

The Bible needs no defense from men. Exiled, it has created a new kingdom and shifted the center and balance of power. Carried away captive, it has broken down rival altars and overthrown false gods till the right of way has been accorded to it by friend and foe. Sold into bondage by false brethren, it has captured the hearts of its masters and ascended the throne of domination. Driven into the sea, it has gone over dry-shod, seeing its enemies overwhelmed in the flood and itself singing the glad song of deliverance. Burned on the public square by the public executioner, it has risen sphinx-like and floated away in triumph, waving the smoke of its own funeral pyre as a flag of victory. Scourged from city to city, it has gone through the capitals of the civilized world, leaving behind it a trail of light attesting its divine authority. Cast into a leper's pesthouse, it has purified the scales of contagion, restored the rosy skin of smiling infancy, quickened the energies of romping youth, and re-created the sinews of heroic manhood. Betrayed by a kiss, it has stood erect in the calm majesty of eternity, amid the swarming minions of its enemies. Nailed to a felon's cross, it has illumined the darkness by the radiance of its own glory, and transformed the summit of sacrifice into a throne of universal judgment. Sealed into the gloom of a sepulcher, it has come forth with the echoing footsteps of Almighty God, rising to dominion over all intelligence. Marvelous Book! Full of divine life and power! No one can touch even the hem of its garment without being healed. No one can come near enough even to stone it without being blessed. It shall rise in power and beauty as long as there remains one sinner needing salvation or one saint hoping for heaven.—Bishop Charles H. Fowler.

HORSE OF ANOTHER COLOR.

The old story about Henry Ward Beecher and the horse is still good. One day when about to take a ride, Mr. Beecher glanced at the horse and remarked: "That is a fine looking animal; is he as good as he looks?"

The man replied: "Mr. Beecher, that is the best horse in our stable. He will work in any place you put him, and he can do anything that any horse can."

The preacher gazed admiringly at the horse and then said as if in a soliloquy: "I wish to goodness he was a member of our church."—Farm and Home.

The Methodists are the largest evangelical religious body in the U. S. A. They are divided North and South, since the Civil War, sixty years ago. The question of organic union between these two great Churches has been under consideration for some time. But one difficulty not yet overcome is the color line. The South thinks it best for both "blacks" and "whites" that each should have their own Church, the two working in unity and harmony, for of course, there would be no rivalry. The North wishes the "black" and "white" to be in the one Church. And meantime they are carrying on their great work, North and South, each in the way they think best.

One of the most widespread and popular degradations of the pulpit is the sensationalism in which preachers indulge. What a gross misconception of the gospel and the power of God is this nonsense. It betokens an utter lack of faith in the power of God to take the simple plain, gospel message and use it to awe and convict people. How grossly offensive to God it is for ministers of the gospel to turn from the high and inspired authority and efficacy of the Word of God and rely on such trivialities and trash as sensational subjects on which to preach. A layman writing in *The Continent* says:

What is more deplorable in our church life than the methods many of the clergy are employing to secure an audience? Whistling women, free lunches, shady politicians (posing as brilliant statesmen), moving pictures with an inoffensive smear of religion on them, represent some of the offerings in the church notices. And the topics of the sermons! What poor, benighted heathen would even guess these performances had anything to do with Christianity?

The writer, who recently spent nine months in Los Angeles, observed the following in the *Los Angeles Times*: "Has God Got Your Number?" "The Wild-West Man," "The Man in the Moon," "Pussy Cat, Where Have You Been?" "A Wonderful Invention—A Lunch Box, Hand Mirror, and Bathtub in One." The authors of these are Presbyterians, Baptists and Methodists, all men of prominence in their respective denominations.

Happily there are hosts of ministers who are upholding the dignity of the Church, who are above this miserable vulgarization of religion, but the number of those who fill the church columns of the secular papers with their disgustingly sensational advertisements seems to be on the increase the country over. The church page is beginning to suggest a riot of department store bargain counters, a printers' ink scramble for business. It is beginning to be a noisome, indecent reek of commercialism.

What shall we do with these degraders of the Christian pulpit? We must either correct them to a belief in the power of the gospel of Christ, or in the event of our failure to do this, escort them out of the gospel ministry.—*Herald of Holiness*.

SOME THINGS I WOULD BE.

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;

I would be pure, for there are those who care;

I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;

I would be friend to all the poor and friendless;

I would be giver and forget the gift;

I would be humble, for I know my weakness;

I would look up and love and laugh and lift.

—Ex.

"Christ is the golden sceptre held out by God to man."

The experience of heart purity is not obtained by struggles. It is obtainable only by faith. It is one of the enemy's most subtle tricks to promote struggles and worries and thus about faith. Some struggle to feel like some one else said they felt, and others struggle to experience some occult and strange demonstration, while yet others struggle for something, they do not know what. So incidious is the trick that many souls are betrayed into a sense of satisfaction in that they have struggled and they think there is some moral merit in that fact.

Rev. M. L. Haney was wont to say that "much of the so-called 'dying out' is but a desperate effort to have one's own way." Whatever merit there may be in earnestness of seeking there can be no merit in any degree of earnestness which is directed upon a wrong object. It is not how earnest one is in seeking grace from God but it is how expectant one is that determines the measure of success in seeking.

To those who read these lines who are seeking the grace of heart purity, let us say that your seeking should be characterized with earnestness but that is not sufficient. Lay hold of some promise. Quote it to God in your praying and risk yourself on it and cease your struggles and while you trust and claim you will find the treasure you desire.—*Christian Witness*.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF GOD.

The genuine Holy Ghost filled people are God's aristocracy. Those who have not the fulness of the Holy Ghost are the poor folks of God's Kingdom.

Alfred Cookman died at forty-seven. He was never anything but a pastor. He never wrote but one or two small things. Yet in my travels for twenty-five years in this and other continents. I have never been anywhere where the fragrance of the spiritual devotion of Alfred Cookman had not penetrated. The reason for this is apparent in the simple testimony which he once gave in a Camp Meeting.

"On every dollar in my pocket; on in my home; on every function of my body; every book in my library; on every child on every affection of my heart is written, in letters of gold, 'This is sacred to Jesus Christ.'"

"Able-bodied faith needs food and exercise, rather than the crutches of seeing and feeling."

The prayer was for those about whom He speaks to the Father in these words, "I pray for them; I pray not for the world, but for them which Thou hast given me; for they are Thine. I have given them Thy Word; and the world hath hated them, because they are not of the world, even as I am not of the world."

That for which He prayed—the grace he sought for them—was something distinct from the experience they already had. It was an experience definitely and suddenly realized, as their subsequent and suddenly realized, as their subsequent history witnesses. That these disciples had grace—had real Christian experience—is exceedingly clear in this entire prayer.—*Dr. C. J. Fowler*.