

"HAVE YE BROUGHT THE BREAD."

One afternoon in July, 1893, a sturdy Scotchman, Mr. R—D—, called in to see us. He remarked, "When I read some of your letters while you were in London, I was a deacon of the church that his wife and children attended. He was inclined to be a free-thinker, but once in a while condescended to give us the pleasure of his presence at the church. While attending to my duties as an officer of the church I stepped in one day to see him. I found him out of work, and he was likely to be for six weeks."

"Well, B—, said I, 'how are you?'"
"Oh, he said, 'I am well enough myself, but your God does not do anything for me.'"

"Oh, my man, my man, you will talk differently from that one of these days."

"No, he said, 'your God does not do a ha-penny worth for me, but I'll tell what I'll do. No signs of any work for weeks, and I might as well keep it going as to sit still in the house. I am going down to Bristol and look up George Muller and his orphans and see if it is really true what they talk about, that God does really give them daily bread and money for all their needs.'"

"Well, B—, said I, 'you had better go; and so he went, walking the whole distance, 186 miles. He reached the orphans at Bristol in the early morning, footsore and dusty, and knocked at the door. A woman opened it and looked at him as though expecting something."

"Have ye brought the bread?"
"What bread?"

"Why, the bread for the children; it was to come, and it is five minutes of the time."

"I don't understand, woman, what do you mean?"

"I mean the bread for the children; it is now about time for breakfast and the bread must come, and I thought that you were the man who was to bring it."

"Well, my good woman, I have no bread. I am not in that way. I am a stranger. I came to see Mr. Muller and his Orphanage."

"Oh, she said, 'walk in; so he was introduced to Mr. Muller. He went in and found many children waiting for their breakfast. Mr. Muller seemed to be calm but expecting something, when the woman who had introduced my friend suddenly came rushing in and said, 'The bread has come!' and sure enough, there was a cart-load of bread, enough and to spare; and at the proper time the children were put down at the tables and enjoyed their meal of bread and milk. B— thought this was rather strange, but said nothing."

"Mr. Muller afterward took him aside and told him that they absolutely knew nothing where that bread was to come from, but had been spending the time just before the meal in prayer for it. Then looking up to the visitor he said, "Do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"Not all," replied B—, "but I have come up to see this Orphanage and find out myself if there is such a thing as God hearing prayer, anyway."

"Oh, my dear friend," said Mr. Muller, "then you have much to learn, and if you will come with me this forenoon you will be likely to get something to confirm within you a belief in Jesus Christ and the power of prayer. I have to meet to-day a note of £5,000 (about \$25,000) at twelve o'clock. I don't know where a penny of it is coming from, but it is certainly coming; so they went to the post-office. Mr. Muller asked for mail but got only one letter, and that was from India. He opened it in his visitor's presence; it contained a draft of exactly £5,000."

"B— had no more to say. He returned to his home filled with different thoughts, and a new life sprang up within him. In relating the story to me he said, with tears in his eyes, 'And do you know, I found that not only did God care for Mr. Muller's orphans, but he had looked out for my family all the days I was gone.'"

"He is now a servant of God, and believes that God does answer prayer and care for His children."—John K. Hastings.

MINISTRY OF INTERCESSION.

I remember a friend telling me that at one time he was in the direst temptation,

and his future life was in the balance. There came upon him a blast from hell, and he was upon the very point of recklessly throwing his virtue and honor away. Away in another part of England there was a relative who lived close to God; some warning bell sounded in his heart that this person was in danger. She pleaded with God for the deliverance of his soul. She knew not why there was such an urgency laid on her to pray for this special person; but she spent long hours on her knees that night and in the morning wrote to her relative who had been in danger to explain the strange feeling of urgency to prayer, saying that it was on his account she was praying, when the temptation was at its strongest there sounded in the conscience of the man some terrific warning note; all the bells of the soul were set ringing; a sense of fearful and impending danger took possession of him, and the temptation lost its power. Here was the turning point of a life. If the warning bells of impending danger had been ignored what would the result have been? If some Christians would themselves free to let God ring bells of intercession in their heart, many a poor soul might gain the benefit. In answer to prayer the man's whole nature was set tingling, and the sense of impending danger was his salvation.—Bright Words.

