

MY MOTHER'S GOD.

At a fashionable party a young physician present spoke of one of his patients whose case he considered a very critical one. He said that he was very sorry to lose him, for he was a noble young man, but very unnecessarily concerned about his soul, and that the Christians increased his agitation by talking with him and praying with him. He wished Christians would let his patients alone. Death was an endless sleep, the religion of Christ a delusion, and its followers were not persons of the highest culture and intelligence.

A young lady sitting near, one of the gayest of the company, said, "Pardon me, doctor, but I can not hear you talk thus, and remain silent. I am not a professor of religion; I never knew anything about it experimentally; but my mother was a Christian. Times without number she has taken me to her room, and with her hand upon my head she has prayed that God would give her grace to train me for the skies. Two years ago my precious mother died, and the religion she so loved during life sustained her in her dying hour. She called us to her bedside and, with her face shining with glory, asked us to meet her in heaven; and I promised to do so. And now," said the young lady, displaying deep emotion, "can I believe that this is all a delusion? that my mother sleeps an eternal sleep? that she will never waken again in the morning of the resurrection, and that I shall see her no more?"

No, I can not, I will not believe it." Her brother tried to quiet her, for by this time she had the attention of all present. "No," said she, "brother, let me alone; I must defend my mother's religion!"

The physician made no reply, and soon left the room. He was found shortly afterwards pacing the floor of an adjoining room, in great agitation and distress of spirit. "What is the matter?" a friend enquired. "Oh," said he, "that young lady is right. Her words have pierced my soul." And the result of the conviction thus awakened was that both the young lady and the physician were converted to Christ and are useful and influential members of the Church of God.

Reader stand up for Jesus at all times and in all places wherever you hear His name reviled, or His counsel set at naught. Rather let the language of your heart be, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."—Selected.

THE POWER THAT WORKETH IN US

C. W. Ruth

Our God "is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us."—Eph. 3: 20.

The measure of spiritual power that is manifested in the world is determined by the measure of "power that worketh in us;" that is, the "power" must first work "in us" before the world sees or feels the same. The "power" operates, and is manifested, only through human instrumentalities. Spiritual results and spiritual victories are achieved "according to the power that worketh in us." It is not power in the abstract, but power in the concrete, so to speak, that reaches and moves the hearts of men Godward. Just in proportion as the individual membership is indwelt by this power, just in that proportion does the church have power to prevail with men; the "power" must first work "in us," before it accomplishes that which is "exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think," in the salvation of others. Jesus said to his disciples, "Tarry . . . until ye be endued with power" (Luke

24:49); "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." (Acts 1:8.) It is not merely the machinery of the engine, but the power in the engine that makes the engine effective; not the projectile in the mouth of the cannon, but the guncotton back of it that enables it to do the business; not merely the bullet, but the powder back of the bullet is necessary to successful warfare. And this principle is true of all spiritual conflict. It matters not how perfect the organization; how eloquent and orthodox the preacher; how beautiful the tone and artistic the singing, unless energized and unctioned by the Holy Ghost, all those will not reach the heart, nor produce salvation results. They may please, and entertain, and generate a human enthusiasm; but will utterly fail in bringing men to God. We have discovered that, usually, the congregation is moved and wrought upon proportionately, "according to the power that worketh in us." If the preacher is not under the anointing, so that his own heart is moved and stirred, he seldom moves and stirs others; if the singer does not first feel the message brought in song, the congregation is not likely to feel any spiritual uplift, or blessing as a result of the singing. We insist, it is according to "the power that worketh in us" that we become effective in reaching and saving others. "He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength."—Isa. 40:29.

THE MENACE OF THE DARK.

A young countess who had escaped from a besieged castle was lost in the woods. Night was falling, and strange sinister shadows lay about the paths. She had never been alone before; for she had always been surrounded by devoted underlings, so that now she was terrified. She fled on in silence. She dared not cry out for help for fear of bringing an enemy. A storm came with the darkness. Whipped by tossing boughs, pelted by rain, chilled by a cold wind she stumbled on.

Just as she was sinking down with weariness she stumbled against a wall. Feeling her way along it, she came to a door that pushed open at her touch. Whatever was inside, she thought, could not be worse than the outside, so she entered. There was no light or sound, but the room was warm and the storm shut out. She dared not go farther for fear of what she might find, so she crouched down just inside the door.

Presently she felt warm and dried and rested. But now the air seemed full of vague whisperings and rustlings. Once she was sure a breath fanned her cheek. Perhaps she had come upon a meeting place of fiends and ghosts. All the superstition of that dark time arose to plague her. She crouched and prayed in fear but not in faith. At length worn out she fell into a troubled sleep.

She was awakened by the sun shining across her face. In the first instant of consciousness all the horrors of her position flooded upon her. She opened her eyes and looked upon a great window of stained glass, that was now a glory of purple and scarlet and gold in the morning sunlight. Out of the storm and the darkness she had wandered into a church. The rustlings and whisperings she had heard were the stir of doves in the belfry.

Gods peace, and security all about her! And because her eyes were closed by the

darkness she had imagined that she was surrounded by enemies and demons.

We, too, often walk in a way beset with fears. It is dark, and we are sure the darkness is filled with enemies and disaster. That the dark might mask friendliness and good fortune seems never to occur to our feeble sense of faith. We stumble and mourn and expect every misfortune. But sometimes we have our eyes opened and we find that we are in Gods' house with His love all about us.—Selected.

THE "ROOT OF BITTERNESS"
GONE.

(A Personal Testimony)

After a vacation spent in Bible study and prayer, and upon return to our city church work, in our study alone, on the fourth day of last September, after I had been mightily convicted for inbred sin, the blessed Holy Spirit came in sanctifying power. Glory!

Prayer suddenly became a thing of joy and Divine fellowship and intercession; and the Bible, a bubbling-over of living waters. I started out to tell the story, and to pray with the Free Methodist pastor and the Wesleyan minister, through sheer glory of spiritual fellowship. I told the story from our (Presbyterian) pulpit with tears of joy, and was so sure that all would immediately be glad, and seek likewise to know Him. I shall never forget the surprise and dismay experienced, and the opposition encountered. I became the talk of social circles. Some were sure that I had become slightly demented.

God put upon me the spirit of supplication, and how my heart wept before Him for victory in souls. A few have been saved and sanctified; but now after seven months the door is closed and my resignation courteously requested.

It is glorious to discover under fire that God can take away the "root of bitterness" and purify the heart. In the secret of prayer my heart continues to plead with burdened love before God, for those who have been unkind. There is no root of sourness or unkindness or back-firing left. Bless the Lord! Love bubbles up and flows out like a river.

When God purifies a Presbyterian minister's heart, He does just as complete a work about it as when He touches the heart of a Free Methodist. I am not counting now upon scholarship, or any degree, but upon the mighty Spirit, and the Christ, and the wonderful Father—glorious Trinity! I do not know where God will lead, but am anxious to get into the wheatfield, and with the sickle reap precious souls. Doubtless God has a church in mind, and will lead me there. In the meantime, the fire burns, the tide is in and it whispers and laughs along the sands. The Saviour abides in a rapture of sweetness! and, "The eternal God is our refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." Glory to God!

The popular saying that it does not make much difference what a man believes if he is only sincere and honest, is utter nonsense. It entirely ignores the connection between belief and character. As a matter of fact, these two stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect. The life is largely the product of a creed.—Presbyterian Witness.