to the feelings of my soul, the devil has fled, the fogs have lifted, the sun has shone, the birds have sung in my heart and I have leaped and shouted for joy.

John Fletcher, one of the holiest and mightiest men God ever made, lost the blessing four times through a failure to testify definitely to it. One morning at a breakfast party he got it for the fifth time, and being determined to have lasting victory he immediately arose and testified, at the same time telling how he had lost it in the past. At this the Holy Spirit fell on the company, they all went to their knees, and prayers and tears and shouts of victory took the place of pleasant, profitless talk, and God was glorified.

The fact is, definite testimony not only enables us to keep the experience, but it enables us to convict others and thus reproduce the experience. We may be enabled to talk on the doctrine like a Sumnerfield or Wesley, and with all the wisdom of a Bishop Butler or a Jeremy Taylor, but we shall not be at all likely to lead any one into the experience until, after we have fully explained the theory, we can say, "This, brethren, is not only a doctrine or theory, but it is a glorious and an every-day experience in my soul." This testimony clinches the argument, shuts the mouth of adversaries, irresistibly convinces people of the possibility of such an

experience and frequently leads them into the immediate enjoyment of it. Hallelujah! Over and over again when I have been talking on the subject the light has burst on souls and they have gone away rejoicing in the fulness of the blessing.

I used to wonder how anybody could keep this experience, and when I saw one who had had it for a year I looked upon him as a miracle of grace, and one who had enjoyed it for five or ten years was to

my mind a five or ten-fold miracle; but the years have been hurrying by, and lo! I have walked with God in joyous fellowship and victory for twelve years. Bless His holy name! He has been my sleepless, almighty Keeper, and I believe He will keep me to the end. I shall continue to watch and pray, and I am persuaded that He will keep that which I have committed to Him against that day.

—*The Conqueror.*

Abide in Me.

ARTHUR T. PIERSON.

IN Christ we can do all things, while without Christ we can do nothing. This is the wonderful truth taught throughout the New Testament.

An illustration of this may be found in the familiar fact about the magnet. It has a mysterious life, the power of which can be communicated. For example, if you take a piece of common iron and allow it to be attracted to the magnet, it becomes attached to it, becomes itself magnetic, and while so held fast by the magnet, attracts the iron or steel filings as the magnet does, but when severed from the magnet, has no such attractive power. "Apart from me," says Christ, "ye can do nothing." But the moment Christ lays hold upon you and His life is imparted to you, His works become possible to you.

Holy living becomes possible to

us only in proportion, therefore, as we keep constantly in mind that the power to live a new life of holiness is wholly of God; that it is not found in self-culture, in education, and training, in the most honest purpose or effort, in the most helpful or healthful surroundings, but solely in an impartation from God, in the gift of the Spirit of life, power, holiness, the same that raised up the Lord Jesus from the dead; and until that Spirit animates and vitalizes us, we are as helpless to live a holy life as Christ's dead body was to move. Not until we realize this can we ever find the power of Christ's resurrection in ourselves.

—*Religious Telescope.*

Pray often: for prayer is a shield for the soul, a sacrifice to God, and a scourge for Satan.

In God's Hands.

WE constantly feel our limitations. With wonderful power, we are yet compelled to live within narrow boundaries. In touch, apparently, with the whole visible universe, and our mysterious mental power penetrating far into the unseen and unknown, discovering the secrets hidden from the ages and bidding into our service so many of the great forces of Nature, we yet live from day to day unable to command the hour that follows. Limited in every direction, and yet with a consciousness of relations to supreme power; conscious of our finiteness and yet linked to the infinite; powerless as against the mighty forces in action in and about us, and yet conscious that we are in some way in the hand of some One who is over all. Herein lies the secret that makes life so good and so great. We are in the hands of God.

