

**Do the Home**

**NOTHING HIGHER THAN PERFECT LOVE.**

Those who would insist that "The Baptism of Fire" is a "Third Blessing" may have little or no regard for what Rev. John Wesley may have believed or published, but no doubt there are others, who are on the point of being deceived, who will be surprised to learn Mr. Wesley's views, and who, when they learn them, will hesitate to adopt a doctrine that diametrically contradicts his teachings.

Below is an extract from Mr. Wesley's "Plain Account of Christian Perfection," that we think needs to be carefully read just at this time.

"The very desire of growing in grace may sometimes be an inlet of enthusiasm. As it continually leads us to seek new grace, it may lead us unawares to seek something else new besides new degrees of love to God and man. So it has led some to fancy they had received gifts of a new kind after a new heart, as 1, the loving God with all our mind; 2, with all our soul; 3, with all our strength; 4, oneness with God; 5, oneness with Christ; 6, having our lives hid with Christ in God; 7, being dead with Christ; 8, rising with him; 9, the sitting with him in heavenly places; 10, the being taken up into his throne; 11, the being in the New Jerusalem; 12, the seeing God come down among men; 13, the being dead to all works; 14, the not being liable to death, pain, grief, or temptation.

One ground of many of these mistakes is the taking every flesh, strong application of any of these scriptures to the heart to be a gift of a new kind; not knowing that most of the others are fulfilled when we are justified; the rest the moment we are sanctified. It remains only to experience them in higher degrees; this is all we have to expect.

"Another ground of these and a thousand mistakes is, the not considering deeply that love is the highest gift of God—humble, gentle, patient love; that all visions, revelations, manifestations are little things compared to love; and that all the gifts above mentioned are the same with or infinitely inferior to it.

"It were well you and I should be thoroughly sensible of this; the heaven of heavens is love. There is nothing higher in religion; there is in effect nothing else; if you look for anything but more love, you are looking wide of the mark, you are getting out of the royal way. And when you are asking others, Have you received this or that blessing? If you mean anything but more love you are wrong; you are leading them out of the way, and putting them upon a false scent. Settle it then in your heart, that from the moment God has saved you from sin you are to aim at nothing more, but more of that love described in the thirteenth of the First Epistle to the Corinthians. You can go no higher than this till you are carried into Abraham's bosom."—*Christian Standard.*

**WHOSE SIN?**

Many preachers apply those words, "Be sure your sin will find you out" (Numbers 32: 23), with great earnestness and force to their unconverted hearers and their sins. No doubt they can be so applied very properly and truthfully.

But an examination of the context will show that the sin that was to find out the children of Reuben and Gad was the sin of settling down on the wrong side of Jordan, refusing to go over with their brethren into Canaan, not seeming ready to assist in waging the holy war on the other side of Jordan, and in so doing discouraging the hearts of their brethren from occupying Canaan.

Now, if some of the preachers who use this text to awaken and frighten and stimulate the sinners, will for once apply it to themselves and to all others who are proposing not to wholly follow the Lord, not to cross Jordan, not to occupy the Canaan of Perfect Love and discourages the hearts of their brethren from going over and occupying the Promised Land, they will bring out the very pith of this famous Scripture text, they will apply it to the right parties, and the whole host of God's people will go over together into

the land that God has promised to give them.

Another glance at the context will show that God warned this "increase of sinful men" by the bad example of their forefathers, who at Kadesh Barnea, had discouraged the hearts of their brethren from going up at once and possessing the land of Canaan (v. 14). According to this Scriptural analogy whoever does not go into the Canaan of Perfect Love and discourages others from so doing is a sinful man. He is another proof and illustration of the truth of the doctrine and experience of "sin in believers." He is displaying the carnal mind of indifference, of unbelief, of cowardice, of downright disobedience to God's order to "go forward."

God then recites to them the fearful warning of how he sent those "sinful men" back into the Wilderness, out of which the only two who had advised the people to enter Canaan were allowed themselves finally to go over (vs. 8-13).

Let every preacher who has settled down or is preparing to settle down on the wrong side of Jordan, who is thus discouraging the hearts of his brethren from going over, and who is thereby keeping God's people out of the Canaan of Perfect Love, now turn this Scripture on himself. Every time he waxes warm, in using it on sinners, let him remember that its Scriptural application is to himself and to all who are acting as he does, let him prepare a thundering and lightening sermon to scare himself and his hearers who are disposed to remain out of the Canaan of Perfect Love, and we believe he will instantly have on his hands such a revival as he has never known; not a surface revival, but a subsoil revival; and that if he goes over at once himself, and keeps on warning all his fellow-believers who do not go over with him that their sin will find them out, he will find that that instantaneous revival will become permanent. Let him thus faithfully apply these words, "Be sure your sin will find you out," to those to whom the Scriptures apply it, and he will no longer find it necessary to wax red in the face, to swell up the veins in his throat, to shout himself hoarse, to pound the pulpit Bible with "ecclesiastical blows and knocks," and to stamp on the altar until his heel-nails leave their marks from one end to the other, in order that the sinners outside of the church will yield to come over only to join the sinners inside of the church.

