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OPPORTUNITY.

MARY M. BRAY.

We do not know the day or hour
When she is to appear;
No herald runneth on before,
To say that she is near.

There is no pomp in her approach,
No ermine on her gown;
She comes in many a strange guise,
She weareth oft a frown.

"And art thou friend or art thou foe?"
We challenge her apace;
With fleet, soft steps she hastens by,
And half-averted face.

Perplexed by doubts, beset by fears,
We question her anew,
Then turn, and with repentant speed,
The flying form pursue.

In vain! in vain! borne on the breeze,
Like a decree of fate,
Backward we hear her answer flung,
"Thou art too late! too late!"

O, clear of mind and prompt of mood,
And swift her steps to stay,
Are they who win from her the gifts
She hastes to bear away.

The Independent.

"THE SHORTER WAY."

That is what one sneeringly calls instantaneous sanctification. For our part we thank God for "the shorter way," both in pardon and sanctification. Our observation is, so far as the spiritual can be observed, that God cuts the work short in righteousness.

When Jesus Christ was here on earth he practiced "the shorter way." If he gave sight to the blind, unstopped the deaf ear, unloosed the tongue of the dumb, rebuked disease, or raised the dead, the instantaneous process—"the shorter way"—was invariably adopted.

Take the heart-cleansing of the disciples on the day of Pentecost. Was it not the shorter way? What of the house of Cornelius? It was the shorter way there, also. So it has ever been, so it will ever be. The processes of nature may be gradual; the processes of grace are instantaneous.

When will men in their self-conceit quit sneering at the instantaneous in religion? Whenever they do we shall see greater revival power on the church than we have ever dreamed of.—*The Methodist.*

We are not sanctified, either partially or wholly, by patterning after the example of Christ. We are sanctified by Christ's atonement. We are sanctified by the blood of the covenant. He that attributes his sanctification solely to "the imitation of Christ," has counted the blood wherewith he was sanctified an unholy thing, and in talking so or in acting so, has done despite unto the Spirit of grace (Hebrews 10: 29). He will be counted worthy of sore punishment. He is anti-Christ. He will find, sooner or later, that it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God (v. 31). Perfection by pattern, without atonement, is not Scriptural. It is heresy. It is dangerous.—*Christian Standard.*

Spurgeon thought that some elaborate literary sermons lacked gospel power. He speaks of a man who boiled his potatoes before he planted them. Nothing ever grew out of them. Some preparation is needed in the planting of potatoes without boiling the life out of them. Some preparation is needed in a sermon without boiling the life out of it.

Holy and harsh—how can that be? Holy in heart and harsh in business—how can that be?—*Ch. Standard.*

CRY ALOUD AND SPARE NOT.

I will not be cajoled, frightened nor jeered into the stupid wickedness of trying to secure good men to enforce bad laws. Any man is good enough to grant or sign a license. The men who levy, collect and disburse the price of the city's shame shall never be my representatives. The uniformed supervisor of a stipendiary public virtue shall never wear my star. While the law is wrong I will not touch it. Let shrewdness, greed and party policy look out for themselves. I am for Christ and the church.

In national affairs I will belong to a party and be true to it, so true that when it goes wrong I will leave it and go straight ahead until it catches up. I will scratch the wickedness out of its ticket and then throw the ticket away, unless I can stand with it upon a clean, brave, open platform. A man who is false to himself cannot be true to anything, and a party that asks a man to belie himself and speak easy his convictions will in time betray both him and his country. A coward is potentially a traitor. I will square my politics to my church. The man, the ticket or the party that expects or desires votes from the saloon shall have no vote from me.

Great men have said to me, the humblest locust eater in the wilderness, with fine, high admonition in their voice and mein, "Preach the old gospel!" I do. I did for six clean years. God helping me, I will to-day. I have it from the mouth of its first minister, fresh from the secret place of the Most High, unshopworn, unseminaried, uncoached by doctors of divinity, uncriticizable, ineligible for a salary, incorrigibly clear, smelling of wild honey, "a man sent from God whose name was John."

