

THE GREAT REFINER.

ELLEN L. GOREN.

Take my heart, O great Refiner,
Plunge it in the crimson flame;
Heat the furnace seven times hotter,
I shall still adore Thy name;
I shall hail its hungry roaring,
'Twill be music in my ear,
If amid its fiery anger
Thy sweet, gentle voice I hear.

Yes I love Thee great Refiner,
Yes I love the burning light,
Dearer than the costliest jewel,
Sparkling beautiful and bright;
Is it true that I am worthy,
Thus to be made pure from dross?
If I was not wholly cleansed
Would'st Thou count it as a loss?

Oh how wonderful Thy goodness
Far beyond my highest thought;
I can only take rejoicing
What Thy tender care has brought;
Purged and tried as "gold and silver,"
This is what I longed to be,
Perfected and waiting nothing,
Work Thine own sweet will in me.

Grand assurance! Thou art watching
Most intently all the while;
Welcome is the refining process
Carried on beneath Thy smile,
O, if Thou in love withholdest,
Thy felt presence it is well;
Faith shall triumph over feeling,
Peace shall still within me dwell.

Welcome, welcome every dealing,
Pain or pleasure, joy or woe;
All is sent, O great Refiner,
By a loving hand I know,
Daily cares which fret and grieve me,
Small and trifling yet so keen,
Are on purpose to refine me,
Though by human eyes unseen.

Do not let me miss one trial
Which would make me purer still;
When Thine image shineth through me
Cease the firing—not until!
When the silver gleams and glitters
From all earthly dross set free,
With no stain to mar its beauty
Satisfied Thou then shalt be.

—Sel.

MOODY'S NIECE AS REVIVALIST.

On a recent Sunday afternoon while speaking of the mighty power of prayer, Dr. Torrey told the following beautiful story of the niece of the great evangelist. He said:

"I once received a letter from a Christian woman, the wife of a big manufacturer in a New Hampshire town. She wrote: 'Dear Mr. Torrey: We have a church in our town that isn't doing anything for our operatives. The respectable will go to the church, but they have no time for our work people. I would like you to send me, if you can, some earnest Christian woman who will go in and out of the houses of the poor, telling them the way of life.' I wrote back: 'Dear Mrs. Hayes: I have a young woman here who has recently been baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire. She has had no experience, but her soul is on fire for the salvation of the perishing. Moreover, I think it may increase your confidence in her if I tell you she is Mr. Moody's niece.'

"Mrs. Hayes wrote, saying: 'She is the young woman I am looking for; send her on.' I sent her on. The minister didn't like it. He said: 'I don't see the use of it. I have two services every Sunday, and I'm preaching the best sermons I know how.' I think somebody asked: 'Is anybody being converted?' 'Oh, no,' he said; 'we don't do things that way; we believe in Christian nurture nowadays; but I'm feeding the people. I am a college graduate, a B. D. and B. A. My congregations are not large, and I don't see the need for the young woman.' But God did. Clara Moody wrote to me and said: 'It's pretty hard here; the minister doesn't want me.' I wrote back and said, 'God does, Clara, whoever does not; keep praying and God will give you the victory.'

"And God shook that little town by little Clara Moody. She never became a preacher; she may have addressed meetings, but she never called herself a preacher; but the power of God came down and shook that town.

"Friends, you can have a revival anywhere. How? By crying to God. Keep on crying till the answer comes. If they don't have a revival in your town it will

be your fault. It will be because you were not willing to put enough time and enough heart into prayer, or because you are not willing to meet the conditions of prevailing in prayer."—Glad Tidings.

LOVE TO JESUS.

SPURGEON.

