

## POINTS ON PREACHING.

It is the man of God who dwells nearest the thorne that is best qualified to "speak with authority."

"Take heed unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers."

You find a trinity of inspiration and power in prayer, Bible study, and meditation upon the needs of your people.

Manufactured emotions, like affected eloquence, may stir; but the stirring is likely to be shallow, and of short duration.

The thunderings from Mt. Sinai are most effective when the tongue is rooted in a heart filled with the sacrificial love of Calvary.

Other things being equal the deeper your convictions the deeper will be the impression of your messages upon the hearts and lives of your hearers.

The more of Christ and the less of self there is in man's preaching the more effective his work. Peter was a man of power; but when the "I" got too big he tumbled. Many a man has tumbled from similar causes.

It is right that all people should take a deep, prayerful interest in the welfare of the church. But it is possible to become so deeply interested in "saving the church" that we lose sight of the work of saving souls.

Fill up, if you would have anything worth while to pour out. But it depends upon what it is that you are filled with as to what kind of material you will have to pour out. The Bible teaching is that we should be "filled with the Spirit," with the Word, with righteousness, with a burden for the welfare of souls. The other is to put on the white robes that are the style of heaven. The one is to be like the standard of too many preachers is to be filled with the spirit of the age and all that that brings with it. The value of our messages depends upon whether we conform to the Bible standard or world standard.—Gospel Banner.

## CON AND TRANS.

St. Paul says: "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind." The first word means to be formed in harmony with the world. The other means to be changed by the renewing of the inner man. The one is to shape our lives after the custom of the world about us. The other means to have a divine power come in and change our nature. The one means to ape and imitate the wicked world all about us, a chameleon who takes his order from his surroundings. The other is to be transfigured by the light of heaven, so that we shine independent of surroundings. There is no middle ground. Unless we are transfigured by the renewing of the mind we shall be conformed to the world about us. Are we con- or transformed?—Christian Witness.

## "GONE WEST."

("Gone West" is the expression used by the soldier for being killed in action.)

The commanding officer and a sergeant were making their regular inspection of the trenches when, rounding one of its tortuous angles, the commanding officer almost stumbled over the form of a young bugler. A glance at the bloody shoulder and the limp distorted form told the story to the practiced eye. The trench had not been properly prepared; there were only two thicknesses of sand-bags at the top of the parapet, instead of the required four, and a chance bullet had torn its way through, horribly wounding the fair young body in which it found lodgment.

"Done for?" queried the sergeant.

"Yes," answered the officer, "the poor lad's gone west."

Through some unaccountable vagary of fate the mind of the dying lad registered the spoken words. A sudden momentary surge of vitality moved the still figure. There was a flutter of eyelids, and the officer bent to catch the words that came faintly and with difficulty from the purple lips:

"Gone West \* \* \* Yes, sir, \* \* \* but \* \* \* not done for! It is only \* \* \* just beginning \* \* \* I see Him! \* \* \* and \* \* \* and mother!" With the last word a wondrous smile illumined the pale face and tired head dropped back into the blood-besmeared mud of the trench. But a few weeks before, in a Salvation Army hutment within sound of the rumbling guns, the bugler boy had found the Christ of Calvary, and to him it was just a peaceful journey, and as the officer bent again over the huddled figure, he realized the sweet boyish lips had said their last and the brave soul had "gone West."

## THE OLD-FASHIONED FAMILY.

There is a great deal to be said for the simple, old-fashioned, God-fearing church-going, Sunday-observing, grace-saying family life in which many of us were brought up. We might write a long editorial on this subject, for it is worthy of it. But if we did, we might not say it as well and leave as vivid an impression as by simply slipping in the following incident taken from real life as told by Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis:

"But recently I saw with my own eyes, and heard with my own ears, and received a charge. The house was a mansion on an avenue, and the man was approaching threescore years and ten. Beside us was the coffin of his dead daughter. On the other side sat his chum, his closest friend. Suddenly the sorrowing man broke into speech, and this was the substance of his soliloquy: "There is nothing in these things. You and I have been living for a good time and for success. We have gotten everything we could during the week. We have been good poker players on Saturday nights; we have spent our Sundays in the automobile and driving, and in social pleasures. We have put the club and the bank first, and my son has disgraced me with his shameless marriage, and my daughter is dead. I tell you (addressing his friend) there is only one place in which to bring up a family,

and that is the Christian Church. There is one way to use Sunday for children, and that is to take them to church. What with money and wine and poker and pleasure all day Sunday, and parties all Sunday night, my family has been ruined. People don't know what the result of this kind of living will be until the end comes. But I know."—Evangelical Messenger.

## TO HAVE, GIVE.

Imagine a rose that would say to itself: "I cannot afford to give away all my beauty and sweetness; I must keep it for myself. I will roll up my petals and withhold my fragrance."

But, behold, the moment the rose tries to store up its colors and treasures of fragrance, to withhold them from others, they vanish. The colors and fragrance do not exist in the unopened bud.

It is only when the rose begins to open itself, to give out its sweetness, its life, to others that its beauty and fragrance are developed.

So human selfishness invariably defeats its own purposes.

He who refuses to give himself for others, who closes the petals of his charity and withholds the fragrance of his sympathy and love, finds that he loses the very things he tries to keep.

The springs of his manhood dry up. His finer nature becomes atrophied. He grows deaf to the cries for help from his fellow men. Tears that never are shed for others' woes sour to stinging acids in his own heart.

Refuse to open your purse, and soon you cannot open your sympathy. Refuse to give, and soon you will cease to enjoy that which you have. Refuse to love, and you lose the power to love and be loved. Withhold our affections, and you become a moral paralytic.

But the moment you open wider the door of your life and, like the rose, send out without stint your fragrance and beauty upon every passer-by, you let the sunshine of life into your own soul.—Home and School.

## PREVAILING PRAYER.

The river that runs slow and creeps by the banks, and begs leave of every turf to let it pass, is drawn into little hollow-nesses, and spends itself in smaller portions, and dies with diversions; but when it runs with vigorousness and a full stream and breaks down every obstacle, making it even as its own brow, it stays not to be tempted by little avocations, and to creep into holes, but runs into the sea through all and useful channels.

So is man's prayer. If it moves upon the feet of an abated appetite, it wanders into the society of every trifling accident, and stays at the corners of the fancy, and talks with every obstacle it meets, and cannot arrive at Heaven; but when it carries upon the wings of passion and strong desires, a swift motion and a hungry appetite, it passes on through all the inter-medial regions of clouds, and stays not till it dwells at the foot of the throne, where mercy sits, and thence sends holy showers of refreshments.—Jeremy Taylor.