

The Earnest Christian

and Golden Rule.

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Moses, the Man of God.

BENSON HOWARD ROBERTS.

FEW men have such a history. To fewer men is it granted to make such a chapter in history. A man of action he becomes, under God's guiding hand, the great law-giver, whose precepts are the basis of the legal system of every civilized nation of the world to day. The leader of a vast horde, he sees them, in the furnace of affliction, fused into a nation that is foremost in its influence upon the subsequent ages of the world, whose testimony has made Europe and America monotheistic, worshippers of Jehovah rather than that of Buddha. Modern history finds its motive power in Moses, the man of God, rather than in Plato, the man of thought.

What a preparation he had: adopted into the household of a ruler—he had the training of an Egyptian prince in early life. The court of Pharaoh was his training school. The Egyptians excelled in many of the arts. Their architecture is to-day the wonder of the world. Pyramids rise like mountains from their sandy plains; the burial places of their rulers, the

marvel of the ages. Cities hewn in the face of the cliff, colossal statues, pillars and sphinxes, excite the wonder and admiration of the tourist to-day. Other arts flourished and were cultivated in high degree. They were warriors. From the Nile to the Euphrates, the Hyksos rulers brought all under their sway. Under such influences was the boyhood, the youth, the early manhood of Moses past. "He was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians."—Acts 7:22. Their discoveries, their arts, their skill, became part of his equipment for the great service unto which God was calling him.

The man was greater than his surroundings. His regal nature shone in his superiority to royal splendor. A smaller man would have been enthralled by the splendor about him. The trappings, the ceremonial and the luxury of the court would have held him. Its seductions would have corrupted him, "and when he was full forty years old it came into his heart to visit his brethren, the children of Israel."—Acts 7:23. A moment-

ous visit, that was the turning point of his life. Stirred to the depths of his soul by the wrongs of his brethren his lot is at once and irrevocably cast with them. To Midian, a refuge for the outcast, he goes. There, for forty years, he undergoes a farther training, getting in those desert solitudes what he could not get in the palaces of Egypt, knowledge of God. He comes to know Him and His voice, His will and His great purpose for His people. These years had taught the impulsive man endurance and patience. He becomes fitted to be a co-worker with God. He so knows God that he becomes like Abraham, his great ancestor, a man of faith. Henceforth trust, absolute confidence in Jehovah characterizes him. Read the splendid record in the eleventh of Hebrews, verses 23 to 29. Refusing, choosing, esteeming, enduring, forsaking, keeping passover, passing through the walled up seas by faith.

God's call came to him clear and unmistakable. No wonder that he was appalled at the vastness of the work. He knew Egypt, the pride of its ruler, the power of its armies. One interview after another with Pharaoh shows that he had not underestimated the difficulty of the work, yet, at each interview, he becomes more confident, he no longer speaks as a suppliant, but on even footing he makes his demand upon Pharaoh, "Moreover, the man Moses was very great in the land of Egypt, in the sight of Pharaoh's servants and in the sight of the

people."—Ex. 11:3. Through his knowledge of God, he came to the knowledge of men. Forty years of age was he when, "by faith, he refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter;" forty years was he in Midian, coming to the fuller knowledge of God that was the deeper preparation for his work. At eighty, an age when most men are ready to die, he was ready to begin. Forty years more was he at his work as leader of God's host. Under this great responsibility, he became great. The developing power of a great responsibility was not more marked in the history of Lincoln, or of Cromwell, of Wesley, or Luther, than it was in the case of Moses. The impulsive, ardent Saul became patient, submissive to the degree that his name is a synagogue for meekness.

The nation no less than the leader must be prepared. They went into Egypt seventy souls, they went forth 60,000 men, besides women and children, a great host, three million of them, they say. Such a host is not easily led, is not guided except there be a common purpose to marshal them in line towards a common goal. The task-masters, the bitter bondage, the bricks, full tale without straw, furnished the unifying motive. The severity of their lot gave rise to a desire to escape from Egypt, the fertile, with its pastures, its meadows, its wheat fields, its leeks, onions, melons, a rich land which men leave only when driven forth by oppression. Sons of a common

parentage, they still were not a nation till they had been through the furnace of affliction. But out of their bondage came a mighty cry to God for deliverance. They were now ready for a leader and to be led. The man Moses became greater in their eyes with each succeeding manifestation of God's power, through him, as at his summons plague followed plague, blood, frogs, flies, lice, murrain, boils, locusts, hail, darkness, a horrid procession, marshalled by the angel of death. The people were ready; they recognized their leader; they followed his call.

We cannot follow them in their strange history, marvelous, beyond that of any other nation. They saw seas open, the heavens rain food for them. God, their Father, gave protection and care, a pillar of cloud, of fire, water from flinty rock, all were given, and laws also. To them was disclosed the very path to success. Following this path, the nation became great. All nations have become great as they have followed this path, the path of God. The first generation could not get away in heart from the flesh-pots of Egypt, so they gave place to the second who grew up under God's care, a generation that produced a Caleb and a Joshua, men of courage, men of daring.

What shall be the effect of trials upon us? Will we be lured by the pleasures of prosperity to abide in the realm of personal gratifications? Shall we live for self because we have the means to gratify self? or

will we rise to God's purpose for us and take a path that involves self-denial, but still leads to glorious service for God and man? Will we be strengthened by adversity to endure, or will we be vexed into an irritable, unthankful, envious spirit? Shall the annoyance, the trouble drive us to a closer walk with God or to a life of fret and worry? Shall trial develop faith, or shall we lose faith? At the hand of faith, the sea opened. But history would tell another tale had fret supplanted faith. The question at stake was: "Does Israel obey Jehovah, or is Pharaoh supreme?" The same question must be answered in your life, in mine, Is God supreme or does the world hold sway?

Follow the Compass.

A story is told of an old hunter in Michigan who, when the country was new, got lost in the woods several times. He was told to buy a pocket compass, which he did, and a friend explained to him its use. He soon got lost, and lay out as usual. When found, he was asked, why he did not travel by the compass. He said he did not dare. He wish to go north, and he "tried hard to make the thing point north, but 'twasn't no use, 'twould shake, shake, right round and point southeast every time." A great many people fail of the right direction in life for the same reason of the mishap which befell our Wolverine friend—they are afraid to take the Bible and follow just as it points.

The World We Live in.

H. FRANKLIN HILL.

THE MIRACLE OF CREATION.

IT needs but a glance at the system of nature in which we find ourselves placed, to convince us that the whole is a well-ordered scheme of a sublime intelligence—nay, of a Being divine, supreme and infinite in all His characteristics and powers—who called it forth from nothingness to subserve certain ends and purposes entirely His own. And the whole stands before us to-day as a mighty miracle—and a mighty system of evolving miracles—as much a miracle as if this were the very first day of its appearance. For its existence and the existence of whatever pertains to it, can be accounted for in no other way than by acknowledging a First Great Cause, who, dwelling in infinite glory, entirely apart from it and distinct from it, when as yet it had no existence whatever, except in His own mind, called it forth, not by any necessity or fixed law, but the law of His own will and infinite power.

He spake, and it was done;

He commanded, and it stood fast,—so that where there had been nothing, there was now a vast and wonderful something, governed by fixed laws which went into immediate effect—laws which naught but infinite wisdom could have devised, and naught but infinite power could maintain.

Science, indeed, by observing the laws which govern the physical

world, may trace back nature to a more attenuated, less orderly form than at the present, but she can never detect the Almighty in the act of creation, because that act was not in accordance with any known law. An act that was above reason cannot be accounted for by reason. According to human reason, creation was an anomaly, and could not take place—and, indeed, to produce something from nothing seems an impossibility—but once assume that God is almighty and the whole seems plain and reasonable. But we must admit that it was a miracle—and if to produce something, however small, from nothing, is a miracle; to produce everything from nothing is a miracle on a vast and unlimited scale—and the first thing assumed in that book which we reverence as God's Word is that God is a worker of miracles. So "the world, by wisdom, knew not God;" and "by searching, none can find out the Almighty to perfection." It needs revelation to acquaint us with Him. And here the simplest believer has the advantage over the man of science who trusts in his investigations of physical law; and "a scientific religion" is no religion at all, for God is spiritually discerned. It is through His Son, only, that the Father is revealed. (Matt. 11:27.) And it is He, only, "who quickeneth whom he will." The pride of human reason can avail us

nothing in dealing with the Father of our spirits, but the simplest faith in Christ can open up to us both the gates of Righteousness and Knowledge. And believing in the almighty power of God, it is consistent with the highest reason to accept the statements of His word regarding creation—and that it was a miracle. As the Psalmist saith, "God hath done whatsoever he pleased." If He hath worked by laws, he hath also worked without laws. It is absurd to believe anything different regarding One who is almighty. And here, we might remark, that having accepted of the miracle of creation, the other miracles seem easy of belief—none of the miracles recorded in the Holy Scriptures is a cause of stumbling to those who have faith in Him—even to the great miracle of the resurrection of the dead. He could perform just as great miracles now, if it were necessary. But it is not at the present time necessary, because His word has become established in the earth, so that whomsoever would know the truth will not be left in darkness. But He is still "a God that worketh wonders," especially in the matter of individual conversion and guidance; and, in "the consummation of all things," no doubt He will yet perform greater prodigies that He has ever yet performed. If we think He cannot work in any other way than by His physical laws, when it is suitable to His purpose, we must have very limited ideas of the Almighty.

