

Judge Not.

(Verses by the New Zealand poet, Thomas Bracker.)

(T. P.'s Weekly, London.)

Not understood. We move along assunder,
Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep
Along the years; we marvel and we wonder
Why life is life? And then we fall asleep—
Not understood.

Not understood. We gather false impressions,
And hug them closer as the years go by,
Till virtues often seem to us transgressions;
And thus men rise and fall and live and die—
Not understood.

Not understood. Poor souls with stunted vision
Oft measure giants by their narrow gauge;
The poisoned shafts of falsehood and derision
Are oft impelled 'gainst those who mould the
age—
Not understood.

Not understood. The secret springs of action,
Which lie beneath the surface and the show,
Are disregarded; with self-satisfaction
We judge our neighbors, and they often go—
Not understood.

Not understood. How trifles often change us!
The thoughtless sentence or the fancied slight
Destroy long years of friendship and estrange us,
And on our souls there falls a freezing blight—
Not understood.

Not understood. How many hearts are aching
For lack of sympathy! Ah! day by day,
How many cheerless lowly hearts are breaking!
How many noble spirits pass away—
Not understood.

O God! that men would see a little clearer,
Or judge less harshly where they cannot see;
O God! that men would draw a little nearer
To one another, they'd be nearer Thee—
And understood.

THE POWER OF PURITY.

We often hear it said that purity is power, but the question naturally arises: What is this power?

It is not a gush of eloquence or the force of intellectual supremacy. Some men can sway great audiences at their pleasure; this is power but not necessarily the power of the Holy Ghost. Cicero did that and he was a heathen. Patrick Henry, Daniel Webster and Stephen A. Douglas possessed a remarkable ability in this direction, but they only used it in secular matters. The fact that some preachers of today possess the same ability, of necessity proves nothing but their personal magnetism or intellectual superiority. We must search deeper for real Holy Ghost power.

The power of purity is manifested in three directions.

I. In the ability to control one's own life.

It helps its possessor to live a pure life to gain a comparatively easy victory over temptations and circumstances, to live with a single eye and victorious heart.

II. Power with man.

Its possessor may or may not realize its exercise but, consciously or unconsciously, he is wielding an influence that goes deeper than mere human supremacy and gets hold of the heart of the onlooker. He may be inferior in intellectual capacity, and his bodily presence may be weak and contemptible, but he can have so much of the Holy Ghost that he will rise above it all and force people to respect the God in him.

The power of purity is not in the outward form of utterance but in the deep undercurrent that silently but powerfully cuts to the heart and convinces of sin. This is the result of the fact that the Holy Ghost accompanies the pure in heart much more than others, because these can be trusted. It was said of James Caughey that he lived next door to heaven and they acquainted him with things they didn't let everybody know.

The sermons and testimonies of the pure in heart will stir the hearers up to more holy living. How many people there are who can preach and testify well, even eloquently, but it all flies over the people's heads like sky rockets, till they almost become dizzy watching the shining path in the sky, but when they come down with a thud to the dull realities of living they do not feel the least bit strengthened, and it may be disappointed with the dull cold facts after such a dizzy ethereal flight, and even weakened when they come to temptations. But the power of purity lies in its ability to go straight to the mark and by its holy unction and fervor point out the lack in people's lives and by the same unction set them all on fire for greater achievements. Its power also lies in its force of example. Godly humility will incite honest people to emulation. Earnestness will produce the like zeal in others, and love will catch in devoted hearts like fire in the standing corn. Its eminent attainments on this line will cause a pressing forward in others.

Again, its power is manifested in its holy steadfast confidence. Realizing its

own innocency it fears not to proclaim the whole truth of holy living, and express its entire confidence that others can receive a like benefit.

Its possessor feels the importance of what he says. That person who has spent most of the day in idle chit-chat must not expect much of the power of God at night. The pure person so realizes the importance of his words that he is choice in using them, then each one is more likely to burn with holy fire as it "goes home" to some needy heart. "Let thy words be few," and the few will be more likely to be honored of God.

