

The Earnest Christian

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Editorial

Sylva Backenstoe Logan

Death lies on her, like an untimely frost,
Upon the sweetest flower in all the field.

—*Shakespeare.*

This noble and godly woman, whose death was briefly chronicled in the July number of THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN, was worthy of a more extended memorial tribute than was possible in that number of the magazine, after the particulars of her death had been received. Hence we present the following memorial sketch.

Sylva Tacy, only daughter of the late Jacob M. Backenstoe and Mary A. Backenstoe, his wife, was born near Emaus, Pennsylvania, May 16, 1876, and departed this life, to be with Christ, from the city hospital in Allentown, Pennsylvania, May 29, 1909.

She was converted in early life, and seemed to have had a clear conversion indeed. She received her final education at the A. M. Cheshbrough Seminary, North Chili, New York.

On the fourth of December, 1895, she was married to the Rev. J. T. Logan, then pastor at Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, and at once entered heartily upon the duties of a large household, assuming not merely the duties of the ordinary young wife, but the responsibilities of mother to the six young children

of her husband, left motherless at his first wife's death.

With all this load of care and responsibility, to which she devoted herself in the most self-sacrificing manner, she also entered with equal zest into the work of an itinerant preacher's wife, and proved herself a helpmeet indeed to her husband in his calling. She left hosts of friends, and, so far as we know, no enemies, on every charge her husband served.

She was greatly endeared to the people of Evanston, Illinois, where they had made their home since the autumn of 1906, as also to our people on the Chicago district of the Illinois conference, with whom she had been associated ever since the family came west in 1903.

On the 23d of last May Sister Logan gave birth to twins, a boy and a girl, the latter of which died at birth. The mother and surviving child were thought to be doing well for a few days, but finally complications arising from confinement and from Bright's disease developed, and quickly did their fatal work. She had been with her mother for several months in Allentown; and both while there and at the hospital she had the medical care of her brother, Doctor M. J. Backenstoe. Supposing from latest re-

port that it would be safe to do so, her husband left Chicago, for Waterloo, Iowa, to fill an engagement the day before she died. A telegram came summoning him to Allentown in the afternoon of the day he left, and saying, "Sylva is dying." It was forwarded to him, and he took the first train back and hurried on to Allentown, only to find his wife in the cold embrace of death—a sad and trying ordeal indeed.

Sister Logan is survived by her husband; a daughter, Sylva Lois, aged three years; an infant son, less than a week old when she passed away; her mother, Mrs. Mary A. Backenstoe; two brothers, Dr. Martin J. Backenstoe, of Emaus, Pennsylvania, and Dr. William A. Backenstoe, a medical missionary in Africa; and by a host of friends both East and West who held her in high esteem, and who loved her dearly.

The funeral was held in her native town, the sermon being preached by the Rev. William Gould, an old-time friend of the Logan and Backenstoe families, who chose for a text I Samuel 3:18: "It is the Lord: let Him do what seemeth Him good." Reverends A. G. Miller, of Phillipsburg, New Jersey, O. D. Seward, of Allentown, Pennsylvania, and A. W. Myer, of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, assisted in the service. Brother Logan also spoke quite at length, paying a most fitting tribute to the memory of his departed companion.

We had known Sister Logan well for more than a dozen years and had known her only to esteem

her increasingly the more intimate our acquaintance became. The news of her death came to us as a personal shock, and seems to us still a most bewildering providence. The only solution of the mystery seems to be, *the Master wanted her to be with Him, and so promoted her to the higher service in His immediate presence.*

Sylva Backenstoe Logan, while making no lofty pretensions to sanctity (she was ever too reserved for that), nevertheless exhibited the fundamental virtues of the Christian life in a rare degree. She was remarkable for her simplicity, a virtue which the poet Longfellow regarded as "the chief excellence." She was like a child in this respect, retaining her girlish simplicity even in her mature years.

She was also teachable, and not only teachable, but anxious to be taught, especially in all things pertaining to the way of God and His salvation. She hungered for the knowledge of divine things, and was willing to learn from the lowest of God's children. She ever sought to inform herself, and was eager in her inquiries as to how this might best be done.

This woman was also characterized by the grace of humility. She had learned not to think more highly of herself or of her attainments than she ought to think. Hence she was never so forward as are some in religious matters. She always seemed to think others had more grace than she, and so would often magnify their experiences to the discounting of her own. But through all her modesty and reserve there

shone out the manifestations of divine grace in her spirit and life; and when convinced that duty required her to assert her freedom in the matter of public testimony she obeyed the voice of duty.

She was a great lover of children, and an earnest worker in their interest. The children loved her, and loved her dearly. She evidenced her love for children in her devotion to the motherless little ones to whom she became a mother at her marriage, as also to those whom the Lord gave her as her own. In an age and country wherein many of her own sex sneeringly discount the idea of motherhood, she literally sacrificed herself on the altar of this, the most sacred of all vocations.

Sister Logan was also an ardent lover and student of the Holy Scriptures. Bible study was her delight for many years, and she possessed an understanding of the Sacred Writings, and a familiarity with the very words of Scripture, which are not common among women of to-day. Because of her knowledge of the Scriptures and her love for the cause she was an acceptable and efficient teacher in the Sabbath school; and any class from the infants to the Bible class, would not fail of being profited and interested, were she appointed teacher.

Another virtue in which she excelled was that of devotion to good works. In all the activities of the church she took a deep, practical interest. The Sabbath school, the foreign missionary cause, the city missions (particularly Olive Branch), the "Old People's Home,"

the "Industrial Home for Children," our schools, and all the church benevolences were objects dear to her heart, and in which she always took deep, practical interest. Besides these she was always striving to be helpful to those in need, in trouble, or in sorrow, irrespective of who they were or where they belonged. In these respects it may be said of her, "She hath done what she could."

How strange, how mysterious, that such a one should be cut off while she had scarcely reached the midst of her days! But God's ways are not our ways, nor are His thoughts our thoughts. As heaven is high above the earth, so His ways and His thoughts are above our ways and above our thoughts. A higher wisdom than we can comprehend has called her hence, and we can only say, "Thy will be done." "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

The bereaved husband and family have our sympathy and prayers. May the blessing of God rest upon them all, and may grace be given them whereby they may wait, and watch, and work, and prove faithful in all things until Jesus comes again.

"O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more."

Intelligent piety is greatly in demand. Too many accept their religion at second hand, and then are unable to give a reason for their faith, or for the hope that is in them.

Another of the Fathers Gone

We have learned with sorrow of the death of the Rev. Thomas B. Catton, of Perry, New York, which occurred on Sunday, June 27th. He was one of the men who organized the Free Methodist denomination nearly forty-nine years ago—one of the early fathers, who was ready to sacrifice all he held dear in the interest of Bible holiness—a strong, earnest, noble, holy man of God, and who in his public ministry was

blessed of God and made a blessing in a remarkable degree. He was our district chairman during the first year of our conference work. He served in the vineyard faithfully. We learned to love him then, and have loved him ever since. We hope to present a sketch of his life in our next number, from our own pen or that of some one who can do it better. The data are not at hand for it in the present number.

The Earnest Christian for Prisons and Charitable Institutions

Ever since we began editing *THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN* it has been our purpose to broaden the usefulness of the magazine by making provision for sending it regularly to as many prisons and charitable institutions as possible.

Prisoners in our jails and penitentiaries are allowed to read, as are also many of the patients in the hospitals and asylums throughout the country, and the large number of people who are housed and cared for in the numerous charitable homes which Christian philanthropy has provided. Not only are these classes permitted to read, but most of them are eagerly disposed to do so; and, in the abundant leisure at their disposal, they have time to think on what they read, which makes the chances of their being profited thereby much more favorable than they are with those who, if they read at all, must read hurriedly, and then turn all their power of attention immediately to other matters.

If we cannot all literally and in

person minister to the sick, the poor, and such as are in prison, we may be able to minister to them very profitably by aiding in the matter of placing clean, interesting and inspiring Christian literature at their disposal; and even a Roman Catholic or a Jew may be reached and influenced by this means whom you or I could not reach in person because of his prejudices. For all the benefits thus conferred upon these various classes, our Lord will doubtless say, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me," as readily as for service rendered to them in a personal way.

Now for this very worthy purpose we could quite readily use a fund of several hundred dollars, if we had it. The question is, Shall we have it? We answer, Yes, if the readers of *THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN* are as interested in philanthropic effort and enterprise as we believe them to be. Believing that this matter will readily commend itself to all, we earnestly appeal to our

readers to come to our aid *at once* in this matter of providing funds for sending the magazine to prisons, reformatories, hospitals, asylums, homes for the aged and to other philanthropic and penal institutions. We solicit a remittance of some amount, large or small, from *every reader*. Probably some can give twenty-five, fifty, or even one hundred dollars for this purpose, and will be delighted to do so; while others can contribute but a dollar, fifty cents, twenty-five cents, or ten cents. All right. Ask the Lord what He will have you do, listen for the answer within your own heart, and then respond accordingly.

In order to make the money for this purpose go as far as possible, the publisher has kindly consented to

furnish the magazine to institutions such as we have named at as near cost as possible, *making the price 65 cents per year*. We desire to put the magazine into as many of these institutions as possible, and in case of those which have under their charge large numbers of persons, we desire to supply them with a number of copies, so that all may have opportunity to read it.

Now, who will be the first to respond to this call? Who the next? And who next? Do not delay. "The King's business requireth haste." If the suggestion here made appeals to you, decide what you ought to do in this matter, and do it now!

Make all remittances for this purpose to W. B. Rose, 1132 Washington Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois.

The Life in Nature from Christ

He declared of Himself, "I am the first and the last, and the Living one." For three days, on our behalf, He subjected Himself unto death, so far as His body was concerned; but afterward He ascended on high with that same body, glorified, and declared, "and behold, I am alive for evermore." And so full is that life that all the vitality in nature is only a drop from the ocean of His infinite fulness. His is all the life in

I. *Vegetation*. Who can measure the wealth of this in the equatorial regions? Mighty forests tower aloft, covering thousands of square miles with a kind of eternal twilight. To these giant monarchs cling countless vines and various

parasitic plants, some of them indescribably beautiful, while below, the earth and every fallen tree is buried in a perfect flood of almost endless botanical forms. The tropical seas have forests and gardens beneath their surface, almost rivaling in extent and beauty those upon the land.

Add to this the life north, south, east and west, around the globe. And if such is its wealth now, what must that fountain be from which it has poured forth through the ages past, as shown, for instance, in the great coal beds, which are the manifest remains of once vast forests and other forms of vegetation, whose traces are abundant in even the now terrible desolations of the

arctic regions? How intense is that vitality which has persisted on and on through all the ages, so that the life of the primeval forests and flowers is in the leaves and blossoms and perfumes about us now.

"My heart is awed within me, when I think

Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me—the perpetual work
Of Thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on Thy works I read
The lesson of Thy own eternity.

* * * upon [earth's] bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle
hate

Of his arch enemy Death—yea, seats
himself

Upon the tyrant's throne, the sepulchre,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he
came forth

From thine own bosom, and shall have
no end."

All the wealth of the flora of the globe is but the adornment and enrichment of His mere footstool. "He sendeth forth springs into the valleys." "He watereth the mountains from His chambers." "He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man," and adorns the flowers of the field with a glory surpassing that of Solomon. What a scene the earth would present if one could belt it on a summer morning. And all that life of forest and field is His, and infinitely more.

Eden was His first gift to man, and His last will be a new, eternal Eden, with its trees and river of life, and the City of God added. If such is the beauty and

wealth of His sin-curst footstool, what will be that of His home?

II. *Animal Life.* What endless variety there is of this, from elephant and whale to insect and microscopic animalculae. Look at the various tanks of fish in a great aquarium. What variety, what beauty, and what vitality. It is estimated that if all the eggs of a single cod were to hatch and mature, and those of its offspring, only a few years would be needed to literally fill the ocean solid full with fish. What variety and fulness of life there is in forest and field on a summer day, and the tropic seas seem to be almost literally alive. See also the migratory birds and fishes that at certain seasons swarm in and upon Northern rivers, lakes and seas. From the condor of the Andes to the eyeless fish of the deep seas, air and earth and water show the vitality of Him who sits upon the throne. "These wait all for thee. * * * Thou takest away their breath, they die. * * * Thou sendest forth Thy Spirit, they are created: and Thou renewest the face of the earth" (Psa. 104:27-30). For ages the stream has flowed from Him, and the fountain is still as full as ever. If such be the wealth of vitality in a world where "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now," what will be the scene when He that sitteth on the throne shall say, "Behold, I make all things new," and "new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness" shall be ushered in, and "the creation itself shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the

liberty of the glory of the children of God!" The earth quaked when Jesus reëntered His silent body in the garden tomb that Easter morning, and that quake was a prophetic

tremor, a foretaste of the coming complete redemption of even the creation itself, the earnest of which we have in the Holy Ghost.

JOHN LADUE.

Christian Work

Saved to Serve

By the Editor

The grand object for which God redeems and saves the children of men is that He may be glorified through their service. Heaven itself is a realm of loyal and loving service. Of the redeemed who are gathered there the Revelator says, "They serve Him day and night in His temple." The employments of the redeemed in that bright world will constitute an important part of their enjoyment.

We are not only redeemed and saved in order that we may serve God in His holy heaven, but in order also that we may render Him the best and utmost of our service in this world. Too many have conceived of salvation as chiefly for their own particular enjoyment, whereas the true idea is that we are *saved to serve*.

This idea is illustrated forcibly in the parables of the talents and the pounds, as is also the doom of those who bury talent for service that otherwise might have been used for the glory of God.

It is likewise beautifully and impressively illustrated by the parable of the Good Samaritan. Not the priest and the Levite, who were too much occupied with religious

ceremonials to help the poor man who fell among thieves, but the Samaritan who, though of another and a despised nationality, ministered to the needs of the sufferer, was commended of the Lord as an example for others.

Jesus taught this lesson of humble service too, in the washing of His disciples' feet. At the conclusion of this condescending act He said, "Ye call me Master and Lord: and ye say well; for so I am. If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; ye also ought to wash one another's feet" (John 13:13,14). If I, your Lord and Master, have condescended to take the place of your servant, ye ought also to be servants to one another.

Jesus also makes service rendered to our fellowmen the chief mark of greatness in His kingdom. Two of the disciples aspired to chief positions in His kingdom, one requesting to sit on His right and the other on His left hand. The ten, when they heard this, were moved with indignation against the two brethren. "But Jesus called them unto Him, and said, Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that

are great exercise authority upon them. But it shall not be so among you: but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant: even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many" (Matt. 20:25-28).

St. Paul also teaches that we are saved to serve. Hear his words: "This is a faithful saying, and these things I will that thou affirm constantly, that they which have believed in God might be careful to maintain good works" (Titus 3:8). Again: "Who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works" (Titus 2:14).

The Scriptures also teach that we are to be judged for our works, and that in that judgment the Lord's favor or condemnation will turn upon the service we have rendered to our fellowmen, or the lack of it. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these ye did it not to me." (Read Matt. 25:31-46).

With all these facts before us, and many more of the same kind, is it not strange that so many of those who profess to be Christians never engage in any active service for the promotion of Christ's cause, or for the amelioration of suffering, sinful men and women?

There are far too many drones in the church of to-day—far too many who have conceived of church mem-

bership as a sort of palace car route to the heavenly country.

A man of wealth and social distinction once came to the Senior Dr. Stephen H. Tyng of New York, and said: "Dr. Tyng, I have been thinking I ought to join your church. I am not an active Christian, but my wife and daughter belong to your church and as I enjoy coming with them to hear your lectures on Sabbath evenings, it seems but fair that I should become a member also," or words to that effect. Dr. Tyng looked at him, and said, "And so you are not an active Christian?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"And yet you wish to join the church?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you see yonder church spire in the distance?"

"I do."

"Well, sir, I would recommend you to go and join there. That is called 'The Church of the Heavenly Rest.'"

This may or may not have been a wise rebuke, but there can be little doubt that churches are seriously overburdened with members who do nothing, absolutely nothing, in the way of helpful service; but who have to be nursed, coddled and carried along by the efforts of others; who are willing to share the benefits but not the toils and sacrifices which come from the maintenance of the church, and its services and achievements.

Let us beware of taking up with an easy-going, do-nothing type of religion, remembering ever that if saved at all, we are saved to serve.

As the fire was never allowed to go out on the altar of burnt offering, so our zeal in the Lord's service and in ministering to the needs of our fellowmen should never cease to burn with intense ardor.

A Thrilling Experience

It was a cold, bleak night; a heavy mist weighed the air with dampness, and chilled one to the bone, if long exposed. Now and then a biting wind with something between a hiss and a whistle swept around the corners, forcing any unfortunate out so late to quicken his steps and draw his coat-collar closer about his ears.

The streets on lower Broadway were deserted. Out of the mists and blackness the outlines of tall sky-scrapers loomed like spectral ruins of lost cities. The electric lights looked red in the thickening gloom, and brightened only a small patch of pavement around a big circle of shadow under the lamp. Wet, dreary, dismal, it was a night to be indoors before a cozy fire, thanking God for the comforts of home.

But out there on Broadway a street-car stops with a jerk, and a preacher from "up-town" steps out in the wet. Looking momentarily both ways, by force of habit, for a chance automobile, he reaches the curb in a hurry, and turns down John street. Old John street, full of shadows, narrow and crowded with all sorts of buildings is utterly empty, save for an old black cat meowing in a doorway, and a policeman at the far end of the street swinging his arms to keep himself warm. The glare of the swaying light on the corner reflected on the wet cobblestones, and

the muddy water in the gutters only added to the wretchedness of the scene.