The inertia of material nature except as it is operated by mind, or by the laws which govern it—which presume a lawgiver—should teach us that it is powerful only as it is acted upon, and therefore could not be self-existent or possess the power to evolve itself from nothingness. Those powers of nature employed by man are of value to him only as they are operated by his mind. And the whole phenomena of nature, as we behold them in action about us, being but the product and propellments of fixed laws, show that nature is, of itself, but the medium through which the enactments of a superior Being have their force and fulfillment. To sum up this thought, let us go forth under the open sky and behold the grandeur of the world about us, listen to the music of its waters, and feel the invigorating stir of the elements above our heads. How came all this about, and we, ourselves, in the midst of it? Experience has taught us that no human mind could have conceived, or executed the prodigious plan, much less that inanimate nature, which is the groundwork of all, could have designed and brought into being its wonderful forms of beauty and contrivance—not having any mind whatever. How then came all this about? The only answer is, God created it.

And what though the Almighty first made chaos? Yet the ordering forth from this mighty pulp, both by innumerable other fiats, and by the majestic system of laws

which He had ordained, to the wonderful results which we see daily about us, calls forth our admiration none the less than the first astute act of calling it from oblivion; and if the whole were the work of a moment, instead of by a long process of evolution, it were none the more a miracle and the subject of our praise and adoration. So though darkness once "dwelt upon the face of the deep," yet God said,

"Let there be light, and there was light." "And the spirit of God brooded upon the face of the waters . . . and the dry land appeared." May this self-same Spirit brood over the wild chaos of our thoughts and bring about a divine order, and also say to what is dark in us, "Let there be light" while we contemplate this wonderful, this extraordinary theme.

Finding the Dividing Line.

HAVE you ever noticed how simple and how direct the Bible is in its classification and analysis of men and things? There is a dividing-line between the good and the bad, the wise and the foolish, the saved and the lost, and there is no such thing as mistaking the location of this line. We, on the contrary, are so given to making divisions and subdivisions that we sometimes lose sight of the line altogether. In the parables and teachings of Jesus, there are seldom more than two persons or classes of persons introduced. There were the two builders. One built his house upon the rock. The other built upon the sand. There is nothing said about the man whose house was built upon a mixture of sand and rock, whose house was partly defective and partly safe. We would have thought it necessary to have introduced a few intermediate characters, and yet when we realize that the picture is to represent the man who has founded

his hope upon the rock, Christ Jesus, and the one who has not, we realize that there could not be more than two classes.

Then, there are the wise and the foolish virgins. No doubt there were degrees of wisdom among the wise and degrees of foolishness among the unwise, but in the matter of meeting the bridegroom when He came they were either ready or they were not ready. Their lamps either had oil in them or they had not. We have a parable of the sheep that were in the fold, and of the one that was outside of it. It is true that a sheep may have been only a few leagues from the fold, or it may have been miles away upon the mountains, but upon one point there was no difference: neither were inside the fold. In conclusion from this, we are forced to the acknowledgement that there is no intermediate state between being saved and being lost. It is true we may divide up those who are not saved into good, bad and

indifferent. We may also divide up those on the other side into many classes, but on this one point there can be but the one dividing-line. While it does not lie within our province usually to decide just where others belong, we must, if we would live our lives sincerely, find out our own deciding-line. There are times when it would be a relief from responsibility if we

could be on neither side of a dividing-line. Christ spoke deep and with a steady hand when he said, "He that is not for me is against me." It is easy for the average person to answer the last part of this and to say, "I am not against him." The real problem, however, lies in the positive side, "Are we for him?"

—*Selected.*

The Religion of Washington.

REV. J. C. SCOULDER, D.D.

THE voice of the orator has been again heard in the land. The season has brought the extolation of George Washington. The praise is merited, and the incidents cited are probably true, but in the enumeration of his virtues there is little said of his religion. It was his belief in God as manifesting himself through Christ that made him the man he was, and to which alone is due his success as the leader in the movement for independence. Not long since, we walked along the stream at Valley Forge, beside whose banks the Quaker farmer had seen Washington in the midst of the dense thicket upon his knees. His face was uplifted and suffused with tears. He was pouring out his soul for God's help in the Continental cause, which seemed to be in its last extremity. The troops hungry and barefooted, and the hearts of the people sick with deferred hope. His mother had said to him on leaving home in his early

boyhood, "My son, never neglect the duty of secret prayer." And he never did.

It was his custom to rise at four A. M., in order that he might have time for his devotions. Washington was a church member, and not only a church member, but he was a faithful attendant on divine services. His pew in old Christ's church in this city is still revered, and in Alexandria Va., he was a church officer. His pastor says of him: "I never knew a more faithful attendant than he, and his behaviour in the house of God was so deeply reverent that it produced the happiest effects." He was not narrow in his Christian beliefs and practices. On one occasion he asked the privilege of communing in a Presbyterian church, because he was with the army and removed from his own church. His request was granted and he was there. He revered the sanctity of the Sabbath and strictly observed it. All

through his letters and published public utterances there is a humble dependence and reliance upon God. Our admiration of Washington is praiseworthy, but it is all superficial if we overlook the foundation on which this grand superstructure was builded. If he was right, then every man rejecting his Christian principles is wrong. His life was

moulded by his faith; and yet we see him accepted, praised and lauded by many who reject his faith. Like the soldiers gambling for the garments worn by Christ, yet rejecting the Christ who had worn them. Forgetting that if there had been no Christ there would have been no garments for their covetous desire.—*United Presbytery.*

Kept Through Faith.

ANDREW MURRAY.

LET me say, first of all, that this faith means utter impotence and helplessness before God. At the bottom of all faith, there is a feeling of helplessness. I have a bit of business to transact, perhaps to buy a house, the conveyance must do his work of getting the transfer of the property in my name, and making all the arrangements. I cannot do that work, and in trusting that agent, I confess, I cannot do it. And faith always means helplessness. In many cases it means—I can do it with a great deal of trouble, but another can do it better. But in most cases it is utter helplessness; another must do it for me. And that is the secret of the spiritual life. A man must learn to say: "I give up everything; I have tried and longed, I have thought and prayed, but failure has come. God has blessed me and helped me, but still, in the long run, there has been so much of sin and sadness." What a change comes when a man is thus

broken down into utter helplessness and despair and says, "I can do nothing!"

As long as we are something, God cannot be all, and His omnipotence cannot do its full work. That is the beginning of faith—utter despair of self, a ceasing from man and everything on earth, and finding our hope in God alone.

FAITH IS REST.

And then, next, we must understand that *faith is rest*. In the beginning of the faith life, faith is struggling; but as long as faith is struggling, faith has not attained its strength. But when faith, in its struggling, gets to the end of itself, and just throws itself upon God and rests on Him, then comes joy and victory.

It is a great thing when man comes to rest on God Almighty's power for every moment of his life, in prospect of temptations to temper and haste and anger and unlovingness and pride and sin. It is a great thing in prospect of these to

enter into a covenant with omnipotent Jehovah, not on account of anything that any man says, or of anything that my heart feels, but on the strength of the Word of God: "Kept by the power of God, through faith."

Oh! let us say to God that we are going to prove Him to the very uttermost. Let us say: "We ask thee for nothing more than Thou canst give, but we want nothing less." Let us say: "My God, let my life be a proof of what the omnipotent God can do. Let these be the two dispositions of our souls every day—deep helplessness, and simple, childlike rest."

That brings me to just one more thought in regard to faith—faith implies, *fellowship with God*.

Many people want to take the Word and believe that, and they find they cannot believe it. Ah! no, you cannot separate God from His Word. No goodness or power can be received separate from God, and if you want to get into this life of godliness, you must take time for fellowship with God.

THE LIFE OF HURRY.

