

some respects perhaps the former days were better than these. We have great light and great privileges to worship and serve God, but many who should be foremost in propagating truth have turned aside to modernism, evolution, and higher criticism and have lost the Spirit of the living God from their midst. Ichabod might be written over many a church door. Such turning away from "the faith of our fathers," is keenly reflected in the low standard of morals that pertain to multitudes in our country, and we fear it is chiefly for this that the rod of God is, directly, or indirectly, on these lands. We stand in much the same relations to God that the Jews did in the days of the Apostles, when from them came the teaching of Christianity, and the oracles of God. Seven-eighths of the missionaries of the world go forth from Britain and America, and most of the millions of copies of Scripture go forth to bless the world each year from the above named lands.

The rod of God is upon our country, but "be of good cheer," Church of the living God, "whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth." The Church of Jesus Christ cannot be crushed, but it will win out. Are we not in the yoke with Christ? Are we not workers together with God?

St. John, the apostle, two thousand years ago, was working in the stone quarry of the church, taking out "lively stones" for the new Jerusalem. From the human standpoint it must have seemed discouraging, but one day God gave him a vision, and he saw down across the ages "the new Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." What a glorious sight! There were twelve foundations to the city, and in one of them his own name was written. (See Rev. 21:44). We are nearly two thousand years nearer the reality of that glorious scene when time shall be swallowed up in eternity.

Will our names, dear reader, be written in the new Jerusalem? In Rev. 3:12, we read, "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out; and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is New Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God: and I will write upon him my new name." Amen.

ARMS OF LOVE

Rev. Thomas Collins, in visiting one of his parishioners, found her in a very depressed condition. She had her baby in her arms. Mr. Collins said, "Drop that baby on the floor." With an air of wonder at the request she refused. "Well," said he, "for what price would you do it?" "Not for as many dollars as there are stars," she replied. "You would not?" "No, I would not." "And do you really think that you love your feeble children more than the Lord does His?" Her face brightened, and aided by that lesson her faith grew stronger.—Peniel Herald.

MORNING-LAND

"Some day," we say, and turn our eyes
Toward the fair hills of paradise.
Some day, some time, a sweet new rest
Shall blossom, flower-like, in each breast.
Some day, some time, our eyes shall see
The faces kept in memory;
Some day their hand shall clasp our hand,
Just over in the Morning-land—
O Morning-land!—O Morning-land!
—Edward H. Phelps.

Temperance Column

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging. Whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. 1:20.

A DRAMA OF LIFE

In a fine article, entitled "Who is Responsible," in the "Woman's Missionary Friend," the W.M.S. magazine of the Methodist Episcopal Church, United States, Mrs. Henry Peabody tells the following:

At a very beautiful tea, where I felt less at home than at a missionary meeting, I was approached by a charming woman who greeted me cordially and said, "I have been so interested in your prohibition work." I said, with some surprise, "You do not look like a reformer." She was the picture of a leader in social life. "Oh," she said, "I have been the wife of an army officer. I have seen what this thing does to young men."

Then she said, "I was converted to prohibition as a girl, here in the south. I came in one day from the plantation to the country set. In front of the little store I saw a family in an old wagon with mule team. The woman wore a sunbonnet, had no shoes, and four little children sat on the wagon floor. They were all radiantly happy. I wondered why, and going into the store for my errand found they had driven in to get money for their tobacco crop, which the man and wife together had cultivated. It was their only income during the year. The man took them into the store and said to the owner. 'You give her what she wants. I'll be back with the money.'

"So the woman chose, and I waited to see their happiness. They wanted everything, shoes and sheets, sugar and flour, all the things to eat and to wear that they had done without. The kind storekeeper gave the children some candy and I left them, to go back again later.

"I was delayed, and when I returned the picture had changed. There was tragedy in the woman's voice, but no tears. The children, feeling the changed atmosphere, were crying, and as I came in the woman said, pointing to the row of bundles ready for her to take home, 'I think you had better put them back; he hasn't come.'

"I could not leave, and waited for the end. Later the old team came up with a drunken man on the seat. He stumbled out, cursing, screaming, and fell across the doorsteps of the store, helpless, beastly.

"Again the woman said, helplessly, 'Put them back.' Every cent was gone and she lifted the man, with the help of the storekeeper, and carried him to the wagon, and herself drove home. I never recovered from the shock and the horror of that drama of life. It made me a prohibitionist."—Forward.

THE PRODIGAL SON

1. MADNESS:
 - A. Caviled—he caviled with his father.
 - B. Traveled—traveled to a far country.
 - C. Raveled—raveled out his character
 2. Sadness:
 - A. Hogs—he fed the hogs.
 - B. Togs—he wore out his togs.
 - C. Dogs—he went to the dogs.
 3. Gladness:
 - A. Sealed—he was sealed by his father's ring.
 - B. Vealed—he got the fatted calf.
 - C. Healed—by his father's love
- North Carolina Christian Advocate

"Do your best work NOW."

PLAIN SPEECH

A wise old editor of a small-town paper used to tell his reporters to write the news in plain, simple words, without putting on airs. Here is how he put the case himself:

"In this office we do not commence, we begin. We do not peruse a book, we read it. We do not purchase, we buy. We have no souvenirs, we have keepsakes. A spade is called a spade.

"In this town we do not reside in residences, we live in homes. We do not retire, we go to bed. We do not pass away, we die. We are buried in coffins, not caskets. We have no morticians.

"We are not all gentlemen, but we are all men. All women are not ladies, but all women are women. All women are females, it is true, but dogs, horses and pigs can also be females. Hence, in deference to our women, we do not class them as mere females.

"Our priests, ministers and rabbis are not divines. Our lawyers are not barristers. Our real estate dealers are not realtors. Our plumbers are not sanitary engineers. No beauticians live here.

"All fires, remember, are not conflagrations. All testimony is not evidence. And if any reporter writes of a body landing with 'a dull, sickening thud,' he will land on the sidewalk with a jolt, his hat in one hand and his pay envelope in the other."—Christian Advocate.

"DEATH" OR "PASSING?"

Several friends have written in, gently taking me to task over my expressed dislike of the word "passed" as a substitute for "died." They're right, of course; because preference for one word over another is a matter of individual taste. So I have no disposition to argue for my opinion.

Except at one point. Death is only less significant than life itself; tremendous, mysterious, portentous, universal. Such a fact needs words that are simple, direct, elemental. "Passed" sounds to me like an attempt at decorating the Rock of Gibraltar, or playing colored lights on Niagara.

I've been trying it out on Scripture. Of course the test isn't quite fair, because all unfamiliar word-forms seem clumsy. I was a long time getting reconciled to the change from "Lord" to "Jehovah" in the newer versions.

But take these well-remembered passages, and as you read, mentally substitute some form of "to pass" for the plain words die, dying, dead, and death.

"Where thou diest, I will die."

"If a man die, shall he live again?"

"A time to live and a time to die."

"Let me die the death of the righteous."

"The beggar died, and the rich man died also."

"The valley of the shadow of death."

"As dying, and behold we live."

"No man dieth to himself."

"These all died in faith."

"O death, where is thy sting?"

"There shall be no more death."

But if even yet you prefer to say "passing," why, then, you prefer it, that's all.—Justus Timberline, in Evangelical-Messenger.

There would be a grand rush for heaven if there was a back door and a way to get there without public confession.—D. L. Moody.