The New Pentecost.

A Hymn Suggested by the Ecumenical Missionary Conference.

BY REV. WILLIAM E. BARTON, D. D.

"Every man heard them speak in his own language."—Acts 2:6.

Multae terricolis linguae, coelestibus una."

From lands afar the story
To-day we gladly hear,
Of Pentecostal glory
That brings the kingdom near;
How men of every nation
Here gladly preached and sung
The message of salvation,
Each in his native tongue.

O lands that greet the dawning
Of heaven's glad orb of day,
Too long for this glad morning
In darkness still ye stay!
From all your plains and high'ands
Let Jesus' praise be rung!
Praise Him, all shores and islands,
Each in your native tongue!

From every land they gather,
The thousands round the throne;
Children of one same Father,
One language there is known.
Yet earthly songs ascending
All blend in heaven above
With anthems there unending
In one glad song of love.

C. E. World

Hindrances to Success in The Pulpit.

LEAVES FROM PASTORS' LIVES.

BY REV. DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D. D.

It would be presumption in me to scrutinize too closely the failures in other ministers; but as to my own I have some definite convictions, which I am quite willing to state for the benefit of others.

1. The pulpit itself, judging from my own experience, is greatly in our way. Why should a minister, alone of all public speakers, be required to plead his cause from a wooden box? The thing is purely conventional, having no authority in Scripture or in common-sense. It had its origin in a decadent period when the clergyman, being regarded as a superior being, climbed to his perch on the pillar of the cathedral, from which, fenced about for personal security, he addressed his congregation like an angel leaning from a balcony. Since then he has come down to his proper level as a man among men; but the fence remains. It stands for nothing that is necessary or helpful, and should be allowed, with all similar impediments, to pass into innocuous desuetude.

2. The manuscript is another hindrance. If it be said that many ministers use the manuscript with great acceptance, it is safe to affirm that they would do much better without it. A man who can do good work while dragging a ball and chain is presumptively capable of doing better things.

3. An indolent preacher is doomed to failure. A written sermon must be prepared with infinite care: much more a sermon which is to be delivered without manuscript. Extempore preaching has been justly called "extrumpery." There never was a time when congregations were so exacting as now. The sermon is brought into comparison and competition with the best work of the learned professions.

4. The dictionary is another of our stumbling-blocks. We are looking up words and elaborating phrases and sand-papering the corners of periods when we ought to be pondering our message from God. The average hearer is, I believe, tired of listening to displays of theological rhetoric. Life is too strenuous in these times for that sort of thing. The people who come to church want to hear the preacher say something, say it without euphuism or circumlocution, and say it forthwith, as if he means it. We use too much pumice stone and too little whet stone. More preachers die of elegant prolixity than of anything else. While we are delivering beautiful essays on the delicate shades of non-essential truth our congregations slip away from us. They feel as the old woman did, who, retiring from a tedious discourse on the prophets, heard the minister say, "And now, beloved, we come to the minor prophets. What place shall Malachi have?" She looked back, as she opened the door, saying, "Malachi can have my place." And why not? Who shall blame the people for retiring if they come to church for a message from Almighty God, and get a mellifluous disquisition on a millet-seed? There is a vast difference between "the foolishness of preaching" and the preaching of foolishness. While we are attenuating truth and elaborating phrases, the people are famishing for the Gospel.

"Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink.
Water, water everywhere,
And not a drop to drink."

5. Dullness in the pulpit is an unpardonable sin. A man with a message from the King of kings has no business to be dull. Alexander Pope, finding himself shut up in church with a monotonous preacher, wrote on the fly leaf of a prayer-book,

I whisper, Gracious God,
What have I done to merit such a rod:
That all this shot of dullness now should be
From this thy blunderbuss discharged on me?"

One reason why we are often uninteresting is because we try to be profound. Truth is simple. Profoundity is mud. The man who understands his thought will find no difficulty in conveying it. The sermons of Jesus were masterpieces of clearness. He was a philosopher, but avoided the terminology of the schools. He was never dull. His sermons were plain presentations of important truth, illuminated by frequent references to common life, arrows from the quiver of a great heart aimed at the hearts of men.

