

POWER OF BAD BOOKS.

"Some boys were arrested in northern Ohio," says the Pennsylvania Herald, "for waylaying a traveller and robbing him. As they belonged to fairly good families, the neighborhood was astonished. Why had they done it? An investigation brought out the fact that they had been reading stories of robbers, and had been especially attracted by one called 'Red Hand, the Robber,' and they had organized a 'Red Hand Band.' What made them rob the man? The book did it.

"A passenger train was wrecked at Rome, N. Y., by some boys loosening the rails of the track. Fifteen deaths and sixty wounded. The youthful criminals who had expected to rush in and rob passengers, were so frightened by the groans and screams of the wounded that they ran away in terror. One of them lost his hat as he ran. This led to their detection. Why had they done it? It was traced directly to the books they had read.

"Three young men at Danville, Illinois, so young that they were scarcely more than boys, read the lives of some of the great outlaws and criminals. A wise man said, 'Show me the books you read, and I'll tell you what you are.' These boys became what they read. They undertook to rob a wealthy farmer, he resisted them, and they killed him to get his money."

Be careful what you read and what you think. A bad book is as poisonous as a rattlesnake. Keep out of bad company; and there is no worse company than a bad book, which makes you acquainted with bad men and leads you to commit bad deeds. Hear what the Apostle Paul says: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things. Those things, which ye have both learned, and received, and heard, and seen in me, do; and the God of peace shall be with you."—Selected.

BALMORAL FARM FUND.

- Rev. P. J. Trafton \$10.00
- Rev. S. A. Baker (Tithe Fund) 5.00
- Robert McGeorge 1.00
- G. G. Gray \$2.00
- S. H. Shaw 1.00
- Mrs. S. H. Shaw 1.00
- James Rogers 1.00
- Ziba Orser 1.00
- Mrs. Ziba Orser 1.00
- D. H. Nixon 5.00
- Mrs. D. H. Nixon 5.00
- Mrs. J. D. Shaw 1.00
- Miss Edna Shaw 1.00

Mrs. S. Hayden Shaw, Collector.

Dear Brethren and Sisters,—

Let us take hold of this work in real earnest, and make this "two thousand dollars" a real offering for the permanent establishment of a "holiness mission" in South Africa, which is raising the standard of the scriptural life of holiness in that dark land. This land must be secured in order to make the work permanent, and when the money is raised we will see to it that the best possible title to the property is secured. A strong pull together will quickly meet this need. Real sacrifices bring blessings upon those who make them.

S. A. BAKER.

BELIEVING GOD DAY BY DAY.

Just in the proportion in which we believe that God will do just what He has said, is our faith strong or weak. Faith has nothing to do with feelings or with impressions, with improbabilities or with outward appearances. If we desire to couple them with faith, then we are no longer resting on the word of God, because faith needs nothing of the kind. Faith rests on the naked Word of God. When we take Him at His word, the heart is at peace.

God delights to exercise our faith, first for blessing in our own souls, then for blessing in the church at large, and also for those without. But this exercise we shrink from instead of welcoming. When trials come, we should say, "My Heavenly Father puts this cup of trials into my hands, that I may have something sweet afterwards." Trial is the food of faith. Oh, let us leave ourselves in the hands of our Heavenly Father!

But trials and difficulties are not the only means by which faith is exercised, and thereby increased. There is the reading of the Scriptures, that we may by them acquaint ourselves with God as he has revealed Himself in His Word. And what shall we find? That He not only is God Almighty and a righteous God, but we shall find how gracious He is, how gentle, how kind, how beautiful He is—in a word, what a lovely being God is.

Are you able to say from the acquaintance you have made with God that He is a lovely Being? If not, let me affectionately entreat you to ask God to bring you to this, that you may admire His gentleness and His kindness, that you may be able to say how good He is, and what a delight it is to the heart of God to do good to His children.

