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Editorial

Fundamental Idea of Sainthood

Although as commonly used in Scripture the term saint includes the idea of moral purity, yet its true primary signification is that of separation to God. The holy things of the old covenant were things separated from all ordinary uses to be sacredly employed in divine service. The Sabbath was called holy, or sanctified, because it was set apart from all other days as a day to be kept sacred unto the Lord. The high priest's mitre bore the motto, "Holiness unto the Lord," as expressive of his separation from all secular pursuits unto the sacred functions of the priestly service.

This root meaning of the word has in it a deep and all-important lesson for us as to the method of obtaining purity of heart and cleanliness of life. *Separation unto God is the basis of all true holiness.* Consecration unto Him is the root from which will ever spring the white flower of moral purity. That we cannot make ourselves clean any more than the leopard can change his spots, or the Ethiopian his skin, is admitted; but it is also equally true that we can separate ourselves from the world, and yield ourselves fully to the will of God, and that in doing this, purity of heart and holiness of life will come.

This fundamental idea of holiness can scarcely be overestimated. All efforts to attain unto sanctification which do not begin with an intelligent, deliberate and total self-surrender to the will of God must ever be unavailing. In this sense every person is responsible for his own sanctification. "Sanctify [*i. e.*, separate] yourselves and be ye holy," was God's command to Israel; while the New Testament reiterates the same sentiment when it says, "Cleanse yourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." We are Christians only so far as, by faith in Christ's sacrifice and in conformity to His example, we give ourselves up to God in the absolute surrender of our wills and in the practical obedience of our lives.

Says Dr. McLaren, "We are not merely bound to this consecration if we are Christians, but we are not Christians unless we thus consecrate ourselves. Pleasing self, making my own will my law, and living for my own ends, is the destruction of all Christianity. Saints are not an eminent sort of Christians, but all Christians are saints, and he who is not a saint is not a Christian. The true consecration is the surrender of the will, which no man can do for us, which needs

no outward ceremonial; and the one motive which will lead us selfish and stubborn men to bow our necks to that gentle yoke, and to come out of the misery of pleasing self into the peace of serving God, is drawn from the great love of Him who devoted Himself to God and man, and bought us for His own by giving Himself utterly to be ours. All sanctity begins with consecration to God. All consecration rests upon the faith of Christ's sacrifice."

Saints, then, are separated, consecrated, purified, and are obedient followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. They are dead to the world. They live not unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them and rose again. They walk in the light as God is in the light and, in this walk of separateness and obedience, they have fellowship with God, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth them from all sin. The name by which they are called implies their separation unto God and is the sure prophecy of their final victory over all evil.

Moreover, this saintly character

and walk which we have been considering is just what every Christian is called to attain unto, and exemplify in this world. "For God hath not called us unto uncleanness, but unto holiness." We are "called to be saints"—"a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people; that ye should show forth the praises of Him who hath called you out of darkness into His marvelous light."

Beloved, let us honor this high and glorious calling. Let us maintain such a daily walk as will comport with the scriptural idea of the word saint, and as will prove us to be saints, not in name only, but in the experimental and practical sense in which the term is used in the Scriptures.

"I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God."

Masonic Plagiarism of a Christian Hymn

There are those who argue that Freemasonry must be a good institution inasmuch as the Bible is used in the services of the lodge, as are also some very excellent devotional hymns. The fact is, however, that when the Bible is used Masonically it is either such portions only as make no mention of Jesus Christ, or portions that have been so garbled as to leave His name out, and

as to exclude all reference to His person. Just so, when devotional hymns are used in the lodge they are either hymns that make no mention of Christ, or else hymns that have been garbled so as to make them acceptable to a Christless secret order.

An instance of the latter kind, involving a sort of wholesale plagiarism of a beautiful, and, as orig-

inally written, a decidedly Christian, hymn is given in a recent number of the *Armory*, under title of "A Masonic Hymn," which we herewith reproduce for the benefit of our readers:

It has been often asserted that Freemasonry is opposed to Christianity, and this assertion has been contradicted, and the counterclaim made that Masonry has many Christian ministers in its lodges who would not stay if the lodge's influence ran counter to their own practise and convictions.

Now some ministers have left Masonic lodges, while some remain, and assert that the lodges are doing more than the churches.

When the members of an organization are pledged to conceal everything unfavorable, it is sometimes possible to get a little indirect evidence as to the belief and tendencies of its membership.

In a book of "approved Masonic songs," published a good many years ago, we noted a side-light of this character. In this book the familiar hymn,

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,"

is printed in the six stanzas familiar to almost every Christian; but instead of being credited to the Rev. John Fawcett, who wrote it 136 years ago, it said that

the words are by a "Rev. Brother" Harris, presumably a Masonic clergyman. Surprised at this unexpected assumption of authorship, we examined the hymn as printed in this Masonic song-book to see if "Rev. Brother" Harris had made any change that might entitle him to claim it as his own. We found that he had. But the only change we discovered was that *he had cut out all mention of Christ*. The first stanza as revised by "Rev. Brother" Harris reads:

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in *virtuous* love."

And on the strength of this change, the hymn was attributed to the mutilator.

Such garbling and appropriating the literary production of another is brazen, indeed; and when done in the interest of converting a Christian into a deistical hymn for the use of a secret fraternity that will not tolerate the name of Christ in its ritual, it is doubly an affront to common honesty, even though done by a "Rev. Brother" whose lodge standing is unquestioned. This is one of the "side-lights" that show us how little the use of the Scriptures and of devotional hymns signifies in a Masonic lodge.

Appropriate God's Promises

"Exceeding great and precious" are the promises of God to His children; and yet how few, comparatively, have learned the happy art of appropriating them to their own necessities. In the earlier days of our national history a half-starved Indian called at a frontier farmer's residence begging for food. While the housewife was preparing something to satisfy his hunger the farmer noticed that the Indian

wore a peculiar article about his neck, and ventured to ask him what it was. The Indian then took from his neck what proved to be a well-worn, greasy pouch, from which, on opening it, he drew a soiled and faded paper and handed it to the farmer. On examining it closely the farmer found it to be a discharge from the American army, signed by George Washington, and entitling its owner to a pension for

life. Poor fellow! He was begging his way to the grave while wearing about his neck a document that might have made him comfortable all his days. He did not know and appropriate its value. So with

many in relation to God's promises. They do not appropriate them, and so are half-famished all their lives, spiritually. Beloved, appropriate God's promises. You will always find them invaluable assets.

Real and Nominal Christians

The true Christian is distinguished from the nominal Christian as a tree is distinguished from a telegraph pole, by possessing a principle of life. Born of God, he partakes and lives a spiritual life, utterly unknown to the mere professor of Christianity. This life will manifest itself, too, by hungering and thirsting for spiritual things, by feeding on the "sincere milk" and

"strong meat" of God's word, by delight in prayer and in the fellowship of saints, by activity in the service of God, and by "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." Christ is the alpha and the omega, the beginning and the end, of everything in the life of every Christian worthy of the name. How is it with *you*? Are you a real or only a nominal Christian?

The Spiritual Life

Symmetrical Holiness and Perfect Love

Rev. Clyde R. Ebey

Perfect love might almost be said to be symmetrical holiness, for the blood that cleanseth from all sin removes from the heart the sediment of hatred, envy, malice, jealousy, and bitterness, and the blessed Holy Spirit who fills the purified soul is essentially the Spirit of Love. "God is love" (1 John 4: 8). "The love of the Spirit" (Rom. 15: 30). "The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost" (Rom. 5: 5). "Perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment" (1 John 4: 18).

Notice, in passing, four of the characteristics of this experience suggested in 1 John 4: 16-18: 1. An

indwelling in Christ: "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." 2. Conformity to Christ: "As He is, so are we in this world." 3. Boldness in Christ: "Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment." 4. Assurance in Christ: "And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us."

"The chief of sinners," who became the chief of the apostles, describes the superiority and qualities of this glorious grace in the psalm of love recorded in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. Referring to the preëminence of love

over the two other abiding graces, Farrar beautifully says:

"But the greatest of these—the greatest because it is the root of the other two; the greatest because they are for ourselves, but love is for others; the greatest because neither in faith or hope is the entire and present fruition of heaven, but only in the transcendent and illimitable blessedness of faith that worketh by love; the greatest because faith and hope are human, but love is essentially divine—the greatest of these, is love."

In the chapter referred to the word translated "charity" in the Authorized Version is rendered "love" in the Revised Version. The late Rev. B. T. Roberts once said that charity is "love in action." Notice some of its "actions" as enumerated by Paul:

"Charity suffereth long, and is kind." At the beginning, during the suffering, when the pressure is removed, all the way through, love is kind. One of our ministers was afflicted with an unsaved, unsympathetic wife. Yet the serenity of his soul was undisturbed by the petty annoyances with which she filled his days. One day he brought home to lunch with him a brother minister. According to her custom when displeased, she became angry. She hunted up some scraps of old bread and some cold salt pork and announced lunch. The visiting minister realized the situation, and after the cheerless meal was ended and they had returned to the parlor, remarked, "I don't see how you stand it, to live with such a woman." The afflicted minister re-

plied with quiet, sweet victory, "I don't see how she can stand it to live with me."

