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As we advance in holy things, we find that all the greatest things in the spiritual world are things out of sight—unseen.

In this realm, our eye must not guide us, our ear will betray us, our feelings may be false and often are. Our emotions are misleading. The stirring of our emotions, even to ecstasies, may be called forth by purely aesthetic appeals. Many a preacher can bring his congregation to tears by his pathos and oratory. He may weep like rain and be full of the devil. Thousands are moved to tears in the theatres by a pathetic scene or the melody of a song, and yet the heart is left untouched. Thousands frequent cathedrals, bow under imposing arches, gaze upon magnificent paintings, listen to sweet melodies, and weep like saints, but go out and act like the devil. Do not think every time a preacher makes you weep that he has the Holy Ghost or that you are helped under his ministry. He must live right, and if you are helped by him the evidence must not be tears, but better living.

On the other hand, God may greatly stir our higher nature to mighty action in the absence of tears. Holy tears, Divine emotions, and demonstrations are in place, but we must not depend upon them or depend too much on feelings. We must not forget that the deeper things are out of sight. We must gaze upon the unseen. These light afflictions work for us while we look not at the things that are seen.

We must go deeper than intellectuality. We had at our house a very intelligent dog. He seemed to understand much that we said to him; but if I should have attempted to tell him about salvation, he would have listened and looked me right in the face, yet it would all have been an unknown tongue to him. And still he would have grasped it just as well as many of the most learned of Boston, Cambridge, or Oxford do.

We must go deeper than first principles. Paul had much that he wanted to say to the Corinthians, but he could not because they were babes in Christ. So he told them that he would know nothing among them except Jesus and Him crucified.

There is not much growth or advance in holy things until we have left the wilderness, crossed the Jordan, and have definitely received the Holy Ghost. We can never know the depths of peace and Divine joy until we have gone into the secret place of the Most High. The most violent winds that sweep the ocean make no impression on its mighty depths. There is a perpetual stillness in the depths of the sea. The most delicate and tender plant life lives there and is never torn from its moorings. Just so, there is a depth in God. There is a closed chamber where nothing that would ruffle our peace can ever come; a joy that does not spring from circumstances or environments—the joy of God.

We must go deeper in our sufferings with Christ. He would have us enter into the fellowship of His sufferings where the deepest prayer is sometimes a sigh or a sob. Many beginners are more worthy than those in mature life. I read of a wealthy man who showed his daughter through an elegant mansion which he had built. She went into ecstasies over it. Then he turned and gave it to her. So Christ leads us into the beauties of His own, not to dazzle us, but to give it all to us.

A lad of seventeen years recently came to one of our large public libraries to borrow a book? On the shelves were thousands of volumes containing the greatest wisdom of the ages. Answers to life's important questions were there. Useful information was at hand. But as the boy approached the clerk at the desk he asked, "Where are your comics?"

I ate lunch in Chicago the other day. The waitress was speaking with the patron at my side. "It's a great entertainment show," said she, referring to some performance of the night before. "I think it will soon be on television."

Is that actually it? Do comics and entertainment exhaust the powers of appreciation of the modern mind? Is there no capacity for beauty, for cultural refinement, for the majestic, for holiness, for the lovely Christ? Is sinfulness and impurity so dense that people cannot see higher than a comic book or a burlesque show?

One rare and mellow saint recently reflected, "I know that heaven will be a place where the language of love is spoken and I am trying to learn that language. Holiness and purity will prevail. I therefore want such qualities in my heart now."

With the wisdom of the ages before you, unsearchable riches offered to you, and a holy heaven beckoning yonder, what do you ask for? Christ or comics?

H. K. Sheets, general secretary,
Wesleyan Young Peoples' Society.

Let us not hesitate or falter as He leads us on into the deeper things of His great provision for our spiritual well-being.—Pilgrim Holiness Advocate.

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walking to his work one rainy morning and noticed a piece of printed paper on the sidewalk which had been trampled upon. He was in a reading mood and although the paper was wet and dirty, he stooped, picked it up and perused it. He said: "The paper proved to be a tract entitled: '\$35,000 Spurned for a Son.' As I read it, I thought of ten persons to whom I should like to give a copy. The tract bears your imprint, so would you please send me some extra copies of it?" The extra copies were cheerfully sent—so that discarded tract led to an increased circulation of itself.

Someone may say: "I have seen a tract taken from an envelope and hurled into the wastepaper basket." Granted. But even then you cannot be positive that it is wasted. A janitress in New York City wrote saying she had found a tract in a wastepaper basket and she liked it so well she was sending a dime for a quantity.

Another person may say: "I saw tracts torn to pieces and scattered to the winds." Maybe so—but if you concluded that that was wasted effort and material on the part of the tract worker, you may be mistaken! A person writing from a distance said he had found a piece of paper the title of which he did not know for it was torn off.

"But," said he, "there was sufficient left to show me my condition and my Saviour and to inform me where I could secure more such literature. So I am sending to you for a sample packet of all your literature as I should love to read the missing part of this paper."

If you are asking: "Who uses tracts and in what ways?" the following incidents will answer.

A newsboy wrote for a quantity to enable him to place one in each newspaper delivered.

A man and his wife who have a mail order business sent for a generous quantity of tracts as they desired to send the Gospel in print to each person on their mailing list.

An optometrist asked for a thousand copies of the tract entitled: "My Eyes" in order to give a copy to each of his patrons.

A Christian woman, proprietor of a Pet Shop, requested a quantity of the tract entitled: "Would You Leave Your Canary in Care of Your Cat?" to give to her customers.

Jail, hospital, mission and open-air workers use tracts to advantage in their important work.

Door-to-door salesmen leave tracts in the homes at which they call.

Preachers, teachers and personal workers use tracts in their visitation work.

One satisfactory way of getting the Gospel to your grocer, butcher and filling-station master is to give them tracts when paying for purchases.

Some Christians taking motor trips like to throw tracts rolled in cellophane to children and pedestrians and onto the driveways enroute.

Many cases could be cited wherein tracts have been instrumental in the salvation of precious souls.

Are we not justified in saying Gospel tracts constitute the most economical, popular and fruitful medium of evangelization in this age?

Do you use tracts? If not, why not?—Tract.

— ANNOUNCING —

TO ALL OUR CHURCHES

TWO IMPORTANT EVENTS

FOR

SUNDAY, SEPT. 28

DENOMINATIONAL

HOME MISSION SUNDAY

AND THE THIRD ANNUAL

SUNDAY SCHOOL RALLY

LET'S WORK FOR A

• Budget-Plus Home Mission Offering

AND A

• Record-Breaking Sunday School Attendance.

Note: Changing the date of our denominational Sunday School Rally from the Spring to the Fall has been done at the request of a number of our pastors. The Sept. Rally will be the only denominational Rally of the year.