

THE CRUCIFIER MUST BE CRUCIFIED.

It was not the nails driven through his hands and feet that crucified Jesus. The guilt lay back of that. It was not the hammers that drove the nails; nor the wills that prompted the arms of the soldier; nor the command of Pilate that dominated the will of the soldiers. It was the carnal, malignant sin principle that fired the jealous heart of the Pharisees and compelled the craven heart of Pilate to crucify him. It was the sin principle that slew our Lord. Sin was his murderer. Murder demands capital punishment. The old man crucified Christ and he himself must be crucified. In the light of the tragedy of the cross, the talk of suppressing sin is not merely a feeble recognition of the nature and crime of sin, it is akin to blasphemy. Let that "old man" who inspired the people to cry "crucify him!" hear the servants of God everywhere condemning him to the same death! Let the crucifier be crucified. To allow the murderer of our King to live is treason to the government of heaven. Christain Witness.

REVIVAL INTOXICATION.

In his last reported sermon, the recently passed-away and greatly lamented Dr. Parker, of London, in speaking of the day when the apostles were filled with the Holy Ghost, says the following:

"And one said, 'No, these are not drunken, as ye suppose, seeing it is but the third hour of the day. No, but you must go deeper, you must find a larger and fuller explanation of this; this is nothing else than the Spirit of God working in its wonderful way. Now believe that, and you will cover the whole ground.'"

"O, it is easy to say people are drunk; it comes naturally to beautiful, innocent, guileless human nature; human nature likes to give a great, broad, charitable view of things, and says, 'Sh!—drunk! That is the human nature that does not believe in original sin. It only practices it. Why, I have been down to see the Salvation Army all drunk together. I have been down to see the Ranters; never saw such a number of vulgar people in my life. They struck me—I don't like to say it—they struck me as if they were all drunk together.'"

When shall we have the man that comes with broad interpretations, and that lifts up the occasion to the right level? When will that man come? He will himself be counted drunk. Until the Church gets drunk in that way, that particular special way the Church will make no impression upon the world. So long as the Church is one of a number of institutions, she will be respectable, and she will have her little day and cease to be. She must be drunk, not with wine, where-in is excess, but be filled with the Spirit, and then she will come into close grips with the devil, and fling him to the dust and trample on him."

"No man ever received the Holy Ghost and began to really, earnestly, and positively advocate the principles of the New Testament but what somebody has pointed his finger at him and called him a "fool" or out "of his head." Until God's people get willing to be fools in the sight of the world, they are not where God can use them. Are you a candidate? (1 Cor. 1: 18-21.)—God's Revivalist.

RUM REVENUES.

The raising of government revenue, from the liquor traffic, is the most gigantic iniquity under the sun. It is a compact of robbery entered into by the government and the liquor dealer to rob the consumer and divide the profits among them. The government agrees to grant special franchises to the manufacturers and sellers for a part of the profits of the business in the shape of a revenue, which the manufacturers and sellers advance, the government protecting them in the robbery. The 1,000,000,000 taken annually from the consumers, without a single farthing's compensation or equivalent in return is divided between the government and traffic, thus, the traffic \$900,000,000, and the government gets 100,000,000. Here we have the naked facts of the legalized traffic, stripped of its thin covering.

We protest against this whole system of raising a revenue from the liquor traffic, because it is a legalized system of fraud, robbery, oppression and murder, and to legalize it by license, or by

raising a revenue from it, involves the nation in the crimes of the liquor traffic. The nation, state or corporation that licenses the liquor traffic, or in any other way raises a revenue from it, is just as guilty of all the crimes against man and God, as the man who sells the liquor and pockets the price of blood. Twenty five centuries ago, God's prophet pronounced divine judgement upon the iniquitous traffic, and it and the nation, state or corporation that legalizes it, lies under the curse of God today just so surely as it did then. Hab. 2: 12, 17.

J. W. H.
St. Louis, Mo.

RIGHT SIDE OUT.

Jack was cross; nothing pleased him. His mother gave him the choicest morsels for his breakfast, and the nicest toys, but he did nothing but fret and complain. At last his mother said:

"Jack, I want you to go up to your room and put on all your clothes wrong side out."

