

**"The Word of God is Quick."**

An aged Baptist preacher who had held his pastorate with honor for forty years, responding to a formal congratulation in a Ministers' alliance, said: "Brethren, I will not talk long; it has always been my rule not to be lengthy; that is how I held a pulpit for forty years." The little saying that "brevity is the soul of wit" should be tied to all of our watch charms. Say what you have to say, the first thing, and then, the next thing—quit, should be the rule in the testimony meeting, in the pulpit, and in writing for the press. There is a charm about it which draws you to the individual who masters the art. Your soul goes out in secret gratitude to him for not tiring you, and for being so prompt and pointed and happy as to stimulate your attention, so that you did not have to listen or read from sheer will power.

We once read the plan of sermonizing as given by a certain preacher. "I divide my efforts," he said, "into three parts; first, I state what I propose to say; second,—well, I say it; third, I tell the people what I have said." This illustrates premeditated listlessness. One biographer of the magnificent, never-prosaic, Charles H. Spurgeon interspersed so many pages of prolixious, abstract, philosophy till I was guilty of giving up the book before finishing it.

There is no defense for the above sin. It hurts the cause and loses souls. No audience gets tired till a speaker gets through, no matter how long, if he hits the nail on the head every time, and does not spend much time in the decoration of his illustrations and the elaboration of his points; if he keeps on saying things and saying them in plain English, and gallops through with his anecdotes with a despatch which proves that they are not the main thing. The people know if he is not through, and they do not want him to quit till he is through. But if a man whips himself up to these laws of propriety, the beauty is, he is bound to get through upon a pretty good schedule. It is the man who, in his disregard for the law of proportion, sounds like he is never going to get through, or the man who keeps on after he gets through, who causes the people's minds to wander and their limbs to ache.—Pentecostal Herald.

**As God Hath Prospered Us.**

"Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him." So wrote the Apostle Paul to the Church at Corinth, regarding the collecting of funds for the carrying on of God's work, and in the book of Genesis we read that Jacob made this vow unto God—"Of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee."

Some years ago a young man and his wife were struggling along on a limited income. They had many calls from church and charity upon their slender purse, which barely met their personal needs, but the desire was strong to help outside calls. One day, while at prayer, they told God that when a load of debt which was pressing hard was paid, they would consecrate one-tenth of their future income to his service. From that time—which soon followed—they kept their vow, never failing to meet the calls upon them. Each month when the husband's salary was received, and later, when interest and dividends from investments were added, one-tenth was laid aside and devoted to charity and church calls, and like the widow's cruse of oil, the fund never failed. When the calls came, the money was all ready to meet them.

And was the money missed? No, indeed. As years followed each other, the young man found that they brought him increased prosperity, until ample funds met every personal need and a surplus swelled his bank account, while his fund for outside calls grew proportionately larger. The sum devoted to others did not belong to him, and on it he never counted, when calculating his means. This sum belonged to the Lord and to His calls.

"There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." God pays good interest, even beyond compounding. Try it—prove it. "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine

house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."—H. T. Gray.

**Can't Hold Out.**

Jesse Pullen was a reformed and converted drunkard. One of his old drinking companions expressed a fear that he would not be able to hold out. To this Pullen said:

"You know that I run a little steamer in the summer. I don't wait until I get up enough steam to carry me across the Sound before I start. It would blow the boat all to pieces. The boiler wouldn't stand it. But when I get about twenty pounds of steam up, I sing out: 'All right, captain, go ahead.' Down in the hold I have plenty of coal, and as fast as we use up the steam we make more; and so we go across the Sound, though we have never more than twenty or thirty pounds at any one time. Now the Lord Jesus, when He saves us, doesn't start us off with enough grace for a lifetime. Poor human nature couldn't stand it, I suppose. But he wipes out all our past sins with His mercy and gives us just grace enough for one day's duty. But, mind you, He provides plenty of fuel to make more grace, even the Bible and prayer and the Holy Spirit; and so, kept and sheltered in His arms of love, we have grace and help in time of need."—Sunday School Illustrator.

**Heartless Praying.**

Professing Christians will pray for their children's healing, and then poison them. They pray that their sons may be sober, and then tempt them with a decanter of wine on the table; they pray that their daughters may be pure then carry them off to see shameless, salacious plays in the theaters. On Sunday morning they ask for a blessing on God's Word, and when the service is over they come home to a sumptuous dinner and joke about the sermon, the singing, or a neighbor's dress, and by every possible means try to drown out any serious impressions that faithful preaching may have produced. As far as their influence goes, it is right against the very results for which they pretended to pray. Their petitions become solemn mockeries. It will be a terrible thing for them to meet their prayers at the day of judgement. God might say to such, "Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou unfaithful servant."—Theodore Cuyler.

**Ted and the Wood-Pile.**

"I'll be glad when I get that whole pile of wood in. Then I'll be through with it, wont I, mother?"

"No, Ted. You know I shall want you to carry out the ashes, after the wood is burned up," answered mother.

"Then I'll be through with it, mother."

