

through Christ, for the gracious ability. If you will give up your hesitation and human reasoning and gloomy fears and dishonoring unbelief, and be willing to meet the two requirements, "do" anything, "be" anything, even a little child or a fool, for Christ's sake, not hindering the Spirit's progress and triumph, with that miserable word "cannot", then Christ will give you the ability, and you will find service practicable and pleasant which you regard irksome and impossible. Now, friends, do not say, I cannot; it is impossible; but say, I am willing, if Christ gives the ability, and I will trust Him for it. Surrender all your hesitation and fear and unbelief; put them on the altar; put your lips, your tongue, your voice, your stammering speech, on the altar. Put them there to-day, and then, as you go forward in the path of obedience, be looking for the baptism of fire and power. It will come. Oh, friends, now! now! What we want is what Christ desires to bestow. There are multitudes in the valley of indecision. Some of you are hesitating, and your hesitation grieves Jesus. "Do you know", said a lady of intelligence and prominence in the Church, to another; "do you know that this profession of holiness is not popular?" "Oh, yes, we know that certainly", was the answer. Then, after a moment's pause, she asked of the lady of position, "But why are you not holy? why do you not enjoy the blessing?" Mark the answer: "Because I am not willing to be singular for Christ's sake. If I should obtain the blessing, I know that I should be called to be so unlike the mass of professors of religion that really I am not willing to make such a mark of myself." Mark! mark! she was not willing to pay the cost of being holy. But, oh, why did she not count the cost of not being holy? especially in view of the account she will be called upon to give in the day of reckoning, for those whom she might have led by her example and influence in the way of holiness. Oh, friend, you must not hesitate, for your soul's sake, for your usefulness, for the Church, for Jesus.

AN ADDRESS ON RELIGIOUS PROGRESS

(By Rev. Alfred Cookman)

Another week has transpired, with all its advantages and opportunities. It has passed by. It is gone irrevocably and eternally gone. Dear friend, what contribution has it made to our character and Christian usefulness? Have you been making advances in the knowledge and love and likeness of Jesus? Aye, but this inquiry covers a large period. Let it take in months and even years. Have you been going on to perfection? Suppose that, stepping into a school, we should find a man of twenty-five in one of the elementary classes. We should certainly be surprised. But our astonishment would be greater if we were informed that for ten years he had been a member of the same school, and a member of the same class; that little or no progress had been made during all these years. Oh, friends, some of you have been in the school of Jesus for five years, ten years, fifteen years, twenty years. By this time you ought to be versed in the deep things of God. You ought long since to have been directors and helpers of others, but let me ask, How many have "you" helped into the cleansing fountain of Jesus' blood? How many can say of you that you were instrumental in the salvation of their souls? We are not likely to help others into this fountain until we have been in there ourselves. We cannot lead others unless we ourselves go before.

I was deeply impressed some time since in listening to a ministerial brother who said that for eight years he had preached the doctrine of full salvation, but did not know that during that time one was influenced to accept of and appropriate Jesus as his full Saviour. But he remarked: "Since I entered into this experience myself I know of a number who through my humble instrumentality have been influenced to step into the Bethesda of redeeming love, grace and power." Friend, we must come into the experience, not simply desire it; we must come into it, if we would be developing scholars in the school of Jesus. If we would be helpers of those who are in the direction of the light; if we would help forward this doctrine which is to-day the hope of the Church, and the world.

AN OUTRAGE

One of the most flagrant insults to the people of the United States and Canada is the lying advertisements concerning whisky, beer and cigarettes which come to us over the radio. This sort of thing is a brazen invasion of the sacred precincts of the home. Can it be stopped? Certainly. By law, of course. But with the United States Government favorable to these demoralizing influences there is little hope of remedy from this source. Another means can be used—protest to the broadcasting companies which sponsor these degrading programs. These concerns depend upon the good-will of the public.

If 100,000 of the insulted people of America would at least once a month send a letter or card to offending broadcasters these advertisements would be driven from the air. It is the indifference which feels grieved "but does not put the objection into concrete form" that allows the vultures to prey upon our homes. When we all care about it enough to protest the insult will cease.—Free Methodist.

