

SOUL BURDEN.

The man with a burden for lost souls is a scarce article these days. We have met evangelists that would have served an entertainment bureau better than the pulpit. They seemed to feel it was their frivolous business to entertain the saints more than to preach the blessed Word of God. So they let loose and said cute and funny things until sober saints felt that they did not have any realization of the awfulness of sin and the peril of the lost. "A little nonsense now and then may be relished by a few men" but you and I, beloved, are dealing with the souls of men that have an immortal destiny and it behooves us to watch for souls as men that must give an account in the final day of judgment.

I have gone through that kind of meetings where every one laughed and giggled at every thing that was said and where they talked about a "free time" in the Lord but I noticed that folks did not get through at the altar as they ought to and folks that did come through seemed to be rather dry and joyless.

The times of joy and Spirit hilarity are fine after the burden has been borne and the workers have gone through the garden in real soul travail but are all out of place prior to such a time.

Real revivals do not begin with fast music, hand clapping, and handkerchief waving. They must be preceded by the death dirge and the muffled sobs of the midnight hour before we get the stone away and hear the cry come forth.

If this does not take place in or before the meeting, no matter how successful the effort put forth may seem, it will not be a revival of the lasting sort.

But this "no burden disease" has not only made an attack on the pulpit but the pew is badly affected as well. The heart of God's true servant is often grieved as he sees the listless, stupid condition that the folk who profess two works of grace sometimes manifest. There seems to be a condition about them that says, "go to perdition if you want to" and when God's man is giving a message in the Spirit that would usually bring on birth pangs they will actually become dozy. O yes, there will be one or two that usually sit on the front seat that will have the burden on them for the meeting but what about the meeting at large? Why so few that are under the load?

The church of Jesus Christ suffers for fathers and mothers in Israel who know what real soul burden is and are willing to carry the load that men and women may be born again.

The new birth is scarce because soul burden is scarce. Every means is being substituted for the real thing these days. Hand shaking, trail hitting, card signing, and a lot of other things that of themselves never bring the souls into Bible regeneration. Paul said, "Ye have ten thousand instructors but not many fathers." How true today. If great preaching and Bible reading would do the work the world would have been evangelized long ago. Preaching is easier than praying but of itself not so effective. There are lots of folk that can tell you what to do but few that will be on hand to carry the load.—E. E. Wood in Exchange.

THE SECRET OF A BEAUTIFUL LIFE.

There is a story of a young woman who was spending the day with a party of friends in the country, rambling through the woods and among the hills. Early in the morning she picked up a branch of sweetbrier and put it in her bosom. She soon forgot that it was there, but all day long, wherever she went, she smelled the spicy fragrance, wondering whence it came. On every woodland path she found the same odor, though no sweetbrier was growing there. On bare fields and rocky knolls and in deep gorges, as the party strolled about the air seemed laden with sweet smell. The other members of the party had their handfuls of all sorts of wild flowers, but the one fragrance that filled the air for her was sweetbrier. As the party went home on the boat she thought, "Someone must have a bouquet of sweetbrier," not dreaming that it was she who had it.

Late at night, when she went to her room, there was the handful of sweetbrier tucked away in her dress, where she had put it in the morning and where unconsciously she had carried it all day. "How good it would be," she said to herself, as she closed her eyes, "If I could carry such a sweet spirit in my breast that every one I meet should seem lovely!"

The incident suggests the secret of a beautiful Christian life. We can not find sweetness on every path our feet must press, in every place we are required to go. Sometimes we must be among uncongenial people, people whose lives are not gentle, who are unloving in disposition, with whom it is not easy to live cordially in close relations.

Sometimes we must come into circumstances which do not minister to our comfort, in which we do not find joy, gladness, encouragement. The only way to be sure of making all our course in life a path of sweetness is to carry the sweetness in our own life.—J. R. Miller.

PROUDEST DAY.

A few years ago, a young Swedish American about forty years old, John A. Johnson, was Governor of Minnesota.

People all over the country began to talk of him for President, and he was invited to speak at a banquet in Washington at which the leading men in the country were present. He went and made his speech, and it made a big impression on that audience.

When he got back to Minnesota some one said to him: "Governor, I'll bet that was the proudest day of your life, speaking before an audience like that—Supreme Court Judges, Judges, Senators and Congressmen!"

The Governor thought a minute and said, "No, it wasn't."

"Well, what was the proudest day of your life?" he was asked.

"The proudest day of my life," Governor Johnson replied, "was when I was a boy twelve years old, and got my first pay-envelope at the end of the week, with three dollars in it, and took it home and gave it to my mother and said, 'Here, mother, you needn't take in washing any more.'"—Sel.

GOD'S PERFECT WILL.

If we settle it well in our minds that God's will is "perfect" (Romans 12:2), then we will find no trouble in entire consecration; then we will find no grievance in "the perfect will of God concerning us;" then we will consent gladly to the non-conformity with the world that is requisite to entire sanctification; then we will consider it an exceeding great and precious privilege to be transformed by the renewing of our minds, that we may prove his "good and acceptable and perfect will."

It is only when we doubt the perfection of God's will that we can gain the consent of our minds and wills to be at cross-purposes with his will. Anything less than complete conviction of the perfection in his will can never command our entire trust, our complete resignation, our unqualified acquiescence, our continuous acceptance, our cheerful co-operation. Any flaw or failure in the provisions or fulfillment of God's will might be attended with disastrous consequences to us, might touch us in the very tenderest place, might doom us to direful disappointment, might blast our whole lifetime; but if we are assured of his protection; or if we are assured that all things work together for our good; or if assured that all these things, if they happen to us, are not flaws and failures, but the provisions and fulfillment of his perfect will—then no disaster, no disappointment, no blasting, no touching of our tenderest affections, will at any time or in anything destroy our peace or diminish our trust or affect us unfavorably.—Selected.

PRAYERS OF AN OLD ENGINEER.

A pious old engineer on the Erie Railroad at Susquehanna used to say his prayers aloud in the Young Men's Christian Association rooms before starting on a trip. An inquisitive stenographer listened one evening to this God-fearing man and write down in his notebook the earnest petition which is reproduced below.

"O Lord, now that I have flagged Thee, lift up my feet from the rough road of life and plant them safely on the deck of the train of salvation. Let me use the safety lamp, known as prudence, make all couplings in the train with the strong link of Thy love, and let my hand lamp be the Bible. And, Heavenly Father, keep all switches closed that lead off on sidings, especially those with a blind end. O Lord, if it be Thy pleasure, have every semaphore block along the line show the white light of hope, that I may make the run of life without stopping. And, Lord, give us the Ten Commandments for a schedule; and when I have finished the run on schedule time and pulled into the dark station of death, may Thou, the superintendent of the universe, say: 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant; come and sign the pay roll, and receive your check for eternal happiness.'"—Railway and Locomotive Engineering.

As we are, so we associate. The good, by affinity, seek the good; the vile, the vile. Thus, of their own choice, souls proceed to heaven—to hell.—Emerson.