

THE "HUNDRED BLESSING" TRICK.

A. M. HILLS.

The writer was invited some years ago to attend a Monday morning minister's meeting in a large city of the North. A book that advocated the second blessing was reviewed by an evangelist before the brethren. It was a gingerly treatment of the book. The spirit of it was this: "Take care, brethren! We would better beware how we accept any such novel views! This matter of a second work of grace, or a second blessing is very doubtful and we should be very slow and very cautious about entertaining such a doctrine!"

The writer, being then also in the evangelistic work, was asked to make a few remarks. The book was heartily endorsed as having the ring of the true metal. Finney and Mahan and Wesley were quoted on the importance of the Pentecostal experience, for the cleansing of the heart, a second epochal experience of the soul.

It was true that a gray-haired Doctor of Divinity arose and said with a touch of condescension and sarcasm, "The brother talks about a second blessing, why, I have had a hundred blessings!" It sounded very fine and very conclusive. The brethren laughed at the writer and at the author of the book—a man of world-wide fame. The meeting closed and they all sat down to dinner, sublimely contented with their carnal selves, and as ignorant of the meaning and need of a second work of grace as if Jesus had never prayed for the sanctification of believers, and had never charged them to tarry for the baptism with the Holy Ghost.

This is what I call "the hundred blessing trick" of the devil. A man sits in a religious meeting and feels his sensibilities stirred somewhat and an uplift of his religious emotions and he calls it a spiritual blessing. The carnal "old man" within smiles at the delusion, and deceitfully suggests that this is the real Pentecostal experience! And as much stirrings of the emotions may easily occur a hundred times, the man boasts of his "hundred blessings," while old carnality snickers at the unutterable foolishness!

Now; no man that talks of "a hundred blessings," ever got "the second blessing, properly so-called," as John Wesley described it, and the one which we are writing about. If one ever gets it, he will never talk about it flippantly, and he will know that he would never live long enough to get it "a hundred times."

There will be an abiding memory of a painful experience, a meeting with God by some brook Jabbok, and a midnight wrestling with the Infinite with death-pangs of soul. He will remember such a sinking of the will into the will of God as no man ever makes without a struggle of heart with the protest of the inner self. He will recall a consecration such as the average Christian never dreams of, a surrendering not of evil habits and of harmful vices, but of all good things; a giving up of talents and possessions as if they were but baubles, a counting of friends and reputation and ambitions and aims as nothing, for the excellency of this blessing. There will be a recollection of bringing out at the call of God the fairest treasure of the heart, the son Isaac, and binding him on the altar amid sobs and groans as if the heart would break and die.

The heart does break. It breaks with the old self, and the old past and the old loves and lovers, and delight. And the heart dies; dies to the world and its applause, to all the customs, fashions, laws, of those who hate the humbling cross. Ah, it is a crucifixion, a literal crucifixion! And when, since the beginning of time, have crucifixions been easy, or a death on the cross a thing to be spoken of lightly or soon forgotten?

And there will be a memory that after the scourging was endured, and the nails were driven, and the heart was pierced and broken, and the sacrifice was complete, and faith looked up in waiting expectancy, then, the fire fell and consumed the sacrifice.

Then Holy Spirit fire cleansed away the body of sin and made the heart holy and acceptable to God. The life suddenly emerged from a morning twilight experience to the effulgence of mid-day. Power came, also, from the dynamo of the skies,

and the gladness of heaven was begun in the soul. Let not the reader imagine for one moment, that anyone has ever been to the cross on which his "old man was crucified," and then talked of "a hundred blessings."—Living Water.

A MESSAGE TO HOLINESS PEOPLE.

L. P. BROWN.

Know more of the deeper depths. Observe regular fast days and do much irregular fasting and abstaining. Keep ourselves in the Love of God. Live in the atmosphere of the Holy Spirit.

Be where we can, in the closet or in the midst of the demands and whirl of every hour's life, just step into heart's oratory and commune with God.

When we pray, know that some one talks back to us.

By our lives and words evidence to the world that God is bigger than the devil.

Crave more and more sanctified common sense.