"Charity envieth not." It has been said that it is easy for a man to recognize the good qualities of his confessed inferior; but when the one lower in position or popularity reaches his level and then surpasses him in the esteem of his fellows, well is he grounded in love if he feels no spirit of envy. It takes the white grace of perfect love to preserve from the gnawing cancer of green envy.

So the apostle continues the description: Charity "is not puffed up"—does not see self through a magnifying glass of great power; "seeketh not her own"—allows itself to be imposed upon at times, for Jesus' sake, for the elect's sake; "thinketh no evil"—much less speaketh it; "rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth"—is the most severe, uncompromising principle in existence; "beareth all things"—not exploiteth evil; "believeth all things"—puts the best constructions on others' actions; "hopeth all things"—hopes for extenuating circumstances when none appear upon the surface; "endureth all things"—when evidence of evil intention is conclusive; and when, according to the ethics of this world, patience ceases to be a virtue, "charity never faileth."

Oh, to know the love of Christ that passeth knowledge! Natural love fails and breaks but never this divinely imparted love. It must be an exotic transplanted from the heavenly kingdom, watered continually from the glad streams of glory,

bearing all the graces of the Spirit as the tree in the midst of the Paradise of God yields her fruit perennially through the ages.

The fabled Midas turned everything to gold his fingers touched. This love is the touch of gold. The hard, the ordinary, the commonplace, the drudgery, the thankless

task, the unpaid toil, the rough places of duty—all these are transformed and transfigured by the golden touch of divine love, and thus the weary tedium of the days, the desert march of dreary days, become the very days of heaven upon earth, the very garden of God.

Alameda, California.

Periodicity

Rev. A. D. Zahniser

Growth is an essential law of normal life. When this condition ceases, decomposition and death assert their sway.

The great universe presents a series of constantly moving pictures, ever going forward, forming a system of fixed forces, gradually and surely working to certain great ends—to the accomplishment of an eternal purpose.

When the end is viewed, there is a manifest tendency to lose sight of the well-rounded processes interlinking each other to reach the consummation.

God's universal plan in working out His eternal purpose is one of *periodicity*. He who would properly comprehend the completed whole must apprehend each minute period comprising the same. Human existence is divided into periods distinct but not separate, each subsequent one dependent upon the one preceding it, measurably increasing its possibilities, and marring or detracting from its prospects, as well as that of the consummated plan.

Every living creature must have a beginning before it can have a

history. The biographer first relates the fact and circumstances of the nativity and childhood of his subject.

It is now quite generally conceded by those most capable of judging that the legal school age should be seven years. Resolutions recommending this are being passed by state and county institutes, and recommended by prominent educators everywhere. Thus a mile-stone is reached, marking the end of what may be termed the physical period, in which the chief attention should be given to the development of the child's physical powers and nerve forces, laying a proper foundation for the future construction of the human superstructure. Many useful lessons are learned in this lapse of time, but all should be gained without mental effort or strain.

At the dawn of the seventh year the child reaches a new epoch, termed the mind-training period. Still retaining proper regard for physical development the chief attention should now be given to mind-training for a period of two sevens, or fourteen years. The brain should now begin active la-

bor. The importance of this period is seldom properly appreciated, and could scarcely be exaggerated. By close and constant application the bright student could in this time lay an excellent foundation for future usefulness, and be ready at his majority to enter his life's work well equipped for its duties and responsibilities.

Nature's plan provides thus a period of seven years in which to develop physical existence and nerve force as a basis for future mental training or mind and brain culture for fourteen years, after which, according to the scriptural allotment of human existence, there remain forty-nine years for active and useful service.

While the New Testament presents no mile-stones marking specified periods of time, yet nature's laws were made by God, and may be traced from the natural to the spiritual realm. Nature is an image of grace. "The things that are seen" are images of "the things that are not seen." In the spiritual kingdom, as in the natural, the first and all-important fact is that of a spiritual life or existence. "He that hath not the Son hath not life." All of nature's children who knock at the door of Christ's Kingdom are confronted with the imperative command, "Ye must be born again." Without this it is emphatically stated, "Ye can not see the Kingdom of God." "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

It is therefore certain that there can be no spiritual history or build-

ing of Christian character unless there first be a spiritual birth. After this follows the period of childhood, in which the chief concern should be the establishment of spiritual life and moral force. In laying a foundation for the future building of Christian character, nursing and nourishment are necessary. "The sincere milk of the Word," must be the daily diet.

It is of vast importance, and will be of lasting value, to properly and permanently settle the things belonging to this period while passing through it. The tender and enlightened conscience, brought back to its normal condition, directed by the Holy Spirit and the written Word, will take cognizance of minute personal details, such as triumphing over depraved and unnatural appetites, discarding worldly attire, separating from sinful companions, breaking secret alliances, etc. Also the matter of church relation, the mode and manner of baptism, proper observance of the Sabbath, and the like, all of which should be matters of deeply rooted personal convictions.

How many, alas, spend a whole lifetime quibbling over these questions that belong to and should be for ever settled in Christian childhood. How many, on the other hand, having settled these, stop here, laying the greatest stress on some one or all of these externals, instead of going forward to further development.

Hence the necessity of heeding the apostle's injunction, "Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto

perfection; not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God, of the doctrine of baptisms and of laying on of hands, and of resurrection of the dead, and of eternal judgment." According to Dr. Adam Clarke, the "perfection" here spoken of is not that Christian perfection attained subsequent to regeneration, instantaneously wrought by the power of the Holy Ghost through the blood of Christ, destroying depravity, which may be experienced very early in Christian life. The original words, "Let us go on unto perfection," are capable of either of two senses: (1) Quitting the mere initial stage of pupilage, [do ye] advance forward to a more mature state of instruction and knowledge; or, (2) Omitting not to insist upon the first elements of Christian doctrines, let us proceed [bear ourselves forward] to the more difficult problems of religion. Both senses are worthy of the occasion, and each has been accepted and sustained by the best authors.

The true import of this exhortation was meant to impress the Hebrew Christians (and all others in the same state of experience), that the things cited belong to the preliminaries of Bible salvation, forming a foundation and framework for future development and growth, which is the all-important privilege and duty of every possessor of spiritual life.

Here the normal Christian should graduate from a well established spiritual life into the greater period of soul-growth in all of the graces of the Spirit. The greatest concern

is no longer, "How may I adjust myself to the new environment?" but, "How may I grow in grace and knowledge of my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ?" Thus in the strength and vigor of youth, the Christian goes forward to a careful perusal of God's Word, to secret and private prayer and meditation, constant and punctual attendance upon the means of grace, frequent and searching seasons of self-examination, practising daily self-denial, cheerfully, faithfully, and promptly, meeting all the duties of every-day life. With an established spiritual life, a well-founded framework of scriptural doctrine and theory, strong and pronounced personal convictions ground into the very fiber of the inner life, governing all matters of duty, both private and public, coupled with a broad Christian charity and baptized with the Holy Ghost, the soul may be said to have reached its majority, or spiritual manhood, and in vigor of moral strength the well-equipped Christian enters in earnest the activities of earth's battle-field. He has not hitherto been inactive, neither do development and growth cease; but with the present equipment a successful warfare may be waged and the spiritual powers be strengthened by its use.

The danger confronting the more mature Christian is that of becoming so occupied and absorbed in coping with difficult problems of the plan of salvation, and combating the enemy's heavy artillery, as to abandon as unworthy of consideration the convictions of spiritual childhood; and fail to exercise

proper influence over those passing through the primary experiences, and so wound their weak conscience and detract from the simplicity so necessary to the advanced state.

While these periods can not be marked by a specified time, as those of natural human existence, they are equally as significant and pronounced, and as successively follow one upon another, each subsequent one being dependent on the one preceding it.

The healthy Christian church contains "the new born babe," "little children," "young men," and the "strong men," or those of full age, all of which comprise the happy earthly family of our Heavenly Father.

All of these periods stand necessarily and responsibly related to the others. As in nature, so in grace. Hence the imperative necessity of of the new birth, coupled with the importance of properly settling those things belonging to that period, and passing onward to spiritual youth, still insisting upon the importance of early convictions, passing through forms and doctrines, not discarding them, and go-

ing forward to the full development of Christian character and experience, and to a knowledge of things divine, into moral manhood, entering God's earthly battle-field with the conquering Christ in the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Oh, what a combination of symmetry, strength and force for Christian activity.

Retaining the simplicity of childhood beautifully blending with the strength of manhood and coupled with the wisdom of age, what a spiritual aspect! What a glorious manifestation of God's finished product of the plan of redemption on earth! Such were Enoch, Elijah, Joshua, John the beloved and Paul the aged. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." Such glorious possibilities and prospects are held out to every student in Christ's school.

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet 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."

Blairsville, Pennsylvania.