A firm attachment to Christ will create a constant anxiety to promote His cause, with some it has produced that burning zeal which enabled them to endure banishment; to brave dangers; and to forsake comforts, in order to evangelize an ungrateful people, among whom they were not unwilling to suffer persecution, or even death, so that they might but enlarge the borders of Immanuel's land. This has inspired the laborious evangelist with unexhaustible strength to proclaim the word of his Lord from place to place, amidst the slander of foes, and the coldness of friends; this has moved the generous heart to devise liberal things, that the cause might not flag for lack of temporal supplies; and this, in a thousand ways, has stirred up the host of God, with various weapons, and in divers fields, to fight the battles of the Lord. There is little or no love to Jesus, in that man who is indifferent concerning the progress of the truth. The man whose soul is saturated with grateful affection to his crucified Lord will weep when the enemy seem to get an advantage; he will water his couch with tears when he sees a declining Church; he will lift up his voice like a trumpet to arouse the slumbering, and with his own hand will labor day and night to build up the breaches of Zion; and should his efforts be successful with what joyous gratitude will he lift up his heart unto the King of Israel, extolling Him as much, yea, more, for mercies given to the Church than for bounties conferred upon himself. How diligently and indefatigably will he labor for his Lord, humbly conceiving that he cannot do too much, or even enough, for one who gave his heart's blood as the price of our peace. We lament that too many among us are like Issachar, who was described as "a strong ass crouching down between two burdens"—too lazy to perform the works piety so imperatively demanded at our hands; but the reason of this sad condition is that fervent love is unable to produce activity, but that such are deplorably destitute of that intense affection which grace begets in the soul; Love to Christ smoothes the path of duty, and wings the feet to travel it; it is the bow which impels the arrow of obedience; it is the strong arm tugging the oar of diligence. Love is the marrow of the bones of fidelity, the blood in the veins of piety, the sinew of spiritual strength—yea the life of sincere devotion. He that hath love can no more be motionless than the aspen in the gale, the sere leaf in the hurricane, or the spray in the tempest. As well may hearts cease to beat, as love to labor. Love is instinct with activity, it cannot content itself with little; it is the well spring of heroism, and great deeds are the gushings of its fountain; it is a giant—it heaped mountains upon mountains and thinks the pile too little; it is a mighty mystery, for it changes bitter into sweet; it calls death life, and life death, and it makes pain less painful than enjoyment. Love has a clear eye, but it can see only one thing—it is blind to every interest but that of its Lord; it seeth things in the light of His glory and weigheth actions in the scales of honour it counts royalty but drudgery if it cannot reign for Christ, but it delights in servitude as much as in honour, if it can thereby advance the Master's Kingdom; its end sweetens all its means; its object lightens its toil and removes its weariness. Love with refreshing influence girds up the loins of the pilgrim so that he forgets fatigue; it casts a shadow for the wayfaring man so that he feels not the burning heat, and it puts the bottle to the lips of thirst. Have we not found it so? And under the influence of love are we not prepared by the Spirit's sacred aid to suffer or do all that thought can suggest as being likely to promote His honour. He who desires not the good of the Kingdom is no friend to the King. So he who forgets the interests of Zion can scarce be a favorite with her Prince. We wish prosperity in estate and household to all those in whom we delight; and if we take pleasure in Jesus we shall pray for the peace of Jerusalem and labor for her increase.—Sel.

THE CHURCH'S PROTECTION.

BY E. H. CLAXTON.

I. A living and a spiritual Christianity repels the ungodly from the communion of the church.

(a) There is no affinity between Christ's disciples and the world. "The carnal mind is enmity against God for it is not subject to the law of God neither indeed can be."

The employments, desires and affinities of the natural and spiritual are diametrically opposed. Their delights and cherished ideals are as opposite as the poles. When Bible standards are advanced and holy practices and usages are required, the pace is too swift for those that have the semblance of religion but lack the fruits of saving grace. As the degraded brutalized inebriate has no interest in the promotion of chastity so the mere nominal professor has no inwrought delight in the propagation of personal holiness. When God pours out revival energy on his faithful soldiery and they leave the long range artillery duel on the hills of ordinary effort and come down into the valley of revival operation; at close quarters with the enemy down where the shrapnel is bursting, bullets are whizzing and a thousand guns are booming with a deafening roar; then, will veneer and formality skulk into its cage. "Ungodliness cannot have its habitation within the fire zone of Holy Ghost evangelism. When the Holy Spirit falls on an assembly it locates every professor. With the precision of an X ray it locates every bone, artery and ligament in the spiritual constitution. The winds of Pentecost winnow out the chaff and clean the grain. Let the Church keep alive and sensualism arrogance and popularity will not come knocking at the door. Such a Church will not be congenial to those who delight in the street swill, swagger, lofty airs, and hollow superficiality that characterizes so much of our profession in these days.

