

"HE KNOWS."

Through all my little daily cares there is one thought that comfort brings whenever it comes.

'Tis this: "God knows." He knows Each struggle that my hard heart makes to bring.

My will to his. Often, when night-time comes,

My heart is full of tears, because the good That seemed at morn so easy to be done Has proved so hard; but then, remembering

That a kind Father is my judge, I say, "He knows." And so I lay me down with trust

That his good hand will give me needed strength

To better do his work in coming days.

Harriet McEwen Kimball.

SANCTIFIED WHOLLY.

E. H. POST.

The apostle Paul in the conclusion of his first epistle to the Thessalonians, prays that they might be "sanctified wholly." The prayer is a familiar one to all consecrated persons and Bible students.

There is much speculation relative to the nature of the apostle's prayer. One school teaches that it means the gradual development of a Christian in the divine life. The Wesleyan school teaches that it refers to the "cleansing of our natures from all inherited depravity," and that "now by simple faith."

A better understanding of the nature of this prayer can be had when we study the religious status of the Thessalonians at the time of the apostle's writing. (See I Thess. 1:6). Verse 1. "...unto the church of the Thessalonians which is in God, the Father and in the Lord Jesus Christ: etc." Verse 3. "Remembering without ceasing your work of faith, and labor of love, and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ" etc. Then in the fourth verse he calls them "brethren beloved." Surely this is sufficient to establish beyond a doubt that these Thessalonians were in a good state of Christian experience at the time of this writing. A careful review of the entire epistle would prove it.

If they had such a good experience, then some one demands to know what is the need of this prayer? The prayer is for the completion of a work already begun. Webster defines the word sanctify as follows: "to separate, to purify." And this is logical, for a thing must be separated or set apart for holy purposes before it can be purified. 1. Separated, or set apart. In this particular every Christian is sanctified. They are "separated or set apart for holy use." There are two sides to the question of separation, first, the human, and second, the divine. "Depart from evil." "Let the wicked forsake his way," etc. Many are the passages of Scripture that bear directly on this thought and prove that there is a human side to the question of religion.

When man reaches his extremity in his attempt to find the Lord, then God will come to his rescue and save him. Hallelujah! When we turn from our sins to God with full purpose of heart, he will "remove our sins and our iniquities from us as far as the east is from the west." Again, we see that this separation is from the necessity of sinning. The idea that it is necessary for a Christian to sin is unscriptural and absurd. John Wesley said, "an immediate and constant fruit of this faith whereby we are born of God, fruit which can in no wise be separated from it, no, not for one hour, is power over outward sin, and power to keep down inward sin."

Now, if conversion is all of what is here declared, then what is the need of the prayer of the apostle? His prayer is for the purification of the Thessalonians, equally for all Christians.

Rotherham renders this prayer as follows: "Sanctify you completely." John Wesley renders it: "Sanctify you throughout." The German renders it: "Sanctify you through and through." The thought in all is that of entirety. "That ye may be entire wanting no thing." We are not "complete in him" while inbred sin is in our hearts. Its removal is a necessity before this prayer can be fully answered. Christ therefore

prays that the disciples might be "sanctified" in John 17:17. He was praying for their purification.

Sin in the heart is the hindering cause that keeps us from doing the will of God as we desire and often purpose to do. The apostle wants this hindrance removed so the Thessalonians can more fully live out practical religion.

The question that now arises is whether this work of cleansing takes a lifetime, or how long does it take God to sanctify a soul? Surely there is not even a hint in the divine record that it takes a life time to realize the answer of this prayer. This was to be done so that they might be "preserved blameless until the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." They had to have it in order to be preserved in it. Hence it is to be had "now by simple faith," as Mr. Wesley wrote to the Rev. Mr. Beardsley.

Birth always precedes cleansing both in the natural and in the spiritual life. Hence it is as Mr. Wesley said, viz: "The second blessing is properly so-called."

