

The Earnest Christian

and Golden Rule.

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Holiness and Christ.

BENSON HOWARD ROBERTS.

"Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it: that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish."—Eph. 5:25-27.

A MOST comprehensive statement of Christ's purpose and desire; a revelation of the depth of that desire we have in these words:

"He loved the church."

"He gave himself for it."

"That he might sanctify and cleanse it."

"That he might present it to himself a glorious church," in that:

"It should not have spot or wrinkle, or any such thing," but:

"It should be holy and without blemish."

A high ideal? Yes! the highest ideal. None other would be worthy a divine Saviour. This and this alone would attest the Divinity of the Saviour. If Christ be the very Son of God, if the work of redemption be the work of God, there must be a complete overthrow of the power of Satan; thus only can the triumph of Divine love over

the power of sin be complete. A Divine Saviour renders man's restoration to holiness a necessitated result. Thus only is His divinity proven. If man is fallen so low that God can not restore him to righteousness then is sin mightier than grace, and Satan triumphs. But such is not the case. "Help is laid on one that is mighty to save." The salvation provided is full, complete. It is the result of almighty power made manifest on the domain of the soul. God is as mighty in the realm of morals as in the realm of matter. The heavens declare the glory of God, so also do the souls redeemed and made white through the blood of the Lamb.

CHRIST LOVES HIS OWN.

Let us settle this point once for all, beloved. You may be in trouble, in sore and grievous distress; it may seem to you that God has forsaken you, that your prayer rebounds upon your own head; but do you not remember that He said, "in the world you shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer." He added, "for I have overcome the world." Read Hebrews 12:3-10.

Then recall the words written for your soul's comfort and strength: "All things work together for good to them that love God."—Rom. 8:28. So amid briars and thorns we can pluck luscious fruits, even though we are scratched and torn.

Yes! His love is over you in every trial, in every distress. "God is not within twenty miles of this place," wrote the young preacher from a discouraging appointment. The reply was: "God is just over you." Look up! So He is hovering over you and watching you with tender care.

His love is such that "He gave himself for you." He ever wills that you too should be sanctified, cleansed by the power in Him. The love of Christ is such that He would share of His best with those He loves. Divinity, sharing with humanity, this is what He desired, "man made holy by power divine."

CHRIST SHARES WITH MEN.

He gave Himself that He might sanctify and cleanse His church. A pure, clean church is made up of pure clean souls who are in fellowship with God and with one another. Too often we lose sight of the human aspect of this work of grace. How many professed holiness bodies and even teachers of holiness have been and are estranged even to the point of non-recognition. No fellowship, yet preachers of holiness!

"If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us

from all sin."—1 John 1:7. The first effect here mentioned is in the manward aspect, fellowship. "Follow peace with all men, and holiness without which no man shall see the Lord." Here too the manward aspect of duty is first presented. Why? Because the human eye sees first the human presence. "If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen." The apostolic interrogation remains unanswered through the ages, and still he asks, "how can he love God?" "Leave there thy gift, before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."—Matt. 5:24. From the very altar of God, go to seek thy brother. We look to the skies in worship in vain, except we have seen our brother here on earth and recognized his claim. If Christ died for him also, it will not do for you or me to ignore him.

MEET MAN IN HIS NEEDS.

We must meet the man for whom Christ died in his need. His need for help, material help, must be met. "But whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in Him? My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth."—1 John 3:17, 18.

He must be met in his trials. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

He must be met in his need for

human sympathy. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."—James 1:27. "Little children, love one another."

A religion without love is not of God. The man who has the spirit of Christ has a heart to love. Did He not say, "thy neighbor as thyself?" Here comes the test. This self-denial love can not be counterfeited. Herein is the essence of the matter: "Love is of God, and everyone that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God."—1 John 4:7.

THE BEGINNING.

When is this work of sanctifying, of cleansing, of making holy begun? When a soul is born of God, when he becomes a partaker of the divine nature, a child of God. Then they do, most grievously, err that teach that none are saved except they have the blessing of entire sanctification. The work of holiness is so far begun in every one born of the Spirit that salvation is assured to him. But having the nature of God, implanted by the Holy Spirit, he will want God, the Holy Spirit to dwell within continually and to have full sway over his whole being. Being of God, he will want God. So shall he come to be the dwelling place of the Holy Spirit, and so be sanctified wholly.

THE COMPLETION.

When shall the work of transformation begun on earth be completed?

The apostle John writes: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see him as he is."—1 John 3:2. Divine likeness will result from contemplation of the Divine One. What it all means, we know not, but above all, we are confident that the glory of God's completed salvation of humanity, His work in the spiritual realm will far exceed the glory of His work in world creation of which it is written, "God saw that it was good."

WORK WITH CHRIST.

Surely if we are of Christ we will be workers with Him in this great work of soul transformation. We can do this, first, by submitting ourselves to God, put ourselves deliberately under His rule, His care, accept what comes as His will. It may be hard for the present, but it may be made God's discipline for you. If we are of God, surely we will have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness. We will gladly separate ourselves from every thing that is not of Christ, that we may be separated unto Christ. We shall be found working with Him.

The soul rejoicing in Christ finds its holiness, its all in Christ. "Ye are complete in him;" and apart from Him, we are nothing. March on! Oh! my soul to know thy God who is the fulness of love, who would make thee in His own spiritual likeness.

The World We Live In.

H. FRANKLIN HILL.—NO. 2.

THE ORDER OF CREATION.

MAN was the objective point toward which all creation tended; and in the process of His great work, the Almighty seems to have observed a uniform method of procedure. "Order is heaven's first law;" so beginning with the very first principles of things, the purpose of the Creator is unfolded step by step, in the most regular sequence, until the climax is reached; then He ceased from His labors and pronounced the work "very good." (Gen. 1:31.)

Hence after He had made chaos, it was by a gradual succession of progressive touches that the framework of the world at length began to appear. It was evidently by no hasty process, for "the spirit of God brooded over the face of the waters," or as it is translated, "moved upon the face of the waters—" the thought being, as translated by some, that while He brooded over them, He also stirred them up; as the eagle stirreth up her nest. So though the work progressed steadily it did not always progress quietly. Many a kneading process was required; and it took long ages of settling and adhesion, and of cataclysm and upheaval before the world began to have sufficient backbone to become a stable habitation.

It is not our purpose to dilate on the doings of each of these wonderful days, but merely to note the

steady progress of the Creator's work toward the object for which it was begun. It seems that as soon as one stage of the Almighty's plan drew near completion another stage of the progression was immediately begun; and that as soon as the islands and continent began to appear above the surface, vegetable life began immediately, by the fiat of Jehovah, to spread itself over the ground. This was on the evening of the third day, or rather the evening of that great, third period or day of creation which Moses saw in vision. For Moses, the servant of the Most High, was gifted with vision, both prophetic and retrospective, and God spoke to him, "not in dark speeches" but as face to face, and by living, visible appearances. (See Num. 12:8.) "According to the pattern (or appearance) which the Lord has showed to Moses, so he made the candlesticks."—Num. 8:4. And His account of the creation seems to harmonize completely with the early history of the physical world as interpreted by the master geologists. Indeed, this view has been the common property of the Christian church for the past fifty or sixty years, as most ably expounded by the great Christian geologist, Hugh Miller, and it has never been confuted. And why should not the two accounts agree—the one written by God's own hand in stone, and the other revealed by exhibi-

tions given His favored prophet? It is probable that if that written in stone could be read with absolute correctness, there would be no single point of disagreement.

The work of the third day, being the establishment of the vegetable kingdom, is related in Genesis in the same order in which it is registered in the rocks. The general terms in which it is mentioned in Genesis are: 1. "the grass; 2. the herb yielding seed; 3. the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself." So, in a similar classification, the simplest forms of vegetable fossil appear first, in the older rock; then, in more recent formations, appear plants of a more elaborate and perfected organism, and lastly, trees gradually increasing in size, variety and importance, as the ages roll along, till it is thought that they must have overspread the earth with a dense and prodigious growth of forest. The geologic age, corresponding with the third day of creation, and extending over into the period of the sun-lit age, is said to have been peculiarly one of giant plants, such as the world has never since beheld, of which, our coal deposits are said to be one of the most conspicuous results. As a recent able writer has remarked, "Man was prophesied in these preparations."

