

HOW TO KEEP A CLEAN HEART.

It is possible to lose the blessing of a clean heart, but, thank God it is also gloriously possible to keep it. How to do this is a vital question. Two or three years ago a brother going into a foreign field arose in one of my meetings and said, "I got the blessing three times, but lost it twice. The third time I got it, the Lord taught me how to keep it through this text, 'As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus, the Lord, so walk ye in him.'" Col. 2:6.

That is one of the simplest and completest statements of how to keep the blessing that can be given. The conditions of getting it are the conditions of keeping it.

To keep it there must be continual joyful and perfect consecration. We have put all on the altar to get it. We must leave all on the altar to keep it. "All the tithes" must be brought into God's house, and we must present our bodies to him as "a living sacrifice," recognizing ourselves as no longer our own, but his by the purchase of his blood, and ourselves as stewards only of all that is ours—our health and strength, our time and talent, our money and influence, our body, mind and spirit, all, all are his, to be used for his glory as full as the fondest bride would use her all in the interest of her husband. And this consecration must keep pace with increasing light. The journey of life is not always through grassy lawns and flowery gardens, but often over burning, shifting, sandy deserts, rocky steeps, fetid swamps and dark and tangled jungles, as the Lord leads the soul in ways it has not known; and at such times self interest may cry out against the sacrifice. But if the consecration be perfect, and grounded in love, there will be no turning back, no plunge into seductive and easy bypaths, but I steady march forward, if needs be to Gethsemane's lonely agony, Pilot's judgment hall of shame, and Golgotha's dark and awful hour. But, thank God, it will not be alone, for he says, "My presence shall go with thee." Hallelujah!

To keep the blessing there must be steadfast, childlike faith. It took faith unmixed with doubts to grasp the blessing. Unbelief was banished. Doubts were put away. The assurance of God's love in Jesus was heartily believed. His ability and willingness to save now to the uttermost was fully accepted, and his word simply trusted when the blessing was received; and, of course, this same faith must be maintained in order to keep it. God cannot require less of the sanctified man to keep the blessing than he did of the unsanctified man to get it. Peter said, "We are kept by the power of God through faith." Notice, it is "the power of God" that keeps us, but it is faith that link us on to the power, as the coupler links the car onto the locomotive. Faith is the coupler. Paul said of himself, "The life I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God." And again he tells us that the Jews were cut off through unbelief, and that we stand by faith.

We may suffer prolonged trials, great perplexities, and fierce temptations—they are a part of the discipline of life.—Lieutenant-Colonel S. L. Brengle.

BECAME A SOUL WINNER.

Rev. Howard W. Pope who has been holding evangelistic services in California, said one afternoon that he believed that every Christian had the opportunity and the ability to bring some soul to Christ. At the close of the meeting a woman came to him and said:

"Mr. Pope, I can't accept all you said this afternoon. I am a Christian but I have no opportunity to lead others to Christ."

Mr. Pope asked: "Do your neighbors never call to see you?" "Rarely." "Does the grocer call?" "Yes." "Is he a Christian?" "I don't know." "Does the milk man ever call at your house?" "Yes every day." "Is he a Christian?" "I don't know, I don't consider it my business to ask him, either," and the woman went away very angry. She could not rest well after she went to bed that night, and finally determined she would make it her business to find out whether these men were saved.

The next morning the milkman ran up the steps, emptied his milk, started to run out when the woman gasped, "Milkman!"

"Oh, an extra quart today?" another quart into the pail. Oh, no, said the woman. But are you a Christian? The man turned on her with a look she never forgot. "No, and I don't care a fig about being one either. Do you remember the meetings held last winter? Well, I was interested then, and if I had been invited would have attended. Someway, I thought perhaps you would like to talk to me about it, but didn't and no one seemed to care whether I was a Christian or not, and now I tell you I don't care. I have lost all interest in such things," and he turned on his heel and ran down the steps.

The poor woman threw herself prostrate upon the floor and in agony of spirit, promised her Lord if he would forgive her past neglect she would never let another opportunity pass without speaking a word for her Master.

