

FATHER, IS THIS THE WAY?

Father, is this the way?
This narrow, rugged path—the way my feet must go!
I see no sheltering tree, no green branch waving low
Over the rough defile, while fervid is the glow
O cloudless noonday sun—and fear distress me so—
Father, is this the way?
Father, is this the way?
Is this the road that brings me nearer Thee?
Is there no other way? Far lovelier paths I see,
Flower-strewn and shady walks, soft winding through the lea,
While this is straight and steep—this one marked out for me.
Is there no other way?
Father, is this the way?
I fear my faltering feet will slip; that I shall fall
Back into the miry pit that held me long in thrall;
I dread to taste again the wormwood and the gail.
Father, O hear my cry! answer my earnest call—
Is there no other way?
Father, is this the way?
Must I this burden bear, far up the giddy height,
Whose top, like jasper walls, is bathed in crystal light?
So steep, so far it seems to my imperfect sight,
'Twere vain to try to reach it ere 'tis lost in night.
Is there no other way?
Father, is this the way?
Ah, yes! I scan the path, and see Thy footprints there.
And lo! great shadowy rocks, shielding from sun and air,
Quite unperceived before, I find, for rest and prayer;
With angels waiting near, the message home to bear—
Father, I know the way.
Father, I love the way!
And light my burden seems, and firm my onward tread,
While upland breezes float flower-perfumed round my head.
From living springs my thirsty soul, is sweetly fed,
Angels attend my steps, and every fear has fled.
Father, I love the way.

A STAGGARD GAZE.

The stones were flying thick and fast, striking Stephen in every direction. He was surrounded by a bitter, bloodthirsty mob, who would stop at nothing save seeing his lifeless body at their feet. But Stephen—look at him, so calm, so majestic, so quiet, looking steadfastly up! He did not seem to realize the presence of his enemies; he did not seem to realize that the body was being torn and bruised by the jagged stones. He saw beyond it all—what? Jesus, standing at the right hand of God the Father; the celestial city; the angels; the glory and honor and love of heaven. Even as he looked, they were preparing to welcome him for eternity. What did it matter to him what the mob did? He saw what they did not; he realized what they did not. No wonder, with such a scene before him, he could pray for his persecutors, and long to have them come with him.
Ah! beloved! there are times now when, if you are walking and talking with Jesus here, the angry mob will surround you; the stones of persecution and malice and hatred will strike you from every side. But if you "have the upward gaze," you will see as Stephen did; thrones and crowns and scepters, and will lose sight of these present little persecutions.
But to see as Stephen did, you must have the blessing Stephen had. It does not say he cowed, and apologized when brought before the Sanhedrin. No; he gave fearlessly the message God gave, and left the results with Him.
Are you doing this? Do you fear to regardless of friend or foe, any messenger may give? If so, you need to go to Him and get the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire, that takes away the man-fearing spirit, and gives you perfect rest, under the banner of Revivalist.

WITHOUT WRINKLE.