Most of the famous victories of the National Holiness Association have been fought out, not in the confusion and noise of fierce battle, but in the waiting of vast congregations in perfect quiet in self introspection before God. These Quaker-like silent waitings upon God, where preachers and people saw that their sin in not long ago going over into the Canaan of Perfect Love, and in discouraging the hearts of their brethren by so doing, was finding them out, have ended in astonishing exhibitions of divine power and blessing and salvation.—*Christian Standard.*

**Temperance**

AND OTHER TOPICS. Selected.

**A TRIPLE ALLIANCE.**

There is blood on the street. Oh! whence did it flow?  
Tread it under your feet; no one bothers to know;  
But stop! This is blood that was drawn from man's veins,  
And it cries unto God! A brother was slain.  
If human, he is brother to you and to me.  
But where is the guilt? What black hand did the deed?  
No one hand has caused this brother to bleed.  
A triple alliance, remorseless and bold,  
Hath murdered a brother; hath done it for gold.  
The rumseller first, for the rumseller's gain,  
Was willing his brother by rum should be slain.  
The council that gave him the license to sell,  
Has shared in the pelf, and is guilty as well.  
But not on these only the curse of blood rests—

The council but acted the people's behests!

The rumseller sold, but by license you note;

The council was only a council by vote. This triple alliance, all sharing the guilt.

Must answer at last for the blood that was spilt. —*Ram's Horn*

**JNO. G. WOOLLEY ON THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.**

If it were only the price of pine stumpage or steel rail; if it were a question of "free wool" or "free silver;" if only the fate of factories, or ships, or trusts depended, one might hold his peace, for these are dull, unfeeling things at best, incapable of sorrow's pain or shame. And if the owners of them, or the workmen in them, lose, by law or lack of law, the loss is but some lesser gain, or waste of time, or lower wages. But in this fight "the kingdom of heaven" is at stake. Take your baby on your knee, let him muss you with his awkward kisses. His breath is sweeter than any violet that ever blew. Let him grip your fingers in his tiny hands, and mounted on his royal cavalry charge to and fro, defying the universe. Look down, between his smiles' into the unfathomable meanings of the mysterious melancholy of his eyes and think. What is it you see? He is a man—a God-making. The saloon tends to destroy him. It would make these little hands steal; it would fill that rosy mouth with oaths and lies; it would change that sweet laugh to shrieking, and break that lithe and exquisite body to a miserable rag, a rookery, for vermin and disease.

I said the saloon "tends to do that." It is worse; the saloon intends to do it. Let me treat you to "a whiff of hell."

I read an extract from the address of the presiding officer of the Liquor League of Ohio before the annual meeting.

"It will appear from these facts, gentlemen, that the success of our business is dependent largely upon the creation of appetite for drink. Men who drink liquor, like others, will die, and if there is no new appetite created our counters will be empty, as well as our coffers. Our children will go hungry, or we must change our business to some other more remunerative. The open field for the creation of this appetite is among the boys. After men have grown and their habits are formed, they rarely ever change in this regard. It will be needful, therefore, that missionary work be done among the boys, and I make the suggestion, gentlemen, that nickels expended in treats to the boys now will return in dollars to your tills after the appetite has been formed. Above all things, create appetite."

But, you say, your boy may escape, and you believe he will. God grant it! But what a brute, or fool, or coward is a father who will consciously gamble on such a chance, or any chance, for the sake of a theory of tariff or finance or a fear of a panic. My babies are grown men and have beards; they are not as pretty as they used to be, but I can still see the kingdom of heaven in them—walls and towers and spires of splendid manhood, endless sweeps of intellectual possibility, golden streets, upon which my soul walks straight up to the throne of God and thanks Him for the gift of my three sons. And the saloon is "laying for them." If it could only kill I might heed the Christian editor, who asks me to make a truce with it until "we beat the Democrats." But it would shatter their minds and damn their souls. Fathers of America, "the kingdom of heaven is at hand" in politics.

Put your baby down! There is a hand upon your shoulder; the baby's mother, your wife, leans upon you as her defense and her strong tower. Stand up! put your hands upon her shoulders and look into her eyes! Think! She gave you the sweetest of the brink of death to fetch that baby back to you. She forgives your faults in advance; she smiles at poverty with you, or exile. What do you see in that face? You can't tell! Of course you can't! Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared in the soul of a woman who is in love. It is the kingdom of heaven. And the saloon would break her heart, and bow her, and break her, under avalanches of heartache; would make her abhor her own breasts, and cry out in the night and wrack of her maternal hope: "Blessed are the barren, and the wombs that never bear, and the paps which never gave suck." And you are a man, a husband, a father, with a mind and a right arm and a vote? Good God! is it possible that I need go on at this rate!

