

the soul after one is converted is virtually agreed by all; the correlatives of this theory are suppression, and eradication. 2. That there is a freedom from this sinful nature before death is evident from the well-known passages: "Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises; that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust" (2 Peter 1:4); "And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure" (1 John 3:3); "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1:9). 3. The apostles were filled with the Holy Ghost after they had forsaken all to follow Jesus; and how could Jesus have said, "Blessed are the pure in heart," if there were no freedom from sin?

It would be unfair to the artist to have him stop when he had painted the outline of a picture, for how then could he show to the admirer the beauty of his skill? By converting a soul, God manifests the power of His holiness; by sanctifying the soul He manifests the beauty of His holiness; it is unfair to God for one to drag along with barely enough grace to get through, for God wants to show to the world a living epistle of His power and holiness.—*The Free Methodist, Riceville, Iowa.*

A PATHETIC STORY

I was sitting at my breakfast table one Sabbath morning, when I was called to my door by the ringing of the bell. There stood a boy about fourteen years of age, poorly clad, but tidied up as best he could.

He was leaning on crutches; one leg off at the knee. In a voice trembling with emotion, and tears coursing down his cheeks, he said: "Mr. Hoagland, I am Freddy Brown. I have come to see if you will go to the jail and talk and pray with my father. He is to be hung tomorrow for the murder of my mother. My father was a good man, but whiskey did it. I have three little sisters younger than myself. We are very, very poor and have no friends. We live in a dark and dingy room. I do the best I can to support my sisters by selling papers, blacking boots and odd jobs; but Mr. Hoakland, we are awfully poor. Will you come and be with us when Father's body is brought home? The governor says we may have his body after he is hung."

I was deeply moved to pity. I promised and made haste to the jail, where I found his father.

He acknowledged that he must have murdered his wife, for the circumstances pointed that way, but he had not the slightest remembrance of the deed. He said he was crazed with drink or he never would have committed the crime. He said: "My wife was a good and faithful mother to the children. Never did I dream that my hand could be guilty of such a crime." The man could bravely face the penalty of the law for his deed, but he broke down and cried as if his heart would break when he thought of leaving his children in a destitute and friendless condition. I read and prayed with him and left him to his fate.

The next morning I made my way to the miserable quarters of the children. I found three little girls upon a bed of straw in one corner of the room. They were clad in rags. They were beautiful girls had they had the proper care. They were expecting the body of their dead father, and between their cries and sobs they would say, "Papa was good, but whiskey did it."

In a little time two strong officers came bearing the body of the dead father in a rude pine box. They set it down on two old rickety

stools. The cries of the children were so heart-rending that they could not endure it, and made haste out of the room, leaving me alone with this terrible scene.

In a moment the manly boy nerved himself and said: "Come, sisters; kiss papa's face before it is cold." They gathered about his face and smoothed it down with kisses, and between their sobs cried out: "Papa was good, but whiskey did it!"

I raised my heart to God and said: "O God, did I fight to save a country that would derive a revenue from a traffic that would make one scene like this possible?" In my heart I said: "In the whole history of this accursed traffic there has not been enough revenue derived to pay for one such scene as this. The wife and mother murdered, the father hung, the children outraged, the home destroyed. I there promised my God that I would vote to save my country from the rule of the rum oligarchy. A system of government that derives its revenue from results such as are seen in this touching picture must either change its course or die, unless God's law is a lie.—*The Standard Bearer.*

TO YOUR KNEES, O ZION!

By Rev. Walter E. Isenhour

The situation we are facing as a Church, a nation and world is indeed critical. There is not the least doubt about this. We need not close our eyes to facts and think it will help us any. It won't! To deny a truth doesn't remedy it. Neither does it help us much to admit a fact, if it is something that needs adjustment, needs a remedy, if we do not set out to bring about the remedy, or help to do it. God will have to do the greater part, but there is something we shall have to do first. He expects us to do our part, even though it be very little. If we are to act and move first, then the sooner we get about it the better it will be. God will not move toward saving us until we make the first effort toward saving ourselves. It is ours to come to God, repent and pray; it is God's part to hearken, answer our cries and save us. There is a world of truth in that old adage, "God helps those who help themselves."

There are only a few churches up and down the land today that have real, convicting, arousing, "mourner's bench," Holy Ghost, bestirring, gripping, soul-saving, hallelujah, shouting revivals. They used to. People who are forty years of age, and more, know that I am telling the truth. Our Protestant churches. God was in them, and with them, in mighty, marvelous power. People then believed in the altar, or "mourner's bench," as it was called, and didn't offer sinners anything else as a means of salvation but deep repentance before Almighty God at the mourner's bench. It worked. Multitudes got to God. The churches over the land were alive. Their services were largely attended, even to the extent that the crowds were unable to find room on the inside. God came on the scene. Sinners fell under conviction and agonized with God until they prayed through. Souls were "born again," believers sanctified, backsliders reclaimed, the churches tremendously revived and on fire for God, and numbers were added to the Church and the kingdom of God. Today it is quite different. Thousands of churches are about forsaken, the old mourner's bench is a thing of the past, nobody gets under conviction for sin, neither do they get to God. Lots of churches are still taking in members, but they don't

require any thing of them. They don't have to be saved to get in. They don't require any repentance. It seems that they are after numbers and not souls. After quantity and not quality. That isn't worth anything.

Education today has largely taken the place of old-time, Holy Ghost preaching; trained choirs have taken the place of congregational singing; catechism, hand-shaking and card-signing have taken the place of mourner's bench repentance, revivals and salvation, and the supper room has taken the place of the upper room. Talking and foolish jesting have taken the place of prayer; fine clothes displayed in fine pews have taken the place of plain clothes in plain pews, and a form of godliness has taken the place of real godliness, hence our deplorable condition as a Church and country and nation and world today.

What is to be done? Nothing but a mighty turning back to God. That is all that will save us. Everything else is a miserable failure. It means a tremendous turning back to God or a tremendous downfall and overthrow to America, and the whole world. Perhaps America is more responsible, as we have the greater advantages and privileges. God has enlightened us, blessed us, prospered us, and He expects great things in return. Shall we fail Him?—Wesleyan Methodist.

ADORNING—GOD'S WAY

Mrs. Blanche Cate

The human being from the beginning has had an inbred desire for beauty, which is natural and right.

God loved beauty. This fact is manifest to us each time we look upon any work of His creation—the wonder of the universe, "the earth and the fullness thereof," the perfection of His color scheme. There is no lack in creation from the mightiest ocean to the most delicate flower. And of all these, man is the greatest.

Yet there is always the urge to decorate the body, trying in a small human way to beautify it by the use of man-made devices. Imagine any one adding a dash of color to a sunset, more silver to a moonlit night—God's own perfect work! Surely the Lord wants us to be beautiful in our own individual way. We may not see our perfection, ". . . for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

Cleanliness is always the first step toward beauty in the flesh. So it is with the Spirit. When tears—beautiful tears of repentance—begin to fall, the unclean garments of sin fall aside as a cloak. With the need of and desire for, an inward cleansing, Jesus comes with His own life's blood, washing us clean indeed. If we open our hearts wide, the Holy Spirit comes in to abide, making of His abode a pure, sweet dwelling place. With the knowledge of His presence, the radiance of love breaks forth upon the countenance. The eyes become clear and fearless, warm smiles of joy light the face, the hands become gentle, one's deportment has become sane and modest—oh yes—the Father does indeed wish His children to be beautiful, but He loves to adorn His own! Why can we not be satisfied to let Him do so?

"Whose adorning. . . let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price."—*The Wesleyan Methodist.*

Baker, Montana.