

"SYMPATHY."

My subject is sympathy. Now, sympathy, or compassion, means more than a feeling of pity for any one in sorrow or distress.

It means, in addition to this, a desire to help the man or woman who needs it. Sympathy is the putting oneself in the place of another, in order to understand his position, with a view to help him, should he need assistance. Sympathy has been defined as "Love in action" what is it that makes a look—a pressure of the hand—a solace to another in sickness or sorrow? It is the realization of the love behind the action. When mere pity, without love is shown, it is nearly always resented. The most striking example of sympathy and self sacrifice for the good of others this old world has ever seen was that of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. He felt for man's sorrow and man's helplessness. "He bore our sins and carried our sorrows." "In His love and in His pity He redeemed us." He suffered and died for "the unjust," for "sinners," for His enemies.

What a lesson for us! What an example for us all! We are to love our enemies. "If ye love them that love you," Christ says, "What reward have ye?" We are bidden by Christ to follow His example, to try to help all who need our help, to sympathize with all who come in our way, whether friends or foes. Let us then seek by the help of God, through His blessed Spirit in this sin-parched world, to see to it that we by our love and compassion, are like our example instead of exhibiting self by censure and criticism, remember if a brother or sister has stepped aside, has in an unguarded moment been tripped by the enemy of our soul, that he who stands must take care ere he falls." Have you been hard? Have you been gentle or have you been harsh? Have you been charitable? Or have you hunted out all the evil and closed your eyes to all the good in your brother, your sister. Have you forgotten, you without charity in your hearts, you who claim to follow Christ and have no love for your brethren? Close your eyes against their acts of repentance, harden your hearts against their pleas for forgiveness, withhold mercy, pardon and charity; but there is one to whom they can go. He who Peter denied, and who did not censure or denounce Peter before the other disciples. No! a thousand times, no! He gave him a look of sympathy, and that look almost broke Peter's heart. Did Jesus reproach Thomas? No! Again we see the sympathy of Jesus. He invites him to prove for himself that He is his Lord. It is the tenderness and compassion of Jesus that remove the doubts of Thomas. He wants no other proof, exclaiming in all humility, "My Lord and my God." What a lesson to us, and also for us not to brand people as hopeless because they do not yield to Christ at once. There all around us the sad, the careworn, those who need sympathy and love. This is the only place you will ever have the opportunity to help them. Yes, there are hearts breaking for want of sympathy, "not understood." Go, tell them of one who understands them, and loves them with an everlasting love. Tell them that message He left on record,

"Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

If you cannot do more yourself than say a kind word, or bestow a kind look in passing, don't neglect to do it. "Scatter seeds of kindness—scatter not thorns, but roses, for your reaping by and by." Sympathy! Who can estimate the benefits that accrue from the exercise of this grace? May we all try to be, as it were, rays of sunshine, so that we may, by God's help, flood dark and discouraged and saddened hearts with the sunshine of our loving sympathy. You will meet with a glad response. You will find that "sympathy wins." Try it, my brothers and sisters.

"Not understood!" How many hearts are aching for lack of sympathy? Ah, day by day. How many cheerless, lonely hearts are breaking? How many noble spirits pass away. "Not understood?"

J. B.

OBITUARY.

It becomes my duty to report the death of another of God's saints, Martha Foote, aged 53 years, which took place at the home of her brother-in-law, Mr. Elmer R. Ramsey, 16 Stevenson's Avenue, Everett, Mass. Three brothers and two sisters survive her—Osborne Foote, of Milwaukee, Wis., Bud L., of Portland, Ore., and Ebenezer, of Arlington, Mass. The sisters are Mrs. Ethel Ramsey, of Everett, Mass., and Miss Matilda Foote, of Everett, Mass. Sister Martha was born at Pembroke, Yarmouth, Co., N.S. Professed salvation at Sandford, N. S., and united with the R. B. Church when the writer was pastor there, about eight years ago, and she lived a Christian life to the end. Sister Martha had the good qualities of both Mary and Martha of old, as she was ever ready to sit at Jesus' feet, her mother being an invalid for eighteen years. About a year ago her health failed, and about four months ago she came to the home of her sister, where she passed to her reward.

The funeral sermon was preached by the writer, from Rev. 14-13. Rev. Mr. Bryant, of the Pentecostal church, and Rev. Mr. Irvine, Evangelical, and Rev. P. L. Cosman, Baptist, were present and took part in the service.

H. H. COSMAN.

ROSY SUNSET.

"If I can put some touches of rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman," says George Macdonald, "then I feel that I have wrought with God." To make an old person happier, more comfortable, more hopeful—that is, to put the touch of rosy sunset into a human life.