People sometimes tell me: "My life is one of such scurry and bustle that I have no time for fellowship with God." A dear missionary said to me: "People do not know how we missionaries are tempted. I get up at five o'clock in the morning, and there are the natives waiting for their orders for work. Then I have to go to the school and spend hours there; and then there is other work, and sixteen hours

rush along, and I hardly get time to be alone with God."

Ah! there is the want. I pray you, remember, two things. I have not told you to trust the omnipotence of God as a thing, and I have not told you to trust the Word of God as a written book, but I have told you to go to the God of omnipotence and the God of the Word. Deal with God as the nobleman did with the living Christ. Why was he able to believe the word that Christ spoke to Him? Because in the very eyes and tones and voice of Jesus, the Son of God, he saw and heard something which made him feel that he could trust Him. And that is what Christ can do for you and me. Do not try to stir and arouse faith from within. How often I have tried to do that, and made a fool of myself! You cannot stir up faith from the depths of your heart.

Leave your heart and look into the face of Christ, and listen to what He tells you about, how He will keep you. Look up into the face of your loving Father and take time every day with Him, and begin a new life with the deep emptiness and poverty of a man who has got nothing, and wants to get everything from Him: with the deep restfulness of a man who rests on the living God, the omnipotent Jehovah; and try God and prove Him, "if he will not open the windows of heaven and pour out a blessing that there shall not be room to receive it."

I close by asking if you are will-

ing to experience to the very full the heavenly keeping for the heavenly inheritance? Robert Murray McCheyne says somewhere, "Oh! God, make me as holy as a pardoned sinner can be made." And if that prayer is in your heart, come now and let us enter into a covenant with the everlasting and omnipotent Jehovah afresh, and in great helplessness, but in great restfulness, place ourselves in His hands. And then as we enter into our covenant, let us have the one prayer—that we may believe fully that the everlasting God is going to be our Companion, holding our hand every moment of the day; our Keeper, watching over us without a moment's interval; our Father, delighted to reveal Himself in our soul always. He has the power to let the sunshine of His love be with us all the day. Do not

be afraid because you have your business that you cannot have God with you always. Learn the lesson that the natural sun shines upon you all the day, and you enjoy its light and wherever you are you have the sun. God takes care that it shines upon you. And God will take care that His own divine light shines upon you, and that you shall abide in that light, if you will only trust Him for it. Let us trust God to do that, with a great and entire trust. Here is the omnipotence of God, and here is faith reaching out to the measure of that omnipotence. Shall we not say: "All that omnipotence can do, I am going to trust my God for!" Are not the two sides of this heavenly life wonderful? God's omnipotence covering me, and my will in its littleness resting on that omnipotence and rejoicing in it!—*Exchange*

I Will Come Again.

C. L. SLATER.

"If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."—Jno. 14:3.

ONE of the grandest, if not the grandest hope of the true church of God, is the thought of His coming again. When I say the true church, I mean the blood-washed, the sanctified ones.

The words, "I will come again," were a great consolation to the broken-hearted disciples.

His second coming is not as some say, "death," nor "pente-

cost," nor the "destruction of Jerusalem," nor "the spread of the gospel," but it is the literal, personal return of Jesus Himself to the earth.

We find, too, that while the Old Testament saints were looking for His first coming, some of them prophesied of His second coming as well. Notice Job 19:25-27. We know that Job did not see Jesus at His first advent; but that he will see Him at the second, as all the righteous dead are to be resur-

rected. (1 Thessalonians 4:16.)

We will notice some biblical and historical proofs that His coming draweth nigh. Take the missionary spirit of to-day. "The gospel must first be published among all nations."—Mark 13:10.

Never in all the ages was the missionary zeal so great as it is to-day. Men and women are hastening to the ends of the earth, to publish this glorious Gospel. Just lately, we saw about forty consecrate their lives, as missionaries, to go anywhere for Jesus.

Again, modern invention points to the near approach of our Lord's coming. Dan. 12:4, says, "many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." The knowledge of the day, the fast flying trains, the massive steamship, wireless telegraphy, and numerous other inventions of the day are fulfillments of this prophecy. A little less than a hundred years ago, when Robert Moffat went to Africa, it took about three months to make the trip. Now it takes about three weeks to make the same voyage.

Then, too, in the Last Days, "Perilous times shall come." (2 Tim. 3:1-5) We are in those days; the world is getting worse, sin of every description is becoming more hideous. True the world is better educationally, we have more schools. But what are the most of them? Many of them have discarded the Bible entirely. They deny the pre-existence of Jesus Christ, His divinity, and the saving power of the blood; and are

turning out skeptics and infidels as a result. But listen to the above reference, "But evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived."

At the first appearance of Jesus' second coming, He does not come clear to the earth, but catches away, and meets His bride, (the truly sanctified,) in the air. It is at this time that "two shall be in the field: the one shall be taken and the other left. Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken and the other left."—Matt. 24:40, 41.

Now, while the bride is away at the marriage supper of the Lamb, the great tribulation is going on upon the earth. (Matt. 24:21, 22.) At the close of the marriage supper, and the great tribulation, which will occupy the same time, Satan will be bound for a thousand years, and Jesus accompanied by His bride will come to the earth and reign a thousand years without a rival.

At the end of the thousand years, Satan will be loosed for a season, and will make a last assault on heaven, but Jesus will defeat him, and cast him in the lake of fire. The New Jerusalem will descend from heaven, and we will be forever with the Lord.

—*Christian Mission Herald.*

What mankind needs is weight of solid personal character. Not God's voice falling from the sky, but the Divine Intelligence finited and shaped for human needs in man.

Prayer and Answer.

REV. ARTHUR T. PIERSON.

THE Epistle of James contains six or seven marked hints on what it is to ask amiss. In three places he refers to this practical question and in each case gives two reasons for failure (James 1:5-8; 4:2-5; 5:14-18.)

The several grounds of unprevailing prayer which he suggests are:

1. Lack of faith. 2. Of patient holding on. 3. Of proper motive. 4. Of unworldly separation. 5. Of earnest resolve. 6. Of spiritual elevation. Only careful and thorough study could bring out these lessons in their force and fulness; but a few words may make the general instruction clear.

As to lack of faith and patience, the simile used is ludicrously striking—the wave properly, “the surge of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed.” There are two motions when the sea is tempestuous, undulation, up and down; fluctuation, to and fro. Both are referred to—“driven with the wind,” fluctuation; “tossed,” undulation. The peculiarity of a wave is that it stays nowhere; and so the double-souled man is “unstable in all his ways.” If he is impelled forward he falls back, and if he is lifted up he sinks down again. If he believes one moment, he distrusts the next; if he gets a little ahead he cannot hold on to any advantage. Unstable as water, he cannot excel.

In the last chapter of James,

Elijah is held up as an example of one, who “in prayer, prayed.” We are reminded of that scene on Carmel when he who had commanded the fire from heaven, now commanded also the flood. The details are significant (1 Kings 18:42-46.) The prophet “cast himself down upon the earth, and put his face between his knees;” underneath his mantle he was able to see nothing, and he wanted to be undisturbed in communion with God: It is a parable of Faith and Sight—Faith absorbed in supplication: Sight taking observation and reporting, “nothing.” Unbelief, at such report, would have said, “just as I expected!” and ceased praying. But faith keeps on, until the hand raised in supplication leaves its shadow on the sky, in the little cloud—hand-shaped—and knows then that the answer is already coming swift and sure.

It is significant that, in this acted parable of prevailing prayer, Elijah kept his high level to the end. How little we understand that the prayer of faith is answered on the plane of faith. Having got a vision of God, and been emboldened to ask in faith, we must not go down to the low levels of sight for the answer; it will not follow us down, nor would we be able to recognize it there if it did. That mountain top was the place to wait for the answer. It commanded the

horizon and the atmosphere there was clear. There are many valleys where but little of the sky is visible, and what is may often be seen only through a murky atmosphere. Keep your high level if you would receive or recognize God's answer. It is of great importance that, having asked of God in faith, this attitude of faith should be carefully maintained until the Divine answer is received.

As to the planes of answer to prayer, their respective levels are determined by the measure of faith they demand. The lowest is where the answer is immediate and obvious; it comes at once and as expected, like that of Abraham's steward at the well (Gen. 24:14-15). This makes no demand on faith or patience. But sometimes the answer is delayed, or disguised, or both. When Elijah prayed for rain, seven times his servant reported "nothing;" and Daniel for three full weeks fasted and prayed, before the answering vision refreshed him. Paul prayed for guidance in going to Philippi, but when he and Silas found only a scourge, a prison cell, and the stocks, it took faith to read God's answer in such disguise. Delays are not refusals. Many a prayer is registered, and underneath it the words—"My time is not yet come." God has a set time and way, as well as a set purpose.

