

ABIDING IN JESUS.

BY LILLIE M. BELL.

Abiding in Him, it is so sweet
To rest in this secure retreat.
So safe, in the midst of all alarms,
Leaning on His Almighty arms.

No troubles, no woes, can harm me here,
For He, who ever protects is near;
So safe I feel with such a friend,
For He has promised to keep to the end.

May I ever abide in Thee!
And then Thy promise to me shall be,
"Ask of Me what ye will,
And I will do it still."

Thou art the "True Vine,"
And all power forever is Thine!
As the branch let me united be
Abiding each moment in Thee.

WHITE HANDS.

Six young ladies of a graduating class were gathered around a window overlooking pleasant grounds and talking eagerly about the future. Their plans were various, reaching onward with no thought of grief or sorrow. Wealth, admiration, fame, were among the attainable. Music and art would each have its devotee. One would continue her studies at a higher institution; another would become the mistress of a beautiful home.

One had not spoken, and when the question, a second time, was asked impatiently, "Louise, what are your plans?" Her answer was eagerly awaited.

"I shall help my mother," said quiet Louise.

"O-o-oh, we all mean to do that, of course," said one; "but what plans have you? You can't mean just to stay at home in a poky way, and not try to do anything."

"Girls," said Louise, "I do mean to do just that, for the present, at least. My business shall be to help my mother in any way it is possible for me to help her. A glance at the puzzled faces around her, and she continued:

"Shall I open my heart to you a bit, and let you read a sad passage from it? You remember Stella Morton? You remember that I once visited her during vacation? Her home was very pleasant, and a large family of brothers and sisters made the days pass merrily. Our pleasures kept us so much out of doors that we saw little of Mrs. Morton—a delicate, quiet lady, always ready to bestow sympathy when needed. I notice that the girls were not so tidy and helpful about the house as I had been taught to be; but as I did not see who supplied all deficiencies, I thought little about it. One day a picnic had been planned, and I heard the girls impatiently commenting upon the illness of the one servant, as it threw upon them some disagreeable household duties. How Mrs. Morton ever accomplished the delicious lunch we ate that day, only such overworked mothers can explain; the little assistance given by Stella and Alice must have been most unsatisfactory.

"We returned by moonlight, so tired that we went to our rooms without seeing any one, if indeed, any one was up at that hour. By and by—I don't know how long we had slept—a frightened voice called Stella, who shared my room, and soon we all knew that gentle, tired Mrs. Morton was alarmingly ill. At sunrise she was gone, without hearing the voices so full of love and sorrow. Girls, I can't describe Stella's grief; she placed her own delicate hand beside the thin, toiled dead one, and said: 'See, Louise, at what cost mine is so fair; and I have been vain of my white hands.' She kissed the cold fingers again and again.

"One day I found Stella at her mother's work-table, holding up some unfinished piece, evidently left in haste. 'Louise,' she said, 'mother asked me to do this, and I really meant to; oh, why didn't I do it at once!'

"You can't understand what an impression all this made upon me, and when a few days later, I was called home by the illness of my own mother, the feeling was intensified. Mother was very ill, and as hope grew fainter my distress was hardly less than Stella's. One night, when my sister and I were too anxious to sleep, I told her about Stella, and we then pledged ourselves to take from mother every possible care, and to make our home our first object. To make the promise more binding and real, we exchanged rings,

Mother's illness made it seem more natural and easy at first, and everything moved on so smoothly, that I really think she regained her health more quickly. All the mending and sewing was done promptly under her direction, and we always silenced her by saying we liked to do it. She seldom knows what is prepared for tea or breakfast; we beg her not to inquire, for we know she enjoys little surprises. The boys and the dear baby are better and happier for having so much of her time and attention.

"Last summer I visited Stella again. She is the light of the home. Only for the discipline I had passed through could I understand how she is able to accomplish so much. Once, when I expressed something of this to her, her eyes filled with tears, as she asked: 'Do you suppose she can see us—that she knows what I am trying to do? Her hands were not fair and beautiful. Why, girls I never see a pretty hand now without wondering whether it has a right to be fair and white. So I am going home to help mother; I shall be happy, because I know it is my duty.'