I preach the gospel according to John. Listen: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make His paths straight. Every valley shall be filled, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low, and crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places be made smooth. O generation of vipers! O crawling, slippery, sinuous, stealthy, wriggling Pharisees, who hath advised you to flee? How can cause escape effect? What authority do you find for running away from the consequences of your own sin or your own neglect? Wrath is the whole 'afterward' of unforgiven wrong. Whither can we fly from that? Turn about! Face the foe! Repent! Stand up and meet the results of your doings, then live so worthily as to make wrath itself repent! Let go of Abraham. Be men on your own account. Trust no old respectability or ancestry or history. Let the dead past bury its dead. Divine wrath pursues nobody, but men are burning other men for fuel now. Take an axe! Strike at the root of the upstree that breathes out poison to the world, nor rest until the very wood is burned to ashes—so get forgiveness for yourself, and give all flesh a chance to see salvation."—*John G. Woolley.*

"I am satisfied that the lodges of this country are doing a great injury to the cause of religion. They draw away the men from our churches, absorb their thought, time, money and energy, bring them into worldly companionship, separate them from their families, and satisfy them with a meager and Christless code of morals. The lodge thus becomes the rival of the church and tends to break it down. Could all the brain, ambition and expenditure that now goes into the lodge be consecrated to Christ, the efficiency of the church would be immeasurably increased."—*Rev. A. P. Foster, D. D.*

Temperance

AND OTHER TOPICS. Selected

THE MIRACLE OF MY CONVERSION.

COL. H. H. HADLEY.

(Concluded.)

O how tenderly and beautifully He has redeemed every promise. I was determined to trust Him absolutely, and am very glad that I did, for it has proved His promises and given me wonderful faith.

The following newspaper article explains itself:

[From the New York Sun, Sep. 27, 1886.]

In July last *The Up-Town News* of this city announced to its "good friends who deal in liquors, beer and the like," that thereafter it would not receive their advertisements at any price, and as fast as their terms expired for which payment had been made the advertisements would be taken out of the paper. "Our views regarding the liquor business have changed," wrote the editor, "and we cannot consistently and conscientiously receive money for advertising a business that we do not approve of. We tender our most sincere and heartfelt thanks to these liberal gentlemen for the financial aid we have received from their 'ads,' and we part company with a sort of heartache, knowing that they gave us their patronage through feelings of kindness to help us along. Well, boys, this is not a fight against men, but measures, nor is it in any respect a personal combat; but with our best wishes personally we must bid you an affectionate adieu."

Virtue not only is its own reward, but it sometimes has its own reward. The sequel to this action on the part of *The Up-Town News* is told best in the following editorial article in its last issue:

"We have received from Mr. A. M. Cochrane, of Harlem, a check for the unearned amount paid us by the parties whose liquor advertisements still remained in our paper. The sum was more than enough to enable us to return to our beer and liquor patrons the money paid for their 'ads,' which we did with the kindest feelings to each personally, and with our sincere thanks for their past favors. "They are gentlemen—some of them almost angels, socially—but 'they are in a hellish business.' "The "Growler" must go.

The newspaper prospered as well or better than before until I sold it. But I demonstrated that news could be gathered for my own and the downtown dailies without entering saloons; a thing that was not before supposed possible.

What a change was this. For years my business, professional and political associations had been with drinking men, brewers and saloon-keepers. The clubs to which I belonged met in saloons or had bars attached, and I would not visit a masonic lodge that did not have a "banquet" afterwards—(all do not). I was personally acquainted with nearly five hundred saloon-keepers in New York.

My nights, until past midnight, had been spent with "the boys," and my active business life was all mixed up with sin and drink.

There is not a business centre in New York, but close by, there is a convenient place for drinking. So we would begin and end every enterprise, day by day, week by week, month by month, with "another drink."

Oh, my dear young friend, never begin to drink, and if you have begun, even very moderately, stop at once, for you are laying the foundation of habits that by and by will destroy you.

Nobody knows the latent hereditary tendency there is in his constitution.

There may be raked up in you a

fire, which, if you let it alone and avoid the causes which excite it, will allow you to go along in safety; whereas, if you begin to tamper with intoxicating drink you will find that it will rouse up beyond the control of your will, and turn and rend you.

It is a tiger, which is safe if you do not disturb him, but dangerous if you do. No man knows what a ferocious beast there is in him.

Your ancestors may have been temperate, or like mine, total abstainers, and yet they may so far have used up the nervous material of their constitution—mine had—as to leave you in a condition in which you easily contract the habit of insanity of the stomach, which intemperance is; and no man knows what he has inherited and what tampering with drink will do to him.

Those social customs that place a man under the ban almost of seclusion from society if he does not comply with them are bringing thousands of young men continually into peril and are laying the foundations on which will be built the very kingdom of darkness by and by.

I began by drinking very moderately, but at the end fifty drinks a day were not enough. There is not one of the 215,000 drunkards in New York City, to-day, who did not begin by drinking very moderately, never imagining that he would come to be a drunkard.

