

Effective Illustrations

W. M. Tidwell

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W. M. TIDWELL

• *Effective* •
Illustrations



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INTRODUCTION

The use of interesting stories and constructive illustrations in the delivery of gospel messages is very effective. Christ did not ignore their value, and they were frequently resorted to in the forceful arguments made for the gospel by St. Paul, the apostle of the Gentiles. We cannot conceive of a minister with a soul passion who does not long for an inexhaustible supply of good incidents and stories with which to persuade men to seek the Lord. This universal need seems to have been fulfilled in the publication of this book.

It has been my honor and privilege on several occasions to be associated with the author, Rev. William M. Tidwell, and to sense his endless search for material with which to reach a lost world and to build the Church of Christ on earth. He has served continuously as pastor of the First Church of the Nazarene in Chattanooga, Tennessee, for over three decades, erecting a new building, doubling the seating capacity, every ten years. In addition, he has started many new congregations in various parts of the city and in nearby towns.

Having had opportunity to read a great portion of the manuscript, I am convinced that this book will find a warm welcome in ministers' libraries throughout the country, and will doubtless result in the salvation of many souls. It will also be valuable to all Sunday school teachers, and will be profitable and interesting to laymen generally.

J. W. MONTGOMERY.

THE PURPOSE OF THIS BOOK

In sending out this book of incidents and illustrations, we have in mind only one purpose; that is, the glory of God. When we were young we thought that if we would work hard and seek to be faithful, if we should live to be around sixty years of age, we could look back and see that we had accomplished something. We have now "arrived" and are fully disillusioned. As we look back we feel that we have done positively nothing. Our little day will soon be gone. During these remaining days, if such God will give, we desire in every possible way to do what little we can. Hence this book.

Many of the incidents given are from personal experience. Others have been gathered through the years from various sources. We have endeavored, where possible, to give credit. If in any case this has been overlooked, we beg forgiveness. It has not been an intentional omission. Practically every one of the incidents related have been used in our church in Chattanooga during the thirty-six years of our pastorate. To God, who has been gracious to us, and to every lover of lost souls we dedicate this book, sincerely praying that the incidents given may help to point some wanderer in the night to that heavenly world above.

Yours for lost souls,
W. M. TIDWELL.

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ASSURANCE

TRUST

During the French war, a train carrying dispatches to the headquarters was compelled to go over sixty miles of very rough road, and reach its destination within an hour. The engineer was the bearer of the dispatches, and his wife and child were in the coach. Every moment threatened to pitch the train over the embankment or over a bridge, and, as it rolled from side to side, leaping at times almost in the air, rushing past stations, the few people inside held their breath and often cried out with terror as they sped along. There was one on that train who knew nothing of their fears and that was the child of the engineer. Happy as a bird, she laughed aloud when asked if she were not afraid, and looked up and answered, "Why, my father is at the engine." A little later, the engineer came into the car to cheer up his wife and, as he wiped the great drops of sweat from his face, the child leaped into his arms and laid her head upon his bosom, as happy and peaceful as when at home. What a lesson for the children of the heavenly Father!

LUTHER'S ASSURANCE

"Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might" (Ephesians 6:10). Someone told Martin Luther, when he was going out on one of his hard tasks, that the Pope was after him. He replied, "If it is a matter between Martin Luther and the Pope, it is all up with Martin Luther; but if it is a matter between the Pope and God, it is all up with the Pope."—Sent by Mrs. M. Watts, Ewell, Surrey, England.

GOD WORKING ALL THINGS FOR OUR GOOD

Not all things that come to us are, in themselves, good. It was not good for Joseph to be hated by his brethren, put in a pit, sold into Egypt, lied on by a wicked woman, cast into prison. No, these things were not good; but Joseph maintained a right attitude toward his trials. Our attitude will make us or break us. If we are the Lord's and true, we may rest assured that He will work all that comes for His glory. Whatever comes, comes by His permission or direction. He either sends it or permits it. Whatever He sends or permits, He could prevent. Since He does not prevent it, we may rest assured that He will, ultimately, work it for His glory and our good.

A PRETTY STORY

I remember reading of a matron in charge of an institution that was giving loaves of bread to the poor children who would gather at the appointed time. As soon as the door was opened there would be one big rush. All of the children except one little girl would try to get the largest loaves that they could find, and then run on. After they were gone the little girl would come up and pick up the loaf that the rest had left then go past the matron and thank her for it. After watching this for several days the matron made one loaf only about half as large as the rest and placed a gold coin inside of it. The next day as usual the rest of the children took all of the large loaves and left the small one for the last little girl, who took it and thanked the matron as usual without one word of complaint. When she got home the invalid Christian mother cut the loaf for their day's meal. When she found the coin, she hurriedly sent the little girl back to the matron with the coin. When the girl returned with the assurance that it was hers, they knelt to thank God who wonderfully provides.

WE TRUST IN THE LORD

Up in Hamilton, Ontario, the workmen were trimming some trees. On a low hanging limb which was to be cut off, they found a bird's nest with young birds in it. The workmen were troubled. Some of them insisted that the limb must come down, while others pleaded that it be left until their next trip when the birds probably would be gone. After some discussion, the limb was left. Some months later when the tree trimmers came again and cut off the limb, and the nest was torn up, they noticed a little piece of paper, which had been woven into the nest. They examined it and found it had been taken from a Sunday school paper. On it were these words, "We trust in the Lord!" You see they just could not destroy this little home under conditions like this.—This incident was sent to me by REV. LEO DAVIS.

Said the Robin to the Sparrow,
"I should surely like to know,
Why these anxious human beings
Rush about and worry so?"

Said the Sparrow to the Robin,
"Friend, I think that it must be,
That they have no heavenly Father,
Such as cares for you and me."

SAVED FROM A TIGER

One night a big, hungry tiger caught a woman in the woods by her house. He threw her down to the ground and was going to have a feast. She could feel his hot breath in her face.

Something seemed to tell her to sing. She began to sing hymns, as she was lying under the strong body of the great beast. This seemed to charm him. He did not go away, but he did not hurt her. He just stood over

her and listened. But she did not dare to stop singing, or he might have eaten her up. She kept on singing till her husband returned home in the morning, for he had been off to work, and shot the fierce animal.

This woman believed her life had been saved because she sang praises to the Lord Jesus. She obeyed His voice when she felt that He told her to sing, and He caused the songs to save her life. How sweetly the Lord takes care of His children when they trust and obey Him!

ROBBERS AND SACRED MONEY

Before coming to Texas Dr. Kimbrough was the field agent in Tennessee of Carson and Newman College. In that capacity he travelled over the state. In one of these journeys through the wilds of Tennessee, on a Monday morning he was held up by two highwaymen. Before he knew it they were on him, with their guns upraised, demanding his money. He very deliberately addressed them as follows:

"Gentlemen, I am a Baptist minister. My work is to go over the state and solicit funds for the young preachers of Tennessee who are in school at Carson and Newman College, and also to secure such help for the school as I am able to get. I have in my pocket two purses of money. One represents a collection I took yesterday for this Christian work; the other contains my own private funds. I will get down here in the road and I will lay these two purses in different piles. You may take my money if you wish to, but I dare you, in the name of God, to touch the money that has been made sacred by having been given to His cause."