Lukewarmness

Mrs. Sarah A. Cooke

Banished to the Isle of Patmos for the word of God and for the testimony of Jesus Christ, the beloved disciple tells us he "was in the Spirit on the Lord's day," when, in all His glorious majesty, the Lord appeared unto Him. He says, "I fell at His feet as dead."

"Fear not," were the assuring

words of his Lord: "I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore."

Then began those wonderful revelations extending all through time, when the one catholic Church, His Bride, should enter with Him into glory. And now He gives to His servant John a message to each of the

seven churches in Asia; and may not every church in every age and in every place find her duplicate in one of these churches?

Often brought into the work of the Lord among the Roman Catholics, and trying to open their eyes to the fallacy so strenuously believed among them, that theirs is the only true church, I refer to these messages. The Roman church *then* in existence (for the epistle of Romans was written by Paul to the church at Rome), was less important than these seven churches.

Oh, how searching those messages spoken by Him "whose eyes are as a flame of fire"! The state of the Church was so varying, and yet, the closing message to each about the same: "To him that overcometh." And so to every individual member of every church God has called and separated to Himself. The Methodists, their battle-cry the hymn sung everywhere, written by Charles Wesley, suggested by the consecration of the priests to their sacred office, was:

"A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save
And fit it for the sky.
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will."

Especially of late have my thoughts been drawn to the message to the church at Laodicea. This church was accused of no outward sin, no departure from "the faith once delivered to the saints"; but outward deportment may be blameless in the eyes of the world,

attracting far less reproach than in earlier days when the zeal of the Lord's house was so all-consuming that the reproaches fell heavily upon her of those amongst whom she dwelt and who were at ease in Zion. What self-sacrifice and self-denial marked the early course of our Free Methodist church! Yea, Christ was "all and in all." The terms of discipleship, as they fell from the lips of our Lord, are almost forgotten: "If any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself, take up his cross daily, and follow Me."

How memory goes back to that first camp-meeting at St. Charles! The group of sainted women there, who, all but one, have joined the Church of the redeemed. It was not characteristic of these professors to go to the camp-meeting to enjoy themselves, but to labor for the salvation of other souls. Brother Ebey, speaking of the self-denial of one in our church (Sister Rosmeranse), said, "She will be so far ahead of most of us, I do not know whether we shall ever see her." Through her incessant efforts, the church at Fifty-first street was formed, with very limited means. Working with her own hands for the daily bread, she would take her tent to Saint Charles, always filled, and as she would care for all the needs of all, would rarely get to the public services.

Our beloved Sister Dudman, still with us, our early class-leader, born in England, converted at thirteen, and three years later going through the mighty revival in Huddersfield, under the labors of James Caughey, which gave a tone to her whole life

of intense devotion to the cause of of God. When first meeting with our people she at once recognized her oneness in spirit with them, and the language of her heart was, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God." In labors more abundant, with a home, two children, and often boarders and visitors, in fine and foul weather, always at the public services, besides having two meetings a week in her own home, Sunday and Thursday afternoons; and her daughter tells how always family worship commenced before the meal was through, so that every one might be present.

Our first Free Methodist church in Illinois was raised by Brother Julius Buss, a man fervent in spirit. How his prayers would bring heaven and earth together! He was a preacher, class-leader, steward, janitor. One Saturday when he had prepared the building on Morgan street for the services of the Sabbath, and had filled the lamps and lighted them to see that they were all in order, he was himself enveloped with the light of the "Sun of Righteousness," a baptism of fire.

"In all ages of the Church," the holy William Bramwell said, "the devil has used the outward glory to dim the heavenly;" and William Taylor adds his testimony, "Then began the Church to lose its first power when it began to build fine church buildings." All along the line, it is "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life are not of the Father, but of the world, with

its deadening influence all around us.

One of God's fire-baptized preachers of early Methodism would say, "Dread lukewarmness just as you would dread hell fire, and as soon as you feel the least of it creeping over you, cry mightily to God for deliverance, and find out the cause, and flee from it."

Have we not as a church declined from the practise and rules of its leader? What self-sacrifice, what apostolic zeal in Wesley! No preacher, he thought, could keep spiritually alive without preaching five or six times a week. If he had not appointments, he was to make them. The public services always commenced on Sunday morning at six o'clock, holding with little intermission all through the day, and many a day set apart as a day of fasting and prayer. Wesley generally noted in his journal that the Lord graciously drew near and revived His work following these special days of humiliation.

"There is none," said the early prophet, "that stirreth up himself to take hold of God." The lethargy and lukewarmness are so strong upon the churches that our class-meetings are slimly attended; the testimonies oftentimes have so lost their heavenly ring and glory, and many of our sisters are so conformed in dress to the world that you would not recognize them as "saints of the most high God." The glory has departed. How truthfully could they exclaim,

"Where is the blessedness I knew;
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-reviving view
Of Jesus and His Word?"

When the church at Jerusalem was so scattered by the persecution that only the apostles remained (to raise up another church) an historian writes, "Every family became a nucleus for a church." St. Luke says, "They went everywhere preaching the Word."

To the Ephesian church the Lord said, "Remember therefore from whence thou art fallen," and "repent, and do thy first works, else I will come unto thee quickly and will remove thy candlestick out of his place, except thou repent." I be-

lieve this would be the Lord's message to our own church to-day. When we lose our power and glory, we have nothing to attract—no fine chorus and operatic singing to draw the crowds; but surely as it was noised abroad on the day of Pentecost, when the Spirit was poured out and the people gathered, so will they be drawn to our meetings, and the saved of the Lord be many; and our Zion will again be "fair as the sun, clear as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners."

Chicago, Illinois.

What the Filling of the Spirit Will Do For Us

It will give us victory over sin. There are two ways of fighting sin. One is the direct way of struggling with the evil itself, and seeking to overcome it by self-suppression and will-power, or by self-mortification and self-denial. The other is to meet sin with God, and overcome it through the expulsive power of the new life—through the filling of the Holy Spirit. The two may be represented by a man trying to carry his boat along the channel of a shallow stream, where he is striking every few minutes against the snags which crop up from the bottom of the river. There are two ways for him to succeed. One would

be to try himself to remove the snags from the river-bed, and deepen the channel. The other would be, if possible, to flood and clear the channel, and deepen the water until it carried his boat through a full and unobstructed channel. Surely the latter is the simpler and easier way. And this is God's way of sanctification. He simply encourages us to abandon our old fallen human nature by handing it over to Him as a worthless, helpless thing, only fitted to be swept away by the flood-tides of His own divine life, which he pours into us. (Reader, be assured that God's way is best.)—*Sunday School Times.*

Sanctification a Cure for Fanaticism

In proportion as the heart becomes sanctified, there is a diminished tendency to enthusiasm and fanaticism. And this is undoubtedly one of the leading tests of sanctification. One of the marks of an enthusiastic and fanatical state of

mind, is a fiery and unrestrained impetuosity of feeling; a rushing on, sometimes very blindly, as if the world were in danger, or as if the great Creator were not at the helm. It is not only feeling without a good degree of judgment, but, what is the

corrupting and fatal trait, it is feeling without a due degree of confidence in God. True holiness reflects the image of God in this respect as well as in others, that it is calm, thoughtful, deliberate, immu-

table. And how can it be otherwise, since, rejecting its own wisdom and strength, it incorporates into itself the wisdom and strength of the Almighty?—*Thomas C. Upham, in The Interior Life.*

Christian Work

Redeem the Time

By the Editor

Swiftly do the moments fly,
Hours and days go fleeting by;
Soon life's labor will be done,
Soon the end of life be come.

Time speeds on with tireless flight,
Day departs and comes the night.
Weeks, and months, and seasons roll,
With man's record on the scroll.

Opportunities soon pass
From mankind of every class;
Pass fore'er beyond recall—
Once within the grasp of all.

Then redeem the time, O man!
Since thy life is but a span
On which hangs thy destiny,
Live as for eternity.

Hasten at the cross to find
Pardon sweet and peace of mind,
Christian love and purity,
By the Son himself made free.

And while lingers yet the sun,
Duty's path be swiftly run;
Then as cometh on the night,
Evening time shall bring thee light.

Preaching and Prayer

Several years ago we had a young man come to visit us who had been, in days gone by, a member of our church. He was a splendid young fellow, though a very poor boy. He had been away to school; he had passed two years in one of our theological seminaries, and had been for two years doing evangelistic work in the mountain section of one of our southern states. He came home to visit his people, the first time for years. I had never seen him myself, though all his family were members of my church, and the very best people, in many respects, that I ever saw, though they were very, very poor. I learned that he was in

town, and I went over to visit him at his mother's home.

As I was leaving I said to him, "I want you to preach for us Sunday morning."

"Oh," he said, "I could not think of such a thing! It would scare me to death."

I said, "No, it would not."

He said, "You don't know me; you are just asking me because I am a visiting minister."

"No," I said, "I don't ask visiting ministers generally. I am asking you because I feel that you have a message for our church."

"No," he said, "I am afraid I have not."

"Well," I said, "I am asking you because I want your mother to hear you preach in our church."

The tears began to roll down his cheeks and he said, "That is one reason why I can't preach."