Sometimes the literal prayer is denied; but true prayer, though refused in terms, is always granted in effect. Paul thrice besought

God that the "stake in the flesh" might be taken away. The Lord left it where it was, but He used Paul's weakness to display the perfection of His own strength, giving such compensating grace that he glorified in his infirmity. Monica besought God not to let Augustine go to Rome, lest he should be ruined. But when her son went to Rome, despite her pleadings, she consoled herself with the reflection that, if the Lord does not give what we ask, He always gives something better. And so it was. Augustine's going to Rome proved his rescue, not his ruin. He met the saintly Ambrose of Milan, and, through his influence, he became not only a disciple, but a sort of new apostle; he brought the whole majesty of his intellect to the defense and confirmation of the faith; and no one man, since Paul, has wielded so potent a sceptre on church life.

The late Dr. Moon, of Brighton, while yet a young man, was threatened with total blindness. It seemed like a wreck of all his hopes and prospects, and he besought God to spare his vision. But the blindness proved chronic, a midnight that had no dawn. With a faith, seldom surpassed for sublimity, he thanked God for the talent of blindness, and prayed so to use it as to bring profit to His Master. Then he began to think how he could invest it, and developed that simple system for the millions of blind, whereby they so easily learn to read, that already it has been

applied to about five hundred languages and dialects.

The loftiest level of answer is where there is absolutely no sign that God hears or cares. With all the repeated, importunate call, there seems to be none that regards the cry, as with the Baal worshippers on Carmel. The Hearer of Prayer keeps silence. Unbelief would say that the Throne of His glory is disgraced. Years pass by, and life's

morning has reached noon, and noon has sunk to night, and there has been no sensible relief. When faith survives such a trial, and still triumphs in God, it rises to the highest level of the sublime, resting calmly on the changeless word and character of God. It asks no sign, no voice, no vision; willing to wait for explanation, till the eternal morning dawns and all the shadows flee away!—*China's Millions.*

Witness.

THE Master said, "Ye shall be my witnesses." "I am the vine, ye are the branches; the branch cannot bear fruit of itself. I am the power, ye are the distributors. I am the voice, ye are the echoes. I am the Master, ye are the servants." What is a witness? One who observes, records, testifies; one who attests, proves, gives evidence. Without witnesses, both judge and jury are helpless. The case must be proved, or it is nothing!

The Master did not prove His mission by writing, but by acting, by putting forth His power. All power was given unto Him. His disciples were mere distributors of that power. The power was His, and not theirs. It is so now. Much outward service is merely the energy of the flesh, and ends in nothing. A wire charged from the centre is full of power; a wire cut off is but a piece of harmless iron. "Ye shall be my witnesses unto the uttermost part of the earth." The

power is always His, and never ours. This more than electric shock echoes through the whole Bible from Genesis to Revelations. We confine our thoughts severely to one mode of action. A witness bearer goes into a dwelling with his evangel; in his simplicity he thinks himself alone; but he is not. The Master is with him; the whole untied, concentrated power of Christ is there; is always where a living branch of the living vine is found. After several visits to the same dwelling, the emissary is constrained to say: "The Master was here before me, preparing the way, mixing the elements of pain, storing up the tears, gathering the clouds, watching the plans of the adversary, measuring the malice, noticing the poison under the tongue, tracking the movements of the vipers to their den." After weary months of waiting, the servant discovers that the Master is present and working, doing all the work, and simply calling upon the

servant to witness his goings in the sanctuary of the heart. This is our joy: we do not share in the work; we share in the results of the work. The work is hidden, the process is secret, but when the tide is turned and Jordan is driven back, then comes the music along the shore, "I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously. The horse and the rider hath he thrown into the sea."

Servants of the Lord! When you have gained the confidence of

a single soul, when you have wiped away a tear, when you have gathered a lamb in your arms, when your testimony of what you know has germinated in the soul of another, and you can joy together, be sure to keep your eye single, that you may be full of light. You are not so much workers as witnesses of a power that is outside and above you, even the Lord whom you serve and love.

—H. T. MILLER, in *The Friend*.

The Christ who is with Us Alway.

WHEN Jesus Christ left this earth, having nothing better to give His disciples, He bequeathed to them Himself. No other gift could possibly have been as great as that which was confirmed in the promise, "I will not leave you comfortless (or orphaned), I will come to you!" and reiterated in the assurance, just before our Lord ascended, "Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world!" Those two agreeing promises covered all possible needs of the bereft yet not unremembered disciples.

"Lo, I am with you alway!" This is a speech appropriate for only one Being in the universe—none but God could properly assert Himself as an omnipresent and abiding fact in human experience. Some expressions there are which are the property of the common, undistinguishable mass of man—as fitting in the mouth of peasant

as of king, of beggar as of millionaire, of ignoramus, as of scholar. Other expressions are the peculiar revelation of the rich experience of a superior intellectual minority, or of the world's great moral leaders. All these words or declarations, even if made by the mightiest or most learned of earth are strictly limited in range, and are at best merely human in their immediate origin and occasion. But this word of Jesus Christ is unique, and finds no counterpart in the deliverances of men. For a man to affirm, "I am with you alway!" would be the height of audacity, but out of a spirit of calm self-consciousness and absolute sureness as to His mission, Jesus affirmed His constant presence with believing humanity, from which He can never be severed by earthly change, or even the most violent cataclysmic shocks of the future.

When Jesus said to His sorrow-

ing disciples, "I am with you alway!" He intended that comforting word not only for them, but for all their spiritual successors during the ages. This is a universal assurance and solace for Christendom, and the inspiration of the church in every century and clime. Jesus Christ is not present merely as an onlooker or a critic, but as a helper and a confidant. Such a spirit of unceasing helpfulness is a sure mark of divinity. God's omnipresence is an omnipotence which constantly localizes itself in remedial contact with myriads of souls, each of which to His view represents a definite point of need. It is true that the visible presence of Jesus has passed from earth, yet He is really here with us, if so be that we trust Him, and love finds yet its Galilee and devotion its Olivet amid the strangely altered scenes of this Occidental world and this modern age. Christ's presence (and that to help) is no less a fact because it is a spiritual presence—or a formless manifestation of divine grace. We believe in and trust our earthly friends, though we have never seen them—for the shell of the body which He inhabits is not this or that friend, and the real, inner man, though often we may have talked with him, we have never yet seen. So Jesus is really near us though invisible—"whom, having not seen, we love."

This divine companionship is in its methods wondrously varied and adaptable. We preach a Jesus who is present not so much with the

race in the mass as with sinful yet repenting men in particular. His grace is intensely individual in its contacts, and discriminating in its applications. Each believer finds Jesus doing for him just that thing, at any particular moment, of which he is most in need. This is one of the wonders of redemption—that "special love"—God's peculiar affection for individual souls—can be everywhere. Yet really to God there is no now or then, no here or there, and His grace and goodness are so manifold as to embrace and associate themselves with every needy spirit, that is a fit candidate for such favor, in any point of the time-series and in any estate of personal experience. This Christ who is always with us is our hope, as individuals, and He is the strength and upholder of the corporate church. "Lo, I am with you alway!" was said first to individual disciples indeed, but to disciples who were to go out and found a institutionalized Christendom. From every point of view then, and for all possible needs of life, the abiding presence of the Redeeming Christ gives help and hope.

—*New York Observer.*

BELOVED, a rejoicing spirit can only be obtained in one way, Receive ye the Holy Ghost. He—the Spirit of God—the Spirit of rejoicing—received into human hearts will transform and transmute such hearts into living, rejoicing vehicles of untold blessing to cold, hungry lives around us.

Greater Works.

AGAIN and again there has risen some foolish pretender, or some one who was merely foolish, to make blatant claims upon the strength of Christ's words concerning the man who believed on Him, "Greater works than these shall ye do."

Claiming to be themselves the fulfillment of this, they have brought out their petty array of "works," consisting mainly of the cure of some diseases of the body, to prove their claims. A very casual glance, however, reveals the fact that there is something wrong. What *were* the miraculous works of Jesus? We run over them rapidly. Well, for one thing he turned real water into real wine; He quieted the stormy sea; He increased the scanty store of bread till it was sufficient for the vast multitude. He healed the most deadly diseases at a word, and called out of the grave to live again one who had been three days dead. These are the things which those who have put their material construction on Christ's words are called upon to surpass. Even the most pretentious would hesitate, if we were to ask him to point out the "greater works than these."

