

## The Christian Life.

### CHRIST ON THE CROSS.

"Behold! behold, the Lamb of God,  
On the Cross, on the Cross,  
For us he shed his precious blood,  
On the Cross, on the Cross,  
Oh! hear his all important cry,  
'Eli, Lama Sabachthani,'  
Draw near and see your Saviour die  
On the Cross, on the Cross.

"Behold his arms extended wide.  
On the Cross, on the Cross,  
Behold his bleeding hands and side,  
On the Cross, on the Cross,  
The sun withholds his ray of light,  
The heavens are clothed in shades of  
night,  
While Jesus doth with devils fight,  
On the Cross, on the Cross.

"Come sinners, see him lifted up,  
On the Cross, on the Cross,  
He drinks for you the bitter cup,  
On the Cross, on the Cross,  
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake  
While Jesus does atonement make,  
While Jesus suffers for our sake,  
On the Cross, on the Cross.

"And now the mighty deed is done,  
On the Cross, on the Cross,  
The battle's fought, the victory's won,  
On the Cross, on the Cross,  
To heaven he turns his languid eyes,  
'Tis finished now,' the Conqueror cries,  
Then bows his sacred head and dies,  
On the Cross, on the Cross.

"Where'er I go I'll tell the story,  
Of the Cross, of the Cross,  
On nothing else, my soul shall glory,  
Save the Cross, save the Cross,  
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,  
Through time, and in eternity,  
That Jesus tasted death for me,  
On the Cross, on the Cross."

### INFLUENCE AND POWER.

BY REV. A. C. DIXON, D. D.

If the Lord will help me I will pass on the blessing that he gave me once when he gave to me the distinction between influence and power. If you forget everything else, I shall be glad if you remember this. Oh, the day—I shall never forget it. I was pastor of a little church in the vicinity of the University of North Carolina. I was preaching every evening in a series of meetings, and the students of the university came to church in large numbers. The devil got into them, and when the devil gets into a lot of university students, it is one of the biggest devils in the world. The brightest boys in the whole school worked for the destruction of that meeting. I roomed them up in the college building. As I went through the campus I could hear my voice coming from behind a tree; a mimic among the boys would quote my sermon of the night before, and it was said to be in exact imitation of the very tone. As I passed a window I could hear a prayer and an invitation to rise and come forward, and then the great roar of laughter would come from a hundred voices. I just began to feel that I was whipped. I had used the Bible the best I could. I had used poetry, rhetoric, logic, everything, to reach those boys, and they seemed to get worse and worse.

After a restless night I picked up my

Bible—I didn't go to breakfast—and went into the woods. I can see the old grey rock where I sat with my Bible open before me, and I prayed God to show me what was the matter. I didn't go to lunch; I don't think I took a mouthful that day. I went back to the study in the college, feeling just as sure that God would bless us that night as he lived. There came upon me such a feeling of helplessness. I prayed: "O, God, wilt thou undertake to save these fellows for the sake of Jesus?"

I went down to the church meaning to give them God's Word and trust to Almighty God to save those boys. They listened quietly, and at the close of the talk, for it was not a set service, I asked them if they would receive Jesus or seek salvation through him to come forward; and they came and filled two rows of pews.

God gave me that day the distinction between influence and power. Influence is the manward side, made up of logic, rhetoric, imagination, illustration and truth even. Power—God himself at work. Power—the Almighty taking a hand. Power—the Creator of worlds speaking. All influence is to be used for God, but all influence in the world combined, educational, social, financial, economic, cannot save a soul from sin and death. Unless God shall use it, influence cannot avail for salvation. Then I began to look over the Bible for the word influence, and, bless you, it occurs but once, and that is when the old patriarch Job is spoken to about the sweet influence of Pleiades. And you can make a mighty fine sermon on the sweet influence of Pleiades, in which the flowers bloomed and the birds sang, in which nature gets in her best work. The word that took hold of my soul was the New Testament word—Power, God himself at work; God, who created the worlds and creates the human heart. Then I began to think about Christ and the apostles. Jesus was a man of no influence, but he had the power of the Spirit without measure. You will agree with me, I am sure, that Paul and Silas didn't have enough influence to keep out of jail, but God had the power which shook it open—God's amen to prayer and to praise. Oh, friends, the God of Elijah is at work, and that is miracle. God himself at work is miracle. There is a law of continuity. You may expect certain things from light and heat and electricity, and what not. They are God's servants, but has God made himself the servant of his servants? Is he the subject of his subjects, or is God in his world taking a hand? Gideon understood it. The centurion understood it. God himself at work is miracle, and every soul regenerated is a miracle.

Mark the contrast not only between power and influence, but between power, and power at work. Jesus Christ "could do no mighty work there." Plenty of power. Omnipotence unable because of their unbelief. The Holy Spirit to-day can do no mighty works—the same Omnipotence, God in our midst—because of our unbelief. It is very restful in work to give up all that we have to Christ and just see him work by his mighty Spirit in the salvation of souls.