The highwaymen paused, looked at each other, and began to inquire more about the work at Carson and Newman College. Dr. Kimbrough explained it cate-

gorically. After he had made his talk to them, they said:

"We will not take either your money or the money of the college."

With this Dr. Kimbrough was emboldened to add:

"Gentlemen, you are very kind, and I am deeply grateful for your consideration. Now that I have detailed the importance of this work to you, don't you think you ought to help me make it go?"

Each of the would-be robbers gave him \$5.00.—J. B. CRANFILL'S Chronicles of Life in Texas.

A CHILD'S ANSWER

A nervous clergyman, who could prepare his sermons only when absolutely alone and undisturbed, thoughtlessly left his study door unlocked and his little three year old child softly opened the door and came in. He was disturbed and a little impatiently asked, "My child, what do you want?" "Nothing, Papa." "Then what did you come in for?" "Just because I wanted to be with you," was the reply.

What rest and quietness we would receive from God if we would only go into His presence and wait before Him, wanting nothing only to be with Him. How soon His care would rest us!

TRUST OF NAPOLEON

Here is a story of the first Napoleon: The great battle was impending. The commander was inspecting his troops. Turning from a mass of undisciplined, inexperienced men before him, he said to one of his generals, "These men I know nothing about." Then, as his eye ran over a body of men who had been with him for a short time and knew something of march, bivouac, and battlefield, he said: "These men I *think* I can trust."

Finally he turned to a division of troops who had been with him in all his campaigns. They were the veterans of his army. They had been baptized in blood and fire in many a fierce and deadly struggle. As they stood before him with set lips and stern countenances, ready and waiting for the onset of the coming battle, the great commander turned from them with a heart pulsating with pride and confidence, and said quietly to his officers, "These men I *know* I can trust."

How shall we become men and women whom God can trust?

GOD'S CARE

One day a gentleman called upon an old man and during the talk the old man presented a lock of hair from the head of some child. The gentleman said to the old man, "I presume this is a curl cut from the head of some dear child long since gone to God." "No," replied the old man, "it is a lock of my own hair and it is now almost seventy years since it was cut from my head." "But why prize it so highly?" said the man. "Oh," said the old man, "it speaks to me of God and His care more than does anything else I possess." Then he related the following: "When I was a little child four years of age I was standing near my father watching him chop wood. As he was chopping the splinters flew here and there; some falling at my feet. I picked them up, and in doing so I fell forward and in a moment my curly head lay upon the log just under the stroke of the axe. It was too late to stop the blow. Down came the axe. I screamed and my father fell to the ground in terror. He thought he had killed his boy. We soon recovered. He took me in his arms and searched my body from head to foot for the deadly wound he was sure he had inflicted, but not a scar nor a drop of blood could be found. He then knelt upon the ground and gave thanks to God for His gracious care. Having done this, he took up

his axe and found a few hairs upon its blade. Then turning to the log he found the curl, which you now see, sharply cut from my head. How great the escape. The angel of the Lord had delivered. This lock my father kept all the days of his life, then left it to me as a memorial of God's faithfulness and care. It tells of my father's God and mine. I have many tokens of my heavenly Father's love during these many years, but somehow this speaks most plainly to my heart. It used to speak to my father's heart. It now speaks to mine."

WHO CLOSED THE SWITCH

This most remarkable incident happened many years ago, and was told in a railroad magazine. One summer morning a twelve-car train containing the members of a Sunday school in eastern Missouri was bound for a picnic at a point about fifty miles distant. Although the sky was cloudless when the excursion started, the train had not proceeded more than half way when a thunderstorm broke. The rain fell in torrents. The engineer was worried for fear the terrific downpour might cause a washout or spreading of the rails, and he slowed down to about thirty-five miles an hour. As the train swung around a curve and approached a small station which it was to pass without stopping, the engineer, peering through the broken curtain of rain, saw that the switch ahead was open. It meant a terrible disaster. Instantly he closed the throttle and put on the brakes.

"Better stick to it," he shouted to the fireman, "hundreds of children are on board."

"I mean to," was the answer. "God help us all!"

His last words were drowned by a terrific crash of thunder which came with a flash of lightning that seemed to strike the ground just ahead of the engine. The next thing they knew they were past the station, still riding safely on the main-line rails.

The train came to a stop and the engineer and conductor hurried back to discover what had happened and how the train had passed the open switch. They found the lightning had struck squarely between the switch and the rail and had closed the switch. "It was the act of God," said the engineer.—J. M. FARRAR.

THE BIBLE

HAS YOUR VERSE CHANGED?

A poor woman in one of Mr. Whittle's meetings in Glasgow was brought into the light by a little verse in the fifth chapter of John. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life."

The evangelist gave her the verse, written on a little card, and sent her home, rejoicing, with her little son. They both went to bed that night, happy as angels. But in the morning she came down to breakfast as gloomy as ever, her face clouded and her heart utterly discouraged. She had had a night of conflicts, doubts and fears. When her little boy asked what the matter was, she could only burst into tears and say, "Oh, it is all gone. I thought I was saved, but I feel just as bad as ever."

The little fellow looked bewildered and said, "Why, Mother, has your verse changed? I will go and see." He ran to the table and got her Bible with the little card in it and read, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life."

"Why, Mother," he said, "it is not changed a bit. It is just the same as it was last night; it is all right." And the mother looked with a smile at the little preacher whose simple trust was used of God to save her; and taking him in her arms, she thanked God that her precious verse was still the same, and her peace as unchanged as is the everlasting Word of God. Is this what the apostle means? We are justified, so let us have

and hold fast to the peace. It is not merely forgiveness, but it is an everlasting decree. Let us walk in the strength of it, and never allow the shadow of a doubt or fear to cross the sunlit sky of our heaven.—*Weekly Alliance*.

PROOF OF GREATNESS

When Columbus had discovered the mouth of the Orinoco River, someone said that he had discovered an island. But Columbus replied, "No such river as this flows from an island; this river drains a continent." Likewise, we know the Bible is not the product of man. It comes from the heart of God.

A CURE FOR NERVOUS PROSTRATION

A lady, who tells the story herself, went to consult a famous physician about her health. She was a woman of nervous temperament, whose troubles—she had many—had worried and excited her to such a pitch that the strain threatened her physical strength and even her reason. She gave the doctor a summary of her symptoms, and answered his questions, only to be astonished at this brief prescription at the end of his diagnosis: "Madam, what you need is to read your Bible more."

"But, doctor," began the bewildered patient.

"Go home, and read your Bible an hour a day," the great man reiterated, with kindly authority." Then come back to me a month from today." And he bowed her out without a possibility of further protest.

At first this patient was inclined to be angry. Then she reflected that, at least the prescription was not an expensive one. Besides, it certainly had been a long time since she had read the Bible regularly, she reflected with a pang of conscience. Worldly cares had crowded out prayer and Bible study for years, and, though she

would have resented being called an irreligious woman, she had undoubtedly become a most careless Christian. She went home and set herself consciously to try the physician's remedy. In one month she went back to his office.

"Well," the doctor said, smiling as he looked into her face, "I see you are an obedient patient, and have taken my prescription faithfully. Do you feel as if you needed any other medicine now?"

"No, doctor, I don't," she said honestly. "I feel like a different person. But how did you know that was just what I needed?"

For answer, the physician turned to his desk. There, worn and marked, lay an open Bible.