We are in the hands of infinite love. It is true that we often doubt the love of God. Under the burdens, disappointments and sorrows of life, we ask, "Has the Lord forgotten to be gracious?" But when in calmer moments we study the course of events in our lives there appears on every hand the evidence of a love that watches over us with a tender care. We may feel ourselves poor and needy, as David did, but we also with him are able to say, "The Lord thinketh upon me."

We are in the hands of the infi-

nite wisdom that directs the course of all things. Whatever of rebellion and ruin, of wrong and crime, there is a movement of all things in one direction. Individual lives, the lives of communities and of nations may, like eddies, be in an adverse current of evil, but the whole system is moving forward in a fixed direction, and with results in the betterment of men. Moreover it is a common experience that the apparently adverse events of life are part of the working out the best things and the development of the ideal life.

The prophet was taken to the house of the potter to see the crude lump of clay on the wheel taking comely shape under the hand of the workman. God takes poor humanity and moulds it, by tedious and sometimes painful processes, into His ideal. There is a purpose concerning us; there is a likeness into which God would form us. We are on His wheel, His hand is upon us, shaping us into that which is comely and beautiful. Or, if there is not the full beauty in one that is found in another, if we yield to the Potter's touch, the life is adapted to its purpose and use. Here, then, is the mystery of God's providence. We do not see His purpose, and are ready to complain and resist. We often do so to our hurt. But the hand that is upon us is the hand of infinite love.

—*United Presbyterian.*

MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.

Christ's Second Coming.

PANDITA RAMABAI.

The most precious truth which I have learnt since my conversion, is the second coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. I firmly believe, as taught in the Bible, that the Lord Jesus Christ is coming soon. He will most certainly come, and will not tarry. The signs of the times in the last decade have taught me to be waiting for Him. I was totally ignorant of this particular subject. It is not generally taught in this country. The missionaries connected with some denominations do not believe in it at all. They believe that Christ will come to judge the quick and the dead at the time of the last judgment, but they do not think He will come for His servants before the time of the resurrection of the dead, and before the final judgment.

I do not remember how I came to know about it at first. But shortly after my conversion I began to read many books on the subject. The works of Mr. Middleton, Mr. Newberry, Dr. Grattan Guinness, and others, have greatly helped fix this subject on my mind. I have studied and continue to study the Book of Revelation, with greatest interest and spiritual profit. There is nothing like the word of God which teaches everything clearly. Other good books written by godly men and women are quite helpful, in that they help to make this subject of special interest, and increase the desire for its study. But there is nothing so very helpful as to study the Bible itself, aided by

a good concordance, and the "Treasury of Scripture Knowledge."

The hope of the appearing of our Saviour to take His redeemed ones to be with Him, has been a great help to me in my Christian life. I praise the Lord for the great promise of His coming, and His counsel to watch and pray.

"Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."
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One day, as I was getting ready for my afternoon work, one of my fellow workers came to the door of the office, followed by the Collector of Poona. Both told me that His Excellency the Governor of Bombay had come to visit Mukti. I was taken by surprise, for I never thought the Governor would come to such an out-of-the-way place, and visit an unpretending institution, which has not earned popularity by great achievements, and by courting the favor of the great men of the country. In a few moments my surprise vanished, giving way to perfect pleasure at finding the Governor so simple and natural in his manner, though he was very dignified and grand.

It was delightful to see the greatest man of this Presidency taking kindly notice of every one who happened to come in his way, enquiring with interest of every little detail concerning the work. He seemed to be well ac-

quainted with all that was going on here. After inspecting all parts of the Mission, he bade us goodbye and went away. It was a very pleasant surprise, and we shall never forget his visit and kindness to us all.

As we did not know about his visit, we had not made any preparations to receive him; so he saw us as we were; some walking about, some idly sitting where they were, some doing their work properly, some sweeping the ground and doing other housework, some dressed well and tidily, others in rags and unkempt hair, some giving themselves to their lessons and industry with diligence, and some just looking into the air, doing nothing, and thinking nothing particular.

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"The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us, that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."—Titus 2:11-14.