I said, "You must preach."

"No," he said, "I can't preach Sunday morning, but I will preach Sunday night if you want me to."

You know there is a kind of feeling amongst preachers that Sunday night is a service when you can just throw out anything, but you have got to be careful what you talk about Sunday morning, for all the old corpses in town are generally rolled out to be funeralized at eleven o'clock, and a funeral is a very serious and delicate service, and you have to render it with great care, so it takes a careful preacher to do that. Sunday night, however, is a kind of rollicking time.

He said, "I will take Sunday night."

"No, you won't," I said, "I am going to take Sunday night myself. You can have Sunday morning."

He said, "I will let you know tomorrow, but I think if the papers were to announce that I was to preach Sunday morning at your church about half of your deacons would go elsewhere to church."

I said, "I don't doubt it." And I didn't, for my deacons were just like other folk's deacons.

The next morning he came to me and said, "If you won't put it in the papers that I am going to preach I will try to do the best I can."

I said, "I won't. I will have nothing said about it at all."

On Sunday morning, when I went

to church, I met one of my deacons coming out as I was going in. "Look here," he said, "is it possible that So-and-so is going to preach for us this morning?"

"Yes," I said, "I suppose it is possible."

Then he said, "I am going to visit around this morning."

† I said: "All right, go ahead. I hope you will learn something while you are going around."

Just then another deacon came up. He said to the other deacon, "Hold on there, I am going to join you." He said it so that I would hear it.

I said, "Where are you going?"

"Oh," he said, "I am going visiting around this morning."

I said, "Good-by."

He said, "You look as if you didn't care."

"Care! Of course I don't care, if there is any chance of doing you fellows any good."

And they went on. They had not gone very far before they came back. I suppose something got to work down in their consciences. [It should have been so, most assuredly.—Ed.]

After a while the young man who was to preach arrived and went into my study. I was out arranging for the service, and did not know that he was in there. I went back just before eleven o'clock, to see if he had come, and I found him, dear fellow, lying flat on his face, crying like a baby. Well, it broke my heart all to pieces, and I just locked the door behind me, and got down by his side, put my arm around his neck, and there we lay, flat on the floor, crying, both of us, like babies. After

a while I got up, and I said, "What is the matter with you?"

He said, "What is the matter with you?"

I said, "The matter with me is the matter with you."

"Well," he said, "as I came in at the door, I heard one of the deacons of the church, a man who used to be my Sunday school teacher, say, 'Isn't it a shame that this whole hour is to be wasted?' and it seemed as if it would break my heart. The man that taught me in Sunday school here for four or five years, to talk that way about me! I know I can not preach, but to think that he would talk like that just finished me; and I came in and asked God to give me some sort of a message that would keep me from wasting the hour."

I went out; he went with me, on to the platform. Very few of the people had heard about it, and when they saw him sit down, I could see that they were wondering what little insignificant part of that service I was going to dare give him. After a while I stood up and said: Brethren and sisters, one of our boys has just come home for the first time in four years, who has been greatly blessed in the mountains of his state, leading souls to Christ, and the representative of one of the best families in this church." (And there sat his mother—bless her old heart!—already weeping, and by her side two or three of his sisters.) And I said: "I have asked him to preach this morning, and I want you to pray for him while he tries to preach. He feels very much the need of your prayers." And then I could

see a kind of a scowl and a frown come over the faces of the old saints. Saints! People who thought that eleven o'clock was so sacred that not a minute should be wasted! They never thought of how they were grieving the Spirit of God by their lack of fellowship and sympathy.

And then he got up, opened his Bible at this first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and read that one verse: "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto Me," and so on. He laid it down, walked out from the desk, looked the people in the face, and for a moment his lips quivered and his eyes rained tears. And then, after choking two or three times, he said:

"It is a hard task for me to preach to you. Here is my Sunday school teacher; he taught me for four years. He knows I don't know much; he knows I am nothing but a blundering, stupid boy. If he were not here, I think I could do better. Here is my mother and she knows my imperfect life; and these sisters of mine know my impatience, but I am going to tell you what God has been to me."

And then he told the story of how, after he was converted, after he had been licensed to preach, after his ordination, he came to see his need of receiving the Holy Ghost, and how immediately after he had opened his heart, and had received the enduing power of the Spirit, he went to the mountains, and how God saved the mountain men and women by hundreds in those two years.

I never saw such an effect on an audience. I never saw men so swept and swayed as they were that day. There was scarcely a dry eye in the house. The old Sunday school teacher was just bowed with his head in his hands. And then he said: "It may be that there are some of my former mates here who are not saved. I want to see you come to Christ. I see one dear fellow that I used to play with; I do not know if he is a Christian"; and he called him out, and said, "Won't you come to Jesus this morning?"

And he said, "I will." Fourteen young men and a few young women, some six or seven, that morning, at eleven o'clock, at a time when nobody is ever expected to come to Christ, all came walking down the aisle, took that young fellow by the hand, and accepted Jesus Christ as their Savior.

So soon as the benediction was pronounced, that old deacon, the one that had talked about "the wasting of the hour!" sprang to his feet, rushed up to me, and said, "Pastor, pastor, where did he get that sermon?"

I said: "Deacon, he got that sermon where you ought to get more religion. He got it down yonder in that little room, lying flat on his face before God, in prayer that God would help him withstand your criticism: that is where he got it, deacon."

My brethren, if we would have a reproduction of that kind of God-dependence on the part of us preachers when we go back to our people, it would not take long for us to find America in the sweep of a great cyclonic revival. God help us that it may be so!—*Record of Christian Work.*

The Deputy's Tear

For twenty years I was the chaplain of a state penitentiary. Many hard cases came before my eyes, but none harder than that of "Billy," as he was called. Years passed away. One day I was waiting in a railway station, when a spry and cheerful-looking man came in, satchel in hand, moving with that alert and resolute gait that bespoke a man of comfortable and well-to-do position in life. When he saw me he came forward, looking inquiringly in my face, and said, "Dr. B——, I believe."

"Yes, but I don't recall you."

"Why, don't you remember 'Billy,' up there?"

This was an euphemism by which the convict hid the past. An expressive gesture gave emphasis to his words. His face and story came fresh to mind, and I asked what had wrought the change. He said that he had married, was in successful business, and, better than all, a happy Christian. When questioned further, he said:

"You remember the deputy, how I used to trouble him? Well, I acted so badly one time that he said he must lock me up in solitary confinement. He marched me off to the dark cell. As he walked along he said 'Billy, I hate to lock you up there.' It seemed but a casual re-

mark, and had little effect on me. As he unlocked the cell he repeated it still more earnestly. 'I hate to lock you in here, for I believe there is yet a man in you!' As I turned to look at him a tear coursed down the deputy's cheek that told the depth of his feeling. It touched my soul. All night long I paced the floor of that narrow cell; saw, as it were, shapes of darkness about me, and heard still ringing in my ear, 'I believe there is yet a man in you.' When the morning broke, it found me on my knees praying, 'O God, if there be a man in me,

help me to bring it out!' God heard that prayer, and set me free from sin."

Thus was "Billy" brought to himself and to his Savior. The deputy had spoken just the right word, in the right way, and at the right time. But the silent influence of that tear of yearning sympathy, of Christ-like love for the lost, won a heart that had long been steeled against everything good. He went forth weeping, but came again rejoicing, for he had saved a soul from death, and hid a multitude of sins.—*Parish Visitor.*

A Prayer

William DeWitt Hyde

Father, help me to hear Thy high and holy call in every homely duty and every humble task; in the drudgery of housekeeping; in the dreariness of accounts; in the difficulty of study; in the hardness of toil; in the competition of trade; in the claims of society; in the fight with appetite; in the struggle with poverty; in the management of wealth; in the love of friends; in courtesy to foes. In all the common experiences of life help me to see Thy love going before me to point out the way my love must take; help me to feel Thy strength within me making hard things easy, and translating the otherwise impossible into accomplished fact.

Doing all things as Thou wouldst have me do them, bearing all things as Thou wouldst have me bear them, may I find Thee where Thou alone canst be found—in Thy world, Lord of its life, Solver of its problems, Savior from its sin.

Teach me, then, to take eagerly, as from a father's hand, every healthy human interest, every normal social pleasure, every wholesome practical pursuit; that in the beautiful world where Thou hast placed me, and the interesting work thou givest me to do, I may ever see the face of the Father, and live the life of a child.—*From "Abba, Father; or, The Religion of Every-day Life."*

Lift Up

Phillips Brooks says, "The religion of Christ comes to us, not as a luxury, but as a force." It is a force whereby we may help one another

and lift up our fellow men. The gospel bestows on us a blessing, not for our selfish enjoyment, but that we may become a blessing to others.

"None of us liveth to himself." "Support the weak." "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves." "Bear ye one another's burdens."

