

WHY SATIN SMILED.

Many of the churches in town will be closed during the heated term. — Exchange.

When church doors are locked the devil keeps open house.—The Ram's Horn. Old Satan did not business shirk.

When church bells ceased to ring.

"I know," he said, "that rush of work This heated term will bring.

The moon, this sultry Sabbath night, Looks down on vacant pews

And weak-kneed Christians take delight In seeking worldly views.

"The heated term," his smile was broad, "Is what I like to see.

For some who might have worshipped God To me will bend the knee.

They can not join in sacred song Nor hear the organ's peal,

And so my varied haunts they throng And selfish traits reveal.

"The heated term," he smiled again, "Gives me a pleasing thrill

For then I prove that erring men Have what they term 'free will.'

The cooling streams, that preachers say Are free for all to drink,

Are dry just now, but I've a way— And here he gave a wink.

"The heated term! I'm never still Although I hide from view

And idle hands I quickly fill When closed are book and pew.

The policy of 'Open Door' I cheerfully indorse—

When victims reach Plutonian shore What matters their remorse?

"The heated term," his laugh was loud, "Is always my delight

For then I have a smaller crowd Of fearless foes to fight.

Some ask for rest. I search for souls And heated term beside,

For while the languid summer rolls I lure them to my side.

"My heated term will not begin Till skies have rolled away

And those who now indulge in sin Have had their little day.

The perseverance of a saint Does not compare with mine,

For on the march he'll sometimes faint While I keep right in line."

—Peoria Star.

NOT AS A THIEF IN THE NIGHT.

Dr. Whyte said recently, commenting on the words, "If therefore thou shalt not watch, I will come on thee as a thief, and thou shalt not know what hour I will come upon thee,"—"There is a certain note of terror in that warning which is here addressed to all ministers, the most watchful, the most prayerful before God, and the best. And yet, no; for perfect love casteth out all such terror; perfect love to Christ, and to His work, and to His coming, delivers them, who through fear of His coming have all their days been subject to terror. He cannot come as a thief to me, if I love His appearing. If I love you, you cannot come too soon to me. And the more unexpected your coming is to my door, the more welcome will you be to me. If I am watching, and counting, and keeping the hours till you come, you cannot come on me as a thief. Christ could not come on Teresa as a thief so long as she clasped her hands for His coming every time her clock struck. He cannot come too soon for me if I am always saying to myself, "Why tarry the wheels of His chariot?" If my last thought before I sleep is about you, I will be glad to see your face and to hear your voice the first thing in the morning. When I wake I am still with thee."—Gospel Banner.

KNEELING WITH HIS OWN MEN.

It is cause for thanksgiving that a revival, "widespread, deep and daily growing in momentum," has been in progress in the Asiatic squadrons of the British and American navies. "It began," writes Mr. F. S. Brockman, "in Shanghai and Hongkong when the men of war came to these ports because of the trouble." There have been many conversions, ten on one ship, twenty-nine on another, and so on. "One of the most gratifying features," continues Mr. Brockman, "is the active co-operation on the part of the officers, some of them very high officers. The chasm between men and officers in the navy is a revelation to people who are unacquainted with naval matters. This is especially true of the British service. As I saw, a few nights ago, one of the

most prominent and widely known captains in the British navy kneeling with one of his own men, pleading with God for his salvation, I felt what a beautiful illustration of our oneness in Christ it was."—Christian Alliance.

CHARLES WESLEY'S CONVERSION.

J. MCD. K.

Conversion in every case is a great work, but it means much more in some cases than in others because the life and labours touch the lives and mould the destinies of others. It was so in the case of Charles Wesley. It meant much for himself. It also meant much for others.

The day on which Mr. Charles Wesley came to Christ, weary and heavy laden, and found rest to his soul, was unquestionably the most important period of his existence. His spiritual enjoyments now began, in all their richness and depth; and he entered upon a course of ministerial usefulness, of which he had previously no conception. His conscience was tender. The means of grace were his delight. Never did he forget the bright and joyous days which followed his conversion to Christ. Many years after, he drew the following beautiful picture of the work and its results, as felt by the young believer:—

How happy are they who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above!
Tongue can never express the sweet comfort
Of a soul in its earliest love.

