

call of business that it is never allowed to crowd into that place reserved for the kingdom of God and its righteousness?

Am I dead to the opinions of my friends?

Am I dead to the scorn of my enemies?

Am I dead to the blame of the wicked?

Am I dead to the praise, or the misunderstanding, of the good?

Am I dead to the awful trend of the times?

Am I dead to the trend of churches these days?

Am I dead to the general conduct of others, and can I dare to take my stand for Jesus independent of the indifference of others?

Am I dead to the unspirituality of others? Not that I do not care whether or not they are spiritual. Nay, I do care. I weep often over their coldness and indifference. But do I dare to be spiritual, and that deeply spiritual, in spite of unspirituality around me?

Am I dead to the approval or disapproval of preachers? Ah, yes, there are lots of ministers who speaking slightly of extremists, 'as they call a person who hungers to be wholly holy.

Am I dead to the cringing and shrinking of my own weak flesh?

"Lord, drive the nails, nor heed the groans,
My flesh may writhe and make its moans,
But this the way, and this alone,

Let me die! Let me die!"

Is this the desire, and song, and prayer of my heart?

Dearly beloved, let us hearken to the Voice of the Lord found in the Sacred and Inspired Scriptures.

"For if ye live after the flesh, ye shall die: but if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live."—Rom. viii 13. "And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the passions and desires." Gal. v.24. "Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin." Rom. vi.6. "Likewise reckon ye yourselves also to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord. Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal body, that ye should obey it in the desires thereof." Rom. vi.11-12.

That is Holy Writ, brethren, and Holy Writ is the Voice of the Great I Am. Ah, let us listen! Oh, let us give heed! Let it test us now! Can we not stand before it? Then let us fall before it and repent of our falling so far short. Let us open our hearts up wide to this word. Let us welcome it home to ourselves to be the present, the future controlling force in our lives. Then shall we "purify our souls in obeying the truth through the Spirit unto unfeigned love of the brethren;" unto that great love, lacking which, though we may have all else we are in God's estimate and in fact, NOTHING.

If Jesus had to die in order to be the blessing his Father willed Him to be, if Jewish Saul had to die that Christian Paul might be the apostle to the Gentiles, if the corn of wheat must die in order to bring forth much fruit, if the death route is the only road to answered prayer, spiritual power, and supreme success in the kingdom of God—and it surely is—if the dare to be independent in character is the secret of building true, strong character, if you and I must dare to be a Daniel, dare to stand alone, if need be, must die out to all but the Will and Word of God, or else not be a

blessing, is it here that the secret of our powerless, prayerless, burdenless, unspiritual, ununctionless, unapostolic, useless, no-passion-for-souls life lies? We are not dead. We have not been crucified with Him. We cannot say, "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Is this the secret?

Brother, sister, this is vital. Let us face the issue. Let us face it, and, if need be, own up to our awful fault. Even though it mean humiliation and bitterness of soul, let us do so. We must die out to all but the will of God. "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God." That motto was handed down to us by the Holy Spirit. It is more than a mere motto: it is a command from Almighty God. Has this been our heart's motto? Has this been our honest endeavor? Have other motives crowded in and mixed with this God-given one? Have they even crowded out the superior one? Perhaps all we have is a fine theory un- supported by practical living.

Do you recognize this principle as a duty for you? Do you recognize the obligation? Do you hunger to be at your best for God? Listen! It is not correct thinking, nor proper feeling, but right willing which counts here. "What wilt thou?" was the question of our Lord to the man at the pool. Right willing can settle this for you. Decide: "This poor, faithless world shall all go;" "Farewell, my earthly treasures, I go at Jesus' call." I will take the death route. "Let me die! Let me die!" Decide this. Will this; in spite of pride, and self, and hell, will this: "I will lay all on the altar of sacrifice. The Spirit shall control my whole spirit and soul and body. I will present my body 'a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God,' which is my reasonable service." I will reckon myself from this out to be 'dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God.' Hallelujah! Hallelujah! wonderful! Wonderful privilege! Beautiful, fruitful death! Marvellous prospect for the future! "Christ in me shall appear, "Christ formed within, the hope of glory!"