Christ desires that His church may be "a glorious church without spot or wrinkle." The highest glory of the church is that spots and wrinkles are gone. It is without blemish. In another place He changes the figure and likens His Church to a runner who lays aside every weight and the sin that besets him. In another place the church is represented as "clear as the sun and fair as the moon." Here are three sets of doubles, namely, spots and wrinkles; besetting sin and weights; purity and beauty. It is evident from these passages that being cleansed from sin is not all the purpose. He has in view in saving His church. He wants it to be free from wrinkles, weights and deformities. The Bible speaks in another place of "The Beauty of Holiness." He wants His church to show forth not only holiness, but the beauty of holiness.
Holiness is beautiful in its character and lovely in its spirit. A man may have much of its theology and be pronounced in its defense and have none of its spirit. Holiness people and holy people, we are sorry to say, are not always synonymous terms. Sour, rasping, blistering advocates of holiness may shriek and cry aloud like the priests of Baal, but the beauty of holiness is not in it. There is no market for their goods. The people pass by the whole performance. No one wants it. Real holiness is attractive. Look at the faces of those who have it. There is no conscious, strained effort to show it. The solar light breaks forth of its own accord. There is no frenzied attempt to exhibit it, for it reveals itself.
There are good people who no doubt have been washed, but who need to be ironed. The spots are gone, but the wrinkles remain. There are some worldlings who profess no religion at all that are more considerate of other people's feelings. Some real good people need to learn the common rules of politeness. Every holy man should study to be a perfect gentleman. It requires a good deal of grace to get along with the boorishness of some good people, who have not learned to make their religion attractive. We think that Peter needed ironing as well as washing when he asked, "Lord, what shall this man do?" We have known sensitive people terribly shocked at the impertinent curiosity and rudeness of some who professed great grace. Let us make our goods marketable. Let us exhibit the beauty of holiness. Let us get rid of the wrinkles as well as the spots. We can get rid of the spots at once, by the Blood. Getting rid of the wrinkles is our work, not that of the Spirit. God will help us in getting rid of the wrinkles that mark the beauty of holiness. He wants us not only to be burning but shining lights. We have no right to make ourselves disgusting to good taste. A man who is in the mind of the Spirit can preach most awful, judgment truth, and not shock decency. And those who have not learned how to do so have much yet to learn—Christian Witness.

THE SERPENT'S STING

One day a gentleman in India went into his library and took down a book from the shelves. As he did so, he felt a slight pain in his finger like a prick of a pin. He thought that a pin had been stuck by some careless person in the cover of the book. But soon his finger began to swell, then his arm, and then his whole body, and in a few days he died. It was not a pin among the books but a small and deadly serpent. There are many serpents among the books nowadays; they nestle in the foliage of some of our most fascinating literature; they coil around the flowers whose perfume intoxicates the senses. People read and are charmed by the plot of the story, by the skill with which the characters are sculptured or grouped; by the gorgeousness of the word painting, and hardly feel the pin prick of evil that is insinuated. But it stings and poisons. When the record of ruined souls is made up, on what a multitude will be inscribed, "Poisoned by serpents among books and magazines."—Selected.

Last March, Bishop Thoburn baptized 1,747 persons during a tour of seven days through Western India, 837 of these being at a single service.

It is inexcusable folly to try to make money on earth and lay up treasures in heaven at the same time.

AN EMPTY PHRASE.

"No," said Miss Henrietta, "I shouldn't say that Sarah belonged to the church. I know that's the usual way to put it, but if words mean anything at all, it doesn't seem fair to twist their meaning. Sarah belongs, first, last and always, to herself, and when she joined the church she had no idea of actually belonging to it, whatever. Her time doesn't belong to it, her friend hips and ambitions and desires don't belong to it. If she does church work, she does it as a favor. If she gives a little more than usual, she thinks herself truly generous. There isn't one inch of Sarah, not even the tip of her little finger, that really belongs to the church today.

"Sarah wouldn't like it if you told her so, though. She thinks that those who don't join any church are not quite what they ought to be in the way of propriety and good form. She doesn't believe in 'religious excitement,' or 'too much enthusiasm,' or 'old-fashioned strictness.' But she is very particular about religion, she will tell you. She goes to church every Sunday morning, and says her prayers every day. Whenever religion doesn't interfere with any other plans she has for her life, she considers it and accepts it. This is what she calls belonging to the church, and to doubt her position never occurs to her.

"I wonder how Sarah would feel if anything that belonged to her was only hers in the same sense. Suppose her money refused to be spent by her, and her time reduced itself into five minutes a day, and her feet and hands wouldn't move the way she wanted them to, but did exactly as they chose, instead? A deaf and dumb pauper, and crippled at that, would be about as useful a belonging for any church to have as Sarah is to it. It's lucky that some members do belong, and know what the word means, and live up to it, or things would be in a bad way. I'm not saying that I belong, myself, to the church as much as I ought to, but the more I look at Sarah, the more I want to belong through and through, to my religion, and not slip out of all my obligations instead," and Miss Henrietta shook her head, and opened her Bible to the verses.—Forward.