But the sun hath not yet appeared in his glory upon the face of this progressive planet, being entirely hidden, and his light obscured by the dense vapors which hung like a pall of gloom over that

which otherwise would have been a blooming paradise. There was light of a mellowed type; there was heat of the plant-forcing, hot-house type; there was no lack of moisture, "for a mist went up from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground," and the vigorous, virgin, virile soil brought forth abundantly. But the needs of a growing, thrifty world began to demand something more: it demanded the continuous shining of the sun and abundance of it, to perfect and render more fruitful the work which the Creator had so gloriously begun. So, in due time, on the beginning of this fourth day, the Almighty put forth an additional fiat to complete that wonderful system of the upper world, the atmosphere—to supply the lacking elements which contribute to its purity and force, that it might thereby purge itself of its superabundance of moisture and poisonous gas, and reflect more powerfully the glittering rays of light—and that, not only to enhance the glory of His vegetable kingdom, but to prepare the way for the mighty host of animals which was yet to make its advent—vast numbers of which had already begun to fill up the waters of the planet—that they might be invigorated by its healthful inhalations, and so be prepared for the life of activity that was before them. So through the means of a clarified atmosphere the Lord made the sun actually, and in fact, to rule the day and the moon and stars to rule the night. The

completion of the atmospheric heaven was one of the great works of Jehovah, and according to the retrospective seer to whom it was shown, this was the chief work of the fourth day.

Meantime the other creative operations of Jehovah did not cease nor relax their energy. Innumerable unique and peculiar plants and also animals were being constantly ordered into life, each having a life and organism and character peculiar to itself—for the sunlit age was fruitful in animal as well as vegetable production. The great Creator scattered life with a seemingly prodigal and lavish hand, and the number of His conceptions and designs seem not only innumerable but infinite.

Then came the work of the fifth and sixth days, vast periods of time, devoted chiefly to the establishment of the animal kingdom, culminating in the creation of man. These two great periods are preeminently the age of animal life—the fifth day, of the fishes and monsters of the deep, together with the denizens of the air, and the sixth of the greater and higher grade of animals on the land—for it was then that the Creator brought them forth in increasing number and size and form and variety. This is in perfect harmony with the geologic statement—though geology records that the creation of animal life had *begun* vast ages before this. In that remote age which corresponds with the third day of creation, animal creation went right along with

the creation of the flora, but chiefly in its simpler forms, and in the waters—though the conspicuous work of the third day was not the creation of the fauna, but of the flora. Great numbers of animals also appeared on the fourth day, of improved organism and faculty, but as the most conspicuous work of the fourth day was the regulation of the atmosphere, the lesser works of the day are not mentioned in the Scripture. For Moses' account of creation is a mere outline of it, giving only the leading features of each day's work. So in his vision of the fifth and sixth day's work Moses must have seen, not the beginnings, but the carrying forward of the great work of animal creation. That was the great and conspicuous work of these two days, and noteworthy as such; and if Moses' vision were at close range, so that he might note in particular the individuals of the work as they made their appearance, he must have been astonished at what he saw: for there were birds and fishes and reptiles and beasts, in comparison with which, those now on the earth are but the feeble and miniature anti-types. God was making animals, and seemed to have given His infinite power of invention free range. The great mass of these varieties of animals have perished from the earth—their very races having become extinct: but their remains are still found in the earth in great numbers, not only in the torrid and temperate climes, but in those lands

most adjacent to the poles. Even in northern Siberia many gigantic specimens have been found, of beasts who could have subsisted only in a torrid or temperate clime. These remains of animal life are found chiefly in the tertiary rock formation, which represents that age in geology just before the advent of man. Thus the revelations of true science, if rightly understood, will alway be found to confirm, rather than contradict the statements of the holy, written Word of God.

The same order observed in the creation of vegetable life was maintained in the creation of animal life—the very lowest and inferior sorts appearing in the older strata, gradually improving in importance and in the quality of their attributes, as the ages moved onward, until those most resembling man are found—each as it was created, being a type or prophecy of something better yet to come—"a shadow of good things to come"—till at length, the one object toward which all these tended, the object of which all these were prophetic, the object toward which all creation was advancing appeared upon the scene and was placed in the garden of Eden.

When God created man He ceased from His work because the chief end of the creation had been fulfilled. That semi-divine creature, created in His own image and likeness, toward whom all His other work had been aimed, and for whom it had all been planned, was

now present on the ground—so then no man had creative work to do, and being satisfied with His work, and with His own almighty power to plan and execute, and with the expression He had given of Himself through His works the Creator entered upon a Sabbath of rest and peace and retired back into that "glory which was with him before the world was."

As for man, he was the peculiar object of the Creator's love and care: for he alone could appreciate something of His glory. He alone could return His love and prize His grace. He was created pure and upright, and innocent, perfect in faculty, so far as nature goes, without the added powers of experience and self-cultivation, but capable of infinite improvement, and being given an independent will of his own, with power of choice on a wide sphere of action, he was fit rather to be the companion than the servant of the Deity—should he prove himself worthy: and the heavenly Father entered immediately upon terms of communion with him, as of a father with his son.

"Duty done to-day is better than duty planned for to-morrow. The one who thinks most of to-morrow's accomplishments is not likely to take care of to-morrow when it comes. The one who gives himself unreservedly to the doing of to-day's tasks is the better fitted to do as well for to-morrow's when they are at hand."

The Departure of the Spirit.

E. P. MARVIN.

ONE of the most solemn and awful truths revealed in the Bible is that the Holy Spirit sometimes abandons sinners in this life and leaves them sealed hopelessly for perdition. The Holy Spirit is the executive of the God-head, to draw us and apply to us the redemption purchased by Christ. Without His enlightening, convicting and regenerating work, no sinner will ever return to God and be saved. In the usual course of things, His work ends at death, but on account of certain aggravated and special conditions it sometimes ends sooner.

When man first began to depart from God He gave the solemn warning: "My spirit shall not always strive with man." Christ also warns us that there is a sin against the Holy Spirit that has no forgiveness in this life or the next. John warns us that there is a sin unto death for which we must not pray.

King Saul, by his self-will, committed this sin and was abandoned of God. Many of the Pharisees did it by attributing the work of the Holy Spirit in Christ, to Beelzebub. Probably, many in all ages have committed this unpardonable sin, though we may not certainly know it.

When thus abandoned, the sinner has the peace of despair or perdition. All anxiety usually seems

to be gone, although he is hopelessly doomed.

He knows, he feels, that all is well,
And every fear is calmed;
He sleeps, he dies, he wakes in hell,
Not only doomed but damned.

Men are thus abandoned, not because no atonement is made for them, not because God has any malice or partiality, not because they could not be saved if they would, but because God sees it has become a moral impossibility for the truth and Spirit to persuade them to believe and repent.

Election practically applied may be summed up in the dictum; whosoever will is elected to be saved, and whosoever will not is elected to be damned. Man's free will settles his eternal character and destiny.

Here, then, is a fearful danger signal, warning sinners against resisting the Holy Spirit. All such sins, especially when the Spirit is striving in revivals, are especially dangerous. Sinners willfully and consciously resist the Holy Spirit at great peril.

How long may we go on in sin,
How long will God forbear,
Where does hope end and where begin
The confines of despair?
An answer from the skies is sent,
Ye that from God depart,
To-day, if ye will hear His voice,
O, harden not your heart.

If God does not take care of us,
nobody else can.

A Narrow Escape.

THE *Denver News* reports the following story related by attorney J. W. Donovan, in a case in the recorder's court, which shows how a touch of nature makes the world akin, and develops beneath a rough exterior the principles of tender sympathy and kindly charity :

On a hot day in July, 1860, a herdsman was moving his cattle to a new ranch further north, near Helena, Texas, and passing down the banks of a stream, his herd became mixed with other cattle that were grazing in the valley, and some of them failed to be separated. The next day, about noon, a band of about a dozen mounted Texan rangers over-took the herdsman and demanded their cattle, which they said were stolen.

It was before the day of law and court-houses in Texas, and one had better kill five men than steal a mule worth five dollars, and the herdsman knew it. He tried to explain, but they told him to cut it short. He offered to turn over all the cattle not his own, but they laughed at the proposition, and hinted that they usually confiscated the whole herd and left the thief hanging on a tree, a warning to others in like cases.

The poor fellow was completely overcome. They consulted apart for a few minutes, and then told him if he had any explanations to make or business to do, they would allow him ten minutes to do so and defend himself.

He turned to the rough faces and commenced : "How many of you have wives?" Two or three nodded. "How many of you have children?" They nodded again.