In the campaign which has just closed the Presbyterian candidate for the Chief Magistracy, said he was opposed to interfering with the liquor traffic in politics. The Methodist aspirant of many years' standing arched his fine eyebrows, and said nothing. The voting Church stood by, like a court fool, and said "Amen."

If I knew that beside a path where my wife had to pass alone a ruffian waited in the darkness to assault her, I would kill him as I would a mad dog; and if some smooth and politic Pharisee should come, in order to prevent a breach of the peace, and offer me money from the villain for a chance at the woman I love, I would put my foot upon him as I would upon any other reptile.

The saloon is an assault upon the happiness of every wife, the innocence of every girl, the light of every home, the honor of every man; and if that is true, the Republican and Democratic parties are organized insults to every loving husband in the land. And while I live and have a voice to speak withal, whenever and wherever any candidate or party serves, ecclesiastical or lay, says the saloon is logically no issue, though it be my last word, I'll call him a "liar." And while in every canvass the Democrat says it isn't worth while, and the Republican says it's a thing to trade on, I'll walk the highways of my native land, until the grave earth stops my mouth, and cry, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

Prohibition for righteousness' sake has not yet been tried in America, and the mission of the Prohibition Party is not so much even to get Prohibition as to get God into American politics. First, because that is right; second, because that is power.

From force of expediency, or tradition, or something, you have in this State actually wrung 61 days out of 365 from the saloon—52 Sundays, two election days, Washington's birthday, Patriot's day, July 4th, Labor day, Thanksgiving, Christmas. The other 304 could be had easily if you were to go for them in God's name straight. But that you cannot do until you broaden the capacity to vote right for every State and Territory of the Union.

I am talking too long. There is hope in it and music; but this veracious performance must close with a minor chord. Fifty years ago Neal Dow saw the saloon and said: "By the grace of God we will stop all this," but up to this hour no political organization stands for that except the

Prohibition Party. But it does, and will stand for it, straight as a pine tree, until it wins this fight or make some other win it. Its platform may be accurately paraphrased: "The liquor traffic can never be licensed without sin. And no political party is entitled to expect, nor ought it to receive the vote of a Christian man, so long as it stands committed to the license policy, or refuses to put itself upon record in an attitude of open hostility of the saloon."

Why, that is the resolution of the church. Yes. Why, then, can't we force this issue? The word of the church is not good.—*New York Voice.*

**A CALL TO BATTLE.**

Dr. Talmage Sends Out a Ringing Bugle Blast.

It seems to me that it is about time for the 17,000,000 professors of religion in America to take sides.

It is going to be an out and out battle between drunkenness and sobriety, between heaven and hell, between God and the devil.

Take sides before there is any further national decadence, take sides before your sons are sacrificed and the homes of your daughters go down under the alcoholism of imbruted husbands.

Take sides while your voice, your pen, your prayer, your vote, may have any influence in arresting the desolation of this nation.

If the 17,000,000 professors of religion should take sides on this subject, it would not be very long before the destiny of this nation would be decided in the right direction.

I tell you what many of you may have never thought of—that to-day, not in the millennium, but to-day—the church holds the balance of power in America, and if Christian people, the men and women who profess to love the Lord Jesus Christ, and to love purity, and to be sworn enemies of all uncleanness and debauchery and sin—if all such would march side by side and shoulder to shoulder, this evil would soon be overthrown.

Think of 30,000 churches and Sunday-schools in Christendom marching shoulder to shoulder!

How very short a time it would take them to put down this evil if all the churches of God, transatlantic and cisatlantic, were armed on this subject.

What a hell on earth a woman lives in who has a drunken husband!

O, death, how lovely thou art to her, and how soft and warm thy skeleton hand!

The sepulcher at midnight is a king's drawing room compared with that woman's home.

It is not so much the blow on the head that hurts as the blow on the heart.

The rum fiend came to the door of that beautiful home and opened the door and stood there and said:

"I curse this dwelling with unrelenting curses."

"I curse that father into a maniac."

"I curse that mother into a pauper."

"I curse those daughters into profligacy."

"Cursed be bread tray and cradle."

"Cursed be couch and chair and family Bible with records of marriages and births and deaths."

"Curse upon curse."

O how many wives there are waiting to see if something cannot be done to shake these frosts of the second death off the orange blossoms.

Yea, God is waiting—the God who works through human instrumentalities—waiting to see if this nation is going to overthrow this evil, and if it refuse to do so God will wipe out the nation as he did Phœnicia, as he did Rome, as he did Thebes, as he did Babylon.

Aye, he is waiting to see what the church of God will do.

If the church will not do its work, then he will wipe it out as he did the church at Ephesus, the church at Thyatira, the church of Sardis.

The Protestant and Roman Catholic churches to-day stand side by side with an impotent look, gazing on the evil, which costs this country more than a billion of dollars a year to take care of the 8,000,000 paupers and 315,000 idiots, and to bury the 75,000 drunkards.