When Mr. Pope came two years later to hold meetings again she related her experience and added:

"Six of the seven men who called regularly at my home in a business way are now Christians, all have been converted during these two years—all but the milk man."

A certain farmer walked every Sunday to church past the neglected home of a small boy in his neighborhood and never asked him to attend even the Sunday school. The neglected boy became Joe Smith the head of the Mormon Church.—Sel.

HOW THE DEBT WAS PAID.

Shortly after he had begun to preach, Samuel Harris, of Virginia, was informed by one of his debtors that he did not intend paying him the debt owed "unless he sued him." Harris left the man's presence immediately. "What shall I do?" said he, for he badly wanted the money. "Must I leave preaching and attend to a vexatious law-suit? Perhaps a thousand souls may perish in the meantime." He turned aside into a woods and sought guidance in prayer. Rising from his knees he resolved to hold the man no longer a debtor, and at once wrote a receipt in full, which he sent by a servant. Shortly after the man met him and demanded what he meant. "I mean," said Harris, "just what I wrote." "But you know I never paid you," replied the debtor. "True," Harris answered; "and I know you said you never would unless I sued. But, sir, I sued you at the court of heaven, and Christ has entered bail for you; I have therefore given you a discharge." "But I insist matters shall not be left so," said the man. "I am well satisfied," replied the other. "God will not fail me. I leave you to settle the account with him at another day. Farewell!" This operated so effectually on the man's conscience that in a few days he came and paid the debt.—Sel.

PREACHING REQUIRED BY THE TIMES.

Dr. Stephen Bowers read a paper before the Methodist Preachers' meeting of Los Angeles, Dec. 10, on the "Preaching Required by the Times." Many preachers were present and a large number of laymen including women. The following is a synopsis of the paper.

After speaking of the religious declension in the churches—according to the Herald and Presbyter last year nearly 7000 Presbyterian, Congregational and Methodist churches failed to report a single accession by conversion—the following points were considered: The preaching required by the times should not be too scholastic. The times demand preaching not reading from the pulpit. It should be more direct; it should deal with current events; it should be more earnest and enthusiastic. It must thunder against prevailing vices and wrong of every kind, as Sabbath desecration, unjust divorces, suicide, the liquor curse that would kill the church if it could and that the church could kill if it would, municipal corruption, prize fights, sporting pages that the average daily paper puts into the hands of our children, juvenile offenders who are shocking the sensibilities of the people, political rottenness in state and nation. Pastors are largely turning over the work of soul-saving to evangelists, some of which should not be tolerated. Their work is often superficial and results in but little, if any, benefit to the church. The soul-saving preacher must first get back to Bible holiness as taught

by Paul, and Wesley, Clark, Benson and other fathers of Methodism.

When a preacher in an orthodox church becomes wobbly in his theology, he should leave that church, and will if honest. "Higher criticism" so-called, is doing more to undermine real faith in the Holy Scriptures than all of the Humes, Spinozas, Hobbs, Bowlingbrokes, Voltaires, Paines and Ingersols that have ever lived. The whole counsel of God must be proclaimed, including His promises, invitations and threatenings. Have we reached the day Wesley feared would come, when rich men are considered necessary to the church and holiness is bowed out? The most pitiable sight for Christ and angels is a flunkey preacher deferring to rich men. If the present church fails God will raise up a church that will do His bidding—Christ must be the center of all soul saving preaching. Present results must be looked for. The speaker knew a few churches that offered salvation at every service and souls were continually being born into the kingdom.

He predicted great things for the church in the future after it had put away the saloon curse, that Abraham Lincoln called the "tragedy of civilization," after it stands as an impregnable barrier against Sabbath desecration, worldliness, licentiousness, commercialism, oppression, war, graft, political corruption and evil of every kind. At that time the Church will have it in its power to kindle revival fires in every city, town and hamlet on our continent, deluge the world with holy light, clothe the nations in their right minds and clear the way for the coming of our Christ.

SAVING IT FOR MOTHER.

