

DANGER SIGNALS FOR THE SANCTIFIED.

I. After the soul is definitely and clearly sanctified it will see the appalling indifference and carelessness of professors of religion as never before, and then is in danger of becoming bitter and censorious when people do not appreciate and receive their testimony and at once seek and profess the same grace. Seeing it so very clearly themselves, they at once conclude that every one else could see it, if they were but willing to do so—utterly forgetting that they themselves were many days—perhaps years—in seeing the light and reaching the experience they now enjoy. Instead of being tender and gentle and patient, they are in danger of becoming harsh, and pugilistic and acrimonious, and feel that these crooked people ought to be exposed and straightened out, and it is incumbent upon them to do it. To undertake to drive people into holiness is to awaken a question and a doubt whether the driver himself has the experience, and to defeat the very object they had hoped to accomplish. Men are so constituted that as a rule, they do not drive well; most people will resent the effort. Jesus said he would "draw." Censoriousness is directly opposite to the spirit of holiness. So whatever others may do, keep sweet.

II. In the sanctified heart love will be the ruling passion. Their love is purified and intensified, so that they will love with "a pure heart, fervently." In this very intensity and fervency there lies a danger. Meeting those who have a similar experience they will discover what the world calls affinity. One danger in this is the temptation to become clannish, not caring to associate or fellowship with any but those who belong to "our set." In yielding to this temptation we become narrow, exclusive and selfish, and isolate and separate ourselves by our very attitude, from those whom we might and should help. Certain it is that we all delight to mingle with kindred spirits, but this selfish pleasure should not be indulged at the sacrifice of larger opportunity for helping those who have not a like experience or as a mere selfish gratification. To mingle with those who may seem unlovable and disagreeable, where you are not understood nor appreciated, may not always be pleasant, and yet at times be very profitable—both to those who have not the experience, and to those having the experience. Jesus said, "Behold, I send you forth as lambs among wolves." We are not to become clannish nor recluses and hermits, but "without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world."

Another danger arising from this intensity of love is that of "inordinate affection." When Satan cannot keep us on one side of the path he will endeavor to run us off on the other side. When he cannot prevent a man from starting and running, his next attempt is to run him to extremes and run him to death. In associating with those of a like mind who are exceedingly congenial and affable, there is danger of undue infatuation, which is almost certain to result in improper relations, and will terminate in ruin and death. Especially is this true when the infatuation is with the opposite sex. What at first may have been pure Christian love—entirely innocent and right—under the guise of friendship and sociability, may become perverted, and sensual and devilish. Remember that all sin at its beginnings appears innocent, if not justifiable. Sin is often the misuse and abuse of some thing legitimate and right within itself. Against "inordinate affection" sanctified people need to watch, as well as pray.

III. Another danger peculiar to the sanctified is that of under rating or deprecating the experience of justification. As the new-found experience so far transcends and outshines their former experience they will be tempted to feel that the experience of justification was a rather small and insignificant experience; this is always a mistake. The experience of justification is always a very great experience, and should never be regarded otherwise. In giving testimony, we sometimes hear people say, "When I was only justified," it was thus and so, thus intimating that justification was rather an insignificant affair. The intimation is calculated to cast a reflection on any who are not sanctified, and also leave the impression

among the unsaved that it would not amount to much, even if they were justified. We would insist that it is a very great and glorious thing to be truly justified; it was then that all the guilty past was blotted out and the soul quickened from the death of sin, and made the recipient of eternal life, and adopted into the family of God, whereby it became an heir of all things—even the fullness of God. A clear experience of justification alone makes the experience of sanctification a possibility. That God should hear the cry of a poor lost sinner and save him from his sins, and so re create and transform him that he almost feels as though he needed some one to identify him, and make him to love and cherish the things he had formerly despised, and hate the things he had formerly loved, is surely a very great miracle, and sufficient to make angels marvel and rejoice. To speak lightly or depreciatingly of such an experience can but reflect upon him who does it, and will largely discount a testimony to sanctification.

IV. A fourth temptation peculiar to the sanctified arises from the very life of victory that has come to them. As the defeat at Ai resulted through the victory of Jericho, so, gathering spoils may be come a snare; the temptation may be to self reliance and self exaltation. Even the Apostle Paul testified concerning himself that, "Lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure." We here learn that the "abundance of revelations" might betray one into pride and becoming "exalted above measure." Pride of spiritual attainment and moral achievement is just as certainly an abomination to the Lord as any other sort of pride. It is this kind of pride that goeth before a fall. Becoming self-sufficient, the importance of incessant prayer and watchfulness does not seem so apparent, and the enemy taking advantage of this condition will seek to overthrow the soul with the temptation that "you are surely destined to become some great one—a preacher or leader," etc., and so fill the heart with an unholy ambition, and spiritual pride, which must result in certain defeat and ruin.

