

Get Back to Christianity.

The Church board met in extraordinary session to consider matters of grave importance. The attendance at Sunday morning service had dropped far below the danger line. The Thursday evening prayer meeting had been marked off the calendar, and the special meetings was imperative.

"We've got to do something to arouse interest in our Church work," said the chairman.

"That's true," observed one member. "We've tried putting free baths into the basement, but they didn't draw; and the cooking school was a frost."

"And we put in a gymnasium which proved a failure," observed another.

"Our restaurant didn't take in enough to pay for our horse-radish," said another.

And our 'temperance saloon' fizzled out inside of a month," sadly remarked another.

"Our Church socials are failures," piped a small man from a dark corner.

"Our choir members are all joining opera companies," said the one who led the singing at prayer-meetings.

"Our illustrated sermons on Shakespeare and Milton, and our kinetoscopic lectures on Mars and Venus, didn't bring out the people," sorrowfully remarked another.

"Yes, all these things have failed us," said the chairman. "I wonder what we can do to interest the people? Has any body any suggestion to offer?"

"Mr. Chairman," said the old-fashioned Christian who had never spoken a word during the discussion, "perhaps I have a suggestion which may prove of value."

"I am sure that we would be pleased to hear from our good brother," said the chairman. "What would you suggest?"

"I've been thinking that if we tried preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ and practicing it a little bit it might interest people," said the old-fashioned member.

During the silence which followed the wind moaned, the electric lights winked, and the organ's bellows caught a long breath.—Woman's World.

From a Pastor's Note Book.

By REV. J. J. MACKAY, M. A.

Fourteen years ago, at the close of a Sabbath service in Glasgow, I said to the officer, "Tell Mr. W—— R—— that I wish to see him in the vestry."

He was nearing the close of his medical curriculum, a gentleman in bearing, well connected, and of a bashful, retiring disposition. He soon entered, with a look of inquiry on his face.

"I sent for you," I said to him, "because you are anxious about your soul."

He started, looked uneasy, but managed to blurt out, "What makes you think that?"

"Oh! I knew it by your face in church during the sermon to-day."

Reluctantly he admitted the fact, and, after considerable hesitation, he sat down and listened as the way of salvation was made clear.

All seemed to go smoothly till it came to the point of definitely taking the Lord Jesus as his own Saviour, and yielding himself to Him. Then he decidedly drew back, and rose to his feet saying, "No, I am not prepared to do that yet; not yet; no, not yet."

"And why not 'now'?"

"My final exams are at hand, and I wish them over first."

"Anything else?"

"Yes, I have some college chums, and I couldn't face their sneers, and I am not prepared to cut them."

He then moved towards the vestry door, his hand was on the knob, and he was turning it as he continued to reply to all my pleading. "Not yet, not yet."

I cannot explain it, I never did the like before or since, but, just as he opened the door, I hurled at him, with all the emphasis possible, the one word "COWARD!"

He let go the door, wheeled round as if stung to the quick, faced me with blazing eyes, and looked as if he felt inclined to strike me. In tones vibrating with passion he cried out, "What do you mean sir?"

"I mean just what I have said, and I repeat it in cold blood, YOU'RE A COWARD AND YOU KNOW IT."

"How do you make that out?"

"You confessed a few minutes ago that

you are on the wrong side, you know the right side, you were brought clearly face to face with the only right course to pursue, and God and your conscience urged you to take it. But, because some fellow-students may sneer at you, you have not the manliness to do what you know to be right. Yes, you act as a coward."

It would not have been surprising if he had walked off in anger, but he did not his conscience was our ally, and God's spirit strove with him; he sat down again our talk was resumed, and in due time we were on our knees; and before we rose he professed to take the Lord Jesus as his Saviour.

The necessity of confessing Christ was urged upon him, but he emphatically said, "I am going, meantime at least, to live a secret Christian life."

"You cannot do it."

