

FERVENT IN SPIRIT.

The following burning words are taken from an old copy of the Christian Guardian. In these days when everything like enthusiasm and demonstrations of joy are frowned upon by a formal church, it is refreshing to read such a powerful defence of old time life and power. One cannot, however, very well avoid the reflection if such stirring exhortations were needed among Methodists in those days what about the present time?

"There is no condition of the body or mind more certain to result in ruin than inactivity. The stagnant pool is sure to breed pestilence. Physical inaction results in physical imbecility. Intellectual inactivity in intellectual dwarfishness. From inattention to business comes financial ruin. In like manner a want of 'fervecy of spirit' in the religious life is sure to result in spiritual death. If a person expects to accomplish anything for this life or the next he must put his whole soul into it.

To be 'fervent in spirit' is to be fervent in mind, heart. The term 'fervent' is generally applied to water or metals when so heated as to bubble up or boil. It has the sense of glow. When used by the apostle it means intense zeal. It implies that a Christian should be like a boiling caldron, or a furnace in full blast, a pot bubbling up, boiling over.

In business and politics men are ready to turn the world upside down to accomplish their ends, but in religion they counsel the greatest moderation. Grave deacons and elders will stamp and clap, and shout themselves hoarse in a political gathering, while they would expel a man from the church for uttering an 'amen' above a whisper. In business and politics they are up to a white heat, but in religion they are as cold as an iceberg and as dead as a graveyard. Visit a political convention, where these grave, cultivated churchmen congregate, and an outsider, who did not know the object of the gathering, might well imagine that a lunatic asylum had been let loose. Enter a church where these same men pretend to worship, and the theme with which they seem most pleased is, Hush, my dear, lie still and sumber."

If this lack of fervency of spirit was manifest in business circles and in political campaigns, who would expect success in either?

If Christians would put the same spiritual energy into church life that they do into business and politics our churches would soon be changed from moral graveyards into banqueting houses, and a profession of religion would not be considered as a sort of an open policy against risks, but it would mean a radical revolution of heart and life.

Shall we not manifest as much zeal in serving God as in getting gain? Is fervency necessary in the one case, and improper in the other?

We are aware those who do their whole duty in this regard will be complained of. They have ever been lampooned and cursed while they lived, but the next generation has almost invariably canonized them. They followed Wesley with every form of insult and abuse up to the day of his death. Bishops, priests and the rabble said he was mad, crazy, a hypocrite, a deceiver, a fanatic, a destroyer of churches, and a traducer of the clergy; but he had not been in his grave a hundred years ere they gave him a most conspicuous place in England's most sacred abbey, among kings, queens, commanders of armies, reformers, and the most honored of the ages.

Holiness should not be a fitful blaze, but a steady flame, like its Author, "yesterday, today, and forever" the same. Let the world and a cold church see that our motto is, "This one thing, I do." We shall be blamed while we live, and blessed when we are dead. Earth may withhold honors, but Heaven will be lavish of its gifts. The conflict is for a day, the victory is forever. Let us remember the language of Jesus, "The zeal of thine house has eaten me up."

THE CHARM OF HOLINESS.

The following quotation is from-Bishop E. S. Janes, of precious memory:

"To the regenerate man there is nothing so lovely, there is nothing so winning, there is nothing so precious as goodness, as holiness. Oh, how he admires it in the angels! And how he admires it when

ever he sees it in his fellow-Christian! How attractive it is! how winning! How it captivates his heart! How it excites his desires! how it inspires his aspirations to be holy! How he hungers and thirsts after righteousness in its fullest fruition! How his heart pants after God! How his very nature cries out for the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ! He cannot be satisfied until he realizes it, any more than a famishing man can be satisfied without food and drink. It is a hunger and thirst; it is the hunger of the soul, the thirst of the spirit. It cannot be satisfied without a realization of the good it craves. It is a new need created by his conversion, and he must have it satisfied or he cannot be at perfect peace. His heart, his soul, cries out for the nature and image of God! His soul is continually saying, 'Ah, who that loves can love enough?'

"Can we realize this full salvation! Is it attainable here and now? Can we be made perfect in love? May we be strengthened with all might, according to his glorious power? May we be strong in the Lord and the power of his might? Yes, for he is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us. 'Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning is now and ever will be, world without end. Amen!'"

A TRAMP'S SPEECH.

At a hotel bar room in the west a group of young men were laughing and drinking, when a poor, tottering tramp pushed open a door, and, with sad eyes, looked at them appealingly.

"Come in, Senator, and drown your cares in the flowing bowl!" they said jeeringly.

"I will come in thank you," he said, "for I am cold and hungry."

"Take this brandy, Senator," they said mockingly "and drink to our health."

