

STOP AND SHAKE HANDS.

Why is it that men dart out of a prayer meeting as they do, the moment the benediction is pronounced? The true idea of the church is that it is a family—God's family. Its members are children of one Father, and brothers and sisters one of another. A prayer meeting, therefore, is a family meeting. It is a reunion of brothers and sisters. The service is of the character of a feast; and we all know that after feasting comes talking and exhibition of good nature. After the formal portion of the service is over, brethren, why not stay and have an informal service of your own? Talk of whatever the Spirit suggests. Tell your joys and your sorrows, your hopes and your fears, to one another. "Laugh with those who laugh, weep with those who weep." Don't file out of the room solmen as crows flying to the groves at night, passing through gloom into deeper gloom; but go forth as happy as children pouring out of the door when father and mother start out with them for a ramble in the bright sunshine across the fields. At least stay long enough, after the formal service, to shake hands with pastor and each other, and greet any stranger that may have chanced to drop in among you of an evening. Lubricate the wheels of your church machinery with the "oil of gladness," and you will be astonished at the ease with which all parts will be working together. "Salute every saint in Jesus Christ."—Selected.

Holiness people have this good habit.

"CAN HE PREACH?"

Preachers who are good speakers have no difficulty in getting their salary. The people will pay for good speaking. The question of the salary is three-fourths of the time in the hands of the minister.

This does not mean that every preacher can be a great preacher—a star; nor does it mean that any preacher need resort to oratorical, or sensational, or undignified methods in speech. The people do not demand, yea, will not want such preaching, and the men who succeed and rise in the pulpit do not, nine-tenths of them, use such methods; but the churches do demand, and have a right to demand, good speaking, and no minister has a right to be a dull speaker.

His art, his business, his duty is not only to preach the truth but so to preach it that the people will be interested. Dullness in the pulpit with all the issues at stake, is wicked. Better say one truth so that the people will listen and remember than to say twenty things so that they will forget them.

In our boyhood we had for a pastor a most excellent old minister, a graduate of Harvard, who had studied under Dr. Emons. The good old man was learned and wrote excellent sermons, but he was tame as tame could be.

In the little village there was a Baptist church, and our church and the Baptist had no sympathy. One Sunday the Baptist minister immersed half a dozen converts by cutting a hole in the ice. Our good old Father Davis could not stand that, and the next Sunday he preached upon the impropriety of such an act. He woke up; he quite shook the pulpit. No

eye failed to watch him or to hear him. When we returned home mother said to father, "If Parson Davis loved sinners as much as he hates the Baptists, we should have some preaching;" and it was a just criticism.

Not long ago a cultured deacon in one of our larger churches wrote asking about a young man who had been recommended to them. We wrote to them the man was a graduate of Yale and Harvard and spent two years across the water. The deacon wrote back: "I don't care a fig for his A. M. or Ph. D. Can he preach?"—Rev. Smith Baker, D. D.

HOW I REACHED THE CANAAN OF PERFECT LOVE.

By Rev. Daniel Steele, D. D.

Having settled the question that this was not merely an apostolic blessing, but for all ages, "He shall abide with you forever," I took the promise: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My Name, He shall give it you." That "Verily" had to me all the strength of an oath. Out of the "Whatsoever" I took all temporal things, not because I did not believe them to be included, but because I was not seeking them. I then wrote by own name in the promise, not to exclude others, but to be sure that I had included myself. Then, writing underneath these words, "Today is the day of salvation." I found that my faith had three points to master: The Comforter—For me—Now. Upon the promise I ventured with an act of appropriating faith, claiming the Comforter as my right in the Name of Jesus. For several hours I clung by naked faith, praying, and repeating Charles Wesley's hymn:

"Jesus, Thine all-victorious love,
Shed in my heart abroad."

I then ran over in my mind the great facts of Christ's life, especially dwelling upon Gethsemane and Calvary; His ascension, priesthood, and all-atoning sacrifice. Suddenly I became conscious of a mysterious power exerting itself upon my sensibilities. My physical sensations, though not of a nervous temperament, in good health, sitting alone and calm, were like those of electric sparks passing through my bosom, with slight but painless shocks, melting my hard heart into a fiery stream of love.

The affections were the sphere of this wonderful phenomenon, best described as "the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost." It seemed as if the attraction of Jesus, the lodestone of my soul, was so strong, that my heart would be drawn out of my body through the college window by which I was sitting, and upward into the sky.

Language is wholly inadequate to express a manifestation of Christ which did not formulate itself in words, but in the mighty, overwhelming pulsations of love. The joy for weeks was unspeakable. The impulse was irresistible to speak of it to everybody, saint or sinner, Protestant or Papist, in public and in private. At the time of this writing the ecstasy has subsided into a delicious and unruffled peace, rising into ecstasy only in acts of especial

devotion. I find no fear of man nor of death. I can no longer excuse myself of unbelief, the root of all sin.

This has been accompanied with such feeling of inward cleanness that I doubt not that the Purifier has taken up His abode in the temple of my heart. But the direct testimony of the heavenly Guest is love, love, all-consuming love, flaming in the heart of Jesus—love to me. I feel that sin cannot abide the flames of this furnace kindled to such an intensity about me. If others should insist that it is the direct witness of entire holiness, I could not dispute the assertion, so assured am I beyond doubt, that, by the grace of Jesus Christ, I have lived to see the death of the old man, the extinction of all filthiness of the flesh and spirit.—Sel.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Highway:

Time flies so rapidly and everyone is so busy, that I have neglected writing for some little time. We are thankful for so many rich blessings that have come to us from our heavenly Father. We began special services at Lower Brighton on September 6th. Rev. H. S. Mullen and wife came to assist and continued with us till October 8th. They were used of God in the conversion of sinners and the upbuilding of the church. I baptized eight on Sunday, Sept. 13th, and there are others to go forward. Rev. C. S. Hilyard came to help us on Tuesday, Oct. 10th, and I trust he will continue with us over Sunday. He is preaching with the old time power. Praise the Lord. We expect to keep on full salvation lines with the freedom of the Spirit upon us. We need to keep the glory on us and beware of formality. Others will come in and take our heritage if we become like the nations around us. Keep on praying.

P. J. TRAFTON.

WORK-FRUIT.

Notice the difference in the Christian life between work and fruit. A machine can do work; only life can bear fruit. A law can compel work; only love can spontaneously bring forth fruit. Work implied effort and labor; the essential idea of fruit is, that it is the silent, natural, restful product of our inner life. The connection between work and fruit is, perhaps, best seen in the expression, "fruitful in every good work." (Col. 1:10). Only when good works come as the fruit of the indwelling Spirit they are acceptable to God. Under the compulsion of law and conscience, or the influence of inclination and zeal, men may be most diligent in good works, and yet find that they have but little spiritual result. Their works are man's effort, instead of the fruit of the Spirit.—Andrew Murray.

The first and almost the only book deserving universal attention is the Bible. It is a book which neither the most ignorant and weakest, nor the most learned and intelligent can read without improvement.—John Quincy Adams.