It is a special privilege of youth to cheer old age. How naturally an old person turns to a young person for sunshine! It is beautiful to see the sympathy that subsists between the two extremes of life. In some respects youth and age are as like as sunrise and sunset; and it seems to be God's blessed will and plan that each should turn to the other for help.

It is in the power of every young person to bring sunlight into the life of some old person, to impart that "touch of rosy sunset" which is so sweet to the aged pilgrim who is drawing near the close of life.—Wellspring.

"A living sacrifice" is the life poured out in loving ministry for others. How often our own lives are impoverished because we reserve them for ourselves! How often we see the cramped and meagre lives of others, those who, in care for self, have lost in fragrance and usefulness?—Sel.

COAST TO COAST CONVENTION CAMPAIGN,
NATIONAL HOLINESS ASSOCIATION,
IN PORTLAND, ORE.

The Shasta Route from Frisco to Portland is one of the most delightful trips of America. Over the mountains, through fertile valleys dotted with ranch houses in ideal surroundings. There is the famous Shasta Springs, with its sparkling mineral waters to quench the thirst of the weary travellers. When you get there you are tempted to stop off and spend a bit of time in the solitude of the mountains. This, as you understand, is one of the secluded summer resorts in the great mountain range. Leaving Shasta Springs, the train begins to climb to an elevation of a thousand feet, 12 miles by track, running through the foot hills at Mt. Shasta. Most all day you can see old Mt. Shasta standing out in its solemn grandeur. It seems to lord it over that whole mountain country. I know that God made that country, for it's too big for anybody else.

Oregon has a well-organized State Holiness Association with headquarters at Portland. The Association is well-officered, and they carry on an aggressive work along the line of full salvation. They hold a big camp every year, conventions in the churches, all-day meetings, and a thriving missionary band. The work there proves the wisdom of having an interdenominational association, through which to promote the work of holiness. We are told that the interdenominational phase is not practical, that it is really not interdenominational, but largely made up of one church or people. This is surely not the case in Portland. For instance, at one service eleven pastors reported their work in and around Portland. At another, eleven different denominations were represented, and in one of the services there were testimonies and reports from fifty different churches, all in and around Portland. There were twenty Methodist churches, several Baptist, Presbyterian, United Brethren, Congregational, Free Methodists, Friends, Peniel Mission, Salvation Army, and about everything else on the catalogue. This is simply to show that a gracious work of holiness can be carried on along interdenominational lines. Had the convention been in the name of some denomination you simply could not have gotten that representative crowd.

Our services were held in what was a big Campbellite Church. It was defunct, and has now been bought by the Baptists, but we had a good red-hot meeting in it before they took possession. We opened our convention on Wednesday afternoon with a fine crowd. We had a good hearing in all the services, and the blessing of God was ours. There were not a great many seekers in the early part of the Convention, but we had a gracious closing Sabbath. Glorious mass meeting in the afternoon, with seekers at the altar. A great crowd at night, with twenty-five seekers, and many of them got through.

Time would fail me to tell of the good men and women in Portland who are pushing the work of Holiness, but their names are in the Book of Life. Whoever goes there with a ministry of Holiness may be assured of a good, appreciative congregation. Bro. Davis, pastor of the Nazarene Church, was with us in every service; Bro. Cox, of the Friends; Sister Terrell, of Iowa, who is now pastor of a Friends Church; Bro. Biers, pastor of the Free Methodist Church, and other Methodist preachers, all helping to push the battle.

We will always look back with pleasure to the delightful association we had with the good people of Portland.

We left Monday night for Seattle, and are now in the midst of the battle here.

—Reporter.

Note.—Several reports of previous meetings in this coast to coast campaign were wrongly addressed, and reached us all at once, all too late to be of interest.—Ed.

PRESENTATION.

On Friday evening, Feb. 22nd, after spending the afternoon in sewing for me, the sisters of the church here presented me with a purse of \$16.50, which I accept with much appreciation of their kindness. The brethren also met in the afternoon for a wood-cutting frolic. A nice supper was provided by the sisters. The evening passed pleasantly with songs and prayer.

MRS. L. T. SABINE.

PEACE, PERFECT PEACE.

Peace, perfect peace, to souls distress'd by sin,
Peace, perfect peace, when Jesus enters in;
Peace, perfect peace, whene'er the cleansing blood
Washes our stains, and makes us like to God.

Peace, perfect peace, whene'er the Spirit's given
To purge our hearts, and make us meet for heaven;
Peace, perfect peace, when on the cross we lay
Our sins, ourselves, to be His own away.

Peace, perfect peace, amid war's loud alarms,
Peace, perfect peace, with all the world in arms;
The peace of God possessing all my soul,
Unbroken peace, while troubles' billows roll.

Peace, perfect peace, this is the gift of Christ
Until He come, to keep His holy tryst.
Peace, perfect peace, until that glorious day,
And after that, the peace of heaven away.