

JOYS OF SALVATION

Heathenism is a dark and dismal thing. The cities lack sanitation. Most of the people are without medical and surgical and dental provisions. Burdens are borne by women and men which we give to machines. Ignorance prevails. Superstition often causes loved ones to be sacrificed. Usually there is a lack of appreciation of the value of human life. Hopelessness pervades the religions.

The gospel is "good news" every way. As by-products, families and communities are cleaned up physically, and horrible diseases are routed. Improved tools and methods make work easier and more productive. The missionary is often a teacher of the things fundamental to a civilization. Heathen gods and the fear of them leave many hearts and homes.

If the gospel has done its greatest work—darkness dispelled but there is positive joy. The convert can cry with the Psalmist, "O sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord all the earth. Sing unto the Lord, bless his name; show forth his salvation from day to day. Declare his glory among the heathen, his wonders among the people. For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised: he is to be feared above all gods. For all the gods of the nations are idols: but the Lord made the heavens. Honor and majesty are before him: strength and beauty are in his sanctuary. Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord glory and strength."

The greatest of all joy is the joy of the heart. The greatest of all peace is out of fellowship with God.—Free Methodist.

REUBEN JOHNSON'S PARDON

"When I was in Ohio a few years ago, I was invited to preach in the state prison. Eleven hundred convicts were brought into the chapel, and all sat in front of me. After I had got through the preaching, the chaplain said to me:

"Mr. Moody, I want to tell you of a scene which occurred in this room. A few years ago, our commissioners went to the Governor of the State, and got him to promise that he would pardon five men for good behavior. The Governor consented, with this understanding—that the record was to be kept a secret, and that at the end of six months the five men highest on the roll should receive a pardon regardless of who or what they were. At the end of six months the prisoners were all brought into the chapel. The commissioners came; the president stood on the platform, and putting his hand in his pocket, brought out some papers, and said: "I hold in my hand pardons for five men." The chaplain told me he never witnessed anything on earth like it. Every man was as still as death. Many were deadly pale. The suspense was awful; it seemed as if every heart had ceased to beat. The commissioner went on to tell them how they had got the pardon; but the chaplain interrupted him.

"Before you make your speech, read out the names. This suspense is awful."

So he read out the first name, "Reuben Johnson will come and get his pardon"; and he held it out, but none came forward.

He said to the warden: "Are all the prisoners here?" The warden told him they were all there.

Then he said again, "Reuben Johnson will come and get his pardon. It is signed and sealed by the Governor. He is a free man."

Not one moved. The chaplain looked down

where Reuben was. He was well known; he had been nineteen years there, and many were looking around to see him spring to his feet. But he himself was looking around to see the fortunate man who had got his pardon. Finally the chaplain had caught his eye, and said: "Reuben, you are the man."

Reuben turned around and looked behind him to see where Reuben was. The chaplain said a second time, "Reuben you are the man," and the second time he looked around, thinking it must be some other Reuben. He had to say three times "Reuben, come and get your pardon."

At last the truth began to steal over the old man. He got up, came along down the hall, trembling from head to foot, and when he got the pardon he looked at it, and went back to his seat, buried his face in his hands, and wept. When the prisoners got into the ranks to go back to the cells, Reuben got into the ranks, too, and the chaplain had to call to him: "Reuben, get out of the ranks; you are a free man, you are no longer a prisoner."

And Reuben stepped out of the ranks. He was free! That is the way men make out pardons; they make them out for good character or good behaviour; but God makes out pardons for men who have not got any character. He offers a pardon to every sinner on earth if he will take it. I do not care who he is or what he is like. He may be the greatest libertine that ever walked the streets, or the greatest blackguard who ever lived, or the greatest drunkard, or thief, or vagabond. Christ commissioned his disciples to preach the gospel to every creature.—Selected.

