

Living Water

"Call unto me and I will answer Thee and shew Thee great and mighty things, which Thou knowest not." Jer-3-33

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The Missionary Appeal

BY A. B. SIMPSON.

"Their Redeemer is mighty; He shall plead their cause with thee" (Prov. 23:11).

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me. . . . Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of these, ye did it not unto Me" (Matt. 25:40,45).

GOD meets us in this text to plead for the suffering and the lost, to plead for missions and for men. He is their Redeemer. It is the old Hebrew word, Goel, the avenger of blood, the next of kin, the one that stands up for the wronged and the neglected. And He "is mighty, He will plead their cause with thee." The day is coming when again you will meet Him face to face, and He will point to them and say, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto Me."

I. God's first appeal to us for missions is founded upon the gratitude we owe for what missions have done for us. There may be some foolish people, such as I have met from time to time, who look with a little amusement upon the fad or fancy some of us seem to have adopted about missions. They used to call us "far away people" because our eyes and thoughts were in the ends of the earth. I remember some years ago a local paper announced that "these extreme people, who give away all that they have, have come again to Old Orchard." So people looked upon it as a sort of notion that certain people seem to have which does not concern the rest of you. I want to ask any such friend this morning why it is that you are not out in the woods today as a naked savage around a Druid altar or feeding upon the flesh of your own race as a cannibal. The reason is that certain missionaries a few centuries ago visited your forefathers and gave them the gospel in Germany and in England, and a little earlier Paul and Barnabas heard the cry from Macedonia and went over into Europe and planted the gospel of Christ in the new continent from which our fathers came.

A foolish American tourist was talking with a Fijian and ridiculing the enthusiasm with which those simple people were crowding to their temple and worshipping God. "Do you know that we in America and Europe have got beyond this antiquated teaching? It is out of date." The Fijian pointed his finger to a rock, and he said: "Do you see that rock, and do you see that oven beside it? Do you know that if it had not been for the Gospel we would have killed you on that rock and baked you in that oven hours ago? That is what the Gospel has done for us." Oh, how hard that we should with our ungrateful feet defile the streams from which we ourselves have drunk!

II. Christ pleads with us for missions because of the appeal of humanity and compassion for the sufferings of our fellowmen. Our cultured age calls this altruism, that is, the sentiment that thinks about other people. God calls it

love. And it is the heart of the Gospel. In fact, it is the only thing worth anything in the world. It inspires the soldier on the battlefield, the firemen in the midnight hour of peril, the sailor to rescue the drowning passenger, and the men and women that have made the history of the world. And there is no appeal so stirring as the missionary appeal. For every kind of need is represented there, social, physical, intellectual, moral, spiritual, and eternal. It is the appeal of the poor, mutilated victims of the Congo, suffering from the rubber traders. It is the appeal of blighted childhood and dishonored womanhood of Eastern lands. It is the appeal of the poor Indian woman of Bolivia, who sing their babes to sleep at night by a dirge of sorrow for their hopeless condition as the victims of man's brutality. It is the appeal of the child widows in India and the victims of temple pollution in all that land. It is the appeal of a thousand millions of our fellow beings in ignorance, and poverty, and degradation, and going down to Christless graves. The other day a Korean woman stumbling through a native town asked some of her people if they could show her the way to the place where they healed broken hearts. Some one said, "Oh, that must be the mission station!" They pointed her to the mission station, and she found healing for her broken heart. It is the only remedy for the broken-hearted world, and it appeals to you today in the name of suffering humanity for whom there is no other remedy but the love of God and the cross of Jesus Christ.

"They tell me of lands that are sunk in shame,
And of hearts that fail and tire;
But I know of a name, a name, a name,
That can set those lands on fire.
Oh, give them that name, oh, kindle that flame
That can set those lands on fire.

III. But again, the missionary appeal is the appeal of common sense. It appeals to practical people that are looking for results that pay. You are always asking that question. Let me answer it first by a few brief quotations from practical men.

John Wanamaker made a visit to the heathen world a little while ago, and this is what he wrote when he came home:

"While the British government assists India's schools, colleges, and hospitals, I found the largest proportion of humanitarian work traceable to the Christian religion. In all my life I never saw such an opportunity for investment of money that any one set apart to Christ can use. As I looked at the churches, schools, and hospitals, and inspired the cost of buildings and administration, I felt a lump in my throat that I had not been wise enough to make these investments myself; and I wished a hundred times that I

had known twenty-five years ago what I learned only half a year ago."

Hon. James Bryce, another name that carries weight with every intelligent man, says:

"I cannot mention the American missions without a tribute to the admirable work which they have done throughout the East. They have been the only good influence that has worked from abroad upon the Turkish empire."

Robert Louis Stevenson says:

"I had conceived a great prejudice against missions in the South Seas, but I had no sooner come there than that prejudice was first reduced and then annihilated. Those who deblatrate against missions have only one thing to do, that is to go and see them on the spot."

Now these are not partisans of missions; these are literary, commercial, public men.

Isabel Bird Bishop says:

"I am a convert to missions through seeing them and the need for them. Some years ago I took no interest whatever in them and the condition of the heathen. I had heard much criticism against missions and had imbibed some of its unholy spirit. But the missionaries by their work and character have produced in my mind such a change and such an enthusiasm in the faith of Christian missions that I cannot go longer without speaking about them and trying to influence others in their favor, who are as indifferent as I was."

Henry Stanley, the explorer, says:

"I consider the fruits of foreign missions and schools nothing less than marvelous. The story of the Uganda is an epic poem, and I know few secular enterprises deserving of such praise."

The Earl of Shaftesbury says:

"I do not believe in the whole history of missions or diplomacy we can find anything to equal the wisdom and the pure evangelical truth in the body of men who constitute the American mission. I believe it will be found that these missionaries have done more for the East than any other body of men either in this or in any other age."

Alfred Russell Wallace declares the missionaries have much to be proud of in the South Sea Islands. "They have assisted the government in changing the savage into a civilized community in a very short space of time. Forty years ago the country was a wilderness, the people naked savages, garnishing their houses with human heads. Now it is a veritable garden of Eden."

And once again I will read the testimony of Charles Darwin, the great teacher of evolution and the supreme authority with many on lines of scientific and practical facts. Darwin died practically a deist or an agnostic, but this is what he writes:

"The message of the missionary is the enchanter's wand. The house has been built, the windows framed, the fields ploughed, the trees grafted by the New Zealanders. When I looked at the whole scene, I thought it marvelous. I took leave of the missionaries with feelings of the highest respect for their useful work and their upright characters. The march of improvement, consequent on the introduction of Christianity into the South Sea Islands, stands by itself in the records of history."

The fact is, when Mr. Darwin made his first cruise among the islands of South America and later Polynesia, he declared these races were so degraded and brutal they were incapable of elevation; but they were doomed to extinction through the inevitable trend of their own degradation. When he visited them twenty years later, he wrote the testimony I have just read, and the first thing he did

when he went to London was to go to the office of the Mission Society and give them his check for five hundred dollars.

Surely "their rock is not like unto our rock, even our enemies themselves being judges." Who will presume to ask after such an array of testimonies, are Christian missions worth while even from the practical standpoint of the business man?

IV. Again, the cause of missions appeals to the best and noblest aspirations of the human heart. O, friends, the time is fast coming when our petty ambitions will seem like childish play, when our yachts, and automobiles, and self-indulgencies will only fill our hearts with bitter remembrances, and the only things that will satisfy will be the things that are inspired by unselfish motives and that touch eternal and lasting issues.

The other day there died in England a missionary who by the grace of God had changed the heart of Africa from a desert until it blossomed like the rose, Bishop Tucker, of Uganda, that noble man who followed the martyrdom of Hannington and entered that country soon after the brutalities of Mwanga, the savage chief that burned the little boys at the stake because they would not yield themselves to his abominable lusts. Today that land is a Christian country. One of the largest cathedrals in the world is crowded this morning with five thousand native Christians, and hundreds of chapels are filled all over that land, and tens of thousands of Africans are singing our Hallelujahs. And yet the story was told twenty or more years ago, and it thrilled my heart when I heard it first, that Tucker was an artist in London. He had just finished a painting that had made him famous, a painting of Desolation as he called it. It was the picture of a poor London girl dragging her fatherless babe through a London street. The tears were blistering her face, and the whole scene was black with desolation. The picture was hung up in the Academy and he was already famous.

But God spoke to that artist's heart and asked him if there was not something nobler than painting pictures of sorrow, if it would not be better to blot some of the sorrow out, and paint them with light, hope, love, and heaven. Tucker heard the message, and he studied for the ministry, and he was soon found in the darkest scenes of slum degradation in Great Britain. When they wanted a man for darkest Africa, he said he would go if it were darker than anything he had seen in England. And he went. Is not that a nobler life than your petty ambitions and self-indulgences?

The very Chinese puts us to shame. A few months ago a young, bright Chinaman won in competition a magnificent prize in the colleges of China. He was to be sent at the cost of the government to the universities of England, America, or Germany to get the highest possible education, and to come back for high, public service. He was given six hundred dollars in gold and the promise of all that he should need. Then God spoke to that young Chinaman, and he went to Robert Jaffray, of South China, and said, "I don't want this if you will take me into your school and let me be a missionary." He returned the gold and gave up the brilliant ambition, and today he is a humble student in Wuchow where they are praying to us to give them room for eighty students and have accommodations for only forty.

O, beloved, that is true living and the only thing that will satisfy us or Him. Let it appeal to you today, O hearts that are not yet altogether sordid. Behold the vision!

Listen to the voice! Follow the shining way to true glory and eternal satisfaction!

V. The missionary appeal is founded upon the splendid assets which God has given to us upon the foreign fields, the magnificent work that has been done, and the glorious pioneers that call us like a "cloud of witnesses" to follow them into these regions beyond. A noble work is already done; the strategic points have been occupied, the foundations have been laid by toll, and tears, and blood. Twenty thousand native workers are marching today in heathen lands to save their own races. A splendid plant for the publication of Christian literature is established around the globe. The languages of these people have been learned by patient toil, and many of them have been reduced to grammatical form by the labors of the missionaries. Medical institutions have been founded, and through the help given thousands and millions have been attracted to listen to the message of the gospel. The prejudice and hostility of the natives have been disarmed, and today their hearts are open, and their villages are calling us to enter. In our own society five hundred of our brothers and sisters have already gone. One hundred and fifty of them have laid their bones in heathen lands as hostages for these countries and are calling to us from on high to follow. Thirty-three of them are martyrs in the glorious roll that will lead the van when Jesus comes. O beloved, can we leave them alone and fail to support them? They have gone out in the front of the regiment. They have carried the flag away beyond us. Shall we call them back, or shall we march up to them and sustain them? God is calling to us today from their blood, their graves, their tears, their noble foundation work, and "seeing we are compassed about by so great a crowd of witnesses," let us answer true. They are beckoning us on; and He, the Captain of our salvation, is leading the van. Oh, shall we follow Him and them?

VI. Finally, the appeal of missions is the appeal of the Christian Pioneer, the Master Missionary, the Man of Calvary, the Man of Macedonia. He is pleading His cause today, not theirs. It is Jesus who is saying, "Come over into Macedonia and help us."

You have heard it told how, when a Scottish regiment wavered, the captain took the urn that contained the heart of Robert Bruce and flung it away ahead into the ranks of the enemy, and then looking around, shouted, "Brothers! Comrades! There is the heart of Bruce. It has gone before you. Who loves him, let him follow!" The whole band responded and hurled themselves upon the foe, rescued the heart of Bruce, and carried the battle to victory. So the heart of Jesus, the name of Jesus, the banner of Jesus, the example of Jesus this morning, and oh, far more, beloved, the intense desire of Jesus whom you love is calling to you to help Him. He has gone out ahead of us. He is breaking down the barriers. He is working in every land by His providence. He is making the heathen dream sometimes about the new gospel. He is preparing their hearts. He is doing far more than His Church. And now, this morning, He is pleading their cause. He is identifying Himself with them, with a lost world, and He is saying, My people, it is not the heathen, it is Me that you are either helping or rejecting.

In a very solemn sense He makes their cause His own. And "their Redeemer is mighty; He will plead their cause with thee."

When the Apostles went into Macedonia, there was no Macedonian there wanting them. It was Jesus that wanted them. It was His heart that drew them. And today the heathen do not want you or me in their primitive degrada-

tion. But Jesus is more sorry for them because they do not want Him. There was a time when you did not want Him, yet He loved you and drew you to seek Him. Now He is drawing you to seek and to save that which is lost.

Come with me, beloved, to the vision of that last day. Come with me to the closing scenes of the course of time. We are standing in the judgment, and we find that the issues of that judgment are going to be decided by our attitude toward the heathen, the Jew, and the lost. I will discuss this morning questions of exegesis, and whether this parable relates wholly to the Jews or to the lost in every sense. Enough to know that it lays down the principle that in the last judgment the thing that is to decide the eternal issue of every man is love for men, how he treated others, and how he treated the Son of God. That is the final test and separating line. The course of time has ceased. Our lives with their joys, their sorrows, their ambitions, their mistakes, are past and gone; and we are standing before the great assize. The thunders of war have come and gone; nations have fought and lost, and Armageddon at last has closed the tragedy of time. And now the universe is gathered before that throne in the clouds. All the accessories of mere circumstances are gone. All your money, all your reputation, and all the differences between the rich and the poor, between the ignorant and the cultured, are all forgotten; and you stand naked now in your personal character and the record of your past, while the books are opened, and the conscience in every breast is re-echoing the story of those books of remembrance.

