

SAINTS IN WRONG PLACES

Some get under the tree of discouragement like Elijah. Discouragement is a destroyer of faith, a damper upon love, and a veil upon the face of hope; therefore, it is a sin to be discouraged.

Some get on the slippery path of worldliness, like Abraham when he "went down to Egypt. There is no tent of separation, no altar of communion and no revelation of joy in Egypt. These are only found at the Bethel of fellowship with God—Gen. 12:7-10; 13:4.

Some get on the house-top of self-ease, like David (II Sam. 11:2), who stayed at home when he should have been in the battlefield. His self-ease, led to self-indulgence, which brought upon him the chastening hand of the Lord. Self-ease, like rust, corrodes the spirit with the mildew of unbelief, warps the moral fiber of consecrated work, and blinds the eyes of its devotee to the sight and attractive beauty of Christ.

Some are ensnared in the mesh of disobedience, like the man of God out of Judah who was entrapped by the wily old prophet of Bethel—I Kings 13:9. No saint on earth, no angel from heaven, no devil from hell, and no man under the sun, should turn us aside from the plain direction of God's Word.

Some get into Doubting Castle of unbelief, like John the Baptist, who sent his disciples to Christ to know whether he was the Messiah (Matt. 11:4), after he had proclaimed him as such—John 1:34. Doubt is a faith-crippler, joy killer, zeal damper, mind darkener, love-retarder, hope-annuller and Christ-hinderer.

Some get into the sieve of self-confidence, like Peter—Luke 22:32, 33. When self puffs up, and we warm ourselves at the world's fire we place ourselves where Satan can grab us; and when he gets hold of us he riddles us to the loss of our power and joy.

Some get into the ring of wrangling, like the disciples, who "disputed among themselves" as to who should be the greatest—Mark 9:34. They did not strive for the lowest place, nor as to who should be nearest to Christ. Strife is the child of pride, the companion of ambition, the killer of unity, the grief of the Spirit, the bane of humility, the hinderer of the gospel, and the despiser of love.—London Christian.

WHY MEN ARE NOT AT CHURCH.

We suggest one self apparent reason; because the parents do not train the boys in early life. This is the great weakness of the present system of Sunday School and church life, how to get the children into the preaching service. The Sunday School is coming more and more to be regarded as enough for the child, and that it is too long to expect them to stay to the preaching service. The boy in his callow period is quick to take up that excuse his parents make for him, and there is no habit formed in early life. Parents are to blame through false sympathy, and laxness of parental duty. This is a serious thing, and is causing the friends of the Sunday school anxious thought, how to change the youthful life of the church. When we were in our boyhood, a good mother and father planned everything out of the way by Saturday night. Every child fully expected to attend Sunday School, which was very primitive in that day, and as soon as that closed, we sat with our parents in the same pew throughout the preaching service. We were in Canada preaching for a brother in one of the strong Methodist churches of Toronto. We were pleased that, when the Sunday School was over, the entire Sunday School, less the ones who went into their parent's pews, filed into the gallery, by classes, with the superintendent at the head, and the teachers with their classes. A more attentive body of hearers never looked us in the face than that army of young people. We went home for dinner with Hon. John McDonald, Premier of Canada, and was told that it was quite uniformly the custom.—Christian Standard.

WHAT DIFFERENCE WILL IT MAKE?

What difference will it make a thousand years from now whether you lived in a mansion or a cottage, wore "tailor-made" or "hand-me-downs," sported silk socks or woolen, ate canvas-back duck or Hamburg steak, slept in a hand-carved bed or an iron one, traveled by automobile

or trolley, owned a fast horse or a plug, belonged to a fashionable club or were a stay-at-home, walked on velvet carpets or ingrain, sat on Louis XIV furniture or wooden bottomed, used solid silver or plated, stuck diamond studs in your shirt front or mother of pearl, sipped green turtle soup or tomato, had a million in bank or nothing at all?