"Then I know whom I am talking to, and you'll hear me;" and he continued, "I never stole any cattle. I have lived in these parts over three years. I came from New Hampshire. I failed in the fall of '57, during the panic. I have been saving. I have no home here; my family remain East, for I go from place to place. These clothes I wear are rough, and I am a hard looking customer; but this is a hard country. Days seem months to me, and months like years. Married men, you know that. But for letters from home [here he pulled out a handful of well-worn envelopes and letters from his wife] I should get discouraged. I have paid part of my debts. Here are the receipts," and he unfolded the letters of acknowledgement. "I expect to sell out and go home in November. Here is the Testament my good old mother gave me; here is my little girl's picture," and he kissed it tenderly, and continued, "now, men, if you have decided to kill me for what I am innocent of, send these home, and send as much as you can from the cattle when I am dead. Can't you send half the value? My family will need it."

"Hold on, now; stop right thar!" said a rough ranger. "Now, I say,

boys," he continued, "I say, let him go. Give us your hand, old boy; that picture and them letters did the business. You can go free, but you're lucky, mind ye."

"We'll do more than that," said a man with a big heart, in Texan garb, and carrying the customary brace of pistols in his belt; "let's buy his cattle here and let him go."

They did, and when the money was paid over, and the man about to start, he was too weak to stand.

The long strain of hopes and fears, being away from home under such trying circumstances, the sudden deliverance from death, had combined to render him helpless as a child. He sank to the ground completely overcome. An hour later, however, he left on horseback for the nearest staging route, and, as they shook hands and bade him good-bye, they looked the happiest band of men I ever saw.

—*Common People.*

Christ Our Pilot.

THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

"JESUS, Saviour, pilot me!" is one of the most beautiful contributions to hymnology by an American hand during this generation. Its author is Rev. Edward Hopper, at that time the beloved pastor of the church of the Sea and Land in Market Street, New York. The same title is given to our Divine Master in Tennyson's exquisite lines, "Crossing the Bar." All through our experience of life we need to have Jesus at the helm. He knows where the shoals and the sunken rocks are; and where the safe, deep water is also; if we are wise, we will let the Omniscient Pilot do the steering. His disciples had a rough night of it while He was asleep in the stern of the boat; he was teaching them a lesson, and when in their extremity they called up the Pilot, the storm lulled, and their fishing smack floated safe into the harbor.

It is a good thing for us that we cannot foresee tempests, or trials, for then we might be frightened out of undertaking many a voyage at the call of duty. When Paul set off for Rome, he could not discern a prison or a blood-stained axe of martyrdom waiting for him in the imperial city. When Clarkson, Wilberforce and Sharp set in motion their noble enterprise of overthrowing the African slave trade, they could not anticipate the long years of ferocious opposition that they were doomed to encounter. They tugged at the oars and left the helm in the Pilot's hands.

The five praying college students, beside the haystack at Williamstown, were launching a boat in simple faith; what head winds it might have to face they did not know or care. The Master took the helm, and, lo! their tiny craft was the pioneer of all the vast fleet

of American missions to heathendom. No penitent soul who comes to Jesus can foresee all the obstacles, all the temptations or trials that lie before him. It is well that he cannot. He might be frightened back, or be hamstrung with discouragements. There are too many "Pliables" who get bemired in the Slough of Despond and sneak back into a life of worldliness; the genuine "Christian" gets out on the side towards heaven.

Let us all learn to thank God for difficulties; they are part of our discipline. Canaan lies on the other side of the Red Sea and the Jordan River—we need not cross either of them till we come to them. God can divide the big sea as easily as He can dry up the little river. When we come to the sea, the voice of Providence is, "Go forward!" and the waters part asunder. When we reach the flowing Jordan, and our feet touch the stream, behold, it has vanished, and we go through dry-shod! The story of Christian faith and its frequent deliverances is often like a postscript to the eleventh chapter to the Hebrews. When we voyagers get safely into the desired haven up yonder, we may take great delight in looking over our log-books, and in discovering how wonderfully our Pilot brought us through dark nights and dangerous channels. Pastors often discover very dense fogs lying over their churches; let them never forget that there is One to whom the darkness shineth as the day.

Faith's real office and faith's

real victory is in trusting the helm to Jesus in the fogs and through the dark hours. Everybody can trust God in the sunshine and over smooth water. It is easy to commit our way to the Lord when that way is as clear as noonday. Faith's inspiring command is: "Commit the helm to the Pilot when you cannot see your hand before your face, when the clouds have extinguished every star and no lighthouse of human guidance is in sight." Jesus can see in the dark, if we cannot. That is a cheering truth to many a minister who is laboring under numerous discouragements. Take the Pilot on board, brother! Call all hands in the church to the oars, commit the helm to Him, and may the Holy Spirit send you "favoring gales" of blessing! The wind and the waves obey the Son of God. He who has promised, "Lo! I am with you alway," never forgets His disciples now, any more than He forgets His disciples on that tempestuous night when He came to them walking on the billows. John Newton recalled his own experiences as a sailor when he wrote the cheering lines:

By prayer, let me wrestle,
And He will perform;
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.

—*Sabbath Reading.*

You can love your sectarian church with a natural affection, but it requires a super-natural affection to love God with.

Change Your Hitching Post.

ISAAC NOTES.

DURING some recent revival services, in a Western town, a young farmer named George Wilcox, living several miles in the country, came in every evening to attend the meetings, and became very deeply convicted of sin. He was well liked by all his friends, and so much interest was manifested in his salvation that there was much joy when, one evening toward the close of the meeting, he was happily converted.

Young Mr. Wilcox was somewhat given to drink; and being of a social nature and with no great force of character, though with the best of intentions, the saloon element of the town was in a fair way to drag him down to ruin. He did not drink much, but he stayed around the saloons and with that crowd far more than was good for him. He was moderately well to do, and had a fine team of horses and a good wagon; and whenever he came to town on business, he hitched his team on a vacant lot near one of the saloons, which seemed a most fitting place, as he stayed there so much of his time. After he was converted, however, he never went around the saloons any more, nor associated with that crowd; but through force of habit he still hitched his team at the same place on the unoccupied lot, where a number of posts had been set in the ground for that purpose. This he kept up for several months

after his conversion, though he never went into the near-by saloon.

One Saturday afternoon, Deacon Hawkins, who lived in the country on the opposite side of town from Mr. Wilcox, met him in town for the first time after the young man's conversion, and found his team hitched near the saloon as usual. Deacon Hawkins was a white-haired old man with a very warm heart, a man who felt a deep interest in the welfare of every member of the church, and especially in all young men who had recently begun the Christian life. He had a fatherly way, which made him loved by all. Deacon Hawkins had not been able to attend the meeting much, owing to serious sickness in his family, and also because he lived so far away. He was not there the night George Wilcox was converted, but had heard of it. He also knew that the young farmer was impulsive and easily influenced by whatever crowd he happened to be in; so the first thing he said to him after gripping his hand warmly: "Well, George, I understand that you have accepted Christ and joined the church, and that you are living a better life now."

"Yes, sir," said Wilcox, earnestly; "I am."

"And I understand that you have quit the saloon gang, and that you never go about them."

"Yes, sir."

"But I see, George, that you

hitch your team in the same place."

"Why, yes," said Wilcox, in some surprise; "I do. It's a good place to hitch, and no harm can come from that, can there?"—and he looked his question as he asked it.

"Well, George, I am a good deal older man than you, and have had much experience, and you will pardon me, I know if I make a suggestion to you as a brother out of my wider Christian experience. No matter how strong you think you are, take my advice, and at once change your hitching post."

This advice so lovingly given was followed by the young man within a very few minutes, and never again did he hitch near the saloon. While he might have held out firm and true all his life without making the change, yet no one will deny that he was far safer in the end following the advice of the deacon.

And in the same spirit I would say to all who are tempted, no matter how firm you think you can be, no matter how you scorn to believe you could be influenced by evil companions and evil surroundings, change your hitching-post. And I am persuaded that those who think themselves strongest need such advice more than those who feel their weakness. It is always safest to stay as far from temptation as possible. If you have recently given your life to Christ, and broken with vicious companions, and turned your back upon former wicked ways, the farther you keep from these old associations the surer you are to remain firm. Even if the

change in you amounts to no more than turning over a new leaf or forming good resolutions, still the wisest thing to do is to change your hitching post.—*Epworth Era*.

It is a matter of congratulation to the Bible-studying public of the English-speaking world that *The Sunday School Times* has just made another of its noteworthy "strikes." For thirty years past that journal, recognizing that there is no such commentary on the Bible as the Holy Land itself, has made a distinctive feature of its "Oriental Lesson-Lights," as a vital part of its Bible study, and has assembled a notable array of writers in that field during this time. And now one who is probably the foremost writer in the world to-day on Oriental life has been engaged to furnish "Oriental Lesson-Lights" regularly and exclusively in the *Sunday School Times*: George M. Mackie, M.A., D.D., of Beyrout, Syria. Dr. Mackie, of Scotch birth, has been, since 1880, a missionary to the Jews and Minister of the Anglo-American Congregation in Beyrout. He is a graduate of Aberdeen University, which conferred on him his D. D. in 1901. His well-known text-book on "Bible Manners and Customs," together with his work in Hastings' Bible Dictionary and elsewhere, have already put Bible students under a heavy debt to him. His new work commences in July, and will bring his life-long studies before a still larger audience.