WHAT HURTS MINISTERS.

Old Father Harding, an eccentric but godly man who traveled and preached the gospel for many years in the state of Maine, had some ideas which were as true in substance as they were quaint and original in expression. Once when speaking of preachers being broken down and killed by preaching he said:

"It never hurts a man to preach what God wants him to. It is what he says and does of himself, after he had done all the Lord told him to, that hurts him. If I had a vessel with a cargo on board, bound for Boston, and should go there and unload the cargo on the wharf, it would not hurt the vessel. But if after I got all my cargo out I should keep on and tear out all the inside of the vessel and put that up on the wharf too, that would spoil the vessel."

We are quite inclined to believe that there is some truth in the old man's theory; and that, while perhaps here, and there one can say, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up," yet in many other instances zeal without knowledge has done ministers great hurt and people no good. Many a man has killed himself by preaching things which were false, or if not false trivial, or if not trivial untimely, and so entirely useless at that time and place. Many a man has killed himself by shouting and screaming at the top of his voice, not because his soul was so full that it must find vent in burning words of earnest eloquence, but because in his young days he had learned bad habits of speaking, and so his voice had become like an unbroken colt, which runs away and never stops till utterly exhausted. And many a man has killed himself by preaching long, dry, dead discourses that got the people to sleep, and gave their author more pain than they gave any one else pleasure or profit.

It would shorten our prayers if we only asked for what we needed and expected to have. It would abridge our songs if we only sung just what we felt, gushing from a gladdened heart. It would condense our sermons wonderfully if we would say what we have to say, and stop. And perhaps soul and body might be profited by the change.

If we live in the spirit and walk in the spirit, if we feel the gush of living waters from the eternal fountain, there will be little need of this over-heated and unhealthy zeal, but we shall move calmly on in the might of an inward energy, and grow strong in the abiding presence of Him who is the health of our countenance, and our God.

H. L. H.

ALL GLORIOUS WITHIN.

H. S. HALLMAN.

The King's daughters are all glorious within. The heart is the place where the adorning and beautifying should be done. History tells us of instances in the Middle Ages, when persecution broke out against the Jews, when the merchants among

them were oppressed and robbed, where they saved themselves from destruction only by living a squalid life outside, and a princely life in the hidden quarters. It has been said: "You might follow an old merchant, spotted and stained with all the squalor of beggary upon him, through byways foul to the feet and offensive in every sense, and through some narrow lane enter what looks like the entrance of an ill-kept stable. Thence open out a squalid hall of noisome orders. But ascending the steps you come to a secret passage, when, opening the door, you are blinded with the brilliancy that bursts upon you. You are in the palace of a prince. Rare tapestries hang upon the walls. The dishes that bespread the table are of silver and gold, and the household, who hasten to receive the parent and strip off his outward disguise, are themselves arrayed like king's children."

So the bride, the Lamb's wife is. Now the world sees no beauty in her—she is looked down upon—she is black in appearance to the world—but in the eyes of heaven and God she is comely. Her real beauty is at present covered by the false reputation the world gives her here. Men persecute and despise her, and she passes through this world as the most insignificant one, but could you follow her through this world until she is caught up, and then see her as she appears in glory, you would be blinded by her splendor and beauty. Praise the Lord, the time is coming when the beauty of the Christian shall shine forth as the stars of the firmament.—Sel.

EDITORIAL ARROWS—FOR BOYS.

The key to sobriety—sign the pledge. Shirk no duty, discard the intoxicating cup.

"Think no evil" and keep outside the saloon.

If "strong drink" is forced out, common sense walks in.

Men, not drink sellers and "strong drink," make a city.

Whoso would be a man must steer clear of the dram-shop.

If thou wouldst be true to thyself avoid "vice" and "strong drink."

"Strong drink" is midnight darkness; total abstinence is noonday light.

Cheerfulness is the bright weather of the heart; "strong drink" withers it.

