

Long Did I Toil.

Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest;
Far did I rove, and found no certain home;
At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,
Who opens His arms and bids the weary come.

With Him I found a home, a rest divine,
And I since then am His, and He is mine.
The good I have is from His store supplied;
The ill is only what He deems the best;
He for my friend, I'm rich with naught beside
And poor without Him, tho' of all possess'd,
Changes may come—I take, or I resign,
Content while I am His, while He is mine.

Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen.
A glorious sun that wanes not nor declines;
Above the clouds and storms He walks serene,
And sweetly on His people's darkness shines.
All may depart—I fret not, nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.

While here, alas! I know but half His love—
But half discern Him, and but half adore;
But when I meet Him in the realms above,
I hope to love Him better, praise Him more,
And feel and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am His, and He is mine.

HENRY F. LYDE.

The Salt of the Earth.

Like another Elijah, the Master here makes provision for healing the bitter waters by putting the salt, in which alone the hope of the world's preservation and purification lay, in a new guise. The light had been committed to the Jewish race, while the rest of the world had been left in heathen darkness, but they were to have been the light of the world. The salt of God's presence had been deposited with them while preterition spread abroad, but they were to have been the salt of the earth. The salt had, however, lost its savor, and when Jesus uttered these words the corruption of the nation was extreme. The precious deposit had been rendered insipid and tasteless through contact with Gentile society, for instead of seasoning the heathen nations by the power of a pungent spiritual life, the heathen nations had so corrupted the favored race that the salt had lost all taste of divine purity. It had become "good for nothing," and all that remained for it was to be swept into the world's highway by the besom of the Roman conqueror and trodden under foot of men. Passing by priests, doctors, sages, and philosophers, Jesus says to this humble group of followers: Ye are the salt of the earth. The words must have sounded strangely presumptuous when spoken, and to many of the world's wise ones through the centuries they have seemed nothing but mockery and irony but "the foolish thing of God is wiser than men, and the weak thing of God is stronger than men." The words contain, as we have seen.

A GRAVE JUDGMENT OF THE CHURCH

The church of the future is not going to be, as one has suggested, the church that admits infidels, that owns public-houses and runs theatres. That, surely, is the way to lose whatever remains of salt the church may possess, and she will not possess much when she adopts that programme. No, the church of the future is the church that has the largest measure of God's salt in her; the name is nothing, the salt is everything. The Jewish Church retained the outward—the ritual, the priesthood, the ordinances remained—but the salt was gone, and when the salt becomes saltless the *raison d'être* of the church is gone. There may be faultless decorum in the services; the machinery may move without any discomfort; the orthodoxy may be unimpeachable; the congregation highly respectable, but there is no savor in the salt. Instead of purifying the world, the world has corrupted her, and no matter what her history may be, she is "good for nothing."

The church at Ephesus was commended for her works, toil, patience, perseverance, and orthodoxy (see Rev. ii. 1-5), but she was becoming saltless, and is warned that unless she repents and does her first works the candle stick will be removed out of its place; and it is one of God's mercies that saltless things are cast out to be trodden under foot. One of the temptations of to-day is to spend undue time in altering the pattern of, or beautifying the cruse, instead of being solicitous above all things for the presence, pungency, and power of the salt of God.

The Saviour's words contain also

A GRAVE JUDGMENT OF THE WORLD. Christ says in effect: "Human society, without my influence, is a carcass that

is rotting away and disintegrating." The metaphor suggests that whatever tendency to upward development there may be in the world of nature, there is a contrary development in the world of men so far as character is concerned. The corruption that is in the world through lust was terribly real to Jesus Christ, and it is greatly to be desired that we should see the world through his eyes. We need to be brave enough and strong enough, in the power of God, to know the very worst of the world in which so many of us are called to be workers together with Him. A false and inadequate conception of its disease means a tendency to resort to false and inadequate remedies for its healing, and much of social work is failing to-day because it is saltless—bereft of heavenly life.

