

ways busy doing good, and appeared to love his wife so deeply that we girls looked upon him as an ideal Christian man and husband. We sometimes said we would never marry a man who was not as good as Brother Hallet.

Well, I went on. I had begun now, and nothing could stop me. When I heard you say to father one night that if Brother Hallet did not neglect his work so much to run after his wife there would be more souls saved, I was shocked to say the least. You said he was always promising to do things that he never did, and making plans he never carried out. Of course, I had noticed that, too, sometimes, but I had supposed that it was because he was so busy he just did not get around to it. Well, father said he knew that Brother Hallet always wanted to be the big "I," and no one ever had a chance to do anything. There was more, too, including the fact that Sister Hallet repeated things which were told them in confidence, and so forth.

But it is the same with every one! Sister Payne is very patient with her Sunday-school class, but you can hear her half a block down the street scolding her own children. I heard you tell father so. Brother Pool sings so often because he wants to show off his voice since he had a little training. At least, father said he supposed that was the reason. Even the new preacher who was so well recommended when he came here catered to the well-to-do members—put them on all the committees and boards and things. Hypocrites, that's what they all are!

"I think my voice had risen hysterically at this point. Mother was crying, and father just looked stunned. However, when Sister Crandel turned an accusing glance upon my parents, I seemed to realize that I was saying too much—revealing them in a very unfavorable light, and I sensed their grief and embarrassment.

"Do not think that my father and mother talk about folk to every one," I spoke heartily to the evangelist. "It is just to each other here at home; but we children can not help noticing it, and seeing that those people are preaching what they do not practice. Hypocrisy is a greater sin than almost any other, I heard you say the other night.

John had been watching us all this time and now he flung down his book and jumped to his feet. "Sis is right. That is just the reason I quit. I got sick of trying to live right among a bunch of hypocrites."

"Well, Sara, mother and father dropped to their knees and began to call upon God for forgiveness. Sister Crandel put her arm about me and beckoned to John, and began talking to us in a low tone. She explained that each of us has peculiarities and mannerisms which appear in an altogether different light to others; that God sees only the motives behind every act, and that no one of us has the right to judge another's acts without that knowledge. She told us that our parents did not realize the wrong they were doing, and begged us to forgive them, and to ask God to forgive us.

"Something she said must have touched us or God must have been answering mother's prayer (she was asking God to take that feeling out of our hearts, and to forgive her for causing it to grow there). Anyway, John and I began to pray for ourselves, and such a prayer-meeting as we had! It was not long before we all were shouting or crying according to our natures.

"We have been saved ever since, and needless to say there was never another unkind word about any one spoken in our home."

Mrs. Ferris' voice ceased. The clock took up the thread of sound, ticking along uninterruptedly for several minutes. Sara Phelps wiped tears

from her cheeks and eyes, rose slowly, and started for the door.

"Thank you, Julia, dear friend," she said, "and pray for us. We are going to have a prayer-meeting at our house this evening. Pray God it be not too late."—*Florence E. Winship, The Free Methodist.*

THEY PREFERRED "DETOUPS"

Henry J. Zelle

It may seem strange to read a statement like the title of this article, when most people dread detours and classify them with punctures, blow-outs, collisions, slippery roads, burned-out bearings, broken axles or springs, etc., as the terrors of the road. Yet the statement is true. The scenery may be, and frequently is, more attractive than that along the highways, and yet there is danger ahead. As in morals, so in touring, "There is a way that seemeth right to man, but at the end thereof there is" possible harm. We knew intimately a family of four, whose automobile was struck by a train, on a detour, near Albany, a few years ago, and three of the four were killed.

It is remarkable that where highways exist any person should choose detours, and yet the practice of doing so is at least three thousand, two hundred and twenty years old. History tells us that in 1296 B. C. "the highways were unoccupied and the travellers walked through by-ways" (literally, crooked paths or detours). (Jud. 5:6). This was "in the days of Shamgar, the son of Anath, in the days of Jael;" more than three millenniums ago.

The detours were not selected because the highways were crowded as they are today, for the record states that "the highways were not occupied." The fact that the detours were termed crooked paths implies that the highways were not so, but perhaps were as straight as the "twenty-mile stretch" of the New Brunswick turnpike between that city and the New Jersey State Capitol, which is as straight as a bird flies. Strange that detours should have been chosen in preference to unoccupied highways; there must have been a reason for it.

Again we turn to history and find that five hundred and eighty-four years later, 712 B. C., his laws, neither were they obedient unto the record that they would walk in law."—Isa. 42:24. And Jeremiah, just one hundred years later, 612 B. C., states that detours were preferred and when the people were directed to the highways, they said, "We will not walk therein."

Time and space will not permit the tracing of the ancient people through the years, but the startling truth, only too well known, is that conditions are the same today, and with a change of prominent names to distinguish the age in which we live.

Perhaps the highway is too straight for the present day. Its name suggests that possibility. It is named by its Builder, "The Way of Holiness". Nothing rebukes sin, like Holiness. No unclean fest are permitted upon that highway, and that may explain why it is unoccupied, while detours are crowded. It also suggests the awful possibility that the detours do not lead back to the highway, but end in disaster, death, and eternal destruction; for "without holiness no man shall see the Lord," and He lives and reigns in the Homeland.

The present conditions were foretold by an omniscient God nineteen hundred years ago; and at that time He gave the reasons why the

highway is deserted for detours. "Hear ye His."

"Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron"—Tim. 4:1, 2.

"This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, trucebreakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, highminded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof. But evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving, and being deceived."—2 Tim. 3:1-5, 13.

"For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables."—2 Tim. 4:3, 4.

"But there were false prophets also among the people, even as there shall be false teachers among you, who privily shall bring in damnable heresies, even denying the Lord that bought them, and bring upon themselves swift destruction. And many shall follow their pernicious ways; by reason of whom the way of truth shall be evil spoken of. But these, as natural brute beasts, made to be taken and destroyed, speak evil of the things that they understand not; and shall utterly perish in their own corruption."—2 Pet. 2:1, 2, 12.

Christ opened His revival meetings in Nazareth by reading from Isaiah, sixty-first chapter, and began with the same sentence with which this article closes, "This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears."—*God's Revivalist.*

FAITH NOT WORKS

We are not saved for the good that we have done. Our salvation depends solely upon the atoning work of Jesus Christ. Dr. John B. Devins told of a man who dreamed that he constructed a ladder from earth toward Heaven, and whenever he did a good deed his ladder went up two feet; when he did an unusually good deed his ladder went higher. After a while it went out of sight, and as the years rolled on he expected at his death to step off that ladder into Heaven. But in his dream he heard a voice thunder from the skies: "He that climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." Down the man came, ladder and all; and he awoke. He realized then his mistake and sought salvation in the only way—faith in the atoning blood of Jesus Christ.—Sel.

There are three types of consciences—the sore, the callous and the tender. The sore conscience causes us to act like a man with a felon on his finger. Every time anything or anybody comes his way, he is dodging and feeling the hurt even if not touched. The one with a callous conscience hopes the other person is putting on his coat—when the owner of that type of conscience should recognize that the coat exactly fits him.

Lord Tennyson wrote: "Mighty hopes make us men." The religion of Jesus Christ is the most potent agency in life for the production of "mighty hopes." Hence, to be real men is to be real Christians.