

Stephen's Blessing  
REV SETH C REESE.

Stephen had a blessing that put conviction on people: he had a blessing that put the hook in men's jaws, and made those old Sanhedrin members gnash their teeth and rage, meanwhile the same blessing kept him perfectly sweet. It is one thing to stir the devil, and it is another thing to have a blessing that will keep you sweet after he is stirred. Some people stir the devil but he also stirs them.

This wisdom mes not so much by way of Harvard and Yale, as it comes by waiting on God, not so much by study, as by devotion. It comes to people who are little and unknown. You don't get it by a great deal of research, but it is something that may be revealed to a child. I have seen a child ten years old who had that which would outdo a whole regiment of bishops. I know men who have been taken from the slums and from the saloons, and have been sanctified and maybe preachers whom I would rather have lead my work during my absence than a doctor of divinity or a doctor of laws, if he had not had his pentecost.

I like Stephen. I expect to tell him so when I see him. He did not live long but he made a mark while he did live. I would rather preach myself to death in three months and go to heaven as Stephen did, than to hang around for nine hundred and ninety nine years in active and ineffective—I would indeed. I have told God that if I cannot be some thing more than an ordinary Christian, I do not want to be anything. I believe that God wants us to be something more than ordinary Christians; to be filled with the Divine; to be irresistible; to be irrepressible; to be so that the devil himself can do nothing with us; to be so we can fight our way through a whole regiment of imps and get the victory any way.

Notice another thing the blessing did for Stephen. It put a shine on his face. Look at him before the council! His face looked like that of an angel. God did it. God knows how to shine his folks for state occasions. I believe God put a shine on Stephen's face for this occasion. You have known people who at first seemed homely and unlovely, but when you got acquainted with their lives, and saw how they followed the example of Jesus Christ in their walk they got to look really beautiful. It was not only heaven shining down on Stephen, but it was truth shining out of his soul.

The climax of Stephen's experience is the blessing of perfect love. The last thing we know about Stephen before he went up was that he was praying for his enemies. In the midst of a shower of stones, with a shining face, with a loving heart, he cried to God for his enemies. It was love that made him forget himself, that made him forget the bruise where that stone had struck him on the shoulder and where that one hit him on the side of the head; it was love that made him forget his own injuries and pray for the people who were casting the stones at him. And if you are so fortunate as to get Stephen's blessing it will make you like him in that particular, so that when people are saying all manner of things against you, you can look up to heaven and say, "God bless them."

This world is crying out for more young men who have Stephen's blessing. You step on a geranium in your garden, and you never think of begging its pardon, and yet in return it showers you all over with its sweet perfume. O for something that will make us return good for evil, so that when people step on us we will just shower them all over with a bath of heaven's fragrance! Stephen had this blessing, and we ought to have it and when we get the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and of fire we will have it; and instead of feeling sensitive and peevish, and as though every one was against us, we will just shower every one with blessings. It is no wonder that Jesus Christ rose to his feet to receive Stephen into heaven.

God did not make man to mock him. He has not put the desire in your heart for Stephen's blessing, and at the same time refuse to give it to you. God will do for you exactly what he has done for others, and if you will meet the requirements and conditions, He will do it now.—Selected.

"One of the startling things about spiritual nakedness is, the naked ones do not know that others see that they are naked."—Selected.

The Beam and The Mote

Nearly every attempt to deal with the faults of our brother is met with the rejoinder, "Well, you better cast out the beam from your own eye first." This may perhaps be in order in many cases, but yet the Lord tells us that there is a place where we may "see clearly" to remove the mote from our brother's eye; but this is when the beam of self-love and self exaltation has been removed from our own eye. When this is done there will be no bungling, painful work in the operation. There is a safe place and a right way—which is always effective—in dealing with the faults of others; that is when love performs the operation. This will give gentleness in dealing with the patients, and sympathy for them as they undergo the operation. We can only "see clearly" when we ourselves have passed under the divine Oculist's knife and have everything that distorts or magnifies our brother's ailment taken away. It takes a specialist many years before he becomes an expert operator, and many of us need to go into special training under divine teaching before we undertake to delicate a case as removing beams and motes. We must pass under the operation ourselves before we can "see clearly." Nazarene Messenger.