"Madam," he said with deep earnestness, "if I were to omit my daily reading of this Book, I should lose my greatest source of strength and skill. I never go to an operation without finding help in its pages. Your case called not for medicine, but for sources of peace and strength outside your own mind, and I showed you my own prescription, and I knew it would cure."

"Yet I confess, doctor," said his patient, "that I came very near not taking it."

"Very few are willing to try it, I find," said the physician, smiling again. "But there are many cases in my practice where it would work wonders if they only could take it."

This is a true story. The doctor died only a little while ago, but his prescription remains.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

A TACTFUL TESTIMONY

A Christian gentleman while crossing the Atlantic was standing on the deck one day with the captain of the steamship, a brave but irreligious man, when he accidentally

dropped a book from his coat pocket. The captain, seeing it fall, picked it up and handed it to him. The gentleman thanked him warmly, saying that he valued it beyond price, and that he should have been exceedingly sorry to lose it. "What book is it?" the captain asked. "Why, it's my chart and compass," was the reply. "You have yours for sailing your ship; this New Testament is mine for guiding my life. And, captain," he added smilingly, "I wish you were always as sure of your way as I am of mine." No more was said; but some time afterward the captain hunted up his friendly passenger in order to tell him that the arrow shot apparently into the air had reached its mark. "If you had tried to preach to me," he said, "I should have given you a rough answer; but the few words you said, and the way you said them, took such hold upon me that I could not shake off the impression until I became a Christian."

HE SMASHED THE GLASS

An African chief once was presented a mirror by a missionary. The African looked into it and for the first time saw his face—it was an ugly face. He had sense enough to know that it was an ugly face. He threw the mirror to the ground, smashing it to pieces. Smashing the looking glass did not make the chief's face any more beautiful, but he could not see it.

In a like manner some people treat the Bible, J. Campbell White says: "They look into the Bible and see themselves, and because the heart looks ugly in the heart of the Bible, they throw the Bible away. Maybe they just put it on the shelf and leave it there unread. Some smash the Bible for themselves by denying its divine authority; they seem to think that thus they get rid of their moral ugliness."—SELECTED.

HAMMERS

We went to a machine shop arriving a little early and, as we were looking around, we saw a pile of old, worn, battered, discarded hammers lying in one corner of the shop. We counted forty-seven hammers. We also saw a bright, unscarred anvil which looked as if it had never had a blow. I said to the man in charge, "How many anvils have you used to wear out that pile of hammers?" "Oh," he replied, "just this one," pointing with pride to the anvil. "You know," said he, "the anvil wears out the hammers. The blows on the anvil only make it shine brighter." As I stood there and looked at that pile of discarded hammers, I thought, of the Word of God and its enemies and critics. I thought of Rosseau, Tom Paine, Bob Ingersoll, Darrow and a host of others who have ridiculed the Word of God and passed on. When the last infidel and higher critic has taken his last sarcastic fling at the Word of God and gone to the scrap heap of hell, God's Word will still be here. It is the Bible that wears out the skeptics. "Forever O Lord thy word is settled in heaven."

DIARY OF A BIBLE

Jan. 1—Read before my owner retired—several chapters.

Jan. 15—Been resting quietly for a week. I suppose my owner has forgotten me.

Feb. 2—Clean up. I was dusted along with other things and put back in place.

Feb. 8—Owner used me for a few minutes to look up a reference before he went to Sunday school. Carried me.

March 7—Dusted and in my old place again. Have been down in the lower hall since my trip to Sunday school.

April 20—Busy day. Owner led the N.Y.P.S. and had to look up some references. Had an awful time finding

one for it was in the book of Jude, and he was looking in the Minor Prophets for it.

May 5—In Grandma's lap all afternoon. She was here on a visit. She let a tear drop on Revelation 21:1-5. I am not used to that, but really enjoyed it.

May 6, 7, 8—In Grandma's lap these three days. Sometimes she reads me and sometimes she talks to me. I surely enjoy this. She had a pencil and marked several passages. She especially marked the 15th chapter of First Corinthians. Seems that she was interested there. She also marked Matthew, chapters 5, 6 and 7.

May 10—Grandma is gone. She kissed me when she left. Back into my old place again.

June 3—Had a couple of four-leaf clovers stuck in me today. Wonder why they did that?

June 25—They placed a large envelope in me today. Said it was the deeds to the new place with the insurance papers. They wanted to place them where they would never be bothered.

July 1—One of the children found me and wanted to know what that black back Book was.

July 3—Taken from the shelf and placed in the trunk. Off for a vacation I suppose.

July 7—Still in the trunk.

July 20—Still in the trunk—unmolested. Nearly everything else has been taken out.

July 25—Back home and in my old place. Quite a journey, but really I don't see why I was taken.

August 1—Very hot. Have the Sunday paper, two magazines, three novels, and some old clothes lying on me. Don't see why they don't take them off.

Sept. 1—Dusted and back in place.

Sept. 8—Used by William a few minutes. He was writing a letter to a friend, who had lost a loved one, and wanted a comforting verse.

Oct. 2—A neighbor dreamed a dream and having no Bible of her own, she came in and looked through me a few moments to see if she could find "And it came to pass."

Oct. 14—The pastor called, and wanted to read a chapter before prayer, but some way I was not in place and could not be found.

Oct. 30—Dusted and in my old place again.

(To be continued—By You)

CHOICE

A WISE CHOICE

On his birthday, a very wealthy man in London called his servants together to give them some presents. He had a Bible and some twenty-dollar notes. The servants were to make a choice between the Bible and the notes.

First came the gardener, who said, "I would like to have the Bible, but my wife is very sick and I need the money. I will take the note."

The cook said, "I can't read, so the Bible would not do me any good. Give me the money."

The coachman said, "I would appreciate having the Bible, but I have some pressing obligations. I believe the money will help me more."

Finally the errand boy came for his gift. The old gentleman asked, "Son, which will you take?"

The boy replied, "I really need the money, but my mother, who has gone to heaven, used to read to me from the Bible. I will take that."

The old gentleman was very much pleased with this choice. As he handed the good Book to the boy, he said, "God bless you, my son, for your wise choice. I present this Book to you *with all it contains.*"

All the servants were still sitting in the presence of their master. The boy slowly opened the pages of the Book. A shining twenty dollar gold piece dropped out. This the boy picked up and handed to the donor of the Book.

"No," said the old man, "did I not give you the Book with all that it contained?" The boy continued to turn the pages, and all along through the Book he found large bank notes. When these were counted, there proved to

be quite a fortune. The other servants sat back, quite abashed in the presence of the boy whose choice had meant more than he had known.

So it is when one chooses Christ. If we are true, it means salvation, peace and happiness in this world and a mansion in the better world through all eternity.

"IT'S ME, JESUS"

At a religious meeting in the South of London a timid little girl desired the prayers of Christians for herself that she might be saved; so she said to the gentleman conducting the meeting:

"Will you pray for me in the meeting, please? But do not mention my name."

In the meeting that followed, when every head was bowed silently in prayer, this gentleman prayed for a little girl who wanted to come to Jesus, and he said:

"O Lord, there is a little girl who does not want her name known, but Thou dost know her; save her soul, Lord."

There was perfect silence for an instant, then away in the back of the room a little voice said:

"Please, it's me, Jesus—it's me!"

