

THE PREACHING THAT SAVES.

Intense yearning for souls is a condition of powerful preaching. Whitefield was remarkable for this. It spoke in his manner, his looks, his words. "I love those who thunder out the Word," he said: "the Christian world is in a deep sleep, and nothing but a loud voice can awaken them out of it." A certain baronet said to a friend: "Mr. B, this Whitefield is truly a great man—he is the founder of a new religion." "A new religion, sir!" exclaimed Mr. B. "Yes," said the baronet; what do you call it?" "Nothing," rejoined the other, "but the old religion revived with energy, and heated as if the minister really meant what he said." It is said that Whitefield would sometimes rise in the pulpit, and for a minute or two, looking in silence around his vast audience, as if salvation or perdition teemed in every cast of his eye, would burst into tears; while the swift contagion reached every heart that could feel, and dimmed every eye that could weep. There was a pleading for souls in his very looks. And it was the gushing of a full heart. In Vincent's little book, "God's Terrible Voice in the City," is a description of the preaching of the few faithful ministers who stayed at their posts during the great plague and fire in London. These men lifted up their voices like a trumpet, and spared not. Every sermon might be their last. Graves were lying open around them; life seemed now not merely a handbreadth, but a hairbreadth; death was nearer now than ever; eternity stood out in all its vast reality; souls were felt to be precious; opportunities were no longer to be trifled away; every hour possessed a value beyond the wealth of kingdoms; the world was now a passing, vanishing shadow; and man's days on earth had been cut down from three score years and ten into the twinkling of an eye. "Oh, how they preached! No polished periods, no learned arguments, no labored paragraphs chilled their appeals, or rendered their discourses unintelligible. No fear of man, no love of popular applause, no over-scrupulous dread of strong expressions, no fear of excitement or enthusiasm, prevented them from pouring out the whole fervor of their hearts, that yearned with tenderness unutterable over dying souls."—Selected.

There is a Holiness Movement in the world, a people who believe the Holy Scriptures, who believe in the Deity and humanity of Jesus Christ, who believe in His full atonement for the sins of the race, who believe in His cleansing blood, who believe that He is able to save to the uttermost and keep to the last against all powers and all comers. There are those who are swallowed up of this great truth, who are mightily saved, blood-washed, and God-intoxicated; men and women whose one great end and aim is the spread of the Gospel of full salvation, who long to see this Gospel of entire sanctification spread to the ends of the earth and who are willing to spend and be spent if they can only bring their fellowbeings to see the power of the Christ to save, and to exercise the faith which brings them into the fulness of the blessing. These people make up the real Holiness Movement.—Selected.

THE PRAYERLESS LIFE.

The Christian who neglects private prayer, who is seldom or never found in his closet, behind the closed door with God, is in the process of slow, but certain spiritual suicide. Prayer is, after all, the secret of the expanding life. Prayer is the means by which the depths of the spirit are stirred.

What is the secret of the power of those who prevail with God and man? Answer: The prayer life. What is the substitute for prayer in the careers of successful soul-winners? Answer: There is no substitute.

The testimony of George H. C. McGregor, who sent out seven missionaries from his own church and had started to win another seven when he was cut down by death, is worth considering. He said: "I would rather train one man to pray than ten men to preach."

There is no life that deserves the name outside the prayer life. The heavens bend with spiritual energy, but he does not touch that energy who neglects the life of secret prayer.—Central Christian Advocate.

GOD'S PROMISES.

A promise is like a cheque. If I have a cheque, what do I do with it? Suppose I carried it about in my pocket, and said: "I do not see the use of this bit of paper. I cannot buy anything with it," a person would say. "Have you been to the bank with it?" "No, I did not think of that." "But it is payable to your order. Have you written your name on the back of it?" "No, I have not done that." And yet you are blaming the person who gave you this cheque! The whole blame lies with yourself. Put your name on the back of the cheque; go with it to the bank, and you will get what is promised you." A prayer should be the presentation of God's promise, endorsed by your personal faith. I hear of people praying for an hour together. I am very pleased that they can; but it is seldom that I can do so, as I see no need for it. It is like a person going into the bank with a cheque and stopping an hour. The clerks would wonder. The common sense way is to go to the counter and show your cheque, and take your money and go about your business. There is a style of prayer which is of this fine, practical character. You so believe in God that you present the promise, obtain the blessing, and go about your Master's business.—Spurgeon.

I am not here on a furlough; I am here for orders.—H. B. Brooklyn, October, 1908.

Every church should support two pastors—one for the thousands at home, the other for the millions abroad.—Jacob Chamberlain.

I will place no value on anything I have or may possess except in relation to the Kingdom of Christ.—Livingstone's resolution made in young manhood.

Win China to Christ and the most powerful stronghold of Satan upon earth will have fallen.—Mr. Wong.

CAMP MEETING CARDS.

We are sending Beulah and Riverside Camp Meeting folders to the brethren and sisters. Please distribute them in your congregations, and among your friends, send them in your letters to those that would likely attend. Put them where your company will see them. These folders cost considerable to print them and for postage. Make them useful.

FATHER DUNNEY ON IMMORAL MOVIES.

Father Joseph A. Dunney, Inspector of Parochial Schools of the Diocese of Albany of the Roman Catholic Church, in an address concerning movie pictures, said:

"To take the open view, the movies are primarily a money making proposition. It is inherently false to say that they are either educational or artistic. Where 6,000 reels are produced in a year, it is impossible to procure these results, facts prove it. Nine out of ten films are shady and make appeal to a low intelligence. Not one in fifty has either form or finish. A sop is thrown to the respectable now and then, but it is not more than a sop. Movies are made not to uplift, nor to educate, but to pay a return on invested capital. Box office returns are the chief consideration.

"It will not down to call up an old respectable movie to justify the trash that is flung on the canvas. The old dime novel and nickel shocker were Sunday School weeklies alongside of the stuff that is now projected to appeal to the imagination and the conscience of the unwary. I have no hesitation in saying that the greatest enemy we have to encounter in our educational activity for clean, strong character-building is the uncensored movie. This is my conviction after covering sixty-five schools and discussing the matter with over 22,000 children."—Wesleyan Methodist.

RESULTS OF PROHIBITION.

Begging has been reduced eighty-six per cent. in Los Angeles since the law closing the saloons went into effect April 1st, 1918. Failure to provide for minor children has decreased fifty per cent, attack on women, forty-nine per cent, assault and batter cases, forty per cent; assault with a deadly weapon twenty-two per cent., disturbing the peace, sixteen per cent, and arrest for homicide fourteen per cent. These figures were given out by the Chief of Police.—The Classmate.

What are Christians put into the world for except to do the impossible in the strength of God?—General S. C. Armstrong.

Christianity is a religion which expects you to do things.—Japanese saying.

All the world is my parish.—John Wesley.