It is a law of moral as well as of material corruption that evil assumes an aggravated form wherever large masses are collected together. The larger the heap of corruptible matter the more rapidly it decays, hence the character and quantity of depravity in large centres of population. How necessary it is that the type of Christian life in such centres should be of the highest, and that the Pentecostal blessing should be the clear experience of the units who go to make up the church of Christ. Who can estimate the purifying power of such lives? Except the Lord of hosts had such in the great cities to-day they would be as Sodom, they would be like unto Gomorrah.

The essential property of preterition is to spread. That is an essential law of its nature, and it will taint and destroy all with which it comes into contact. The only possible hope, therefore, is the introduction of a counteractive force which will not simply hold in check the forces that make for evil, but master them. If the salt is to impart its pungency it must be applied. The salt must come into contact with that which it would benefit. A holiness that shuts itself up in the cloister is of little value. The salt needs rubbing into the world's sores. That is how Jesus began the work of purification, and speaking of his followers he said: "As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I sent them into the world."

It must be our business, filled with the salt of God, to prevent corruption in the political, commercial, literary, and recreative life of the people, an not only to prevent corruption, but to make every phase of life pungent with the power of the Holy Spirit. "Holiness unto the Lord" is to be the hall-mark of our "merchandise and hire" (Is. xlii. 18). It is to characterize our domestic life, "Every pot in Jerusalem shall be holiness unto the Lord" (Zech. xiv. 21). It is to mark our recreative life: "In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, Holiness unto the Lord" (Zech. xiv. 20). The robe of holiness is not as some imagine too fine for every-day wear; it is not for state occasions only, it is for all occasions. A Christian living the Pentecostal life carries the salt of God with him wherever he goes.

The words of our Saviour suggest still further

A GRAVE RESPONSIBILITY.

The Christian is to possess something which distinguishes him from other people, and such is the purifying and propagative power of undefiled religion that in converting a man and filling him with the Holy Ghost, God makes provision for the conversion of the world. Such was Christ's reliance on the diffusive power of Pentecostal religion that he said to his followers, "Ye shall be my witnesses in Jerusalem and Judea and Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." And there was so much salt in it that it progressed by leaps and bounds. Even Gibbon thus describes its silent but rapid spread: "While the Roman Empire was invaded by open violence or undermined by slow decay, a pure and humble religion gently insinuated itself into the minds of men, grew up in silence and obscurity, derived new vigor from opposition, and finally erected the triumphant banner of the cross on the ruins of the Capitol."

The power to savor is wrought in us by the Holy Ghost, and to be filled with the Spirit is, in other words, to be filled with salt. The business of the devil is to reduce the salt in our lives to the minimum, to destroy whatever is pungent and propagative about us, hence the world-spirit which is forever lowering the heavenly life among us, and the low views that prevail as to Christian privilege and attainment. The more of the heavenly life we possess the more salutary, purifying, and preservative our lives will be, and the more the enemy will have occasion to hate us.

The great sorrow of to-day is the insipidity, the savorlessness of so many thousand lives, and only through the

Gateway of repentance towards God and full surrender to him will the church recover her pungency and power. We have lowered the standard of apostolic Christianity, and all admixture which is below that standard means a serious loss of power. We may gain in numbers, as one has said, "but we lose disastrously in effective force, and run the risk of being altogether demoralized and undone."

Which is the mightiest force in your life, the salt or the earth, the flesh or the Spirit, the old leaven or the new? Let no reader of these words ever rest until what has been often seen to be the believer's privilege has become his indisputable possession, and he is filled abidingly with the divine salt.

A GRAVE POSSIBILITY.

It is also suggested by these words. The salt may lose its saltiness, and if it does the Saviour asks, "Wherewith shall the world be salted? If the church becomes insipid and tasteless to God, what hope is there for the world, and what is there in the world that will recover to the church her lost pungency and power? Salt that has lost its savor is 'good for nothing.' Religion without the Holy Ghost is a weak, despicable thing. Saltless salt arouses the contempt of the world, and is the great stumbling block of the times. Remember, that all conformity to the world means so much loss of spiritual life and force, and that there is no sight so sorrowful to a holy God and a holy people as a backslidden salt. "Have salt, therefore, in yourselves." Rev. Gregory Mantle.