"I think I can, and I shall try."

"I know you cannot do it, and be true to Christ; in any case you will tell your mother."

"I don't think I shall."

However, he did tell her; for, a few days later, she told me how glad she was when he informed her of the change.

He did not tell his chums, he did not join them as before in evil deeds or filthy talk, but he kept silence. He would not make a bold, open stand for Christ.

A little later he was laid low with typhoid fever. When he had passed the crisis, I asked him one day, "Is there any special lesson the Lord has been teaching you through this illness?"

"Yes, there is."

"What is it?"

"Just what you have so often told me, that a secret Christian life won't do, and that must openly confess Christ."

Shortly afterwards he was publicly admitted to Church membership, and my note book gives the following as the basis of words to him then:—"A Christian doctor may closely follow in the steps of Christ. Let your life and work be consecrated to Him. Take as a motto, For them that honor Me, I will honour." Many a time has he told me that the text proved an inspiration.

Living miles away from the church, he felt it necessary, after a time, to join some church nearer, especially for his mother's sake. But after some time he said to me, "I am coming back again, in spite of the great distance. The churches I have been attending are dead."

"No, no, that is not a fact."

"Well, they are asleep then, and they are doing little to win souls; and my spiritual life is suffering for the want of something to do."

"The fault may be yours more than theirs, but I am glad to have you back. What Christian work will you undertake?"

"Well, there are many poor people who attend this church and who can't afford a doctor when they are ill. I shall gladly do my best for such, free of all charge, and at the same time speak a word for my Saviour and Master."

The medical mission is still carried on, though two or three years ago my friend found he was unable to continue in charge. Many a fervent blessing have I heard called down on his head by the grateful poor, with whom he was a great favourite. Much of intense interest could be told; but he is such a modest man that if he sees this I may get a bad half hour for telling so much. I shall risk it.—"The Monthly Messenger" of the Presbyterian Church of England.

Keep true to your best faith and dot the days with deeds which love and kindness prompt. Be just in your dealings, and keep from stain of sin in thought and word, and you shall wear the crown of an approving conscience and know the secret of the happy life.—I. Mench Chambers.

It is not near so difficult to explain the word to people who are sanctified wholly, as it is to those who are trying to persuade themselves that they have the blessing by comparing their experience to others.

When a man is full of the Holy Ghost, he is the very last man to be grumbling at other people.—D. L. Moody.

There is no thought that more transforms a man's life than the thought that he can tie his life up to the doing of the will of God.—Spier.

Keeping the Sabbath Free,

Keep your Sabbaths free for earnest reading. Burn up the Sabbath newspaper. It is an indefensible, intolerable curse. It exists simply and solely to swell the income of wealthy and greedy newspaper proprietors. A Christian ought to be ashamed to have it in his house.

Is not a man sufficiently secularized by six days' contract with the world, without dipping his mind on Sabbath morning once more into the muddy stream in which he has dipped himself on the preceding six days?

What can be expected of a Christian in public worship who comes to church with a newspaper stuffed into his mind? He is cold as a clod to the touch of the preachers, and lowers the spiritual temperature of the entire congregation.

William E. Gladstone was an ideal worshiper in God's house. He concentrated all his great powers upon the sermon. He was interested because he was informed. He was informed because throughout life he had made diligent use of his Sabbaths.

He declared in his old age that he would not have lived so long had he not always kept his Sabbaths quite apart from his political life. It was pure refreshment to him to turn to holier things on that day.

It enabled him to learn more of religious subjects than perhaps any other layman of our century. It gave him that firm and splendid ground which ennobled and hallowed all his actions. "Go thou and do likewise."—Charles E. Jefferson, D. D.—In Presbyterian Record.

The Missionary.

BY JOHN E. MOTT.