Then we conclude that God can and does give us a "clean heart" while we live here on his foot-stool. Let us pray the prayer of the Psalmist, "create in me a clean heart, oh God." Amen and amen.

ON DANCING.

EVANGELIST C. O. BRANSON.

Many a mother sends her daughter to the dancing school to be trained to appear graceful; dis, is added to the graceful.

Look at some facts, and you'll see it's not the dance that attracts people. Let a man engage a hall at fifty cents, and advertise his dance, and say to the public, that men only, will be admitted. He might offer his tickets at a cent apiece, and he could not sell enough to pay his rent.

The next week, let a lady do the same and advertise for women only, and she will be out her rent.

Let a darkey come along and rent the same hall, and put out his bills, inviting everybody to come and bring their ladies, tickets \$2.00, and he would have a crowded hall. You would see the husband bring his own wife. His wife being there is his license to hug some other man's wife.

A dance is nothing less than a hugging bee.

There's what is called a masquerade. It's rightly named. It's the devil on dress parade, or the devil dressed up.

A man will take his wife to the dance, but if he should come home the next day and find his wife in the arms of the same man who hugged her at the dance, he would want to shoot her. If the husband has a right to put his wife in the arms of the public dancer, why has not the public dancer the right to come to his house and dance with her.

The private dance is rightly named, "private." Commence in private, and end up in public.

No one would go down into the slums to begin dancing, but he will begin at the "high toned" and wind up in the slums. Hundreds of thousands go this way.

Some ask, "Can not a church member dance?" Certainly he can. A mere church member can do any thing the devil wants him to do. But you say, "Can Christians dance?" Yes, if they dance before the Lord, instead of the devil. Let Christians dance the Bible dance and they are called crazy.

The dance is the child of the devil, and the man who has the least spark of respect for his wife should not take his wife to the dance.

The dance is the mother of prostitution. It prostitutes health and character. Eighty-five per cent of the women in houses of ill fame trace their fall to the dance. Every prostitute is a dancer, but every dancer is not a prostitute.

If the father and mother will give themselves up to Christ they will find the best guide to train children to be graceful will be the Bible. They will not only be graceful, but full of grace.

THREE BOYS.

"Watch that boy now," said Phil.

"Which boy?" asked Ned.

"That boy who was at play with us

down

He kn, the sand. His name is Will. doesn't know how to look out for himself, Phil?"

been said Ned, with their parents, had Will spending some time at the seaside. The was a boy who had come to passing his time in the parlor of the board-Ned's. Here it was that Phil and Ned

First, him first. had hunted out a large easy-chair and was tugging at it to get it to

"The, to suit! He's got it squared round just "No,im," laughed Ned.

"No,im," said he's moving the lamp nearer to "We Phil.

a footstool, did I ever? If he isn't putting ready to go before it! I suppose he's all

It was enjoy it." pleased, plain that Will was. With a

until heook he gazed round the room standing caught sight of a lady who was

"Com He darted toward her and ready for, mother, I have a nice place all

He let you." the stool her to the chair and settled Phil at her feet as she sat down.

Presently Ned looked a little foolish. as his mother Phil sprang out of his chair

"Mother came near. Ned ster, take my chair," he said.

kerchief epped quickly to pick up a hand- returned which a lady had dropped, and

They set with a bow. graceful lesson given by a true gentle-

man.

PAY THE PASTOR.

There is many a pastor who is embarrassed, humiliated burdened and disqualified for the best of service simply because the people he serves neglect his support. Perhaps they are not stingy, but negligent, they are busy with other matters, and let the weeks and months slip by without paying the pastor. They are crushing the life and happiness out of the man and do not know it. There are many persons who pay little or nothing for the support of their pastor, because of their miserably selfishness.

They have farms and houses, and cattle and flocks, and fowls, and fruit, and money in the bank, but their poor stingy hearts cling with a death grip to their possessions, and the servant of God who brings them the message of salvation goes in want with a sad heart, wondering how to meet his obligations, and supply the wants of his family.