Doing right and resisting "strong drink" may be costly, but the interest is golden.

Never withhold your hand from any good work, nor let it touch the intoxicating cup.

The only trade that deforms, degrades, and unmakes a man is the "strong drink" trade.

Unless the liquor traffic be destroyed, virtue will die.

Unless the liquor traffic be destroyed, the home will die.

Unless the liquor traffic be destroyed, the church will die.

Unless the liquor traffic be destroyed, this nation will die.

The suppression of the liquor traffic is still the "paramount issue."—National Advocate.

Often it is the case—indeed, it is generally so—that believers when first coming into the experience of full salvation, go straight back into their old worldly church, to "get the church sanctified!"

Every year and almost every week in the year, this unsophisticated nonsense is going on. What results? Is the old worldly church sanctified? No. What then? Why, just what might be naturally expected; the newly sanctified believer becomes himself unsanctified. Never yet did a sound apple restore to soundness a hundred rotten ones around it? What then? Why, just what might be naturally expected, the sound apple itself soon goes rotten.

You say you believe in sanctification, but the people of your congregation are prejudiced against the doctrine, and for that reason you do not preach it. I suppose if they were prejudiced against justification, in order to be consistent you would not preach that doctrine. If they were prejudiced against the doctrine of future punishment you would give that up also. So you would do in case they did not believe in the divinity of Christ. "No! No!" Yes, brother, if you fear the people and obey their voice, about one doctrine, you would do the same about any other doctrine—in fact, about all doctrines.

THE SMOKER'S EVENING SONG.

(Copied from an old scrap-book.)

Rev. Wm. Jefferson, primitive Methodist minister, travelled in the Leicester circuit. A short time before this he was (by the conference) placed in the Nottingham ham station. Once, being on his visiting round, he stopped in a house where several of the brethren had met to discuss the blessings of entire sanctification. He sat down and joined in the discussion, while most of the brothers smoked at the same time.

When the discussion was closed, Mr. Jefferson was called upon to give out a hymn. Being a man of wit and humor, he stood up and delivered the following impromptu lines:—

And if our fellowship below

In smoking be so sweet,

What heights of rapture shall we know

When all the smokers meet?

With golden pipes and best "returns,"

A consecrated store;

Silver spittoons as large as churns—

We'll smoke forever more.

At heavenly fires our pipes we'll light,

The curling smoke shall rise,

As incense rose from Judah's heights,

Or Morlock's sacrifice.

With lungs well tuned by exercise,

We'll puff and puff again;

With clouds of smoke we'll fill the skies

And darken all the plain.

Oh, glorious smoke! celestial weed!

For which we pay full dear,

In heaven thy sweet immortal seed

Shall be from duty clear.

This earth we know is to the saints

By special promise given,

What we have therefore loved below

Shall be transferred to heaven.

Then let us fill our pipes once more,

Blessed emblem of that rest,

When all the toils of life are o'er,

We shall have with the blest.

The smoking brethren refused to sing,

exclaiming, "Brother Jefferson, it's too bad."

They knew it was a bit of sarcasm on their smoking, as Mr. Jefferson

was an opponent to the use of the weed.

W. C. PAYNE.

LOSS OF POWER.

It is a very common thing to meet with persons who have been wholly sanctified, who are sound in doctrine on the subject, and who hold on to their testimony, but who complain that they have lost much of that joy and power that characterized their early experience of perfect love.

They lament their state, and express a great desire to have restored to them the warm glow of love they once enjoyed.

To such persons we offer the following suggestions. There is great leakage of spiritual life, joy and power: (1) In the neglect of the Scriptures and secret prayers. (2) In unprofitable conversation. (3) In unprofitable reading. There is reading that entertains, which does not feed either mind or soul. The close reader of the daily paper will hardly grow in grace. (4) Politics. The mind that is heated up over politics, cools off in its devotion to Christ. (5) Religious debate.

