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THE RAPTURE.

Soon the darkness will be over, and the morning light appear; For the promise has declared it, and His coming draweth near. Yes, our Saviour who ascended, in like way shall come again, And receive His own with rapture who shall with Him ever reign.

At the long-expected moment, in the twinkling of an eye, Living saints will be translated, and will quickly to Him fly; Then the grave shall yield its victims and the sainted dead arise; What a meeting as we gather to our Saviour in the skies.

Then this mortal all will vanish, and immortal evermore, We will shout our Saviour's praises, and will sing His triumphs o'er, Sin and Death forever vanquished, swallowed up in victory, Kings and priests forever with Him, all the sanctified shall be.

Soon He back to earth will bring us as He comes in power again, When in bright millennial glory He a thousand years shall reign, Oh, what joy shall fill our bosoms, and what ecstasies will thrill, When the nations all shall serve Him and delight to do His will.

Brother, would you now be ready, should the welcome trumpet sound? Sister, would your robes be spotless, and all undefiled be found? Only those who thus are ready then can meet Him in the air, And the boundless bliss and glory of the coming rapture share.

—Original.

THE OIL OF LOVE.

A story is told of a cross old man who, his servants having left him, went to a neighbor's to tell his trouble. "I think it would be well to oil yourself a little," said his friend. "When a door in my house creaks I oil the hinges. Go home, engage a servant, and when he does right, praise him. If he does anything amiss, oil your voice and words with love."

No harsh words were ever heard from the old gentleman after that. How much of the groaning and despair and misery of the world would be cured if the words of every Christian were kept saturated with this wonderful oil.—Selected.

THE SECRET OF POWER.

Waiting one night in the darkness on the railway platform at Farmingham camp-ground, I heard two ministers discussing the secret of a certain noted evangelist's power. After listening awhile I ventured to intrude the suggestion that if they could get a look at that evangelist's old Bible, they might learn the secret of his power; for it contained more marks of use than fifty ordinary well-kept ministers' Bibles. It reminded me of the old Scotch warrior's claymore. He had been in twenty-four battles, and there were twenty-four hacks in the edge of his well-tempered blade. He had struck fire every time. A well studied Bible, believed and preached and practised, is a source of power which will ever remain a mystery to those who neglect the word of the living God. How many are longing, seeking, and praying for power, while a whole magazine of divine power lies unopened in their neglected Bibles.

A man in a meeting prayed loud and long for "power." "We want power!" "We want power!" After he was done, a plain spoken brother said to him: "You don't seem to need power so much as you seem to need ideas!"

Christ's gospel furnishes divine ideas; and, preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, it is

still "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." And he who faithfully preaches that gospel will find that it is living and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword; and that it is still "like as a fire," and "like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces."

"BURNT DISTRICTS."

The writer has closely studied the subject of "Burnt Districts," and tried to fathom the causes that produce such a condition. One reason, we believe, is the presentation of holiness in a wrong manner of spirit. If it is preached in a controversial or fierce spirit, harm is bound to come. A lady was recently saying to me about a certain preacher's sermon in defence of sanctification: "You should just have heard him in his defiance of the opposition." As she spoke these words my heart sank, for I knew the Spirit would not bless such pulpit methods. To the question, Was there much power in the altar service, the reply was: "Well, n-n-n-no. I—believe—not." My observation is that there is nothing like preaching perfect love in perfect love.

A third cause is found sometimes in the eccentric and inconsistent lives of people professing the blessing of holiness. From lack of instruction they are led to say and do extreme things, and rash things that hurt the cause. They may leave the church or refuse to pay the preacher because he does not preach the blessing they enjoy. Or they make a crusade against an "ear-bob," "rooster tail feather" or "wedding-ring" to such an extent as to almost retire the Cleansing Blood. In a word, they may be betrayed into bitterly fighting symptoms of disease, instead of lovingly dealing with the disease itself, when the symptoms will all disappear.

Any one of these three causes can set a community in a condition that the people do not desire to hear anything on the subject of sanctification, and under every proposition will remain immovable as a stone wall. The most helpless state is when the people have had the truth faithfully preached, and beheld its confirmation and proof in human lives around them; then may one well pray to be delivered from preaching the truth in such a place.—Dr. Carradine in *The Methodist*.

REVIVAL EQUIPMENT.