There are those who will hunt up excuses when pay day comes. They will point out some fault, real or imaginary, in their pastor, some little slip of the tongue, or some little neglect of duty, something of the many things claiming his attention escapes his mind and they make this the pretext for refusing to pay their pastor.

Many a time I have assisted in meetings in churches that year after year had let pastors go out from them unpaid. He had his faults, of course. We all have them, but that was no excuse for sending him away with debt and burden and embarrassment, when 25 or 50 cents per member would have lifted his load and sent him on his way rejoicing.

Reader, are you clear in this matter? If not, do not hesitate, delay, or excuse yourself, but go at once and pay your pastor. If you will treat him better, you will love him better.—Selected.

"Better is a dry morsel, and quietness therewith, than an house full of sacrifices with strife." Prov. 17:1.

There is nothing nearer heaven on this earth than a well regulated home, sanctified and guided by the presence of the Holy Ghost. The husband and wife reverence and love each other, there is obedience and affection among the children. The servants partake of the spirit of their surroundings, and are diligent and quiet.

In such a home there is order. Things do not run at haphazard. There is a plan, not rigid rule like that of an army camp; but a general adjustment of things.

In such a home there is peace. Each member of the family recognizes and respects the rights of every other member of the household. They bear one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ.

In such a home there is prosperity and cheerfulness. Manly men and modest,

pure, industrious women come out from such a home.

The pet dog of such a family never slinks about back alleys, taking up with mangy curs, but walks the streets with his head up.

Has the reader never noticed how a dog takes on the appearance and character of his master? The home of strife is a station on the way to perdition, from there on it is down grade. The scolding wife is but little, if any better than the drunken husband.

The woman with a fury in her face and a tempest in her movements, and a dagger for a tongue, and gall in her heart is as unfit for wife and mother, as a drunken man is unfit for husband and father.

May the readers of this paper as carefully avoid disputings and debate and sarcasm in the home, about the fireside, and the table, as they would some contagious and deadly disease. "Better is a dry morsel, and quietness therewith, than a house full of sacrifices with strife."—Pentecostal Herald.

BEECHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

From a letter once written to his son by the famous preacher, we take the following wise hints, which are good for all young men, and young women, too:

"You must not get into debt. Avoid debt as you would the devil. Make it a cardinal rule,—cash or nothing.

"Make but few promises. Religiously observe the smallest promise. A man who means to keep his promises can't afford to make many.

"Be scrupulously careful in all statements. Aim at accuracy and perfect frankness,—no guesswork,—either nothing or exact truth.

"When working for others, sink yourself out of sight; seek their interest. Make yourself necessary to those who employ you by industry, fidelity, and scrupulous integrity. Selfishness is fatal.

"Hold yourself responsible for a higher standard than anybody else expects of you. Demand more of yourself than anybody expects of you. Keep your own standard high. Never excuse yourself to yourself. Never pity yourself. Be a hard master to yourself, but lenient to everybody else.

"Concentrate your force on your own business; do not turn off. Be constant, steadfast, persevering.

"The art of making one's fortune is to spend nothing; in this country, any intelligent and industrious young man may become rich if he stops all leaks and is not in a hurry. Do not make haste; be patient.

"Do not speculate or gamble. Steady, patient industry is both the surest and the safest way. Greediness and haste are two devils that destroy thousands every year."

HOW MOLLY WAS SAVED.

Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee

For those in peril on the sea— sang the single fisher-folk, in their little church, while outside the storm raged; the noise of the wind and waves almost drowned their voices.

Suddenly, hurrying feet passed the door and excited cries of "Ship on the rocks!" were heard. Preacher and people left the church and ran to the shore, where preparations were being made for sending a line, by rocket, to the wrecked vessel. All knew that she could not hold together much longer in such a frightful sea, so with utmost speed the men made all ready, while the women hurried to build up fires and warm blankets.