(b) The Church is hated by the world in proportion to its purity. When a Christian society bears aloft the torch of flaming religion it rouses the enmity of the carnal mind and focuses the light of truth on the hideous nature of sin. The early Methodist homes were distinguishable in any village by their marks of violence. The apostolic Churches took joyfully the spoiling of their goods. Rest assured if you hit the devil you'll hear him howl. Paul raised a commotion in nearly every town he evangelized. He turned his guns on the enemy's position and always did execution. The more we become like Jesus the wider becomes the chasm between us and the ungodly world.

(c) Living religion repels the world by producing a feeling of fear and reverence. When God comes forth in the more visible displays of His majesty in nature—in providence—in judgement—the wicked tremble. "When the judgments of God are in the earth the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness." Oftimes communities are shaken to their very foundation by stroke after stroke of the punitive and retributive judgments of divine Providence.

Young men on the anticipatory threshold of a career of brilliance and eminence are mowed down by the scythe of death followed in quick succession by similar events in the dispensation of Divine affairs until the most blatant sinners stand awe stricken and horrified. Reverence is extorted from the wicked and the profane stand with uncovered head in the presence of sanctity.

(d) Though these dispensations of divine Providence may extort a constrained reverence from the unregenerate yet it does not grant exemption from persecution. The deadly virus of sin still rankles in the heart of the unbeliever and though righteousness may be extolled yet there remains the animosity to things Divine. This feeling is the breakwater that keeps back the unconverted from joining the Church. When this repelling power is wanting in the Church it is an indication of apostasy and ruin. When Church membership is associated with practical irreligion it shows a conscience lulled to sleep.

II. A living and spiritual Christianity is not easily imitated.

(a) It is by feigning religion that ungodly men enter into the Church. Human nature is wonderfully proficient in

counterfeiting religion—assisted by the devil. An imitation of all the passions and emotions of a holy soul are aimed at with more or less adaptability by the devil. There is an intuition conferred on us by the Holy Spirit which enables us to discriminate between true and false—genuine and the spurious—between "him that serveth God and him that serveth Him not." There is a conference and fellowship of spirit between the children of God. The soul of the Christian sends out scouting expeditions to search for the affinity of spirit that exists among the children of God, and if in vain, then the sophistries of the pretender and the humbug are discovered and disposed.

(b) The Church is guarded against the inroads of hypocrisy by the self-denial which Christianity enjoins. In the physical world self-preservation is the first law of being, but we are met at the threshold of the Kingdom of God by the proclamation, "If any man will come after Me let him deny himself and take up his cross, daily and follow Me." Self-denial is one of the most prominent planks in the platform of Christ's religion and we read it indelibly inscribed from the Alpha to the Omega of His system of ethics. The carnal mind grows languid under such requirements, and seeks quarters more congenial to fleshly license, latitude and indulgence.—Holiness Era.

POINTERS.

That this nation is sadly lacking in patriotism is evidenced from the fact that the liquor traffic is here.

That this nation is sadly lacking in intelligence is evidenced by the fact that it permits the liquor traffic to remain.

That this nation is sadly deficient in Christianity, is established by the fact that the rule of rum is permitted for revenue.

That this nation is woefully lacking in conscience is proven by the fact that the liquor traffic is permitted as a recognized institution by law.

The Prohibition party is the voice of one crying in the political wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight."

If there was any truth in the boasts that we make of the intelligence and Christianity of this nation, and the moral conscience was one tenth what we claim, there would not be a vestige of the liquor traffic left in the United States.—K. C. Leader.

NO SALOONS—GRASS IN THE STREETS.