Fanaticism and Madness.

Fear of being dubbed a fanatic or a crank is the greatest obstacle in the way of social and moral progress. The great majority of men are so afraid of overstepping the bounds of propriety that they love, above all things else, the good opinion of others. They do not want to be considered fanatics. They shudder at the thought of being considered mad—of being called "a crank."

Feeling thus, they shrink from adopting radical measures for the correction of existing evils. They prefer to let things trundle in the old rut. They cannot brook the idea of being called enthusiasts or impractical idealists. Although they know that only violent measures will reach the evils that afflict society, yet they prefer to be moderate. Although they know that only by arousing society to a white heat of enthusiasm against the existing wrongs can these wrongs be righted, yet they prefer to move cautiously, speak smoothly, and "keep within the bounds of propriety." They cannot brook the idea of being called reformers, or abolitionists, or temperance cranks, or religious enthusiasts, or shouting fanatics. And yet the history of the world shows that in all instances the leaders in the great movements which have led human society up to higher planes of social and moral life were in their day styled wild, impractical, crazy enthusiasts by the staid lovers of propriety. The high dignitaries of the Jewish church said of Jesus, "He hath a devil and is mad; why hear ye him?" Why? Because he assailed the corrupt, effete systems of their social and religious life. He had the courage to call things by their right names, to assail wickedness in high places; he dared to overstep the bounds of propriety. Had he taken his cue from the staid notions of the scribes and Pharisees, and been careful to secure and maintain their good opinion to escape being pronounced "a devil" and "mad," could or would he have succeeded in setting up his kingdom of righteousness in this world? Never.

The Apostle Paul was declared mad by Festus. Why? Because he threw his whole soul into the great work of preaching Jesus and the resurrection, not counting his life dear unto him. He was an enthusiast in the truest sense. He dared to proclaim an unpopular truth and boldly brook all the odium that might attach thereto. Men sneered, and were amazed that such a promising young man should thus foolishly blast all his brilliant prospects. The dignitaries of the church howled with rage because he was disturbing established customs and doing violence to all rules of propriety. He was ruining his reputation and consigning his name to infamy. But to-day the great apostle to the Gentiles is revered as being, next to his Lord and Master, the greatest moral revolutionist the world has ever seen, while the names of those who sneered at and reviled him are lost in oblivion or remembered with pity and contempt.

Martin Luther was in his day pronounced the wildest of fanatics; and even now he is anathematized by the Roman Catholic Church as the vilest of heretics. But all clear, unbiased, intelligent thinkers know that to his lion-hearted courage, his invincible

purpose to pursue the right as God gave him to see the right—to what the sticklers for propriety in his day were pleased to call his fanaticism and madness—the world is indebted for both civil and religious liberty.

John Wesley, John Knox, and John Bunyan, that distinguished trio of Johns, were all in their day derided as hot-headed, mad fanatics. They believed the words of their Master when he says, "The kingdom of heaven suffereth [or permits] violence, and the violent take it by force," and their souls being wrought up to a white heat of divine enthusiasm by the indwelling Holy Spirit, they cried aloud night and day, and spared not. They called things by their right names; they showed the people their sins, riveted conviction on their consciences, and brought conversion into their souls. The propriety-loving people in both church and state said they were mad, denounced their enthusiasm, and even imprisoned Bunyan; but God owned their efforts, and their names and fame are imperishable. They felt that the world, and especially the people, needed salvation then and there, and unless they gave the alarm and aroused them to a sense of their imminent peril all would be lost. They could not keep quiet or keep within the bounds of propriety under such circumstances. While they mused the fire burned within them, and they could not sound the alarm night and day. The world cried, "Cranks!" "Fanatics!" "Mad fools!" But who dare apply those epithets to them now?

