

DEVIL'S MESSAGE TO THE RUMSELLER.

"Do you think I have come for you? Never fear; You can't be spared for a long time here. There are hearts to break, there are souls to win From the ways of peace to the paths of sin. There are homes to be rendered desolate; There is trusting love to be changed to hate. There are hands that murder must crimson red. There are hopes to crust, there is blight to shed Over the young, the pure, the fair, Till their lives are crushed by the fiend despair. This is the work you have done so well, Cursing this earth and peopling hell; Quenching the light of the inner shrine Of the soul until you make it mine. Want and sorrow, disease and shame, And crimes that even I shudder to name, Dance and hoot in their hellish glee Around those spirits you've marked for me. Oh the selling of grog is a good device To make a hell of a paradise. Wherever may roll that fiery flood, It is swollen with tears, it is stained with blood. And the hand that shielded the wife from ill, In its drunken wrath is raised to kill. And the voice that was heard just now in prayer, With muttered curses stirs the air. Hold on your course; you are filling up Of the wine of the wrath of God your cup. Long shall it be, if I have my way, Ere the night of death shall close your day; For to pamper your lust for the glittering pelf, Your rival in mischief the devil himself."

N. E. FAIR, Belleville, Ark.

POWER OF THE CHURCH.

The farmer does not think of producing a harvest without suitable implements. On the farm we see plows, harrows, reapers, mowers, waggons, carts, and many other farm implements. There are also men who know how to use them. In the factory we find spindles, planes, lathes, saws, and a multitude of tools, all operated by machinery according to the object of the establishment. In the school there are maps, charts, blackboards, books, and all the necessary equipments for the work to be accomplished.

What has the Church? The Bible. This is the principal book. It is in the hands of the minister, in the hands of the teachers, in the hands of the leader of each service. What would a church do without the Bible? It is doubtful if anyone fully appreciates the value of the Bible. It is sharper than a two-edged sword. It is a hammer breaking in pieces. It is an axe laid at the roots of the trees, ready to hew down every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit. The church has its hymnal. The Bible is the word of God, but who made the hymnal? Did not men and women write these hymns? They did indeed, and some of these authors were not inspired by any very high spirit, perhaps. But we should remember that our hymns are made up of Bible truths. If there were a hymn in the entire collection which is not the expression of some great Bible truth no true Christian would contend for it. The hymnal is Bible truth turned into poetry so that it can be sung. In the Bible we read about God, and in the hymnal we sing about Him. In the Bible we read about the Son of God, and in the hymnal we sing about Him. We read the Bible while we both read and sing the hymnal, and they are intimately united. We cannot separate them. The one helps the other. The gospel is the power of God unto salvation, and much of the gospel is the hymnal.

In the church we have also the discipline, containing a few simple ceremonies for baptism, the Lord's Supper, marriage, burial of the dead, and a few simple rules by which Christians of one denomination have agreed to govern their conduct and church life. Besides all these there are sundry organizations in the church, such as the Sunday school, the class meeting, the Epworth League, and missionary societies. These are convenient arrangements like those military divisions into which an army is separated for convenience. But all are engaged in one work. There must be no rivalry, no strife. All must have one aim. It is one church. The spirit of unity must prevail throughout the entire body. Otherwise the result will be disaster. Yet the power of

the church is not in these implements of church service and work.

In a great factory there is one room which may be called the power room. Quiet prevails in the power room. To the uninitiated observer it would appear that there is nothing being done in the power room. In all other rooms there is noise and clatter and activity. Work is being turned out rapidly in every other room. But in the power room there is no material to work with and no finished work turned out. There is a great wheel, perhaps twelve feet in diameter, weighing, it may be, seventy-five tons, turning with amazing rapidity. Yet it is as still as the earth. The ponderous revolution of that titanic wheel would not disturb an infant's slumbers. But that wheel sends power to every tool and machine in the entire factory. Where does the wheel get its power? From the engine. Where does the engine get its power? From the steam. And what produces the steam? The fire. Let the fire go out under the boiler, and every machine in the building will stand still and every workman will be idle. Let the fire be kindled, and all moves on with amazing force and order. Let it be observed that every tool must be connected with the power wheel. Disturb the connection and that particular tool is idle and useless.