And what is that makes a difference between that glorified multitude on the right and that shrinking, doomed myriad on the left of the Judge? Listen! "I was hungry, and ye gave Me meat. I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink. I was naked, and ye clothed Me. I was in prison and ye visited me." "Lord, when did we see Thee hungry, or thirsty, or naked, or in prison?" And then I think I see Him pointing to the little brown orphans of India, the rescued and saved children of Africa, and bringing them as witnesses before you as He cries, "Ye did it unto them. And inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

And then some of the rest of you shall stand before that tribunal, and again I hear the challenge, "I was hungry, and ye fed Me not. I was sick, and ye visited Me not. I was a stranger, and ye never took Me in." "Lord, we never saw You on earth." And then again I think I see the witnesses stand before the throne, that poor, pale-faced savage, lost by your neglect, myriads of souls that might have known and might have come, and He points to them, and He says, "Ye did it not to them, ye did it not to Me." Oh, how hungry they were, but you never fed them. Oh, how thirsty, but you never gave them drink. Oh, how naked in their degradation and sinfulness, but you never told them of the white robe of His righteousness. Oh, how bound with the fetters of caste, and the dominion of sin, but you never told them of the power that breaks the bands of cancelled sin. "Inasmuch as ye did it not to them, ye did it not to Me." "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." That is a divine tableau. That is the last picture you will see on the screen at Old Orchard, but you will see it again, and you will all be there.

A captain was dashing across the Atlantic in charge of one of the tea ships of the China trade. A great prize was offered him if he should get to New York before his competitor. But suddenly one day he saw a signal of distress at sea; a man was drowning and calling for help. He had-

tated a moment, and the watch called, "Sir, shall we stop the ship? Shall we let down the lifeboat? Shall we send out the men?" And then he clenched his teeth, and with a frightful oath, he said: "Drive on, we cannot lose our prize." They reached New York, and they got the prize. But six weeks afterward that man was dying in Bellevue Hospital, and in the delirium of his death agony he was calling out, "Stop the ship, save him." And then with an oath he would say, "Drive on." And then again, "Stop the ship, save him." And then the cry, "Too late, he is lost; and I am lost, too." Ah, he left that man, but not for long. Oh, no, his victim found him soon and gripped him with fingers of avenging despair, and forever that murderer will be followed by the victim of his neglect. He will never get away from it, nor will we. "If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn to death, and them that are ready to be slain, shall not He who holds thy life know it, and shall not He render unto every man according to his works?"

It is said that President Cleveland once had a man in his service in Washington who owed a widow the rent of the house he had been living in, and with cool effrontery refused to pay her and laughed it off as a good joke. He was in high position, and she was helpless. One day President

Cleveland heard that this big man in Washington was a swindler and that a poor widow was being oppressed. He called a messenger and said, "Go and get his note." "Oh," but they said, "the note is no good. He will laugh that off." "Never mind," said Mr. Cleveland, "get his note and bring it to me." The man gave the note lightly, for he was not afraid that anybody could collect it. They brought it to President Cleveland and he endorsed it. He wrote his name across it, President of the United States. "Now take it," he said, "and collect it from him." They took the note to the man, and he laughed it off as before. But suddenly turning it over he discovered President Cleveland's name on the back. The man who held his future in his hands had endorsed it. The man who could turn him out of office, and disgrace him for life, and ruin his career, had endorsed it, had identified himself with the poor widow, and was collecting the debt. It was not long till the money was handed over.

Oh, beloved, their avenger is strong. He will plead their cause with thee. Jesus writes His name on the plea of the heathen. If you reject it, you are dealing with Him, and some day He will say, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to them, ye did it not to Me."—*The Alliance Weekly*.

What Must a Person Believe to Be Saved

A SERMON BY N. S. McCLURKAN.

Scripture Lesson: Acts 16:34. Text: Acts 16:30-31.

SOME people say it doesn't matter very much what one believes as long as he is sincere in his belief. It matters much what we believe. It is very important that we believe according to the teachings of God Almighty's Word. There may be a glass of water sitting here with a deadly poison in it. It looks to me like it is pure water, and I am about to drink it, but a friend says, "Why, there is a lot of poison in it." But I say, "I do not believe it." But that will not keep the poison in the water from killing me if I drink it. I am going to give you God's revelation and not man's speculation, for my speculation might not be worth any more than yours.

In my text we have this Philippian jailor asking, "What must I do to be saved?" He does not ask what he must do to gain fame or kingly fortune, but he asks the all-important question, "What must I do to be saved?" Paul answered him, saying, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Paul, we are told, lived in a perpetual state of revival. He lived in such close touch with his Lord that wherever he went a revival followed. We see in this same city a demon-possessed girl crying out, saying, "These men are servants of the most High God, which show unto us the way of salvation," and this did she many days. But Paul, being grieved, turned and said to the spirit, "I command thee in the name of Jesus Christ to come out of her," and she came out the same hour. And when her masters saw that the hope of their gains was gone they caught Paul and Silas and drew them into the market place unto the rulers, and brought them to the magistrates, saying, "These men being Jews, do exceedingly trouble our city," and teach customs which are not lawful for us to receive, neither to observe, being Romans."

Let a preacher come along in this day and time and preach against the open saloon and every saloon man that is reaping a revenue from the saloon business will cry out, "This man is preaching a doctrine contrary to us." If purity of life is preached, every libertine will cry out in his heart, "This man preaches doctrines contrary to us." Come along

and preach the deity of Jesus Christ and every Unitarian will cry out, "This man preaches a doctrine contrary to us." Come along and preach that there is a personal devil, that sin is an awful reality, that there is a hell to shun and a Heaven to gain, and every Christian Scientist will cry out, "This man preaches doctrines contrary to us."

This demon-possessed girl was undoubtedly a fortune-teller. When I was a sinner I let the devil lead me to do many foolish things, but I never did get silly enough to go to one of these palmists to read my hand and tell me my future. Have you? But I did let the devil lead me to try Christian Science once, and I found it not even decent lunacy, but a cruel humbug. Christian Science denies every fundamental truth of God Almighty's Word. It is neither Christian nor scientific. You ask me, is there not some truth in it? Oh yes, some truth, but mixed with much error. The old pagan religions have some truth, and much that's false. But I prefer to stay on the old Bible truths, and when I stand four-square on God Almighty's Word I have to denounce Christian Science. A little boy once had eaten too many green apples and was suffering intense pain from cramps. A Christian Science lady said to him, "You are not suffering, you just think you are." He replied, "I think I ought to know, madam, because I have inside information on it." A Christian Science family was telling a little neighbor boy that when he fell down and hurt himself if he would just get up laughing and think he was not hurt he would be all right. One day when he had had a real hard fall he got up laughing, but in a few moments he turned from laughing to crying and rushed to his mother. He told her that those people across the road had said that if he would just laugh it would not hurt. His mother said, "Son, those people are Christian Scientists." He said, "No, they're not; they're liars."

