SOMETHING WRONG, WHAT IS IT?

The overmastering desire to preach nice, smooth, eloquent and popular sermons, rather than to preach plain, practical gospel sermons in a style and manner that will convict men and women of sin, and drive them, conscience-smitten, to Christ for salvation, seems to be the bane of much of the preaching of today. If men, as they profess, believe the plain words of the Bible; if they believe there is an orthodox hell; if they really believe that "the wicked shall be turned into hell," and at the same time know that they are surrounded by wicked men and women, who persist in disbelieving and disobeying Christ, which is the height of wickedness, then, in heaven's name, why do they not, as preachers, act and preach as if they really believed it? Why do they not cry aloud night and day, and warn the lost of their danger? Why not concentrate all possible enthusiasm and energy into the one great work of plainly, practically, persistently, and enthusiastically proclaiming salvation to the sinners whom they know to be lost? Surely there is something wrong somewhere, and the world knows it. The bulk of the preaching is quite too tame to measure up to the awful reality of what the preachers profess to believe. If your neighbor's house were on fire, and you knew it, and knew that he and his family were asleep therein, would you not at the midnight hour rush to their rescue? How much more should you rush to the rescue of his soul. God help.—*The Telescope.*

"PLEASE MOVE ON."

Some of you have been in London. When you visit London again, get down in the centre of the great city and stand still and look into a window. You won't be there long before a man in blue will put his hand on your shoulder and say:

"Please move on."

"Why should I move on?"

"You are blocking the traffic."

"I am not interfering with anyone."

"Your standing still and doing nothing is going to cause an obstruction here; you must please move on. Keep moving. You can go that way, or you can go that, but you cannot stand still; you must move."

My brother, my sister, you cannot stand still. The moment you stand still and say, "I am just going to be an interested onlooker," you become an obstacle.

If you stand some one else is going to stand. Don't you know that? You can't stand still without impeding progress. If you are not with him you are against him. If you are not exercising the great force that gathers, by your very negation of that, you are exercising the force that scatters men here and there and everywhere.—*G. Campbell Morgan.*

THE MINISTER AND THE MASON.

A preacher in England, while making calls one day, passed by a number of masons and heard one of them say:

"I too would like to be a preacher with nothing to do but to go out walking with cane in hand and wearing a long black coat."

The mason laughed, but the preacher, turning to him, said, "So you would like to be a minister too? How much do you earn a week?"

"Twenty-seven shillings."

"Now," said the preacher, "although I am poor, yet I will give you twenty-seven shillings if you will accompany me for six days and see how you like it. You will then be much better able to speak about it."

The mason sought to evade the clergyman, but his comrades said: "No, sir, you said that you would like to be a minister, and now you must accompany him."

So he put on his coat, and amid the laughter of his companions accompanied the clergyman.

The latter turned into an alley and informed his companion that they were now going to visit a sick man, and he should be careful in walking upstairs not to make any noise.

"What ails him?" asked the mason.

"Smallpox," answered the preacher.

"Oh, then," replied the mason, "I would rather wait for you outside; because I have never had it, and have a wife and children; I must think of them."

"This is exactly my case," said the minister, "I have never had it, and I, too, have a wife and children who depend upon me. But you agreed to accompany me wherever I might go."

This, however, did not satisfy the mason. He asked: "And where will you go then?"

The preacher said they would visit another house where the father was lying in the coffin and the whole family was stricken with scarlet-fever; and tomorrow they would take another round.

This took the mason down completely.

"Sir," said he, "I would rather resume my work if you will permit me, and I shall never have anything more to say against ministers."—*Lutheran Visitor.*

A DEFINITION OF A CHRISTIAN.

A little girl had a great desire to join the church, consequently she went to the minister, asking to be received into the church. He inquired if she had experienced a change of heart, and she answered, "Yes."

"Were you a sinner before?"

"Yes."

"Are you a sinner now?"

Again she answered, "Yes."

"Where, then, is the difference between your former and present condition?"

After some moments' meditation, she said, "Before I was converted to Christ I was a sinner that runs after sin; now I am a sinner that runs away from sin."—*Selected.*

GOD WANTS MEN.

Joan of Arc was possessed with the idea that God had sent her to deliver France. The city of Orleans was invested by English troops, and the question was, Could the siege be raised? Joan said, "Give me some men-at-arms and I will raise the seige." "Ah," said a Dominican monk, "if it is God's will that you should raise the seige, what do you want of men-at-arms for? God can do it without them." "That is not God's way," replied Joan, "I want men-at-arms to fight the battle, and God will give the victory."

GOD'S WORK GOES ON.

In most disastrous periods of the church there have always been some (a seven thousand perhaps), who have not bowed the knee to Baal.

Ministers may have become corrupt; churches may have been infected with unholy leaven; the rich and the learned may have been unanimous in their rejection of everything except the mere superficialities of religion; and yet it will be found that God, who values the blood of His beloved Son too highly to let it remain inoperative, has raised his altar in individual hearts.

In the dwellings of the poor, in solitary places, in the recesses of valleys and mountains, he has written his name upon regenerated minds and the incense of their adoration, remote from public notice, has gone silently up to Heaven.—*T. C. Upham.*

A Man Hates Himself

When he wakes up with headache and bad taste in the mouth. Something is needed to settle the stomach, clear away the dull, heavy feeling and create a little appetite. Just get a tumbler of water, some sugar, and pour in a stiff dose of Nerviline. You'll pick up immediately and feel tip-top in a few minutes. Nerviline hasn't an equal for a condition of this kind. It stimulates, cures the headache, relieves the sick feeling and fits you for a hard day's work. Try Nerviline. Large bottles costs 25c.

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I tell you, fellow Christians, your love has a broken wing if it can not fly across the ocean.—*Maltbie Babcosk.*

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