She did not want any doubt or uncertainty. She wanted to be saved, and she was not ashamed to arise in that meeting, little girl as she was, and say:

"It's me, Jesus, it's me."

Are we willing to confess our needs and make our wants and wishes known?—SELECTED.

OH, TO BE AGAIN AT THE CROSS ROADS!

A man related this experience which led him to decide for God and for everything that is highest and best. He saw himself old and infirm, leaning on a staff and with uneven step tottering toward an open grave. His hair was long and white, his face and hands were wrinkled

with age and worry. Just before he slipped into a yawning grave he looked back upon the long pathway of his life. He saw a point away back in his youth where the road forked. One road led up and up, till it reached the land of peace and of God's glory; the other road led down and down, till it entered the open grave.

He saw that he had made the wrong choice in his youth and he cried aloud, "Oh, to be again at the cross roads!" With this cry he awoke, for he had been asleep. He looked at his hands, they were not wrinkled and old; he felt his brow, it was not furrowed with care; he examined his hair, it was not long and gray; he was not leaning upon a staff—it was a dream. He was not old, but was still young; his life was all before him and he was "at the cross roads." After such a vision, it did not take him long to decide to choose the right path.

THE DIFFERENCE

"Repent ye, and believe the gospel" (Mark 1:15).

Conviction is not repentance. It is one thing to be awakened at five o'clock in the morning and it is another thing to get up.—From the *Christian Endeavor World*. Sent by W. J. Hart, D. D., Dolgeville, N. Y. Prize Illustration.

EARNEST SEEKING

An old man lost a bank note in his barn. He looked for it several times, but could not discover it. At last he said to himself, "That note certainly is in the barn somewhere, and I will search for it until I find it."

Accordingly he went to work, says the *Bible Student*, and carefully removed the straw and hay, hour after hour, till he at last found the note. A few weeks later the old man sat by his fire, musing over his spiritual state, for he felt that he was not right with God. Turn-

ing to his wife, he asked, "What must I do to become a Christian?"

"You must seek for it," she replied, "as you sought for the bank note."

The words made a deep impression on him; he followed her advice, and ere long was rich in spiritual joy and blessing.—SELECTED.

WHEN CONVERTED

Often people have said, "Brother Tidwell, at what age were you converted?" Well, I will give you a word of experience and let you decide. When I was six years of age I attended my first funeral. Aunt Tabbie Fulgum had died and the funeral was conducted at the old Methodist church in the country. I shall never forget how "Aunt Tabbie" looked in that country "coffin." Then I saw my first grave. I can almost see that country vault dug so deep in that red clay. Then they sang the old song, "O come angel band, come and around me stand, O bear me away on your snowy wings to my eternal home." I saw the grave filled. I was profoundly impressed. I understood that Aunt Tabbie had gone to heaven and that if we would see her again we must be good. I did not understand all. But when we went home, although I was only six, I sat on the old fashioned country wood pile and prayed the best I could. I felt better. I felt happy and decided to love the Lord and meet Aunt Tabbie. That was a child's experience but dear to me. Then, when I was nine years of age I attended the old-fashioned revival where they prayed, shouted and sang "Away Over in the Promised Land." They went forward to the "mourner's bench" and stayed and prayed through. I sat in the back of the church and cried. I wanted to go forward but no one spoke to me. How I wished they would. I felt that if I went they would think that I was too young. So I did not go. One night the burden became almost unbearable

and I cried and prayed. As I did so, the burden went away and I was happy for days. Of course I did not tell of my experience, for I feared folks would think that I was too young. But from that time on I would pray. I have gone to the old-fashioned country play parties, but as others played I would slip out into the darkness and pray and ask God to forgive me for being there. Then, when I was about seventeen years old I felt that I was not ready to die. I was greatly burdened. I prayed much; in the field at work; in the old log barn loft on the hay, and in fact about everywhere. One day, as I called on the Lord, the burden was completely lifted and I was profoundly happy. You say, "Did you get converted on the woodpile after the funeral, or at the revival meeting at nine years of age, or at seventeen when you prayed in the field and barn loft?" Well, I will let the reader decide that. But one thing I do know, and that is that I did get it many, many years ago and best of all I know I have it right now! As I think of these experiences the fire burns and I feel like saying, "Let me love Thee more and more, till this fleeting life is o'er, till my soul is lost in love in a brighter, brighter world above."

SILENT, YET SPEAKING

A small girl desired to unite with the church. On account of her extreme youth there was decided opposition. She became insistent, and declared her intention to unite that day.

A friend whom she loved and who exercised great influence over her was appealed to to dissuade her if possible. The utmost was done to accomplish this. But one reason was given—"You are too young."

When the last argument was made, she said with child-like simplicity, "I am not too young to die."

All opposition was withdrawn and she was received. A short time elapsed and the great Shepherd sent a band

of angels to remove His lamb from the sterile soil of earth to the richer pasture lands above. Her dust awaits the resurrection in one of the most beautiful cemeteries in the "Blue Grass Region" of Kentucky.

On the cold marble marking her resting place are chiseled these words: "I am not too young to die."

How impressive, eloquent and true. What a lesson! May the multitude of children who gaze upon the silent words on the monument or read them in this brief narrative be influenced by them to do as she did, and be prepared to meet her in heaven. For, like Abel, she "being dead, yet speaketh."

MOVED!

Dr. G. Campbell Morgan relates the following experience: "One day one of the young men of my church came to see me and said, 'Dr. Morgan, I want you to go with me to the home of a drunkard.' When we arrived at the old rickety building, where the drunkard lived, we saw two dirty, ragged children running away from us. We walked up on the old porch and a poorly clad woman with a bruised place on her head came to the door and said, 'Excuse the children for running but when they heard your footsteps they thought it was their father coming home drunk.' The woman invited us in and soon the drunkard came in; not so drunk as common. We had prayer and invited the drunkard to the service that night. He promised to come. He kept his promise. That night I did not preach at him but to him. I told him that Jesus could break every fetter and set the prisoner free. At the close of the service he came and knelt for prayer, and arose and declared the burden was gone. He was saved. About two or three months later the young man, who had taken me to the home of the drunkard came and said, 'Dr. Morgan, I want you to go with me to the home of the ex-drunkard.' We started but in another direction. I said to

the young man, 'You are taking me another way!' 'Yes,' said the young man, 'they have moved!' That is great. So many folks seem to get religion but they never move. When we reached the home it was a neat cottage and as we walked up the gravel walk we heard this old song, 'Jesus lover of my soul, let me to thy bosom fly.' It may have been rude in us but we looked through the window and there before the cozy fire, we saw the ex-drunkard sitting with one child on one knee and the other child on the other knee, and they were singing this old song. The mother came to the door, but there was no bruised place on her head. All were neat and clean and they were all happy." "Yes," Paul said, "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things are passed away and all things are become new."

THE CHURCH

A FUSSING CHURCH

"I have hell in my heart," a man said to Holland London, during a revival campaign, "hell in my home, and why do I have to go to the church when there is hell in it?"

"I don't know, brother. Why do you?"

"That's what I have been asking myself. I'd like to have religion, but there is so much fussing in our local church that I can't bring myself to believe in the kind of religion that makes its followers quarrel and scrap as do the men of the world."