Is there a power room in the Church? The mercy seat is the power room. The place where the members of the Church draw nigh to God in their hearts is the place where they obtain power to do the work of the Church. It is not in the school. It is not in the world. It is only when the heart is brought into actual contact with the Spirit of God that one receives power. It is not physical power, nor intellectual power, but spiritual power. Here is the place where one may get power to preach the Gospel, power to read the Scriptures, power to sing the songs of Zion. It is not at the feet of a great musician, nor in the place where the choir rehearses music for the Sabbath day, but at the mercy seat, at the feet of the Lord of all, that men and women may receive power to sing the songs of Zion. Here we may find power to call sinners to repentance. This power is not mechanical power, but the power of life. Nothing is more sad than a dead Church. The sermons are dead, the prayers are dead, the prayer meetings are dead, all the organizations are dead. It is not necessary to have a dead or dying church. There is a fountain of life. Let us see to it that the Church to which we belong shall be a living church. Let us come to the mercy seat and wait till a flame of sacred love shall be kindled in all our hearts. Then shall we teach transgressors the way of the Lord, and sinners shall be converted unto Him.—Christian Advocate.

THE BROKEN TOMB.

It is said that a century ago an infidel German princess, on her death bed, ordered that her grave be covered with a great granite slab, and that around it should be placed solid blocks of stone, and the whole be fastened together with clamps of iron; and that on the stone should be cut these words: "This burial place, purchased to all eternity, must never be opened." Thus she meant publicly to proclaim that her grave would never be opened—never. It happened that a little seed was buried with the princess, a single acorn. It sprouted under the covering. Its tiny shoot, soft and pliable at first, found its way through the crevice between two of the slabs. There it grew slowly but surely, and there it gathered strength, until it burst the iron clamps asunder, and lifted the immense blocks and turned the whole structure into an irregular mass of upheaved rocks. Up and up through this mass of disordered stones grew the giant oak, which had thus broken the bars of a sepulchre. That oak grows there today, a veritable tree of life.

In every grave on earth's green sward is a tiny seed of the resurrection life of Jesus Christ, and that seed cannot perish. It will germinate when the warm south wind of Christ's return brings back the spring tide to this cold sin-cursed earth of ours; and then they that are in their graves, and we who shall lie down in ours, will feel in our mortal bodies the power of His resurrection and will come forth to immortal life.

A BIBLE LOVER.

George Muller of Bristol, the orphans' friend, was a great worker; no one who knows his history can deny that. But his works were born of faith, for he was a great believer. And his faith came by hearing and his hearing by the Word of God. Rom. 10:17. All the holy activities of his life sprang from the Word of God dwelling in him.

At a Bible Society meeting held in the Town Hall at Birmingham, Eng., the Bishop of Worcester presiding, Rev. T. Aston Binns said he appeared as the substitute for Mr. George Muller, who wrote that the state of his heart in his ninety-third year obliged him to attend to the advice of his medical attendant, and remain at home. Mr. Muller added: "Will you, therefore, have the kindness to read to the meeting, that I have been for sixty-eight years and three months—viz., since July, 1829—a lover of the Word of God, and that uninterruptedly. During this time I have read considerably more than one hundred times through the whole of the Old and New Testament, with prayer and meditation. I also state to the glory of God, as His witness, that in my inmost soul I believe that all the books of the Old Testament and the Gospels, Epistles, and Revelation of the New Testament are written by inspiration. . . . My great love for the Word of God, and my deep conviction of the need of its being spread far and wide, have led me to pray to God to use me as an instrument to do this, and to supply me with means for it; and He has condescended to enable me to circulate in all parts of the earth and in various languages 284,652 Bibles and 1,458,662 New Testaments, 21,350 copies of the Book of Psalms, and 223,500 other portions of the Holy Scriptures; and God has been pleased thus, simply through the reading of the Holy Scriptures, to bring thousands of persons to the knowledge of the Lord Jesus. An especial blessing has been granted in this way in Spain, France and Ireland, and in the spiritually dark villages of our own country, through Bible carriages, which I supplied with Testaments at half price and with Bibles at three-fourths of the cost price."