He was only a mite of a boy dirty and ragged, but he had stopped for a little while in one of the city's free playgrounds to watch a game of ball between boys of his own and a rival neighborhood. Tatters and grime were painfully in evidence on every side, but this little fellow attracted the attention of a group of visitors, and one of them, reaching over the child's shoulder as he sat on the ground, gave him a luscious golden pear. The boy's eyes sparkled, but the eyes were his only thanks as he looked back to see whence the gift had come, and then turned his face away again, too shy or too much astonished to speak. But from that time on his attention was divided between the game and his new treasure. He patted the pear, he looked at it, and at last, as if to assure himself that it was as delicious as it appeared, he lifted it to his lips and cautiously bit a tiny piece near the stem. Then with a long sigh of satisfaction and assurance, he tucked the prize safely inside his dirty little blouse. "Why don't you eat it, Tony?" demanded "Eat it! All meself! Ain't I savin' it for me mother?"

The tone, with its mingling of resentment and loyalty, made further speech unnecessary. Whatever else Tony asked—and it seemed to be nearly everything—he had learned humanity's loftiest lesson: he held another dearer than himself, and knew the joy of sacrifice.—Baptist Young People.

THE GRACE OF KINDNESS.

A young girl on a railroad train gave a bunch of roses to a little cripple. The child held them to her lips and pressed them to her heart, and fell asleep.

The train reached its destination, the father came in from the smoking car. At the sight of his little one lying peacefully with her head against the stranger, and the roses in her hand, he said, in a voice full of feeling: "I'm not a prayin' man, but the Lord's blessin' rest on you for your kindness to my motherless bairn."

The child roused as she was taken in her father's arms, and said, "I've been in—heaven, pa; I've got—some—roses." Other eyes were moist besides her father's, and more than one heard a divine voice saying, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."—Selected.

A committee of eight ladies were appointed to meet on a certain day at 12 o'clock. Seven of them were punctual, but the eighth came hurrying in a quarter of an hour behind time. She made many apologies—"The time had passed away without her being aware of it"—"she has no idea of its being so late, etc."

A Quaker lady present said, "Friend, I am not clear that we ought to accept thy apology. It were a matter of regret that thou shouldst have wasted thine own quarter of an hour, but here are seven besides thyself whose time thou hast also consumed, amounting in the whole two hours; seven-eighths of it was not thine own property."—Sel.

PAULPIETERSBURG, Natal, Dec. 24, 1906.

Dear HIGHWAY:—Christmas day tomorrow! This day is so different here than with you. The heathen all about us know no difference between Christmas and any other day. But our little band of come-out ones are looking forward with much expectancy to tomorrow. All the girls, or mostly all, have managed to get new dresses for this important occasion. But I must leave this subject for the one whose turn it will be to write next week.

There were only six or seven people at the mission station service yesterday, because so many of our Christians were helping at the outposts. Brother Kierstead was on the "big hill" with a few to help him, with a service among about twenty heathen, who would never come here to our services at the M. S.

Sister Kierstead with Faith and Paul held the fort at home, while Mrs. Sanders and I went to a new place where there never was a Christian meeting before. The hut proved too small to hold the congregation who gathered to hear, most of them for the first time, the story of Him who is mighty to save. Three of our staunch Christians were there to help us. One of these Ujim, of whom I wrote you recently, read a text, Jno. 15: 1 and 2, and gave a very unique explanation. He said that God planted us all in the earth to see what kind of fruit we would bring forth. Just as he planted our first parents in the garden of Eden. He told how the big snake came, and deceived them, and sin entered their hearts.

After meeting the head man asked me why I did not make a big lot of beer, several barrels, as the store keeper had once done, and call the people together from all the surrounding country. Then he asked me for matches, saying that he was "a man of a pipe." This Zulu idiom expresses the truth, viz., that the pipe possesses the man. The man is servant and the pipe master. But this man in question, is slave not only to tobacco but beer, and all the long list of heathen sins and customs. And worst of all in his case he does not wish to be free—he desires to be, a man of a pipe and "a man of beer," and "a man of many sweet hearts," and "a man of the departed spirits," and "a man of the devil doctors." Don't think that he is worse than his friends. He is only a sample. They all are like him. Here and there is an exception to the above rule, who like our Jim are willing to separate themselves from the fascinating sins and "pluck out the right eye and cut off the right hand and foot."