Now, the nearer we come to this in our inmost souls, the more ready are we to leave ourselves in His hands, satisfied with all His dealings with us. And when trial comes we shall say, "I will wait and see what good God will do to me by it, assured He will do it." Thus we shall bear an honorable testimony before the world, and strengthen the hands of others.—George Muller.

"AS IF HE WERE MY OWN."

A Story Told by a Ship's Surgeon.

On our last trip a boy fell overboard from the deck. I didn't know who he was, and the crew hastened out to save him. They brought him on board the ship, took off his outer garments, turned him over a few times, and worked his hands and his feet.

When they had done all that they knew how to do, I came up to be of assistance, and they said he was dead and beyond help. I turned away, as I said to them:

I think you have done all you could."

But just then a sudden impulse told me I ought to go and see what I could do. I went over and looked down into the boy's face, and discovered that it was my own boy!

Well, you may believe I didn't think the last thing had been done. I pulled off my coat and bent over that boy. I blew into his nostrils and breathed into his mouth; I turned him over and over, and simply begged God to bring him back to life, and for four hours I worked, until just at sunset, I began to see the least flutter of breath that told me he lived.

Oh, I will never see another boy drown without taking off my coat in the first instance and going to him and trying to save him as if he were my own boy.—Selected.

DRIFTING TO SEA IN MULTITUDES.

No sadder sight meets the view of thoughtful, earnest Christians today than the vast number of our young people who are drifting out to sea with no chart or compass, but merely drifting whither—no man can tell, save that finally the end will be eternal destruction from the presence of the Lord. Whether meantime they are to head up in the penitentiary, or the drunkard's doom, or in pauperism and crime, or in the woe of the tramp—just what they are to become before their final issue in endless perdition no one can tell. There is a marked and pathetic absence of young men and boys from the church services. They are an unseen quantity in the prayer meeting, and a diminishing and rare sight at the Sunday school. They read not the Bible, and do not pray. The training being received by multiplied thousands of young men and boys is practically pagan. The outcome of this is to be sad, in the future. This mass of drifting ones out to the sea of the unknown, reminds us of the words of a writer who spoke of the drifting of a heathen, as related to him by a missionary:

"Pathetic indeed were the words of an intelligent heathen to a missionary a few months ago. The heathen had been shown that his old belief was false; he had drifted away from its poor moorings, and in the dusk, as the missionary was about to leave the church, he clutched at his garments and cried out: 'Help me! I am lost; I am drifting out to sea.'

"There are multitudes of such. They are not alone in heathen lands. They are by our sides. They jostle us on the street. They meet, it may be, about our very own table, yea, may be of our own flesh and blood. Doubt has sapped their old-time faith, the experience of life has shattered old-time idols; to whom shall they turn? From whom shall they find the needed word? They are drifting out to sea. O, Christian, thine hour is at hand to cable those souls to the Lord. God grant that some word of thine may act as a strong cable to hold them back from drifting to sea. Yes, may thy life day by day be such as to be strong cords of steel holding those who have cut old moorings until the day dawn, and with it the experience of a higher and happier faith."—Herald of Holiness.

A GOOD KIND OF CELEBRATION.

When the men of the Beecher Bible Class of the Congregational Sunday school in Lansford, Pa., were trying to decide upon some way in which to celebrate the third anniversary of the class they decided that they could not do better than to hearten up the pastor by attending church in a body. Hardly one of the 125 members failed to attend.—Adult B. C. Monthly.

Note.—Why would this not be a good plan for all the Sunday school classes, 52 Sundays in the year?

"The Gospel Herald" is the name of a monthly eight page paper that has been started by Rev. B. Carradine, D. D., who is the editor and publisher. The address is 1502 14th Street Northwest, Washington, D. C. The price is one dollar per year. Dr. Carradine has many thousands of friends who have been blessed through his ministry who will be glad to be in touch with him through his paper.

"Habit once welcomed becomes a frequent and often uninvited guest."