PARAGRAPHIC.

As to living in high tides, there is something to be said. It is evident there are certain holiness people who live quite easily in high tides in meetings, who when alone have no force of themselves to stem the current. Under the pressure of the meeting, surrounded with a numerous constituency of happy and blessed souls, they seem carried out and beyond themselves, and like logs stranded in low tides are lifted when the river rises, so these are carried over the shallows. It is a great grace to be able to stand alone. We need to know for ourselves. Being happy because others are, is well enough in its way, but being happy whether others are or not is another thing. It is true that happiness is contagious, and that one may catch the happy overflow of another soul, but a better thing is to be a fountain yourself, that sadness around you may find in you real sunshine and uplift. We should be sunshine manufacturers, rather than travelers to find sunny climates which others have made. I am of the impression that much of our shrinkage comes from a class of people who only seem able to have holiness while they are where others have it. Take them away from the camp or other holiness meeting and they seem utterly deprived of all power to stand. Take them into the live-meeting and like a straw fire they blaze up into a wonderful flame only to be cold and dead about as soon. The trouble is, they have a surface condition which is sensitive to the atmosphere of the hour, but is too much only skin deep. The Jeremiah kind which puts fire in the bones is the kind that alone does business. Better go down, brother, if you are afflicted with Big Meeting Holiness.

REV. ISAIAH RIED.

The pew makes the pulpit; what the people demand they will get. If they want anecdotes and mufin pathos, they can drag the pulpit down to that level.

The human race is divided into two classes—those who go ahead and do something and those who sit still and inquire why it was not done the other way.

GLEANINGS.

If holiness people are crazy they have a good asylum.
God never got hold of an empty thing but He filled it.
There is a difference between nervyness and nervousness.
There must be self-abasement before there is self-effacement.

If you will furnish the workers, God will furnish the strength.
When you make a complete consecration God is responsible for results.

If the Devil can make a perfect sinner the Lord can make a perfect Christian.

I like to tell people I love God but I like better to tell them that God loves me.

While I can't understand all the problem of redemption, but there are some things I do know.

"Would you have been content to live and die without knowing Christ? For yourself it would have been an immeasurable loss; and by delaying to give to heathen nations the gospel, you inflict this great loss upon them.

"The fear of the Lord is beginning of wisdom." True Spiritual knowledge begins with God. Begin with nature and you obtain science; with human nature

and you have philosophy; with God and you obtain religious experience. Nature is to look through; man is to look into; only God is to look at—behold as He is, in all His infinite perfections.—Selected.

One of the most beautiful incidents in the life of Elijah is the story of the unwasting barrel of meal and cruse of oil. There was always just a little meal and just a little oil, but the supply never grew any less. After each day's food had been taken out there was another day's left. There was never a month's supply ahead, nor even two day's supply. The added provision came only as there was need. Thus there was in that household a continuous lesson in faith. But the food of no day failed. If we only have food for today, and are doing our duty faithfully, we may trust God till tomorrow for tomorrow's food.—Sel.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

An old painter of Sienna, after standing for a long time in silent meditation before his canvas, with hands crossed meekly on his breast and head bent reverently low, turned away, saying: "May God forgive me that I did not do it better!"
Many people, as they come to the close of their life, and look back at what they have done with their opportunities and privileges, and at what they are leaving as their finished work to be their memorial, can only pray with like sadness: "May God forgive me that I did not do it better!"

If there were some art of getting the benefit of our own afterthoughts about life as we go along, perhaps most of us would live more wisely and more beautifully. It is oftentimes said: "If I had my life to live over again, I would live it differently. I would avoid the mistakes which I now see I have made. I would not commit the follies and sins which have so marred my work. I would devote my life with earnestness and intensity to the achievement and attainment of the best things." No one can get his life back to live it a second time, but the young have it in their power to live so that they shall have no occasion to utter such an unavailing wish when they reach the end of their career.—J. R. Miller.