"Such as I Have, I Give Thee"

Here is a lame Jewish beggar, lying at the beautiful gate of the temple; and here is a Galilean fisherman, quite as poor as the beggar, walking into the temple court. The beggar asks alms, and the fisherman, stops a moment. He cannot refuse to give; but what has he? No silver or gold, nor anything that the man was begging for. But he bethinks himself. He is not after all, so poor. He has something that the beggar knows nothing of—a divine power, but lately lodged in him by the coming of the Holy Ghost. This divine power, and divine fulness, he may use, and now for the first time the fisherman puts forth his God-given strength—his divine fulness. He says, "Look on us." The beggar looks, expecting gold. The fisherman takes him by the hand, and speaks the word—power flows out, healing flows in and the man is cured. Ah, here is the display of a wondrous possession, in comparison with which gold and silver are nothing. Here is a man with whom God has put himself in connection; here is a man who has a whole magazine of heavenly blessings at his disposal, whose resources are beyond the human measure, though wholly unlike all man values or cares for. The man I speak of is simply a believing man; not a man of learning, or genius, or position, or culture but simply a believing man. Such was the fisherman of Capernaum. It is the believing man that wields the sceptre, who has access to the stores of the kingdom. Not many rich, not many wise, not many noble are called.—Horatius Bonar.

TRUSTING GOD.

The Christian Herald narrates this incident concerning Mrs Bella Cooke, "the saint of Second avenue." In the year 1851, when her supply of coal exhausted, and she had no money, a neighbor pressed her information of her circumstances, and forced her to confess that she was very destitute. "But," she added, bravely, "I told her that there was a little coal on the fire, and before that was burned I knew that I should either have more coal or the money to buy it." As the neighbor stood at the door to go there was a knock. A man stood outside, saying "Does Mrs. Bella Cooke live here? If she does and if she is a widow, then I have a ton of coal for her."—Sunday School Journal.

Some men are depressing. Their spirit, manner and tone have a tendency to depress. Others give us inspiration, awaken new resolves within, and set us going afresh. An English preacher gives his experience which is to the point: "Many a time on a Thursday, as often as I could, I used to go to hear Joseph Parker at the City Temple, and he always made my mouth water to preach. When I went in tired, discouraged, dull, stale; feeling empty, I always went away saying, 'Here goes; we will have another shot at it!'"

Blessed is the man who can inspire and set the pace for better and larger service World's Crisis.

The Chains That Bind.

By M T C.

What are the precious chains, O Lord,  
So strong and yet so sweet,  
That hold me in thy presence awed,  
A captive in thy feet?

"Faith," the diamond fetter bright,  
My soul enraptured binds;  
When doubts assail me, dark as night,  
Its radiance brighter shines.

Hopo's turquoise links I scarcely feel,  
So gentle its embrace,  
Until, perplexed and tired, I kneel,  
My burdens to replace.

The ruby chain of charity  
So sweetly binds my heart,  
Its glowing ardor quenches there  
Each selfish, chilling dart.

Three precious chains with but one clasp,  
The golden clasp of prayer,  
Which fastens in its fervent grasp  
The jewels bright and rare.

What sweeter ties couldst Thou employ,  
Dear Jesus, meek and mild,  
Than these fair gems without alloy  
That bind thy wayward child?

Earth's glittering trinkets vainly strive  
Their lustre to outshine;  
Earth's strongest bonds in vain contrive  
To burst their clasp divine.

—Selected.