When these men cried out that Paul and Silas were teaching doctrines contrary to them we see the multitude rising up against them, "and the magistrates rent off their clothes, and commanded to beat them. And when they had laid many stripes upon them, they cast them into the prison,

charging the jailer to keep them safely; who, having received such a charge, thrust them into the inner prison, and made their feet fast in the stocks. At midnight Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises unto God: and the prisoners heard them." Now we see Paul and Silas had no "stand-in" with those in authority in that city, but thank God they had a "stand-in" at the throne above. I can see them as they lead Paul and Silas into that old dungeon. I can hear the chains as they rattle, and the old iron door clang to. I can see them as they fasten their feet in the stocks. What had these men done to deserve such treatment? Why, they had cast a demon out of a girl, and had cut off these men's revenue, and had stopped them from gormandizing off of virtue. So, in their sight, Paul and Silas were awful criminals, and they had them put into the inner prison. I'm afraid if we had been in the place of Paul and Silas we would have been seeking sympathy and would have worn a long face. But Paul and Silas had real salvation, and we see them, though they were fast in the stocks, praying and singing praises unto God. We are told that the prisoners even heard them, and that something happened. There was a great earthquake. Our higher critics say that the earthquake just happened at that time, but I'm glad that I'm trusting in a God Who knows when to bring off the happen-so. This earthquake happened when Paul and Silas were praying and praising God, and if we will pray more and sing praises to God more we'll bring things to pass. When the jailer saw the doors open he thought his prisoners had escaped and he drew out his sword to kill himself. But Paul and Silas seeing him, cried out, "Do thyself no harm. We are all here." Then the jailer, realizing that these men could show him the way to salvation, cried out and said, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" I'm glad he asked a sensible and practical question.

He didn't ask a lot of silly questions, like some unconverted people ask to-day. You ask some men about their souls and probably they will say, "God sees everything you do, nothing is hidden from Him. And do you know that every wrong thing you do to anyone is also a sin against God. What will you do if some day God shows you His book and you find all the sins written there which you thought you had managed to cover up?"

2. TO CONFESS YOUR SINS LEADS TO A GOOD END.

Digest a few years ago there was given the name and address of a man in London who fell overboard a whaler, and next day as the sailors were cutting up a large whale they had just killed they found this man inside. He had been in the whale over twenty-four hours, and was still alive. Some time ago a whale was killed and they found a mule in him. Whalers who have killed large whales, tell us that often as these whales are dying they vomit up the contents of their stomachs, and sometimes this amounts to as much as an eight-foot cube. That kind of a whale could take care of a man very comfortably. I believe that the God who created the whale and created man also could, if He wanted to, create a man large enough to swallow a whale. A Salvation Army girl in San Francisco was up in one of the office buildings, asking for help for the Army, and a gentleman asked her if she believed the Jonah and the whale story. She said, "Yes, of course I do." He asked her if she would do him a favor, that when she got to Heaven if she would ask Jonah if that story were true. She said she would. He said to her, "What if Jonah is not there." She said, "You can ask him."

Yes, this Phillipian jailer asked a practical and a personal question and he wanted an immediate answer. What

must I do to be saved? Paul said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." You ask, what does it mean to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. It is not enough just to believe that Jesus Christ is the Savior of the world and that He can save. It means that you must put your trust and your confidence in Him to save you personally. You must take Him as your personal Lord and Savior to save your soul. Let me illustrate. I go down to the depot in the city of Los Angeles. I find a train waiting on the track that is going to San Francisco. I say that I want to go to San Francisco, and the gateman will say, "Well, that train will take you to San Francisco." I say, "Yes, I believe it will." But that does not get me to San Francisco. I have to put my faith in action and get aboard that train if I ever expect to get to San Francisco. I might argue like a lot of foolish people do, and say they have never broken out any church windows, that they have never cursed preachers, nor sneered at Christianity, nor have never gotten into jail. Yes, I might say that I have never cursed that conductor, have never broken any train windows, have never thrown rocks at the engineer, nor burned down the bridges. That wouldn't be helping my case to get to San Francisco. No, my faith has to be a living faith, must have action to it. I must get aboard that train if I get to San Francisco. Yes, you may believe that Jesus Christ can save and will save, but you must take Him as your personal Lord and King, to save you if you will be saved.

Then who are to believe? The convicted. Those who realize that they are sinners and need a Savior. When are we to believe? When we repent of our sins. We say, what is repentance? Let me give you a Bible illustration of what true repentance is. See the prodigal who left his father's house and went off into a far country. See him down in the hog-pen feeding with the swine. He realized his true condition and came to himself, and when reason asserted itself we see him repent. How did he repent? He left that hog-pen and started for home. He was tired of hogs. He did not take a hog with him. If he had that old Jewish father would never have received him. But he had truly repented. He had left all hogs behind, and I assure you that he never wanted to look another hog in the face as long as he lived. He was tired of hogs. True repentance is quitting sin. Not one sin, but all sins, turning your back upon the old life, and turning your face heavenward. I think Dr. Chapman gives us this illustration: A preacher was preaching a long-drawn out theological sermon on repentance. After he got through an old local preacher who was present was afraid that the congregation hadn't understood just what repentance was, so he asked the preacher if he could say just a few words. The preacher said, "Yes," so he got to his feet and started toward the door, saying, "I'm going to hell, I'm going to hell, I'm going to hell!" As he got near the door he wheeled round and started back, saying, "I'm going to Heaven, I'm going to Heaven, I'm going to Heaven!" He said to the congregation, "That's repentance. Face about!"

How? You must desire to be a Christian and you must turn your back on your old life of sin and step out on God's sure promise. John 3:16, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." We must accept Christ as our personal Savior. John 1:12, "To as many as received Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God." We must believe with the heart and confess with the mouth. Romans 10:9-10, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead thou

shalt be saved, for with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." The moment a person will repent of their sins, will believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, will accept Him as their Lord and King, and confess Him before the world as their Lord and Savior, that moment that person has a right to claim their salvation. Some people think that they have to mourn and weep over their sins for days before God can save them. I like to see people mourn over their sins, but the moment a man repents of his sins, takes Christ as his personal Lord and Savior and confesses Him before the world as his Lord and King, that moment he has a right to claim salvation. Some people I find seeking the experience of other people.

You repent of your sin, accept Christ as your Saviour, and let Him give you an experience of your own. Some people think that because others have not their experience that they are not saved. I think it is Dr. John McNeil that gave this Bible illustration. He said what if the three blind men had met and one of them has asked another how he received his sight, and He would have said, "Thy faith hath made me whole, and I have received my sight, and one of the others had said, "No, you cannot see, that is not the way He heals eyes. Why, he spit upon some clay, and told me to rub my eyes, and go and wash in the pool. That's the way I received my sight." And the other one would have said, "Why, both of you men are wrong. Neither one of you can see. He gave my eyes one application and I could see men as trees walking, then He gave me another application and I could see more plainly. That's the way He heals eyes." It would have been foolish for these men to have talked to each other. The same Christ had healed all of their eyes, but the three had all had a little different experience. You surrender your life to Christ and let Him give you your own experience, and do not be seeking some other person's experience.

