

gathered in Old South Church, Boston: "I am verily persuaded that the generality of preachers talk of an unknown and unfelt Christ, and the reason why congregations have been so dead, is because they have had dead men preaching to them. Oh, that the Lord may quicken and revive us, for His own name's sake; for how can dead men beget living children."

We quote further from the book, the description of Whitefield's audiences: "Men stopped in curiosity, then listened with desire, then bowed in reverence, and broke in tears of repentance. Stout hearts and weaklings, old men and children, the intelligent and ignorant all hung upon him, for the common people heard him gladly."

Dr. Stone also cites Gelbert Tennant, who said of Whitefield, "He convinced me more and more, that we can preach the gospel in Christ no further than we have experienced the power of it in our own hearts. I found what a babe and novice I was in the things of God."

In summing up the secret of Whitefield's power, Dr. Stone thus closes: "He lived in the presence of the Most High. Before he entered the pulpit he was alone with his God. His secret was the secret of Jonah preaching in Nineveh; of Jeremiah pleading with the indifferent and sinful; of John the Baptist arousing to repentance; of St. John moving the heart; or of St. Paul opening up the Word. Few men have spoken as this man spoke, for few have been so near to their Lord, and given their lives so completely to the ruling of His Spirit, and gained the graces of His indwelling. —*Pentecostal Herald*.

TEACHERS CAN'T DO IT ALL.

Is the fact that schools are taking so much of the responsibility for the welfare of children off parents' hands leading to a disposition to shirk any accountability whatever? "Let the teachers do it" seems to be the public cry. The school doctor looks after mumps and measles and counsels resort to dentist or oculist; breakfastless children are fed, cheap lunches provided, and segregation of the sexes prevails in some high schools with a view to stifling these "premonitory kindlings" which are supposed to be dangerous to the teens. But out of school youth appears to follow its own devices and desires without much reference to parental control. We see those still in the early teens, paired off in the fashion in which the animals entered the ark, downtown late at night, or, in summer, leaving on the 9.30 boat for Belle Isle. The girl of 13 or 14 says "Mother, I'm going —," not "May I?" but with the air of one who condescends to give an account of herself in return for her board and clothes. The lad generally puts both hands in his pockets, puckers his lips in a whistle, and betakes himself whether he will. This doctrine of "developing personality" is developing a good deal of juvenile depravity, as witness our juvenile courts and detention homes.

The criminal carelessness with which some parents discharge their duty to their children was never more clearly shown forth than in the case of the 15-year-old girl, missing from an Indiana city for six weeks or more, whose body was found last Sunday in a vault in a cemetery. Her parents arranged a country service for her with an absolute stranger, a man whose name, even, they did not know. When they failed to hear from her they had not the slightest clue by which to trace her. This case came into public view because of its tragic ending. Other cases where ruin is quite as irretrievable are the se-

cret tragedies of many families. Parents are too busy with business or bridge to know their children's whereabouts, or the kind of company they keep. They overlook those evidences they might read as the results of the companionship, as seen in disobedience, flippancy, or distaste for home. Because a girl's companions are girls is no sign they are good for her; a silly or a bad girl is as demoralizing to one sex as to the other.

Our teachers assume one duty after another to the child which was formerly the parents' business and discharge them remarkably well. They cannot do everything, however. Parents cannot be excused from their share of accountability for the fashion in which they look after the children for whose being here they are responsible.

The foregoing article I clipped from the Detroit Free Press and I thought it so much to the point in reference to parents throwing off their responsibility upon the teachers, not only of our day schools, but also of our Sunday schools, that I send it to the Highway.

Too many parents stay home Sunday afternoon, go walking or visiting, and send their children to Sunday school, expecting the teachers to do what they themselves ought to do, and God expects them to do.

The duty of the parents is to go with their children to the House of God and thus sanctify by their presence the good effort of the teachers, as a supplement to the good instruction received at home.

W.

ALCOHOL'S BANEFUL EFFECT.

Prof. Simpson, of Edinburg University, in summing up his latest researches on the effect of alcohol upon the human body, gives the following: "(1) Alcohol, habitually used, can of itself produce disease from which the abstainer remains exempt. (2) It aggravates diseases to which all are liable. (3) It renders those who habitually use it more open to attacks of various forms of diseases. (4) Habitual drinkers have less chance of recovery from a fever or an injury than an abstainer. (5) In the crisis of serious disease the drinker gets less benefit from stimulating medicines than the total abstainer." These deductions, coming as they do from a scholar, whose authority on the matter is unquestioned, are worthy of profound consideration by all. They prove conclusively that the effect of alcoholic drinks is harmful and never otherwise.—*Selected*.

DO IT TODAY.

O, my dear friends, you who are letting miserable misunderstandings run on from year to year, meaning to clear them up some day; you who are keeping wretched quarrels alive because you cannot quite make up your mind that now is the day to sacrifice your pride and kill them; you who are passing men sullenly on the street, not speaking to them out of some silly spite, and yet knowing that it would fill you with shame and remorse if you heard that one of those men were dead tomorrow morning; you who are letting your neighbor starve, till you hear that he is dying of starvation; or letting your friend's heart ache for a word of appreciation or sympathy, which you mean to give him some day—if you only could know and see and feel, all of a sudden, that "the time is short," how it would break the spell! How you would go instantly and do the thing which you might never have another chance to do.—*Phillips Brooks*.

THE PEACE-PACT.

By Edith M. Thomas.

They were foes as they fell in that frontier fight,

They were friends as they lay with their wounds unbound,

Waiting the dawn of their last morning-light.

It was silence all, save a shuddering sound

From the souls of the dying that rose around;

And the heart of the one to the other cried,

As closer they drew, and their arms enwound,
"There will be no war on the other side."

As the souls of the dying mounted on high

It seemed they could hear the long farewell!

Then together they spake, and they questioned why—

Since they hated not—why this evil befell?

And neither the Frank nor the German could tell

Wherefore themselves and their countrymen died.

But they said that Hereafter in peace they should dwell—

"There will be no war on the Other Side."

As they languished there on the field accurst,

With their wounds unbound, in their mortal pain,

Spake one to the other, "I faint with thirst!"

And the other made answer, "What drops remain

In my water-flask thou shalt surely drain!"

As he lifted the flask, the other replied,

"I pledge thee in this till we meet again—
There will be no war on the Other Side."

And it came to pass as the night wore deep

That fever through all their veins was fanned.

So that vision was theirs (yet not from sleep),

And each was flown to his own loved land—

But, rousing again, one murmured, "Thy and!

Thou art my brother—naught shall divide;

Something went wrong—but understand,

There will be no war on the Other Side."

ENVOI.

Comrades of peace, we can give our tears

As we look on the waste of the human tide—

Yet forever one cry so haunts my ears—

"There will be no war on the Other Side."

From the Literary Digest

The old-time revival and the old-time methods are hard to improve upon; and we know by personal experience and the experience of many brethren with whom we are associated, that the time has not passed for the old-time revival. We do not know of anything that will draw people like a genuine old-time Methodist revival, where the truth is earnestly and powerfully preached and the people are called to the altar and prayed through into the kingdom.—*Rev. H. C. Morrison, D. D.*

"When a man tells me the next revival will be ethical, does he mean to say that the last was not? If the great movement under Wesley, Whitefield, Finney, Moody were not ethical, what were they? They were movements that took hold of vast masses of men, and moved them out of back streets into front ones; and if that was not ethical, surely nothing can be so. Beginning with the regeneration of the man, they changed this environment, and made him a citizen of whom any city might have been proud. This is the true ethical note."—*Rev. H. C. Morrison, D. D.*