Armed with the Bible.

DAVID F. is a very aged citizen of Western North Carolina. He connected himself with the church when very young, and has always been noted among his neighbors for his honesty, charity, piety and faith in the power and willingness of God to protect those who do His will. It was ten or fifteen years ago (account printed 1872) that he determined to travel through the trackless wilds of the great and sparsely inhabited West. His route lay along the borders of Missouri and Nevada, infested at that time, more numerous than at present, with clans of highway robbers. He knew all this very well, and although urged by his neighbors to procure a couple of revolvers to defend himself, he took only his pocket Bible, and armed thus, set out on the perilous journey. He had passed some of the clans on the Northern border of Missouri, and was nearing the resort of one of the most formidable ones, headed by a notorious desperado, Jim Stevens, when he met a gentleman who, by some bold stroke, had escaped the vigilant eye of the robber captain. The first question that he propounded to old David was: "Are you armed?" "Yes," was the aged Christian's reply, as he produced his pocket Bible. The gentleman, who was almost weighed down with bowie-knives and pistols, laughed outright at what he considered the old man's folly, and sneeringly said: "If that is all the

weapon you have, you had better be saying your prayers. The den of Jim Stevens is about ten miles farther on, just where you will get by night, and he cares as little for Bibles as a rattlesnake."

They exchanged names, and each went his own way; the one surprised at the other's apparent folly and recklessness; the other undismayed, and his faith in the protecting power of his Bible undismayed.

Night had thrown her dark mantle around the earth and the chilling blasts had begun to pierce the feeble frame of old David, when he descried a light far down in a glen, a short distance from the road. He was sure that it proceeded from a robber-den, but he must have shelter, and, impelled by almost boundless faith, he directed his course thither. He halted when within a few paces of the door, and being coarsely greeted by some uncouth, mean-looking men, was invited to alight. When he entered the humble habitation he saw significant looks pass between the inmates, and each chuckle to himself, and he knew he was at the headquarters of a desperate, relentless, and murderous clan of banditti. Nothing daunted, he occupied the proffered seat. Having partaken of a rough meal, which they furnished him at his request, he began conversation, which was continued till far in the night, when it was interrupted by the return of the captain, Jim Stevens, and a couple of his

confreres in crime, from a plundering raid. Stevens, advancing within a few feet of him, asked, jeeringly :

"Old man, aren't you afraid to travel in this section, among the robbers, alone, and unarmed?"

"No," was old David's bold and fearless reply, as he again produced his Bible, continuing, "This is my weapon of defense. I always read a chapter and pray too, before I retire. I know you are robbers, but I shall read and pray here to-night, and you must join with me." The roof of the shabby hut shook with loud, taunting peals of laughter at this expression of the old man, but nothing dismayed, he began to read. Gradually all became silent, and when he knelt to pray every knee was bowed. That was a strange, affecting sight—murderers and plunderers of their fellow-

men kneeling and attentively listening to a prayer! Long and fervently the humble servant of God prayed; nor did their interest in the solemn scene and supplication abate. When he had finished he was conducted to a hard pallet, where he slept the livelong night undisturbed, and even free from haunting fears.

He arose very early in the morning, and read and prayed before breakfast. They refused to receive aught for his entertainment during the night, and instead, cordially thanked him for the interest which he had manifested in their behalf. Asking for them the light of divine grace and the purification of their hearts, he bade them adieu and departed. He passed onward strengthened in his faith in the goodness of God.

—*The Guiding Hand.*

The Church Out-of-Doors.

WILLIAM HENRY MEREDITH, D. D.

THE open-air treatment is the popular and efficient remedy for consumption. Many a New Englander smitten with this white plague has been amazed on discovering what there is in the air as a specific for that fell disease, so prevalent on that coast. Portable beds on piazzas and tents in gardens are frequently in evidence. "Live out-of-doors as much as you can," we are hearing on all sides. Not only the sick, but the well are taking this advice—the sick for healing,

the well as preventive, believing that prevention is better and more economic than cure.

We claim to be an optimist of the optimists. The discovery of one drop of pessimism in our circulation would send us at once to the blood-letter's but the fact remains that too many churches are smitten with consumption, and are in a wasting condition, growing weaker and weaker. Sometimes a glow is seen for a while, during special seasons, but it proves to be but the

hectic flush of that baleful disease which slays its thousands. The beauty is not the beauty of holiness, but is the evidence which sometimes attends decay. After a while the feet grow too tired to walk to the church services, the hands too weak to do its work, the heart of the body too weak to send its life currents into every member of the body. Public services are maintained with icy regularity, church bills are often promptly paid, but consumption is doing its deadly work in the body. The absorptions are gaining in the secretions, the body is necessarily weakening even unto death. The light under the bushel is being extinguished by its own smoke; it must have an outlet, or it will go out. At a wedding-party a while ago we were suddenly brought almost in darkness; the lamps were going out. Some guests wondered, but the hostess at once opened doors and windows for a while. The foul air went out, the fresh air came in, the lamps again shone brightly, and the guests rejoiced in the light. Some local churches are going into darkness because they have no outlets. Self-concerned, they are becoming self-consumed. "We won't pay for heating up all out-doors," said a penurious school-committeeman to a younger teacher in a country school, who had the windows open to let in the good air, and to let out the bad. The local church which does not do its part to heat up out-of-doors home and foreign missions and other benevolences

will soon suffer suffocation.

The local church should not only send out its light and heat to the ends of the earth; it should also carry them out into its own community. It should get out-of-doors, out into the open, with its glad evangel!

How pitiable and painful is the frequent sight in our cities, in the summer, to see only a small few in the congregation, and these mostly church-members and Christians, while multitudes of the unsaved are surging past the church doors or along adjacent streets. The "classes" are inside the churches, the "masses" are outside. How shall these be brought together to hear the saving Gospel? Said a successful merchant in my hearing to a young man who had just opened a store: "You must learn to draw the people through the glass" (windows.) If the church can not draw the masses through its doors, she should go out-of-doors to them. If some half-empty city churches only knew, "what is in the air!" Why not get out onto the front steps, if space will allow? Why not get a permit, and go out onto the street corner, and hold forth the Word of life, and there give forth the invitation to the house of the Lord? Why not go out into the near-by open square or public park, and preach and sing the Gospel to the people where they are, and as they are? Many a dying church has been revived by such open-air treatment.

Does the pastor say: "I am no

kind of an open air preacher?" Did you ever try to be one? Try it, brother, and see how it agrees with you, and with your church. Be an open-air preacher, not merely an open-air exhorter, or testifier. Not only exhortation and not only testimony is enough to gather and hold an open-air audience, but studied and specially prepared preaching and singing will do the business. Choose the right spot, where the fish abound, before you throw out your line. Have your singers well trained in Gospel hymns, mostly old-timers, which will awaken memories of past years in the hearers. Observe the way of the wind, and stand so that it will carry your message to the people. Have a wall back of you, if possible. Choose practical subjects, and clothe the very best thoughts in the simplest language, the language of the people, of the man in the street—not his slang, but his current speech. Be prepared for interruptions, and when they come, keep sweet, and try to turn them to good account. Be sure and see that some burrs which will stick are thrown out in the sermon. This kind of man-fishery needs barbed hooks. If the preacher has to "flog his brains" to produce sermons for out-of-doors, he must not be surprised. To extemporize in the open is very risky business, even, and especially for the naturally ready speaker.

The average man in the street thinks that the church, especially what he calls the "tony church,"

doesn't care for him, nor for his. He regards church going as a luxury for the well-to-do, or as a pastime for the poorer. To see a "tony church" actually come out into the street, after him, to give him the benefit of their talented pastor and singers, will convince him that the church cares for him, and seeks his good and not his goods. That preachers and people are doing things for him for which they are not paid to do, will have a good moral effect upon him.

The English are far ahead of us in this matter of out-of-door preaching. Not only do the Free churches but also the Anglican churches and their ministers throw themselves heartily into this kind of work.