CIGARETTES CREATE LIARS AND THIEVES.

The cigarette was arraigned as the deadliest enemy of the American youth, before the International Homeopathic Congress, by Dr. Charles Mohr professor of Materia Medica in Hahnemann College, Philadelphia.

"Excessive use of tobacco, especially in the form of cigarettes," he said, "dulls the intellect, impairs nutrition, seriously affects the eyes, causes functional and organic heart disease and in other ways contributes to physical and mental degeneracy."

"Boys who smoke cigarettes much are prodigious liars and thieves, have been found unmanageable at home and at school, and Judges of the Juvenile Courts have declared 'that of the incorrigible and criminal class of boys, not a boy has been found who did not use cigarettes.'"

"During the past decade the habit of cigarette smoking, especially by boys and young men before the age of maturity, has given rise to so many cases of chronic tobacco poisoning as to cause legislatures to enact laws preventing their sale to the youthful. Usually and unfortunately many young adults who use tobacco excessively also indulge in alcohol, and in these subjects the use of both poisons often produces atrophy of the epic nerve or retina and other evils."

"Specialists have found it difficult to determine which factor, tobacco or alcohol, is operative in production of nervous and visual effects, and it therefore behooves physicians to give as careful study to the phenomena of tobacco as they do to alcoholism."

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

Entire sanctification has definite bounds. It is not more justification; for all sins are forgiven together. It is not more regeneration; for the new birth is instantaneous and perfect, and therefore cannot increase. Nor is it merely "a blessing," but rather, call it "the blessing." A million blessings ripple on the ocean of love; but in the earth or heaven only two "blessings" are spiritually saving. Of these, one is conversion; the other, entire sanctification, called also perfect love.

There is a primary sanctification, which is also instantaneous, distinct, and perfectly bounded. It is included in conversion. It is that superb work of grace whereby the heart is fully purged of the hardness and corruption that accumulates in a life of sinning. It brings us quite back to the state of purity of the infant of days; but no farther. It gives us the positive element of holiness, which is the life of God in the soul.

Entire sanctification as a second and distinct work of grace, is a necessity to complete purity of heart. In initial sanctification, the original "body of sin," or inborn depravity, is repressed and put under bonds, but is in nowise removed. In the subsequent sanctification this root, from which all sinning springs, is entirely washed away in atoning blood; and the Holy Ghost is received as the Abiding Comforter. (John 14:16.)

Conviction for entire sanctification comes in various forms. The mind may be sometimes befogged, while the heart substantially understands its burden and its want. The Holy Ghost illumines the conscience and shows the necessity of a definite cleansing.

Then comes a definite parting from all sin, inward as well as outward, by the will; and every power is devoted to God forever. Such separation and devotion are matters of conscious knowledge.

Then comes an act of faith—faith in Christ and his promises—whereby the blood of the atonement is appropriated for entire cleansing. This faith is not a mere general one. It is a precise, clean cut and perfect trust, for the accomplishment of the longed-for work.

We believe, we receive. The blood of Jesus is divinely applied. "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." The Spirit witnesses to the mighty work; for "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself."

This work is instantly and perfectly done. The heart is cleansed and sanctified wholly, and stands complete in God. Hallelujah!—Anon.

A STORY OF SIX DOLLARS.

Eighteen years ago, a home missionary riding to a distant appointment met an earnest young man who had prepared himself for college, but saw no way to go.

The minister encouraged him, and running over the account of his probable earnings and expenses, prophesied a sufficient saving in the intervening weeks to justify a beginning. Just at Christmas time the young man came to the minister to say that the undertaking was hopeless. The mill where he had been working had shut down; there had been no work for expenses; he had barely enough left after buying his clothes to pay his railroad fare.

But the minister undaunted, said, "If you really mean business, go home, pack your trunk, come back and stay with me tomorrow night, and the next day start for college. I can fit you out with second hand text books, I can get you free tuition, and I will lend you six dollars for your first month's board. Saw wood during your spare time the first month, and if you don't earn enough for your second month's board let me know."