"No, I think not," answered mother, while Ted's eyes grew big with wonder. "You will scatter the ashes on the corn-field, and father will plow them in the spring. Then you will help them plant the corn, you know. The corn will grow, eating the ashes and ground about it, and by and by you will eat the sweet corn."

"Oh, we'll sort of eat the wood ourselves, and that will be the end of the old wood pile."

"Not quite," said mother. "There will be cobs left, and stalks of corn. We may feed them to the pigs, or to the cows, and that will give us meat or milk."

"Well, I never knew before that there was so much in a wood pile," said Ted.—Exchange.

**A Shining Face.**

"His face did shine." Did you look in the glass this morning? Surely you did. What sort of a face did you see there? Did you look long and deeply into the eyes that gazed into your own?

Perhaps you saw an old face in that wonderful room through the looking glass. It may have been crowned with white hair, or perhaps the hair was all gone. Perhaps the face was adorned with brown hair, but a few white streaks were noted gathering about the temples. Again the face you looked into may have

been young. But was it a shining face? Thank God for the shining faces we see in our homes and on our streets. A light of wondrous beauty shines within the heart and the face beams with love and kindness, pity and patience. Some of these faces that have shined upon us have gone from earth, but the luster of their countenances is a glorious memory to those who gazed upon them. The poet sings of the time when God shall lead him on till the night is gone—

"And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost a while!"

What wondrous beauty must have shined in the face of Moses! And the first martyr Stephen, too, had a shining face as he caught a glimpse of the glorified Christ. But, oh, what a revelation had the apostles on the mount, when Jesus their Lord permitted something of His essential glory to burst forth from His earthly body!

My reader, if you will permit the Spirit of God to dwell within your body and mind, you, too, may have a shining face, making glad all who look upon it.

Remember, that your face is an index of your character. Seek a mirror and discover if you have a face that is dark and forbidding or one that is bright and winning.—Lutheran Observer.

**Spurgeon and the Young Dutchman.**

A TRUE STORY.

A young man came all the way from Holland once to ask Mr. Spurgeon the oft-repeated question:

"What shall I do to be saved?"

The great preacher was sitting in his vestry, seeing inquirers, when the young Dutchman came in and spoke in broken English.

"Where did you come from?" asked Mr. Spurgeon.

"I came from Holland sir, by boat."

"And you want to know what you must do to be saved? Well, it is a long way to come to ask that question. You know what the answer is: 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.'"

"But I cannot believe in Jesus Christ."

"Well, now," said Mr. Spurgeon, "look here. I have believed in Him for a good many years, and I do trust him; but if you know something or other against Him, I should like to know it, for I do not like to be deceived."

"No, sir; I do not know anything against Him."

"Why don't you trust Him, then? Could you trust me?"

"Yes; I could trust you with anything."

"But you don't know much about me."

"No, not much; only I know you are a preacher of the Word, and I believe you are honest, and I could trust you."

"Do you mean to say," said Mr. Spurgeon, "that you would trust me, and then tell me that you cannot trust Jesus Christ? You must have found out something bad about Him. Let me know it."

The visitor stood still and thought for a moment, and then said:

"I can see it now. Why, of course I can trust Him; cannot help trusting Him. He is such a blessed One that I must trust Him. Good-bye, sir," he added. "I will go back to Holland; it is all right now."

The young Dutchman was a theological student, Isaac Kuyper, of Leyden's alma mater, who became later one of the most earnest and ardent preachers of God's Word Holland ever had; the father and founder of "de Vrije Universiteit" (Free University) of Amsterdam) succeeded later by his son, the Rev. Abraham Kuyper, D. D., for a number of years the president of Amsterdam's alma mater, and at the present time the Premier and Minister of State of the Dutch Government, who nearly four years ago was lecturing in the United States at many of its universities, including Princeton, Yale, and Harvard.—New York Observer.

Christ went by the cross to the crown, and was nearest to His glory when he was lowest in His humiliation; and so must His followers be.—Richard Baxter.

The Bible Press, at Oxford, produces, every day, 3,000 copies of the Bible, besides a large output of prayer-books.

**A Million Miles Ahead.**

BY D. RAND PIERCE.

(Dedicated to my distinguished friend and collaborator, and patron of Old-time religion,—L. D. Peavey.)

Some people long for riches,  
And some are after fame,  
And some go to the theatre,  
And think religion's tame,  
And some run here, and some run there,  
To get their poor souls fed,  
But the good old-time religion's  
A million miles ahead!

Some love the world's adorning,  
Its golden rings and chains,  
Which often hid their wanting,  
In moral worth and brains,  
And some crave this, and some crave that,  
By fickle fancy led,  
But good old-time religion's  
A million miles ahead!

Some think there's joy in drinking,  
And squander all for rum,  
And some seem happy smoking,  
And smelling like a bun,  
And some chase banquetings and balls,  
Till they are nearly dead,  
But good old-time religion's  
A million miles ahead!

Let others chase the devil,  
And serve him if they will,  
And ruin soul and body  
By feeding on his will,  
But I'll choose Canaan's corn and wine  
And holy joy, instead,  
For good old-time religion's  
A million miles ahead!