In more modern times, when American slavery was about to overthrow human liberty, William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and Benjamin Lundy became, in the eyes of time-serving politicians and propriety-loving citizens, mad fanatics. They were mobbed and egged, and their lives were imperiled. But they continued to preach the gospel of human liberty, and laid bare the enormity of oppression's wrongs, whether men would hear or whether they would forbear. Garrison started in Boston the publication of the Liberator, placing at its head the motto, "My country is the world—My countrymen are all mankind." Beneath this motto, in bold letters, he declared, "I am in earnest; I cannot keep silent; I will be heard." He set the whole country aflame. Some wildly denounced him as a vile infidel and disunionist; others declared he was a mad fanatic, whose career would be short and whose name would rot; others admired his courage but deprecated his judgment—thought it was a great pity that a young man of such rare ability should thus rashly throw himself away. But who pities Garrison to-day? Who does not admire his heroism, his fidelity to conscientious convictions of duty, his willingness to risk all, even life itself, to break the oppressor's yoke?

So, young men of to-day, we would say to you, dare to be called cranks, fanatics, and even insane, rather than prove false to convictions of duty. The world is yet full of wickedness, and it will require the fanaticism and madness of Paul, of Luther, of the Wesleys of Bunyan, and of Knox to reform it and save men and women. There is just as much need for madness and fanaticism now in assailing the monster rum traffic as there was in attacking the slave oligarchy in Garrison's day. And as certainly as he and Phillips, and Lundy, and Tappan, and Lovejoy, and Cheever, and the Beechers achieved immortal fame by heroically attacking that "sum of all villainies," so the names of some men and women of to-day and the near future are going to go down to posterity all covered with glory because they as bravely and determinedly took hold of and helped to destroy a far greater curse than slavery ever was.

There is a place for your names, young friends, in that galaxy of fame. Will you write them there? You can if you will. But remember, to do so you will have for the time to brook the odium of being called, by the great majority, temperance fanatics, prohibition cranks. That is the price you must pay to get your names a place in the honored galaxy of reformers and philanthropists. Will you pay it? As the Master said to the two disciples who sought the chief seats in his kingdom, "Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the baptism that I shall be baptized with?" so to-day they who would win immortal fame as moral, social, and political reformers must be able to brave being called cranks, fanatics, and madmen. And, after all, ten thousand such men and women to help overthrow the rum curse is the greatest need of to-day. Rel. Telescope.

A Brave Little Nun.

Lady Henry Somerset contributes a narrative to *Parson's Magazine* under the general heading "The Bravest Deed I ever saw. A Sister of Mercy was the heroine. The nun was walking with some children in a boulevard in Paris, when great excitement was manifested among the pedestrians upon the appearance of a mad dog. The little Sister stood for a moment; and then, as though a sudden inspiration came to her, without an instant's hesitation she went straight to meet the dog as it approached. The animal ran toward her, yapping and snapping and snarling as it came. Down bent the gray figure and the wide white cap as she knelt upon the flagstones; and, after a short fierce struggle, her two plump little hands were forced down the animal's throat. Two gendarmes, puffing and heated from a long pursuit, came where she was; and, when they saw her action, the men turned pale, and murmured under their breath, *Elle est perdue!* The Sister looked up into their faces. The color had gone out of her round cheeks. She was almost as white as her cap. Save the children, she said, save the children. But their answer was a heavy blow from the back of a sword on the head of the animal, which fell dead at their feet. It was indeed a brave deed. Within a week the little Sister was dead.

What a difference lies between these two conditions. It is to the former class the apostle addresses the bracing appeal: Therefore, leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection. That is, leaving the swaddling bands of babyhood, let us go on unto maturity and manhood. A baby is a very lovely thing at a certain age, but an overbearing baby is a great nuisance. May the Lord save us from spiritual dwarfs, antiquated babies, and Christians that everlastingly need to be nursed, and lead us all, with the new springtime, into robust and holy manhood.—*Rev. A. B. Simpson.*

Spiritual Babyhood, Spiritual Manhood.

There is quite a difference having the Holy Spirit in the heart and being filled with the Spirit. It is a difference in degree rather than in kind. All Christians have the Holy Spirit in their hearts but not all Christians are filled with the Spirit as exhorted to be by Paul in Eph. 5: 18. But none should rest satisfied until they have attained to that high degree of Christian grace and enjoyment.

Be not simply good—be good for something. Any life that is worth living must be a struggle.

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