All this seems clear enough, and yet how many do we see who are self-centered, self-seeking. They try to get all they can and keep all they get. Sons and daughters lean on their parents for support and strength long after they ought to be self-supporting and helpful to others. Men and women feel about them to find a strong hand to help them instead of reaching out a helping hand to the weak. Young men are looking for what they call "a pull," or "a snap," instead of looking for an opportunity to lift up

those who are bowed down. Ella Wheeler Wilcox puts it in this way:

"No; the two kinds of people on earth,
I mean,
Are the people who lift and the people
who lean.

Wherever you go you will find the world's
masses

Are always divided into just these two
classes.

And oddly enough you will find too, I
ween,

There is only one lifter to twenty who
lean."

It is easy to believe that if all Christian people would begin to lift, not only their own burdens, but the burdens of others also, they would soon find their burdens disappearing and the world being transformed into a paradise.—*The Christian Advocate*.

The Word of God

Letter to the Church at Thyatira

Rev. William Gould

No. 3

The Jezebel of the Thyatiran church called herself a prophetess. In the system of error previously alluded to, the prophetic power is claimed for and limited to the priesthood, with a so-called infallible Pope at their head.

Teaching and seduction "to fornication" is charged in this letter. Whether taken literally or symbolically, the charge will lie against that system. The forbidding of the marriage of a large portion of both sexes of its members, in violation of the law of God as clearly revealed in the Scriptures and im-

planted in human nature, has been a most fruitful source of the very sin condemned, and which has been most fearfully fostered by the use of the confessional.

The "eating of things offered to idols" is further charged. This practise, forbidden in the apostolic age, had nevertheless been indulged, more or less, until the time under consideration; when by the mixture of Christian and pagan rites, great laxity of thought and looseness of practise were permitted and indulged in the banqueting and revelling of persons who were for-

merly pagans, but now claimed conversion to Christianity.

"I gave her space to repent," etc. For considerably more than one thousand years this space has lasted, in which warning after warning of coming doom has been given; but there has been no repentance thus far. Her "children" are mentioned. There has been quite a brood of them. Her pernicious teaching has been accepted, and her abominable practises have been imitated outside of the harlot mother's communion. Perverted female influence is a leaven that has penetrated and is still spreading throughout nearly the whole of Christendom. Spiritual fornication and fellowship with idol worship can be found wherever there is any mixing up of the Church with the world.

Suffer a few very plain words at this point. Looking into nearly all the leading churches of our times, feminine influence is seen to be powerfully working, and more so than in any previous age. Glorious in its results when rightly exerted. All honor to the saintly women who have been in the past and still are lovingly, unselfishly, wisely, perseveringly and nobly seeking, by the use of God-ordained and scriptural methods, to promote the purity and progress of the Church of God. But we ought not to be blind to the fact that female influence is largely chargeable with the introduction and propagation of the worldly spirit that is entering into and crippling the work of almost all denominations, pervading the social life and work of the

church in all its ramifications, not excepting the governmental departments. Is it not chargeable with the utter disregard of the injunctions of the Word of God concerning conformity to the world and separation therefrom? Are not the churches theaters for the display of the latest fashions in dress? Are not many of the lady members in the God-forbidden practise of adorning themselves with "gold and pearls and costly array"?

Who is responsible for the introduction and practise of unscriptural methods of raising money for church purposes? Do not the sisters lead in getting up the church fairs, festivals, bazaars, suppers, *et cetera*? Are they not the priestesses who minister at these altars of worldliness, where, under church sanction, incense is offered to the amusement and fun-loving spirit of the age? Surely Jezebel is often present at these sacrifices, dressed in the highest styles of fashion. This is most evident where, for the sake of getting money from the pockets of those who will not give from love to God or for His cause, are introduced gambling devices, and the permission of familiarities with these priestesses which border closely on immorality. Is not that perverted influence traceable, horribly so, in the wide-spread distaste for holy motherhood, so productive of the notorious "race suicide" of our times? And this practise is by no means confined to the outside world. Has not the influence in question broken over the barriers of Scripture teaching concerning

bearing rule in the church of God? Are not our governing bodies often pervaded thereby? And, alas! does it not invade the pulpit? Do all the ministers of our day dare to oppose it? Do we not know that in many of our largest churches, plain, scriptural preaching on the practises we have been alluding to brings a swarm of queen bees about the preacher's ears that would quickly drive him out of the pulpit?

These are the days spoken of in the Word, when the people have "itching ears," and choose pastors who will preach smooth things. Dearly beloved brethren in the ministry, let us beware of the witchery of the modern Jezebel of worldliness, which, though sometimes assuming new guises, is inwardly what she has always been, a *harlot*, lest we share the torments "of tribulation" of which the Thyatiran letter speaks.

5. There remains a wondrously bright side of this letter to be considered — *the reward of the overcomers*. It is all the more glorious from its contrast to the dark picture we have been looking on. In this epistle, as in the others, the return of our glorious Lord is set forth. "He cometh." How, and for what? Let Jude answer (verse No. 14): "Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousand of His saints, to execute judgment upon all; * * * that are ungodly among them," *et cetera*. Read context.

See the "coming" minutely described in Revelation 19:11-21. Gaze first on the bed of torment into which Jezebel, the scarlet-robed woman, and all her paramours will

have been previously cast, as revealed in the preceding chapter. Then view the utter routing of all the allied forces gathered to oppose the Son of God, the Rider on the white horse. Behold the flashing of the sword, coming out of the same mouth that spake the creating word by which all things in heaven and earth were made, but which now thunders again as it did on Sinai. Look on the white-robed saints of "the first resurrection," who have been previously "caught up to meet the Lord in the air," yea, into heaven itself, where the marriage of the Lamb will have been celebrated, as revealed in verses 1-10.

The overcomers of these letters are superbly mounted, like their Leader, and returning with Him to share in the glorious reign that will then be inaugurated, the reign glowingly predicted by the prophets of the Old Testament; that Christ Himself foretold while on earth in His humiliation; that the apostles understood rightly after the day of Pentecost and of which they subsequently spoke and wrote with clearness. These overcomers now bear "the rod" [scepter], the emblem of authority. They will not bear it in vain. Everything remaining on the earth that would oppose our Lord, the now fully manifested King of kings, will be dashed to pieces. Then will be fulfilled the transcendently glorious prediction of Daniel 7: 13-18, which read, and from which we learn that the overcomers will be associated with Christ in His reign on earth.

6. "And to them shall be given the Morning Star." Christ is that

Star. Hear Him. "I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star." Baalam saw His rise. Isaiah saw His light. He beheld the kings of the nations of the whole earth coming to it, during the millennial period, even to the "brightness of His rising." The "wise men of the east" were guided by its emblem to the birthplace of the new-born King. His light was dimmed for a while, but now it shines with all the glory of heaven concentrated in it. The overcomers have Him now fully given to them. They had previously imbibed His

spirit, and had partaken of His nature sufficiently to be renewed after His image "in righteousness" and "filled with all the fulness of God." They have resurrection bodies. They are "like Him," and "see Him as He is." The sight does not overcome them, as it did John when he first looked on the glorified body of his Master. They are married to Him, and are become "bone of His bone and flesh of His flesh." He is their Beloved, and they are His. They will possess Him, and all that He is, for ever and ever, amen.

Phillipsburg, New Jersey.

The Skeptic's Fate

The skeptic sat at his escritoire,
Attended by demons, half a score,

Writing a low critique.
From his quill, dipped deep in the gall of
Hell,
Doubt, blighting and cursing, quenchless
fell,
Striking for many the long death-knell—
Damning the soul so weak.

The Book, enduring from age to age,
Lay open before the skeptic's rage,
Waiting each foul attack.
The lines he drew with his hate-tipped
quill
Through verse and chapter with skeptic's skill
Quenched not the crimson from Calvary's
hill,
Lighting the pilgrim's track.

His demon guards, with a cunning smile,
Well schooled in the baneful craft of
guile,
Tutored the skeptic well.
His doubt-full heart they made hard and
sear,
O'er his handsome features they hung
a sneer,
From his soul they drew the sting of
Fear,
Paving the path to Hell.

The scarlet thread through the Book di-
vine
Ran on through chapter and verse and
line,
Foiling the skeptic's art.
Though he scrawled his doubts o'er crim-
son page,
God's truth lives ever, from age to age,
In spite of the skeptic's vaunt and rage,
Changing the human heart.

The hand that once held the trenchant
quill,
To-day lies nerveless and stiff and still,
Cold on the skeptic's breast;
The lines of doubt that the quill gave
birth
Are robbed, through grace, of their de-
mon worth,
While righteousness covers the Christ-
bought earth,
Giving the weary rest.

Back to the Book with the crimson page!
Away from the skeptic's vaunt and rage!
Back to the truth and light!
Death to the doubt from this demon tool!
Death to the works from this Godless
school!
Pity the man who has played the fool,
Lost in the world of night!

—Christian Witness.

The Hen and the Egg, or an Atheist Silenced

It takes everybody to know everything; and a little questioning reveals a vast amount of ignorance in those who think themselves very wise. A French writer tells the following story:

A young man from the Provinces, who was sent to Paris to finish his education, had the misfortune of getting into bad company. He went so far as to wish, and finally to say, "There is no God; God is only a word." After staying several years at the capital, the young man returned to his family. One day he was invited to a respectable house where there was a numerous company. While all were entertaining themselves with news, pleasure, and business, two girls, aged respectively twelve and thirteen, were seated in a bay window, reading together. The young man approached them and asked:

"What beautiful romance are you reading so attentively, young ladies?"