The Right Rev. Edmund Knox, D. D., bishop of Manchester, is famed throughout the north of England for his open-air preaching. He has conducted some very successful missions on Blackpool sands, and is immensely popular with the rough-and-ready natives of Lancashire. He is a tremendous worker, as indeed he needs to be, for Bishop Gore once said that he believed there was no single diocese in the Church of England where the work was so arduous as at Manchester. Although Doctor Knox is one of the hardest-worked bishops in England, the good people of his diocese do not always realize this. During one of his recent missions on Blackpool Beach, two Lancashire mill-girls were discussing the situation. "Who's that?" asked one, as the Bishop got up to speak. "That's

the Bishop of Manchester," was the reply. "Nay, lass," said the first speaker, "no bishop 'ud do that." "But it is the Bishop, I tell 'ee." "Well, if it really is the Bishop, let's go and 'ear 'im, for I thowt as bishops did nowt but draw their brass."

We saw some Anglican churches had out-of-door pulpits built into the walls of their city churches. We heard them preach from these to the crowds in the churchyards, both before and after the indoor services. English cities and towns are busy hives of open-air workers, especially on Sundays. In classical Cambridge we followed a preacher and his people from the indoor evening services to "Parker's Piece," an open space, where people congregated; there they held services. A transparency told the crowd who they were, and where they carried on the regular business of preaching and worship. It also invited them to come to the church. The preacher was one of the front-rank preachers of his denomination. Although our city populations are not so homogeneous as are the English, yet good work may be done out-of-doors. A few concrete cases shall close this article.

The pastor of a Massachusetts city church, with a few workers, went out into a popular resort more than a mile from their church, and held an out-door service. Weeks after a man appeared at the church door who had not been inside a church for worship for nearly forty

years. The only sermon he had heard during that time was the out-of-door sermon of the pastor of that church. He became a member of that church, and after years of Christian life and service went up to his reward.

In another city the same pastor yoked up with a Swedish pastor of that city. He left his beautiful church, one of the finest in the city, and just before evening worship they went out into a park not far off. They preached in both languages, and the Swede sang Swedish hymns, much to the spiritual profit of the strangers in the strange land, who there in their own tongue heard the Gospel preached and sung. A good Swedish church soon became a necessity there, and the stately New England pile of the other pastor had larger congregations because of those preliminary open-air services.

In another city, where French people abounded, the same pastor yoked up with a French mission pastor. A teamster member gave the use of a large wagon. A small organ and a choir filled it. On the corner of two main streets of that city, services were held in both languages, and the church and French mission of that city were greatly invigorated by the open air treatment.

Many of the people who throng the streets and surge past the church doors are ex-Sunday-school scholars. Not a few had Christian parents. The most of them have more than enough of the Bible and

of good gospel hymns in their memories to save them, if they could only be moved to do as well as they know how to do.

"Absent treatment" will never bring them to decision. Out-of-door contact with sacred things, and tactful open-air religious services may be blest to them, so that what they know they ought to do they will do, and they will say: "I will arise, and go unto my Father." Souls may be saved, and churches

also may be saved, by getting out-of-doors. Bible preaching in both Testaments is nearly all open-air preaching. Jesus was a matchless open-air preacher and teacher. Apostolic successes were gained out in the open. The church which brings the truth of God down from the stars into the streets, is a truly an apostolic church. Let consumptive churches and pastors try the open-air treatment, and the healthy use this prophylactic method.—*Sel.*

How the New Testament Conquered.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC priest, in a village near Morlaix, France, warned his flock that he had power to give absolution to any of them who might be guilty of theft, lying, or any other sin; but if any of them were guilty of reading the New Testament he could not absolve them.

In the audience was a young man who, from his violent conduct, was the terror of the village, even his parents having to defend themselves against their son. This young man, hearing the priest's statement, said to himself, "I have committed all the sins the priest has mentioned, yet he will give me absolution for all I do if I do not read the Book. What kind of a book can this be? I am going to get one and read it."

When he went to the colporteur, the man, knowing his character, at first refused, thinking he was jesting, but when he saw that he was in earnest, and explained his rea-

sons, he gave him one. A few days afterward his mother said:

"How is it that Jean is so quiet and sober lately? He is never drunk, and retires to his own room after dinner." The father replied:

"I don't know, but I will follow him."

The next day, going quietly to the door of his son's room, he found him intently reading a book. He returned and told the mother:

"He is in his room reading some book; I believe it is a New Testament." She replied:

"If that is all the harm the New Testament is doing, ask him to come and read it to us."

He came and did so. God blessed the reading to the father, mother, and lastly to himself. The mother sent to the missionary, saying:

"I will take the furniture out of one of my rooms and place chairs in it, if you will come and read the Bible to the neighbors and tell them, though the priest refuses to

give them absolution, God has forgiven us and will also forgive them."

The missionary did so, and God blessed the telling of the old, old story to many souls. Some time after this, the mayor

sent for the missionary and said:

"I do not know how it is, but when the Bible went into that house, it was the pest of the village, but now it is the paradise of the place."—*African's Friend*.

The Dunkers' Bi-centennial.

AT Des Moines, Ia., at the time of writing, says *The Episcopal Recorder*, there is in session the annual gathering of the Dunkers, at which the two hundredth anniversary of the denomination is being celebrated. These people are remarkable in many ways and have a lesson to teach other churches into whose ranks "the world" has made such great inroads.

The story of this people is full of interest. In 1708, eight earnest students of the Bible, under the leadership of Alexander Mack, met for worship in Schwarzenau, Germany. They believed in baptism by immersion in a running stream, and in spite of hardship and persecution, continued to make progress. They were called "Dunkers" or dippers, and Mack was made their bishop, and early in the nineteenth century he emigrated with them to Pennsylvania. They first settled in Germantown, Philadelphia, but soon moved up into the agricultural districts of the State of Pennsylvania. There they flourished, and from time to time were able to send colonies further west, until at the present time they are a numerous, orderly and thrifty people.

Largely isolated in agricultural

communities, they have been able to keep up the habits and customs of their forefathers. In this regard, they are even plainer than the older members of the Society of Friends. They refuse to sanction war, or the taking of oaths, lawsuits of all kinds, and until now have gone without a paid ministry. A full beard, but no moustache is worn by the men, that they may keep up the custom of giving "the kiss of charity" at their religious services. Jewelry, ribbons and neckties are unknown among them. Their attire is plain to the point of severity.

Their meeting houses are plain structures of brick, situated near a running stream to facilitate immersion. In some places these meeting houses are less pretentious than the barns of the farmers, and in others a barn will suffice for the place of worship. When a man is called to the ministry of a church, he begins to preach, but still continues his ordinary occupation for the support of himself and family.

The annual love-feast is an event of no little importance. The service begins with foot washing, the men washing the feet of the men, and the women those of the women.

Following this comes the common meal. Then the elder begins the exchange of the "kiss of charity." The elder kisses one of the brethren, and he passes it to another, until the last man in the assembly kisses the elder again. A similar kiss is exchanged by the women, and is started by the elder shaking hands with one of the women, who in turn kisses another, the last woman shaking hands with the elder who started the ceremony. The men and women sit on different sides in the meeting-house, and the exchange of "the kiss of charity" is followed by an exhortation.

The Dunkers maintain an unique attitude to the civil law. At one time, they refused, on religious grounds, to appear as either plaintiffs or defendants in lawsuits. Latterly, when sued by an outsider, they will appear with their witnesses, but if the case should be decided against them, they never resort to an appeal, as such a course would engender litigation. Though maintaining this attitude toward the law, they are great keepers of the law. One of them once unwittingly violated the game laws of our state, and he at once appeared before the magistrate against himself and paid the fine.

The peculiarity of the Dunker garb is just now in conflict with the laws of the state, which forbid school teachers to wear any religious garb. In Lancaster, York and Cumberland Counties, where the Dunkers form a large part of the population, the little white cap of

the Dunker school teachers has been construed to be "a religious garb." The members of the Earl township School Board are now under indictment for a violation of the statute originally framed to keep the sisters of Roman Catholic orders out of the public schools.

Innovations are creeping in from time to time, and the present conference has the whole matter under discussion. The younger Dunkers are favorable, as would naturally be expected, to innovations. They desire to use organs at public worship, and many seem ready for salaried ministers. Some of the churches, we are informed, have already gone ahead in these matters, taking official sanction for granted. "The use of telephones and automobiles was debated frequently and at great length, but all were eventually approved." This experience has led the young people to hope for much at the present conference. These thrifty, plain, godly people are bearing a powerful witness in these degenerate days.

The promise of the land to Abraham is exactly, in a physical and geographical sense, what the baptism of the Holy Ghost is to the children of Jesus, and through Jesus to all the disciples. In the one case, the covenant had in it a donation of land. In the other case, it had a donation of the Spirit. The one covenant belongeth to this earth and the generations of time; the other covenant belongeth to heaven and the generations of eternity.

The Spirit of Everyday Worship.