Repent of your sins and receive Christ. The only way you can come to God is through the Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. We have no merit of our own. We have to come in Christ's name. Let me give you this illustration given by one of our evangelists. During the Civil War there was a soldier who befriended his comrade while he was dying. His comrade gave him a note and told him

that when he returned home to stop in his father's town and give him that note, and he would befriend him for his son's sake. So on his return home he visited this father and handed him the note from his boy. When he saw it signed for Charley's sake, he rushed out and threw his arms about this soldier boy, and took him to his home for Charley's sake." He gave him the best room in the house, "for Charley's sake," and gave him a place at his table "for Charley's sake." Nothing was too good for that boy "for Charley's sake." So if we come and cry, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner. Save me now from all my sins for Jesus' sake," God will reach down for Christ's sake, put His loving arms round about us, and take us to Himself, and nothing will be too good for us "for Jesus' sake."

His wonderful love toward us ought to call us to repent and believe on Him, and take Him as our Lord and King. A good many years ago, during the days of slavery, there was an old slave asked his aged master if he couldn't go and live with his young "missis" who had just married. The old master granted his request. A few years later he went to town with his young "missis" and her two beautiful children. While she was doing some shopping the team became frightened and commenced to plunge and try to run away. He rushed out, caught them by the bit, and held on with a death grip. As the hoofs would fly and strike him in the face and breast men on the sidewalk began to cry out, "You fool nigger, turn that team loose." But he held on with a death grip. Soon they got that team pacified and dragged the old man to the sidewalk. His young "missis" came running and he looked up into her face and said, "Tell those men who have been cursing and abusing me to go and look in the wagon." When they went and looked in the wagon they found the two beautiful little children sound asleep. The next day they carried the old colored man out to the cemetery and buried him, and put this epitaph on his tomb, "He died because He loved them so."

many foolish things, but I never did get silly enough to go to one of these palmists to read my hand and tell me my future. Have you? But I did let the devil lead me to try Christian Science once, and I found it not even delusional, but a cruel humbug. Christian Science denies every fundamental truth of God Almighty's Word. It is neither Christian nor scientific. You ask me, Is there not some truth in it? Oh yes, some truth, but mixed with

The Ground of Our Safety

BY JAMES H. M'CONKEY.

HERE is a little child on ship-board with her father. A heavy sea is rolling. The child is walking the deck, tightly grasping the hand of her father. At every lurch of the ship she clings the more. All the while her heart is full of fear lest her grasp break, and she be hurled over into the angry sea, for she knows the weakness of her own childish grasp. By-and-by her father speaks a strange word: "My child, let go my hand entirely, and let me hold your hand." At once the request is obeyed. The child lets go. The father takes hold. And now they stroll the deck as aforetime. But there is this notable difference—the safety of the child now depends, not upon her own weak grasp upon the father's hand, but upon his strong grasp upon hers. And, as the outcome of this, all fear has fled from her heart, and she is kept in perfect peace.

This is the exact picture the Word of God gives of our safety. We see Christ hold up His hand, the hand of love, the hand pierced for us. Then He says: "No man shall pluck them out of My hand." Then another hand goes up.

It is the hand of the Father, the hand which created us, and for ever cares for us. We hear Him say again: "No man is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand." Still He goes on, to clinch it all: "I and My Father are one." Then the hand that was wounded for him, and the hand that created him close

IN ONE OMNIPOTENT GRASP

upon the weak, but trusting believer, and all the power of the pit cannot tear him from that grasp. Wherefore the safety of the child of God depends upon the omnipotent grasp of God. But the peace or anxiety of that child depends upon his own attitude of soul toward this truth. Trusting God's grasp robs him of all anxiety. Trusting his own robs him of all peace.

"Kept by the power of God, through faith" (1 Pet. 1:5)—is the same beautiful picture. Look up at the sun blazing his way across the heavens. Think of the power of God that guides his daily path. Look up at the stars shining



Address all communications for this department to Mrs. John T. Benson,
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COVERING UP.

LITTLE Alice, only six years old, was out in the garden playing, and got her hands all covered with mud. Presently her mother called her and she came running in looking very dirty. Her mother told her to go quickly and wash herself, but a sudden idea came into Alice's head, and looking first at her hands and then up at her mother, she said, "Mamma, wouldn't it do if I put on my gloves?"

Do you know that there are a great many people, young and old, who think it is quite enough if they can cover up their sins so that people won't see them, instead of asking Jesus to wash them away. Ever since Adam and Eve went and hid themselves in the garden, thinking that so God wouldn't find out their sin, people have been trying to cover up their wrong-doing.

I want you to look up a verse in Proverbs 28:13. Here God says three things about sin.

1. TO COVER UP YOUR SINS LEADS TO A BAD END.

"He that *covereth* his sins shall not prosper." Why? First, because every time you do wrong it *makes a black mark upon your conscience*, and if you don't own up to what you've done, next time it is easier to do wrong, and your conscience gets a little bit harder. This leads on until by-and-by you may be tempted to do some very wicked things that once you would have been quite ashamed of even thinking of doing. Wouldn't that be a dreadful thing. Second, because sin *makes a black mark against your name in God's book*. (Rev. 20:12.) God sees everything you do, nothing is hidden from Him. And do you know that every wrong thing you do to anyone is also a sin against God. What will you do if some day God shows you His book and you find all the sins written there which you thought you had managed to cover up?

2. TO CONFESS YOUR SINS LEADS TO A GOOD END.

"Whoso *confesseth* his sins shall have mercy." When David prayed to God for *mercy* (Ps. 40:1), he meant he wanted God to *forgive* him his sins. But he never dared to ask for mercy and never would have got it until he *confessed* his sins. It took him a long time to be willing to confess them, for it isn't easy to say you've done wrong, but when he did, God heard his prayer and forgave him. God has some rules in His kingdom, and one of them is that He will never forgive sin till we confess it. Did you ever know anyone else either who forgave anyone until they confessed what they had done? No one ever asks or gets forgiveness till they do. But what a beautiful thing it is to have everything forgiven and start fresh. It is best to go God's way, for it always leads to a good end.

3. TO FORSAKE YOUR SINS LEADS TO A GOOD END.

"Whoso *forsaketh* his sins shall have mercy." It is not at all God's way for us to do wrong one day and confess it to Him and ask Him to forgive us and then go and do the same thing again next day. Some people seem to be always doing this, and think there is no better way, but there is. God says we must *forsake* sin. If you want God's mercy you must tell Him you will stop doing all the wrong things you have been doing and ask Him to help you to keep from

them altogether. You can't do this yourself, but God will give you grace to do it if you want with all your heart to be good. This leads to the most beautiful end:—you will have a real Savior in Jesus. He will be with you every day, and some day He will take you to live with Him for ever."—*Selected.*

THE HEROES OF ST. BERNARD.

BY DAY ALLEN WILEY.