But it will make a mighty big and eternal difference whether you were a man of honor or a scoundrel, truth-teller or a liar, brave fellow or a coward, straightforward chap or a sneak, worker or a loafer, patriotic citizen or a boddler, chivalrous friend or a selfish curmudgeon, generous giver or a stingy skinflint, humane employer or a sweater, conscientious workman or a shirk, loyal husband or a social leper, lover of your children or a brute, practitioner of self-control or a slave of appetite, conversationalist of clean lips or of foul, reader of pure books or of filthy, believer in God or an atheist, confessor of Christ or a denier, reverer of the Bible or a scoffer, striver after righteousness or an indifferentist!

These things will bear a little thinking about! There is the almighty dollar, in deed. But there is also the immortal soul. "What shall it profit a man...?"—Western Christian Advocate.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

A mother whose children were remarkable examples of early piety, was asked the secret of her success. She answered: "While my children were infants on my lap, as I washed them, I raised my heart to God, that he would wash them in that blood which cleanseth from all sin; as I clothed them in the morning, I asked my heavenly Father to clothe them with the robe of Christ's righteousness; as I provided them food, I prayed that God would feed their souls with the bread of heaven, and give them to drink of the water of life. When I have prepared them for the house of God, I have pleaded that their bodies might be fit temples for the Holy Ghost to dwell in. When they left me for the week-day school, I followed their infant foot steps with a prayer, that their path through life might be that of the just, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day. And as I committed them to the rest of the night, the silent breathing of my soul has been, that their heavenly father would take them to his embrace and fold them in his paternal arms."—Christian Standard.

SECRET OF SUFFERING.

Christian, would you have strength to suffer wrong in the spirit in which Christ did? Accustom yourself in everything that happens to recognize the hand and will of God. This lesson is of more consequence than you think. Whether it be some little offence that you meet in daily life, before you fix your thoughts on the person who did it, first be still and remember; God allows me to come into this trouble to see if I shall glorify Him in it. This trial be it the greatest or least, is allowed by God and is His will concerning me. Let me first recognize and submit to God's will in it. Then in the rest of soul which this gives I shall receive wisdom to know how to behave in it. With my eye turned from man to God, suffering wrong is not so hard as it seems.—Murray.

JOHN WESLEY AND THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

In the Minutes of the Methodist Conference for 1780, the question is asked, "Do we disapprove of the practice of distilled liquor? Shall we disown our friends who will not renounce this practice?" Answer, "Yes." In the Minutes of 1783 is the following question, "Should our friends be permitted to make spirituous liquors, sell, and drink them in drams?" Answer, "By no means; we think it wrong in its nature and consequences, and desire all our preachers to teach the people by precept and example to put away this evil." In a tract known as "Thoughts on the Present Scarcity of Provision," John Wesley asks, "Why is food so dear? The grand reason is because such immense quantities of grain are used for distilling. Little less than half of the wheat produced in the kingdom is every year consumed, not by so harmless a way as throwing it into the sea but by converting it into deadly poison; poison that not only destroys the strength of the life, but also, the morals of our country.

"However, it is said, What is paid brings in a large revenue to the King. Is this an equivalent for the lives of his Majesty's subjects? Would his Majesty sell his subjects for £5? Will he then sell them to be butchered for their countrymen?" In reply to another specious plea, "If there were no distilling and brewing, the seamen of the navy cannot be fed," he says, "Indeed; not unless they are fed by human flesh! Oh, tell it not in Constantinople, that the English raised their royal revenue by selling the flesh and blood of their countrymen! What remedy is there for this sore evil? By prohibiting forever... by making a full end of that bane of health... that destroyer of strength, of life, and of virtue, distilling; by prohibiting it forever."

Referring to those who sold spirituous liquors, he said, "They are prisoners-general; they murder his majesty's subjects by wholesale, neither does their eye pity or spare; they drive them to hell like sheep; and what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who then would envy their large estates, their sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them; the curse of God cleaves to the stones, the timber, the furniture of them! The curse of God is in their gardens, their walls, their groves; a fire that burns to the nethermost hell! Blood, blood is there; the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood; and canst thou hope, O thou man of blood, though thou art clothed in scarlet and fine linen, andarest sumptuously every day, canst thou hope to deliver down thy fields of blood to the third generation? Not so, for there is a God in heaven; therefore thy name shall be rooted out like as those whom thou hast destroyed, body and soul. Thy memorial shall perish with thee"—The Vanguard.