"And take heed to yourselves, lest at anytime your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares. For as a snare shall it come on all them that dwell on the face of the whole earth. "Watch ye therefore, and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man."—Luke 21:34-36.



Forty-seven Years.

The EARNEST CHRISTIAN has completed its forty-seventh year. Very few periodicals have such a long existence. The *Guide to Holiness* was the only similar magazine at the time. That failed to speak out boldly on the question of slavery, at that time a live and flaming issue. After years of usefulness it has ceased. About

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MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.

Christ's Second Coming.

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Nearly half a century has the *Earn-*

est Christian been sending forth its message of cheer to the cast-down, its word of warning to the sinner, its exhortations and admonitions to holiness of heart and life.

The sainted founder, B. T. Roberts, —name honored and beloved—reached hundreds of thousands with his pen, inspiring and urging them to high and holy service for God and man.

Since his death the editor has done his best to carry on the work with much encouragement.

It has never been a money making venture. The editor is so closely confined that he cannot travel abroad to work up a subscription list. Will not the friends interested help to build up this list and keep up an interest in its work? Send for sample copies.

Look over the premium lists and send in some new subscribers.

A Double Number.

The patience of the Earnest Christian office (and readers also doubtless), has been sorely tried by unavoidable and unforeseen delays in procuring a new engine.

All was done that could be done to expedite matters but still there were delays. We can not make up for the delay which virtually caused us to lose a month's time, except by giving a larger number, which we do this month.

We thank all our readers for their kind indulgence in the matter, and trust such delays are ended.

Thank the Lord for the patience that endures.

—♦♦♦—
"We are not saved by Christianity but by the personal Christ without the anity."

Hath God Forgotten?

No solution of life and its problems can be found outside the Bible, that meets the complex questions that arise. God is the center. He is over all and in all. Have we eyes to discern the good? The evil we see readily enough. Often we are filled with reproaches for the misfortunes, but fail to be thankful for the blessings that are ours. When clouds of disappointment and defeated efforts cover our sky and all is overcast, we question and ponder, and are ready with David to ask, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?"

Then is the time to call to mind who it is that has us in charge, who is ruling our lives, and ordering our steps. It is then time to remember His goodnesses, His mercies, His blessings to us.

Hath God forgotten? Can a mother forget her child? "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." His children are to Him as the apple of the eye, very precious. Do we not put our children under tutors and teachers who guide them by rules and give them tasks often severe? Do we not submit them to the discipline of school and college, requiring of them denial and close application? Is it because we have forgotten to be gracious? Rather is it not because our love and our tender solicitude for the man, the woman that is to be, because of our desire that they become fitted for high and honorable service?

Is not our Heavenly Father equally solicitous for His children? Does He not in all the stern discipline of life care tenderly for His own who are under trial, who are tempted and tossed with troubles? How will

they bear the buffetings of life? Will they murmur, will they wilt, or do they look unto Him "who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despised the shame?"

You and your trials are met. Will you or they overcome? You do not have to bear them alone.

Christ our Lord will give you His presence, His grace, His strength, if you will have it.

"The Debt Paid."

It is impossible to attach too much importance to the doctrine of the atonement. The truth that "Christ died for our sins" is the great central fact of Christianity. Through Him alone is forgiveness found. There is no other name by which we can be saved. Philosophy is powerless to supply the want of the soul. Churches are worthless only as they point to Jesus. He who bases his hope of salvation upon anything but Christ, as the propitiation for our sins, is building upon the sand. And we are justified freely by the grace of God. We can absolutely do nothing to merit pardon.

But there is a way of stating this fact, becoming quite common, which tends to mislead. Sin is represented as a debt, and Christ as the kind Friend who has stepped in and paid the debt for us. To have the comforts of salvation, all that is necessary for us is to believe that the debt is paid. This is the substance of the representation as made in tracts, and sermons, and exhortations, and spiritual songs;

Nothing, either great or small,
Remains for me to do:
Jesus died and paid it all,
All the debt I owe.