ARTHUR R. PENNELL.

THERE is no duty so important to the souls of men or so solemn as that of worship—true and acceptable worship before the Lord our God. I realize that I am of very small experience to write on a subject of such weight as this; yet I have sometimes been so deeply touched in our meetings that I have felt them to be (as we have often heard them called) “the solemn assemblies of the Lord’s people.” We are, at times, permitted to sit down in perfect stillness and to feel the sweet overshadowing presence of our Saviour’s love. Then it is that our souls rejoice, when the light is shining upon us. Then it is that we feel ready to forsake all things else and follow Him who is dealing so mercifully with us.

Doubtless we all acknowledge that such hours are not of our own choice—that they are freely given as the gifts of a loving Father to his children. Doubtless we all desire that when we meet for public worship, we may be enabled to rejoice together in the Name of Him whom we have come to serve.

But how can we expect it unless we have endeavored to look unto Him day by day during the week? Can we suppose that it is enough for us to worship Him only on the day of our meeting hour? Surely we all know that it is necessary for us to acknowledge our Lord openly day by day among men if we are to

find Him near us when we call. It may not be an acknowledgement by speaking in His Name,—it may not be by any word at all—it may not be by any thing that we would call “worship”—yet there can be in our souls that spirit of worship and of desire to be found faithful unto our God that will be used by His power to the good of others. There is need for us to be in perfect obedience, a state hard to attain. I do not wish for one moment to speak as though I had attained it. Indeed I have not. My own failures are so great that I wonder sometimes at the goodness of God to me. I know that obedience—perfect obedience—is due unto Him. I know that my soul should be bowed in worship before Him day by day. That He can use the obedient servant to His glory, I have no doubt. That He can strengthen us to serve Him faithfully in our every-day life I have no doubt.

This world of ours is a beautiful world, the workmanship of Him who would have all things beautiful—who would have the lives of all men everywhere filled with the beauty of holiness. The beauty of holiness can come only by continual faithfulness. From the beginning of the world every great advance has been the result of obedience to that Power which has raised up servants and made them strong to work in His Name for some great

cause. The early Christian disciples became a living church, not by any strength of their own, but by simple obedience. Their lives were made strong and pure. They accomplished a great work in their day. The spirit of prayer and of daily worship is surely evident in the words of Paul: "Pray without ceasing." This, I have often thought is the spirit of acceptable worship—not a prayer in words, but an attitude of soul. Could we but live in such purity that we were ever ready to turn in prayer unto our Lord, I believe that our lives would show to those about us the beauty of holiness. It is a state very high above many of us, but yet it is to be striven for. As our hopes and ideals are high, perhaps we, like Ernest in the beautiful story of the Great Stone Face, shall grow to resemble that for which we long.

Luther accomplished much. He was a leader among men, and the people of to-day honor him as a valiant worker in a good cause. Our early Friends, in whom we naturally feel an especial interest, accomplished much—and they, too, have been given an honored name among men. And they were worthy of honor—as Luther and the disciples were. The strength of all is the same strength of unflinching obedience.

"All that men desire and treasure have I
counted loss for thee,
"Every task have I forsaken, save this one
—my Lord to see."

Is not this the spirit of worship exemplified in such men as Luther?

Countless are the instances that prove this truth—that those who are faithful from day to day, in whose souls is the spirit of unceasing worship, are very useful in the world. There is a strength given to such which others cannot know.

We find recorded, sometimes, what we might almost regard as miracles. The meeting of John and Samuel Fothergill, after the wondrous change in Samuel's life—the visit made by Geo. Dillwyn to the two young men who were arguing about the existence of a God—the help given by William Williams to the young woman who had stolen a cup from her employer—and the marvellous working of that Grace which transformed the life of Peter Yarnall—all these are wonderful.

We sometimes hear it asked whether such things are happening to-day. I like to believe that they are. I suppose we cannot *know*—yet I *believe* that in honest, dedicated men and women the same Over-ruling Power is carrying on His work. We may not see the results in our time, but the work is not our own; and results may safely be left. If only the spirit of worship is found in us and a desire to obey the Voice which speaks—this is enough, and we may rejoice if so much is given.

Should any one seriously ask me what I regard as the greatest need in our Society and in the world to-day, I would not know better how to answer than to say what I have endeavored to say here: That the great need of all men and women

everywhere is to feel within themselves the spirit of everyday worship.

Our meetings would be strengthened by such an increase in the faithfulness of our members.

Younger and older we would all be made stronger and better.

The arm of the Lord is still the strength of His people, and He will not forsake those who worship Him.

—*The Friend.*

Adulterated Commendation.

“YES, I had a pretty good time staying with Aunt Maria,” admitted the small boy when questioned concerning his visit. There was a doubtful note in his answer that awakened curiosity in the mother.

“She said you were a good boy,” she remarked suggestively.

“Ye-s,” with the same hesitating tone. Then the method of explanation grew clear and the little face brightened. “But you see Aunt Maria sort of mixes up her praising you with her scolds, and you don’t exactly know which it tastes most of. When I thought I’d surprise her by picking the currants for supper she said: ‘Now that’s a good boy, that’s a real help. Why can’t you be thoughtful like that all the time instad of leaving me to pick them myself yesterday?’ When I just flew upstairs to get her thimble, she thanked me, but she said, why wasn’t I quick to notice all the time? She makes you feel as if you couldn’t be glad about being good to-day because you’re so ashamed you wasn’t better yesterday, and it sort of makes you lonesome.”

Aunt Maria’s name is legion, and she goes complacently on her way

scattering discomfort and discouragement without the least idea of the harm she is doing. Many a mistress who wonders why her servants lack heart and interest might find an explanation in the fact that her commendations always degenerate into fault-finding. Teachers and parents who are quite sure they always praise where praise is due, and wonder that they awaken no enthusiasm for well-doing, may find, if they pause to consider, that they usually spoil the sweet with an admixture of bitterness. Give thanks and praise whenever they can be conscientiously given, and when reproof is needed let it have its own time and place.

—*Exchange.*

Truth is hidden and unseen without personality. Personality is dull and uninspired except when lighted up by truth. But let truth charge the person and there flashes on the world the brilliancy and glory of man inspired and fired as it were by truth. This is the power of Christian life and character. Christianity gets its real utterance only in the lives and at the lips of Christians.

—*Wilton Merle Smith.*

The Art of Rebuke.

THE Apostle Paul, in writing to Timothy, gives this summary of the duties of the minister of the gospel: "Preach the word: be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all longsuffering and doctrine." He further says, "Them that sin rebuke before all, that others also may fear." There is, therefore, apostolic authority for rebuke in preaching.

Not long ago the writer heard a pastor say that the art of rebuke in the Christian pulpit of to-day was well-nigh a lost art. There is, no doubt, much truth in this statement; and yet in many pulpits there is quite enough of the element of rebuke still remaining. There is, however, not much art about the rebuke that is nowadays most common. The rebuke that has New Testament sanction is the kind that is long-suffering, is made in love, and is free from censoriousness. There is no art about a cold, heartless, censorious rebuke. It chills, arouses antagonism, and defeats the very purposes intended.

Christ's teaching and preaching had in them the element of rebuke. But His rebuke was with tears, as when He wept over Jerusalem, and as when He was grieved at the hardness of the hearts of the people.

Paul did not fail to practice his own preaching. Those who turned away from the truth received his sharp rebuke in the letters which he wrote to the churches. Yet he

was able to say, "I have not ceased to warn every one of you day and night with tears."

Rebuke for wrong-doing, if administered with gentleness, and out of a heart breaking with love for the wrong-doer, is an effective means of awakening and saving souls. Paul found it so. So have other preachers down through the ages since. But if the rebuke is censorious, or of the nature of fault-finding, or degenerates into scolding, it repels, and does more harm than good. Many preachers fall into a habit of rebuking their people for their dullness and derelictions in a spirit that merits these characterizations. This is not the kind of rebuke which Christ and Paul used so efficaciously, and which every preacher to-day should be a master in. By no means. There is an art in wise rebuke. To learn and use that art one must learn the art of Jesus Christ in winning men. Everyone going forth to rebuke the church for its backslidings or sinners for their rebellion against God should go forth weeping, bearing precious seed, and they will, doubtless, come again rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them. Oh! for more of this heavenly, this divine, art of rebuke in the pulpit of these times!

—*Religious Telescope.*

Let us not dare to triumph in what Christ has done for us if we are not conscious of His purifying work within us.

MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.

Henry Martyn—Missions in India.

Ninety-six years ago, there died at Tocat, Central Turkey, a young man, thirty-one years of age, whose influence has reached across the intervening century and moulds human life even to day.