BE DEFINITE.

There is much need in these days of real, genuine, holiness preaching. In traveling over the country we find so many teachers simply beating around the bush, preaching all around a holiness experience, but never touching the vital point or accomplishing any definite end. We meet many ministers of the Gospel who say they believe in holiness and preach it, but the great majority of these simply march around and around it never even aiming at its great fundamental truths, namely, the eradication of inbred sin, the heart cleansed from all carnality, sanctified by the baptism with the Holy Ghost. The great need is clear, definite preaching. There is entirely too much of the indefinite. In order to bring this about we must:

First, be definite in experience. We must clearly understand the Word on this point and just as clearly realize and enjoy the experience. The blood cleanseth us from all sin and we know it. There is no presumption about it, the work has been distinctly done. The Holy Ghost has witnessed to this fact. We must be definite in experience ourselves if we would ever lead other souls into like experience.

Second, be definite in testimony. We can gain nothing by rambling here, there and everywhere. Tell plainly what God has done for your soul. Call sin, sin; call Satan, Satan; call hell, hell; call sanctification, sanctification. If God saved your soul, say so. If God has sanctified you wholly, say so, and make no apologies for it. Nothing but a real, plain, definite testimony will ever accomplish results for God.

Third, be definite in pressing souls to God. Ask God to help you to realize the value of an immortal soul. Our poor, finite minds are quite incapable of this, but God will help us to get a clear vision of its true value.

Then be definite in prayer for souls. Be definite in personal work and dealing. Let the Spirit lead in this. We need much wisdom here; be sure to let the Spirit lead you. Let us be true to God on these lines and He will give us souls for our labor. Be definite.—Nazarene Messenger.

THE FIFTH GOSPEL.

You are acquainted with the four Gospels: the Gospel according to St. Matthew, and the Gospel according to St. Mark, the gospel according to St. Luke, and the Gospel according

to St. John. But there is another Gospel which is read in your circle a great deal more than any of these. It is the Gospel according to You; the interpretation of Jesus Christ, either for good or for evil, which glows or glowers though your personality. And there are several respects in which your Gospel differs from any of these. In the first place, it is written in a universal tongue. It can be read by all.

Although a man may be so ignorant as not to be able to read these, no man is too ignorant to be able to read yours. A number of years ago a young fellow of the name of Wray, a student at Princeton College, applied for appointment as a foreign missionary. He was a thoroughly good man, but not very quick in respect to learning, and when he reached the field of his prospective labors, he found it difficult to master the language. But though the simple natives could not understand his talk, they could understand his walk; and one day when they, according to the custom in those countries, were seated in a circle on the ground, listening to the instruction of one of their teachers, the question was asked "What is it to be a Christian?" And none could answer. But finally one pointed to where this young man sat, and replied, "It is to live as Mr. Wray lives." Sel.—

TRUST IN GOD.

When? Where? Now. Where we all are most lacking in grace and patience: in our temporalities.

Are you trusting him there? Do you know that if you do not, it is a serious question whether you are trusting him in the spiritualities. That's a serious question.

A sure indication that you are not committing your temporal affairs to him, is, that you are restless, peevish and impatient with circumstances. "If therefore ye have not been faithful in the unrighteous mammon, who will commit to you the true riches?" If we fail in the lower, natural life, will he trust us with the higher, the spiritual life? Luke 16:21

A notable illustration of that in human life is found in Matt. 19:21. The young man who wanted eternal life, was desirous of doing some "good thing." When told, by the Master, how to unload his selfishness, and be like his Lord, surely there is no greater thing, "he went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions." His possessions had him. He lost both temporal and spiritual riches. Sad, but sadder, for it is occurring with multitudes.