ABODY of men live devoted lives on a desolate, cloud-capped mountain top, in the midst of snowdrifts that beset their bleak home more than nine months in the year, just to feed the hungry, to lodge the homeless and, aided by their dogs, whose sagacity has been a household word for centuries, to snatch precious lives from the teeth of the storm. All this they do without hope of reward in this life; without clamor or advertisement or effort to convert those whom they have aided to their own creed; giving their substance and their lives freely to all comers, as their predecessors have done for more than a thousand years. Such is the history of the monks of the famous Hospice on Mount St. Bernard.

No one gives them medals when they retire, broken in health, to die in the smiling valley below. They never dream they are "heroes." To do their duty as naturally as the bird sings; or as the great dogs they love do theirs; and so little are they in the thought of the world that out of the cosmopolitan thousands who throng Switzerland, "the playground of Europe," every season, very few ever dream of climbing the Great St. Bernard to the Hospice.

Some of the dogs, notably big, powerful Barry, go around with us to their friends. They are muscular, short-haired animals, many of them white with a few brown patches. The head is round and broad, the neck and chest muscular. "We lost five of our best dogs last winter," Canon Darbellay says sadly. "Robert, a huge brown animal, was greatly loved and regretted by us. He had gone off by himself to look for a woman who was missing, and as he did not return we turned out in force to look for him, and found the old hero dead in a crevasse."

It seems that the genuine old breed is really extinct, for about a century ago almost all of the females got out late a frightful snowstorm owing to a misunderstanding, and they all perished. The original St. Bernards came from the Spanish side of the Pyrenees. The present breed came larger. Among the famous dogs are such veterans as "Robert" and "Napoleon," the latter a grand old fellow now privileged to lie before the kitchen fire after his long record of life saving in the snowy wastes.

In the museum at Berne is seen another old "Barry," stuffed, yet bearing himself gallantly with his little snout about his neck. More than forty lives had this splendid creature saved when he met his pathetic end. A young militiaman crossing the Pass had sunk down exhausted in the snow, and was swiftly slipping from sleep into death, when gallant old Barry's keen nostrils struck his trail, even then two full days old. The big dog plunged through the snow, followed the *marronniers* or attendants, and suddenly stopped before a wall-like drift. Here he began pawing violently and soon uncovered the waxen face of the dying soldier. Barry began to lick him with eager affection and anxiety when the man suddenly revived.

There are just two of the old breed left—a white dog who has been nearly blind since puppyhood on account of an accident, and a very handsome brown brute with an excellent record. Novices are there among the dogs as well

as their masters. Here are four youngsters of seven months being trained in the snow to rescue dummy figures. They find this training excellent fun, but when the wild storms are out and the drifts deep and soft the young dogs are sorely tried.

Formerly the monks had to depend entirely upon their animals for news of travelers in distress in this great wilderness of rocks and ice. Their scent is so keen that they can follow a man's footsteps two or three days after he has passed. In those old days whole caravans of immigrants would be overwhelmed by avalanches, and our morgues were ever full. But now the fathers are connected by telephone with the villages in the valleys and get information of every party starting across the Pass. If they do not arrive they know something has gone wrong, and out go the marionnettes, accompanied by the dogs. One party will make for the nearest shelter on the Swiss side—the Cantine de Proz; and the other goes to the Italian side. In very bad weather the monks go with them. They wear a long and very thick overcoat of wool, woolen gaiters, a cloth helmet with fur ear flaps, huge rubber boots and gloves, lined with swansdown. They carry sticks of ash, as well as alpenstocks, spades and provisions.

When the first heavy snows of autumn begin, they mark the paths with posts fifteen feet high; and when these are snowed up they put up other poles on the upper snow-crust. Soon the winter paths lead indifferently over monstrous rocks and buried Alpine huts. Grave danger arises from the wind shifting the snow and rendering it impossible to return upon one's track. In this way the travelers are cut off, and might well perish were it not for our dogs, whose unerring instinct triumphs always, even where storm and avalanche have swept away every trace of a path. The monks go forth more than willingly. The dogs never mistake, never fail to discover an exhausted wayfarer, even though he lie unconscious beneath a shroud of snow three or four feet deep. Sometimes a dog will go off on a trail by himself, find an unfortunate, and be buried in the whirling snow himself. But the powerful animal will tunnel his way out of the drift, and come back to the monks to give an excited alarm with flashing eyes and bristling hair.

As to the origin of the dogs it seems to be lost in remote antiquity. Some say that St. Bernard himself brought them here. Certain it is the pure race cannot live away from these mountains. In the plains they always degenerate; their amazing sagacity grows duller. Unhappily even here they do not live long, so terrible is the climate.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

CAMP-MEETING POSTPONED

The Camp-Meeting announced to be held on the Campus of Trevecca College, Nashville, Tenn., has been indefinitely postponed. A notice of the date of the Annual Convention will appear later.

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S. H. Hadley--His Passion for Souls

By J. C. DUDLEY.

"But when He saw the multitudes He was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd."

THERE are scores of people in our churches who show but little faith in the conversion of those who offer themselves for church membership and manifest a desire to abandon the life that has dragged them into the pits. Especially is this true when the fact is known that the applicant has gone the downward road until he has sunken into habitual drunkenness. They count him beyond redemption, and thus place a narrow limit upon the saving power of Jesus.

If the average church member had witnessed a scene at the altar of the McAuley mission on a certain night when a bunch of ragged down-and-outs were seeking their Savior with the earnest hope of deliverance from their misery, what prophesy would they have offered relative to their prospects for useful Christian lives? We have no complete record of the results of that night's service, but we are happy in the knowledge of the fact that one of the most hopeless men in that mass of wrecked humanity has become known as one of the world's most distinguished Christian workers. Measuring his worth by his passion for the souls of men of the most hopeless type, his love for the most depraved classes, we might safely rank him first. He was easily America's greatest rescue mission worker, which is amply proven by his twenty years of untiring labor. In his work as Superintendent of Water Street Mission, New York. He had gone to the end of his checkered career. Surely he was in the bottom of the ditch. From that night he was never guilty of taking another drink. He was a great sufferer from his excessive use of liquor, and was a habitual user of tobacco, and according to his own statement, he had to his credit one hundred and twenty-five forgeries. Mr. Hadley had gone to the extreme in nearly every form of sin. He was saved while suffering from that dreadful disease known only to victims of the whisky habit—delirium tremens. He was past forty years of age at the time of his wonderful conversion. His miraculous deliverance from his sins kept perpetually before him the horrors of the awful habit that had dragged him into the pits, and so powerful was the contrast in his long years of misery and poverty, and the peace and joy of his new life that his great, kind heart continually overflowed with gratitude to his Saviour whom he loved so dearly and served so faithfully and he was filled with the tenderest love for lost humanity.

Just pause here, and draw upon imagination, for the most pronounced type of a hopeless drunkard. Shabbily dressed, and, perhaps, without the help of his kind-hearted brother, he would have been in tatters. Imagine him as he limped along the streets and alleys of New York in search of some barkeeper that he could "hang up" for a drink. Imagine him as he, in his extreme lameness, would stagger out of some dark alley, a pitiable, shambling figure, without hope. Bloating, with eyes blood-shot and bleary, half crazed and a nervous wreck, all created by the long use of the worst grade of adulterated liquor. He had struck bottom.