Though a miner's son, Henry Martyn enjoyed good educational advantages. He entered St. John's college, in Cambridge, and there distinguished himself both in Latin and in mathematics. His father's death exerted a deep influence on Henry Martyn, and his thoughts turned to the Christian ministry. After graduating from Cambridge, he served, for a time, as curate to Charles Simeon. A chaplaincy under the East India Company became an opportunity for reaching India and carrying the Gospel to its heathen population. After five years of service here, his health became so impaired as to require a change of climate. He went to Persia in 1811, seeking to improve this opportunity for translating the Scriptures into Persian. On October 16th, 1812, he died, as he journeyed homeward across 1,300 miles of rough country on horseback.

It appears that one of the strongest influences in Martyn's life was the godly university preacher, Charles Simeon. It was he who turned the thoughts of Martyn toward the mission field by commending Carey and his life. Another strong influence was the life of David Brainerd. Although separated from him by time and space, Brainerd, by the mere record of his godly and missionary life, vitally influenced Martyn. In 1806, Martyn wrote in his diary,

"With McK. at night, read Hebrews and some of D. Brainerd's letters. Blessed be the memory of that holy man! I feel happy that I shall have his book with me in India; and thus enjoy, in a manner, the benefit of his company and example."

In 1803, he wrote in his diary, "In prayer, God vouchsafed the spirit of supplication. For the first time I found myself happy in this social exercise; my desires after God were clear and strong, and it was with great unwillingness that I left off." Of course, it wasn't easy to find time for prayer, and we read, "Resolved, I would gain some hours from my usual sleep, if there were no other way; but failed this morning in consequence of sitting up so late." Let us not think that prayer was an easy exercise, for we read, "Continued above an hour in prayer in great deadness till towards the end, when I could have gone on with delight if my strength had permitted." In one place he quotes Mr. Simeon, the university preacher, as saying, that it was easier for a minister to preach and study five hours than to pray for his people one-half hour. Henry Martyn's prayer life seems to shine out most clearly in the following passage written as he was on his voyage to India: "If there be anything I do, if there be anything I leave undone, let me be perfect in prayer."

We know of no life so dominated by a love for souls as that of Henry Martyn, save the life of our Lord and perhaps that of Paul. In season and out of season, he was pleading with men. Many a reference is made in

his diary to opportunities neglected. "The sunshine was presently overcast by my carelessly neglecting to speak to the good of two men, when I had opportunity." Again, "Was greatly distressed at not having spoken to an old man with whom I might have conversed, and again for not joining some townsmen to whom I might have done good, and for having attempted to begin a religious conversation with—in a most unreasonable and uncharitable manner."

His life was marked by a wonderful humility, gained, however, only by repeated battlings with pride. The spirit of sacrifice burned within him. In going to India, he renounced not only earthly ambition, but the object of his only and supreme heart passion. Devotion to his Master's work made him write from India, "Now let me burn out for God." While from Persia, shortly before his death, he wrote, "Here I am, therefore, for three months more; our Testament will be finished, please God, in six weeks. I go on as usual, riding around the walls in the morning, and singing hymns at night over my milk and water, for tea I have none, though I much want it."

This life, shorter by two years than that of Him whom he served, seemed, to his own generation, lost, thrown away, wasted. To-day, across the century, it shines with the beauty of holiness, the glory of sacrifice, and the power of an endless life.—*Sel.*

Cotton Harvest in India

The cool season of India is much enjoyed by all our workers. It is the busiest season of the year. We only regret that it does not last longer. The warm days will come all too soon.

The cotton is being picked and hauled to the gins. Anklesvar is one of the largest ginning towns in this part of India. Loads and loads of cotton are brought in from every direction and from great distances. Cotton is being ginned here which was grown four hundred miles away. This, for the sake of securing the Anklesvar brand, which gives the cotton a higher market value. The cotton from the beautiful little field about the bungalow is fast being gathered and hauled away, and we miss the beautiful snow-white bolls which burst from their pods. The harvest time has come for the cotton though it is the sowing time for the precious seed, the Word of Life.

Beside the cotton hauling, large numbers of ox carts bring lumber from the jungle into town, to be used for building. Last evening we went across the road into a lumber yard which was full of carts, oxen and men who were there for the night. The men sat about in groups resting after their day's work. We went near and sang a song. Soon they came, one by one, until we had an audience of fifty, then our native brother, Daniel, began to tell them the story of creation, while Brother Eby showed them the picture chart. All listened attentively for a few minutes. When one turned to walk away, a new picture was turned toward them. The seemingly disinterested man returned and remained till the audience was dismissed. All were quiet and listened well, but when we started home they began talking to each other about what they had seen and heard. The telling of the story is only a beginning; they tell it to each other and to their families at home, and so the news is spread.—*The Missionary.*

How the New Testament Came to Korea.

What if, with the assurance of the writers of Bible history, one could point in every day affairs to the hand of God! One would wish to tell, in this assured way, the story of the Korean New Testaments which the American Bible Society's Agency in Japan furnished to the missionaries entering Korea in 1885.

In 1881, Korea was savagely hostile to Christianity. Any Korean presuming to aid in bringing the Bible to Korea or even possessing a Bible at that time would risk his life. At the king's palace in Seoul was a very learned man named Rijutei, a great linguist, and able writer, and a pagan withal who hated Christianity like the rest of the Court Circle, for he was Court Annalist. This man became the translator of the New Testament into Korean. How he came to do it is the story worth telling.

The King of Korea, in 1881, happened to send one of his officials, an intimate friend of Rijutei, to Japan to study the new system of agriculture. This man was told to consult some Japanese expert in the science, and it happened that he was referred to a certain Mr. Tsuda, who was an authority on agriculture—and also a Christian.

It happened that, on the walls of the room where these two men discussed farming, the Korean saw a scroll in Chinese containing the Sermon on the Mount. He was startled by what he read on the scroll, for he had to admit then and there that these sayings of Christ were good and enlightening to the mind. Mr. Tsuda asked him to take the scroll with him to Korea, but the Korean declined,

saying, with pale lips, that, if that scroll were found in his possession, his head would be cut off. But it happened that ideas found in the scroll went to Korea treasured in his mind.

Near to bursting with the greatness of his discovery, this man had to speak of it to some one. It happened that the one man in all Korea, whom he dared trust in such a plight, was his friend Rijutei, the Court Annalist. Rijutei heard his friend's story with an amused smile, asked a question or two, became more serious, listened intently, and finally decided that he must find some way of going to Japan to see this wonderful scroll himself. But he could find no excuse for asking leave to go to Japan. After a time, however, a request came to the king for a learned man to be professor of the Korean language in the Imperial University at Tokyo in Japan, and curiously enough it happened that the king picked out for this duty Rijutei.

Rijutei made no secret of his pleasure at the appointment. He went to Japan; in due time he sought out Mr. Tsuda; he got a Chinese Bible; he found a helpful teacher in one of the Japanese pastors; and finally he found Jesus Christ as his Saviour and Lord. It happened that a man of his nature could not be a Christian without being a prayer-meeting Christian and a hymn-writing Christian. So the fame of this remarkable Korean professor reached Mr. Loomis, the Bible Society Agent in Yokohama, who wanted just such a man. So it happened that soon Rijutei was giving all the time that he could spare from the university to translating the New Testament into Korean. The Gospel of Mark was printed in Ko-

rean in the year 1884, and also the China-Korean New Testament, and in the report of the Bible Society it is said that "it will now be possible to supply Korea with Scriptures as fast as the work requires."—*Sel.*



Live for God.

"It is no longer I that live, but Christ that liveth in me." So writes the Apostle. What a life this is—Christ living in you. His the ways, His the thought, His the action! This means simply life revolutionized, a new motive, a new vitalizing, energizing power. There is an end to selfishness, to self-seeking, to putting self forward to pushing into the place of prominence. The heart's desire is not to be seen but to serve.

Such a life tells. It is fruitful. Its results are hardly known here on earth. It is so often obscure. It is found in the homes of the poor and down trodden, the unfortunate, the sinful. But it gets a grip on men and holds them up till strength to stand comes into the weak knees, weak through self distrust, possibly, or lack of courage, or of brotherly sympathy.

Christ living in a man will induce many a line of action, strange to the world. It helps the one needing help, nor passes by on the other side. "In honor preferring one another," a phenomenon of conduct largely unknown in the Christian church, yet this is the Christ spirit.

How can it be brought about? you ask. The apostle answers again: "The life which I now live I live by the faith of the Son of God." A divinely inspired faith means a life or a plane above the human. This faith

sees that there is more in heaven than on earth. It lays hold on the things of God, as it is God-begotten.