The young man accepted the offer. Then the minister's wife asked, "Where are you to get the six dollars?"

"I have one dollar," said the minister, "and I shall find the rest somehow."

In the post-office that day was a letter, and in the letter a five-dollar bill from a remote place where the minister occasionally preached. The woman who sent it said that as she was making up her Christmas gifts she wished to show her gratitude for the occasional religious services which had been so helpful a reminder of days back East. The minister very rarely received such gifts. He went home and said to his wife:

"It is a special providence, my dear. It is exactly the sum we lacked." And both rejoiced when next day they placed the money in the hand of the young man and saw him on the train.

The story of that young man's education would be full of interest. He sawed wood during the school year; he worked as a carpenter during vacation, and found plenty of work in villages springing up along a new railroad.

He graduated with no other help from the friend who sent him to college than the original six dollars.

Some time afterward the minister was fitting himself out in another and distant field. His work necessitated a weekly drive of nineteen miles and back across bleak prairies. He needed a far carriage-robe. The price was six dollars.

"I will consider it over night," said the minister, for he did not have the six dollars. But on his way home he stopped at the post office and found a letter from his friend, the graduate, who had worked late in the fall to clear up all college debts before going on into his future duties. In the letter were the six dollars.

"Another providence, my dear," cried the minister, as he threw the warm fur robe round his wife. And they knelt together and thanked God for it all.

In time the home missionary was called to a larger church where no cold drive was necessary, and the fur robe was stored in the attic. But one day there

came a request for a missionary barrel and a list of articles needed by a minister with two appointments, miles apart, in a cold and thinly settled region. Then the robe came down from the attic and was packed in the barrel with the other warm articles.

"Another providence," said the minister's wife, as they nailed the head into the barrel.

"Our six dollars is still drawing good interest," said the minister.—A True Republic.

INCREASED PAY FOR EVERYONE BUT THE PREACHERS.

From all over the country comes the cry of increased cost of living; along with this cry comes the report of an increase of the wages of some workmen. Cotton mills in New Bedford, Mass., Providence, R. I., and St. John, N. B., report an increase of ten per cent. In the first mill reported above 25,000 operatives will be affected and several hundred in the last mentioned mill. But it costs preachers more to live the same as cotton mill hands and what about their pay? How many churches have voted to increase the salary of the man most needed of any man in the community, the man who is doing the most good for the least pay, the man who could and most of them would, double the amount of good he is doing if he were properly paid?—Wesleyan Methodist.

Upon this commonly preached, and more commonly practiced fallacy of "we must have sin in us till we die," a writer has most truly remarked:

"Just what some people mean by their talk about entire sanctification being complete at death, it is not easy to understand. What real affinity moral disorders has with bodily death it would be difficult to explain. Death has no more power to cure our pride than old age has power to remove our covetousness. Mr. Fletcher has very aptly said: 'If impatience were that bodily disorder which is commonly called the heart-burn; if obstinacy were a crick in the back; pride an imposthume in the heart; raging anger a fit of toothache; vanity the dropsy; disobedience a bodily lameness; uncharitableness the rheumatism and despair a broken bone, there would be some sense in the doctrine of Christian imperfection, and reason would subscribe to the creed; for it is certain that death effectually cures heartburn, a crick in the back, the toothache, etc. But what effect has death upon moral diseases? Sin is not in the flesh but in the spirit. It is not a disorder of the flesh, the bones, the nerves, or the blood; it reaches deeper, and corrupts our moral nature, the affections, the will and the understanding.—Ex.

John Ruskin, in counting up the blessings of his childhood, reckoned three for first good: Peace—he had been taught the meaning of peace in thought, act, and word; had never heard father's or mother's voice once raised in any dispute, nor seen an angry glance in the eye of either, nor had ever seen a moment's trouble or disorder in any household matter. Next to this he estimated obedience—he obeyed a word or lifted finger of father or mother as a ship her helm, without an idea of resistance. And, lastly, faith—nothing was ever promised him that was not given; nothing ever threatened him that was not inflicted, and nothing ever told him that was not true.—Hurlbert.