SAMSON

The Philistines made a great sacrifice to Dagon and greatly rejoiced; for they said, "Our god has delivered Samson, our enemy, into our hand."

But they were wrong. This man Samson had gifts and favors from God above most men. He failed miserably, diverting to personal and selfish use the strength which he had been given, with which to serve Israel and Jehovah. Surely God was patient with him in his stupid triflings. But there came a time, as there always does, when such an one goes too far. His secret was made known; his head was shaven; his strength was gone; his enemies were victorious; his eyes were out; his work was lowly for a man of such high calling—grinding in darkness at the mill, going round and round, like an old blind horse. Only he could not be just like the horse. He had his thoughts with him. He must have said as he came around the old tread-mill once, "What a fool I have been!" And as he came around again, "What a fool I have been!"

So Samson bemoans his "eyes" and his captivity and humiliation. Really his great grief should have been in the loss to Israel and in grief of the God who had given him a great chance in life.

Dagon is honored. Yes, but Dagon is not the cause of the calamity to God's people and the ascendancy of the enemy. The man appointed to and equipped for high things has failed. Here is the trouble.

He tried to even things up by pulling the temple down upon his tormentors and upon himself. Too bad for a strong man to have lost his way! He went out under a cloud.—Free Methodist.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD REVEALS MAN TO HIMSELF

Man, once the high priest of creation, the mysterious yet glorious link between the material and the spiritual, has put off his Eden robes, and no longer ministers a holy Levite before the Lord.—Rev. H. Gill.

Thou unholy soul, see thy picture in condemned Peter, lying in the dark dungeon, bound with chains, the keepers before the door keeping the prison. The night is far spent, and the morning is at hand when thou art to be brought forth to execution. O may the angel of the Lord come upon thee, and the light shine into thy prison! and mayest thou feel the stroke of an almighty hand, raising thee, with "Arise up quickly, gird thyself, and bind on thy sandals, cast thy garment about thee, and follow me!"—Wesley.

Behold yonder dark cellar, closed for many years. In it are snakes and toads, and slimy crawling things; and yet one may go down there in the darkness and not think it to be such a dreadful place after all. But let him throw open the shutters and allow the sunlight to enter in; and lo, he stands astonished at the filth revealed. Just so when God's word, accompanied by the Spirit, enters the sinner's darkened mind: he who once felt secure now stands alarmed at the sight of himself.—Spurgeon.

Do you suppose that if the Bible had been written by some learned doctor, revised by a committee of eminent divines, and published by some great religious society, we should ever have heard of Noah's drunkenness, of Jacob's cheating, of Paul and Barnabas' quarreling, or of Peter lying, cursing, or dissembling? Not at all. The good men, when they came to such an incident, would have said, "There is no use in saying anything about that. It is all past and gone; it will not help anything, and it will only hurt 'the cause'." If a committee of such eminent divines had prepared the Bible, you would have had a biography of men whose characters were patterns of piety and propriety, instead of poor sinners, as they were. Sometimes a man writes his own diary and "happens" to leave it for some one to print after he is dead; but he leaves out all the mean tricks he ever did, and puts in all the good acts he can think of; and you read the pages filled with astonishment, and think, "What a wonderfully good man he was!" But when the Almighty writes a man's life he tells the truth about him; and there are not many persons who would want their lives printed if the Almighty wrote them.—H. L. H.

THE HOME BEYOND

An old Norse king sat one night in his hall when the tempest was roaring and whistling outside. The fire threw its glow far out into the dark recesses of the hall, the brighter for the storm and gloom around. While the king talked to his councillors before the fire, a little bird flew in and passed over their heads and out at the open window.

"Such", said the king, "is the life of man. Out of the darkness into the light, and then lost in the darkness and storm again."

"Yes, Your Majesty", cried an old courtier, "but the bird has its nest beyond."

And the truth could not be more tenderly told. What the old courtier said of the bird is true of all who love the Lord Jesus Christ. Our nest is beyond—in Heaven.—Selected.

When you are repeating scandal, remember somebody lied to you and you are lying to somebody.—Sel.