I have tried moderation faithfully, in every form, and find it delusive. And O, the risk of it; out of forty-four companions who began drinking moderately about the time that I did, thirty-nine are in drunkards graves, one in a mad-house, and only four of us left; and they would have been dead had they not turned to Christ for help and refuge.

HOW HAVE I BEEN KEPT?

When I began to follow Jesus, and take Christ into all my transactions and thoughts, saloons were no longer a temptation, for of course He does not lead me into those ante-chambers of hell.

When I commenced praying I did not want to swear. No man can swear and pray at the same time.

I commenced living a Christian life a day—yes, a minute at a time.

I thought of the past only for its lessons and realized that *my life was before me*. I attended the mission every night, and at once began trying to win my old companions from the saloon and sin to Christ and Home. God prospered my efforts to win souls amazingly and seemed to answer almost every prayer.

Eleven months after my conversion I was called to the Avenue A Mission as superintendent, where I remained, witnessing His transforming power among drunkards for eighteen months.

I was then led to devote all my time and life to rescue work and was called to start the "Y" Mission, in New Brunswick, N. Y.; The Rescue Mission, of Rochester; The Rescue Mission, of Harlem, N. Y.; The St. Bartholomew's Rescue Mission, in New York; The Market Street Mission, of Morristown; The Ohio Street Mission, of Buffalo; The People's Mission, of Rochester, and The King's Sons Rescue Mission, of Newark, N. J.; The Silver Cross Mission, of Bayonne, N. J., in the order named, also helped to transform "The Open Hearth," of Hartford, Conn., into a Rescue Mission.

Since I first went to Avenue A, May 29, 1887, I have seen over 17,000 hard drinkers start to become Christians, and have personally knelt in prayer with more than half of them, and heard them pray for themselves. Many of them, thank God, are standing to-day.

I tell this to give hope to those who are slaves as I was, for, dear brother, God's power is unlimited. His mercy is as broad as the shadow of the cross, which covers the whole world.

Drunkenness is a sin—yes, drinking alcoholic beverages is a sin.

Christ is the drunkard's best friend. O let Him save you! not from drink, but from sin. When you are saved from sin you won't want to drink.

But you must really, earnestly want religion in order to get it.

God helps a drunkard to help himself.

Religion is a good thing, if you use it.

Pray for my poor struggling brothers and for

HENRY H. HADLEY.

TWINS.

A few years ago it was no uncommon thing for church members to indulge in moderate drinking; in fact, many of the clergymen felt it was needful to "take a little wine for the stomach's sake," but we thank God that the day has passed and gone. While it is true there are men who are church members, and no doubt some few preachers, who are still slaves to the appetite, yet they are but few, and have little or no influence outside of their own class.

And now that this Cain has been so surely cursed and marked by the church, another important question has reached the storm-belt, *i. e.*, shall we banish the husband and keep his wife (Mrs. Tobacco), for I am certain that Rum and Tobacco are either husband and wife, or twins, born in hell. And how any Christian, *much less a preacher*, can consistently advocate temperance, and yet harbour the companion of rum has always been a puzzle to me.

A few months ago a minister was asked to have a talk with a young man who was in great spiritual darkness, and, among other things, the young man asked his spiritual advisor "if the Lord could helm him to give up tobacco, as he felt it was wrong?" This greatly confused the preacher, who immediately retired and left the young man to fight the battle alone. The preacher was a smoker.

In a special service held in one of our Western Ontario towns, a smoking preacher went down in the congregation to speak to the unsaved, and, as he stooped down by the side of a young man, he was asked to "please go away; his breath was so bad." Oh, what a rebuke to a man professing to be a leader of men!

REV. P. W. PHILPOTT.

Modern pulpit popularity is often a hinderance rather than a help to evangelization.

An intensely spiritual ministry will not be reported by the secular press like one that panders to the world's idea of religion.—*Christian Standard.*

The failure of true gospel preaching is often quite as much in the unbelief of the hearer as in any defect in the preacher—indeed often very much more (Hebrews 4: 2).

A saint may fall into sin by eating too greedily, or by eating things that he ought to know, by sad experience, will injure him in body, or in mind, or in soul, or in all three.

Before the culmination of Christ's life on earth there was a great falling away of His popular following. And he that is determined to "hold the people" and make that a leading ambition of his ministry, will find that he must not approximate the cross too closely in his preaching or practice.—*Ch. Standard.*