Has infidelity ever built an orphanage? Where is it? But this Bible reading man founded and built up and managed for many years orphanages where thousands of orphans were fed, clothed, taught, and trained; preached the gospel in some forty different countries; and read his Bible through more than a hundred times. How many infidels should we need to assemble to pick his equal from among them?—Sel.

THE BIBLE'S INFLUENCE.

In a lecture by Rev. H. L. Hastings, he says: "Every one knows that where the Bible has influence it makes things safe. Why is this? If it were a bad book, we should expect to find it in the hands of the worst men. In New York there was once a kind of rogue's museum—a place where they had all kinds of skeleton keys, and jimmies, and brass knuckles, and dirks, and pistols, and implements of mischief, which they had taken away from roughs and criminals. Do you suppose there was a single New Testament tucked away in another. There was a row the other night and a man broke his wife's head with a—Bible? No! it was a bottle! Where the Bible bears sway, the rows and quarrels do not come."

"Years ago, a young infidel was traveling in the West with his uncle, a banker, and they were not a little anxious for their safety when they were forced to stop for a night in a rough wayside cabin. There were two rooms in the house; and when they retired for the night they agreed that the young man should sit with his pistols and watch until midnight, and then awaken his uncle, who should watch until morning. Presently they peeped through the crack, and saw their host, a rough looking old man, in his bearskin suit, reach up and take down a book—a Bible; and after reading it awhile, he knelt and began to pray; and then the young infidel began to pull off his coat and get ready for bed. The uncle said: 'I thought you were going to sit up and watch.' But the young man knew there was no need of sitting up, pistol in hand, to watch all night long in a cabin that was hallowed by the Word of God, and consequently by the voice of prayer."

Would a pack of cards, a rum bottle, or a copy of the 'Age of Reason' have thus quieted this young infidel's fears?"

LIQUOR WEAKENS THE MENTAL CAPACITY.

By the frequent use of liquor the perceptive powers become obscured. It becomes impossible for the victim of drink to grasp fundamental ideas, while literary capacity is immensely reduced when stimulants are taken habitually. There are no authentic specimens of valuable literature which were inspired by alcoholics. The brain is liable to serious injury, especially shown in the succeeding generation. Liquor-drinking obstructs self-education. For marked advancement in personal culture one requires a constant clearness of purpose, which is lacking where attention becomes intermittent by the habit of drink and its attendant consequences. There is also provided an extremely unwholesome environment. The saloon always degenerates its victim. Business men are overwhelmed by the drink habit. Good bargains become improbable, far-reaching plans cannot be made, conditions of trade, the knowledge of which is so essential to success, can scarcely be comprehended by a man addicted to his cups. Such a person falls an easy prey to schemers and loses all his power over his associates, even when that power is naturally extraordinary. Association with men who are sometimes in a maudlin condition is unwholesome and enervating. There is especial danger to brain-workers in the use of intoxicants, and to this class liquor presents the most serious difficulties.—Zion's Herald.

"WHO ARE THE PRAYING ONES?"

It is said of Gharles G. Finney, the great evangelist and preacher, that he always insisted on the spirit of prayer, power to prevail with God, as absolutely indispensable in a successful Christian worker. The fact was very marked in all the powerful revivals where Mr. Finney labored. Perhaps not the many were led in this way, for as in our day, only the few hidden ones got down into the deep places with God, but there were always those who did learn the secret of the Lord as He loves to reveal it to the willing and obedient; and these Mr. Finney considered as most important allies in carrying on a revival.

His question on entering a place to begin meetings, was, not who will help in the preaching, but "Who are the praying ones?" "Has there been a spirit of prayer poured out upon any in the community? Who are standing on the watch tower, waiting for the vision?" And if he found but one or two who really took hold on God with conscious power, his heart was encouraged and he took up his labours with renewed energy.

FITTING NAMES.