"That isn't religion," the preacher responded. "That's irreligion. True religion brings peace to a man's heart, peace to his home, and above all peace to his church."

If more people had that kind of religion there would be fewer sinners on the outside of the church looking in.

True religion is a giver of peace. It pours oil on the troubled waters, speaks the tempest into a great calm, and quiets every item that is like hell.

A HIGH GOAL

Somebody made the following New Year's resolution:

Resolved: That I will make a practice of going to church regularly every Sunday and let my unflinching attendance become a constant stimulus to the minister and the choir, a source of inspiration to other worshipers, and a helpful influence to the youth of the community.

Resolved: That I will go to church on time, arrive a few minutes before the beginning of the service and

silently bow in prayer to ask the divine blessing upon the services of the day, and upon all who gather anywhere for the worship of Almighty God.

Resolved: That I will not be afraid to follow the usher to one of the front pews, and so encourage the congregation to sit nearer the pulpit and thus make it easier for the minister to preach.

Resolved: That I will take my seat toward the middle of the pew, leaving room for the other people to come in and sit beside me without being forced to crowd past me or stumble over my outstretched feet.

Resolved: That I will go to church with an eager and open mind, will lay aside my prejudices and willingly listen to the message which God has put into the minister's heart to deliver.

Resolved: That I will maintain a reverent silence while in the house of God; will refrain from whispering to my neighbors, from nervously rustling the leaves of the hymnal, and from looking at my watch in the middle of the sermon.

Resolved: That I will take an active part in the service and, instead of sitting listlessly back in the pew to watch what others are doing, will join heartily in the singing and the responsive reading and be an attentive listener while the choir sings and the minister preaches.

SETTING HENS ON DUCK EGGS

I had a good mother. She would go out among the neighbors when they were sick and wait on the family. She would provide in every way possible for the needy. But she did one thing which I never thought quite right. She would set hens on duck eggs. It was all right while the "setting" was on, but when the little family appeared I always felt so sorry for the old hen. She would look at her little family as though she were ashamed of them. She seemed to scrutinize their web feet and flat bills.

But the serious time came when she would be leading her duckling family around and they would spy the spring branch. In they would go, heels over head. The old hen would stand on the bank and sputter and squall. I never heard more strange noises made by a hen. If there is such thing as "hen hysterics" she had them. It was a pitiful thing. The ducklings would dive, stand on their heads and eat from the bottom of the branch. They paid no attention to the sputtering and squalling of their hen mother. It just looks like ducks were made for water and water for ducks. They were in their native element. Preachers have filled their churches with unregenerate men and women; simply "baptized worldlings." Then when their members have become mixed up in all kinds of worldly amusements, they have sputtered and squalled, but their worldly minded flocks have paid no heed. These situations brought to my mind the old hen and her family. But, praise the Lord, He can save from the world and the love of the world. "Love not the world neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him."

CONSECRATION

"COLT AND ALL, LORD"

A gentleman was at the altar praying earnestly. He prayed on and on but did not seem to make any progress. Finally, he threw up his hands, and cried, "Colt and all, Lord! Colt and all." Immediately the fire fell and he was blessedly saved. Then someone said to him, "What did you mean by saying 'Colt and all Lord'?" "Oh," said he, "you know that I am a race horse man. I have a number of race horses, but one fine colt on which I have expended much care. I felt sure that he would outrun anything on the track and I just wanted to see him run one time. I told the Lord I would give up the race horse business but I just wanted to see this fine colt run one time and then I would give him up, too. But I could not get anywhere as long as I held on to this colt and I was about to go to hell. I was about to fall in and I decided I had better give him up too, so I said, 'Colt and all, Lord.' Then the blessing came."

Sometimes it may be a lack of faith but we believe too often it is a colt that is hindering and, if we will just let all colts go, faith will naturally rise and take hold of the Lord.

DEATH OF THE CHRISTIAN

YES, I KNOW JESUS

A devout Christian girl was dying. She had just about passed the realm of consciousness. Her brothers and sisters who had gathered at her bedside one after another said, "Sister, do you not know me? I am your brother," or "I am your sister." But, with eyes set and glassy, staring as into empty space, she replied, "No, I don't know you." Her father and mother spoke to her with the same result. The young husband spoke kindly and kissed her affectionately, saying, "I am your husband. Don't you know me?" With the sad, far away look she replied, "No, I don't know you. I have no husband!" The minister drew near to her and asked, "Do you know Jesus?" Then, seeming to come back with regained consciousness, she smiled and said, "Oh, yes, I know Jesus. He saved me years ago. He is with me now." The poet was right when he said, "Take the world but give me Jesus."

"I AM IN A DEEP RIVER"

In Scotland, during the time of the bloody persecution, when Claverhouse was marching about the country, driving people from their homes, burning their houses, and putting many godly people to death, a pious father told his family that there were soldiers near, and that they must hasten to the next village where there was a strong old church the fugitives could use as a fort. So he told Jeanie to take the big Bible for her load, and to be very careful not to let it get wet or lose it by the way: "for we could not live," said he, "without

the good Book." So she wrapped a gown around the Bible, and started with her father and mother, each of whom carried a child. They had to cross a brook; but they did not dare to go by the bridge lest they should be captured by the enemy. There was a place where they thought they could cross on some stepping-stones; but on reaching the place, it had become quite dark. So Jeanie's father waded across, and carried the others one by one, until she was left quite alone. Jeanie was much afraid to be left there by herself, so she started to cross after her father, stepping carefully from stone to stone. Presently her foot slipped, and down she went to the bottom. At the same time up went her arms, holding the precious burden over her head. The water came up to her waist, but bracing herself firmly against the rapid current she walked bravely on across the stream, and had nearly reached the shore, with the dear old Book lifted as high as she could raise it, when she met her father returning to bring her. "Father," she cried, "you told me to take care of the dear old Bible, and I have done so." Just as she said this they heard several pistol shots and the sound of approaching horsemen. They soon hid themselves in a little cleft of the rocks, and were not discovered. Jeanie married, in after years, and now has great-great-grandchildren living in this country. The old Bible became hers after her father's death, and in it were written the names of her seven children. It is still in very good condition, in the possession of her descendants. Jeanie never forgot that dreadful night when she carried the old Bible through the deep waters; when she was dying she seemed to be dreaming of it, and said—"I am in the deep river—in the deep river; but I'll hold up the dear old Bible! There, take the Book! Take the Book!" And soon she ceased to breathe. That brave girl, wading through the waters and holding up the Bible, is like the Christian Church, marching through

rivers of persecution and streams of blood, ever holding up the Word of God that it might be safely kept and handed down to the generations following.

I'M SO GLAD! I'M SO GLAD!

At Erlanger Hospital in Chattanooga we visited one of our most faithful members, Brother Frank Harris. Brother Harris, a railroad man for many years, had been a most faithful member of the church. He rarely missed a service. When he had to be absent, he would send or bring his tithe money and say, "Brother Tidwell, put this in the offering for me as I do not want to miss putting it in on Sunday."

As we sat by his dying bed, his wife on the opposite side of the bed from me, Brother Harris lifted his hand and voice and said, "I'm so glad! I'm so glad! I'm so glad!" Sister Harris said, "Dear, what are you so glad about?"

He joyously said, "I am so glad God is here." Those were among his last words. He went triumphantly to meet his Saviour. It pays to be true. An experience like that is worth more than all the world.