A Boy Who Knew How

An American boy nineteen years of age, once found himself in London, where he was under the necessity of earning his bread. He was not like many young men in these days, who are, "willing to do anything" because they know how to do nothing; but he had learned how to do something and knew just where to go to find something to do, so he went straight to a printing office and inquired if help were needed.

"Where are you from?" inquired the foreman.

"America," was the answer.

"Ah," said the foreman, "from America, seeking employment as printer. Well do you really understand the art of printing? Can you set type?"

The young man stepped to one of the cases and in a brief space set up this passage from the first chapter of John: "Nathaniel said unto him, can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Phillip saith unto him, Come and see."

It was done so quickly and so accurately, and administered a delicate reproof so appropriate and powerful, that it at once gave him influence and standing with all the office. He worked diligently at his trade, refused to drink beer or any kind of strong drink, saved his money, returned to America, became a printer, publisher, author, postmaster-general member of Congress, signer of the Declaration of Independence, ambassador to royal courts, and finally died in Philadelphia at the age of eighty-four. There are more than one hundred and fifty counties, towns, and villages in America named after this same printer boy, Benjamin Franklin.

It is quite out of the question for a holiness preacher to be a beau and flirt among the young girls, to be walking home with them after meeting, writing to them, and carrying on promiscuous courtship.

The people require, and ought to require, very discreet and modest behavior in an evangelist—in all ministers. The evangelist who makes a bad reputation in several communities because of his improper conduct towards the sisterhood unfits himself for the great work to which he has been called and ought to return to his fishing tackle until he has religion and discretion enough to conduct himself as a man in his position should. Any man feeling the call of God to preach and the burden of responsibility for souls resting upon him should have neither time nor disposition to trifle with young women and girls. For a holiness preacher to flirt with the giddy girls of a community while conducting revival meetings or at any other time, is entirely out of the question.

Let the older brethren admonish in love. Let the younger hear in meekness and heed with watering and prayer.—Pentecostal Herald.

"The man who is too good to clean earth's alleys is a long way from being fit for the golden streets."

Extremists

Extremist? Why, of course be an extremist! It is just the thing to be, and the thing which is so much lacking to day. An extremist is one that goes beyond others on specific lines, and there is plenty of room for extremists on many lines, so just start in right away. But if you are going to be an extremist, be sure you push out on right lines. For instance, you can start in by being an extremist on gentleness—plenty of room there. Then you can be an extremist in holy love; you can have it shed abroad in your heart by the Holy Ghost and actually become a walking example of the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians. You can also be an extremist in self-denial and as a result become a blessing to hundreds, whom you can help as a result of it. There is a wide field open, with very little competition, for you to become an extremist in patience, in temperance, in abounding joy, and other graces; so that you can have the fruit of the spirit sprouting from you and hanging in rich clusters all over you, and be a regular vineyard of the Lord, from which others will pluck luscious bunches of heavenly fruit. Be an extremist? Why of course! Don't lose any time.—start now. Nazarene Messenger.

"To Your Tents, O Israel."

REV. C. W. RUTH.

As the glad camp meeting season approaches we trust all the holy people will begin to plan to attend at least one good camp meeting.

As military organizations see the need for "encampments," where they can train, practice and drill as a preparation for the largest efficiency in military circles, so the soldiers of the cross need to spend ten days together where they may devote themselves entirely to the interests of the Kingdom. They need to attend a camp meeting "in doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

In the holiness camp meeting one becomes more thoroughly indoctrinated, is safeguarded against error, gains the inspiration that comes from numbers, and is encouraged and built up in the most holy faith. It is a splendid opportunity to learn the tactics of spiritual warfare, to profit by the experience of others, to wait on God in prayer and the study of His word, and assist in winning souls for Jesus. It usually means an increase of faith, a deepening of spiritual life, a gathering of spiritual supplies, a brightening and tightening up of the armor, and thus in every particular preparing one's self for larger usefulness in the home, in the church and in the community where one may be providentially located.