The missionary is the great mediator between the East and the West. It has been my opportunity in my travels to become acquainted with several thousand missionaries of Europe and America now scattered through the non-Christian world. The more I see of them and their work, the more highly do I estimate the value of their mediating influence. I cannot but think of them as Christian ambassadors devoting all of their hours to errands which are tantamount in their significance to effective efforts to bind together the East and West with Christian bonds.

Without doubt they constitute the greatest force for the promotion of friendship, good will and brotherhood between races. Moreover, through their influence more than through any other cause, the East and West are coming to see that they are necessary to each other. They are demonstrating that the essential unity of the human race is discovered and realized only in and through Jesus Christ.

Christianity will thus change the mingling of the nations from being a peril into being a source of added strength and of vast possibilities for good. Even Christianity itself will come forth from this process the richer and the more attractive. We are just beginning to learn that we have a Christ so large that He requires all the nations and all the races through which to reveal adequately His excellencies, communicate His power and make possible the carrying out of His programme.

The Shoemaker's Dream.

George Renton was a poor shoemaker; and often said: "If I were rich I would show people how to give." In a dream he saw a pyramid of dollars—all bright and beautiful, and all his own. Just then a voice said to him: "Now is your time; you are rich at last; you now have an opportunity to exercise your generosity."

So he arose from his seat and went to the pile to take some money for a charitable purpose, but the pyramid was so perfect that he could not bear to break it. He walked all around it, but found no place where he could take a dollar without spoiling the heap, so he decided that the pyramid should not be broken. Then he awoke to know himself, and to see that being rich would not make him benevolent, and that while comparatively poor, he would be more generous than though he was wealthy.—Selected.

A Theological Seminary at Pyeng Yang, Corea, has 98 students in attendance. A missionary writes that the knowledge of the Bible which these students manifest "would put to shame the average seminary or college student in the United States."

Looking Pleasant.

Why is it that most people, as they walk along the streets or ride in the cars, have such an unpleasant expression? If one will observe even casually the people he meets in a day he will be impressed with the pained and sullen and disagreeable countenances. We live in a rush, and the average person is bent on some errand or business and is absorbed in that; we are all rushing to get something or somewhere. With this absorbing our attention we haven't time to attend to our facial expression. We are not sure however, that this is a matter of permissible indifference. If one does not believe that his countenance adds to or detracts anything from the lives or expressions of others let him pause for a moment before that now celebrated "Billiken." It is impossible to look at the little imp and not smile. The Japanese teach their maids in the hotels, and those also in the higher walks of life, the art of smiling. They are compelled to practice before a mirror. One cannot stay long in Japan without being inoculated with the disposition to "look pleasant." The "look pleasant, please" of the photographer goes deeper than the photograph plate.

No one wants to associate long with an animated vinegar cruet. A disposition is easily guessed from the angle of the corners of the mouth; a disposition is moulded by compelling those angles to turn up or down. If a merry heart maketh a glad countenance it is also true that a glad countenance maketh a merry heart—in the one who has it, and in the one who beholds it. "Iron sharpeneth iron. So a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend."—Baptist Commonwealth.

Holiness is not at Fault.

Whenever it is half way possible holiness is blamed for the wrong-doing of its advocates. One man did wrong, probably told lies and was dishonest, certainly he was "tricky" in his business, yet he preached holiness, and the opposers seemed never to tire of remarking, "And he was one of your holiness men." Did these people never remember that this man professed to be converted? Did it ever occur to them to remark, "And he was one of your converted men." In this and all other cases of wrong doing neither converting grace nor any other kind of grace was responsible. The man was destitute of grace and destitute of common goodness, but holiness was not responsible for his utter destitution. Of course the opposers of holiness know all this as well as anyone but they seem to want an excuse for saying something hard against the doctrine they oppose. They succeed only in proving themselves to be wrong.—Wesleyan Methodist.