"We are reading no romance, sir; we are reading the history of God's chosen people."

"You believe then, that there is a God?"

Astonished at such questions, the girls looked at each other, the blood mounting to their cheeks.

"And you, sir, do you not believe it?"

"Once I believed it; but after living in Paris, and studying philosophy, mathematics, and politics, I am convinced that God is an empty word."

"I, sir, never was in Paris; I

have never studied philosophy, nor mathematics, nor any of those beautiful things which you know; I only know my catechism; but since you are so learned, and say there is no God, you can easily tell me whence the egg comes?"

"A funny question, truly. The egg comes from the hen."

"Which of them existed first, the egg or the hen?"

"I really do not know what you intend with this question and your hen; but yet that which existed first was the hen."

"There is a hen, then, which did not come from the egg?"

"Beg your pardon, miss, I did not take notice that the egg existed first."

"There is, then, an egg that did not come from the hen?"

"Oh, if you—beg pardon—that is—you see—"

"I see, sir, that you do not know whether the egg existed before the hen, or the hen before the egg."

"Well then, I say the hen."

"Very well, there is a hen which did not come from an egg. Tell me now, who made this first hen, from which all other hens and eggs come."

"With your hens and your eggs, it seems to me you take me for a poultry dealer."

"By no means, sir; I only ask you whence the mother of all hens and eggs came?"

"But for what object?"

"Well, since you do not know, you will permit me to tell you. He who created the first hen, or as you

would rather have it, the first egg, is the same who created the world; and this being we call God. You who cannot explain the existence of a hen or an egg without God, still maintain the existence of this world without God."

The young philosopher was silent; he quietly took his hat, and full of shame, departed; if not convinced of his folly, at least confounded by the simple questioning of a child. How many there are

who, like him, professing to be wise, seem very foolish, speaking evil of things they know not of, and denying things they have never investigated. How many skeptics can tell why the leaves of an apple-tree are arranged in *spirals* around the stem, the *fifth* leaf standing directly above the *first*? Or why, in millions of bushels of ears of corn, no ear is ever found with an *odd number* of rows? Can chance count?—*Selected.*

Illustrations of Bible Passages

Grumbling Reacts

"And the whole congregation of the children of Israel murmured against Moses and against Aaron in the wilderness."

I have read of Cæsar that, when the day appointed for a great feast proved to be gloomy, he was so enraged that he commanded all those who had bows to shoot up their arrows at Jupiter, their chief god, as in defiance of him for that rainy weather. Their arrows fell upon their own heads, and many were sorely wounded. So all our murmurings, which are so many arrows shot at God Himself, will return upon our own heads.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

"Lo, I Am with You Alway"

A busy woman entered her room hastily as twilight shades were falling — went directly to her desk, turned on the gas, and began to write. Page after page she wrote. The solitude became oppressive. She wheeled her chair round, and with a shock of joyful surprise

looked into the face of her dearest friend, lying on the lounge at her side. "Why, I didn't know you were here!" she cried. "Why didn't you speak to me?" "Because you were so busy. You didn't speak to me." So with Jesus—here all the time. The room is full of Him, always ready to greet us with a smile—but we are so busy. But when the solitude grows oppressive, we suddenly turn, and, lo, He is at our side. We speak to Him, and He speaks to us, and the soul's deepest yearnings are satisfied.—*Selected.*

Most wondrous book, bright candle of the Lord,

Star of eternity! the only star,
By which the bark of man could navigate
The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss
Securely; only star which rose
And, on its dark and troubled billows
still,

As generation, drifting swiftly by,
Succeeded generation, threw a ray
Of heaven's own light, and to the hills of
God,

The everlasting hills, pointed the sinner's
eye.
—*Pollock.*

Pulpit and Pew

A Large Factor in Pastoral Success

In the section on the Church's mission in Christendom, at the recent great Pan-Anglican Congress in England, the Bishop of Perth said that they wanted not only suitable clergymen but suitable clergymen's wives. He said that he had a letter referring to the wife of a candidate for a position in Australia, and the writer said that she did not suit English society, but from what he knew of Australia she would do for that country. The bishop said he wanted to correct that idea. They did not want women of that kind in Australia.

No one appreciated more than a rough Australian did the influence of a real lady in a parish. This has a wider application. Many a minister of very common talents has succeeded well because of the judgment, the vivacity, or the sympathy of his wife; and not a few have failed utterly on account of some gossiping indulged in by an indiscreet wife. A case occurred in Connecticut where one such, and a very well-meaning person, too, broke up a minister's relations with the people everywhere he went.—*Christian Advocate*.

Thoroughbred Religion

There are four classes in every church—the people who are ankle-deep. They come once a week to church; once a week, one meal a week is enough for them, but they go to the theater as often as they can get there—that is another matter. They are ankle-deepers; they are half-timers. Then there are those who are up to their knees. They come twice on Sabbath, and occasionally to a week-night prayer-

meeting—such miracles do happen. Then there are some who are up to their loins. The strength of their moral manhood is Christ. Then those up to their necks; dear old people who love to come to church. They come whenever the doors are opened. They keep the church machinery running. They are all in, and it is the people who are all in that God can depend upon.—*Gypsy Smith*.

A Praying Church

A prosperous church is a church which prays. It is written, "My house shall be called a house of prayer." We must never lose faith in prayer. We must never abandon prayer. We must never lose the spirit of prayer. A church can

get on for a considerable time without singing, and can go on indefinitely with indifferent singing. A church may do well with poor preaching, and even without preaching of any kind. But a church without prayer is no church at all.

We might as well expect a man to live without breathing as to expect a church to live without praying. It is impossible.

Pray for the minister. Pray for the sick and the afflicted. Pray for the children. Pray for the lost. Pray for the community. Pray for

one another. "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest, that He send forth laborers into His harvest." "Pray without ceasing." Pray everywhere. Let the church be characterized by prayer, filled with the atmosphere of prayer, and crowded with the trophies of prayer.—*Selected.*

Sermon Outlines

THE TRUE UTOPIA AND HOW TO GET THERE.

"Thy Spirit is good; lead me into the land of uprightness."—Psa. 143: 10.

Prayer the language of aspiration. The prayer of the text expresses David's longing for "the table-lands of peace, the fertile plains of communion" with God. It suggests for consideration:

I. THE TRUE UTOPIA—"the land of uprightness."

1. The land of promise.
2. The land of precept.
3. The land of perfectness.

II. THE DIFFICULT WAY—implied in the prayer, "Lead me."

1. An upward way—often steep.
2. A rugged way—taxing to nature.
3. A wilderness way—lonely, perilous.

III. THE INFALLIBLE GUIDE—"Thy Spirit."

1. The "good" Spirit.
2. The Holy Spirit.
3. The divine Spirit.

CONCLUSION.

1. The only true Utopia is "the land of uprightness"—of "righteousness and true holiness."
2. The only way to that land is the way of the cross—atonement.
3. We shall never reach that

land but by following our Guide—the Holy Spirit. W. T. H.

ISRAEL'S HERITAGE OF PEACE.

"But peace shall be upon Israel."—Psa. 129: 5.

Let us inquire:

I. WHO CONSTITUTE ISRAEL?

1. Covenanted ones.
2. Circumcised in heart.
3. True worshipers.

II. WHAT IS THE PROMISED PEACE?

1. Peace of conscience.
2. Peace of reconciliation with God.
3. Peace of a settled and satisfied heart.
4. Peace of eternal glory—in reversion.

III. WHENCE THE CERTAINTY—"shall be"?

1. Christ has made peace for them—"He is our peace."
2. The Holy Spirit brings peace to them—"the fruit of the Spirit is * * * peace."
3. They walk in the way of peace—"ye shall be led forth with peace."—*J. Field, altered.*

"How beautiful are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal."

The Foreign Field

The Search of a Heathen for God

The following, from *The Interior*, is a free translation of a letter written by a Chinese Christian telling of his long years of search for spiritual rest:

When I was about twelve years of age I began to seek for truth to satisfy my longing soul. In school I studied with much interest the Confucian classic, "The Doctrine of the Mean." The following especially interested me: "The expression of the will of heaven is nature, and the guide of our moral nature is truth; truth is found by searching and by instruction. Truth may not be forsaken for a moment. That which can be forsaken is not truth."

I dwell much upon these thoughts, saying to myself: "Where is truth to be found?" "Whence are all things?" and "Why are they as they are?" "Man is hurrying to and fro, but what of all activity? Whither are we going? Man searches earnestly for fame and wealth, but soon leaves them even if he finds them. What of the future? Is there a life to come?" I purposed to search to the limit of my ability for light on these problems.