6. An air of uncertainty is fatal to a minister's ultimate success. He is commissioned to set forth that which his eyes have seen and his hands have handled of the Word of life. If he has no convictions, he would better step down and out. The world has had enough of doubts and speculations, it is weary of "ifs" and "perhapses." One reason why the common people heard Christ gladly was because he taught as one having authority. Our commission rests on his "verily, verily." Goethe once wrote to a friend. "If you have any definite beliefs, let me hear them; but in God's name say no more of your doubts; I have enough of my own." We believe in God, immortality, sin and the atonement of Christ; let us plant ourselves on these and the people will hear us. The average man comes to church because he wants to hear something about the eternal verities; and he will not return habitually to a banquet of husks. "If" is like a crack in a pitcher, the pitcher may look well, but, inasmuch as it holds no water, the thirsty do not care for it.

7. Moreover, we are too sensational. It is folly to undertake to recapture a lost congregation by putting in a hurdy-gurdy. The people do not go to church to hear music and see pictures, but to hear the Gospel of Christ. The pastor who turns his church service into an entertainment is running a stern chase with other entertainers who can always furnish a better show for less money. Our coigne of vantage is the presentation of the Gospel. We have that field to ourselves, and it is quite large enough for the best of us. The old truths of the Gospel are always new and attractive, if set forth in the power of the Spirit. And we preach successfully only when we preach under the power of the Spirit of God.—Chris. Observer.

The Master Motive.

There is but one motive, supreme and compelling, in the life of the Christian. It is the love of Christ. That alone constraineth. No other has power to lift life to its highest. No other avails when life is at its worst. Herein, indeed, lies the uniqueness and the glory of the religion of Jesus. No other power or influence known to man can disturb the clod out of which the spark of ambition has died. Nothing else can quicken the soul benumbed and sodden, and hold the reviving life against the depression of this present evil world. Nothing else can keep equal pace with the life of man once freed from the dominion of self and sin. Love alone can, for love alone goes deep to the springs of life and touches and turns again the current of thought and hope and desire. And His touch, who alone is Love,, redeems life and blesses it and holds it to its best.

It was of love in the social zone that Tennyson sang when he said so nobly as well as sweetly:

"Love took up the harp of Life and smote on all its cords with might,
Smote the chord of Self which trembling passed in music out of sight."

Love alone can do that, and nothing but the love of Christ shed abroad in the heart can make discordant Self pass out of sight leaving melody behind. And the best that is in life can never be ours, its music, its fragrance, its power, unless we are lifted a whole heaven above the little world where Self ever seeks its own. The master motive, like the master passion, must be the constraining love of Him whose rare love could only live by dying and who through death opened wide the Kingdom of Love to all believers.

It is the love of Christ that constrains to high service and real sacrifice. Not for an idea, not for an institution, but only for a person will strong men dare to die. The creed, the Bible and the Church are believed in and trusted, but only the love of Him in whom the creed is true, of whom the Bible tells, before whom the Church adores, can sweeten trials and make men count not their lives dear in the service of goodness and truth. Missionary history has proved this beyond a peradventure that when the romance of it fades, and the dull, heavy weight of it becomes daily more grievous, nothing but the soul's supreme love for the adorable Saviour can hold men and women to their duty and make life on a mission field, with its pettiness and monotony and apparent failure, at all tolerable to the sensitive souls who take it up. Not stern duty, not the Church's honor, not the dark fate of the heathen—none of these, in the Gethsemane hours of the soul, will avail; but only love, the love of Him who once for us and for the world said bravely, "Thy will be done.