"Many a true word is spoken in jest." Standing the other day near the entrance of a large hotel at the seaside, we saw several young men pass in. As they stood at the bar, one said to another with a smile: "Nominate your poison." He had said a terribly true thing in joke. Yes, name your poison—just the word, and they swallowed the poison and went their way.

Soon another party went in. Said the leader to his companion as they leaned against the bar: "What is your family trouble?" meaning, "What will you drink?" "Family trouble!"—rightly named; for what has made such domestic misery as liquor? we walked away feeling that we had learned two new and strikingly appropriate names for liquor: "poison" and family trouble.—Watchman and Reflector.

PREVENTING CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

We clip the following from the animal report of the Canadian Society. After dealing with the mutilation of the horse, and dog the report says,

One of the strongest pleas is for the birds.

The wholesale murder of birds to gratify woman's vanity goes on without ceasing. Annually about five million birds are killed to trim the hats of tender-hearted, refined women, who apparently never stop to consider the horrible suffering of which they are the cause.

SCREAMS OF DYING BIRDS.

Egret plumes are obtained at the breeding season. The mother birds are killed

more easily while trying to protect their young, and the little ones are left to starve to death in the nests. One who went through the hunting grounds in Florida speaks of the horror it gave him to hear the pitiful screams of the dying little birds.

Professor E. E. Fish estimates that the birds save, for agricultural purposes alone, annually one hundred million dollars in the United States, and, it is said, that insect life in many places has increased so as to make human life almost unendurable.

Mr. William T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological Park, says:

"Many sportsmen have become so appalled by the slaughter of birds in general that they have laid aside their guns and taken up the camera instead. Already this has attained the dignity of a 'movement.' But there is no corresponding general movement against bird millinery on the part of American women. The members of the Audubon Societies are a mere handful in comparison with the millions of girls and women who have not been stirred up by the spirit of bird protection. No task could be more difficult or more discouraging than that of convincing the majority of women that the thing which is in fashion is not the right thing to wear."

NOT EASY TO PERSUADE.

"It is the belief of the writer that it will be far easier to induce the average sportsman to lay aside his gun for the sake of saving his favourite game birds from annihilation than it will be to persuade the average girl or woman to refrain from wearing upon their hats the badly stuffed birds and the hideous composites of wings, tails and feathers which occupy, but do not adorn, them."

"Apparently the only remedy that will ever reach the root of the bird millinery evil is that recently proposed by the League of American Sportsmen—a law for bidding the sale of birds 'for commercial purposes' and its rigid enforcement."

The S. P. C. A. is doing a noble work, and deserves the assistance of every animal-lover in the country.

SOME DON'T ENJOY THE BIBLE.

Because they don't expect to enjoy it. Because they don't like to be hit. Because they have learned to enjoy trashy novels.

Because they think it is a back number. Because it doesn't give the telegrams. Because they don't like to feel serious. Because they think it is a funeral director's guide.

Because they understand it conflicts with science.

Because it doesn't speak well of their habits.

Because they had to read it as a punishment when they were children.

Because they go to the book out of tune with it.

Because they read it for want of something better to do.

Because it contains so many uncomfortable reminders.

Because they don't want to enjoy it—Cincinnati Lookout.

A HEROIC BISHOP.

In a small hired house in Tokyo lives Bishop Schereschewsk. Nineteen years ago he was rendered helpless by an affliction largely produced by excessive work and resigned his see, but not his toil. With his paralyzed body he could no longer go about the work of evangelization, but he could at least sit in a chair and work for China by translating the entire Bible, so that more of the common people might read its messages. This he has been doing for many years, working with such restless energy, in his struggle against pain and helplessness, that he has kept two secretaries busy. He wrote his translation of the entire Bible in Roman characters upon a typewriter, though he could use only one finger of each hand and needed eight years to complete the task.—Dr. G. P. Eckman.

Wherever there has been a real revival the interest of the church in the Lord's work is increased and expresses itself in increased activities and more liberal support. "By their fruits ye shall know them"—know how truly and deeply they have been effected by the work of grace they profess to have experienced in their hearts.—Religious Intelligencer.