John street is a famous old place, dating back to Colonial times, when New York was not much beyond Bowling Green. Here was built the first Methodist church in America. Here Philip Embury preached, and Asbury, and Freeborn Garrettson, and the old fathers of Methodism. These walls have listened to the eloquence of John Summerfield, Bishop Janes, Bishop Waugh, and of many another name in Methodist history. Now the church is a "down-town" church. All around it are business blocks tenanted on Sundays by janitors. No families are in the neighborhood. Hence the pastor and his helpers devote themselves to rescue work.

And what a work that is! Here are to be seen the homeless and helpless, the flotsam and jetsam of humanity; aimless, nerveless derelicts—despairing men and women, hungry, tired, beaten in life's struggle, carried down life's stream without an effort, like broken limbs of trees on a swift-gliding river. Many of them belong to good families who have long since forgotten them or given them up for dead. Many once were in comfortable circumstances. Many once held high places at home in the country, and then fell—fell, like a star in the night, to fathomless depths of sin

and misery and shame. Many of them are godless, stolid, fierce, defiant, encrusted with sin, sin-hardened. But they are men, and for such Christ died. These, redeemed, are the glory of His crown. "For this is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." That includes the worst man that ever lived!

The preacher, shaking the wet from his coat, entered the basement of the church. He was not new to his surroundings, and knew what to expect. Around the walls were old-fashioned wood-cuts of early Methodist preachers; in the middle of the room a good-sized stove, and seated about it a hundred or more men and women listening intently to the leader of the meeting.

It is a strange crowd we see there. Here is the son of a man of science known all over the world, and will be for ever; he broke his father's heart. Over there is a man with a face like a police-court record, full of crime. Next to him is a man who has known better days. Over there is the wayward son of a minister. That man near him is the nephew of a supreme court judge. Yonder in the shadow of the wall is a young man, a graduate of a Southern university, who will leave directly for his nightly job of shoveling coal in a power house. He failed in this terrible city of competition to get work, and was drifting out on the shoreless sea like many another, when the church grasped him, and saved him. Here is a poor fellow with refined features and eyes full of pitiful yearn-

ing for better things; perhaps he is looking at a vision of boyhood days and of loved ones gone. But what a history there is behind all these faces etched with the sinful habits of years!

After a few soul-cheering hymns the time comes for testimony. One man rises, and with choking voice thanks God for saving him last week. Another, "I thank God that He has kept me for twenty-four hours." "I thank God I can go back to my family now. Jesus Christ saves me! He saves me through and through—glory to His name!" So the meeting goes on. Ringing songs of gladness punctuate the service, and testimonies to the saving power of Jesus come pouring in. These men know what it is to be saved.

The preacher sitting in a corner, studying the situation, now takes part. He thinks there is a chance for God here to-night, and for men, too. And there is. But there must be no attempt at fine preaching here. These men would jeer at such idiotic mockery. There must be no kid-glove performance, no perfumed gospel, no gilding the wings of the angels, sky-scraping of pious foolery. These are suffering men. They are lost men—lost to God, to themselves and to all that is good. They do not want information about sin—they know all the depths of sin and iniquity; they want to know about God and salvation, and nothing but the power of God can touch them.

It is just like God to save such, and the preacher knows it. He believes God will save some to-night.

He preaches with that conviction. He forgets everything but the men in front of him, and warms to his task. They forget themselves, and seize on every word he utters. He steps down among them. The immediate power of Christ to save is pressed in upon them. He is supported in his confident insistence by spontaneous "Amen's," of saved men around him. He feels the opposition give. It yields on appeal; sinners fall on their knees. One cries out: "O God, have mercy on me—I don't know what else to say!" Another cries: "O God, I don't know how to pray!" And so the battle goes on. It is glorious! The power of God comes down, and four men stand up soundly converted, and with faces like the morning sun give glory to God.

Outside the night grew blacker. The mist had turned to a fine rain. The cold, dreary streets stretched their endless lengths in the dismal gloom. On the corner, as they turned out of John street into Broadway, the preacher caught up with two of the men who had been converted. "Men," said he, "where do you live?"

"We don't live anywhere just now," replied the taller of the two, some six feet in height.

"Well, where do you sleep?"

"Last night I slept in a wagon."

"And where did you sleep?" asked the preacher of the smaller one.

"Well, dominie, I don't like to tell, but I slept in a doorway."

"This is too bad a night for you to be out," said the preacher; you must have shelter."

"Oh, never mind, dominie," said the tall man; "God has converted my soul to-night, and I feel warm all over."

"See here, men," said the preacher, as they all stood shivering in the cold; "you take this—, and you take this—, and get a good hot meal and a good bed for the night. The good God will make a way for you to-morrow. Keep up courage, and look out for God's job; you'll get it."

The men refused the help offered them, but the preacher forced it on them, and full of gratitude, they took their way down the wet street, and the preacher looking after them thought he saw "one like unto the Son of Man" join himself to them in brotherhood as, cold and hungry, they disappeared in the night.

Has this no lesson for ministers who sigh for greener pastures? Can you face such problems? Better results! Wider fields! Yes, and harder problems. The work that counts anywhere is saving men, and if one cannot do that where he is, it is not likely he will do it anywhere else.—*Methodist Advocate Journal*.

"Small were my faith should it weakly falter,

Now that the roses have ceased to blow;

Fraill were the trust that now should alter,

Doubting His love, when the storm clouds grow.

If I trust Him once, I must trust Him ever;

And His way is best, though I stand or fall;

Through the wind and storm, He will leave me never—

He sends it all!"

—Selected.

The Word of God

Old Testament Testimony of Christ

H. Franklin Hill

No. 1

The religion of Jesus came not into the world by accident; neither was it evolved by the progress of human thought; nor yet was it the product of the peculiar exigencies of the times in which Christ lived. It was introduced by the direct act of the Almighty Himself, in sending into this world His only begotten Son, in fulfilment of prophecy, through whom He made a revelation of His will to man.

This revelation, being of God, was but a continuation of a system of revelations made through His Law and Prophets since the world began. And of Christianity itself, it may be said, that it was no new thing under the sun, but the divinely illuminated development of a religion already given to man—as old as humanity itself—all the leading characteristics of which had, to a certain degree, been forestalled or foreshadowed in the Old Testament Scriptures.

THE CHERUBIM OF THE TEMPLE

So the Old and New Testaments are but parts of the same plan, the former reflecting forward to the advent and life of Christ on earth, and the latter reflecting backward to the Christ already come in the flesh.

This was beautifully illustrated by the Cherubim which occupied one end of both the Jewish tabernacle

and temple: between the Cherubim was placed the Ark of the Covenant with the mercy-seat upon it; while a wing of each cherub stretched to the outer walls of the temple, each of their other wings hovered over the mercy-seat, and, with their faces toward each other, both looked down upon the mercy-seat where the glory of God appeared.

It was from off the mercy-seat that God made such communications as He chose to give to His people, and it was here that God received the petitions of His people, through the atonements offered by the high priest. Here also Moses received communications from the Divine Being, as illustrated in Numbers 7:89. It was this to which the psalmist refers when he says, "Thou that dwellest between the cherubim, shine forth." Thus, with their faces toward each other, the Old and New Testaments look from opposite directions, in point of time, toward the real mercy-seat of God—of which that in the temple was but the type—where the glory of God appears in Christ the Redeemer.

Further, to illustrate that the two cherubim represented but one plan or system, the cherubim for the tabernacle were beaten out of one solid piece of gold, the wing of each cherub overlapping the other and joined in the center above

the mercy-seat (see Exodus 37:7; also chapters 25 and 37; 1 Kings chap. 6, and 2 Chron., chap. 3).

But this is one event toward which both the Old and the New Testament point forward, not in opposite directions, but equally in the same direction, and with great clearness, and that event is the second coming of Christ and the reign of His saints.

A COMING REDEEMER

was the theme introduced almost at the very beginning of the Old Testament, and Eve had but shortly been beguiled by the serpent, ere the promise came that "the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." By the word *serpent* the apostle Paul seemed to understand that "that old serpent, the devil," is what was meant, for in quoting from this passage he said to the saints, "The God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly." And again, he said that one of the objects of Christ's mission was to "destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil" (Heb. 2:14). The object of this promise was, no doubt, to encourage our first parents and their descendants to repent of their sins, resist the further temptations of the "serpent," and trust in the coming Redeemer. For the redemption from sin offered through the atonement of Christ seems to have been designed to take effect immediately with man's first transgression. Repentance was as acceptable to God under the Old Testament dispensation as under the New; and it is the thought of the New Testament that

the atonement covered all ages of man's stay upon the earth—past, present and future: hence Christ is represented as the "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world" (Rev. 13:8). It was to people of the Old Testament times that the prophets preached such words as these: "In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness" (Zech. 13:1), which is also a remarkable prophecy of the designs of the gospel.