But there are those who, while they would be slow to declare that they have surpassed God and left Him very much in the rear, virtually assume that they have. "Men of science find it very hard to believe in God," some one says half

apologetically. Indeed! And why? "Well," the explanation comes a trifle slowly, "they have gone so far in their arts and achievements and inventions that they can not very well share in the old-fashioned reverence to a supreme Being. The mind is the master of all things."

Ah, yes! men have wrought marvelous things, but which is greater, the cunningly laid tints upon the canvas, or the glowing, pulsating crimson and gold of the western sky? It is a wonderful thing that we may talk to each other from afar, or make light and heat out of invisible things, but what are these things compared to the imponderable forces of light and heat and electricity which were since the beginning? What are man's greatest thoughts compared with His power to think at all? No, if man would transcend the Divine, he must look somewhere beyond material things.

But what of actual experience? Did these men who gathered around the Lord really do greater works than those which had led many to believe on Him? Undoubtedly they did. When Jesus went away from the world, He left it still ignorant of the great, all-inclusive love of the heavenly Father. The greater work of opening the kingdom of God to the whole world was theirs. But the promise was not to be limited to the men of that generation. Greater works than these are men still doing who believe on Him. Jesus once asked whether it was

greater to say "Thy sins be forgiven," or to make the sick man well. The question has been long ago answered. No matter how beautifully, how cunningly one may work whose material is perishable—wood, hay, stubble—his work is trifling compared with that of one

whose medium is imperishable. He who leaves the impress of helpful service upon the body which is here for but a little while, may have done a great thing, but to have touched an immortal soul and transformed it for all eternity—that is superlative.—*The Lookout.*

Laborers' Hire in Churches.

THE question of preachers' salaries, which is being much agitated in the Central West, must be regarded as bearing a close and vital relation to that of declining and dying churches, which we have recently discussed in these columns and which, following our discussion of it, has been widely taken up by both the secular and the religious press. There is no doubt that many rural churches are declining and even dying because of the poor quality of ministerial service which is given to them. Nor is that at all strange. It must be remembered that the Pentecostal gift to the original Apostles was intellectual as well as spiritual. The successor of the Apostles to-day must also have intellectual power as well as, spiritual consecration. One of the rural churches to which we recently referred as having died had before its demise been served chiefly by "supplies" from a neighboring theological seminary—callow youths reading to the congregation their schoolboy essays in place of sermons!

There can be no doubt, either, that the poor quality of ministerial

service is pretty directly and generally due to the wretched pittance which are paid to a large proportion of rural clergymen. There are, to-day, within the suburbs of New York, not to mention more remote parts of the country, men devoting their whole lives to pastoral work for stipends contrasted with which the wages of carpenters and bricklayers seem princely. Some of them are men of high gifts and of university culture. Some are men of spiritual exaltation so great that they are willing and glad to serve in such fashion. But such men are growing fewer and are being drawn from the small churches to larger ones in the cities. More and more rural pulpits are being filled by intellectual weaklings or by those whose hearts are not in the work, but who, through sheer shiftlessness and lack of ambition, are willing to accept any work which will assure them a livelihood. Such men cannot build up churches. They cannot even keep them built up.

In recent years nearly all wages and prices have materially risen except preachers' salaries. The cost

of living has risen. The wages of artisans of all kinds have been greatly increased. Even the salaries of school teachers have shown an upward tendency. But ministers' salaries have generally remained stationary, though in many places they have actually declined. It would not be difficult to find within the suburbs of New York a church which demands the entire services of a man of high scholarship and devoted life, and expects him to give such services and to maintain his family and make provision for his old age on wages of \$10 or \$12 a week, and which, to cap the climax, gives an occasional "donation party," exploits its own generosity in thus making him

handsome gifts, and then quietly charges him with the sum total of the "donations" as so much paid on his salary account!

It would be contrary to human nature and to the divine dispensation if such churches did not decline. They deserve nothing better. And those who are concerning themselves with the question of maintaining the vitality of rural churches could do nothing more advantageous than to devise, if possible, some system under which a preacher would be treated at least as well as a mechanic or a farm-hand, and under which the hire would be worthy of the laborer.

—*The New York Tribune.*

A Great Missionary.

JOHN GIBSON PATON was born on May 24, 1824, on a farm in the parish of Kirkmahoe, near Dumfries, in the south of Scotland. His father was a stocking manufacturer in a small way, and the boy was taught his father's trade. But what was more, he learned his father's religious ways. The home consisted of three rooms, the father's workshop at one end, and the large room at the other end serving all the purposes of dining-room, kitchen and parlor, besides containing two big beds. "The closet," says Dr. Paton, "was a very small apartment betwixt the other two, having room only for a bed, a little table, and a chair, with a diminutive window shedding di-

minutive light on the scene. This was the sanctuary of that cottage home. Thither daily, and oftentimes a day, generally after each meal, we saw our father retire, and 'shut to the door;' and we children got to understand by a sort of spiritual instinct (for the thing was too sacred to be talked about) that prayers were being poured out there for us, as of old by the High Priest within the veil in the Most Holy Place."

The boy went early to school, but his teacher's passionate anger drove the little fellow home, and he went to work at the home trade. "Though under 12 years of age, I started to learn my father's trade, in which I made surprising pro-

gress. We wrought from six in the morning till ten at night, with an hour at dinner-time and half an hour at breakfast and again at supper. These spare moments every day I devoutly spent on my books, chiefly in the rudiments of Latin and Greek; for I had given my soul to God, and was resolved to aim at being a missionary of the Cross, or a minister of the Gospel."

After hard experience the lad started in his studies at Glasgow where he taught school and assisted in city missions while he worked in the University and afterward at the Reformed Presbyterian Divinity Hall, having taken medical classes also at the Andersonian College. For ten years he struggled patiently, with the exception of one session when failure of health broke him down. After he was through, at the first opportunity he offered himself for the missionary work in the South Seas. When he laid the matter before his parents, they said, "Heretofore we feared to bias you, but now we must tell you why we praise God for the decision to which you have been led. Your father's heart was set upon being a minister, but other claims forced him to give it up. When you were given to them, your father and mother laid you upon the altar, their first-born, to be consecrated, if God saw fit, as a missionary of the Cross, and it has been their constant prayer that you might be prepared, qualified, and led to this very decision; and we pray with all our heart that the Lord may ac-

cept your offering, long spare you, and give you many souls from the heathen world for your hire."

On December 1, 1857, he was licensed as a preacher of the Gospel, and ordained on March 23, 1858, and on April 16th, set sail in the *Clutha* for Melbourne. Then they took an American ship which left them at Aneityum in the New Hebrides. In November, 1858, he removed with his wife to the Island of Tanna, where he worked until 1866, when he moved to the adjoining island of Aniwa. The story of those toilsome years is told with wonderful power in Dr. Paton's Autobiography, which justifies Dr. Pierson's commendation, "I consider it unsurpassed in missionary biography. In the whole course of my extensive reading on these topics, a more stimulating, inspiring, and every way first-class book has not fallen into my hands. Everybody ought to read it."

Dr. Paton's visits to America and Great Britain made him well known to the Christians of those lands. His hair and beard were a beautiful white, and his face glowed with love. His simple rigidity of principle was never relaxed. He would not ride on Sunday, and insisted on walking or running from one point to another to keep his many engagements. He was a total abstainer from liquor and tobacco, and his whole appearance told of the clear and eager love of God in his soul.

He spent a long life among savages, often threatened, with experi-

ences more wonderful than fiction, teaching and training the simple people of the South Seas, fighting the traffic in liquor and fire-arms, and human laborers, which wrought havoc among them, and striving to build the kingdom of Christ among these savage races.

The long and wonderful career ended on December 21, 1906, when the old missionary died in Glasgow. The last words of his autobiography come back to us:

"In your life and in mine, there is, at least, one *last* Chapter, one

final Scene, awaiting us.—God our Father knows where and how! By his grace, I will live out that Chapter, I will pass through that Scene, in the faith and in the hope of Jesus, who has sustained me from childhood till now. As you close this book, go before your Saviour, and pledge yourself upon your knees by His help and sympathy to do the same. And let me meet you, and let us commune with one another again, in the presence and glory of the Redeemer. Fare thee-well!"—*Sunday School Times*.

From a Heathen Birth to a Christian Death.

MRS. BERTHA D. STOVER.

THE new-born babe was shivering with the cold water that had been thrown over her weak little body. The dense smoke in the dark hut made her eyes smart, and she cried lustily. "She is hungry," said a toothless old grandmother.