The work of "winning souls" is one that should edkindle our hearts with ever increasing enthusiasm. It is one that takes hold of the very heart of God and links us thus with Him. Oh! when we are anointed with the Holy Ghost, then, and only then, are we "fully equipped" for service. We need to have our hearts fully given over into "the Saviour's keeping" to walk in the sunlight of His love, where we may catch His own spirit of self-sacrifice and yearning for the lost. We must have great tenderness for the erring and weak; warm and outspoken sympathy with the sinful and neglected; not that which passes "by on the other side." Not only must we be ready to endure, but we must love to go down to where the wretched ones are, and by the touch of sympathy "which makes all the world kin," and the tender word, give them to believe that one cares for them still. It is not the far-off entreaty, but the "hand to hand and heart to heart" work that tells most effectively.

Many a wanderer, lost to all public or general pleas, will have the great fountains of his nature unsealed by the warm touch of a loving hand, while the falling tears evince that the heart is not yet hardened beyond redemption.—Stephen Merritt.

Temperance

AND OTHER TOPICS. Selected

TO VOTE IS TO PRAY.

A. H. HUTCHINSON.

It is said in ancient story, "Satan trembles when he sees A mortal, humbly bowing To his God upon his knees." Now, I think that ancient story Stands in need of some revision, For the prayers of many people Must excite Old Nick's derision. When a man prays God to lead him From temptation far away, And then prepares temptations, For his neighbors every day, I think Old Nick must chuckle As he hears that prayer ascend, For he knows how in his purpose Such a man will always bend.

And I think that those who daily Pray thus:—"Thy kingdom come." And then work for the devil In his war against the home, Have, somehow, been mistaken, For they have, without a doubt, Kept their eyes upon the heavens, While they walked the other route. And men who pray to God above Each day throughout the year Until it comes to voting day, I very greatly fear, Are offering up to Satan's throne A more effectual prayer By going to the ballot box And voting for him there.

I've heard some right smart speakers On temperance in my day, Who urged the Christian duty Of "voting as you pray." But I think one little sentence Ought to read another way, Words are not so great as actions, And by voting thus you pray. Do you vote for men who labor For License, then you know. Do you vote for Prohibition? That's a safe and easy way, And the Lord will see you get it If by voting you do pray.

AN IOWA MINISTER PROTESTS.

Editor of *The Constitution* :—

I see in the December number of your excellent paper this quotation, from the Des Moines Register:—"All ministers who are true to God and man are Republicans." I am minister of the Gospel, and I cannot agree the Register. A few reasons. "If an ox gore a man or a woman that they die, then the ox shall be surely stoned, and his flesh shall not be eaten; but the owner of the ox shall be quit. But if the ox were wont to push with his horn in time past and it hath been testified to his owner, and he hath not kept him in, but that he hath killed a man or a woman, the ox shall be stoned, and the owner also shall be put to death."—Ex., xxi., 28, 29. The liquor traffic is the ox that gores to death. Those that vote for that traffic are the owners of the ox. We all agree that he kills. A few years ago the Republicans of Iowa said, by a statute, he shall be killed. Now they say, through Brother Sam Clark and other leaders, we cannot kill him—we can only yard him. Now God has said he "shall be surely stoned," and I cannot be "true to God and man" unless I vote to stone him.

The Republican Legislature of Iowa has already virtually repealed prohibition and is likely to enact in form a license law. I cannot go with them without incurring blood guiltiness. "The owner thereof shall surely be put to death."

I cannot go with the multitude to do evil. I cannot compromise with sin. I must be "true to God and man," if only a few stand with me.

(REV.) R. WILCOX.

Gladbrook, Iowa.

A POINTER FOR BOYS.

Edward W. Bok, editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, gives the following, among other reasons, for having never tasted liquor:—

"Another thing which led me to

make up my mind never to touch liquor was the damage which I saw wrought by it upon some of the finest minds with which it was ever my privilege to come into contact, and I concluded that what had resulted injuriously to others might prove so to me. I have seen, even in my few years of professional life, some of the smartest, yea, brilliant, literary men, dethroned from splendid positions, owing to nothing else but their indulgence in wine. I have known men with salaries of thousands of dollars per year, occupying positions which hundreds would strive a life time to attain, come to beggary from drink. Only recently there applied to me, for any position I could offer him, one of the most brilliant editorial writers in the newspaper profession—a man who, two years ago, easily commanded one hundred dollars for a single editorial in his special field. That man became so unreliable from drink that the editors are now afraid of his articles, and, although he can to-day write as forcible editorials as at any time during his life, he sits in a cellar in one of our cities writing newspaper wrappers for one dollar per thousand.

LIQUID DEATH.