"It sees the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh;
It laughs at impossibilities,
And cries it shall be done."

Such is the power of a God-given faith.

The world needs men who are living for God. Are you? If not, will you not begin at once to square your life as God wills it? You have the guidance of Scripture. Read and seek to know Him. Become acquainted with the Infinite One. Let His will be yours. You came into this life by confessing and forsaking sin, and by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, who will be to you, as to all, a Saviour, saving you from all sin.

Looking at Others.

It is not enough that you have laid aside your weights and your sins, and begun to run the race for eternal life. This is well. But you must attend to another thing.—You must be careful where you look. If you keep looking unto Jesus, your progress heavenward will be steady. If you get to looking at others, you will either stop running, or will run in a circle. There will be no advancement. By degrees, you will begin to slide back. It will not do to get your

attention upon others, so as to regulate your pace by theirs, no matter who they are.

If you look to the mass of professing Christians, you will find among them those who are kind in their disposition and amiable in their conduct. But they are in the world, as well as in the Church. They go to camp-meetings, where Jesus is honored; and they go to the Lodge, where Jesus is rejected. They make prayers, and they make money by means which the Bible condemns. They violate the plainest precepts of the Gospel; and they found seminaries to train up preachers of the Gospel. They give largely, and their praise is in all the churches.

If you get to looking at such cases, you will, no matter how clear your experience, become influenced by them. The first aim of the devil will be to make you "charitable,"—that is, to call darkness light, and evil good. Then you will begin to admire the munificence displayed, and to covet the praise bestowed. The next step will be to imitate, on a small scale, an example that excites general commendation. The Bible will cease to be your guide—to talk about being led by the Spirit, will appear to you as fanaticism. At the very best, you will soon be found "among those who have the form of godliness, but deny the power thereof."

If you look at those who are really trying to follow the Lord, fully, you will find imperfections that you did not expect.—There are spots on the sun. In some respects, they will not be as "strait" as you think they should be. You may attach very great importance to things not spoken of in the Word of God, to which they ap-

pear to attach but little. They may even allow what you unqualifiedly condemn.—They may have one mission to fulfill, and you another. Their light, on some points not clearly revealed in the Bible, may differ from yours. In the Body of Christ, you may be an eye—they may be a hand. The palm, hardened by toil, can stand that which would destroy the eye.

Some may not bear their share of the sacrifices of ease or of money needed to carry on the work of God. While you are toiling, they may be attending a religious service. They may appear to think more of "getting blessed" than they do of paying the preacher, or of building a church.

Now if you suffer yourself thus to look at any of your fellow-Christians with the eye of a critic or a judge, you will stumble. "Who art thou, that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth." Imitate what you see in others that is good—avoid what appears to be evil. If you do their work, you will get their reward. If you pay money which they ought to pay, they will be the losers. Yours will be an eternal gain. None of the old martyrs would allow a fellow-Christian to take his place in the dungeon, or at the stake. You ought to be equally careful not to allow another to do the work which God has given you the ability and the opportunity to perform.

Keep your eye on Christ. If the sacrifices you are called upon to make seem great, think of what your Saviour suffered. He endured the Cross, despising the shame, and He will give you grace to do likewise. If your labors appear arduous, get your eye fixed on Him who says, "Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is

with me to give to every man according as his work shall be. B. T. R.

In Memoriam.

REV. WM. JONES.

WM. JONES, minister of the Gospel for nearly fifty years, passed homeward from the home of Edwin and Virginia Sellew at Pooli, Pa. His was no ordinary life. He was converted at about forty years of age, became identified with the Free Methodist church at the time of its formation, and became one of the earliest members of the old Genesee conference in the early years of the decade of 1860-70. He continued in the active ministry until precluded by the advance of years.

They were known to me in boyhood, this devoted man of God, his wife and family. The acquaintance thus begun has continued on through life.

What a life of service his was. Not for money nor fame, but for the souls of men he labored, not sparing himself. East and West he preached Christ and His Gospel, not by word only but by a Godly life.

So ever given, not much provision could be made for old age, and sometimes they would look anxiously ahead. But when the time for retirement came Edwin Sellew who knew the denials and trials of an itinerant life, opened his home to the parents of his wife, and together they cared for these saints of God and saw them go rejoicing home. So God provided for them and the house was doubly blessed.

His services were not ended with his retirement, but personal efforts supplanted the pulpit utterances, and one and another was added to Christ.

On his daily walks, he had a friendly word for the passerby: this often led to farther acquaintance, and so the chain of influence begun.

He suffered much during the last weeks, but would exclaim:

Oh! what are all our sufferings here,
If Lord, thou count me meet;
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at thy feet.

Quickly and calmly he passed away, facing death as a man faces a friend. In his last moments he wiped his brow and replaced his handkerchief in his pocket calmly, as his breath grew fainter. The physician said, I never saw such a scene. The daughter said, for this he has been preparing many years.

They laid him to rest at Batavia. His old friends, Wm Manning and Edmond Eggleston, with others, were there to lay him to rest. Rev. Adam Kress officiated at Pooli. His words were with good effect. So our friends pass on. A noble company, "The glory and honor of the earth," says the Revelator.

CHAS. B. EBEL.

We cannot let the death of this brother pass without notice, for such men are too rare. He was of English stock, settled in Illinois, and affiliated at an early day with the Free Methodist church.

Of his services as editor and pastor, we need not speak.

He stood for certain principles as represented in the church of his choice; and by these principles he stood manfully and boldly. He had the courage of his convictions and dared to champion them. He was a friendly man, ready to do good. His death came suddenly, like a bolt from a clear sky without warning. What

a shock it was to all! He has gone to join the ranks of the faithful and the true. He ministered to many of love and sympathy, of truth and conviction, and many, through him, came to know Christ. Verily, such have their reward.

JOSEPHUS COLLINS.

He was a hearty, whole souled man, who loved God and his fellowman. He early became identified with the Free Methodist church, and was prominent as a layman in its meetings and conferences. He lived at Rose Valley, N. Y., where he was a pillar in the church. The preacher always found a welcome at his home. He loved a live meeting and lived a joyous, happy Christian life. He served the church well in his day. The latter years of his life were spent under a mental cloud, but his love to God was not clouded. He has gone to his reward.

His daughter, wife of the missionary secretary, Rev. Benj. Winget, cared for him during his last months. She, with his son Dr. Newton M. Collins, of Rochester, N. Y., survive him. Brother and Sister Collins ministered to many of their substance and of their hospitality.

A Few Days at Northfield.

The great privilege was granted me this summer of spending a few weeks at Northfield, Mass., and listening to many addresses, both from foreign missionaries and other celebrated Christian workers. The morning Bible lessons on the historical books of the Bible by the Rev. A. T. Pierson were good for the soul as well as light for the intellect.

He gave us an introductory talk, quoting Augustine's saying, "The New Testament is latent and potent in the Old."

He is not among those who lightly esteem the Old Testament. The whole Bible is to him God's inspired Word, and he told us that for the past fifty years he had spent more time reading it than he had in reading all other books put together. The greatest reverence toward God marks his manner, and you can but feel as you listen to him that he knows God intimately.

His general subject was "Old Testament Lessons for New Testament Learners."

The following subjects were taken up, day by day:

I. Introductory. The Historical Portion of the Old Testament. Its Ethical and Spiritual value. Its illustrative and typical meaning. Special Significance of the Second Division from Joshua to Solomon's Song.

II. Joshua: The Law of Occupation and Appropriation. Possession by Dispossession. Divine Promise and Human Compromise.

III. Judges: The Anarchy of self-will. Victory and defeat. Captivity and Deliverance. Success and Failure.

IV. Ruth: The Mystery of Redemption. Backsliding and Return. Forbidden Territory and Divine Judgment. The Typical Redeemer.

V. The Books of the Kingdom. The Mistake of Monarchy. Samuel and the Prophetic Succession. The three typical Reigns.

Circumstances prevented my remaining to hear the addresses on the other books, but what I did hear will be an eternal heritage of good.—A.P.C.

THE DELAY THIS MONTH is due to breakage of the engine.

We are sorry for the delay ; but our friends will help bear this our disappointment as well as theirs.

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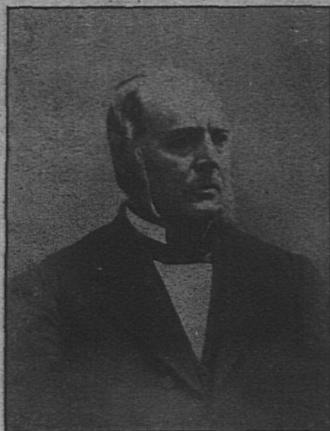
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