On board his doomed ship the captain stood white and stern, watching through his glass the movements on shore. His motherless little Molly was clinging to him, terrified by the storm "They are firing rockets," he shouted to his men, who stood round with belts and life-buoys in their hands. "Get ready the ropes; here it comes," and through the air whizzed a well-aimed rocket, bringing the line at tached to it within their reach. A ringing cheer rose from the crew, which faintly heard on shore relieved the anxious watchers there. Ropes were quickly fastened to the line, by means of which a life-buoy could be drawn ashore; one end was pulled in by those on land, the other secured on board, and all was ready for the perilous journey.

"Who'll take Molly?" cried the captain, and several pairs of arms were stretched

out for her, the darling of those sturdy fellows. "Jack, I want Jack, let me go with Jack," she cried. "You come too, father." "No darling, I can't come yet; hold tight to Jack and don't be afraid." One moment he held her to his breast and kissed her sweet face, then wrapping a thick shawl about her, he put her in Jack's arms, and off they went. The great waves hid them sometimes, tossed them about, drenched them, but Jack clung to the ropes, and Molly clung to Jack, held fast in his strong arm, and so they were pulled to shore.

Brave Jack gave his precious charge to a kind faced woman, who took her home, and changed her soaked garments, wrapped her in warm blankets and fed her in front of a glowing fire. Here her father found her, when at last all were saved. With cheers and kindly hand grips the sailors were led to warm firesides and tended, and the captain was brought to Molly. "Oh, father, father," she cried as she clung to him, wet as he was. "My poor little girl, were you very frightened?" "Just at first," she said, "but, father, don't you remember my Sunday text about the 'Everlasting Arms,' and my hymn we sang, 'Safe in the Arms of Jesus?' Well, I just thought Jesus was letting Jack take care of me for him, and then I wasn't frightened."

"Thank God," said her father solemnly. "Underneath are the everlasting arms."—London Sunday School Times.

WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

Fifty years ago, a gentleman of Ohio noted down ten drinkers, six young men and four boys. "I saw the boys," he says, "drink beer and buy cigars in what was then called a 'grocery' or 'doggerly.' I expressed my disapprobation, and the seller gave a coarse reply. He continued the business, and in fifteen years he died of delirium tremens, not leaving five dollars.

"I never lost sight of these ten, only as the clouds of the valley hid their bodies from human vision. Of the six young men, one died of delirium tremens and another drank himself to death. The two produced by their excesses before they reached the meridian of life; two of them left families not provided for, and two sons are drunkards. Of the two remaining, one is a miserable wreck, and the other a drinker in some better condition. Of the four boys, one, who had a good mother, grew up a sober man; one was killed by a club in a drunken brawl; one has served two years in the penitentiary, and one has drunk himself into an offensive dolt whose family have to provide for him.—A. P.

GENTLENESS IN THE HOME.

There are a small per cent of people who have constitutionally an amiable and gentle make-up, and in whose souls grace seems to work with comparative ease; but the majority of us need to be mightily subdued, and transformed, both by grace and by discipline, to give us that patient, compassionate, and gentle type of religious life, which is most needed in the home. There is no place on earth where gentleness of spirit is more needed than in the home, and perhaps most people who are convicted for a deeper experience, get their conviction from a conscious lack of home religion. The requisite kindness and patience for home life cannot be obtained simply by specific blessings, though they are essential, but it must come by a deliberate and prayerful study of kindness of spirit. Those we love most are entitled to the best exhibitions of our religion.—Ex.

A minister who had been discussing, through a long series of sermons, the relations of religion and science, on coming to the pulpit one Sunday morning found a card laid upon the Bible, with this Scripture on it: "Sirs, we would see Jesus." The preacher took the hint, and devoted himself to an earnest presentation of Jesus as the Saviour of men. Four Sundays had he presented this theme with increasing interest and fervour. On the fifth entering the sacred desk, he found another card, and on it was written: "Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord."