

TEMPERANCE

CRUEL KINDNESS.

(A True Narrative.)

On a wretched day, bitterly cold and damp, two men, attired in warm overcoats, stood on the step of a tramcar, ready to alight at the next stopping-place. As they waited, the conductor came up, cold and tired, with a look of suffering on his face.

"That's a nasty cough you've got," said one of the gentlemen "take this and get a good stiff glass of hot whiskey when you go to bed; it is the best cure for a bad cold."

"Right you are, sir," replied the conductor, gratefully, as he took the coin. The car stopped, the two men stepped off, and walked a few steps in silence.

Presently the elder of the two spoke. "Shall I tell you a story?" The other looked at him curiously and said, laughingly, "All right; let us have it." But there was no laughter in his friend's voice as he began.

"That little incident in the car," he said, "reminds me of something that happened a good many years ago when I was living in Lancashire. I used to go to my home at St. Helens pretty regularly by car, and I got to know one of the conductors very well. A tall, straight, soldierly fellow, one could tell at the first glance that he had been in the army and was proud of it. 'Yes, sir,' he said to me in one of my chats, 'twenty-one years I have served Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria; God bless her! When I joined the army as a mere lad, it wasn't for two or three years, as now, playing at soldiering, I call it. It meant the twenty-one years, best years of your life, in the service of your queen and country.'

"I often used to have a word with him, and as the winter came on I noticed how thin and worn he looked, and he had a cruel cough, which was most painful to hear. 'I can't stand this climate now,' he said; 'fourteen years in India tells on a man, and the winters here are something cruel.' I told him, as you told that man just now, to take a glass of something hot at bedtime, but he always shook his head. 'I'm done with that, sir; I have signed the pledge, and mean to keep it.' 'That's all right,' I would say; 'I'm a temperance man myself; but I take it as a medicine, and I advise you to do the same. It would do you good.'

"But no persuasion moved him, and as the weather became colder and his cough increased, I used to feel irritated at his obstinacy, and his 'No, thank you, sir; I've signed the pledge.'

"At last, one day, I said, 'Look here, Smith, here's my address; come up when you are off duty and I'll give you a bottle of old port, which will pick you up.' He hesitated, but evidently did not like refusing my kindness. He came and got the port.

"Next day I left home on business, and was away several weeks. On my return I missed my friend the conductor, and concluded that he must be laid up. At last I asked the one who had taken his place what had become of him.

"'You mean Smith, the army man? Ah, sir! it is a bad case. He had a nasty accident. Had a drop too much, and fell off the top of the car. He couldn't stand much, poor chap; he had no strength at all.'

"I could hardly believe my ears, remembering what he had told me about his pledge.

"I felt uneasy about giving him the bottle of wine; but it passed out of my mind, till one evening I had just settled down to read the paper, when my wife said, with a sigh, 'Oh, what a tragedy life is!'

"'Well, I don't know,' I answered, 'I feel jolly comfortable just now.'

"'Don't laugh at me. I am not thinking of ourselves, but of a poor

woman who used to come to our mother's meetings. She hasn't been of late, and I went to find the reason. I found her in great trouble. Her husband has taken to drinking again. He was a soldier, but, returning from India, he left the army, and gave way to drink. Time after time she just managed to keep the home together, only to find that everything was sold for drink. Seven years ago a gentleman got him to sign the pledge, and they have been so happy. But he has been ailing all the winter with a terrible cough, and one gentleman insisted on giving him a bottle of port wine. His wife was terrified when he brought it, but he said he would take one glass. He drank the whole bottle, and fell back into his old habits. Now her heart is broken, and on Christmas Day, when she had made a pudding for the children, he came in like a madman and dashed it on the fire. A few days later he fell from the car and has lost his place; isn't it dreadful?'

"You can imagine what I felt as I listened to this, since I was the cause of his fall. Well, that is the end of the story. You may think me a fanatic on the drink question—for it was that that made me one."

His companion became very serious, and said, "From now I am with you, heart and soul. By God's help, I will no more touch the drink, nor offer it to my fellow men."—Indian Temperance Record.

EXTRACTS FROM SERMON  
Preached by S. A. Danforth, August 13  
1911, Camp Sycar.

Text from Mark 7:20 and Psa. 15:14.  
As a man thinketh in his heart so is he.

Keep church clean—don't give entertainments in it. God does not honor a church that is not wholly dedicated to Him.

God can't use a man that has a staid program.

A cold church—live in it until you set it on fire.

The physical is but the expression of the spiritual.

The eye is the window of the soul. We think what we speak.

We think what we act, but if we would think seriously one hour a day for one week we would find God.

The Devil's great scheme is to keep people amused.

Thoughts are real things. By thoughts the world was made.

Thoughts produce everything. A thought was in the mind of God when He created the world.

God thought things and they came into existence.

Man himself came forth the thought of God and made a ruler. And then the mind of man under God brought into existence everything about us.

Take the mighty engines and machinery of all kinds. What is it? Only a thought of man. The Telegraph, the Telephone, the Phonograph, what are all these? Only the thought of man.

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Thoughts, God wants your thought life. Thoughts are something, no wonder Jesus so emphasized it.

If God has not your thoughts you are none of His. You are lost.

If your thoughts are not under the control of the Holy Ghost you ought to go to the altar.

We are the product of our 'thought life from the beginning.

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We have made ourselves by our thoughts. Only God's love can purify out thoughts. The sanctified man is pure in his thought life. Not what you are doing, but thinking until he has your thought life. He has not you. Much prayer necessary. All evil a result of wrong thinking.

We are, I say again, 'as we think.

Some say, "can't be a Christian and live in this town." But Jesus is able to save, and out of their own mouths

they condemn themselves.

Don't whine about your town!  
Don't whine about your church!  
Don't whine about your preacher!

Go home, go home and live, live.  
Thoughts good or bad so master us.

Your thoughts are index of your life.

Thoughts of some folk are like a junk heap.

Some minds load up with gold.  
Some minds load up with ivory.

Some minds load up with peacock strut.

Some minds load up with monkey chatter.

It takes a lot of grace to get the peacock strut and monkey chatter out of us.

But Jesus will burn it all out and leave only the pure gold and ivory.

Wrong to worry. Jesus will keep the mind stayed on Him in perfect peace.

Let all your life make such music that will be sweet to all.

Whatever things are pure and good, lovely—think on these things; then the words of your mouth and meditations of your heart will be acceptable in his sight.

Service closes with altar service, many seekers and receivers—too. God's spirit wonderfully manifested throughout the service.—Christian Witness.

OUT OF TOUCH.

F. E. H.

The manager of a large electrical plant lately said:

"The chief difficulty we encounter is that of keeping our wires in repair and in good working order. The motive force at the terminus is easily controlled; it is the defects in communication which impair our work."

Is it not "the defects in communication which impair our work" as Christians? If there is defective communication God-ward the power for service is cut off and He cannot use us.

We may not realize that the circuit is interrupted, but the result is that there are many undelivered messages which we should have received and forwarded.

"Only a word, yes, only a word, That the Spirit's small voice whispered, 'Speak,'

But the workers passed onward, unblest and weak,

Whom you were meant to have stirred

To courage, devotion, and love anew,

Because when the message came to you,

You were 'out of touch' with your Lord.

"Only a note, yes, only a note, For a friend in a distant land;

The Spirit said, 'Write,' but then you had planned

Some different work, and you thought It mattered little, you did not know

'Twould have saved a soul from sin and woe;

You were 'out of touch' with your Lord.

To be perfect conductors we must be in touch with both God and man. Out of touch with God and, while we may sympathize with those around us, we have no power to lift them up to God.

Out of touch with our fellowmen and we cannot interpret God's message to them.

It may be our brothers and sisters in Christ; perhaps they do not believe as we do; "They follow not with us;" we are not in sympathy and withhold the cheering, helpful word and speak one of criticism instead, and thus injure them and hinder their work, forgetting "One is your Master, even Jesus, and all ye are brethren."

It may be well to work under our own chosen creed, and in fellowship with those most congenial, but we should also be in tender, loving sympathy with all those who love our Lord, and be careful to strew no thorns in their

path for wounding of their feet.

It may be those who are low down in sin, so low that we are out of touch indeed, and find no response in our nature to their desperate need.

Again, we may be in touch with Christian work in our own land and yet be out of touch with the work in foreign lands. We see the needs of the home work only; we have no interest in the heathen and his idols, and no heart throb of sympathy with the missionary. There is a defect in communication so far as we are concerned, and the Lord's work suffers, the missionary lacks the inspiration we ought to give, and we lose a great blessing.—Electric Messages.

OUR SPEECH AN INDEX OF OUR LIVES.

According to Scripture the conversation may be taken as a fair index of the heart and life. Christ says: "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." James says: "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man."

Lying, slander, gossip, foolish talking, jesting, and all unholly, impure, conversation is forbidden to the child of God. If we are inclined to expose the mistakes and shortcomings of friends and neighbors, or pass cutting remarks about people, or delight in vain, empty, foolish talk, it is important that we get back to the fountain and in sincere penitence ask God to create a clean heart within us, for a bitter fountain can not give forth sweet water.

The command of Paul to Timothy that he should "be an example of the believers in word in conversation" should be engraved on the heart of every Christian. Satan may well glory when he can get the Christian to talk of everything under the sun except God and His Word. How often our influence for good is lost in this way. The world has a right to expect us to speak as becomes the children of God, and our influence over them is largely determined by our conversation, both in the home and in society.

"Only let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ." (Phil. 1:27.)—Sel.

THE SLAYING POWER OF LAZINESS.

The habit of persistent idleness is a large asset to any Christian worker. Diligence in the King's business is as essential as in any business. Prayer and faith without work, where work is clearly required, is dead. No Christian enterprise can go forward without toil. And yet there are some who evidently think otherwise! A Mission superintendent, for several weeks, had been praying for the prosperity of his work. In words he had said he was much concerned about it. But his mission hall had not been cleaned for two months! The floor, benches, and speaker's desk were covered with dirt and dust! He had been absent from the sessions of the Sunday School for several weeks! He had made but an occasional visit in the thickly populated district where his work was centred! That man's prayers were vain because the iniquity of laziness was hid in his heart. That was the path in which the devil met him and slew him. And the devil is still going about trying to find that path in every man's life!—"THE BIBLE TO-DAY."

Of the early disciples, it is written that they went every where, "the Lord working with them." By "the Lord" was intended and understood the Lord Jesus. Since when, I ask, has that co-operative plan of work fallen into abeyance? At what date in history did the Lord Jesus deliberately abandon a form of helpfulness to which He originally pledged Himself for all time, and which we know He did actually practice at the first?—William Reed Huntington.

PIETY AMONG MINISTERS.

Ministers have the opportunity of seeing a side of the life of their fellow ministers that the average church member does not enjoy. For this reason every true minister has his dearest friends amongst his ministerial brethren. But while this is true, many a minister sees the reverse side of the character of his ministerial brethren, and many a faithful minister of Jesus Christ can truthfully say that the most heartless treatment he ever received at the hands of any man of any profession he has received at the hands of preachers. We have known them to defame the character of their fellow ministers. Some of them are egotistical to the utmost limit. Some attempt to heap contempt upon the gifts and ability of their fellows. Some try to dislodge fellow pastors. Some even preach holiness and at the same time scheme against their fellow pastors. They form rings and cliques. We are thankful that these things can not be said of all ministers, but alas, some of these things may be said of far too many of those who arrogate to themselves distinction in the holy calling. As a class ministers are the cleanest, truest and best of friends, cleanest, truest and best of men. Do not misunderstand us. We are speaking of the exceptions.—The Word and Why.

HOLINESS.

It breathes in the prophecy, thunders in the law, murmurs in the narrative, whispers in the promises, supplicates in the prayers, resounds in the songs, sparkles in the poetry, shines in the types, glows in the imagery, and burns in the spirit of the whole scheme from its alpha to its omega—its beginning to its end. Holiness! Holiness needed! Holiness required! Holiness offered! Holiness attainable! Holiness a present duty, a present privilege; a present enjoyment, is the progress and completion of its wondrous scheme! It is the truth glowing all over and voicing all through revelation; singing and shouting in all its history and biography, and poetry and prophecy, and precept and promise, and prayer: the great central truth of the system. The truth to elucidate which the system exists. IF GOD HAS SPOKEN AT ALL IT IS TO AID MEN TO BE HOLY. The wonder is that all do not see, that any rise up to question a truth so conspicuous, so glorious, so full of comfort.—Foster.

LUTHER, speaking to the young preachers of his day, said, "I did not learn to preach Christ all at once. The devil has been my best professor of exegetical and experimental divinity. Before that great schoolmaster took me in hand, I was a sucking child, and not a grown man. It was my combats with sin and with Satan that made me a true minister of the New Testament. It is always a great grace to me, and to my people, for me to be able to say to them: I know this text to be true! I know it for certain to be true! Without incessant combat, and pain, and sweat, and blood, no ignorant stripling of a student ever yet became a powerful preacher." So says one of the most powerful preachers that ever entered the Pauline pulpit.—Dr. Alexander Whyte.

We hope our workers will not allow themselves, on any pretence, of opposition to holiness, or ill-treatment of themselves, or worldliness among professed Christians, to denounce the Church. Preach the Word. Spread Scriptural holiness. Devote yourselves to the sanctification of believers and to the saving of souls. Build up the broken-down. Reclaim the backslidden. Let the current of your being flow toward God, then your life will be filled and calmed by one master-passion which unites and energizes the soul.—Ex.