A minister lay on sick a bed. His work was done. To a brother in the ministry, by his side, he said, with an earnestness which long impressed his mind, "Preach! Preach! You will be shut up soon enough!" He had learned, as he was hastening to the close of life, what an unspeakable privilege it was to preach the gospel of God. Some have not yet learned it, but when the opportunity is past, the voice is hushed and the privilege of preaching is gone, perhaps some one will more clearly understand the value of the precious privilege of preaching among the Gentiles, the unsearchable riches of Christ.—Ex.

The English Church Missionary Society, promoters of the Exhibition in London entitled "Africa and the East," says that it resulted in a deepened permanent interest, the offering of many persons for service in the foreign field, and about \$10,000 in money.

There are now 186 schools of all grades in the Protestant mission in Japan, 7 Christian publishing houses orphanages, homes, hospitals and industrial establishments. There are nearly 800 foreign missionaries, and 1300 Japanese pastors, evangelists and Bible women, and 80,000 native Christians.

Jesus Saviour pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea,
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal,
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus Saviour pilot me. R P P

Christian Science Vs Common Sense

He was a Christian Scientist with a mild, benignant air, And for unwary victims he set a cunning snare.

From out the "rural district" an old backwoodsman came. His steps were slow and feeble, for he was old and lame.

He heard of Christian Science, and, as he thought it o'er He said, "I guess I'll get some, my joints is stiff and sore."

So, to the portly healer, who sat in self-content With plump hands idly folded, the good old farmer went,—

Said he, "This way of healin' is square, I swan it is. 'N I want a dose of science to cure my rheumatiz."

The great man eyed his caller, and sat in thought awhile, Then leaned back in his arm-chair; and said with placid smile,—

"My friend, there is no suffering"—to think so is no sin, Remember you are God's child, and let his presence in.

Since God is All, forever, what is there then to heal? God surely cannot suffer, and matter cannot feel.

With truth and goodness present, how then can sickness stay? For good is never evil, as night is never day.

So, when you think you're suffering (which really you are not), The cure is very simple—just change your sinful thought,

And if you should be tempted to have a pain some day, Let good overcome the evil, and drive such thoughts away,

Now this belief of lameness, good thoughts will soon dispel. And when friends ask, 'How are you? just answer, 'I am well.'

And mind shall conquer matter, and thought shall reign supreme, These bodies are but shadows, this world is but a dream.

Then live in perfect harmony and discord quickly flees; Consider yourself painless—five dollars, if you please."

The farmer stared in silence and slowly scratched his head; "So this is Christian Science! Wall, I'll be blest!" he said.

My back is jes' as cricky, my legs is jes' as lame. Your lingo may be Science, it kinder sounds that way,

But where the Christian part is, I'm sure it's hard to say. It sorta riles my temper and makes my spirit rise

To hear you mixin' sermons with scientific lies. It's lucky I ain't chipper, or you might have to hop;

I'd turn things topsy-turvy in this old science shop. A sin to suffer, is it? (Of all the cranky stuff)

Wall, then, you'd be a sinner if I was strong enough! I'd give ye a temptation to ache in many a spot,

'N' then I'd sit and tell you to change your sinful thought. You say that good ain't evil—wall, I don't say it is,

'N' I don't say the Almighty has got my rheumatiz. It is in my old body,—and gives me many a jar!

'N' tain't no make b'lieve nuther, for when it's thar, it's thar! I never had much larnin', but still I got t' brain.

'N' I cal'late I know enough to ache when I'm in pain. I may not be an angel, perhaps I'm still in sin,

But I get an honest livin', and don't take poor folks in. 'N' I don't tell a feller his pain is in his m'nd,

'N' gobble onto money for saying something kind. Now if my plaguey lameness should disappear some day,

Ef it was God as done it why should you want the pay? 'N I should say five dollars was a little to dear for sand,

So I'm obliged to tell ye, your little bill must stand. 'N' if your thought's so mighty, jst think you've got your pay,

I don't pay cash to shadders,—so I'll jest say good-day."

— Selected.