Try so to live in the light of God's love that it becomes a second nature to you, tolerate nothing adverse to it, be continually striving to please him in all things, take all that he sends patiently resolve firmly never to commit the smallest deliberate fault; and if, unhappily, you are overtaken by any sin, humble yourself, and rise up speedily.

You will not always be thinking of God consciously, but all your thoughts will be ruled by Him, His presence will check useless or evil thoughts, and your heart will be perpetually fixed on Him; ready to do His holy will.—Jean Nicolas Girou.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

THE RULE THAT TOMMY MADE.

"I say there, boy! want to earn a nickel?" Tommy Tolliver the new errand boy at the factory, jumped to his feet, "Want to earn a nickel? Was there ever a boy who wanted it more?" Tommy wondered.

"Just run around the corner to Pat Ryan's saloon and get this pail full of beer. Here's the change. We'll pay you the nickel when you come back." said one of the group of men who were eating their lunch in the corner of the room.

Tommy's face flushed. "I can't do it," he said.

"Why can't you? You ain't much of a kid if you can't carry a pail of beer two blocks."

"That's just the trouble" answered Tommy, with a flash of the eye. "I'm a lot too strong to carry a pail of beer even one block. I've had enough of the stuff. If it had not been for beer, I wouldn't be working here doing what my father ought to be doing—taking care of my mother and the youngsters. I'd be at school, like boys."

"Say Sonny, you better do it this time," counseled a good-natured young man, "or they'll complain to the superintendent about everything you do."

"You'll have to do it; that's all there is to it," said the first speaker. The boss put you here to run our errands. So just you take that pail, and don't you show up here again till it's filled. Hear?" And the pail was thrust into the boy's hand.

Just outside Tommy hesitated for a second, thinking hard. "That man in there isn't the head man," he argued. "Of course if it comes to the boss telling me I've got to do it, I'll have to hunt for a new place, but I'm not going to give up easy."

Strait around the corner went Tommy to the main entrance, and up the broad steps to the elevator. The elevator boy directed him to the room "the whole push—President, vice president, secretary and treasurer, were holding an important meeting." Boldly Tommy knocked at the door, and found himself facing a room full of prosperous looking men—so prosperous, indeed, in dress that Tommy glanced down in sudden shame at his own shabby garments.

"Well, my boy what's the trouble?" asked the gentleman who seemed to be at head of the affair.

"I'm Tommy Tolliver, the new errand boy in the factory," said Tommy bravely. "I just came yesterday, and the men down there say I've got to get this pail full of beer or I'll be fired quick. I came up here to find the real boss. Say, is it so? Have I got to carry their beer for them?"

The man looked seriously down into the boy's anxious face, as he answered with another question. "Suppose you have? What will you do about it, young man?"

Quick as a flash the answer came back in a respectful but spirited tone: "Do! I reckon there ain't but one thing to do, and that's to hunt another job. I can't go into the beer business for anybody." There was a subdued murmur of applause in the room.

"Well, my boy, neither are we in the beer business, and I think it's about time we had some pretty stiff rules posted up in our building concerning that very thing. What do you say?" he asked, turning to the other gentlemen in the room.

"I suggest that we draft such a notice immediately, have it written out on a typewriter, put a copy in the pail, and send it back by this young man. Then the men can't say anything to the boy."

Before the day was over notices were posted all over the building, forbidding the use of beer and liquors of all kinds on the premises. Neither did the president forget the new boy in the factory; but when, a few weeks later, a new office boy was needed in the head office, he sent word to the superintendent of the factory that he would like to have "the boy with the backbone" sent up to take the position. And, although no name was mentioned, the superintendent smiled a knowing smile, and called out loud, so all could hear: "Tommy Tolliver, the president wants to see you in his office!"—Southwestern Presbyterian.

Those who refuse to seek holiness do not relieve themselves of any obligation; they are required to do all that holy people do.—Sel.