Give me a red hot meeting,  
With Pentecost outpoured,  
And waves of blessing washing  
The whole thing overboard,  
And seekers praying till the skies;  
Their floods of glory shed,  
Oh, good old-time religion's still  
A MILLION MILES AHEAD!

—Beulah Christian.

**Hasten The Revival.**

The church is supposed to carry the burden of souls, and really bring heaven down. Are we, God's children, as much in earnest as we ought to be? Many are busy getting their cellars, barns and storehouses filled for winter; many are concerned about their winter clothing, and so on. What about the tithes and offerings? Has the minister been remembered? Are the widows and the orphans forgotten?

We are longing for a revival of old time power, and we want to see our sons and daughters saved. Now is the time to prepare for it. Soul travail will come upon the church when the windows of heaven have been opened by bringing in the tithes. The hands of God's ministers will be united, and they can give their time to the ministry of the Word and prayer. Then there are the little differences, the misunderstandings. Settle these, and don't wait until the minister and workers overcome them by fasting and prayer. God is the same and we will see revivals and a heart work done for men and women when the church as a body can prevail for souls.

Are you ready for the revival you so much want? Get ready, it will come.—Sel.

**Bad Bargains.**

A Sabbath school teacher once remarked that he who buys truth makes a good bargain, and inquired if any scholar recollected an instance in Scripture of any one making a bad bargain.

"I do," replied a boy. "Eau made a bad bargain when he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage."

A second said, "Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver."

A third replied, "Ananias and Sapphira made a bad bargain when they sold their land and then told Peter a falsehood about it."

A fourth observed, "Our Lord tells us that he makes a bad bargain who, to gain the whole world, loses his own soul."—Children's Friend.

During the year that ended last March the American Bible Society circulated in Korea 151,230 Bibles—23,961 more than in the previous year.

**YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN**

**"Straightening Out the Furrows."**

"Boys," he said, "I've been trying every day of my life for the last two years to straighten out furrows, and I can't do it."

One boy turned his head in surprise toward the captain's neatly kept place.

"O, I don't mean that kind, lad. I don't mean land furrows," continued the captain, so sober that the attention of the boys became breathless as he went on:

"When I was a lad at the age of you boys, I was what they call a 'hard case,' not exactly bad or vicious, but wayward and wild. Well, my dear old mother used to coax, pray and punish—my father was dead making it all the harder for her—but she never got impatient. How in the world she bore all my stubborn, vexing ways so patiently will always be to me one of the mysteries of life. I knew it was troubling her, knew it was changing her pretty face, making it look anxious and old. After a while, tired of all restraint, I ran away, went off to sea—and a rough time I had of it at first. Still I liked the water, and I liked journeying around from place to place. Then I settled down to business in a foreign land, and soon became prosperous, and now began sending her something besides empty letters. And such beautiful letters as she wrote me during those years of absence. At length I noticed how longing they grew—longing for the son who used to try her so—and it awoke a corresponding longing in my own heart to go back to the dear, waiting soul. So when I could stand it no longer, I came back, and such a welcome, and such a surprise! My mother is not a very old lady, boys, but the first thing I noticed was the whiteness of her hair and the deep furrows on her brow and I knew that I had helped to blanch that hair to its snowy whiteness, and had drawn those lines in that smooth forehead. And those are the furrows I've been trying to straighten out."

"But last night, while mother was sleeping in her chair, I was thinking it all over, and looked to see what progress I had made.

"Her face was very peaceful and the expression contented as possible, but the furrows were still there! I hadn't succeeded in straightening them out—and—I—never—shall—never!

"When they lay my mother—my fair old sweetheart—in her casket, there will be furrows in her brow; and I think it a wholesome lesson to teach you, that the neglect you offer your parent's counsel now, and the trouble you cause them, will abide, my lads, it will abide!"

"But," broke in Freddie Hollis, with great troubled eyes, "I should think if you're so kind and good now, it needn't matter so much!"

"Ah, Freddie, my boy," said the quavering voice of the strong man, "you cannot undo the past. You may do much to atone for it, do much to make the rough path smooth, but you can't straighten out the old furrows, my laddies, remember that."

"Guess I'll go and chop some wood mother spoke of, I'd most forgotten," said lively Jimmie Hollis, in a strangely quiet tone for him.

"Yes! and I've got some errands to do!" suddenly remembered Billy Bowles.

"Touched and taken!" said the kindly captain to himself, as the boys tramped off, keeping step in a thoughtful soldier-like way.

And Mrs. Bowles declared a fortnight afterward that Billy was "really getting to be a comfort!"

Then Mrs. Hollis, meeting the captain about that time, remarked that Jimmy always meant to be a good boy but he was actually being one.

"Guess your stories they like so much have morals in them now and then," added the gratified mother with a smile.

As Mrs. Hollis passed, Captain Sam, with folded arms and head bent down, said softly to himself:

"Well, I shall be thankful enough if a word of mine will help the dear boys to keep the furrows away from their mother's brow, for once there, it is a difficult task straightening out furrows."—Sel.

"The devil is always present when pride and flattery meet."