Jack stared. He thought his mother must be out of her wits.

"I mean it Jack," she repeated. Jack had to obey; he had no turn his stockings wrong side out, and put on his coat and trousers and his collar wrong side out.

When his mother came up to him, there he stood—a forlorn, funny looking boy, all linings and seams and ravelings—before the glass, wondering what his mother meant; but he was not quite clear in his conscience.

Then his mother, turning him round, said:

"This is what you have been doing all day, been turning everything inside out. Do you really like your things this way so much, Jack?"

"No mamma," said Jack shamefacedly, "Can't I turn them right?"

"Yes, you may, if you will try to speak what is pleasant and do what is pleasant. You must do with your temper and manners as you prefer to do with your clothes—wear them right side out. Do not be so foolish any more, little man, as to persist in turning things wrong side out."—Selected.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

One of the greatest lessons that a child of God must learn, is to suffer.

To know how to bear the crosses and go through the testing places in such a way as to glorify God as fully as we should, must be learned by every one that determines to gain heaven. In our moments of conscious blessing, the cross appears beautiful, and we feel that we will gladly suffer anything for Jesus, but when He humbles us, and proves us to know what is in our hearts, whether we will keep His commandments or no (Deut. 8:2), we too often find it hard to submit to the discipline. How many times we recognize when the opportunities are past that God was in that special trial, that trying circumstance which grated on us, in that vexatious interruption, with blessing and strength unspeakable for our souls, if we had but been looking for Him. Chastening that does not afterward yield the peaceable fruit of righteousness has not been to us what God designed it should be: we as refractory children have not been "exercised thereby." Heb. 12:11. But unlike many unfaithful parents, our Father does not soon give us up to our own ways. His heart of love cannot be satisfied until we have learned our lesson, and whole heartedly accept that which is for our highest good. The great Refiner sits above the crucible and while the flames of affliction and trial kindle beneath, He keeps His eye of love upon His ore, and rejoices to see the dross consumed and His gold made pure. The process may be long but He does not tire until His own glorious image is reflected from the melted shining ore. Mal. 3:3.

A sound writer says: "It requires more grace to know how to suffer aright than how to rejoice. If we thoroughly understand how to suffer, we should know how to rejoice evermore. The depth of our suffering gives us capacity for joy. The suffering of the sinner should lead him to repentance, the suffering of the imperfect believer should lead to a perfect yielding of self to God. The suffering of the perfect believer is to establish and ripen in detail all the virtues of

Christ in the soul. . . . We try to analyze the cross to see what it is made of, and why it presses us so; we fancy that some created object, or person, or place, or thing will give relief. In learning how to suffer we must learn how to be indifferent to all created sources of comfort, not to despise them, or be attracted by them but calmly be indifferent to them. We intensify our pain by drawing back from pain; we render our daily cross much heavier by reasoning about our cross. . . . The last lesson in suffering is to know how to suffer in love; to suffer without murmuring toward God, without resentment to any creature—human or Satanic—and without vexing ourselves. Nothing is finished until it flowers out into love.

Best of all, we have divine authority to believe that "all things work together for good to them that love God." (Rom. 8:28), and that the trial of our faith "though it be tried with fire" may appear "unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ. It is our rare privilege to sometimes meet men and women of God whose depth and mellowness of spirit prove a benediction to every life they touch. The readiness to "weep with them that weep" that we find in such mature saints has not come in a day, or in paths of ease and exemption from suffering. That heart has been melted in "the furnace of affliction," has been laid on God's anvil and beat into His own fair form, has suffered, as Jesus did, in silence, and has learned to say

"He kindles for my profit surely, Affliction's glowing fiery brand; For all His heaviest blows are surely Inflicted by a Master hand, And yet I whisper, as God will, And in the hottest fire hold still."