No one would have prophesied on that memorable night, when he staggered into the presence of Jerry McAuley, that S. H. Hadley would ever as much as reform, but he rose from the altar of the Cremorn mission a reconstructed being, a blood-washed soul, and for twenty-four years he

limped along the highways and hedges, through dark alleys leading to the lowest resorts, and up rickety stair ways, into haunts of vice, anywhere—everywhere that he had trace of a lost soul, and in his own powerful way he would tell what his Savior had wrought in his own life. Also of His wonderful love for, even the worst of them.

A love for souls? Yes, he had the most burning passion for lost souls, perhaps, of any man of the century in which he lived, and the labors of none were more effective with the class that are regarded as utterly hopeless. His patience with them was untiring, his love for the outcast drunkard was of the purest and tenderest sort. The influence he has left with us will live in our memories and will bless unborn generations.

In speaking of S. H. Hadley's passion for lost men, Dr. Wilbur Chapman told, in substance, the following story: A party of Christian workers were journeying across the continent to San Francisco. Crossing that section of Colorado possessed by such marvelous scenery they occupied an observation car. The conductor in passing through announced that at a certain point the train would come to a halt to allow the tourists to see what was regarded as the most picturesque spot in America. As the train reached the point mentioned anxious sightseers were literally drinking in the magnificent view. They beheld the Rockies in their majestic sweep, rising up into the distance, their snow-capped, granite peaks silhouetted against a purple sunset. Beneath them were the continent's treasure vaults of gold and silver embedded in the heart of the earth. Huge boulders hung from the crest of the mountains where a crystal stream burst forth, its gurgling waters to rush headlong down the rugged mountains, to wind its way through a broad valley until it had broadened into a beautiful view. These travelers were feeding upon Colorado scenery in all its splendor. They were in the heart of the Grand Canon—that portion of picturesque America that had thrilled the artist souls of Bierstard and Moran, and it had not failed to charm these Western tourists.

"Where is Hadley?" some one inquired, he was missing, the train was leaving. Standing beside the track the great missionary was seen, his tear stained face raised heavenward, with his sympathetic hand tenderly resting upon the head of a half drunken Indian invoking God's blessing upon him, handing a small Bible to the poor heathen, he hurriedly limped his way into the coach. He had perhaps lost his last opportunity of seeing that Western landscape in its evening glory. While in the heart of our country's most wondrous view of mountain and valley, with their grand gorges, yawning chasms, and sparkling trout streams, with a broad range of fertile valley bathed in the purple glow of a Colorado sunset mirrored in tranquil lakes, he had failed to see this glorious bit of scenic grandeur, but his sympathetic eye inspired by a God-like love had discovered what was to him more precious, and of greater value—a lost soul.

The burden of our prayer should be that God would give to us a love for souls akin to that passion that characterized the beautiful Christ-like life of S. H. Hadley, that faithful missionary to the drunken outcast. His name has been called blessed by hosts of redeemed drunkards, and his precious memory will live through the ages and through eternity.

Christian Manhood

BY REV. HENRY M. COUDEN.

"Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling; for it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure. Phil. 2:12, 13.

PERHAPS the most critical time in a young man's life is when he comes to choose a vocation, yet it is not difficult if life is viewed from the higher standpoint. For instance, if God is my Father, then he is the Father of all men, and if he is the Father of all men, then all men are my brothers. What I engage in as a life-work has not only to do with my individual interests, but with the interests of all men. I am to serve God in the working out of his plan by serving humanity.

We have studied the past to little purpose if we have not seen that an overruling providence has shaped and guided the destiny of men and of nations. God has poured out his influence, man has been susceptible, the result is their combined efforts. Your vocation then should be in accordance with the divine plan.

We say the minister is called of God to preach the Gospel, and that is true; but I tell you that all men are, or should be, ministers of God, and all men are called to one or other of the legitimate vocations, and the man who listens will not mistake his call, whether it be agricultural, mechanical, mercantile, or professional.

THE CRUCIAL MOMENT.

There are but two things worthy of a man, viz., service and character; and in selecting a vocation, if success is assured, these things must be kept in view. How shall I best serve mankind and build for myself a character worthy as a child of the living God? Theodore F. Seward says: "Self-giving is the law of Christian living, but self-sacrifice for its own sake is not good, and is no more pleasing to God than to human nature, but self-denial for the sake of others is Christlike, Godlike." The farmer, the mechanic, the merchant, the doctor, the lawyer, the artist, the preacher, who plies his vocation for what he can get out of it, rather than for what he can put into it, will find himself in the long run a poor lonely creature, straving in the midst of plenty, isolated in the midst of men, friendless, surrounded by his own kind, and should he succeed, even from a worldly standpoint, he will surely find, as some one has said, that "getting on in this world sometimes means getting behind in the next world."

The glamour of millions may hide from our eyes a multitude of sins, but not from the all-seeing eye. The glamour of pen or brush or chisel may hide from our eyes a multitude of sins, but not from the all-seeing eye. God measures men by the motives which prompt action, and the test in the last analysis is the strength of one's character.

Go with me, if you please, to the garden of Gethsemane: the feet of the disciples had been washed; the Last Supper had been eaten; the moonbeams fell soft through the gnarled olive-trees; the flowers exhaled their sweet perfume; the birds were all asleep—the disciples, too, even those chosen to watch—but the Master was in the throes of agony; the stripes ordered by Pontius Pilate, even the tortures of the cross, were not to be compared with the agony of the moment. "O God, my Father, let this cup pass from me!" But that was not to be. It must be drained to the bitter dregs. He might have passed out of the garden alone, and sought refuge in the wilderness, and forever after lived the life of a recluse. Had he not healed the sick, unstopped deaf ears, opened blind eyes, raised the dead, and taught the most

sublime principles that ever fell from human lips? All that might have lived for a time, and it may be would have passed into history. Nevertheless, his life would have been a failure without that last heroic act, which makes his life divine and brings millions to his feet in adoration. And so it must be with us all. You will have your Gethsemanes, and they will be the test of your character. It matters not what your calling may be; it matters not whether men call it high or low, provided it be a call, and your heart all the while be beating in unison with the great heart of God. It matters not when death comes to this body. It matters not how death comes to this body, if the soul be marching on. Take care how you choose; take care what you choose. If your calling be to the uplift of humanity, pull out the throttle and go at full speed. You will be safe. But if it is to your own aggrandizement, no matter what or who you hurt, better reverse the engine, or it will carry you sooner or later to disaster.

NEW FIELDS OF SERVICE.

The goal for all should be Christian manhood. There is a vast gulf between the first man that lived and wrought upon earth, and the highest type of Christian manhood of our day, but the chasm widens between the highest type of Christian manhood in our day and the Jesus of Nazareth. If, therefore, you want an example, you must look beyond the Christian men and women about you to the Master. Let this be your motto: "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect, but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus."