HE BARELY GOT IN

During a revival meeting the Holy Spirit was striving with a young man who was inclined not to yield. But finally, under the influence of friends, he did yield and was gloriously saved. The next day as he was working in the mines an avalanche of slate and rock fell and almost crushed out his life. He was placed on a stretcher and borne from the mines. Just as they came out from the mines and the sunlight fell upon his pale face, he smiled and said, "Thank God. I settled it last night," and died. He will be glad through all eternity, though he just did get in, that he settled it.

HIS LAST SONG

A nurse in a Glasgow hospital is responsible for the following pathetic story. A man came into the institution for an operation upon his tongue. In reply to his inquiries concerning the future, the surgeon told him that he would probably be able to speak with sufficient plainness to make himself understood, but that he would never sing again. Whereupon the sufferer said that if that were the case, he must have one more song before his tongue was touched. In the presence of the doctors and nurses he burst forth with Cowper's well-known hymn:

*There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.*

The man concluded thus:

*Soon in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.*

The chloroform was administered, and the operation was performed, but the man never recovered from the ordeal. His last song proved to be his last utterance upon this earth.

If you were placed in like critical circumstances, could you sing with equal delight of the Saviour and of His precious blood? Would the possibility of death fill you with terror, or could you contemplate it with perfect peace?

GOOD STORMS

There is a beautiful figure, in one of Wordsworth's poems, of a bird that is swept from Norway by a storm. It battles against the storm with desperate effort, eager to wing back again to Norway; but all in vain. At last

it yields, thinking that the gale will carry it to death, and the gale carries it to sunny England, with its green meadows and its forest glades. Ah, how many of us have been like that little voyager, fretting and fighting against the will of God! And we thought that life could never be the same again when we were carried seaward by the storm. Until at last, finding all was useless, perhaps yielding to the wind that bloweth where it listeth, we have been carried to a land that was far richer, where there were green pastures and still waters.

SAVED WHAT HE GAVE

The Lord raised us up many good friends here in Chattanooga. Among them was Mr. Harry E. Chapman. He was a good sanctified Methodist. When our work here was a mission Mr. Chapman was a member of the board. Of course, we never asked him for a penny, as we never did anyone, but he was a very liberal contributor. He sent a most liberal check for years. We held about fifty-five tent meetings in the city, each one lasting more than a month. Many tents were worn out. Often Brother Chapman would ask if a new tent was needed. If so, he would ask the amount necessary to buy, and without further word, would write a check for the amount. Brother Chapman was quite well-to-do. But the depression came and everything was swept away. Why God permits His children to thus suffer will all be clear "when we shall know as we are known."

Just a few weeks before Brother Chapman went to his reward he sent for me. He was very happy, but said, "Brother Tidwell, I just wanted to tell you that all my earthly possessions are gone. I do not have one dollar. I live with my daughter who supplies all my needs, but I just wished to tell you that all I kept is now gone and all that I now have is what I gave to the work of the Lord." Brother Chapman gave me money till at times

I was a little embarrassed to receive it; but then I was glad. Thank God, we can lay up for ourselves treasures in heaven where moth and rust doth not corrupt and where thieves do not break through and steal.

GRATITUDE

It was Dr. R. T. Williams who related the following beautiful incident. A ship was wrecked. There were only half enough lifeboats for the passengers. What could be done! The captain fell on this plan: A hat was placed. The passengers were informed of the situation. Said the captain, "We have just enough lifeboats for half of the passengers. In this hat there are just as many cards as there are passengers. Babies not counted. On half of these cards is a cross. Half of them are blank. We want all to pass by and draw a card. Those who get a card with a cross on it will be permitted to enter the lifeboat. That is your ticket. Those who draw a blank must remain on the sinking ship." The passengers said, "It is fair." Thus they filed by. The hat was covered. Were they drawing life or death? It was a solemn hour. Among those who passed was a father, mother and child. They solemnly drew their cards and passed. Almost afraid to look. Finally the husband looked and he was happy. He had drawn a cross. The wife looked and she had drawn a blank. One ticket to life. The other a ticket to death. The husband exchanged his ticket with her. She hesitated. He said, "Yes, you must. I have just one request. Be true and meet me in heaven. Take care of our baby and the day she is twelve years of age tell her of this tragic incident." There was no time to lose. The ship was listing. The man kissed his wife and baby good-bye and tenderly helped them into the boat. Soon the old ship sank and he with it. The years sped by, and the day the little girl was twelve years old arrived. True to her promise, the mother took her into the living room and related the sad experience to her. Told her how her fa-

ther took their place. The father's picture was near by. As the mother talked, the little girl wept bitterly. She took the picture up and kissed it and pressed it against her cheek and said, "Oh, Daddy, dear Daddy. You were a good daddy. You died for us and I love you so." That was gratitude. But think of the sacrificial love of Jesus; He did not die for His friends but for his enemies. "While we were yet sinners Christ died for us." It is base ingratitude to refuse to love and serve Him.

A STRANGE OCCURRENCE

It was at an eleven o'clock service. The congregation was singing the old song, "I Am Free From Condemnation." Suddenly the Holy Ghost came. Folks laughed, cried and shouted. It was nearly unanimous. In the congregation there was a very devout lady, Mrs. Paterson, about thirty-five years of age. She was unusually strong and healthy. She had been gloriously saved from a life of worldliness and sin. The power of the Lord seemed the rest upon her in a most unusual way. Her face shone with a radiance not from this world. She went up and down the aisles praising God. Then a strange thing happened. She suddenly lost her ability to walk. The folks helped her to the front seat where she sat, laughed, shouted and praised God. Soon she began to tell us that the Lord had shown her that He was going to take her to heaven in a very few days. She could not be convinced otherwise. When the service was over she was taken home in the car. She never walked another step. Her husband got the best doctors to be found. They examined her carefully, but could find nothing wrong with her. Only she could not walk. She lay on her bed and praised the Lord that He had seen fit to reveal Himself to her in such an unusual manner. She lingered for almost a week. She gradually grew weaker physically but stronger mentally and spiritually. Friends by the score

visited her. We saw her about every day. A strange heavenly atmosphere pervaded the place. Toward the close of the week she insisted that the time for her going was at hand. Finally she said, "It has come. I am going." And she fell asleep in Jesus. It was a triumphant departure.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR

A very sick man turned to his Christian physician, as he was leaving the room, and said to him, "Doctor, I want to ask you a question."

"Yes," he said, "what is it?"

"Am I going to get well? Don't treat me as a child. I have a right to know. Tell me."

"Yes," said the doctor, "I will tell you. I have no reason to doubt that you will recover. The treatment I am giving you ought to restore you."

"Well, doctor," he said, "another question. Will this attack return?"

"Yes," said the doctor, "it will."

"What then?"

"Well," he said, "you may recover again, but the second or third attack is pretty sure to prove fatal."

The man caught the doctor's coat and said to him, "Doctor, I am afraid to die. I tell you honestly I am afraid to die. Tell me what lies on the other side."

Very quietly the doctor said, "I do not know."

"You don't know? You, a Christian man, and do not know what is on the other side?"