We are slow to learn, yet, praise God! we do learn if we hold fast our confidence, that "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." Heb. 12:6. Shall we not rejoice that our very sufferings are the pledge of His acceptance of us, and that we are being prepared not only to be His peculiar people here, but to be worthy to stand among those who "come up out of great tribulation?" Shall we not pray "Raise thou my hopes above the reach Of earthliness; Baptise my love through suffering Into Thine own, And work in me a faith that rests In Christ alone."—Sel.

TEMPERANCE.

In a speech delivered at his summer home in Buckfield, Me., delivered at the invitation of his fellow-townsmen, Hon. John D. Long, of Massachusetts, ex-Secretary of the United States Navy, gave the following cogent reason why the people of Maine should not go back on constitutional prohibition:

"Why have the law in the constitution? Why not make it statutory or optional with the towns concerned? The repeal of of the amendment is the entering wedge for the surrender of principle. It would remove protection of our homes from the most destructive and insidious danger that assailed us. Where local option has been granted and 'no-license' once obtained there is a perpetual contest, and turning back and forth from license one year to 'no license the next' and then license again.

"The repeal of the prohibitory amendment would be a step backward in the matters of moral and social reform. Mothers and children, wives and fathers, too, ask for the protection of those they love from the terrible and pathetic danger. The settled policy of the state, supported by the sober common sense of the rural communities, has decreed that the saloon shall be an outlaw, and I do not believe that the good people of the State will ever allow the prohibitory amendment to be repealed."—Selected.

SWEARING.

"Are you paid anything for swearing?" Eli Perkins once asked a commercial traveller. "No I do it for nothing." "Well," said the lecturer, "you work cheap. You lay aside your character as a gentleman, inflict pain upon your friends, break a commandment, and lose your own soul—and for nothing! You do certainly work very cheap."—American Friend.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

THE DISOBEDIENT LOCOMOTIVE.

BY MARY WHITING ADAMS.

"I am the swiftest of my kind," The locomotive said. "I can go eighty miles an hour When once I steam ahead. My wheels are strong, my boilers full, There is no reason why I should not break all records, if I only choose to try. "But these dull tracks they lay for me So narrow and so straight, These switches that they have to throw While I must stop and wait, This engineer who keeps his hand Upon my fretting power,— If I were rid of them, how free Would be each glorious hour?" And so, one day, when steam was up, And fireman had swung down from it And all the tracks were clear, The locomotive seized its chance And pushed with all its might Out of the station, and away, In swift and headlong flight. "Hurrah! hurrah! I'm off at last, I spurn this narrow way! No hand is on my throttle valve, No more need I obey!" With one great bound it left the rails, And passed the junction switch; Then—with one awful, aimless leap— Lay wrecked within the ditch! And now that engine runs the rails, A crippled thing, and slow; No records will it ever break, No glory will it know. Perhaps some lads who yearn to try A free and wild career Had best decide to keep the track, And mind the engineer. —Selected.

CLARA'S VOICE CULTURE.

Why can't I, mamma! Mary Simpson is going to, and I should think we could afford it as well as they." "But we can't, my dear; and it's of no use to argue the question. So try to take it pleasantly. But instead of doing as her mother suggested, Clara stamped her foot, and in a loud, shrill petulant voice began to complain that she could never have anything like other girls, and she didn't care, so she didn't.

"You can take lessons in voice culture whether we can afford to employ the teacher or not," answered her mother. "I can't, I won't, I don't want to!" snapped out Clara impatiently.

"But you can, and you will, and you must want to, or you wouldn't," replied her mother coolly.

"Or else I wouldn't?" repeated Clara, in surprise.

"Yes—for that is what you are doing at this very moment—taking a lesson in voice culture. You're cultivating your voice to be harsh and unmusical and unkind."

"I didn't know that was voice culture," Clara answered, a little bit ashamed of her performance.

"It is culture of a wrong kind," replied her mother. "It is training downward instead of upward. Anger and impatience are your teachers, and they are never good teachers in anything. I will tell you of a far better teacher, whom you can have every day without paying anything.

"What do you mean, mamma?" asked Clara, her curiosity aroused a little.

"I mean love," answered her mother. "Love is the best teacher of voice culture in the world, and all the other teachers amount to nothing without her."