We stopped suddenly in the mountains when travelling some time ago, the hottest summer day of the year, I thought. The train stood there five solid hours, and we sweltered in the

heat. The engine, one of the biggest I ever saw, couldn't move those cars an inch because a little bolt about as big as my finger was broken. For five hours we waited, and when the bolt was fixed the power was transmuted into ability; and we went on at the rate of forty miles an hour. The Holy Spirit is God Almighty, the engine of power. Is the bolt of faith broken? Let the bolt be mended and then power will become ability to do the very work of God.



### EASTER.

Life is not physical, although it has physical manifestations. It is not visible, yet it seeks visible expression. To-day a body is spoken of as alive, to-morrow it is the same body, with no apparent change, and yet dead. The secret of this mystery has never been fathomed,—never will be until we fathom God.

Life is a miracle. The budding of a rose and the birth of a soul are alike beyond our comprehension. Could we trace vitality to its source, ordinary events would be as impressive as extraordinary. To Drummond the natural was as miraculous as the supernatural. No scientist has ever discovered life, or defined it. It is the touch of God on a dead world. A flower blooms, a bird sings, a brain thinks, a soul loves, when the mystery which we call life is present. The moment it is gone the blossom fades, the song ceases, the brain dissolves into dust, and the spirit—escapes.

He who holds the key to life holds the secret of the universe. The miracle of humanity is the person and power of Jesus. "In him was life," "I am the life," "I came that they may have life," "I give unto them eternal life,"—these affirmations and these claims are the unique characteristic of Christianity. They spring from no lips but those of Jesus; they are found in no literature but the record of his life.

The claim on any other lips would be called blasphemy; the story, in any other biography, fraud. The surprising fact that they are not discredited is due to Easter and the experience that flows out of Easter.

Perhaps the most wondrous words that ever fell from human lips are these: "I lay down my life, that I may take it again." "I have power to take it again." He who could say this not only possessed life, but is life. To step out of a body and leave it dead, and to re-enter and make it life,—this is the miracle of history. He who could do this could say "I am the life." He could identify himself with the creative Personality from whom all being springs: "I and the Father are one."

Easter differs from the resurrection of nature in that it is a revelation within the realm of spirit. The miracle of spring is the re-birth of blossom and beauty, of fragrance and song. The miracle of the open grave is the demonstration of the immortal life of the spirit. It matters little whether a body can live again, for "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God." It is of infinite moment that a spirit cannot die and that a morally dead spirit can again live. Life and immortality came to light when Jesus demonstrated in resurrection that physical death had not touched his real self.

The resurrection was not primarily physical. Physical resurrection is no boon, if any "awake to shame and everlasting contempt." Easter is primarily a spiritual boon. Jesus rose again,

showing that he himself was not dead, and that he could operate to give life within the realm of the spirit. The true Easter is the birth of the spirit. To be "risen with Christ" is to "seek the things which are above," is to be "renewed unto knowledge after the image of him that created him."

The Easter hope centres in the possibility of the moral renewal of the world. The rolling away of the stone from the door of the sepulchre opened the way for the utter vanquishing of human evil. Social wrong, civil corruption, international war, and personal sin, are forms of death. The resurrection of Jesus makes possible—yea, pledges—his overthrow.

Easter, of all days, is the most glad-some and jubilant. It is synchronous with spring,—beautiful, joyous, blossoming, ecstatic spring. It is the springtime of life, the birthday of the spirit, the day of hope and victory for all mankind.—S. S. Times.



### Catarrh Is Certainly Curable.

In fact it is one of the most curable diseases if fragrant healing Catarrhazone is used. No matter how long you have suffered with catarrh you can be perfectly cured by inhaling the antiseptic vapor of Catarrhazone, which strikes at the foundation of the trouble and establishes such a healthy condition in the system that catarrhal germs simply can't exist. "I suffered from catarrh of the nose and throat for years," writes S. H. Downie, of Plattsville. "My nostrils were always stuffed up and I had a most disagreeable hacking cough. Catarrhazone cured me completely. Catarrhazone never fails. Two months' treatment \$1.00; trial size 25c."

The man who is trembling himself can never make another tremble. It is the man who is unafraid who makes the other man unafraid.

'Tis Well to Know a Good Thing, said Mrs. Surface to Mrs. Know-well, when they met in the street. "Why, where have you been for a week back?" "Oh, just down to the store for a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil," and Mrs. Surface, who hates puns, walked on. But she remembered, and when she contracted a weak back there was another customer for Electric Oil.

A fearful man creates a panic. Fear is contagious.

Not a Nauseating Pill.—The excipient of a pill is the substance which enfolds the ingredients and makes up the pill mass. That of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills is so compounded as to preserve their moisture, and they can be carried into any latitude without impairing their strength. Many pills, in order to keep them from adhering, are rolled in powders, which prove nauseating to the taste. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so prepared that they are agreeable to the most delicate.

The church is beginning to believe that God can save a man in the summer.

For delicate women and children "The D & L" Emulsion is especially suited. It is sweet and palatable as cream, easily digested and of the greatest value as a tonic and tissue builder.

Only those who have struck the deepest note of penitence can reach the highest note of praise.—A. J. Gordon.

There's many a slip on icy roads and sidewalks in the winter. Sprains and bruises follow. That is the time when Perry Davis' Pain Killer vindicates its right to the confidence it has retained for sixty years.