Be in a constant state of receptivity for spiritual teaching.

Testify within the bounds of your experience.

Argue with no man, but prove a living witness by deed and voice of what God has wrought.

Read, and fail not to broadcast the best holiness literature.

Be a stranger (even if a dyspeptic) to spiritual gloom or despondency.

Remember the secret of strong faith is to stand true to God and firm amid severe testings.

Keep in mind God is looking for men and women He can trust.

Don't run ahead of the Holy Spirit. Esteem reading the Bible and meditation more than necessary food.

Believe God to be a good paymaster. Know the touch of the Holy Spirit better than a mother's voice.

Urge seekers of sanctification to let the Holy Spirit have right of way and be the real Teacher.

Discourage the reckless leaving of office, store, plow, work-shop, school-room, kitchen, etc., to evangelize.

Live the life, preach and teach where you are.

Perfect love should destroy individualism, but strengthen and promote individuality.

Pay to God at least a tenth, and give out of your nine-tenths.

With thanksgiving for the unparalleled spread of Scriptural Holiness over the world, let us under God, day by day, find a way for our feet, a word for our tongues and work for our hands.—Sel.

"VISITED UPON THE CHILDREN."

European scientists have recently given much attention to the physical degradation among children which they believe to be the result of intemperance on the part of the parents. A startling example was recently published in the London Daily News, on the authority of M. Hughes Leroux, a famous French publicist, who made his statements in the following terms:

"Some months ago a workman and his wife, accompanied by a small boy of four, waited on Dr. Garnier, the physician who presides over the insanity ward at Paris Depot, or Central Police Station. The parents were in great distress, and the story they had to tell was that on two occasions the lad, their son, who was with them, had attempted to murder his baby brother. On the last occasion the mother had just arrived in time to prevent his cutting the baby's throat with a pair of scissors.

"Examined by Dr. Garnier, the child declared that it was quite true that he wished to murder his brother, and that it was his firm intention to accomplish his purpose, sooner or later.

"Taking the parents into an adjoining room, Dr. Garnier said to the father: 'Are you a drinker?'

"The man protested indignantly. He had never been drunk in his life. His wife backed up his assertion. Her husband, she said, was the most sober of men.

"Hold out your hand at arm's length said the doctor.

"The man obeyed. After a few seconds the hand began the Devil's dance, to which alcohol fiddles the tune.

"As I thought," said the doctor. 'My poor fellow, you are an alcoholic.'

"He questioned the man, who, with tears in his eyes, related that, being a brewer's drayman, it was his duty to deliver casks of beer to his master's customers, carrying the casks up to various stages. A glass of wine was occasionally offered him as a pourboire. The total quantity absorbed by him amounted to a liter and a half a day. This had been going on steadily for years.

"With the result," said the doctor, 'that you who have never been drunk, have become so completely alcoholized that you have transmitted to the unfortunate baby in the next room a form of epilepsy which has developed into homicidal mania.'—National Advocate.

THE EASY-CHAIR.

We once heard of a dear old saint, living all alone in a humble cottage in an out of the way place, some distance from the busy town, with very few neighbors about her and they were quite poor.

She was too feeble to work, but God had put it into the hearts of some of his children to look after her and minister to her necessities, that she did not come to want. Her stopping place (for it could hardly be called a home) was scantily furnished; a bed, a chair, a table, a stool, a cupboard, and a stove were all she had.

Upon being asked, "Do you never murmur at your lot?" she replied: "Satan does tempt me to murmur sometimes when things are bare."

"And what do you do then?"

"Why, I just ask the Lord to put me in the easy-chair and keep me quiet."

Her visitor looked about in vain for anything like an easy-chair. "I don't think I quite understand you."

"No, you don't see it," she said; "but it is always close by, and when he sets me in it I just rest and say to Satan: 'Now you be quiet.' My easy-chair is Romans 8:28: 'And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose.'"

The visitor learned a lesson from the dear old lady and many times since has tried the easy-chair and found it a great comfort. Reader, have you this easy-chair in your home as a part of your furniture?—Word and Work.

IN A STREET CAR.