These are days of sifting. Many of the motives which once impelled men have spent their power. The ecclesiastical no longer dominates. Dogmas have lost much of their command. But the Person of Christ, the living, loving, abiding Redeemer, stands out more distinctly than ever, untouched save to be brought nearer and made more attractive. The soul's supreme love to Christ, and His quickening life in the soul—that anchor holds. By the constraint of that love the fevered fen and the savage island and the heat-rotted heathen city are faced. By that, too, the unchanging life in the home mission station is made great. And motived by that the common round of daily duty everywhere is done as heroically, and may be made as truly noble as anything martyrs or missionaries or high-souled heroes have wrought. And so it is that life is great and service honorable according to the motive by which they are mastered. Love was the Master's motive.—The Westminster.

Fervent in Spirit.

It is a shame that God should be served with a cold heart. Cold sermons, cold prayers, cold songs should have no place in the sanctuary of God. Wicked men are not cold-hearted men. The heart may be heated with evil passions as well as good. Many a heart burns with anger, envy, jealousy, malice. It is easy to kindle a flame of evil. The blood boils, the hot currents leap from the fountain of the heart to the finger tips and flush the cheeks with crimson when an insulting word is spoken. The fuel is always ready in the evil heart to be ignited.

Why should evil men be fervent in spirit in the evil way, while good men are cold and indifferent in that which is good? Why should the flame of anger burn higher and hotter than the flame of love? One reason why evil makes such rapid progress is this: the servants of evil burn with zeal in the cause of their master. It is the inward fire that awakens energy and brings things to pass. It is the fire in the furnace that makes the engine go. It is the fire in the heart that drives men to successful endeavor.

Jesus was fervent in spirit. He said, "The zeal of Thine house hath eaten Me up." The interests of the kingdom of His Father were on His heart by day and by night. He cared nothing for the comforts of life, because His heart was bent on better things. Hunger, cold, difficulties, and dangers did not disturb Him. He forgot that He was weary and hungry when the Samaritans came out to hear Him. He forgot the threats and anger of His enemies, nor was He moved by the sign of the cross, because He was eaten up by the zeal of His Father's kingdom.

John the Baptist was characterized by a fervent spirit. "He was a burning and a shining light." Paul went through Judea, Samaria, Asia Minor, and Europe like a flaming torch, all on fire with truth and love. No lukewarm person can do much good. No very good man ever had a cold heart. The Spirit which inspires goodness is a Spirit of burning. John said of Jesus, "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." When the Holy Ghost descended upon the disciples He came as a flaming fire. The effect produced was like that of fire. The disciples were melted by the fervent heat, and the word which they spake under this inspiration penetrated like fire.

Does anyone ask how he may secure a fervent spirit? The word of God will kindle it. "Is not My word a fire?" saith the Lord. Jeremiah once became discouraged. He had preached the word faithfully, but without apparent effect. His hands hung down, his heart was faint, and he said, "I will speak no more in the name of the Lord." Surely this was not a good resolution. But it was natural, and many have had a similar experience. But the prophet was not able to carry out his purpose to speak no more in the name of the Lord: He felt something stirring within and forcing him to speak. What was it? Hear what he says, "But His word was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay."

If Christians would let the word of Christ dwell in them richly, they would not be cold. It would kindle their emotions, their desires, their affections. They would find it more difficult to hold their peace than to speak. When our Lord opened the Scriptures to the two desponding disciples on the way to Emmaus, their heart burned within them. Every Christian should be "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."—Chris. Advocate.

"How Did You Make That Fortune?"

The main business of life is not to do, but become, says success. The action itself has its finest and most enduring fruit in character. If your money is not clean, if there is a dirty dollar in your millions, you have not succeeded; if there is the blood of the poor, of the orphan and the widow in your bank account, you have won but a poor triumph. If your wealth has made others poorer, your life is a failure; if you have made your money in an occupation that kills, that shortens the lives of your employees, that poisons their blood or engenders disease; if you have stunted the growth of character in others; if you have gained your money by that which has debauched any one else, you have not succeeded. Remember that questions which you cannot evade will be asked you some time. "How did you get that fortune? Are other men's lives in it? Are others' hopes and happiness buried in it? Are others' ambitions stifled in it, their chances strangled in it? Has their growth been checked by it, their character dwarfed by it? Have others a lower life, a meaner heart because of it?" If so, you have failed; all your millions cannot save you from the curse: "Thou hast been weighed in the balance and found wanting." Not a few people build as cathedrals are built—the portion nearest the ground finished, but that part which soars toward heaven, the turrets and spires, forever incomplete.—Chris. Guardian.