As Louise finished speaking, the retiring bell sounded. Not a word was spoken, but the kiss which each bestowed upon the flushed face of the earnest speaker told of the impression her words had made. Those mothers alone can tell whether the influence was lasting.—Everybody's Magazine.

MISSIONARY WORK.

REV. BUD ROBINSON.

To the Herald Family, Greetings: I dreamed last night that I saw all the camp-grounds and holiness schools in the United States pass before me, and I saw people from every nation under heaven in the great multitude; and I saw whole nations unclothed, and they were calling for help, and we were paying but little attention to them, and yet they stood in the great crowd with their hands lifted to heaven, begging us to help them, and it almost broke my heart. And the next thing I saw I was on the platform pleading for them, and I saw the greatest missionary rally I ever saw, and I woke up, but not the same man I was when I went to sleep.

Now a word to the holiness people: I believe the time has come for the holiness people to wake up as we never have before and go to work for the missionary cause. Now I am sorry to make this suggestion to the holiness people; we ought to have one day for a great missionary rally on every camp ground in the United States during each camp meeting, and every one of the holiness camps ought to support at least one missionary, and every holiness school ought to support one or two missionaries.

I am of the opinion that we have in the United States four or five hundred holiness camp meetings every year, and just think of it: if each camp were to take a missionary to support, how God could and would bless the work as never before. Now others may not see as I do, but I feel in my heart that if the great holiness movement doesn't rise up in our God-given power and go to work for the needy in other fields, the Lord will set us aside, and let out the vineyard to others who will bring forth the fruit thereof.

The holiness movement ought to send out 500 missionaries in the next two years, and I believe that if the people will rise and build, God will furnish them all the brick and mortar they need to carry on the work.

The readers will remember that when the lepers found the great supply of food and clothing just outside the walls of Jerusalem they said, "It is too good to keep to ourselves, and if we sit here and eat and have a good time while others are starving so near by, we will not do well," so they rose up and made known their great discovery. And just so with us, for we know we have the greatest thing the world ever heard of.

Just think of the people blessed as we are, a salvation from all sin to own and enjoy for the taking of it, and if it is worth so much to us, what would it be worth to nations like Japan, India, China, Africa, Cuba, or South America. And when we think of it, we must remember that the Lord paid the same price for India or China as He did for North America.

And again if the Holiness Movement

sits down and waits for the church to evangelize the world, it will never be done, and besides all this, if the church sends out missionaries, she will have to send such as she has on hand, and apart from the holiness people in the church, the great bulk of church members are not prepared for the work of a missionary. We know that a missionary should be born of the Spirit, and then baptized with the blessed Holy Ghost, and have the worth of immortal souls on their hearts. We could then send them out, feeling that the work will be accomplished.

I feel in my very bones that the time has come for the great holiness movement to go up and possess the land, for we are well able to overcome it, and if the unsanctified church members are our only hope of evangelizing the world, it will never be done.

A man or a woman without the experience of Scriptural holiness will be a dead-weight on any missionary board on earth. And I am sure that the great need of the day is a missionary rally that will shake this country from center to outskirts, and send out hundreds of sanctified missionaries to go to all quarters of the earth on fire for God and a lost world, and I thank God, I see it by faith, and it is not very far in the future.

Well, praise His name for what I see we are going to do. Amen and Amen.—Pentecostal Herald.

THE HEAVENLY FATHER AND THE PRODIGAL SON.

In the large city of Sanzok, China, I recently baptized four converts, and there are five others awaiting baptism. One of the men baptized, named Kan, is rather a remarkable instance of the part that the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God may play in leading the Chinese to salvation.

Kan who was an idol maker in a larger way of business, has a son who has given him a good deal of trouble, a scapegrace altogether. One day, in our preaching hall, the father heard the preacher say that God was the Heavenly Father of men. At once this thought flashed across his mind: 'What if I am giving my Heavenly Father the same feeling of distress that my son is giving me? Ought I not to turn about?'