Taking the wee one by one arm she swings her up to her lap. Holding the tender little head between her thumb and finger, just back of the ears, she proceeds to fill her mouth with soft corn mush. The child strangles and cries, nearly choking to death. As fast as she pushes the soft mess out of her mouth with her tongue, the old woman pushes it in again with her filthy finger, taking snuff between times. Some of the snuff falls into the eyes and the mouth of the poor mite

who has just entered upon life.

A little later another old woman holds the poor child up in front of her while she fills its mouth with native beer. Another struggle, and the choking babe, more dead than alive, is placed on a mat before a scorching fire.

No warm bath—no clean clothes—no soft bed. Then her ears are pierced, and a few days later she is tied on the back of a little girl, with her legs spread wide apart. A cloth is drawn tight over her body, under the armpits of the little girl. Her head dangles and the hot sun burns her face.

She has never been washed, and the flies gather in black masses about her eyes, nose and mouth. Now for the first time she is carried to the field, where the greater part of every girl's and woman's life is

spent. As she grows older she learns that she has a father, who is kind to her in a way, but he has other wives and children, and is often absent on long journeys. She never sees her father and mother eat together, and she does not know that there is such a word as "home."

She nurses her mother until she is three or four years old, though she still lacks nourishment, and with other children she hunts for locusts or caterpillars, and is happy to have a piece of a field rat to roast over the hot coals.

She is often wet, cold and hungry, learning to steal and lie and do many other wicked things, because there is no one to teach her better. Her two upper front teeth are cut in the form of an inverted V, which is the tribal mark, and through the center to her forehead, running down onto the nose, and on each temple figures of different designs are made, by cutting the skin and rubbing with the juice of a certain herb, which causes raised black scars, and these are considered beauty marks.

When she falls ill, she is "cupped" by some native doctor, and sometimes gunpowder is rubbed into the wound, causing intense suffering and leaving indelible scars.

Her hair is braided in fantastic shapes, smeared with yellow palm oil or mutton tallow, which melts and runs down over her neck and shoulders.

Her only garment is a small piece of calico fastened about her

loins, but her arms and legs are loaded down with copper or iron rings. If one was placed on the upper arm while she was quite young it becomes imbedded in the flesh. From her neck dangle many charms and amulets, worn to keep off disease and evil spirits.

She is old enough now to marry. One day a strange young man visits her village. He hears her chanting at her work. He notes her quick eye, her white teeth, her strong arms and limbs, and he thinks her comely despite the dirt and oil.

He sends a "middle man" to speak for him, and she hears of the strange ways and words of the white teachers. She is pleased with the thought of a change in her dull life. Arrangements are made for her to go to the station and learn many things before she can become his wife. Perhaps the teachers are shocked at her coarse laughter, her lack of modesty and her ignorance, but she is quick to learn, and after months of association with those whose thoughts have been lifted above the sordid life of heathenism, the influence of God's Word, the home life of those around her, she is transformed.

This once disgusting creature is now a woman fit to be a wife and mother.

Many of her relatives come to visit her; some remain for work and school, and through her influence, many boys and girls are saved.

Time passes. We see her a neatly

dressed woman in the midst of her family, or, after a hard day's work, sitting with her book quietly reading by the waning sunlight.

She has stood by the grave of a loved child and wept silently, with the resurrection hope in her heart, and when her day is done she goes home without a fear, leaving a message for others to follow the Jesus who has been her comforter in death.

This is the life of many. The saving power of God being made possible for them through the loving gifts, the faithful prayers and the labors of our Christian women of America.

How many babes born as this one was shall be brought to true womanhood and eternal life? How many? That depends upon the continued efforts and gifts and love of us who are favored above most women.—*Selected.*

Concerning Temptations.

THERE are but two things that we can do against temptations. The first is to be faithful to the light that is within us, in avoiding all exposure to temptation, which we are at liberty to avoid. I say all that we are at liberty to avoid because it does not always depend upon ourselves, whether we shall escape occasion of temptation and trial. Those that belong to the situation in life in which Providence has placed us, are not under our control. The other is to turn our eyes to God in the moment of temptation, to throw ourselves immediately under the Lord's protection, as a child when in danger flies to the arms of its parent.

The habitual conviction of the presence of God is the sovereign remedy; it supports, it consoles, it calms us. We must not be surprised that we are tempted. We are placed here to be proved by temptations and trials. Many things test our virtues. Crosses tend to

irritate our pride, and prosperity flatters it; our life is a continual warfare, but He that is for us, is more than all that can be against us. Even if temptations beat upon our heads like a tempest, we must still move steadily on; like a traveler caught in a storm, who wraps his cloak about him, and pursues his journey in spite of the opposing elements.

In a certain sense there is little to do, in doing the will of God. Still it is true that it is the Great work, because it must be without any reserve. His Spirit enters the most secret recesses of the heart, and even the most upright affections, and the most necessary attachments, must be regulated by His Will; but it is not the multitude of hard duties, it is not constraint and contention that advances us in our Christian course. On the contrary, it is the yielding of our wills without restriction and without choice, to walk cheerfully ev-

ery day in the path in which Providence leads us, to seek nothing, to see our duty in the present moment, to trust all else without reserve to

the will and power of God. Let us pray to our Heavenly Father that our wills may be swallowed up in His.—FENELON.

Rev. C. C. Finney's Sanctification.

PRESIDENT FINNEY was a spiritual power in his day, in the church of Christ. He was the honored instrument in the salvation of multitudes who flocked to hear him, and hung upon his burning words. He possessed the eloquence of the Holy Spirit, and swayed his audiences, as few men have ever been able to do. The secret of his pulpit power lay in his deep piety, and the anointing of the Spirit, of this truly wonderful servant of God. He was a believer in and an advocate of the doctrine and experience of Holiness. But we will let him relate his experience of this wonderful grace, which became such a tremendous force in his evangelistic efforts.

"All my feelings seemed to rise and flow out; and the utterance of my heart was, 'I want to pour my whole soul out to God.' The rising of my soul was so great that I rushed into the back room of the front office to pray. There was no fire and no light in the room; nevertheless it appeared to me as if it were perfectly light. As I went in and shut the door after me it seemed as if I met the Lord Jesus Christ face to face. It did not occur to me then, nor did it for some time afterward, that it was wholly a mental state. On the contrary,

it seemed to me that I saw Him as I would see any other man. He said nothing, but looked at me in such a manner as to break me down at His feet. I have always since regarded this as a most remarkable state of mind; for it seemed to me a reality that He stood before me, and I fell down at His feet and poured out my soul to Him.

"I wept aloud like a child, and made some confessions as I could with my choked utterance. It seemed to me that I bathed His feet with my tears; and yet I had no distinct impression that I touched Him, that I recollect. I must have continued in this state for a good while; but my mind was too much absorbed with the interview to recollect anything that I said. But I know, as soon as my mind became calm enough, to break off from the interview, I returned to the office, and found that the fire I had made of large wood was nearly burned out. But as I turned and was about to take a seat by the fire, I received a mighty baptism with the Holy Ghost. Without any expectation of it, without ever having the thought in my mind that there was any such thing for me, without any recollection that I had ever heard the thing mentioned by

any person in the world, the Holy Spirit descended upon me in a manner that seemed to go through me, body and soul. I could feel the impression, like a wave of electricity, going through and through me. . . Indeed, it seemed to come in waves and waves of liquid love, for I could not express it in any other way. It seemed like the very breath of God. I can recollect distinctly that it seemed to fan me like immense wings.

"No words can express the wonderful love that was shed abroad in my heart. Those waves came over me, and over me, and over me, one after the other, until I recollect I cried out, 'I shall die if these waves continue to pass over me.'

I said, 'Lord, I cannot bear any more;' yet I had no fear of death.

How long I continued in this state, with this baptism continuing to roll over me and go through me, I do not know. But I know it was late in the evening when a member of my choir—for I was the leader of the choir—came into the office to see me. He was a member of the church. He found me in this state of loud weeping, and said to me, 'Mr. Finney, what ails you?' I could make him no answer for some time. He then said, 'Are you in pain?' I gathered myself up as best I could, and replied, 'No, but so happy that I cannot live.'"

—*Evangelical Messenger.*

"I Shall Not Want."

THIS version of the Twenty-third Psalm by Mrs. John R. Mott appeared in "Northfield Echoes:"

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."

I shall not want rest. "He leadeth me to lie down in green pastures."

I shall not want drink. "He leadeth me beside the still waters."

I shall not want forgiveness. "He restoreth my soul."

I shall not want guidance. "He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for his name's sake."

I shall not want companionship. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I

will fear no evil, for thou art with me."

I shall not want comfort. "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

I shall not want food. "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies."