After swallowing the liquor the tramp gazed at them for an instant, and then with a dignity and eloquence that showed how far he had fallen in the social scale, began to speak:

"Gentlemen," he began sadly, "you and I complete a picture of my life. I was, alas! a senator. My bloated face was once as young and handsome as yours. I, too, once had a home, and friends and position. I had a wife as beautiful as an artist's dream, and I dropped the priceless pearl of her honor and respect in the wine cup and, Cleopatra like, saw it dissolve and floated it down. I had children, as sweet and lovely as the flowers of spring, and I saw them fade and die under the curse of a drunken father. I had a home where love lit the flame upon the altar and ministered before it, but I put out the holy fire, and darkness and desolation reigned in its stead. I had aspirations and ambitions that soared as high as the morning star, and I broke and bruised their beautiful wings, and at last strangled them that I might be tortured with their cries no more. Today I am a husband without a wife, a father without a child, a tramp without a home to call his own, a man in whom every good impulse is dead, all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink."

A FOOLISH CONTROVERSY.

A sheep found fault with the duck, saying: "There is a duck swimming. Why cannot it be contented with walking? Look at me, —I never was in a pool of water in my life, the solid earth for me, if you please."

Presently the duck tossed its critical head, and said: "Look up; there you will see what ought to annoy anyone who regards sobriety and common sense as a part and parcel of life. See there! what is it?"

It was an eagle flying, hunting the sun. And the eagle, looking down said: "Oh, you stupid, earth-loving creatures! Why not come up here!"

So it is amongst men—some walk, some swim, some fly. But we are all God's servants, and it is wicked for us to go about criticising true hearted people because they do their work differently from our own way.—Sel.

PUSHING BUSINESS.

"The brewers are pushing their business, spending millions in advertising, seeking in every possible way to create an

appetite for beer. As a result the sale of beer is increasing. The output the last year would form a lake six feet deep, a mile wide, and nearly four miles long. It would allow a distribution of two and three fifths barrels to every man, woman or child throughout the earth. The cost to the consumer is at the rate of nearly \$125,000 for every hour in the year. This is the world's beer bill, to say nothing of other intoxicants."

What an awful thing this liquor curse is! How shall we get rid of its soul destroying work? When will professed Christians unite to throttle the slimy serpent? We could soon do it, if only men would be willing to take hold of the problem in a practical way. When the political parties make laws to regulate the traffic, nothing seems to come of it, not even a slip of criticism is heard; but let some one propose political prohibition of the traffic, then the demons tear loose and men who all their life-time were temperance men, are called "prohibition cranks," by liquor men, and by these professed Christians who seem to endorse the epithet. Who is to bring about the prohibition of the traffic, if not done by those who believe in it?—The Watchman.

GLEANINGS.

The Spirit is seeking all true seekers. Great men do not make a great church. Full light is given to those who follow first light.

Earthly disappointment brings God's opportunity.

What we do with God's Word settles our destiny.

Mighty works always accompany the mighty Word.

Many delay till they miss their last train for heaven.

There is always a break in the darkness to those who look up.

In the breath of opposition Christianity finds the blast for its flames.

No matter what your audience, it is always safe to preach Christ.

Zeal is like dynamite,—it makes all the difference what you use it for.

Truth is in the market-place, but labor and love are the only coins current with her.

They who prepare according to God's promise are protected according to his power.

To laud Jesus as man and deny his divinity is in reality cursing him, for it makes his Word a lie.

Diligence is nowhere more necessary, and nowhere better rewarded than in the affairs of the soul.—Sel.

FATHER'S TIME.

"Oh, no, I cannot go with you after dinner to-night, because that is father's time, and we always have so much fun then." This is what I heard a little maiden say to her school friend, who had invited her to go somewhere with her.

"Father's time." I wondered what that meant, and so I said to the little maiden: "And what is 'Father's time'?"

"Oh, 'Father's time' is right after dinner at night, an hour or so before we go to bed. Father makes lots of pleasure for us then, and it is the only time we can see him, except in the early morning and that is for such a short time. Father never goes anywhere at that time, and we do not; we give that hour to him and he gives it to us. It is our 'together hour.' Oh, he is such a good, dear Father."

What a testimonial to the high standard of fatherhood was this little girl's! Away all day, immersed in business cares, he could give no time to his children except the hour before their bedtime. With happy, light hearts those little ones kissed him good night when bedtime came, and with what smiling faces they went to sleep to dream beautiful dreams of father-love.—S. T. P., in Evangelist.

Mr. Moody says "that a good many people are always crying out, my leanness! my leanness! when they ought to say, my laziness!" Yes, that is true. When it comes to praying through, or doing effective Christian work that requires self sacrifice, many are too lazy. How much such persons miss! They miss the added strength brought on by activity, the blessing of God as a reward of effort, and the peace of conscience in a ministry to others.—Exchange.

THE COST OF BLESSING.

No life was ever greatly useful which did not have its Gethsemane. Some one has said that Jesus shed his precious blood on the cursed soil of the earth and blessed it, so every drop of human blood shed for a good cause will be a blessing. Not long ago a London preacher preached a remarkable sermon on the text, "without shedding of blood there is no—" Every one knows that the entire sentence reads, "without the shedding of blood there is no remission," but the preacher cut off the last word, and made his text teach not only that there is no remission without blood-shedding, but also that there is nothing without blood shedding. In that same sermon a striking definition of the word "bless" was given. What does that little word come from? The preacher says it comes from an Anglo Saxon word meaning blood, and that the truth hidden in the word is this: Before one can greatly bless another he must impart to him some thing of his own life—his blood.