Some will think they cannot afford to attend a camp meeting, but the facts are, you cannot afford not to attend. As we value spiritual gain, more than temporal gain, the loss in spiritual things in not attending a camp meeting is greater than any possible gain could be in temporal things while absent from the camp meeting. Hence the question is not, can I afford to attend the camp meeting; but, can I afford not to attend? In other matters people say, "Where there is a will there is a way." May that not be true in this case?

Brother, sister, as you hear the call "to arms," had you not better decide to march with your regiment, plan accordingly and be in the forefront of battle as a good soldier, in the very first engagement? Amen! Selah!—Church Witness.

Pentecostal Sanctification.

of the Holy Ghost, and rose with a wondrous sense of God in his soul as never hitherto. Then after a subsequent life in which he was a burning and a shining light, on a given Sabbath evening, having preached with immense power, he took sick; Monday, grew worse; Tuesday and Wednesday, sank rapidly. About 4 p m, with his family and some brethren of the ministry about him, when to all appearance he had fallen into permanent unconsciousness, suddenly he opened his eyes as if aroused by the rustling of the wings of the angelic escort which had come to bear him home, and turning his gaze first toward his loved ones, he waived his right hand, saying, "Adieu!" and then looking up, as if beholding the heavenly postilion, he waved his left hand and said, "Drive on!" and he was at the throne. How blessed it will be to have holiness when the last messenger comes! Then we shall joyously hitch death to our triumphal car and shout, "Drive on!" and soon be at home forever.

"THE CHURCH OF MINIMUMS",

The Church of today is addicted to a habit which the Chicago Interior labels "the habit of the minimum."

One of these is the minimum habit of belief, of which we read:

"The fashion of the day is to believe little. 'The least possible belief may tide one along. But it is the great possible belief' seized on and clung to while more faith is striven for, which gives life the swing of triumph. The Church needs that."

Another is the minimum habit of experience: "The Church takes the propositions of its own religion gingerly. It wants some Christian experience, but not too much."

"Christ offers to his disciples a divine companionship—a companionship that defeats temptation, puts up sin by the root, conquers evil traits in character, floods life with joy, kindles a light to make those who behold, glory the Father. But the Church with painful caution seeks only so much of that companionship as well not overdo the effect. It doesn't want the result too conspicuous. It consents to be good, but dreads being holy."

"Of course, something is the matter with a church trying to discover what is the least it can take the of Christ without refusing him altogether. Only to accept the fulness of him and all consequences, will bring to the Church an equipment of spiritual power."—Literary Digest.

SUCCESS WITH A FLAW.

A tiny flaw sometimes cuts the value of an otherwise thousand dollar diamond down to fifty dollars or less. The defect is not noticeable to the average person. It is only the fatal magnifying glass that will detect it, and yet its presence is a perpetual menace to the commercial value of the stone.

A great many human diamonds which, a while ago, were thought to be brilliant of the first water and which dazzled the financial world, when the microscope of official scrutiny was turned upon them, were found to contain great ugly flaws.

What a humiliation for those whose names have been household words to be asked to withdraw from trusteeships or directorships in institutions which perhaps worked to secure them on account of their great influence and high reputations.

What is there left worth living for when a man has lost the finest, the most sacred thing in him, and when he has forfeited the confidence and respect of his fellow men? Is there any quality which inheres in dollars and cents which can compensate for such a loss?—Success Magazine.

The doctrines of the resurrection is full of joy to the bereaved, it clothes the grave with flowers, and wreathes the tomb with radiating laurel. The spulchre shines with a light lighter than the sun and death grows fair, as we say, in full assurance, "I know my brother shall rise again." Rent from the ignoble shell, the pearl is gone to deck the crown of the "Prince of Peace." Buried beneath the sod, the seed is preparing to bloom in the King's garden.—Spurgeon,

Handwritten notes on the left margin: 48, 24, 680, 90, 1080, 11.20, 1080, 90, 9.90, 10.49, 1080, 11.30, 4.64