It is said that Bob Ingersoll once sent a friend some whisky with an eulogy on the beverage, whereupon Dr. Buckley wrote the following reply, which anyone will recognize as a true picture.

"I send you some of the most wonderful whisky that ever brought a skeleton into the closet, or painted scenes of lust and bloodshed in the brain of man. It is the ghost of wheat and corn crazed by the loss of their natural bodies. In it you will find a transcendent sunshine chased by a shadow cold as Arctic midnight, in which the breath of June grows icy, and the carol of the lark gives place to the foreboding cry of a raven. Drink it, and you shall have 'woe, sorrow, babbling, wounds without cause, and your eyes shall behold strange women, and your heart will utter perverse things.' Drink it deep, and you shall hear voices of demons shrieking, women wailing, and worse than orphaned children wailing the loss of a father who yet lives. Drink it deep and long, and the serpents will hiss in your ear, coil themselves about your neck, and seize you with their fangs: for at last 'it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.' For forty years this liquid death has been within these staves of oak, harmless there as purest water. I send it to you that you may put an enemy in your mouth to steal away your brains. And yet, I call myself your friend."—*Jonesboro Times*.

That was a happy thought, well put, too, which Educational Secretary Payne uttered at evangelist Keen's funeral when he said, "As Dr. Keen and I have laboured side by side here (at Delaware) and at the conference, for the one end of saving souls, so the evangelistic work and educational work of Methodism are one." Amen! We say, and let us do all we can to promote that unity by educating our evangelism and by evangelizing our educationalism.—*Christian Standard*.

Murmurings and disputings are twin children of carnality.—*Christian Standard*.

The love which is of God, and which God is, is found only in those who are born of God.

Humility, Faith, Hope and Charity are, according to John Wesley, four essentials to holiness.—*Christian Standard*.

DR. HU KING ENG.

Dr. Hu King Eng is the first Chinese woman with a medical degree from an Occidental institution to practice in China. She is about to inaugurate a new era of woman's work among women. About a year ago she graduated from the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia, and since then has taken a post graduate course and dispensing course at the Polyclinic in that city. She has made a special study of diseases of the eye and ear. Her work will begin in Foochow, at the Woman's hospital. She will also try to build up a regular practice among her countrywomen, some of whom would almost rather die than be attended by a man. The doors of rich and poor would be open to a woman, and a great influence could be wielded for good by a woman who is at once missionary and physician. Though Dr. Hu King Eng is a pure-blooded Chinese, she never was a heathen. Her grandfather was one of the first native converts in Foochow, and her father was one of the first native ministers ordained in China.—*Evangelical Churchman*.

WANTED.

"Wanted—In 100,000 households in America, a willing, sunshiney daughter, who will not pet when asked to wipe the dishes, or sigh when requested to take care of the baby; a daughter whose chief delight it is to smooth away a mother's wrinkles, and who is quite as willing to lighten her father's cares as his pocket; a girl who thinks her brother quite as fine a fellow as some other girl's brother. Constant love, high esteem and an honored place in the home guaranteed. Employment assured to all qualified applicants. Address, 'Mother,' Home Office."—Selected.

GEORGE MULLER.

There are those who say that the "one talent" spoken of in the parable, is the talent of faith, a talent which all men have, and which they constantly exercise towards their fellow-men, but which many "bury in a napkin" and refuse to use as far as God is concerned.

If this is the correct interpretation of the "one talent" then surely no man who has lived since apostolic times has used the "one talent" to the effect as George Muller, of Bristol, who is not a man bestowed with great talents in other directions. But through this one talent he has been the means of sending out and supporting hundreds of missionaries in various parts of the world; he has supported and trained many thousands of orphans; and he has issued hundreds of thousands of Bibles and millions of tracts, from his Bible and Tract Depot.

On a recent Sunday evening I had the great privilege of hearing the aged saint expound Acts xx: 17-38, Paul's last message to the Ephesian elders. Mr. Muller is now in his nintieth year, but has every appearance of living to be a hundred. He said that the first blessing he received from the passage under consideration was on August 4th, 1828, and he had received blessings from the same passage on hundreds of occasions since, and had received the last blessing from it on that afternoon as he had been meditating upon it. He concluded by urging the claims of Christ to a happy service from His people—*Maurice Gregory, in Bombay Guardian*.

As the Corinthians were in danger of coveting the gifts above the grace of the Spirit, so we are often in danger of approving and applauding men who are smart and showy above men of greater grace, though lesser gifts. *Christian Standard*.