GOD-INTOXICATED.

According to Eph. 5:18, drunkenness is the devil's imitation of a man filled with the Holy Spirit. Some men get drunk and get "shouting happy," and others become quiet and still. And so when the Holy Spirit comes into our lives the result may be a "shouting Methodist," or a quiet Quaker. But if people get noisy we have no right to think for a moment as some do, that they are too emotional. If a man is to get excited or in earnest about anything, he certainly ought to do so about the salvation of his soul, when we remember that eternal destiny is at stake.—Sel.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

CHOOSING A WIFE.

A wise marriage leads a man to the noblest, truest, fullest and best life. Thousands of men owe all their success and prosperity to their choice of a wife. She has been the good angel of destiny. A man wants a wife who will make something of him, whose influence will inspire him to do his best. What kind of a woman should she be?

For one thing, a man does not want a mere toy wife, something too fine, too ethereal for real use. She should be a woman who can bear her share of the burdens, who can endure toil and sacrifice and grow all the lovelier meanwhile.

Again, the wife a man chooses should be a good housekeeper. To some romantic young lovers this will seem a very prosaic feature to put into a picture. But never mind; they will not be many weeks married before they come out of the clouds to walk on common earth and then, alas! if the poor woman does not prove a good housewife!

There are women who live in sentimental dreams, neglecting meanwhile the duties that lie close at their hands. Good breakfasts, dinners and suppers, good bread, good coffee—in a word, good housekeeping. Far more than any young lover's dream does wedded happiness depend upon just such unromantic things as these.

One of St. Paul's special counsels for young women is that they be "housekeepers at home," as our common version renders it, and that is good, too; but the Revised Version reads "workers at home," that is, the place of a young wife's most sacred duty is in her own home. No doubt women have a wide field for Christ like usefulness in ministering to human need and sorrow outside; but in performing such ministry, however beautiful and noble, a wife should never neglect her divinest duties, which lie within her own doors.

Another suggestion is that in choosing a wife a young man should look for a woman with a sweet temper. Nothing else can take the place of love in a home, nothing else can supply its lack. There are many women who have so much of the spirit of love and gentleness that they fill their homes as with the fragrance of heaven and the calm and peace of God.

In choosing a wife a wise man will seek for one who will enter with zeal into all his life, who will stand close beside him in the day of struggle and adversity and who will inspire him to noble and brave things.

Once more, it needs no argument to prove that a young man should choose none but a good woman for his wife. A worldly man may imagine that he does not want a pious wife; but, if the truth were confessed, even such a man, down deep in his heart would rather have for his wife a woman who reads her Bible, prays and lives a goodly life, then one who is prayerless, godless and worldly. Religion adorns and beautifies a woman's character, clothing it with tender grace. Even a prayerless man feels safer in his home if his wife kneels morning and night before God.—Dr. J. R. Miller.

THE BOY IN HIS TEENS.

What is being done in your church for the boy in his teens? Most of his habits are established at this time. This is usually the period of religious awakening. Students of boy nature agree that a religious experience is a normal part of adolescent youth. In every average group of one hundred Christian men, it would be found that the majority were converted before they were twenty years of age.

The average age of conversion of 776 graduates of Drew Theological Seminary was found to be 16.4. It is quite remarkable that correspondence with 526 paid officers in the young Men's Christian Association develops the fact that the average of their conversion was 16.5—almost identical with that of the Drew graduates. In the Rock River Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, it was found that 84 per cent of its 272 members were brought to Christ before they were twenty years of age.

Is it not evident that the time to bring a young man to a saving knowledge of the truth is when he is a boy? In efforts to win the young man we are generally ten years too late.—A. H. Whitford.