V. Another temptation peculiar to the newly sanctified comes through comparing their experience with those who have been sanctified a long while. Forgetting that there is a rapid growth in grace after the heart is cleansed from all sin—the obstructions to growth having been removed—they are apt to depreciate the work wrought in their own hearts, seeing they are not as tall as some other folks who are sanctified. The temptation will be to cast away their confidence, and go to seeking the experience of some one else. While the same work is divinely wrought in each individual, so far as the cleansing of the heart is concerned, the outward manifestations greatly differ; and in like manner the question of growth after sanctification will occasion a very marked difference in the spiritual stature of sanctified people. As the infant may enjoy as perfect health as an adult, so a newly sanctified soul may enjoy as perfect soul-health as a person who had been sanctified many years, though they do not wear the same sized garments.—C. W. Ruth in Christian Witness.

THE CRIME OF SELLING RUM.

Nations that license murder for pay will be murdered for plunder; nations that fatten the wild beast of passion will be devoured by the wild beasts of rapine and ruin. The rum hole must be closed or the rum-hole will engulf Christendom. What shall be done with Christian rum is the problem? What shall become of the Christian world? Answer it with license or authorization to temporizing policies, is it difficult to see the end? Strike it down, cage the beasts that vend the frenzy in the only place to which they belong, the criminal cell, and the kennel will disperse. There is but one remedy. We have had enough experience to know what that is. The nation must put an end to transforming men into beasts by law, and must put the beasts into limbo, where their sorceries will cease.

The conflict is now upon us. It is a life and death struggle. The Government is on the side of the beasts; the people make the government.

Shall the rum fiend still carry on the carnival of death? Shall the rum minions at the still, behind the bar, or in the gutter, or in the mansion rule? Or is there enough among us to save Christendom from the damning shame? The answer we make to that question determines fate. If Christianity has no power to save Christendom, where is our hope? With what face, then, can we go to the heathen? There is no devil worshipper in Africa more degraded, more lost to all sense of shame than the demon worshipper of rum; no high priest of the sorceries of heathenism more diabolized than the minions of Christian states authorized to manufacture and vend the poison. Paganism can muster no miscreants from all her realms, more debased than the rum fiends, no festering pest house—not even the Chinese opium den—more deadly to virtue than the Christian rum hole. Must it be endured longer? Must the race be doomed to go into the future with this millstone fastened about its neck by legislators of Christian states? Are our tyrants too much for us? Then a farewell to hope.

Who doubts that there is a remedy for this state of things? It is not unknown. The evil is rampant, not of necessity, but because we have not the courage to apply the remedy. It is simply needed that right minded men combine to do the work; and in this, as in every case of a crying evil, the church must lead in the reform. This is her most peculiar province. It comes in the line of the great class of moral issues of which it is the recognized guardian. It cannot be effected by moral suasion, by sermons, by prayers, or by abstinence of the well disposed. It is a case where the arm of the law and force repressive is the only resort. It belongs to the department of crimes, and must of necessity be met by criminal law, faithfully executed. The rum seller is a criminal, and must be held amenable to criminal law.—Bishop Foster in the Michigan Christian Advocate.

HOME ATMOSPHERE.

Men and women can escape from the influence of many infelicities of their early training, but only with the greatest difficulty can they throw off the gloom that comes from the atmosphere of their home life in their childhood. With keen ears you can detect in the voice of the young woman the same querulous note that you might have heard in her mother's accent twenty years before. She cannot outgrow it or successfully contend with it, both because it is a part of herself and because she is so largely unconscious of it. The boy's cynical skepticism or his weak dispiritment in the face of discouragement did not come to him so much through a bad heredity as through the home atmosphere during his growing years. Some adverse experience made his father distrustful of his fellows or took away his courage and the home-atmosphere was inaugurated with that malaria. Parents deny themselves to give their children various advantages, but their are few advantages in the long and costly list so precious as a thoroughly Christian disposition and atmosphere in the home during those wonderful formative years of childhood.—The Watchman.

THE FOUNTAIN CRITICISED.

A certain man placed a fountain by the way side, and hung a cup near it by a little chain. He was told some time afterward that a great art critic had found much fault with his design as being lacking in the artistic qualities, being in fact a blemish on the landscape. "But," he inquired, "do many persons drink at it?" The reply was that thousands of people, men, women and children slaked their thirst at the fountain. He smiled, and answered, that he was but little troubled by the critic's observation, only that he hoped that on some sultry summer's day the critic himself might fill the cup and be refreshed.

Something like this the Bible has to undergo. Learned men complain of many things in it, point out that it is unscientific, although it does not profess to teach science, and point out other deficiencies in it; but it satisfies the spiritual thirst of millions, and those are happiest who do not criticise it but drink of its living waters.—Anon.

A LIFE LESSON.

"You are too strict with your children," said a good Christian woman whose bright-eyed, active little boy was playing about the streets, to another mother who held her own mischievous son under strict, yet kind control, and would not allow him to associate with rough boys or enjoy the advantages of the "street school."

Twenty years, said the narrator, have passed away. The boy whose mother was too strict with him is in college—sober, temperate and respected—the other squandered his parent's property, contracted habits of intemperance, became an inmate of a prison, and at last has gone to an untimely grave, though not, we trust, without penitence or hope.