He became an inquirer, and turned out all his stock of idols. 'I have lost my business,' he says, 'but never mind, I have found a peaceful heart.'

His old customers are exceedingly angry with him, because they say that all the idols they bought from him have now lost their efficacy!—W. Nelson Britton.

TEMPTATION.

There are evils to whose influence reckless self-exposure is the unpardonable sin. Do you wish to know why there are so many virtuous and honorable people? It is because they refuse to enter the outer circle of the whirlpool, to subject the explosives in their temptation. There are certain situations in which it is almost morally certain good people have never been or they would not be good. My observation has taught me that it is not so much their ability to resist temptation as their disposition to avoid it that is the secret of the character of good men. And yet resistance is the supreme glory of Christian manhood. We cannot always avoid, but must often encounter, the enemy. But in the ordinary course we are pushed into the arena quite often enough without rushing into it headlong.—Charles Frederic Goss in the S. S. Times.

WALKING BY FAITH.

For we walk by faith and not by sight. The greatest accomplishment, perhaps, of the religious life is to take things as they are and not merely as they seem. To say to one's self in a positive way that God is God, and that he will take care of those who trust and obey him is no new thing in the Christian life. It is the only way to get the best out of the Christian life. No other path leads more certainly to the throne where Jesus Christ shall reign forever.

God promotes every man as fast as he can without allowing him to become conceited. By prayer and watchfulness one can ward off spiritual pride and thus avoid humiliations; but should one forget this, the Lord in mercy will help him out by letting him have a good "set down."—Sel.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

HER MISSION.

She was only a little woman, tis true,
And hers was a common story;
She never had dreamed of a thing to do
That would lead to fame and glory.

She could not paint and she could not sing,
And she could not write a sonnet;
She had not a face that could lend a grace
To a stylish love of a bonnet.

She had not wealth and she knew not ease;
She never had travelled for pleasure;
She knew not the art of charm and please,
In the realm of social leisure.

And yet she had deemed that her life was
blest,
In its humble sphere of duty,
Though only those who knew her best
Gessed half of its hidden beauty.

For hers was a genius for little things,
The realm of home to brighten;
And she scorned not the humblest work
that brings,
Some force to cheer and lighten.

For comfort and order were hers to command,
And the joys of life seemed longer,
While childhood clung to her loving hand
And manhood through her grew stronger.

And some who loved her were half afraid
That her sphere was far too small;
But, oh, the happy home she made,
Was a great thing, after all

And when her beautiful spirit shall flee
From its realms of loving and giving,
Her stainless monument shall be
That lives were blessed by her living.

—Woman's Life.

SAVED BY PRAYER.

"Good-by, Harry; remember that mama will always pray for your safety."

These were the last words Harry heard as he went out of the gate toward the railroad station to take the train for New York. The words kept ringing in his ears as the train passed rapidly out of the village and new scenes came to his view. At the station in New York City his uncle was waiting for him.

In a few days Harry was at work in the new, grand store of his uncle. There he became acquainted with young men of his own age, who seemed friendly, invited him to join in their excursion parties in the evening, and visit them at their homes. Before the first week had ended he had visited three of the boys of the city and taken a trip over to Jersey City, where several other boys took a trip on their bicycles. Harry had brought his wheel with him and enjoyed the trip over the new country very much.

After they had gone a distance, they stopped for refreshments, and he soon found himself standing at a bar in a saloon.

"What will you have, Harry?" he heard one of his new friends inquiring.

"I'll take a glass of lemonade, if you please," answered Harry.

"Pretty good joke, Harry; but you don't get such stuff here; we are all going to have beer; I'll order one for you too." And before he could think of an answer, the bartender had placed it before him.

Harry felt a lump in his throat, but with a fixed determination, answered:

"No, I do not drink."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed one of the young men, "you are not temperance, are you?"

"A glass of beer cannot hurt you; it is healthful," said another.