Its possessor is burdened for souls. And there is nothing so effectual in awakening souls as a genuine God-given burden. This the pure soul possesses, he knows what it is to weep for the lost, to groan in Gethsemane. The person who does not possess this burden would do well to search the ground of his heart and see if it is as clean as he fondly imagines.

The great source of the power of purity lies in the fact that its possessor is indwelt by the Holy Ghost. Although the hearer may not know anything about spiritual matters, and may even be skeptical of their possibilities, yet in spite of contrary prejudices his heart is moved upon. This is the great thought that Jesus impressed on the minds of the disciples in connection with the reception of the heavenly Paraclete—"Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem till ye be endued with power from on high." "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." From the earnestness of the disciples in waiting for the fulfillment of this promise we naturally infer that they felt their great need of its accomplishment, and were not properly equipped without it. The results, when compared with their former weakness fully justified the assumption. If you lack that holy anointing which makes you strong in the Lord and in the power of his might you are not to the bottom yet; dig deeper till your soul is filled with all the fullness of God.

III. Power with God.

Jacob had power with God, he wrestled and prevailed. Daniel prayed till the angel came to his rescue. Elijah prayed till it rained not for three years and six months, he prayed again and the heavens gave rain. Holy men of all ages have wrestled till God answered. Here is the real reason for all the power of purity. Its possessors tarry so much in the secret place that they prevail with God. And coming from this sacred presence how can they help but be a power with men and victorious in life? Such persons shed a sacred influence wherever they go. "As princes they have power with God and man and prevail." O for the Pentecostal baptism of prevailing power!

H. A. BALDWIN.

TITHING.

Mr. Wm. G. Roberts, of Cincinnati, occupied the pulpit of the East Connersville M. E. church Sunday morning and evening presenting to the people the subject of tithing.

Mr. Roberts is a lawyer, and spoke from the standpoint of a layman. He is one of the men who did so much for his home church, old Wesley Chapel of Cincinnati.

This church, like many "down town" city churches had been running behind for years in its finances and "losing out" generally. It resorted to every method known to the modern church to raise money and attract the crowds. Finally at a dinner party of eight official members, including the pastor, the church's condition, as is very apt to be the case, was pretty thoroughly discussed. And it was generally agreed that all had been done that could be done, but the tide was against them. "No," said one of the members, we have not yet tried everything." "What have we not tried?" They asked from all quarters of the room. "We have not brought the tithes into the storehouse, as God commands, and proven him to see if he will not pour us out a blessing."

They laughed at him and ridiculed the idea as an old Mosaic legalism that did not apply to the Christian dispensation. "Nevertheless," said this member, "we have not proven God by bringing the tithes into the storehouse and for one I propose to obey God."

This decided action changed their attitude, and one by one they fell into line

till the eight were a unit. They went before the Official Board of their church and were granted the privilege of paying all their church dues by means of the tithe. They were relieved from all assessments.

This was the beginning of a new era of prosperity in the mother church of Cincinnati Methodism. For nine years Wesley Chapel has been known as a tithing church. Not that every member practices tithing but the Official Board recognizes tithing as God's method of church finance and many of the members practice it—perhaps one third of the membership. As a result the church has risen from a run down condition to be one of the foremost churches in the city, doing aggressive, spiritual work. And its fame has gone to the ends of the world. Last year this church gave more missionary money than all of the other down town churches.

Mr. Roberts' teaching differs from the ordinary idea of paying the one-tenth in that the member covenants to pay the tithe into the treasury of the church. Ordinarily "the tither" pays where he thinks it will do the most good, scattering here and there, not always with the greatest wisdom. The tithe is to be brought to the treasury of the church and the officers of the Lord's house are to distribute it. This vital point Mr. Roberts proves from the Scriptures.

His own church apportions a certain per cent of the tithe to be paid on the minister's salary, for sexton and current expenses; another per cent. goes to the "betterment fund," on parsonage building and improvement; another per cent is devoted to the benevolences of the church—the church as missions, education, church extension, the Sunday school, the W. F. M. and home missionary societies, etc. Each member keeps his own private account. The offering is placed in a plain envelope without the name of the donor. The church treasurer accounts for the offerings according to the per cent. decided by the church.