I shall not want joy. "Thou anointest my head with oil."

I shall not want anything. "My cup runneth over."

I shall not want anything in this life. "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."

I shall not want anything in eternity. "And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

—*Selected.*

MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.

Conversation with an Educated Hindoo.

Seated in a tonga with our backs to each other, for the tongas are constructed for carrying two in front and two behind, with a thirty-mile ride before us, I could scarcely sit still, for the Spirit seemed to be saying to me, "Speak to that man. He speaks and understands English. Witness for me." Turning myself slightly around I opened a conversation with him by saying, "Are you a Christian?"

"No; I am a Hindoo."

I suppose you do not worship idols?

"Yes, I do. The Hindoos worship idols."

What is your idea in worshipping idols? Are you made better by it? Do you receive power and strength from them? Please tell me in what way you are benefitted by worshipping them.

"By inclining our minds to them, we are made better."

Has the idol a mind which can help your mind and spirit when you incline your mind toward it?

"No; we do not worship the idol but the spirit which resides in the idol. The Great Spirit has the power to reside in the idol and we worship Him there."

How do you know He resides in the idol? You say He has the power to do so and then conclude that He does so. I believe it is more reasonable and more in keeping with God's nature to say He does not reside in wood or stone. If He has power to reside in these things, as you say, will you limit His power by saying that He cannot manifest Himself directly to man? Which do you consider the more real, matter or spirit?

"Spirit is more real to be sure."

Well, then, which is the nearest to us, the more real or the less real?

"I should say the more real."

If the Spirit is nearer us than matter, why should we as intelligent beings require a material substance to intervene between us and the Spirit? What is the necessity of an idol? Can't I approach that which is near me and the most real directly without passing through that which is more remote and less real? Does not the reasoning mind say "yes," and thus acknowledge the uselessness of idols of wood or stone? Suppose you wanted to adore some woman. What would you do? Would you make a graven image of her, or a wooden or stone idol, having her physical form and worship it as her representation or bow before it thinking that in it resided her spirit?

"No, I should adore the real woman." You are quite right. In the Christian religion we are taught to worship God in Spirit and in truth for He is a Spirit. And because of the reality of the Spirit and its nearness to us, we as spiritual beings can worship God directly. Idols are useless to a worshiper of the true and living God who can really help men. Do you not see that it is better to worship God directly?

"My mind cannot affirm that it is better. I see that it is one way. Worshipping through idols is another way. I do not think I can defend the Hindoo worship. In fact, I do not care much for any worship."

I am sorry you do not feel the spirit of worship for the One who has

created us and preserved us and is continually showering His blessings upon us. Have you read the Christian's Bible?

"Yes, I have read some of it. While in college certain portions of the New Testament were compulsory in our course of study. These I read. I have a Bible at my father's home."

He was on the way to his father's at this time, so I said to him, I hope you will get it when you get home, bring it to your own home and read it, for I believe if you study it carefully you will find God worthy of your worship. A man of your standing cannot afford to be ignorant of the teaching of God's Word. As an intelligent man, you want your life to be as rich and count for as much as possible. Without Christ you cannot reach this station in life. This is your opportunity. Do not neglect it.

I tried to get him to express himself on the portions of the New Testament that he had read and especially as to his thought of Christ, but he did not care to do so. He was not able to defend Hindooism, and I am sure he has not studied very deeply into Christianity. I believe there are many English speaking natives who intellectually have outgrown idol worship. What a pity that at this critical stage of their thought they do not come under the claims of the Gospel! Does not the educated Hindoo need the Gospel as well as the ignorant villager? If harder to gain, yet once gained would he not be a most valuable factor in the evangelization of India? I verily believe, brethren, that the English speaking native is sadly neglected. The fact that he has learned English goes to prove that he has more ambition and is reaching

out for higher and better things than many of his fellow countrymen. A pity indeed it were should he reach out into civilization with its achievements and miss Christianity! Let us pray for this people and let us plan in our policy to reach them with the plan of perfect salvation as it is in Christ Jesus.—*Missionary Witness.*

Livingston and Rhodes

It may seem almost profane to put the two names in the same category; but in connection with the meeting just mentioned the *Scottish Review* has ventured to say:

"There have been two men in African history during the past century who deserve to be called men of destiny. One was Livingstone, and the other was Rhodes. Of the two, the first was far the purer and nobler type. The career of the great missionary is stained by no crimes and marred by no blunders. But both had certain qualities in common. Both were robust optimists, believing that in time the desert could be made to blossom as the rose. Livingstone believed in the possibilities of the dark races, and in the value of contract with the best civilization. Rhodes dreamed of an Africa where white and black could live in harmony, with equal rights.

"Both again, had practical good sense. They saw the economic needs of the country, the necessity of routes and highways of commerce; and they grasped that cardinal fact that civilization, if it is to last, must pay a dividend. Both, finally, had imagination. Rhodes could see beyond the bare leagues of bush to a country of cornfields and homesteads, and Livingstone could discern in the lowest

savage the promise of something to be shaped to noble ends. Faith and imagination on a grand scale, combined with a clear-eyed perception of

present needs—this is the equipment of the pioneer; and Livingstone must rank among the greatest pathfinders of the British race."—*Selected*.



Two Aspects of Holiness.

"What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God," (or marginal reading, "to humble thyself to walk with thy God.")—Micah 6:8.

This passage from the Old Testament presents two aspects of the life that is pleasing to God.

The Godward aspect is to walk in humble submission to the command and will of God, to live in accordance with His thought and purpose. That is to say, we are to take a new master, we are to accept the choices of God as being the best for us and to rejoice in them. This we can only do through the power of the Spirit of God resting upon us; but He, who is the great illuminator, will "take of the things of God and show them to us," so that we, in our souls, will be satisfied that His choices are best and right, that they are altogether good.

We so often would choose otherwise for ourselves. We would have freedom from care, from toil, and a life of ease and of pleasure. The result of such a life we do not often consider. Assuredly it would produce a weak soul, one who neither could endure or labor, certainly infantile; virile strength would utterly be lacking. Such a soul could neither say with Paul, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me," nor

could he say, "I have fought a good fight," for neither doing nor fighting characterize his life, rather ease and pleasure. Such surely are not in the Apostolic line. The material that enters into Sainthood is forged out on the anvil of godly strife and sacrifice. The angels in heaven serve Him; the life of selfish ease does not. Therefore the soul who chooses such a life is not walking with God. In this godward aspect, devotion to God is demanded. This will be rendered by the soul who truly knows God. The disciples followed Christ, they were not driven, but they were followers. "He calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. He goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice."—John 10: 3-5. Wonderful drawing power of Christ—they follow Him through the deserts; they follow Him hungry through the green fields. Baptized with His spirit, they follow Him through the desert and to death, into the heart of Africa, into the remote places of China, far from kinsfolk and those they love: they follow Him who is the light of the world—surely, they love Him. Under this spell, prisons do palaces prove. They find Christ an all-sufficient portion. They sing:

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
More than all in thee I find."

So they are separated from the world. Wealth and honors, ease and approbation are set aside for loyalty to Christ. They are His; they are not of the world. The fashions, customs and motives are not theirs, nor are they swayed by these.

The manward aspect of the holy life is indicated by the phrase—"to do justly and to love mercy." What is justice, but right? We can no more withhold right from man than we can withhold obedience from God. We may not divorce the duty that we owe to God from the duty that we owe to man. "If a man love not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen."

It is but justice to our brother that we pay our debts. He may be depending upon what we owe him, not only for the necessities of life, but also to pay the obligations that he has contracted. By withholding from him what is his due, we render him unable to give to others their due, thus God is dishonored and His children harassed. Yet there are many who profess holiness of life who are very negligent in meeting their business obligations.

Not only will he do justly in the matter of business but also in the matter of reputation. He will give praise where praise is due. Many a man will walk a half mile to tell his neighbor what he thinks of him, in extremely uncomplimentary terms who would not cross the street to give expression to merited praise and commendation. If the preacher delivers a helpful sermon, that is his business, but if he is straightened in utterance a very few are ready to express sympathy, while many are free to condemn.

To do justly and love mercy—the

love of mercy marks a fine soul who stands on the plain of the Godlike, who have learned to forgive. Justice will give to a man his deserts, but mercy will give to the undeserving. Out of the fulness of His mercy God gives to the world His Son. Mercy is tender hearted and pitiful. She would restore the offender and relieve the distressed. She has to do with man and for man.

"'Tis mercy, all let earth adore;
Let angel minds inquire no more."

If God shows such love to us, shall we not also show love to the brethren? Not tolerance, not indifference, but a spirit of tender regard that will lead us to consider their welfare and be helpful.