The doctor gave no answer for a moment but held the door open. On the other side they had heard a scratching and a whining. As the doctor held the door open his dog sprang into the room and leaped upon him with every show of gladness. The doctor turned to the patient and said, "Did you notice that dog? He had never been in this room. He did not know one thing that

was here. He knew nothing about it, absolutely nothing, except just this one thing: he knew his master was on the other side of that door. And so the moment I opened it he sprang in.

“I know little of what is on the other side of death, but I do know one thing: My master stands there, and that is enough, so when the door opens I shall pass through with no fear, only with gladness.”—SELECTED.

DEATH OF THE UNSAVED

IT'S DARK AND COLD, PAPA

A proud, haughty young woman lay dying. She had had room in her life for pleasure, fun and sin, but no room for Jesus. As the shadows deepened she called to her father, "Papa, won't you go with me? It's so dark and cold."

The father replied, "Daughter, I can't go with you."

Again she moaned, "It's dark and cold." Those were her last words.

Yes, it will be dark and cold if we come to the end of this life without Christ. We may desire the cards, the dance, the booze, the cigarettes and the world while we live; but we will want Christ at the last. It will be dark at the crossing without Him. Personally, I am afraid to make the crossing without Him.

"OLD CHAIR, YOU'LL NEVER GET ME"

Years ago a young man by the name of Becker was given a place on the police force of New York City. He was apt, and won several promotions. One day he was given the task of escorting a convicted man to the penitentiary at Sing Sing. As this was his first visit to the place, he was shown through the institution. Of special interest to him was the electric chair. His interest being noticed, he was asked if he would like to sit in the chair. He seemed pleased at the idea; so they took off his shoes, fastened the electrodes to his bare feet, strapped him fast and put on his head the helmet that carried the other electrode, then asked him, "Are you ready?" Suddenly he said, "You've gone far enough; let me out of here and

do it quick!" They released him, and as they laughed at him, he turned to the chair and said, "Old chair, you'll never get me!" Years passed. The headlines in the papers told of a particularly hideous murder that had been committed. Detectives were placed on the case and soon four gangsters were arrested, Lefty Louie, Gyp the Blood and two others well known in the annals of crime. They were convicted and paid the penalty with their lives. But the prosecutor was not satisfied. He felt that there was some other motive for the crime, that someone else had been instigator of the murder. For weeks and months he kept on the case till at last he unraveled the clues. Then one day an officer came to the door of Lieutenant Becker and arrested him, charging him with the crime. The trial was held, the evidence was conclusive. So again he took the trip to Sing Sing, and again he was placed in the electric chair. The electrodes were placed on his feet and the helmet on his head, but this time they did not release him, and the old chair, that he had said would never get him, did get him at last. I think of Hazael, who, when told by the old prophet of the trail of black sin that would be left behind him, said, "Is thy servant a dog, that he would do this thing?" I think of Peter, who thought he would die with Jesus, but never saw what sin would do for him. I think of the countless millions who are trifling with sin, deceiving themselves into thinking that they can go as far as they want to and then stop. "There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death" (Proverbs 14:12).—Submitted by W. W. CLAY.

QUICK JUDGMENT

The storm was on. The lightnings were flashing and the thunders rolling. The infidel stood in the door and bared his breast and defied God. Said he, "God, if there is a God, I dare you to strike me." And thus he raved

and blasphemed God. You say, "Did God strike him?" Oh, no, certainly not. Finally he ceased his blasphemous ravings and as he turned to go into the house he sucked a gnat down his windpipe. He began strangling and soon choked to death. No, God did not waste His lightning on a creature like that. Just a small gnat would take care of him. God does not usually mete out His judgments so quickly, but the day of settlement will come.

SO NEAR HOME, AND LOST

The *Royal Charter* had been round the world, and was at last homeward bound. She had reached Queens-town and then sailed for Liverpool. The message was telegraphed to Liverpool that she was almost home. Dr. Taylor was then pastor in that city, and the wife of the first mate was a member of his church. The *Royal Charter* never came to Liverpool. The men waited all night on the dock straining their eyes to get a sight of the vessel. The Lord Mayor was there, music bands were there, and thousands of people were there to give her a welcome. But the *Royal Charter* never came in. She went down in the night with almost all on board. They came to Dr. Taylor and asked him, "Will you go and tell the wife of the first mate?" So he started off to tell her. As he laid his hand on the door bell, the door flew open wide, and a little girl sprang out, saying, "Oh, Dr. Taylor, my papa is coming home today!" The preacher said he felt like an executioner as he walked into the house. He found the table laid for breakfast, and the wife of the mate said to him, as she stepped forward, "Oh, Dr. Taylor, this is indeed a privilege, and if you wait a little while you may sit at the table with us, for the *Royal Charter* comes in this morning, and my husband is coming home!" Dr. Taylor looked at her a moment, while he steadied

himself holding on to a nearby chair, and then said, "Poor woman, your husband will never come home! The *Royal Charter* went down last night, and your husband is lost!" She threw up her hands, staggered for a moment, then fell, and as she fell she cried, "O my God, so near home and lost!"—SELECTED.

LOST IN SIGHT OF HOME

A few years ago, during one of the severe storms that visited Colorado, a young man perished in sight of home. In his bewilderment he passed and repassed his own cottage, to lie down and die almost in range with the "light in the window" which his young wife had placed there to guide him home. All alone she watched the long night through, listening in vain for the footsteps that would come no more; for long before the morning dawned the icy touch of death had forever stilled that warm, loving heart. The sad death was made still sadder by the fact that he was lost in sight of home. How many wanderers from the Father's house are lost in sight of home; in the full glare of the gospel light! They have the open Bible, overflowing with calls and promises, the faithful warnings from the sacred desk, the manifestations of God's providences, all tending to direct their footsteps heavenward, and yet from all these they turn away, waiting for the more convenient season, and are lost at last in sight of the many mansions.

WATERS OF DEATH

A vessel on which the sailors and passengers were dying of thirst, landed at an island out of which was flowing a small river. The people on the vessel, dying of thirst, at once began to drink the water. There were a number of natives on the island, who, when seeing them partaking of the water, began to make all kinds of signs, seemingly greatly alarmed, and sought to prevent

them from drinking the water. Soon there appeared on the scene one man who could speak the language of the passengers and immediately he called out to them and said, "Do not drink that water, for just around the mountain there is a colony of lepers who live on the banks of that river. They wash their clothes and bathe themselves in the river. Those waters are the waters of death."

ALMOST CAME

One Tuesday we were called to conduct a funeral in one of the suburbs of Chattanooga. On arriving we found the little house filled. We pressed our way back to the room where the weeping wife, family and friends were. The wife was greatly distressed. She grasped my hand and said, 'Oh, Brother Tidwell, we were at your church last Sunday night. When you made the altar call my husband almost came. He lifted his hand for prayer. He started and took a few steps down the aisle but, for some reason, he came back. On Monday morning he was driving his car and it crashed into a telephone pole.' How sad. How many are almost saved but eternally lost.

HE WENT TO THE SHOW

We were conducting a tent meeting on the corner of Main Street and Central Avenue. A man was under deep conviction. We saw him on the street, near the tent, on Saturday afternoon and said to him, "We will see you at the service tonight."

"No, Brother Tidwell, I have promised to go to the show tonight with some friends; and I shall be out of the city all day on Sunday, but I will be back to the tent on Monday night."