At the conclusion of the two discourses Mr. Roberts asked how many would enter into a covenant to pay the tithe into God's house. Twenty persons pledged themselves. Among the number were the strongest members of the Official Board—men who are and have been the leaders of the church for years. It is believed that the East Connersville M. E. Church has taken a stride forward and that she will be blessed and be a blessing as she has not for many years.—William Telfer, Pastor, Connersville Ind.

DID NOT CARE FOR HIS SOUL.

Evangelist William A. Sunday tells this striking personal experience:

I will never forget a scene I witnessed as long as I live. I left the tent where we were holding meeting down in Paris, Ill., one night and among the number who left last was a young man that I was especially attracted to by his fine looks. I walked down the street with him, and put to him the invariable question, "Are you a Christian?"

He said, "No sir, I am not."
Then I used every Scripture and every argument to get him to promise me to give his heart to God, but could not succeed. When about to separate I said to him, "Are your father and mother alive?"

"Both alive," said he.
"Is your father a Christian?"
"Don't know; he has been a steward in the church for several years."
"Is your mother a Christian?"
"Don't know; has been superintendent of the Sabbath school of the same church for some time."

"Have you a sister?"
"Yes, sir."
"Is she a Christian?"
"Don't know—she has the primary department in the Sabbath-school."

"Do your father and mother ever ask the blessing at the table?"
"No, sir."

"Did your father, mother or sister ever ask you to be a Christian?"
"Mr. Sunday, as long as I can remember, my father or mother or sister never said a word to me about my soul. Do you believe they think that I am lost?"

I could not answer such arguments. It is six years ago this coming October since I heard this. I can hear his words ringing in my ears, "Do you believe they think I am lost?"—Selected.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

JIMMY'S MOTHER'S BONNET.

"I want you to put jes' as many v'lets on as you ken for twenty cents' right there in the front, so't they'll stick up and an' look kind o' stylish."

It was a thin, sickly little boy that spoke. The young girl behind the counter smiled, but there were tears in her eyes as the grimy fingers undid the ungainly newspaper bundle, and took out a rusty black straw bonnet, which had seen a great deal of service.

"It's fur my mother," he continued, "an' it's a surprise. Do you think you ken get it done fur me by the time I get my papers down to the office and get back?"

"Oh, yes," said the girl; "only don't hurry too much. What is your name?"
"Jem," answered the boy; "an' I want. An' there's the twenty cents. I'd wait fur it a couple of hours, if I had to."

He passed out, whistling cheerily. The clerk opened her shopping bag, and, taking out a bottle of shoe polish she began applying it vigorously to the faded straw.

"Are you really going to try to fix up that old thing?" inquired another clerk, "and take your noon hour, too? Catch me! Why didn't you give him the violets and let him go? Twenty cents' worth—humph!"

"Indeed, I am going to fix it up for the poor little fellow," was the earnest reply. "Just think, I suppose he's saved twenty cents up for weeks! I'm so glad I happened to get this blacking this morning. You can't tell the bonnet when I get through with it—see if you can!"

She hummed a happy little song as she put on coat after coat, deftly turning the straw up here and down there.

"Mrs. Brown," she said, as the proprietor of the store entered, "will you give me thirty-five cents' worth of violets at wholesale? A poor little boy has brought me his mother's bonnet to trim, and I want to add a few violets to what he has ordered, and make it just as pretty as I can."

"Indeed, I will, the proprietor answered, "and good measure at that!" And so it came about that the poor black bonnet was transformed into a beautiful "shiny" one, with bunches of violets peeping out here and there from the ribbons so cunningly arranged that the worn, faded parts could hardly be discerned.

"Oh, you dont mean it! You don't mean that's my mother's bunnit, and all fur twenty cents?" exclaimed Jem, coming back just as the finishing touch was being given. "Oh, what lots o' violets! How did you get it so shiny? Oh, she'll be jest tickled to death!"

It was a wonderful happy little boy who gazed from the bonnet into the clerk's face.