Here is the earnest for which every true man longs. What did Jesus Christ leave as a legacy to the world? The great principles He enunciated, the works of His hands, and a sublime example. Every man, therefore, should strive to leave something to the world, something that shall add to the sum of human happiness, an idea, a thought, a discovery, an invention, an act, a deed sublime. Who can estimate the value of the wedge, the screw, the lever? Who can estimate the value of the principle suggested by the falling of the apple, transmitted by thought and effort to the world? Who can estimate the value of the application of steam and electricity to the ingenious contrivances of men? Who can estimate the value of printing and its application to the higher needs of mankind? The man who discovers a law for this disease or that, is a benefactor. The man who discovers a law for the larger application of justice, is a benefactor. The fields are not all explored. There is still room for original thought and effort. You may enrich the world by original thought and research, heal the sick, unstop deaf ears, open blind eyes, and raise the dead, just as surely as the Master did. You cannot, however, do this alone. You must work with God. In other words, you must work in accordance with His laws, for of Him and through Him are all things.

HIGH AIMS.

"To believe," some one has said, "that God's hand is guiding us, although we cannot see it, or be distinctly conscious of it, is the foundation of true spiritual development. To believe that everything depends upon God and yet act as if everything depended upon our own efforts, is the true and only way to establish what may be called a divine individuality in our souls."

"Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God," is a sublime utterance. To comprehend is one thing, but to make it real is quite another, and can be done only by a surrender of one's self to the exigencies of the moment, to the burning needs of the hour. "He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

The world needs men, strong, pure, brave, noble, self-sacrificing men, men who regard home, religion, country, as theirs to defend and keep sacred. Home, however, is not a pile of bricks and mortar. Home is the center of all the purest and sweetest affections of the heart. Religion is not a church, a creed, a ritual. It is God, duty, destiny. Country is not the Constitution, the flag, except as these represent the sacred rights of men. The sanctity of the home depends upon the sanctity of our religion, and these in turn depend upon the sanctity of our government. For these we ought to live; for these we should be willing to die.

Build for yourself a home, and make it the dearest spot on earth; keep your religion sacred, and never forget that you are a child of God, and that to him you owe love and obedience. See to it that you are indeed a citizen of your country, and that means much. It means you are to be a patriot, because you love your home and regard your religion as sacred, for it is your government which secures these from desecration. Eternal vigilance is not only the price of liberty, but it is the price of everything that is worth having.

AMBASSADORS OF GOD.

It is a splendid thing, a glorious thing, to die for one's country on the field of battle, amid the roar of shot and shell; but is it a more glorious thing to live for one's country, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year; to live a full-fledged Christian citizen, discharging faithfully and fearlessly every duty devolving upon him. Never lose sight of the dignity God has conferred upon you. The Psalmist sings well and soars high in the realms of eternal truth. "What is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands; Thou hast put all things under his feet."

The stars yonder go whirling and glittering in space to their appointed courses, because they cannot help it. The flower springs by the way, buds, blossoms, and exhales its fragrance, because it cannot help it. The bird builds its nest and rears its young, because it cannot help it. But man, made in the image of God, a free moral agent, gifted of heaven with the power of choice, is lifted infinitely above all things else, and invested with a dignity sublime. In our text Paul strikes at the root of things. "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling. For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure." God is, or should be, the silent partner in every calling of life.

Young men, young women, thank God that you were born and reared under the benign influence of the Christian religion, the best of all religions; that you are living in the opening years of the twentieth century, the best of all centuries; that you are citizens of the United States of America, the best of all governments, and go forth with brave and manly hearts to your appointed destiny, and never lose sight of the fact that under God each man is the architect of his own fortune; "that peace is stronger than war;" that harmony is sweeter than discord; that mercy is more potent than hate or revenge; that good is more enduring than evil; that

pessimism invites defeat, while optimism insures victory; that Love, the crown of all humanity, will outlast the stars and live on forever in immortal youth.—*Christian Herald*.

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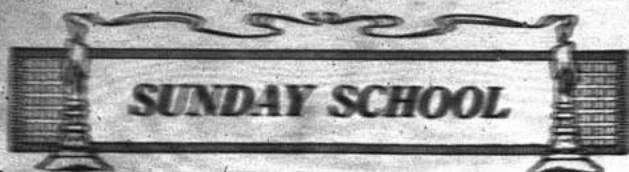


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JESUS, THE JUDGE OF MEN (REVIEW.)

September 27.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Behold, I am coming as thief and as son of man: and no man knoweth the day nor the hour." - 11.

Lesson I. "The Labors in the Vineyard." Matt. 20:1-16. God is a sovereign Lord, but also a gracious one. Those who work for Him from a mercenary spirit get what they bargain for and those who trust Him for recompense receive above the ordinary. All His servants have alike in having eternal life.

Lesson II. "Greatness Through Service." Mt. 23:23-25. In Christ's kingdom first rank belongs to humble service. Self-exaltation and self-seeking unfit one for a high position.

Lesson III. "Blind Bartimaeus." Mt. 20:46-52. As regards the Lord, we see His willingness and power to help; as regards Bartimaeus, we see faith and undimmed perseverance.

Lesson IV. "The Pounds and the Talents." Lk. 19:11-27. While Christ is away from earth in His bodily presence, He has committed His cause to His servants. When we see Him we must give account for that which He has entrusted to us.

Lesson V. "The Triumphant Entry." Mt. 21:1-11. Jesus, rejected by the leaders, was honored by a multitude. His obedient and loving relation to Christ has always existed.

Lesson VI. "Barren Fig Tree and Deified Temple." (Gospels). Mt. 21:18-23. When a thing is hopeless as regards God's design in its existence He has to set it aside. There is no reason for it to continue.

Lesson VII. "The Wicked Husbandmen." Matt. 21:33-46. Man, in conflict with God, cannot but finally fail for every enemy must be subdued unto Him.

Lesson VIII. "The Wedding Feast." Matt. 22:1-14. Here is a twofold way of disregarding God. 1. Refusal to attend His feast. 2. Failure to accept the garments He provides to fit people for being present at the feast.

Lesson IX. "A Day of Questions." Matt. 22:15-33. Man's imaginary wisdom connected with the wrong cannot stand before God's truth.

Lesson X. "The Great Commandments." Mt. 22:34-41. The right kind of love to God and man fulfills God's greatest requirement and naturally leads to the fulfilling of all others.

Lesson XI. "The Ten Virgins." Matt. 25:1-13. The lesson shows that people may have an interest in and a hope for Christ's coming but be unready for it.

Lesson XII. "The Judgment of the Nations." Matt. 25:31-46. 1. The Savior is also a Judge. 2. Actions towards the Lord's people are towards Him. 3. Character, disposition, are shown by actions, or the absence of them. Hence people's record becomes the basis for admitting, or excluding, them from Christ's earthly kingdom.

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