Forgive, O Lord, my holding aloof from Thee for so long! Pardon my half-heartedness; for Jesus' sake! Thou dost "stand at my door and knock." I do open unto Thee. Thou dost come in. Thou dost! Thou dost! We shall sup together. Praise the Lord! Now I will present Thee my whole spirit and soul and body, a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, my reasonable service. Now I will, from this time forward, reckon myself "dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ my Lord." The Lord Christ is sanctified in my heart, my all-sufficient portion. Praise the Lord! By thy help, O Lord, no more shall sin have dominion over me! No more, by thy grace, shall it reign in my mortal body that I should obey it in the lusts thereof! Glory, glory, glory, glory! Glory be to God!

"Jesus calls me; I am going;

To the washing of his blood,

Healing now and purifying

All who test the crimson flood.

Flesh may cry, Not now—to-morrow;

Idols rise with wonted power;

Jesus, help me, come and help me!

Lo, He comes this very hour!"

—Louis Hartsough (slightly altered).

McPherson, Kansas.

HOW LONG WILL IT DO TO WAIT?

Dr. Nettleton had come from the evening service in a country town to his home for the night. The good lady of the house, rather an elderly person, after bustling about to provide her guest with refreshment, said, directly before her daughter, who was in the room:

"Dr. Nettleton, I do wish you would talk to Caroline. She cares nothing about going to the meeting, nor about the salvation of her soul. I've talked, and talked, and got our minister to talk, but it don't seem to do any good. I wish you would talk to her, Dr. Nettleton."

Saying which, she soon went out of the room.

Dr. Nettleton continued quietly taking his repast, when he turned round to the young girl and said:

"Now, just tell me, Miss Caroline, don't they bother you amazingly about this thing?"

She, taken by surprise at an address so unexpected, answered at once.

"Yes, sir, they do; they keep talking to me all the time, till I am sick of it."

"So I thought," said Dr. N. "Let's see: how old are you?"

"Eighteen, sir."

"Good health?"

"Yes, sir."

"The fact is," said Dr. N. "religion is a good thing in itself; but the idea of all the time troubling a young creature like you with it, and you in good health, you say. Religion is a good thing. It would hardly do to die without it, I wonder how long it would do for you to wait?"

"That's just what I've been thinking myself," said Caroline.

"Well," said Dr. N. "suppose you say till you are fifty? No, that won't do; I attended the funeral the other day of a lady fifteen years younger than that. Thirty?" How will that do?"

"I'm not sure it would do to wait quite so long," said Caroline.

"No, I do not think so either; something might happen. See now, twenty-five? or even twenty, if we could be sure you would live so long? A year from now; how would that do?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Neither do I. The fact is, my dear young lady, the more I think of it, and of how many young people, as well apparently as you are, die suddenly, I am afraid to have you put off a moment longer. Besides, the Bible says, 'Now is the accepted time.' We must take this time. What shall we do? Had we not better kneel right down here, and ask God for mercy, through His Son, Jesus Christ?"

The young lady, perfectly overcome by her feelings, knelt on the spot. In a day or two she was enabled by divine grace to rejoice in the sure hope of eternal life, and to find at the same time that she had far from lost all enjoyment in this life.

Reader, seeing that life is so very uncertain, and time and opportunities are swiftly passing away, how long will it do for you to wait? Be honest with yourself and say.—The Bible Line.

Island Falls, Me.

Dear Brother Trafton:

The work is going on pretty well. We had one seeker for sanctification at Belvidere on the 9th of December. We have a good large field to work over. I preach three times each Sunday. We have two prayer services each week. Once every two or three weeks I preach at East Hersey in a school house.

Yours in Him,

G. A. ROGERS