As the door closed behind him, one who had been a silent spectator of it all went up to the young girl, and, laying her hand on her shoulder, said: This has been a lesson to me, my dear—a lesson that I can never forget. Out of the abundance with which the Lord has blessed me I begrudged to the poor and needy within my gate. Please God, it shall never happen again!" In her simple way the girl pondered upon her words, and wondered what her life had been, and what it would be. Ah, who can say? As the circles of a pool into which a pebble has been cast, widen and widen until the ripples reach beyond our sight, so the influence of a noble, generous act, though one the world might call a small one, goes on and on through all eternity. Selected.

A SOLEMN INTERROGATION.

The following from a great modern preacher is worthy of earnest and solemn consideration by all of us, preachers and laity alike:

"Do we keenly realize the horrors of the bondage from which we seek to deliver men? Has sin become a commonplace? Does it no longer fill us with poignant pain? Has it shed some of its loathsomeness, and has our repulsion been relaxed? Can we now toy with terrors before which our fathers shrank aghast? Does the sense of sin pervade our preaching? Do we impress the people with the feeling that we are dealing with trifles, or with blinding and appalling enormities? Does this shape and colour our prayers? Can we find the profound sense of the world's sin in the nature of our supplications?

Are we so crushed and burdened by the load of sin? Is it the staple of our prayers? Is it the burden of our sighs? Does it ever cause the loss of an hour's sleep? Or is sin an unafrighting and undisturbing commonplace with which we have become so familiar that it never startles us into pain? If sin has become a commonplace, our preaching has become a plaything. If we think lightly of the disease, we shall loiter on the way to the physician. If our sense of sin is lax, we may find in that laxity one of the causes of ineffective preaching." These quickening words have weights and warning, not only for the class indicated who do not feel the burden and breaking of sin as an awful fact and deadly disease, but also for that class of preachers evangelists, or other workers who speak irreverently and flippantly about sin, often making it the subject of witticism and jest, holding the sinner up to ridicule and caricature. Holiness (?) evangelists, who can raise a laugh by their portrayals of the workings and manifestations of the "old man," are not only shallow and irreverent, but a detriment to the work of God, a hindrance to the spread of true holiness. A stage is the proper place for an actor, and a circus tent the arena for a clown.

LOSING THE TENTH.

A certain brother had been urged by a Christian friend to practice giving the Lord His tenth, and he had some conviction on the subject, but kept neglecting it. During the year he lost a hundred dollars worth of good stock, and on thinking the matter over, it occurred to him that the worth of the cattle that he lost would just about equal the tenth of his receipts for that year. It is amazing how thick-headed we Christians are, and how long it takes us to read the plainest things that God's finger writes on the walls of our every day lives. So many Christians insist that they cannot afford to give God his tenth, and have not enough good sense to see that they do afford it in spite of themselves, for they lose that amount right along in a hundred various way. How much better to lovingly give God His tenth and get the great blessing promised.—Way of Faith.

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

A naval battle in which Admiral Phillip was engaged, turned in his favor and when his men saw it they began to cheer. The Admiral stepped forward, and said, in a gentle voice, "Don't cheer boys those poor fellows are dying."

This is the true attitude of every truly sanctified person toward those who most bitterly assail them, when anything befall them that causes them sorrow, or pain. He that is glad at calamities shall not be unpunished, (shall not be held innocent) Pro. 17—5

WANTED ENOUGH OF SOMETHING.

A man wrote the president of the United States:

Please put more stickum on the stamps, give us what we want in something. If people would only seek more stickum in their religion every camp-meeting, and convention and revival meeting would be saved much labor that is now expended for the recovery of the backslider.

A great many who claim the blessing of entire sanctification need more stickum. As a Salvation Army lass prayed "Dear Lord give us more stickability."

"The love of Christ hath a height, without a top, a depth without a bottom, a length without an end, and breadth without a limit."—Eph. iii, 18, 19.

To reform is to change the shape of a lump of clay does not turn it into gold, and reforming does not sanctify the soul.

If you would be blessed with freedom in social or public prayer, spend much time in secret prayer. Pray till you get hold of God, then maintain that hold by "continuing instant in prayer."—Sel.