Therefore Job, who lived in a remote age of the world's history, could justly say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth;" and, speaking also in the same connection regarding Christ's second coming and the resurrection of the dead, he continues: "And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes behold, and not another; though my reins be consumed within me" (Job 19:25-27).

Isaiah reiterates this testimony when he says, "And the Redeemer shall come to Zion, and unto them that turn from transgression in Jacob, saith the Lord" (Isaiah 59:20). By the term "Jacob" is here meant "the Israel of God," whether Jews or Gentiles; for the same inspired prophet also says, referring to Christ, "Behold my servant, whom I uphold; mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth; I have put my Spirit upon Him: He shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles" (Isa 42:1; see also verses 2,

3 and 4). What a remarkable testimony of the Redeemer's work as we find it fulfilled even at this day!

David, as the mouth-piece of the Almighty, also testified, "I have laid help upon One that is mighty; I have exalted one, chosen out of the people" (Psa. 89:19)—bespeaking both Christ's divine and human origin, His power to save men from sin, and the force there would be in the gospel, to extend itself to the extremities of the globe for a testimony unto all men—whether they would hear or forbear. Truly, by the beneficent results of Christianity we may judge that He hath "laid help upon One that is mighty."

A STAR SHALL COME OUT OF JACOB

Concerning a wonderful personage and ruler that should appear in Israel, Balaam—who loved the wages of unrighteousness, but was compelled to tell the truth because that the Spirit of God came on him—testified: "I shall see Him, but not now: I shall behold Him, but not nigh: there shall come a STAR out of Jacob, and a SCEPTER shall rise out of Israel. * * * Out of Jacob shall come He that shall have

dominion" (See Num. 24:17, 19)—a prophecy regarding not only Christ's first but His second advent, when He shall shine upon the world with the radiance of the morning star, and also when He shall assume the scepter and "take unto Himself His great power and shall reign," "until all things shall be put under His feet," even death.

Concerning the Star that should come out of Jacob how beautifully this seems fulfilled as, according to the words of Christ, "I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star" (Rev. 22:16); and those other words to such as should overcome, "And I will give him the morning star" (Rev. 2:28). Truly, the world is influenced today by the mild radiance of this bright and morning Star, but it signifies to God's people something even better still. The morning star is always the harbinger of day. So Christ is to His people the harbinger of the resurrection "when this mortal shall put on immortality and "death be swallowed up in victory." "Christ the firstfruits; afterward they that are Christ's at His coming."

Rochester, New York.

The Suppression of the Scriptures

The attitude of many towards the Scriptures under modern experts in their literature is expressed somewhat as follows: "I have come to where I don't know a thing about a verse in the Bible until Dr. Uptodate tells us the latest word about it,—whether it and all its words are genuine or not; so I will let the

Bible alone as an unknown quantity and authority except fragments which are certified and dealt out to me by the new scholarship."

Such is the relation of many to the priesthood of the scholarship of the letter. We say "priesthood" because it stands between the people and the Scriptures, and intercepts

part of the confidence which might be bestowed on their language, and holds a monopoly of such allowances as the priesthood may hand out. Not that this Protestant priesthood covets such monopoly, but it is placed in it by those whose minds wait on the conclusions of its members.

But Romanism claims such monopoly; holds the people cannot be trusted with the Bible, on the ground that they are not qualified to understand it rightly save as the priest interprets and hands it out to them.

The literary priest now becomes the involuntary coadjutor of the Romish, in curtailing the universal acceptance of the Scriptures among men. We have long observed such combined effect of the two priesthoods, but did not venture to publish the thought, till now we have seen it thus expressed by A. T. Pier-son,—that “Rome puts a *priest* between man and the Bible, and criticism puts an *educated expositor* between the believer and the Bible.” [It is too bad that such is so.]

We are far from wishing to villify the occupation of the scholar and investigator. In the long run it

“can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth.” But let it be sanctified.

As Friends we are willing to trust the operation of the universal and saving Light of Christ, who is the Word of God, to whatever minds over the earth the volume of the Book concerning Himself may reach. The Key of David, as to His listeners on their walk to Emmaus, will open Scriptures to the truth-seekers’ understanding, as they may need them and be able to bear them, “where no man can shut, and shut where no man (as man) can open.”

To the one class of priests we could say: Hands off. Stand aside from between men and the Light. Trust the Living Word with His own enlightening work upon the words of His inspiration, and commend to the attention of men His inspeaking word to speak those words to their condition. And to the priesthood of the letter and history: Take care lest this prying liberty of yours in truth-seeking “become a stumbling-block to them that are weak” in knowledge, “lest through thy knowledge the unlearned brother perish, for whom Christ died.”—*The Friend*.

Mary Washington’s Bible

The Ladies’ Association, which has the care of the Washington estate of Mount Vernon, has recently made an important addition to the collection of Washington relics there—the “Mary Washington Bible,” the family Bible of Washington’s parents. The book, which is well authenticated, is much

worn from long usage, and the title and some other leaves are missing. The manuscript record of births and deaths, partly in the early handwriting of George Washington, is pasted down upon a leaf of text. This record begins:

Augustine Washington and Mary Ball was Married the Sixth of March 17,

30-31. George Washington Son to Augustine & Mary his Wife was Born ye 11th Day of February 17, 31-2 about 10 in the Morning & was Baptised the 15th of April following Mr. Beverly Whiting & Capt. Christopher Brooks Godfathers and Mrs. Mildred Gregory Godmothers.

The latest event recorded is the

death of Washington's sister Betty, who "Departed this life the 31st of March 1797 at 4 o'clock." After the death of Mary Washington the Bible passed into the possession of her daughter Betty, who had married Fielding Lewis.—*Evening Post* (N. Y.)

Illustrations of Bible Passages

Sin's Allurement

We read in Scripture of "the deceitfulness of sin." In South America, says *The Homiletic Review*, there is what they call the phosphorescent spider, whose tactics are to emit a mild, fascinating sort of light until the bug, attracted partly by the light and partly by a species of hypnotism, is well within clutches that give him no further opportunity for investigation.

That old spider, sin, acts very similarly in the glint and glamour wherewith it contrives to invest itself. Through this, sin allures its victim. "The way of the wicked seduced them." "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

A Snake Swallows His Mate

The Literary Digest of some years ago contained substantially the following: A snake and his mate to appease their hunger undertook to swallow the same toad, the one beginning with one part of the victim and the other with another. Both made progress for a time, but the male snake being the larger and stronger progressed the faster and finally came to the head of his

mate. The snake's teeth hook inward, so that when he gets a good hold upon his victim he cannot let go, and must continue the swallowing process. This both snakes endeavored to do, with the result that the male snake finally swallowed both the toad and the female snake. What a reminder of that Scripture which says, "But if ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another"!

One Week Too Late

A lady in Scotland became concerned about her soul. One night she was so troubled she could not sleep, but walked the floor in great distress of mind. At last she sat down and wrote her diary: "Next week I will attend to the salvation of my soul." She then retired and slept soundly. The next day she went into scenes of pleasure and gaiety. The next day she was taken violently ill, and soon became delirious. Before her death the delirium left her mind long enough for her to say, "I am one week too late! I am lost!"—*Selected*.

"He is the best friend of all women who is faithful to his own wife."

Pulpit and Pew

Care of the Voice in Preaching

By the Editor

The culture of the voice for public speaking is of much importance in the work of the Christian ministry. They who affect to despise such culture, especially if they be ministers themselves, show poor judgment, and generally do themselves much harm.

While not all who preach may have the advantages of a thorough course in the training of the voice, there are a few simple rules which all may and should observe, and in default of observing which they will, to a large degree, "spend their wretched strength for naught" in their pulpit efforts. We venture to mention and comment briefly on one of these rules for the benefit of those who may need the suggestions given.

The first and most important rule of public speakers is, *Speak plainly and distinctly*. This is the Scriptural way. "So they read in the book in the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading" (Nehemiah 8:8). Such is the Bible record of the first preaching from a pulpit. The method cannot be improved upon. The object of public speaking is to be heard and understood. Hence a minister should speak distinctly. Many are the violations of this rule.

Some speak too low—in an undertone, as though either too faint, too fearful, or too lazy to fill the

lungs and speak with some degree of force.

Others mumble in their attempts to speak. They do not articulate their syllables distinctly. They roll their words about in their mouths, speaking as though they were trying to chew and speak at the same time.

Then again, others speak strongly enough, but with undue haste, so that "their words overlap each other, play at leap-frog, or trip each other up," as Spurgeon puts it. There must be due space between one's words, or his speech will be indistinct, no matter how loudly he may speak.

Then some are too painfully slow of speech. "One word to-day and one to-morrow is a kind of slow fire which martyrs only could enjoy," from all of which "good Lord, deliver us."