"You are too strict with your daughter. Young folks must enjoy themselves," said a kind mother. But the daughter that was guarded and watched over has grown up in safety, while those who had their liberty brought bitter sorrow to their mother's hearts.

Where love tempers authority there is little danger of being "too strict." "The world is very evil." Times are perilous; snares are many; parents are responsible for the training of children; and "A child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame" (Prov. 29:15.—Sel.

A CLEAN BUSINESS.

Some years ago one of our preachers was holding a series of meetings in a region of country where there were many distilleries, and it was quite a business to buy corn and to sell to the distilleries, to be made into whisky. At one of these meetings a brother came in who was in this business, and had, just before entering the meeting, been trying to close a trade for corn, to be distilled. During the meeting he was convicted for holiness and went forward to the altar. While there a voice seemed to ask him what he would do with the large quantity of corn he had on hand. Though he tried to do so, the Lord would not let him dismiss this question. He went away from the meeting without getting help and did not appear again for two or three days. When he came back, he said to the minister that he might have thought it strange that he had not been there, "but," said he, "the Lord and I have been holding protracted meetings around the corn cribs. I prayed long for a clean heart, but at last I seemed to hear God say to me, 'Give me a clean business, and I will give you a clean heart.' And then and there I said, 'Lord, I will give thee a clean business; and I settled it that the corn should rot in the crib before I would sell it to be made into whiskey, and then the Lord poured salvation into my soul.'

Some of you, perhaps may have something to do with the hop business, or with signing applications for license to sell strong drinks. Let me say, you must have clean hands if you would have a clean heart. Let us look carefully to this, ministers as well as people; for, strange as it may seem, it is sometimes hard for us ministers to give up all things, so that we shall not murmur at poor appointments, or because we do not get all the good things. We must die to all ambitions that are not holy, and be willing to trust our appointments, our reputation and our all to Jesus. Paul said, "I am less than the least of all saints." I used to wonder how John Fletcher could write such humbling things of himself, when I thought him the saintliest man the earth had ever seen, next to Paul; but I see the reason now. He knew that the valley of humility is the valley of blessing. We must be little if we would be exalted. We must first have death to self, and then a resurrection to the life of Christ.—Rev. Wm. Reddy.

AFRICA.

The record at Madeira of liquor bound for Africa during a single week was: 28,000 cases of whiskey, 30,000 cases of Old Tom, 36,000 barrels of rum, 800,000 demijohns of rum, 24,000 butts of rum, 15,000 barrels of absinthe and 960,000 cases of gin. This great and terrible hindrance to the progress of missions is what men from Christian nations are doing for darkest Africa.—Record of Christian Work.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

THE LITTLE WHITE LIE.

I. I was in trouble, beyond any doubt—I was in trouble, and how to get out? "Tell a little white lie," said the devil to me.

"Tell a lie! O how dreadful! But what would it be? If I should? Though I never shall tell one," said I. "Don't be high-toned," said he; "we won't call it a lie—A few words, in their way, quite as good as the truth, and for this one occasion, far better, for sooth."

II.

But my little white lie, when I told it, grew black; Then, O how could I hide it, or how get it back? For it never would do to be caught in a lie, For 't was known that a very good person was I. I must manage in some way to keep it from sight; "Tell one more," said the devil, "t will make it all right."

III.

But my two grew to three, and my three were soon four, And my four lies gave rise to a dozen or more; 'Till I felt in my soul such a sense of disgrace. I had scarcely one friend I dared look in the face; And at night to my room I went, creeping up stairs, Truth is truth! could I sleep without saying my prayers?

IV.

By my fears and my conscience thus carried about, I was really half glad when the lie was found out; For it was—it is always the way with a lie— And all said that a very bad person was I. Good or bad, I have learned in one thing to be wise, And shall shun in the future all little white lies.—Anon.—Sel.

"SHE WILL COME."

A lady went out one afternoon, leaving her little boy at her grandma's, and saying she would call for him when she returned home, which she expected would be by 6 o'clock.

The time passed till it was nearly 6, and his grandma said perhaps his mother was not coming for him that night.

"Yes, she will," replied the boy. Six o'clock came, and grandma said, "Well, I guess your mother will not come for you tonight."

"I know she will," said the boy confidently, and he watched patiently for her.

It was getting towards his bedtime, and grandma was pretty sure his mother would not come, and he would stay all night with her.

"Well, I know she will come," was still his confident reply.

"Why, what makes you so positive?" asked his grandmother.

"Because," said the boy, "she said if she was not here by 6 o'clock she would certainly come, and my mother never told me a lie."

In a few minutes his mother came and took him home.

What a lesson for mothers in the faith of this child. And what a lesson for doubting Christians to whom God seems "slack concerning his promise." "He will come again." Our Saviour never told us a lie.—Ex.

A Chicago minister asserts that sometimes the most common statement of fact comes to an ignorant person almost as a revelation. Once, after a Thursday morning address, a worshipper remained behind to thank him, and said: "You always give me something new to think about, and, until I heard you this morning, I thought that Sodom and Gomorrah were man and wife."

Vulcan was firm. "No Jupiter," he said, "I shall not give trading stamps with my thunderbolts."