"I promised mother," replied Harry, "that I would not drink anything that might make a drunkard of me, and if I never begin, I shall never have to stop; no one has ever become a drunkard who refused the first glass; but many drunkards meant to stop after they tasted beer or liquor 'just once,' no, I shall not drink."

It was a long speech for Harry to make, but he thought of his mother's prayer and resolved that she should not pray in vain. He expected the boys to ridicule him for his remarks. When Tom Ankeys, the young man who had worked next to him at the store, therefore, took him by the hand, and with emotion said: "Thank you, Harry; my mother used to tell me the same thing; she thinks her boy has never brought the intoxicating cup to his lips; I promise you that from tonight on I shall try to keep it," it surprised Harry greatly.

But his surprise increased when one of the other young men came forward and said: "I promised my present employer that I would never again enter a saloon to drink when he saw me in one the last time, and he told me he could not keep young men in his employ who were addicted to the drink habit. I wanted to keep my promise, but always was afraid to refuse when in company of others."

"Boys," said Adam Wagner, "this is the first time I ever took a drink. My father died a drunkard and I have often heard him say that the first glass was the opening of a life of misery. He often asked me to leave all intoxicating drinks alone; and I mean to do so after today, and you fellows must help me to keep my promise."

"We shall, we shall," replied his friends, immediately.

"But tell us, Harry," said the young man who had spoken after Tom; "how was it possible for you to refuse? Didn't you expect us all to laugh at your remarks? What gave you such courage in this hour of danger?"

Harry told them the story in his simple, truthful manner, concluding with the words:

Boys, my mother's prayers saved me."

"Harry," said Adam, "when you write home again tell your mother about the occurrence this evening, and be sure and say that we were saved by her prayer."—Ch. Standard.

"PREACH THE WORD."

We preach Jesus as the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world. This is the old, old story; it is a very simple story, but the telling of it will save the people. Keep to that gospel. Many have lost faith in it. It is hoped that people will now be saved by new socialistic arrangements, by moral precepts, by amusements, by societies, and what not. You that are sent to preach Christ, if you take to doing something else, and become philosophical, socialistic, philanthropic, and all that, what is to become of the spiritual nature of men? Keep you to your work, go and preach Christ to the people. I have not lost faith in the gospel. No; my faith in it grows as I see the speedy failure of all the quackeries of succeeding years. The methods of the modern school are a bottle of smoke; Christ crucified is the only remedy for sin.—Spurgeon.

NOT ASHAMED.

Dr. Norman McLeod, the great Scotch preacher, tell the story of Tom Baird, who stood at the door of his workingman's church for many years.

When the minister asked him to stand at the door of the workingman's church, he was a little afraid Tom would be unwilling to do so in his working clothes. If, the minister said, 'you don't like to do it, Tom; if you are ashamed—'

'Ashamed!' he exclaimed, as he turned around on his pastor, 'I'm mair ashamed o' yersel, sir. Div ye think that I believe, as ye ken I do, that Jesus Christ, who died for me, was stripped of His raiment on the Cross, and that I— Na, na, I'm proud to stand at the door.'—Christian Age.

NORTH CAROLINA FOR PROHIBITION.

In a recent address, Governor Glenn of North Carolina declares:

"The time is ripe. Submit the question of no-license to the voters of the State, and I believe it will carry by 75,000 to 100,000 majority. I pledge you my earnest aid in such a fight. I will canvass North Carolina, speak in every county and use my entire strength to win this battle for No-License."

Minister (to Rory): "Why weren't you at the kirk on Sunday?" Rory: "I was at Mr. Dunlop's kirk." Minister: "I don't like you running about to strange kirks in that way. Not that I object to you hearing Mr. Dunlop, but I'm sure ye widna like yer ain sheep straying away into strange pastures" Rory: "I widna care a grain, sir, if it was better grass."

A United States publication says:—Getting born costs the people of our country about \$225,000,000 a year; getting married about \$300,000,000 a year; getting buried costs about \$75,000,000. But getting drunk cost the people of our country more than \$1,427,000,000. Getting drunk is expensive business."