The objection to all this is, that it is not true. The Bible nowhere asserts any such thing. The logical result of this teaching is universal, unconditional salvation. If my debts are paid, then I am no longer responsible for them. No matter if a friend did pay them. The creditor has no further claim upon me. His claim has been fully satisfied. I may not know the fact. My ignorance of it may be the source of uneasiness, but it does not alter the fact. The creditor, if honest, will never think of demanding, much less enforcing, payment again. In reality, I am free, though I may not know it. But this is not the Scriptural view of the condition of the sinner.—"*The wrath of God abideth upon him.*" "*He is condemned already.*"

For the removal of this load of guilt it is necessary that *he* should do something. Hence men awakened under the preaching of the apostles cried out, "Men and brethren, what must we do?" They were told to repent. "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish. Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out. The times of this ignorance God winked at, but now commandeth he all men everywhere to repent."

It is a great mistake to suppose that because salvation is free it is unconditional. A thing may be free, and yet to enjoy it we must comply with conditions. A father had a son addicted to the use of strong drink. He told his son that if he would quit drinking he would give him a farm. He need not pay a single dollar. Yet there was the imperative condition. The condition did not affect the freeness of the gift. The Government offers every family who will settle

upon it a homestead of one hundred and sixty acres. Yet those who do not meet the conditions do not have the farm any more than if the law had not been enacted. But this condition does not do away with the Free Homestead law, but in reality gives it effect. Some avail themselves of this advantageous offer, and endure hardship for a season, but in a few years possess comfortable homes. Others pay no attention to the offer. But the Government is just as liberal as if they did. Those who reject the offer sustain the loss. So, salvation is FREE, but CONDITIONAL. It is of grace, but through repentance and faith. To lead a sinner to believe that his sins are forgiven before he truly and sincerely repents, is to lead him into a fatal delusion. The debt is not paid. His believing that it is, does not make it so. Belief presupposes something as the object of belief. It credits a fact, but does not create it. If I truly repent of my sins and confess them, God forgives my sins. How do I know it? Because He assures us of it in His word. I honor His word. I rely upon it. He sends His Spirit to my heart to witness with my spirit that my sins are pardoned. I can now look up with confidence, and cry, Abba, Father.

Let us be careful in our teaching, and hold fast the form of sound words, lest while one soul be benefitted, thousands be led astray.

B. T. R.

Be often remembering what a blessed thing it is to be saved, to go to heaven, to be made like angels, and to dwell with God and Christ to all eternity.—*Bunyan.*

North Chili has been favored with visits from several missionaries during the past month.

First, Miss Lucy H. Tittlemore, of St. Armand Centre, P. Q., was with us nearly a week preparatory to starting on her way to Honan, China.

Miss Tittlemore graduated from the A. M. Chesbrough Seminary in 1904, in the Christian Workers' course. She is an excellent student and a Christian woman of rare qualities of mind and heart.

A farewell meeting was held for her in the Free Methodist church on the afternoon of Sunday, Oct. 13. The relation of her religious experience and missionary call, will long be remembered by the many who were present. She sailed from Seattle, Wash., on October 26th, for her work in the far-away land of China.

On Oct. 17th, Miss Grace Allen, who was returning to her field of work in South Africa, was with us. In the missionary meeting of the evening, she inspired her audience with great interest while she told us something of the seventeen years' labor in the dark continent.

The next week Rev. N. B. Ghormley, wife, and three little boys under eight years of age, came to North Chili, and remained over Sunday. We were glad to help these devoted servants of God, who are under appointment by the Free Methodist Missionary Board to take charge of a missionary training school in South Africa, on their way.

We felt the Spirit's presence with them and trust they may be much blest in their new and strange field of labor. Together with Grace Allen and Ethel Cook, they sailed from New York, Nov. 2.—A. P. C.