Is not this the explanation of much of our unfruitfulness? We desire to be a blessing, but we are afraid of the cost. Dread of agony and expense is the explanation of many of the childless homes in the country. Dread of sacrifice is the secret of the barrenness of the churches. Few sons and daughters are born to Zion because the churches are not willing to pay the price. They would be a blessing to the world if they could confer blessing without cost.

The history of Christianity is history of sacrifice. The victorious periods of the church are characterized by martyrdom. The early Church grew apace so long as the disciples of Christ counted not their lives dear unto them. But when they began to use the Church and the Cross as a means of personal aggrandizement and worldly promotion the spell was broken, the Spirit was grieved, the power vanished. Every great revival of religion has begun in Gethsemane, and progressed through Cavalry. It did not happen to Martin Luther to die at the stake or to be torn to pieces by his enemies, but he was ready and willing for martyrdom. He suffered martyrdom many times. John Wesley was permitted to live a good old age, and to die in peace without physical torture. He invested his life blood in the revival he had promoted.

Is it not time to pray for a spirit of sacrifice in the Churches? While many are diligently searching for the secret of our weakness and barrenness; while one is finding it here and another there; while there is danger that the inquiry will degenerate into mutual crimination and recrimination, is it not time to examine ourselves whether we be in the faith? Do we bear about in our bodies marks of the Lord Jesus? Are we willing to lose our lives for Jesus' sake? Are we so anxious to be a blessing that we can say:

"My life and blood I here present,  
If for thy truth they may be spent?"  
—Selected.

To Rev. Joseph Benson, in 1770:—"I beg you to give another serious reading to those two sermons, 'Sin in Believers,' and 'The Repentance of Believers.' But is there no help? Is there no deliverance from this inbred enemy? Surely there is, else many great and precious promises must fall to the ground. 'I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you.' 'I will circumsise thy heart' (from all sin) 'to love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul.' This I term sanctification (which is both an instantaneous and a gradual work) or perfection, the being perfected in love, filled with love, which still admits of a thousand degrees."—Rev. J. Wesley.

It is your privilege to live such a life of prevailing prayer and purity that every one with whom you associate will be compelled to respect and confide in you as a holy man or woman of God.

If you set God before you in everything, then he will set things before you too wonderful to mention, and things that otherwise you would not dare to have requested.—Sel.

TRUE SANCTIFICATION.

True sanctification is always humble, modest and teachable. It welcomes correction, reconsiders positions taken, retracts from wrong courses, confesses mistakes. The devil will have a hand in "higher life" teaching, and side with the "Holiness Movement," and favor "divine healing," if he can rob believers of "the spirit of a sound mind" and destroy their testimony by leading them to hold extreme, unreasonable and unscriptural views. Many a true and consecrated Christian has been sidetracked by going too far. He has followed "wild fire" instead of the "pillar of fire." He has mistaken personal ambition after greatness in holiness or miraculous working for the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. He has read his commission in the changeable clouds of emotion, or imagination, or "impression," rather than in the immutable table of God's Word. One thinks his will is so surrendered and sanctified that he is practically beyond making mistakes, and all wills must assent to his. Another is commissioned to gather all the good from Christendom into his "movement," which is destined to fill the earth. Still another has heard the call to the "apostleship," and woe to those who do not recognize the newly restored office. Truly, in view of these modern delusions among leaders who started in the Spirit, it becomes all who are striving for God's best, to walk very humbly, lest they also end in the flesh.—Ex.

THERE IS A VAST DIFFERENCE.

Between being sorry for sin and being sorry you are "caught."

Between confessing your sins and confessing some other fellow's.

Between seeing your own faults and seeing some other person's.

Between conversion of the head and conversion of the heart.

Between being led by the Holy Spirit and led by your own imagination.

Between being persecuted for "righteousness sake" and being persecuted for foolishness' sake.

Between "contending for the faith" and striving for your opinion.

Between preaching the word and preaching some other man's opinion.

Between real testimony and making a speech.

Between a "heart" hallelujah and a manufactured one.—Exchange.

Another matter in which Christ pleased the Father was in communion with him. If you want to be well-pleasing to God, get alone with him in prayer. That was the next occasion we read of God making known his delight in his Son, Jesus Christ. Our Lord was transfigured with glory while he prayed. "And we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."—Rev. G. C. Grubb.

Thank God for all the God given hallelujahs that come out of hearts filled with the joy of the Lord—and you cannot have power with souls unless you have joy.—Rev. G. C. Grubb.

Christ never kept people at a distance. The lost, the weary, and the wandering, found something wonderfully attractive about Christ. "Then drew near unto him all the publicans and sinners for to hear him."—Rev. G. C. Grubb.

We shall be able to say as did Jesus, "I am not alone, because the Father is with me," when we can also say, "For I do always those things that please him." That is the secret.

It is grand to be saved from the world, but it is glorious to be saved from yourself.—Sel.