Others speak too fast. Their speech is a continuous buzz-z-z-z-z. It reminds one of a buzz-saw in operation. In their haste to see how much they can say in a given time they rush, and tear, and rave, and rant like madmen. Such preaching is never impressive, except it be with fools and idiots. It drowns the sense (if there be any) in a deluge of confusing and distracting sounds.

Again to quote from Mr. Spurgeon, "Occasionally, one hears an infuriated orator of indistinct ut-

terance, whose impetuosity carries him on to such a confusion of sounds, that at a little distance one is reminded of Lucan's lines:

'Her gabbling tongue a muttering tone
confound,
Discordant and unlike to human sounds;
It seemed of dogs the bark, of wolves the
howl,
The doleful screeching of the mid-night
owl;
The hiss of snakes, the hungry lion's
roar,
The bound of billows beating on the
shore;
The groan of winds among the leafy
wood,
And burst of thunder from the rending
cloud!
'Twas these, all these in one.'

The preacher should beware of preaching too loud—in a screaming key, or with painfully loud explosive utterances every now and then. One may speak either too low or too loud to be heard distinctly. John Wesley enjoined upon his preachers not to scream, and enforced the injunction by reference to the prophecy concerning the Lord Jesus, "He shall not strive nor cry," etc., saying the proper

translation would be "He shall not strive nor *scream*." Too many of Wesley's followers have failed to heed the injunction, and so we have not a few who are screamers rather than sober-minded preachers. Sure enough, the Scripture says, "Cry aloud, and spare not;" but there is another Scripture which says, "Do thyself no harm;" and yet another which says, "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor;" and the screaming preacher violates both of these, since his screaming tears his own nervous system to pieces, and rasps and injures the nerves of many who have to listen to him.

Every man called to preach the gospel should cultivate an easy, natural, pleasant mode of speech in the pulpit—the more conversational the better. There is no reason why any man may not acquire such facility in speaking as to be able to speak distinctly and plainly, and with a pleasing tone, accent, and modulation of his voice. Some never do acquire such a method of speaking, but it is because they will not; rather than because they can not. Isn't it too bad?

Pulpit Preparation

Evangelist James Stolbert

Preparation for any great work is always essential to success. Haphazard, reckless, impulsive effort in any important enterprise is a serious blunder. Many a grand project has come to ignominious failure for lack of preparation.

Thought must precede action to make it effectual.

It is as reasonable to expect to

reap without sowing, as to succeed without preparation. The mechanic must serve an apprenticeship in order that he become expert at his trade. The builder makes his plan, gets material and lays a foundation before he erects the superstructure.

As preparation is necessary in business affairs, it is especially so in pulpit work. In preparing a

sermon knowledge should be gathered from all available sources, by observation and reading; and arranged by consecutive thought. Paul's advice to Timothy to "study" should not be ignored by any preacher. When one neglects to study, he retrogrades. Study should be deep, thorough and systematic. Superficially skimming over a subject is never satisfactory.

Simply because a man has a gift of speech, and can talk fluently on some familiar themes, is no reason why he should trust to the inspiration of the moment for an abundance of words, for in that case he might talk a long time without saying very much, and give his audience nothing but a shower-bath of words.

As the Lord told Jonah to preach the preaching that He gave him, so ministers should "preach the Word," for do what they will, they cannot find anything better.

One necessary element in preparation is prayer for the aid of the Holy Spirit, without which any effort, no matter how eloquent, will be noth-

ing but sounding brass, and a tinkling cymbal.

The getting of knowledge is as important to the preacher as acquiring money is to the merchant. An abundant supply of diversified knowledge should be deposited in the bank of memory, so that there be no danger of intellectual bankruptcy. It is also as important that the quality should be good, as that the quantity should be sufficient. Dr. Bellamy's advice to a student in regard to the composition of a sermon was to fill up the cask; then when he tapped it, he would get a good stream: but if he put in little, it would only dribble.

A preacher should remember that he is a shepherd, and should feed the sheep. When he enters the pulpit he meets with anxious, hungry listeners, and therefore he should have food prepared for them or they will be apt to go away dissatisfied. He should have both his head and his heart educated, and all his talents sharpened, polished and consecrated to God's service.

Kansas City, Missouri.

What Is Wanted

The Holy Spirit is able to make the Word as successful now as in the days of the Apostles. He can bring in by hundreds and thousands, as easily as by ones and twos. The reason why we are no more prosperous is, that we have not the Holy Spirit with us in might and power as in early times. If we had the Spirit sealing our ministry with power, it would signify very little about our talent. Men might be poor

and uneducated; their words might be broken and ungrammatical; there might be none of the polished periods of Hall, or glorious thunders of Chalmers; but if the might of the Spirit attended them, the humblest evangelists would be more successful than the most learned of divines, or the most eloquent of preachers.

It is extraordinary *grace*, not *talent*, that wins the day. It is extraordinary *spiritual* power, not extra-

ordinary *mental* power, that we need. Mental power may fill a chapel, but spiritual power fills the church; mental power may gather a congregation, spiritual power will save souls. We want spiritual power.

O! we know some before whom we shrink into nothing as to talent, but who have no spiritual power; and when they speak they have not the Holy Spirit with them. But we know others—simple-hearted,

worthy men, who speak their country dialect, and who stand up to preach in their country-place, and the Spirit of God clothes every word with power. Hearts are broken, souls are saved, and sinners are born again. O Spirit of the living God! We want *Thee*. Thou art the life, the soul, the source of Thy people's success. Without Thee they can do nothing; with Thee [with whom is all power] they can do everything.
—C. H. Spurgeon.

Keep Still

Keep still! When trouble is brewing, keep still; when slander is getting on its legs, keep still; when your feelings are hurt, keep still till you recover from your excitement, at any rate. Things look different through an unagitated eye. In a commotion once I wrote a letter and sent it, and wished I had not. In my later years I had another commotion and wrote a long letter; but life rubbed a little sense into me and I kept that letter in my pocket against the day when I could look over it without agitation and without tears. I was glad I did. Less and less it seemed necessary to send

it. I was not sure it would do any harm, but in my doubtfulness I leaned to reticence, and eventually it was destroyed. Time works wonders. Wait till you can speak calmly and then you will not need to speak, maybe. Silence is the most massive thing conceivable sometimes. It is strength in every grandeur. It is like a regiment ordered to stand still in the mad fury of battle. To plunge in were twice as easy. The tongue has unsettled more ministers than small salaries ever did, or lack of ability. "These things ought not so to be."
—Burton's *Yale Divinity Lectures*.

Why They Joined

At one army post where a number of recruits were temporarily stationed, an old sergeant was ordered to ascertain to what religious sect each man belonged, and to see that he joined the party told off for that particular form of worship. Some of the men had no liking for church, and declared themselves to be athe-

ists. But the sergeant was a Scotsman and a man of no little experience with men.

"Ah, weel," said he, "then ye hae no need to kape holy the Sabbath, and the stables hae na been cleaned oot lately." And he ordered them to clean out the stables. This occupied practically the whole day, and

the men lost their usual Sunday afternoon's leave. Next Sunday a broad smile crept over the face of

the sergeant when he heard that the atheists had joined the Church of England.—*The Argonaut.*

Sermon Outlines

I.

IMPOSSIBLE SILENCE

"We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard.—Acts 4:20.

I. THERE IS AN INWARD NECESSITY WHICH MAKES SILENCE IMPOSSIBLE. "We cannot but speak," etc.

1. A universal impulse is begotten of any profound conviction or illuminating truth, especially as affecting moral and spiritual matters, which knocks at the inner side of the door of the lips, demanding exit and free air and utterance. "We believe, and therefore speak," is an unusual sequence.

The cause of a silent church is a defective conception of the gospel entrusted to it, of a feeble grasp of the same. And as our silence or indifference is a symptom, so by reaction it is in turn the cause of a greater enfeeblement of our faith, and of a weaker grasp of the gospel.

2. Besides the impulse which flows from the possession of the gospel, there is an impulse which flows from that which is but another way of putting the same thing, the union with Jesus Christ, which is the result of our faith in the gospel. If I am a Christian, I am, in a very profound and real sense, one with Jesus Christ, and have His Spirit for the life of my spirit. Under the impulse of His Spirit in our hearts, "We cannot but speak the

things which we have seen and heard."

II. THERE IS A SPECIFIC COMMAND WHICH MAKES SILENCE CRIMINAL.

The great commission—"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." "Ye shall be witnesses unto me * * * unto the uttermost part of the earth." This commandment which is laid upon Christian men submerges all distinctions of race, speech, nationality and color, and makes indifference and silence criminal. This commandment overrides everything else. "We cannot but speak," etc.

III. THERE IS A BOND OF BROTHERHOOD WHICH MAKES SILENCE UNNATURAL.

The inward impulse turns attention to our own hearts. The definite command turns our eyes to the throne. The bond of brotherhood—that sends our thoughts out over the whole world. There is such a bond. Jesus Christ "by the grace of God tasted death for every man," and has brought all men into unity. He became our Brother to make us His brethren, and brethren to each other. Hence the responsibility is laid upon us by that very bond of brotherhood that we should carry whithersoever our influence may go the great message of the Elder Brother who makes us all one.

CONCLUSION.

We are debtors. Let us put down the items:

Debtors by a common brotherhood.

Debtors by the possession of Christ for ourselves.

Debtors by benefits received.

Debtors by injuries inflicted.

The debit side of the account is heavy. Let us try to discharge some portion of the debt in the manner in which the great apostle did, who after declaring himself a debtor to all classes of men, added, "So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel." *Abstracted With Slight Alterations from a Sermon by Alexander Maclaren, D. D.*

II.

THE PLUMB-LINE.

"Thus He shewed me: and, behold, the Lord stood upon a wall made by a plumbline, with a plumbline in His hand."—Amos 7:7.

The metaphors of Amos are very forcible, though homely and simple. He was God-taught; or, as men say, self-taught. Let his vision come before us, as though we saw it ourselves. What the Lord had done was according to rule: "He stood upon a wall made by a plumbline." His past dealings were just and true. The Lord continues to use the same infallible rule: Wherever He is He has a plumb-line in His hand.

We shall treat the plumb-line as an emblem of truth and right.

1. A PLUMB-LINE IS USED IN BUILDING.

In all that we build up all must

act by the sure rule of righteousness.

1. In God's building it is so.

He removes the old walls when tested by the plumb-line and found faulty. Truth requires the removal of falsehood.

He builds in truth and reality. Sincerity is essential.

He builds in holiness and purity.

He builds to perfection according to the rule of right.

2. In our own life-building it should be so.

Not haste, but truth should be our object.

Not according to the eye of man, but according to fact.

We should build by the Word; in God's sight; after Christ's example; by the Spirit; unto holiness. Only thus shall we be using the plumb-line.

3. In our building of the church it should be so.

Teaching the Scriptures only in all things.

Preaching nothing but the gospel.

Laying sinners low by the law, and exalting the grace of God.

Leading men to holiness and peace by the doctrines of truth.

Exercising discipline that the church may be pure.

II. A PLUMB-LINE IS USED FOR TESTING.

That which is out of upright is detected by the plumb-line, and so are men tested by the truth.

1. We may use it—

On the wall of self-righteousness, conceit, boasting, etc.

On the wall of careless living.

On the wall of trust in ceremonials, etc.

On the wall of reliance upon merely hearing the gospel.

On the wall of every outward profession.

2. God uses it on this life. He tests the hearts of men, and tries their doings.

3. He will use it at the last.

4. Let us use it on ourselves. Are we born again? Are we without faith, etc.? Are we without holiness? Or is the work of the Spirit to be seen in us?

III. A PLUMB-LINE WILL BE USED FOR DESTROYING.

Strict justice is the rule of God's dealing at the judgment-seat. The same rule will apply to all.

1. Even the saved will be saved justly through our Lord Jesus.

2. No one will be condemned who does not deserve it. There will be a trial, with witnesses, and

pleadings, and an infallible Judge.

3. Not a pain will be inflicted unjustly. Differences will be made. There will be strictest justice in each award.

4. Rejectors of Christ will find their doom intolerable, because they, themselves, will be unable to deny its justice. Luke 19:27.

5. Since every sentence will be infallible, there will be no revision. So impartial and just will be each verdict that it shall stand for ever. Matt. 25:46.

Are we able to endure the test of the plumb-line of perfect truth? Suppose it to be used of God at this moment. Will it not be wisest to look to Jesus, that we may have Him for a foundation, and be built up in him?—*Abridged from "My Sermon Notes," by Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon.*

The Foreign Field

Missionary Martyrs

They have no place in storied page,

No rest in marble shrine;

They are past and gone with perished age,

They died and "made no sign."

But work shall find their wages yet,

And deeds that their God did not forget,

Done for their love Divine—

These are their mourners, and these shall be

The crown of their immortality.

Oh, seek them not where sleep the dead,

Ye shall not find their trace;

No graven stone is at their head,

No green grass hides their face.

But sad and unseen in their silent grave—

It may be sand or deep sea wave,

Or lonely desert place—

For they need no prayers and no mourning bell;

They were tombed in true hearts that knew them well.

They healed sick hearts till theirs were broken,

And dried sad eyes till theirs lost sight;

We shall know at last by a certain token,

How they fought and fell in the fight.

Salt tears of sorrow unbeheld,

Passionate cries unchronicled,

And silent strifes for the right—

Angels shall count them, and the earth shall sigh,

That she left her best children to battle and die.—*Sir Edwin Arnold.*

The African Native as a Gospel Worker in South Africa

Rev. J. P. Brodhead

Can the African native be used to advantage in mission work among his own people? If so, under what conditions and to what extent? This most important question is increasingly agitating the minds of the Africa missionaries, and others interested in spreading the glorious gospel among the native peoples of that far-off continent.

We must answer the first part of this interrogation in the affirmative. The native is a most necessary adjunct in the successful prosecution of gospel work. The continent of Africa occupies the unique position of being the only really large pagan area, geographically, without a written language. China, India and Japan, more notably, have each their written forms of speech; and in these lands the native preacher and teacher is simply indispensable. He not only knows the customs, manners and habits of the people among whom he labors, but in the prevailing systems of education he has shared with them in intellectual training. He is familiar and well acquainted with the religions dominating the minds of the people; with the superstitions and fears arising therefrom. As deeply and as bitterly as they feel, and grope after a hope which is never theirs, so has he felt and groped in the darkness of his own life. In short, he is one of them, and knows life as they know it, in bitter heart experience.

But in some way his spiritual

eyes were opened. Through the great mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ he was enabled to apprehend the voice of mercy, and peace and forgiveness found way to his heart. Then God called him to go and be His "witness." Mark it! His witness! This, according to the first and second chapters of the Acts of the Apostles is the call of God to His ministering servants in this dispensation, "Ye shall be WITNESSES unto me."

Thus the native preacher, saved by the gospel, his heart imbued with its love and inspired by its spirit, goes forth to meet the people in their life-environment. Now, from this time onward, he not only knows the need, but knows as well the only remedy. His harvest field is open before him. What faithfulness and heroisms have many times been displayed therein! Take "Pastor Hsi" of China, and his work, for an example. What an advantage such a native must have over any "white" missionary, who has everything to learn. Language, customs, habits, beliefs, and many other difficult and perplexed questions must be successfully dealt with before he can be the success he should be, and wants to be.

In Africa all the foregoing is even more true. The fears, superstitions and evils of the people are just as far-reaching and as deep-seated. With this condition existing the missionary arrives on the scene. He would learn the native language, he would understand

their customs, manners and habits; he longs to apprehend what they believe and why they believe. In many such ways he would prepare himself. He turns hopefully to his task and seeks books and literature upon the subject in hand. Imagine his dismay as he ascertains that but very little help is to be obtained from this source! Not even a written form of speech is to be found, as emanating from the native mind. If anything is to be evolved from the appalling darkness of African heathenism, it must come through the missionary. So, instead of finding many helps, he has additional burdens thrust upon him. The jargon of sounds coming from the lips of the natives all around him, many of which are unexplainable and indescribable, must be reduced to some written form; so naturally he turns to the letters of his own alphabet.

You know the sound cloth makes as it is swiftly and deftly torn by the hands of the salesman. Would you think you could pronounce that sound by such a grouping together of letters as "h-x-e-b-u-l-a?" Yet there it is in Zulu, but to describe it on paper is impossible.

Over just such difficulties, and others, has the missionary labored in South Africa. At the present day some literature helpful to the newer missionary is to be found, but the quantity is yet very small. But the missionary labors on, and is by no means discouraged. God reigns, and the reward for "faithful" service is sure. He studies, works with his hands, teaches and preaches, and at times is encour-

aged by a measure of divine blessing.

Much of the time progress, however, seems slow. His task, as he stands single-handed and alone, is trying. Then a change comes, like a refreshing cooling rain after a hot day in summer. The call of God comes to some one, a converted man, to "witness." Of books he knows nothing. To write is much harder than plowing; in fact, it is impossible to him. But he knows the people and their need; and by his own bitter experience, and deliverance therefrom, he knows the remedy. Some broken pieces of Scripture come to his mind and burn in his heart. He knows how to pray, and he goes forth. To his own people he is as a lighthouse on a rock-bound coast, or a rescue party sent to deliver.

What is the result? Spiritual prosperity bursts forth. At the same time he persistently, yet laboriously, learns to read and write. "What ridiculous things those marks are, anyway, which the missionary puts on paper! The paper itself is strange! I can't understand; but my missionary says "It's so, so I believe it."

Thus he reasons in his mind, and the perspiration streams down his face, as, full-grown man that he is, he stumbles along. Such was Mpolosa, a man of forty years of age, before he ever held a book in his hand. Others of his own people might go to the beer drinks, but he would go to his books. So also was Hulumene, another "noted" Zulu preacher. How many might be spoken of!