One of the strangest freaks of Japanese horticulture is the cultivation of dwarf trees. The Japanese grow forest giants in flower-pots. Some of these strange miniature trees are a century old, and are only two or three feet high. The gardener, instead of trying to get them to grow to their best, takes infinite pains to keep them little. His purpose is to grow dwarfs, not giant trees. From the time of their planting they are repressed, starved, crippled, stunted. When buds appear, they are nipped off. So the tree remains only a dwarf all its life.

Some Christian people seem to do the same thing with their lives. They do not allow themselves to grow. They rob themselves of spiritual nourishment, restrain the noble impulses of their nature, shut out of their hearts the power of the Holy Spirit, and are only dwarf Christians when they might be strong in Christ Jesus, with the abundant life which the Master wants all his followers to have.—J. R. Miller, D. D., "Our New Edens."

There can be no safe guidance which is not perpetual. The advance of a year may be lost in an hour. If we act independently of the Spirit in little things, we shall look for Him in vain in great things.—George Bowden.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

NEVER GIVE UP.

In the world that lies before you There is much for you to win; But beforehand you must conquer Foes without and foes within. And if now your tasks can rout you, Then, when life's real battles call, Will you in the heat and struggle Victor stand, or vanquished fall? Can you hope for good successes If you're always failing now? Do you think defeat will help to Weave the laurel round your brow? Just as little straws can tell us From which side the breezes blow, So the way you work at trifles Will your perseverance show.—Sel.

WHAT A BOY DID.

James Pettigrew was the smartest boy in our class. He was a praying boy, and we all liked him the better for that. Willie Hunter was a real good fellow, too, and Willie and Jamie used to run neck and neck for the prizes. Either the one or the other was always at the top of the class.

Examination day came round, and we were asked such a lot of puzzling questions, that, one by one, we all dropped off, till, just as we expected, the first prize lay between Jamie and Willie.

I shall never forget how astonished we were when question after question was answered by Willie, while Jamie was silent; and Willie took the prize.

I went home with Jamie that afternoon, for our roads lay together; but, instead of being cast down at losing the prize, he seemed rather to be mightily glad. I couldn't understand it.

"Why, Jamie," I said, "you could have answered some of those questions; I know you could."

"Of course I could, he said with a light laugh

"Then why didn't you?" I asked. He wouldn't answer for a while, but I kept pressing and pressing him, till at last he turned round with such a strange, kind look in his bonnie brown eyes.

"Look here," he said, "how could I help it? There's poor Willie—his mother died last week, and if it hadn't been examination day, he wouldn't have been at school. Do you think I was going to be so mean as to take a prize from a fellow who had just lost his mother?"—Sunday school Advocate.

A BAD MARK FROM GOD.

A little girl was called to court one day to be a witness. She was so small that the lawyers thought she might not know what an oath was. So they asked her some questions.

"Do you understand the nature of an oath?" asked a lawyer.

"Yes, sir," said the little girl.

"What is it?"

"It is a swear."

"What do you mean when you say, 'It is a swear?'"

"Well, it is that I have to tell the truth."

"If you don't tell the truth, what then?"

"That would be a sin."

"What is a sin?"

"A bad mark from God."

They let the child tell what she knew, and they all believed her.—Sel.

A TRUE GENTLEMAN.

"I beg your pardon," and with a smile and a touch of his hat, Harry Edmond handed to an old man, against whom he accidentally stumbled, the cane which he had knocked from his hand, "I hope I did not hurt you. We were playing too roughly."

"Not a bit," said the old man, cheerily. "Boys will be boys, and it's best they should be. You didn't harm me."

"I'm glad to hear it," and lifting his hat again, Harry turned to join the playmates with whom he had been frolicking at the time of the accident.

"What do you raise your hat to that old fellow for?" asked his companion, Charley Gray; "he's only Giles the huckster."

"That makes no difference," said Harry. "The question is not whether he is a gentleman, but whether I am one."—Ex.

A sore spot is always getting hurt.—Sel.