The claim is often made that the adoption of prohibition by a town will cause the grass to grow on the streets. And this prophecy has been fulfilled at Winters, Cal., after a trial of only nine months. Less than one year ago there were six saloons running in that place and making things lively in such ways as only saloons can. In a fateful hour they were voted out and the threatened result has daily become more apparent. Grass growing in the street? Yes, and a photograph of the scene is published right on the first page of the last California Voice. There it is all so plain, as to prevent denial by any person. Grass growing two feet high right in front of the door of the lock-up, which looks as though it had not been opened for months! The picture tells its own story, but an accompanying account proceeds to tell of the benefit which the absence of the saloon has been to all other business in the place, which never was so prosperous or growing more substantially than now.—National Advocate.

Sometimes God sends severe blasts of trial upon his children to develop their graces. Just as torches burn most brightly when swung violently too and fro; just as the juniper smells sweetest when flung into flames; so the richest qualities of a Christian often come out under the north wind of suffering and adversity. Bruised hearts often emit the fragrance that God loveth to smell. Almost every true believer's experience contains the record of trials which were sent for the purpose of shaking the spice tree. Theodore Cuyler.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR CHILDREN.

ORREL GARRETT.

What man was in a garden
With all things round in beauty graced,
And in the midst of blessings grand
He disobeyed the Lord's command?

What boy was sold, and sent away
And yet did God's command obey;
Though by the prison walls shut in,
Through faith in God, came forth again?

Who was it, found, and richly clad,
With all the wealth which Egypt had,
But turned from honors rich and grand
And led God's host toward Caanan's land?

What good boy kept his father's sheep
And rose from that, God's flock to keep;
Though sinned, repented of his wrong
And worshipped God with joyful song?

What man was human, yet divine,
Who with the publicans did dine,
Who loved the children, and, said He,
"Let little ones come unto me?"

—Sel.

BE HONEST.

A schoolboy, ten years old, one lovely day in May, had been sent to pay a bill at the country store and there were seventy-five cents left; and Uncle John did not ask for it. At noon this boy had stood under the beautiful sky, and a great temptation came. He said to himself, "Shall I give it back or shall I wait till he asks for it? If he never asks that is his lookout. If he does, why I can get it again." He never gave back the money.

Ten years went by; he was a clerk in a bank. A package of bills lay in the drawer, and had not been put in the safe. He saw them, wrapped them up in his coat, and carried them home. He is now in a prison cell; but he set his feet that way when a boy, years before, when he sold his honesty for seventy-five cents. That night he sat disgraced and an open criminal. Uncle John was long ago dead. The old home was desolate, the mother broken-hearted. The prisoner knew what brought him there. Boys, be strictly honest.—Selected.

LITTLE DOROTHY'S TENTH MONEY.

Little Dorothy loved to go over and talk with grandma. Grandma called her visits "bird visits," because she never stayed very long. One day Dorothy went in softly, and there was grandma in the parlor, reading. She tiptoed in and touched her book.

"Ah, you dear little birdie," said grandma; "have you come to stay five minutes?" Dorothy sat down in a little chair which always stood ready for her, and said she had come to tell a "surprise."

"Papa said this morning he was going to give me a 'lowance,' and if I wanted any pennies I mustn't go to him—course I won't have to."

"Why, that is fine," said grandma. "How much is your 'lowance'?"

"Oh, it's five cents a week; and, grandma, don't you feel real sorry for little girls that don't have any?"

Grandma said she did; but she didn't look as sorry as Dorothy thought she ought to.

"I guess I'd better go 'now," she said. That was one of the bird visits.

The next Sabbath was the Mission Band meeting. A pleasant-looking lady came with the leader and talked to the children about giving. She said every tenth penny belonged to God. Some children didn't know how to manage it, but if they would put away their pennies till they had ten, then they could take out one to put into the Mission Band envelope.

Dorothy told mamma when she went home that she knew how not to spend her tenth. "It isn't mine, mamma, it's God's."

Then she went over to tell grandma, who smiled and said, "I was pretty sure you would find that out."

And now Dorothy is very careful to put away every tenth penny, and when she is older and has more than five cents a week, she will be sure to give a tenth to God.—Missionary Dayspring.

Make your home such, by the grace of God, that your children will feel glad they can refer to their home life and have your home a pattern for their own when your voice is silent in the grave.