Wrangling about beliefs and notions is not good for the soul. (6) The rehearsing of one's own exploits, whether it is to tell of one's sins before conversion, or of great usefulness, or severe trials since becoming a Christian, or to enlarge on the persecutions and trials since becoming a Christian; or to enlarge on the persecutions and trials through which one has passed. (7) In all lightness, teasing, jesting, loud laughter and undue mirthfulness there is hurt to the sanctified soul. (8) In companionship with indiscreet persons of the opposite sex, who indulge in the smallest impropriety in word, look or action. (9) In all conversation suggestive of gross thoughts, even if it be only to talk of the sad fall of an acquaintance or friend. Do not go into details, lest suggestive pictures be presented to the mind, and evil thoughts follow. (10) In idleness. The holy life must be a busy life. No one can live in idleness, and at the same time in the enjoyment of that perfect love, which casteth out all fear. The soul that is filled with the Holy Ghost, must also be filled with cheerful service. (11) We will hardly be able to discuss those persons whom we believe have wronged us, without saying things, and cultivating feelings that will be hurtful to our souls. I close up these suggestions with the confession that I have frequently spent time discussing the opposers of the doctrine of holiness which could much more profitably be spent in prayer. Let us watch and be sober.—The Pentecostal Herald.

GLEANINGS.

Are we sure we are seeking nothing but the will of God?

"If self the wavering balance shake, 'Tis rarely right adjusted."

This rule works well: "Do your best and leave the rest."

Moody's question to anxious folks: "Whom are you doubting?"

Do you include yourself when you insist that "every man has his price?"

Mary's devotion will transform Martha's drudgery into delightful duty.

Turn "hem" into "him." You have been touching the hem—now touch him.

Dr. Durbin said: "Ought is the strongest word in the English language."

Hugh Price Hughes says that the roughest moral wrecks sing Sankey hymns.

Another expression, mostly used to close up newspaper articles, is getting a little stale: "On with the revival!"

He who says "All women are frail," slanders his own mother, sister, wife daughter and lover.

Come, now, do look pleasant occasionally. Would a right down genial smile hurt your face any?

From some papers we get good food; from other papers not much else but fighting and false accusation.

"The harmlessness of the dove consists in not judging another: the wisdom of the serpent in distrusting ourselves."

Wholesale slanders of professing Christians and of the church, like all wholesale slanders, are almost sure to have in them wholesale untruthfulness.

He must needs be a very excellent and blameless person, indeed, who can persuade himself that to him God intrusts a distinctively denunciatory ministry.

Impurity and immorality, dishonesty and deceit cannot be joyful. Only purity can be truly happy. Joy is a moral rather than an emotional exhibit.

There is an inscription on a child's tombstone in an English churchyard, as follows: "Who plucked that flower?" cried the gardener, as he walked through the garden. His fellow servant answered, 'the Master.' And the gardener held his peace."

"Do not use thyself to dispute against thine own judgment, to show wit, lest it prepare thee to be too indifferent about what is right; nor against another man to vex him, or for mere trial of skill; since to inform or to be informed ought to be the end of all conferences."—William Penn.

"If I had a thousand lives to live, I would devote them all to God." As you have only one, and will have no more, the entire devotion of that one will require all your redeemed powers. Effusing over a thousand is not worth as much as the actual devotion of the one. Are you sure you have wholly given that one to God?

Some of the most selfish persons will patiently take exhortations against being mercenary, but when those who publish such exhortations send them (in the next mail perhaps) a sharp, shrewd, selfish, unbusinesslike proposition, such exhortations lose their force in just that proportion. Pure disinterestedness is rare even in God's service.

It was Christ's custom to go to church on the Sabbath: "He entered, as his custom was, into the synagogue on the Sabbath day." You are therefore not Christlike if you do not keep up that custom, if you allow unimportant excuses to keep you away, if you think that the church has become so degenerate that it is a defilement for you to attend it any more.

Wherever the stream of salvation flows it carries life and health with it—every thing lives where this river comes. First, the soul is brought from death to life when brought in contact with these waters of salvation. The intellect is also quickened, and invigorated and strengthened when drinking from this river. The body is also renewed in health and strength when constantly bathed in this life-giving stream.—Lucius Hawkins.