The question of "under what conditions" has already been measurably dealt with. "Conditions," with the missionary and his work, **simply demand outside help.** The native, as teacher and preacher, furnishes a large measure of the help required.

The matter of "to what extent," in its working-out to a practical conclusion, continues yet in the formative stage; or, it might be better said that different mission societies laboring in South Africa are not uniform in the degree of importance they attach to the help of the native, and his place in the work, some using him more freely than others, and some depending more fully upon him than others.

Some points of experience, however, have already been arrived at over which, in their certainty, there can be no conflict of opinion. Chief among these is the fact that the native must be overseen and directed in his labors, by some mind other than his own. He can be used to execute, but cannot on the whole, initiate. Hence the need, primarily, that the missionary be a person of forethought, and able to plan. The missionary is the leader.

The power of example goes a long way also, on the part of the missionary, in pushing the native out in his work.

Further, in the matter of control over the native by the missionary,

it goes without saying, almost, that this must be of the **right kind.** It does **not do for the missionary simply to issue his orders,** then expect the native to carry them out without any measure of investigation on the part of the missionary as to the outcome. He must be on hand to see that the plans given are followed out correctly; and by wise and judicious control "lead" and not "drive" his native helpers.

Many missionaries fail right here. As a result "wheels" of the work become clogged, dearth instead of prosperity abounds, discouragement comes in, and at times the native preacher "falls by the wayside;" and the unwise missionary throws upon him the blame of the whole. Whereas, many times, had the necessary "something" been forthcoming, from the missionary, whatever it may have been, in his control over and care for his native helper, failure probably would have been averted. His failure permitted, if not caused, his native to fail.

Hence we say then: Use the native, and use him freely. He is not the whole of it by any means, but he has his most important place. Place responsibility upon him as he is able to bear, lead and direct him aright in his work, and divine blessing **MUST** come upon united effort thus exerted, to the salvation of many.

Franklin, Pennsylvania.

How You May Help

Several years ago some young children read in their missionary magazine of five little girls in Africa. Their mother asked: "Would you not like to pray for them?" "Let us choose one," they

answered. So they chose one name, "Mgomba."

They did not forget Mgomba. Night after night they asked God to help her to be good. Years passed. One day a missionary from Africa came to their house. "Do you know anything about Mgomba?" they asked.

"Mgomba! why, what do you know about her?" They told her how they had read about her in their little magazine, and had prayed for her so long; and what a wonderful story she had to tell!

Mgomba had been a scholar in this lady's school. She had been disobedient and careless. She would not even try to learn or to please them. But a great change came in her life.

"Oh, when was that?" asked the girls, for they were no longer children. The missionary remembered the very month, and—yes, that was the very time—it was when they began to pray for her! Mgomba became a happy Christian, and now she is teaching her people about God.—*Unknown*.

Experience

Gideon Ouseley

Miss Adella P. Carpenter

Gideon Ouseley was one of the band of noble, godly men, who in the time of Wesley labored with unquenchable zeal for the salvation of men.

He was born in the town of Dunmore, Galway, Ireland, in 1762. He received a good education, classical and mathematical, and as a young man was bold, generous, liberty-loving.

He was converted in 1791 through the agency of Methodist preachers who visited his native town; and three months later, to use his own words, "The great Prince who sits upon the throne said, 'Behold, I make all things new!'"

Very soon he felt the call of God to preach the gospel to his countrymen. The story is familiar. He pleaded,— "Lord, I am a poor, ignorant countryman; how can I go? Oh, Lord God, behold, I cannot speak: for I am a child." Then it would rush into his mind, "Do you not know the disease?" "O yes, Lord, I do." "And do you not know the cure?" "O yes, glory be to Thy name! I do." "Then go and tell them of the disease and the cure." "So then with only these two things," he would say,

"the knowledge of the disease, and the knowledge of the cure, I went forth."

Knowing his countrymen as he did he was eminently adapted to work among them. He preached to all, in public congregations and by the wayside, sometimes with great acceptability, and often with persecution.

His first sermon was preached at a funeral. "He was accustomed to attend wake-houses or places where the corpse lay; here he would mingle with the crowds, and while the priest read the prayers in Latin, not one word of which the people could understand, he would translate every part that was good into Irish, and then address the whole assembly on their eternal interests; preach to them Jesus, and salvation in His name."

"One day he rode up to a house where the priest was celebrating mass; the large assembly were on their knees. Mr. Ouseley knelt with them, and translating into Irish every word that would bear a Scriptural construction, he audibly repeated it, adding, 'Listen to that.' They were all deeply affected. The priest was

thunder-struck. Service being ended, Mr. Ouseley and the congregation rose to their feet; he then delivered an exhortation on the need of having their peace made with God, by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. When he had concluded and rode away they cried out to the priest, 'Father, who was that?' 'I don't know,' replied the priest, 'he is not a man at all, he is an angel, no man could do what he has done.'

Mr. Ouseley taught publicly, but he was also constantly alert to exhort and instruct individuals whom he met. He was unique in his manner of approaching men. "Coming up one fine summer's day, with a number of men cutting peat he said, 'What are you doing, boys?' 'We are cutting turf,' they answered. 'Sure,' returned Mr. Ouseley, 'you don't require them this fine weather!' 'No, sir,' they answered, 'we don't want them now, but will want them in the cold days of winter out here, and in the long nights!' 'And, ye fools,' said he, 'won't it be time enough to cut them when ye want them? Let winter provide for itself.' 'O, sir,' they answered again, 'it would be too late then.' The moral was soon understood, and the need of the present salvation urged upon them.

Mr. Ouseley knew so well the errors of the Romish church that he was able often to put to silence the arguments brought forward by its priests or members. To one he said, "Did not your blessed Lord eat of the bread, and drink of that cup after its consecration?" He was answered, "Yes." "And do you think that he ate himself?" said Mr. Ouseley. "I believe he did," said his opponent. Then said Mr. Ouseley, "His own head was in his own mouth, as were his feet and his whole body, and so a part is greater than the whole." The men present laughed and the man arguing with him was confounded.

He was appointed by the Wesleyan Conference of 1797, not as a pastor, but as a missionary to Ireland. His work was greatly blessed of God, as he traveled through the length and breadth of his native land. So much of the Spirit's presence attended his preaching

that both Papists as well as those outside of any church were saved in great numbers.

A man was converted on the battlefield of Waterloo, amid the fearful carnage of that terrible day, who testified afterward that it was the truth he received through one of Mr. Ouseley's sermons, that came to his mind, and helped him to find God, in his hour of dire necessity.

When a companion was wanted, in 1813, for Dr. Coke who was going to India, Mr. Ouseley with tears, begged to be permitted to accompany him; but the conference wisely decided that he could not be spared from the work in Ireland.

At times he would visit his own home not longer than a week in six months; if he were ill, he would remark, "This, also, I am persuaded, will be followed with good; for now, thank God, I can take my pen, and my heart is inditing a good matter." If too sick to use a pen himself, he sometimes employed another to write for him.

His own writings were much used of God in refuting the errors of the Romish church.

Again and again he suffered persecution, mobs attacked him, and he suffered injury in his efforts for their good.

He says of himself, "I have always been of the opinion that if I would do good to the Roman Catholics, as I speak the Irish tongue so much, there is no better plan for me than to travel through the kingdom as extensively as possible and to preach all I can, without and within. Thus I come to them unexpectedly, and they hear quietly, before the priests can have time to warn them." He preached three and four times a day, often in the fields and market places.

He was possessed of great bodily vigor, and was spared to labor in the ministry for forty years. It was his habit to go from his knees to his pulpit, and the unction that attended his ministrations, resulting in the salvation of thousands of souls, was doubtless the result of his close walk with God and of his strong faith in Him. Such a life is a heritage to the church throughout succeeding ages.

North Chili, New York.

Our Young People

How a Young Man May Make a Clean Record

By the Editor

A great and wise king once raised the question, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?" That is, how shall he keep himself from the corruption of life that is all about him, and make a clean record for himself?

Having raised this important question, that same great and wise king at once answered it on this wise: "By taking heed thereto according to Thy Word." (Psalm 119:9). No better answer could possibly be given—no wiser, better rule of life proposed.

The Bible is an infallible guide to right conduct. Infidels have declared it to be "A polluted collection of writings," but our reply to this charge is, "Go through all the centuries since the oldest parts of it were written, and search with all diligence, for an instance in which any man, old or young, was ever made corrupt, dishonest, or unclean from adhering closely to the teachings of this Book, and you will fail to find it; while it is a fact, everywhere known, that millions have been turned from the most profligate course to lives of uprightness, purity and usefulness by listening to its counsels and following its dictates. If it be correct that "a tree is known by its fruit," the application of this principle to the Holy Scriptures reveals the fact that the Bible cannot be, as has been charged, "a polluted collection of writings," but must be a fountain of truth and purity.