CROAKERS

"They are not confined to the frog-ponds. Nevertheless it may not be amiss to take some observation from these mud-walled orchestras, with their green upholstery. You remember the free concerts you had in the country. Sitting quietly in the twilight, you amused yourself by trying to distinguish the separate parts. You heard a heavy bass and shrill treble, with tenor, alto, and contralto sandwiched in. The strain was embellished by grace-notes or appoggiaturas interspersed, while a tremendous trill (the r rolled to perfection) chimed in at regular intervals; the whole constituting an intolerable din, or a mental anodyne, according to the taste of the listener. But croak they would, and you fell to thinking that these croaking creatures had their counterparts outside the pond. Church and state, prayer-meeting and parish, are greeted by their discordant notes. Right ready are they to criticize the powers that be; to disparage the present incumbent, be he teacher, preacher, or president. For the croaker rollicks in the memory of the past.

There is the basso—obese in personal presence, surly in demeanor; the shrille soprano—a nervous, high-strung, and squaky voiced woman, who can only find time from her worldly cares for fault-finding and fretting; while the proprietor of the grace-notes comes in for a sudden slur on somebody when everything apparently is going well, ducking his head, spattering cold water on every project and taking himself off when there is any work to be done.

We fancied ourselves familiar with our friend of the frog-pond, when, lo! we were roused from our reading one evening by a laugh that went the rounds involuntarily and simultaneously, while Ned went to the window with "What is it? What is it?" None of us could for a time tell whether the ludicrous sound came from man or beast. Listening intently, we located it in the frogpond, and night after night were we indebted to this

nondescript noise for many a hearty laugh. The tone was very funny, yet one of unmistakable contradiction and decided dissent.

The newcomer certainly differed from all his companions; and having exhausted our powers of comparison, we christened him the universal croaker. His counterpart is certainly ingenious in his way. The active people in Church and society he pronounces officious; the unobtrusive, quiet workers are in his eyes sluggish and asleep. Sometimes the gift of office puts upon him a temporary quietus; but he generally magnifies that office to such an extent that, when the election comes, he returns to the ranks and recovers his voice. After all, croakers have their mission. But for them there is many a truth we might have missed. They show us our delinquencies. Since they won't do anything else we could hardly deprive them of this privilege; so we will—let them croak."—Rev. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

FINANCING THE CHILD

Many fond parents lament their lack of ability to bestow nice clothes, easy schooling and other similar favors upon their children. Others having more make the way too easy for the young people. The result is weakness and lack of independence in those receiving too much help. Billy Sunday some years ago, before a great audience at Winona Lake, said, "If you want a child to go to the devil give him an automobile and plenty of money." And he knew what he was talking about.

John D. Rockefeller, Sr., had some ideas about the preparation of children for the handling of money. He believed that the boy or girl must first know its value. A newspaper note reads:

"Almost from the day of his birth, on January 29th, in Cleveland, Ohio, the younger Rockefeller (John D., Jr.) entered upon a unique training system, which he has since applied to his own family, designed for the double purpose of concealing the family's wealth from the child and teaching him the value of a dollar. What little money was given him had to be earned—at five cents an hour for practising the violin, nine cents for raking leaves, ten cents a hundred for killing flies, etc. This income, in turn, had to be accounted for under the family rule of ten per cent saved, ten per cent given away."

If people of small incomes would stir in their children an ambition to earn and to learn and help to guide them to resourcefulness, the parents would be compelled to struggle less while the children would be far better off because they knew how they obtained the good they have and have a greater appreciation of it.

Of the young people who are waiting for someone to pay their way to an education, many hundreds could be in our schools if they would. Those who wait for someone to hand them something while they are in school may want someone or "the government" to hand them something all their lives. Those who make their own way in school may develop the resourcefulness and independence which will help them during the years which follow.—Free Methodist.

More money is being spent in Great Britain for gambling than is needed for the ordinary French budget. The Methodist Recorder states that two and a half million dollars is spent on horse racing, greyhound racing, football pools, and gambling machines by the British people.—Pentecostal Evangel.