True holiness does not sit secluded in the convent robed in garments of purity, engaged in religious contemplation. Clothed in righteousness divine, she goes into the busy haunts of men. She ministers by the bedside of the sick, pours comfort into the heart of the bereaved and breathes a prayer for strength for the man who is heavy laden, struggling with cares and perplexities.

She has learned to "bear one another's burden, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

A Living Revelation.

A man in Pittsburg, not long since, overheard one girl say to another, "How can we find God?" We can easily understand how this must be the cry of every heathen heart, but why should it be asked in this Christian land?

The Holy Spirit is the Great Revealer of Christ. He alone can make Him known to man. It is His office to do this. Learning and study does

not reveal Him, but the Holy Spirit.

Christ was the Word of God—the outward expression of His love and grace. The world knew not God, but when He sent His Son into the world the Father Himself became manifest.

Philip desired to know God, and he said to Christ, "Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us;" and Christ, in replying, said, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." Again, Christ, in speaking of the Holy Spirit, saith, "But when the Comforter is come . . . He shall testify of me;" and in the following verse, "Ye also shall bear witness." The Father was revealed by the Son. Christ is seen and glorified by the Holy Spirit. To many, even to-day, and in this land, God seems far away and very unapproachable. He does not seem to them to be our loving Heavenly Father. The Old Testament Scriptures has many passages referring to the love of God, but He was little understood until the Christ-man came to reveal Him, and as He, the Saviour of the world, hung upon the Cross, man saw the love of God revealed.

In Rome, there is a beautiful painting of the Aurora on the ceiling of a room. Some tourists were gazing at this once, and endeavoring by craning their necks, and gazing far upward to see the beauties of this famous painting. Becoming weary of this difficult effort, one of them glanced down, and behold, near by, low down a mirror, around which were a circle of chairs, looking more closely, he observed that the mirror was situated so as to reflect perfectly this famous painting on the high ceiling, and the party were able to set in the chairs and easily observe the beauties of the picture.

The world of eager pursuers of wealth and pleasure has some who are crying out, "Where shall I find him?" The heavens are far away, and they do not seem able to perceive them; but if they can find in the face of a fellow-traveler or co-worker the image of Christ reflected, they to will learn to love Him.

Livingstone preached but little. He did not go through the dark continent carrying a book and teaching theology, but as he passed from one point to another, alway farther into the interior he lived every day among the natives a Christ-life, and his progress was marked by a streak of light. "Ye are my witnesses." Seek the Lord; and while preaching the Gospel is essential, living Christ is more-so, and acts always speak louder than words. The Holy Spirit not only reveals Christ to us but through us reveals the Son, the Word of God, to others.

The true witness may be quite unconsciously the mirror in which is reflected the love of God to a lost world.

Sincerity.

Sincerity is one of the rarest of virtues. It is neither the characteristic or product of modern society. It is, however, the basis of all true friendship and fellowship. It should be cultivated and taught to children, for it is most important and necessary in our relations one with another. It is still more important and necessary that we be sincere before God. It is so natural to try to appear better than we are, to try to hide our faults and shortcomings as well as our sins.

Most people are continually striving to make a good impression on

others. They seek to seem more influential or more wealthy than they really are. Some even wear a thin disguise of outward knowledge to hide deep ignorance. We are also inclined to show friendliness where we do not feel it, and by so doing, we act a deception.

How can we be sincere with one another and yet be courteous as we are bidden to by the apostle. Only one way appears and that is to have a heart so truly filled with God's love and compassion, so desirous for the best good of man that there shall be no need or occasion to pretend anything or to cloak the real feeling of the heart by dissimulating words. There should be such humble love in our hearts and such strong good will toward all men that the smile and the helping hand comes naturally. Some people always carry a smile on their countenance when before others, but if taken off their guard the drawn-down corners of the mouth show envy and jealousy. The smile and reward of loving interest to be of any worth must proceed from a clean, pure heart of love. With perfect love ruling and reigning, there can be no hypocrisy, nor dissimulation. But of sincerity as so essential to right understanding and relation with one another, and to endeavor to dress ourselves up as it were that the Almighty may think more highly of us. Upon consideration, we can not fail to see the folly of this. The Searcher of hearts must know us even better than we do ourselves, and we can not deceive Him if we would. But how foolish to try to do so. Not only must we fail of doing this, but we also fail to receive the necessary forgiveness and needed graces. It is quite possible for us to keep our hearts open to God, to desire

and to pray that He may search out and disclose not only all sins but also faults and shortcomings; for it is only as we see our lack that we shall come to the Supplier of all our needs, that all may be made good. To see our need is to lead us to the great throne of grace where He sits, "who is able to do for us exceeding abundantly, more than we ask or think."

Seasons of Prayer.

All that have a care to walk with God fill their vessels more largely as soon as they rise, before they begin the work of the day, and before they lie down again at night, which is to observe what the Lord appointed in the Levitical ministry, a morning and an evening lamb to be laid upon the altar. So with them that are not stark irreligious, prayer is the key to open the day and the bolt to shut in the night. But as the skies drop the early dew and the evening dew upon the grass, yet it would not spring and grow green by that constant and double falling of the dew, unless some great showers at certain seasons did supply the rest; so the customary devotion of prayer twice a day is the falling of the early and the latter dew. But if you will increase and flourish in the works of grace, empty the great clouds sometimes, and let them fall into a full shower of prayer. Choose out the seasons in your own discretion, when prayer shall overflow like Jordan in the time of harvest.

There is a limit to getting rid of sin; there is no limit to the increases of the graces of the Spirit. We can get to the end of being free from sin, but there is no end to the salvation, and the putting on of the grace and life of Christ,

Correspondence.

MUKTI MISSION, POONA, INDIA.

DEAR SISTER CARPENTER.—I am very grateful to you for your kind letter telling me about the departure of dear Mother Roberts. I have a photograph of Professor Roberts, in which he is standing in front of Mother Roberts' house, and it has seemed, when I have looked at it, so natural to picture him coming across the fields, after his daily visit to his mother.

How greatly Mother Roberts will be missed by all those over whom she exerted such a powerful influence leading them nearer to God! I have been very much interested in reading the memorial number of THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN, and I am glad to have the picture of Mother Roberts which came with it. I am so glad that Mother Roberts got the picture that we sent her before she went to be with the Lord, and that she was so pleased with it. I seem to know very few people now in North Chili; but while you are there, the Seminary still seems like my American home. I think that some of those whom I used to know are living now in Rochester.

You will be interested to know that Nermadda is married to our book-binder, and is staying on Mukti grounds, still working with us. Tunga is living in Bombay with her husband and little boy a few months old. Her little girl has died; it was a great sorrow to her. Jewoo is still with us, working as a matron, a great help in many ways. Please pray for her, and for all of us.

Two things that Mother Roberts said to me, I have never forgotten,

and they have been a help. One was said when I went to say good-bye to her before leaving America. It was this, "Well Mano, ask the Lord to go before you, and to meet every difficulty for you before you get to it." That meant a good deal to me, as I was just leaving school, and stepping out into the unknown future. The Lord has so graciously met every difficulty for me; and for us here at Mukti many a time. The other thing that Mother Roberts said was written as a postscript to a letter which she wrote to me, "Don't forget that you cannot trust God too much."

With much love from Mother and myself; Jewoo and Nermadda,

I am, Your loving pupil,
MANO.

Testimony.

I do not know how long I have taken THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN, nor can I tell how long I shall take it. I am nearly 85 years old, and according to the course of nature, I can not take it many more years. I love it. It is rich food for my soul. When I read good old Mother Roberts' "Friendly Letters," I felt I had the worth of all I pay for the magazine.

The Lord has a little band of blood-washed here in San Diego; Praise the good Lord! The pastor has a large circuit, and he does preach "Holiness unto the Lord," which seems like a new doctrine to a great many here. I cannot write much, and if I could I could not tell you all the Lord has done for me. Praise His holy name! I can tell this to the glory of God, He justifies and sanctifies me, and I am feasting on His promise. Praise His holy name forever and forever!

—J. V. WOODFORD.

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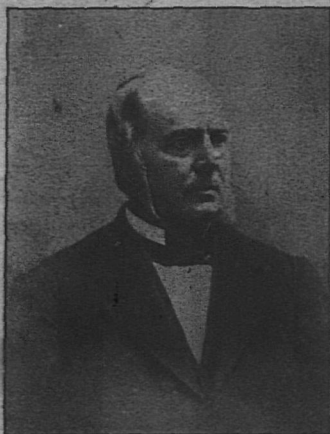
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