I studied for about a year with a priest of the "White Forest Convent." This priest was kind to me, was faithful in his devotions, and tried to explain to me the doctrine—his "logos"—as well as he could. He offered me a good position in the temple if I would continue with him, but my heart was not satisfied. I gave careful heed to all that pertains to monastic life, made myself thoroughly familiar with the Buddhist classics designed to perfect the soul of man. Among these classics are the "Diamond Classic," the "Goddess of Mercy Classic" and others; but I wanted more truth than was here contained.

When about fifteen years old I entered a shop to study watch-mending.

but while here my chief thought was still for spiritual instruction. One of my associates was a devout Taoist. He gave much time to the Taoistic classic, "Truth and Virtue," repeating it at least a hundred times a day for the cultivation of his higher faculties with a view to immortality. I also studied this little classic faithfully, and would not retire at night until I had repeated it the required number of times. I compared it with the Buddhist teachings I had learned. I pursued this course faithfully for about a year, hoping to find the elixir of life, but got little profit and found it unsatisfying.

Another of my associates being a Roman Catholic, I talked with him about his faith, and went one day with him to the cathedral in Pekin. I was here at first favorably impressed and had an interview with the priest. In the course of our conversation the priest said I must purchase a "Forgiveness Ticket." I asked him at what price these tickets were sold. He said there was no fixed price; this would be determined by my sins and my ability to pay. This did not seem to me to be right, so I drew back.

Later I went to the Llama temple and acquainted myself with their classics, which are similar to those of the Buddhists. I studied their systems of purification, their efforts employed in order to become immortals, their writing of charms, exorcism, repetition of incantations, and so forth. There was much darkness and confusion here, and no clear and satisfying truth such as I was looking for.

One day in 1900 I was out walking on the street and met a colporteur, and bought a copy of the gospels, Mark and John, paying about half a cent for the two. I read these daily, greatly to my delight. How different the thought here from what I had been studying! In the prayerful study of these gospels I felt

the Holy Spirit moving upon my heart.

I studied also the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Life of Hudson Taylor" with a class of inquirers then studying with Mr. Kuang. My heart found the long-sought-for rest—rest in Christ Jesus. Here I found the truth, the satisfying truth. My faith is strong like the great mountain of Shantung. I studied my Bible and meditated day and night on its teachings. The love and good example of the Christians encouraged me and deepened my belief in the fact that here at last I had found the truth. My heart is very happy. If such truth does not move men's hearts there is no hope for them. I want to live for God and glorify Him on earth and dwell with Him in the long hereafter.

Dear pastor, please pray that God will give me ability to witness for Him, and lead my father, mother and wife into

His love and truth. This is now the burden of my heart. [Signed.]

I want to add that the above letter was written at my request, and that the young man, now twenty-four years of age, is a graduate of one of the lower government schools and has a small official position. He has never received any pecuniary aid from the church. His parents, while never having expressed either approval or disapproval of his having united with the church, have remarked to their neighbors that a great change had come over him, that he was living a better life now than he ever had before. He had indeed found the truth he sought.

Experience

The Ministry of Bella Cooke

The wonderful life of Bella Cooke, who has for fifty-two years lain upon a bed of pain and weakness, and is yet full of love and cheer, is well known to *Christian Herald* readers. Although she was eighty-seven on the thirteenth of July last, her beautiful eyes are as bright and clear as ever, and her whole fine face shines with her unselfish and affectionate interest in others.

Yet the past year has been one of the hardest among the many distressing periods through which this devoted servant of Christ has been called to pass. It has been a time of constant pain and illness, and has left her so weak that she tells her friends, "I am not Bella Cooke any more, I am just a plain old woman who can do little but suffer on until the time of my release comes."

In despite of these words, she is still visited by hundreds of the poor, and by even more of the well-to-do, who come to lay gifts in her hands to be distributed among the needy, whose wants no one

knows like Bella Cooke. They love to come; not only in order that they may thus accomplish some good to the poor, but that they may be strengthened and refreshed in spirit by the tide of faith and joy which seems always at the flood in the heart of this noble "shut-in."

Riding in a Second avenue car to Twenty-seventh street, you find the number 492 on the door of an ordinary tenement house, with shops underneath it. There is nothing about the exterior to indicate that one of the rarest souls in the metropolis is near-by. You ring the bell, and are told to pass into the house in the rear, if you wish to see Bella Cooke. Through a paved court you enter a clean, old-fashioned, two-story wooden house, which might have stepped out of some quiet village street. There, in her upper chamber, truly a chamber of peace, lies the invalid of so many years, her placid face framed in a frilled white cap, and all of her surroundings dainty even to elegance. The ruffled and

embroidered pillowslips are given her every year as a "Christmas" remembrance by one of the many who are so deeply indebted to her. Other loving and beloved ones insist on contributing regularly other little comforts and easements for her. Her three daughters are all married, and are loving and faithful.

Left a widow at twenty-seven, and bedridden at thirty-five, one would think that Bella Cooke might properly be exempted from charitable work for outsiders. But from the first her great heart has yearned over the unfortunate. Even when, as a widow, she was working for a mere pittance, to put bread into the mouths of her children, she would manage to snatch an hour or two to visit those worse off than herself. The storekeepers in her neighborhood soon came to know and to trust her. If she said that anything was needed in a certain quarter, they knew it was so, and stood ready to help her.

Gradually the regular charitable workers became acquainted with her remarkable gifts. To gaze into her noble face and to stand in her dignified and even stately presence, was to believe in her and to love her. Wealthy and philanthropic women sat at her feet, put thousands of dollars into her hands, prayed with her, heard the story of her poverty, her faith and her abounding reward, and went away with their strength renewed as the eagle's.

When Bella Cooke went to live in her little wooden house, her green yard extended in front to Second avenue, and behind lay fields of grass and waving grain. Little by little, the prison city has shut in her house, even as disease has shut in her body, until now her only light comes from above. So it has seemed often to her racked and distracted soul—but the light from above has always shown the way, and given her the power to trust and be at peace.

A nurse dropped her when she was only two years old. This was the beginning of her physical disabilities. Later, largely as a result of this first fall, she had others. As a child and a young woman, she was always frail and

feeble. The cares of motherhood rested heavily upon her, and before she was thirty, her life had been often despaired of; but her powerful will kept her upon her feet for five years longer.

Nearly every distinguished physician in New York has studied her case, but it has baffled the highest skill. She has been fortunate in having enjoyed, during all the years of her shut-in life, the services, as her regular physician and devoted friend, of Dr. Lankford Palmer. It is to his wise care that she is largely indebted for her continued life and power of usefulness. Even at his present advanced age of eighty-five, he visits and prescribes for her daily.

Bella Cooke has ten grandchildren and eleven great grandchildren. She herself was one of nine brothers and sisters. Born in England and coming to this country during her early married life, she has kept throughout to the good old British tradition of large families, though she lost several of her own children during their babyhood. The story of her sorrows is told in the two volumes of her life, *Rifted Clouds*, one of the most thrilling chronicles of human suffering. Through its sale, a large proportion of the funds needed for Bella Cooke's support are obtained. No one can read the simple and touching story of this afflicted yet triumphant soul without sharing somewhat in the child-like faith which has upheld her through all her thorny way. Daily study of this woman's wonderful life and spiritual experiences should bring results to character and spirituality. One who reads it can not fail to be strongly reminded of those two great books, the *Imitation of Christ* and *The Saints' Rest*.

Like our own evangelists, Moody, Torrey and many other godly souls, who seem to live in the atmosphere of the apostle's "increasing prayer," it seems, as one reads the "short and simple annals" of Bella Cooke's life, as though she had but to lift up her prayer to the throne of grace in order to obtain all that she desired. The miracles recorded in the Scriptures are scarcely more startling than some of the answers to prayer

which are set down in *Rifted Clouds*; and in such clear and convincing detail that even the most skeptical cannot doubt them.

For instance, in the year 1851, when her supply of coal was exhausted and she had no money, a neighbor pressed her for information of her circumstances, and forced her to confess that she was very destitute.

"But," she added bravely, "I told her that there was a little coal on the fire, and before that was burnt I knew that I should have either more coal or the money to buy it."

As the neighbor stood at the door to go, there was a knock. A man stood outside saying, "Does Mrs. Bella Cooke live here? If she does, and if she is a widow, then I have a ton of coal for her."

It was indeed, as the neighbor reminded her, like the appearance of Peter at the gate, when his friends were praying for his release from Herod's prison. Acts 12:13, 14.

She says that she would like a taste of roast duck—but it costs too much—she must go without it. Almost immediately came kind neighbors bringing with

them the very tidbit which she had desired. The book contains many such instances as this.

The names of many of New York's most influential women, who have distinguished themselves in philanthropic work, occur in these pages. Some of them, long since gone to their reward, gave largely and unostentatiously through Bella Cooke, never thinking, probably, of the fame that would come to them through her also.

Even the most hardened infidel must admit that a religion which can uphold its followers, as this saintly woman has been upheld through long and weary years, is a good working faith for the world. If every one could but possess it, the millenium of perfect love and purest joy would be gloriously upon us.

Bella Cooke does not pray to live. She says that she is not tired of the work, "but, oh! the pain, the pain!"