Martha and Lydia held meetings at two kraals. Twenty five at the first and only seven at the second.

While Samuel and Peter conducted service at a new place, the home of Maria's mother. From this latter meeting we have not yet heard. In all I judge that about eighty heathen in our district heard the gospel yesterday. Upon our return home I found a woman with whom I am well acquainted. She saluted me as "father" and asked for a little sugary just to "lick" from her hand. She is one of the "isanusi" who profess to have the power to find anything that has been hidden, lost, stolen or strayed. The "isanusi" is called upon also to tell what medicine will cure a certain disease, or to what doctor the sick one should go. This art must now be practiced on the sly as the English government forbids it in South Africa. There are four such persons living on Balmoral, and one of our Christian girls was a victim to this demon possession before her conversion. So while our friend sat enjoying her sugar she related some of her experiences, letting me into the mysteries of her art.

Two years ago this woman bought a speller, as she desired to be a Christian and learn to read. She is very intelligent and would be a good Christian could she but be won to Christ. Perhaps some one at home would like to pray for this particular case.

Yours in Him,
H. C. SANDERS.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

TRY SMILING.

When the weather suits you not,
Try smiling.
When your coffee isn't hot,
Try smiling.
When your neighbors don't do right
Or your relatives all fight,
Sure it's hard, but then you might
Try smiling.
Doesn't change the things, of course,
Just smiling.
And it seems to help your case,
Brightens up a gloomy place;
Then it sort o' rests your face—
Just smiling.

A WORD TO GIRLS.

It is seldom that a young lady who is keeping company with a young man who drinks, or that belongs to a drinking family will heed any advice in the matter. With so many, the polished man of the world is so much more attractive than an honest, sober, perhaps clumsy young fellow whose one hand would be worth more than the other fellow's whole body.

I know personally of two cases which I will cite:

An educated, Christian young woman of beauty and good birth, the cherished daughter of doting parents, had three young men friends who aspired to the honor of her hand. One was studying for the ministry and has since become one among the first of his calling. Another is now a successful merchant. Both were farm boys, not over blessed with good looks or fine manners at that time, but with the right kind of hearts and honest ancestry.

The other was a college graduate, handsome, with elegant manners and a thorough man of the world, who sometimes drank and whose parents before him had done the same. In spite of all pleadings and warnings and appeals to common sense, this young lady married the one who was so very fascinating, and her life was a torture to herself and her friends. Now she is an inmate of a hospital for the insane. Her husband, without a home, is working here and there, and begging his friends, when in his cups for money to buy rum. His son, a man almost perfect in form and feature, gifted, and with an intellect above the average, inherits his father's vices and none of his mother's virtues.

The second young lady's mother, a very beautiful, fascinating woman, with good business abilities, against the wishes of her friends, married a man addicted to drink, inheriting it on his mother's side for generations back, and in a few years she returned to her father's home for support—a helpless invalid, and lived but a few years. This daughter, with her mother's blighted life as a warning, refused to listen to pleadings and tears, and has married a "jolly good fellow," who has occasionally had a good "spree." As she sat with her infant son in her arms, she said to the writer, "I shall never know a moment's peace again. I shall worry till I die about my boy."

Poor little mother! Her eyes are opened too late.

These are only two cases among thousands, many of which are even worse. Girls, beware!—Ex.

INCENSE AND PERFUME.

"Perfume is the sweetness that naturally exhales from the flower. Incense is the fragrance that comes from the touch of fire and tells of a great transformation.

There is in the personal character often the perfume naturally, sweetness of temper an acquired charm of manner. But this is not incense. This is but the glory of the flesh. Incense is that heavenly touch that comes to the heart that has been surrendered to God, crucified with Christ. That has gone through death and resurrection and that has upon it the marks of the fire from God's altar. Something has been consumed. It is not the sweetness of natural temperament but of Divine love.

God make each of our hearts a censor breathing out the fragrance of His peace, His patience, His chastened joy, His all enduring love."—Selected.

O for the closer communion with God till soul and body, head and heart, shine with divine brilliancy! But O for a holy ignorance of their shining! —M. C. Cheyene.