David, the king, recommends God's Word as particularly adapted to enabling "a young man [to] cleanse his way." The flush of early manhood, when full of animal spirits, when the fires of passion burn hotly, and when knowledge is limited and experience wanting; is the most critical period of a man's life—the time in which one is most likely to fall into those errors and to form those associations and habits which will prove a life-

long and perhaps, an eternal curse. In such a crisis every young man needs instruction, guidance, counsel, correction and discipline, such as the Word of God alone can give him. Hence, if he would get right, keep right, and thus make a clean record for himself, the young man should "take heed thereto according to [God's] Word."

"Young man, the Bible must be your chart," says Mr. Spurgeon, "and you must exercise great watchfulness that your way may be according to its directions. You must take heed to your daily life as well as study your Bible, and you must study your Bible that you may take heed to your daily life. With the greatest care a man will go astray if his map misleads him; but with the most accurate map he will still lose his road if he does not take heed to it. The narrow way was never hit upon by chance, neither did any heedless man ever lead a holy life. We can sin without thought, we have only to neglect the great salvation to ruin our souls; but to obey the Lord and walk uprightly will need all our heart and soul and mind. Let the careless remember this."

For the Word of God to be of any benefit to us in the way of correcting our lives and making us noble and useful and holy, its contents must be hidden in our hearts. The Psalmist said, "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee" (Verse 11). Scanning the Word, or merely hearing it, will not suffice. "He that received seed into the good ground," according to the parable of the sower, "is he that heareth the Word, and understandeth it; which also beareth fruit, and bringeth forth, some an hundredfold, some sixty, and some thirty" (Matt. 13:23). The Word must be received into the understanding and the affection in order to bear fruit in the life. It is discreditable to young

men, and to young women also, to be ignorant of the Bible in this enlightened age; yet such is the case with thousands, even of those who have been reared in Christian homes.

Young friends, let us *study* our Bibles. No nobler work can occupy our time and attention. No other work will more

abundantly repay us for our efforts through the coming years. Concerning God's Word it is written, "When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee" (Prov. 6:22). "I have remembered Thy name * * and have kept Thy Word."

The Story of a Gold Eagle

The soul that casts its burden upon the Lord will be sustained, even though the billows may seem ready to overwhelm it. If the burden is not taken away, strength will be given sufficient to sustain it. The following story, though old, is yet a good illustration of this truth:

A good many years ago a merchant missed from his cash drawer a gold eagle. No one had been to the drawer. It was proved, except a young clerk whose name was Weston. The merchant had sent him there to make change for a customer, and the next time the drawer was opened the gold eagle had disappeared. Naturally, Weston was suspected of having stolen it, and more especially as he appeared a few days after the occurrence in a new suit of clothes. Being asked where he had bought the clothes he gave the name of the tailor without hesitation; and the merchant, going privately to make inquiries, discovered that Weston had paid for the suit with a twenty-dollar gold piece.

That afternoon the young clerk was called into the merchant's private room and charged with the theft.

"It is useless to deny it," the merchant said. "You have betrayed yourself with those new clothes, and now the only thing that you can do is to make a full confession of your fault."

Weston listened with amazement; he could hardly believe at first that such an accusation could be brought against him, but when he saw that his employer was in earnest he denied it indignantly, and declared that the money he had spent for the clothes was his own, given him as a Christmas gift a year ago. The

merchant sneered at such an explanation, and asked for the proof.

"Who was the person that gave it to you? Produce him," he demanded.

"It was a lady," answered Weston, "and I can't produce her, for she died last spring. I can tell you her name."

"Can you bring me anybody that saw her give you the money or knew of your having it?" asked the merchant.

"No, I can't do that," Weston had to answer. "I never told any one about the gift, for she did not wish me to. But I have a letter from her somewhere, if I haven't lost it, that she sent with the money, and in which she speaks of it."

"I dare say you have lost it," the merchant sneered. "When you have found it, sir, you can bring it to me, and then I will believe your story."

Weston went home with a heavy heart. He had no idea where the letter was; he could not be sure that he had not destroyed it; and yet unless he could produce it his character was ruined, for he saw that the merchant was fully convinced of his guilt, and appearances, indeed, were sadly against him. He went to work, however, in the right way. He knelt down and prayed to God for help to prove that he was innocent, and then he began to overhaul the contents of his desk and trunk and closet.

He kept his papers neatly, and it did not take long to see that the letter was not among them. He sat down with a sense of despair when he was convinced of this. What else could he do? Nothing, but pray again for help and guidance and strength to endure whatever trouble God might choose to send upon him.

"When I rose from my knees," he said, telling the story years afterward, "I happened to catch my foot in an old rug that I had nailed down to the carpet because it was always curling at the edges. The nail at the corner had come out, and stooping down to straighten the rug I saw a bit of paper peeping out. I pulled it from its hiding place, and it was the letter.

"How it got there I don't know. The fact that I had found it was enough for me, and if I hadn't gone on my knees

again to give thanks for such a deliverance I should be ashamed to tell you the story now.

"I brought the letter to my employer. It proved my innocence, and he apologized. A month afterward the gold piece was found in Mr. Finch's overcoat pocket. He had never put it in the cash drawer at all, though he thought he had. He raised my salary on the spot to pay for his unjust suspicions; and I have never yet repented of trusting the Lord in my trouble."—*The Christian*.

My Mother

Bright-eyed she was, bright smiling and
bright souled,

A never-failing zest of life she had,
Which lightened every care, and kept
her glad.

Time-crowned with silver, never was she
old,

Never to human interests deaf nor cold.
We may not mourn her, now as angels
clad,

Whose pilgrim way was seldom dark or
sad;

For her, soft tears and chimes, not long
knells tolled!

Still dwells her spirit, intimate and
near,

Among our griefs, our old perplexities.

Making for memory a garden place,

With rosemary, not rue, kept green and
dear,

The quiet paths all bordered with hearts-
ease,

One steadfast star for storm, for night—
her face.—*Lulu Whedon Mitchell*.

Why He Lost His Friends

He was always wounding their feelings, making sarcastic or funny remarks at their expense.

He was cold and reserved in his manner, cranky, gloomy, pessimistic.

He was suspicious of everybody.

He never threw the doors of his heart wide open to people, or took them into his confidence.

He was always ready to receive assistance from his friends, but always too busy or too stingy to assist them in their time of need.

He regarded friendship as a luxury to be enjoyed, instead of an opportunity for service.

He never learned that implicit, generous trust is the very foundation stone of friendship.

He never thought it worth while to spend time in keeping up his friendships.

He did not realize that friendship will not thrive on sentiment alone; that there must be service to nourish it.

He did not know the value of thoughtfulness in little things.

He borrowed money from them.

He never hesitated to sacrifice their reputation for his advantage.

He was always saying mean things about them in their absence.—*Success Magazine*.

Shingles from a Tree Eleven Hundred Years Old

A lumber company at Buckley, Washington, recently sent out a number of souvenir shingles that were cut from a tree 1100 years old. Scattered through

the forests of Washington are gigantic cedar trees that fell untold ages ago and have laid buried in moss and decaying vegetation for generations. The moss

upon these fallen monarchs has provided lodgment for seeds of other trees, and they have sprouted, taken root and grown.

The tree from which the shingles were cut is lying on the ground, while on top of it is the stump of another giant tree.

The prostrate trunk has 350 rings, which fact denotes that it was 350 years old when it fell. The stump of the tree which grew over it has 750 rings, and as this could not have started to grow until some time after the first fell, it is practically certain that it was thriving in A. D. 800, which was 700 years before the discovery of America, and 300 years before William the Conqueror was crowned King of England. This tree grew, fell, and was lying covered with moss during the time of the third crusade, and nearly 300 years before the burning of Joan or Arc.—*Popular Mechanics*.

Publisher's Note

The editor, Bishop Wilson T. Hogue, was stricken with paralysis at Fairmount, Indiana, on July 6th. His whole right side is affected, but there is a slight improvement in his condition at this writing (the 23d instant). He had sent in the matter for this number of the magazine three days before his attack. We ask the earnest prayers of our readers that he may be restored to health.

W. B. ROSE.

The conferences and camp-meetings to be held during the months of August and September present an opportunity scarcely found at any other season of the year for securing subscriptions to THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN.

Please bear in mind that when you send us five names with five dollars you are entitled to a copy for one year free, which you may have sent to yourself, or to the address of a friend.

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Do not let one of these public gather-

ings go by without having THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN presented. If no one seems to be particularly interested ask for the privilege of introducing the magazine yourself. Quite often a matter of this kind is passed by for the simple reason that no one in particular is appointed to look after it. You are especially commissioned to do this work.

The publisher is prepared to furnish specimen copies and blanks for canvassing purposes to any who will apply for them. All subscriptions will date from July 1, and the July number will be sent to all beginning later.

W. B. ROSE.

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