"Why, mamma, how can you say that?" "I can prove what I say," replied Mrs. Wilson. "There comes Harry. You know how much fault you find with him about speaking so loudly and in tones so rough and unrefined. Now notice when he picks up baby Alice and greets her, what sort of tone he uses."

Clara observed as her mother suggested, and she could not fail to notice how soft and tender and pleasant Harry's voice was when he spoke to the baby and called her his dear "little sweetheart," and wanted her to kiss him and "love" him by patting him on the cheek, which was her way of loving.

"Now, do you know," asked her mother, after Harry had gone out of the room,

"who it was that gave him lessons in voice culture that made his voice soft and sweet and tender just then? It was Love; and if you cannot take lessons of Miss Martin and have the benefit of artificial culture, you can at least take lessons of love every day and every hour." —Exchange.

DRAMA FROM REAL LIFE.

Enacted, Springfield, Mass. Time commencement week, 1903.

Act I.—Boys retire to secluded spot to smoke pipes and cigarets at a recent high school picnic.

Act II.—Girls sign agreement not to associate with guilty parties.

Act III.—As a result of this boycott boys at first threaten to refuse to sit up on the stage with the young women on graduation day, but finally send their pipes as a token that they will not again be guilty of such disrespectful conduct. (Applause for the girls is in order.)—Crusader.

EXTRACTS FROM GEORGE MULLER.

"Where faith begins, anxiety ends; where anxiety begins, faith ends."

"God's way leads always into trial, so far as sight and sense are concerned."

"The Lord giveth faith for the purpose of trying it for the glory of His own name, and for the good of him who has it; and, by the very trial of our faith, we not only obtain blessing to our own souls, by becoming the better acquainted with God, if we hold fast our confidence in Him, but our faith is also, by the exercise, strengthened; and so it comes that, if we walk with God in any measure of uprightness of heart, the trials of faith will be greater and greater."

"Often the work of the Lord itself may be a temptation to keep us from that communion with Him which is so essential to the benefit of our own souls. . . . Let none think that public prayer will make up for close communion. Here is the great secret of success. Work with all your might; but trust not in the least in your work. Pray with all your might for the blessing of God; but work, at the same time, with all diligence, with all patience, with all perseverance. Pray, then, and work. Work and pray. And still again pray, and then work. And so all the days of your life. Remember, also, that God delights to bestow blessing, but, generally, as the result of earnest, believing prayer."

"I have every reason to believe that, had I begun to lay up, the Lord would have stopped the supplies, and thus the ability of doing so was only apparent. Let no one profess to trust God, and yet lay up for future wants; otherwise the Lord will first send him to the hoard he has amassed before He can answer the prayer for more."

"It is a common temptation of Satan to make us give up the reading of the Word and prayer when our enjoyment is gone, as if it were of no use to read the Scriptures when we do not enjoy them, and as if it were of no use to pray when we have no spirit of prayer; whilst the truth is, in order to enjoy the Word we ought to continue to read it, and the way to obtain a spirit of prayer is to continue praying; for the less we read the Word of God, the less we desire to read it, and the less we pray, the less we desire to pray."—Sel.

STRONG PREACHERS.

Strong preachers have ever been Bible preachers. The old reformers drew their weapons from the heavenly armory. The sermons of Bunyan, and Baxter, and Flavel, and men of their stamp, were full of God—instinct with living doctrines. Their very gart was after the scripture patterns. Whitefield, as a custom, read the Bible with "Henry's Commentary" day by day on his knees, praying over every sentence, line and word. Edwards and Davies were mighty in the scriptures. Of Chalmers, it has been said that his sermons "held the Bible in solution." Preachers who saturate their sermons with the Word of God never wear out. The manna which they bring is pure, and sweet, and freshly gathered. It never cloy. God's Word is deep, and he who studies it will ever have something new. He will never be dull, for the words of the Bible are strong, living words, and its images and descriptions are flowers of elegance. Apt citations clench the passages of the preacher's discourse, and give sanction, dignity, positiveness, authority to it. And they shed light into his subject as windows do in houses.—Sel.