Happiness Never Comes by Seeking It.

An old lady, who had been all her life crabbed and sour, suddenly became quite the opposite. Being asked the reason of this, she replied: 'I have been all my life striving for a contented mind, and finally concluded to sit down contented without it.' Like many others, she made the mistake of trying to be happy.

No man ever yet said, 'Now I will sit down and be perfectly happy.' Happiness does not come by seeking it, but it is an accompaniment of a certain condition of soul. The only happy man in the world is he who seeks to be right, and does not make happiness his chief aim. He who seeks happiness as his chief object gets nothing, while he who seeks to be right gets that and happiness.

In religion many have no higher object than happiness. They never have been instructed that happiness is not salvation, but the result of salvation. They seek the effects more than the cause. Every preacher and evangelist is bothered with these butterfly seekers, who seek only the sweets of religion, and get neither the one or the other. The really happy man is the man who is happy, not because he seeks so to be, but because he is determined, by the grace of God, to do right.—Chris. Commonwealth.

Procrastination.

One of the habits most easy to slip into is that of procrastination; and none holds tighter, once we are fairly in its grip.

It is not difficult to quiet conscience by pretending that we only await a more favorable time for this duty or that task. Of course we fully intend to accomplish great things, sometimes; perhaps we may begin to-morrow. Ah, these dangerous to-morrows! They hold the secret of many a failure, and the cry is still to-morrow to life's end, with many. Nothing great was ever yet achieved by those who allowed this fault to gain the mastery. It is fatal alike to character and success, for under its influence the most obvious duties are neglected and the best opportunities lost. The men who have reached the highest point of success are they who ever scorned to put off a disagreeable duty or to shirk a difficult task. Procrastination may not sound as bad as failure, but, if indulged, that is what it means; for with it at the helm the ship will never arrive in port.—M. K. in Great Thoughts.

EVERY ONE should remember that by loss of health, enjoyment and happiness also are lost forever. Check the slightest cough or cold by using Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam, according to directions printed upon the label of the bottle. 25c. all druggists.

Modern education too often covers the fingers with rings, and at the same time cuts the sinews at the wrists.

Defect in manners is usually the defect of fine perceptions. Elegance comes of no breeding, but of birth.

Happiness not worth Living For.

Happiness may be an incident in, or a result of, a rightly ordered life, but it can never be a proper aim, or the satisfying attainment and reward, of such a life. At the best, happiness is but an enjoyable state or condition of its possessor. Its recognized pursuit may, indeed, be a refined form of selfishness, but it cannot in any case be more than selfishness—in its best form. Striving to live so as to make others happy may well be deemed a worthy pursuit in life, but striving to be happy one's self is never so. One whose highest aim is to find happiness in this life or in the next may indeed ask the question, "Is life worth living?" True happiness can indeed never be found by one who is intent on its finding; it comes, here or hereafter, only to him who is seeking something a great deal better.—S. S. Times.

Don't Grumble.

Don't be a grumbler. Some people contrive to get hold of the prickly side of everything, to run against all the sharp corners and find out all the disagreeable things. Half the strength spent in growling would often set things right. You may as well make up your mind, to begin with, that no one ever found the world quite as he would like it, but you are to take your share of the troubles and bear them bravely. You will be very sure to have burdens laid upon you that belong to other people unless you are a shirk yourself; but don't grumble. If the work needs doing, and you can do it, never mind about the other person who ought to have done it and didn't. Those workers who fill up the gaps, smooth away the rough spots and finish the jobs that others leave undone—they are the true peacemakers and worth a whole regiment of growlers.

No man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether and irreclaimably depraved.—Carlyle.

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