"Jesus loves me this I know," Sweet and clear rang out the childish treble. It was on a horse car. A little girl, between three and four years old had been out visiting with her mother, and being shy among strangers, had kept quiet until her prattling little tongue could stand it no longer. So as soon as the horses began to trot and the bells to jingle, she began—

"Jesus loves me, this I know, For the bible tells me so; Little ones to Him belong, They are weak but—"

The car stopped; so did the singer. Two or three passengers got in. Ding! Ding! went the bell. Away went the car. Away went the singer—

"They are weak but he is strong." A smile went around the car, but the little one, kneeling on the seat and looking out of the window and therefore quite unconscious of it all, sang on—

"Yes, Jesus loves me! Yes, Jesus loves me! The Bible tells me so!"

I do not know how many hearts were touched during that ride, which was quite a long one, and many passengers came and went. I do not know how many burdens were lifted, but I do know that, while the song lasted, everyone on the car heard the Gospel message. Everybody listened; everybody smiled; there was not a frown; there was not a troubled look on any face. The simple story of Jesus and His love had driven them all away. At length the song ceased, the mother turned, the little head was resting against the window. The baby was fast asleep. She had "done what she could."—Sel.

THE HAPPY MAN.

The happy man was born in the city of Regeneration, in the parish of Repentance unto life, was educated at the school of Obedience, and now lives in the plains of Perseverance, and he works at the trade of Diligence, notwithstanding he has a large estate in the country of Christian

Contentment, and many times does jobs of Self-Denial. He wears the plain garment of Humility and has a better suit to put on when he goes to court called the Robes of Christ's Righteousness. He often walks in the Valley of Self-abasement, and sometimes climbs the mountains of Spiritual-mindedness. He breakfasts every morning upon spiritual Prayer, and supps every evening upon the same. He has Meat to eat that the world knows not of and his drink is the sincere Milk of the Word. Thus happily he lives, and happily he dies. Happy is he that has gospel submission in his will, due order in his afflictions, sound peace in his conscience, sanctifying grace in his soul, real divinity in his breast, true humility in his heart, the Redeemer's yoke upon his neck, a vain world under his feet, and a crown of glory upon his head. Happy is the life of such a man; in order to obtain which pray fervently, believe firmly, wait patiently, guard against sin, watch your heart, redeem time, love Christ, and long for glory.—Way of Faith.

A PRAYER FROM THE DAIRY OF JOHN B. GOUGH.

Rev. Dr. D. O. Mears, of Worcester, Mass., the intimate friend and pastor of the late John B. Gough, at a recent notice meeting in Worcester, read the following prayer from the dairy of Mr. Gough, written in 1843, which he said had never appeared in print:

"Almighty God, if it be thy will that man should suffer, whatever seemeth good in Thy sight, impose on me. Let the bread of sorrow be given me to eat. Take from me the friends of my confidence. Let the cold hut of poverty be my dwelling place, and the scourging hand of disease inflict its painful torments. Let me sow in the whirlwind and reap in the storm. Let those have me in derision who are younger than I. Let the passing away of my welfare be like the fleeting of a cloud, and the shouts of my enemies like the rushing of waters. When I anticipate good, let evil annoy me. When I look for light, let darkness be upon me. Let the terrors of death be ever before me. Do all this, but save me, merciful God, save me from the fate of a drunkard. "JOHN B. GOUGH."

THE CROSSING OVER OF GOOD MEN.

In the death of the Rev. J. A. Wood, who crossed the River of Death at his home in South Pasadena, California, July 7th 1905 the church and the world has been bereft of one of the sweetest spirited advocates of the doctrine of entire sanctification of his generation. He was instrumental in doing great good both as a preacher and as a writer. Perhaps his most widely known and read book was "Perfect Love," but coming closely after that in point of influence stood "Purity and Maturity," and he also wrote "Wesley's Teaching on Christian Perfection," "Sunset Echoes," "Mistakes Concerning Holiness," and an Autobiography. In all of his books and numerous contributions to the holiness periodicals he held strictly to the Wesleyan interpretation of the Bible, and because of this he helped much in keeping the thoughts of the holiness people clear and correct. He was seventy-seven years of age the 24th of June last. He was almost the last of what is sometimes called the "Old Guard" to cross over. He was conspicuously associated with Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, Inskip, McDonald, Bishop Taylor, George Hughes, and others.—Wes. Methodist.