Still, we can not help hoping that she may be spared to the world a little longer. No one else can ever do the unique work which has so strangely and providentially been given into her feeble yet powerful hands. — *Christian Herald*.

Our Young People

The Kind of Sons and Daughters Needed

By the Editor

There is a passage of great beauty regarding this matter in the one hundred forty-fourth Psalm, the twelfth verse. It reads as follows: "That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner stones polished after the similitude of a palace."

The figures of speech here employed strikingly set forth the kind of youths on which highest hopes may be built for state and church without serious disappointment.

1. "That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth." The figure is that of a healthy, vigorous, thrifty plant, which, in the early period of its being,

promises much regarding its future development. Our boys and young men are of first importance as the materials from which a strong state and a vigorous and fruitful church may be built, since men take the leading part in the affairs of both these institutions. The psalmist desires that our sons may be "like strong, well-rooted young trees," which promise great things for the future of the orchard. Unless our sons grow during their youthful days in all the elements of strong and noble character, they will be, morally and spiritually at least, like trees dwarfed and stunted in the early period of their life—a condition from which full recovery is impossible.

Nothing can gladden a parent's heart more than to see his sons growing up in virtue, integrity, holiness; and there is perhaps no other sadness more unbearable than to see them grow up in idleness, vice, and impurity. "Plants may grow crooked, and in some other ways may disappoint the planter, and so may our sons," says Mr. Spurgeon; "but when we see them developed in holiness, what joy we have in them!"

May the sons whose eyes shall scan these lines be of the kind that will gladden parental hearts, kindle high hopes among their friends, neighbors and acquaintances, and insure to themselves prosperous lives, peaceful deaths, and imperishable bliss beyond the grave.

2. "That our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace." At first sight the figures in this Scripture may appear misplaced. We might naturally regard our sons as more comparable to corner-stones and our daughters to growing plants. Deeper thinking, however, will reveal to us our mistake. The plant, ever becoming more firmly rooted, developing its trunk, extending its branches, until at last it becomes a full-grown, vigorous and fruitful tree, very fitly represents what our sons should be in their principles, activities and relations in society; while the corner-stone which unites the various parts of the structure and secures its unity, just as fitly represents the mission of our daughters in home and society.

As Spurgeon again says, "Daughters unite families as corner-stones join walls together, and at the same time they adorn them as polished stones garnish the structure into which they are builded. Home becomes a palace where the daughters are maids of honor, and the sons are nobles in spirit; there the father is a king, and the mother a queen, and royal residences are more than outdone. A city built up of such dwellings is a city of palaces, and a state composed of such cities is a republic of princes."

The complexion of home life will ever be the reflex of the conduct and influence of our girls, either as daughters, sisters, wives, or mothers. The moral and religious tone of society is generally what the character and influence of the daughters in any given generation produces; and what our daughters are in their youth will chiefly determine the moral mold of the next generation. How important then, that our daughters be adorned with all the Christian graces and thereby fitted for both the utility and beauty for which God designed them in the great temple of humanity!

A nation with such sons and daughters as the psalmist describes must ever be a great and influential nation; and a church with such a heritage must sooner or later fulfil the inspired writer's ideal, as she "that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

Pertinent Questions

By Evangelist James Stolbert

There are many important questions we would do well to ask ourselves, as we go on our way. One of these is, What am I? It may be answered by saying, I am a human being, made like unto God mentally and spiritually, and therefore responsible to Him for my words and deeds.

Am I right with God? Am I what I should be and what the Lord would have me be? If not, I am wrong, and should get right without delay. It is a

serious mistake to think we are right, when wrong.

The result may be fatal. If the clock is fast or slow, it must be set right by the standard time; so the heart must be set right by being washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Another question we should ask ourselves is, What should I be? We should be what the Lord wants us to be, loyal, faithful, obedient believers in and followers of the meek and lowly Jesus.

We must love God with all-our heart, soul, mind, and strength.

Our love should bring forth fruit in service. We should love His Word and work. We should be steady, diligent workers in His vineyard, laborers with Him in evangelizing the world. Let us endeavor to suppress vice, and cultivate virtue and snatch men and women as brands from the burning. We should not be satisfied merely to be members of the

Church militant, but aim to be active zealous, "living epistles." Then, if faithful to the end, we shall be promoted to the Church triumphant, to be for ever with the Lord.

We are the Lord's children. He is our Father. He is our Creator, and we are His creatures. He is our King, and we His subjects. We are His by nature, and can and should be His by grace; for Christ hath redeemed us unto God.

The Boy With the Hoe

Say, how do you hoe your row, young chap?

Say, how do you hoe your row?

Do you hoe it fair,

Do you hoe it square,

Do you hoe it the best you know?

Do you cut the weeds, as you ought to do,

And leave what's worth while there?

The harvest you'll garner depends on you;

Are you working it on the square?

Are you killing the noxious weeds, young chap?

Are you making it straight and clean?

Are you going straight,

At a hustling gait?

Are you scattering all that's mean?

Do you laugh and sing and whistle shrill,

And dance a step or two,

As the row you hoe leads up the hill?

The harvest is up to you.

—*New York Sun.*

How He Got His Money Out

The following conversation is reported to us as having taken place recently in a saloon located in one of the counties of Ohio where it is an open secret that a county election will be held early in the fall.

The saloon-keeper and John were discussing the issue, until finally John, an Irishman, said:

"Yes, Bennie, I'm going to vote dry next fall."

Ben—"Now, John, I think you are jok-

ing. You are too good a friend of mine to want to put me out of business. Just think, I have been here twenty years, and all the money I have made I have put into this business; how am I going to get my money out? Perhaps you can tell me."

John—"Well, Ben, I have been here twenty years, and all the money I have made I have put into this business; how am I going to get my money out of it?"

—*American Issue.*

The Art of Self-Defense

"Have you ever studied the art of self-defense?" said a young fellow to a man of magnificent physique and noble bearing.

The elder man looked at his questioner with a quiet smile, and then answered thoughtfully:

"Yes, I have studied and practised it."

"Ah," said the other, eagerly. "Whose system did you adopt?"

"Solomon's," was the reply.

Somewhat abashed, the youth stammered out:

"Solomon's! What is the special point of his system of training?"

"Briefly this," replied the other: "'A soft answer turneth away wrath.'"

A glance at the accomplished athlete was enough; and soon a very different set of feelings came over the youth as his muscular companion added, with quiet emphasis: "Try it."—*Scattered Seeds.*

Bob Burdette on Work

Remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheel-barrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work.

If you look around, you will see that the men that are most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men that worked the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with work. It is beyond your power to do that on the sunny side of thirty. Men die sometimes, but it is because they quit work at 6:00 p. m., and don't get home until 2:00 a. m. It is the interval that kills, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals; it lends solidity to your slumbers; it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday.

There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names even; it simply speaks of them as "So-and-so's boy;" nobody likes them; the busy world doesn't know they are there. So find out what to be and do, and take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are the less harm you are likely to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you.—*Exchange*.

A Sore Bereavement

The Rev. J. T. Logan, editor of *The Free Methodist*, and his family have been visited with sore bereavement in the death of Sister Logan, which occurred in the city hospital at Allentown, Pennsylvania, May 29, 1909. On the 23d of May she gave birth to twins, a boy and a girl. The girl died at birth. Bright's disease and complications resulting from her confinement occasioned the mother's death. This is one of the inscrutable providences of God, and our dear brother's heart is crushed thereby. He needs the prayers of all. Our sister's death was one of triumph, which is a great consolation to the stricken hus-

band and relatives. We received particulars of this sad occurrence too late to give it more than a very brief notice in this number of *THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN*, but we purpose to present a more fitting tribute to the departed in the August number.—EDITOR.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL:

Fundamental Idea of Saintship....	1
Masonic Plagiarism of a Christian Hymn	2
Appropriate God's Promises.....	3
Real and Nominal Christians.....	4

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE:

Symmetrical Holiness and Perfect Love	4
Periodicity	6
Lukewarmness	5
What the Filling of the Spirit Will Do for Us.....	12
Sanctification a Cure for Fanaticism	12

CHRISTIAN WORK:

Redeem the Time.....	13
Preaching and Prayer.....	13
The Deputy's Tear.....	16
A Prayer	17
Lift Up.....	17

THE WORD OF GOD:

Letter to the Church at Thyatira, 3	18
The Skeptic's Fate.....	21
The Hen and the Egg, or an Atheist Silenced	22
Illustrations of Bible Passages....	23

PULPIT AND PEW:

A Large Factor in Pastoral Success	24
Sermon Outlines	25

THE FOREIGN FIELD:

The Search of a Heathen for God..	26
-----------------------------------	----

EXPERIENCE:

The Ministry of Bella Cooke.....	27
----------------------------------	----

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE:

The Kind of Sons and Daughters Needed	29
Pertinent Questions	30
The Boy With the Hoe.....	31
How He Got His Money Out.....	31
The Art of Self-Defense.....	31
Bob Burdette on Work.....	32

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