WESLEY'S CURE FOR TROUBLE.

It is said that John Wesley was once walking with a brother, who related to him his troubles, saying he did not know what he should do. They were at that moment passing a stone wall to a meadow, over which a cow was looking.

"Do you know," asked Wesley, "why that cow looks over that wall?"

"No," replied the one in trouble.

"I will tell you," said Wesley. "Because she cannot look through it; and that is what you must do with your troubles—look over and above them."

It is more than vain for professed Christians to sit with folded hands bemoaning their lack of faith and joy and usefulness, while they fail to use to the full the power and opportunities to do good that God has given them.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

ONLY ONE MOTHER.

You have only one mother, my boy, Whose heart you can gladden with joy, Or cause it to ache Till ready to break;

So cherish that mother, my boy. You have only one mother, who will Stand by you through good and through ill,

And love you, although The world is your foe; So care for that love ever still.

You have only one mother to pray That in the good path you may stay, Who for you won't spare Self-sacrifice rare;

So honor that mother alway. You have only one mother—just one; Remember that always my son;

None can or will do What she has for you; What have you for her ever done? —Selected.

HONOR BRIGHT.

"Yes, mother, I will, honor bright! Did you ever know me to break my promise?"

"No my son, I never did." And Mrs. Dunning stroked the soft brown curls lovingly as she looked down into the honest eyes that never, in all Harry Dunning's fifteen years, had failed to look straightforwardly back at her's.

"Well, mother you never will. I'll be home at ten, sure. Now I'm off!" and Harry sprang down the steps and was away like an arrow.

His chum, Alden Mayhew, had invited him to a candy pull, and a general good time; and Alden's invitations were always accepted by his boy and girl friends, for father and mother Mayhew and grown up sister Nell had to perfection the knack of making a good time for young folks.

No wonder Harry couldn't believe his own eyes when in the height of the fun, he looked up and saw the hands of the clock pointing to a quarter of ten! No one looked as even thinking of going home. But Harry's "honor bright promise rang in his ears. Nobody guessed the struggle that was going on in the boy's heart as he mechanically performed his part in the merry game. "Why can't I stay until the rest go? Don't I work hard enough? And I haven't had an evening out for weeks."

It is all very true. Very few and far between had been his "good times" since his father died, two years before, when little Day was a baby, and left him to be the support and comfort of his mother.

"It isn't late," he thought irritably. "Mother's only nervous." Then his cheeks reddened, and he straightened up quickly. "Who had a better right to be nervous?" He fought fiercely as though fighting an invisible foe. His sweet, invalid mother! And he knew little Day was not well, she had been fretful all day. And he had promised! Abruptly he excused himself, bade hasty good nights, and sped away across the fields, putting on his reefer as he ran. His mother met him at the door.

"Day is worse," she whispered huskily. "It's croup. Run for the doctor—quick!"

And Harry ran—ran as he had never dreamed he could, even when he belonged to the nine, and its honor depended upon his speed and surefootedness. And the old, old doctor, electrified by the boy's breathless energy, harnessed old Jim with Harry's help, in an incredibly brief time, and drove off down the hill at a pace that brought night-capped heads from darkness windows, and caused many a conjecture as to who was sick "in the holler."

The keen eyed old man looked very serious as he bent over Day. But he was a skilled physician; and before long the little girl was breathing easily again.

"But let me tell you," he said, impressively, "ten minutes later it wouldn't have been very much use to call me or anyone else."

Harry listened silently; but when they were alone he drew his mother down by his side on the shabby little sofa and told her of the resisted temptation.

"And, O mother," he concluded, "I'm so glad I kept my promise, 'honor bright!' I feel as though I'd just escaped from being a murderer."

"I have perfect confidence in my brave, true laddie," said the happy mother, stroking the bonnie head on her shoulder. —Zion's Herald.

*Manana likes to read the King's Highway.*