I pleaded with him that he would better not go to the show that night but come to the service, but in vain. He kept his engagement and went to the show. He was

out of the city on Sunday and went to work on Monday morning. He was a painter. On Monday morning he was painting a smoke stack, nearly one hundred feet high; while he was working near the top something gave way and he came crashing down, falling on a pile of stones. His brains spattered, and he was dead. On Tuesday afternoon I was called to conduct his funeral. As I looked into his face, I remembered how he insisted that he must keep his engagement and go to the show. Yes, he kept his engagement but doubtless is damned forever. In hell, will he remember how he sold his soul for carnal pleasures?

TOO LATE

A great battle was raging. It was the battle of Waterloo. The sun was sinking in the west. A powerful corps had been summoned from the distance, and if it arrived in time all would be well. Napoleon, confident that Grouchy and his men would arrive on time, formed his reserve into an attacking column and ordered them to charge the enemy. The world knows the results. Grouchy did not appear; the imperial guard was beaten back; Waterloo was lost. Napoleon died in exile, a poor prisoner, because one of his generals was a little behind time.

IN THE COFFIN

"But Jesus perceived their wickedness" (Matt. 22:18). In Waterbury, Connecticut, a Negro evangelist exhorted a wailing audience, with fists milling, to clean living. In front of the platform, in the African Methodist Church a casket was piled high with flowers. The evangelist told of the horrors of hell, and there were not a few hysterical cries from his listeners. The newspaper announcement said that the service was to be a funeral. Over the coffin the evangelist chanted no eulogy. The dead man had committed every sin. He was wicked, therefore he would

go into eternal torment. When the sermon was finished, the audience was invited to file past the casket and take one final look at this horrible sinner. Each man and woman peered into the casket. The casket was empty. A mirror in the bottom reflected the face of every person who stared.—From *The Defender*. Sent by J. A. Raiser, Bucyrus, Ohio.

THE POOREST MAN

A railroad magnate was dying. Addressing his son who stood by his bedside, the dying man said, "Son, take hold of my hand," which he did. Then the man said, "My son you are holding the hand of the man who has made the greatest failure of any man that ever lived." "But," said the son, "Father, why do you speak thus? You are worth a million dollars. You are president of the railroad. You number your friends by the thousands. Your word is as good as your bond. Why speak thus?" The poor man looked up and said, "It is like this. I have lived for time and not for eternity. I have made no preparation for the next world. I must leave all here. It is all dark." Thus he passed to the unknown world. He was right. "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

THE HUMAN FLY

Human life is exceedingly cheap and but little value is put upon it. Never was there a time when man cared so little for life and so flirted with death for a few coins and a little publicity, as now. In New York City, thousands of people halted on Broadway before the Martinique Hotel to see Harry Young, "The Human Fly," climb the outside wall of the building to the roof. As he approached the top, foothold and handhold failed him and the great crowds experienced the sickening and awful sensation of beholding him fall from the great height to his death on

the pavement. His wife, who watched him make the ascent, fainted as well as many others who had stood to watch his human folly in its defiance of all natural laws. As Mr. Young climbed the building, he had attached to his back a placard on which were the words: "Safety Last."

"Safety First," is the part of wisdom, "Safety Last" is a fool's mockery. There are thousands who are more foolish than Mr. Young. They have no protection, no safety, no security in this life or in the life that is to come. They stand on the perilous edge of a yawning eternity to amuse the crowds. "Safety First" is the most necessary thing in the world.

MISTAKEN

A wicked man was near the end of life. He had lived in awful sin and had blasphemed God. He was in terrible agony. He lived near some lonely peaks of a high mountain. Just before the end he said, "When I am gone bury me on one of those lonely peaks. Maybe God will overlook me in the last day." No, he was mistaken. God will not forget. John said, "I saw the dead, the small and the great stand before God."

TOO WIDE

In the mountains of the West, it is related, there is a place called "The Death Leap." It is far up in the mountains where two rocks protrude. The distance between them is about thirty feet. A deer had been chased by the hounds and had come to this "death leap." There was no way around. It stopped and listened to the oncoming dogs. Then it backed up some distance and came bounding for the leap. But as it came near and saw the yawning precipice its courage failed. Again it listened to the oncoming hounds which were much nearer. It was cross the pass or die. The second time it backed up even farther than

before and with a mighty bound it sought to reach the other side. But the distance was too great. The deer fell, more than two hundred feet, and was crushed on the rocks below. We may love the world and reject Christ but one day when the end comes and we look across the mighty yawning chasm we will need Christ. He said, "I am the way." He is the way across. We will need Him and want Him then.

WORLDLY AMBITION

Look at the end of worldly ambition. It is said that Alexander, who conquered the world and wept because there were no more worlds to conquer, at last set fire to his own city and died drunk; that Hannibal, who filled three bushel baskets with gold rings taken from the fingers of the slaughtered knights, died at last by poison administered by his own hand; that Caesar, having conquered 800 cities and dyed his garments with the blood of 1,000,000 of his foes, was stabbed by his best friends in the very place where he had had his greatest triumphs; Napoleon, after being the scourge of Europe and the desolater of the country, died in captivity and banishment. God says, "The expectation of the wicked shall be cut off."

APOSTASY

Some years ago a man came to Chattanooga from another state. He seemed to be very devout. He loved the Lord and was active in the work of the Lord. For some time he was in rather trying financial circumstances, but soon became more prosperous. After some time he seemed to be losing interest in the services and he became critical in his attitude. Soon we learned that he had taken up some of his former habits, such as smoking. We visited him, time and time again, and prayed earnestly with him; but in spite of all he dropped out of the services and went back into sin. After a year or so in this condition he was

taken seriously ill. Physicians did their best and prayers were offered. He was in a terrible state mentally and spiritually. Toward the end he declared that devils were after him. A short time before the end he got out of bed and crept underneath it and while there looked out from under the bed and seemed to be talking to the devil, saying, "You can't get me now." He died in a fearful state.

A SAD CONFESSION

Recently there was printed in one of the largest religious periodicals the dying confession of one of the leading ministers of the world. I withhold his name, but this is the confession as printed, "I am a backslider. I used to enjoy prayer, but for years I have found myself dumb. Of course one can always make a prayer. I pray now, but not because my own experience gives me any encouragement, I am sometimes entirely under water and see no sky at all." This is a sad testimony for a dying minister. This man was a great preacher and forceful writer. We have some of his books and they are among the best.

BREAKING VOWS

At one time we were called to see a man who was very low with typhoid fever. His wife was a Christian and attended church, but he was uninterested and would not come. Now he seemed penitent and was going to do better if the Lord spared him. He asked us to pray and promised definitely that he would seek the Lord and be faithful. We did pray. The Lord undertook and the man improved rapidly and was soon well. But, as usual, he forgot his vows to God and went on. A couple of months went by, and he cut his finger while shaving a man. He was a barber. Nothing serious, but after a day or so it began to give him some pain. It grew worse. The doctor was sent for and said, "Slight blood poison, not serious. He will

soon be all right." But he was not all right. The doctor did his best but the man rapidly grew worse. He sent for us to come and pray. When we arrived he said, "Brother Tidwell, I have lied to God. I promised Him that I would do better, become a Christian and go to church. He was good to me when I had fever and raised me up, but I lied to Him. I am sorry, but pray again and tell Him if He will raise me up this time I will surely keep my word." We prayed as earnestly as we knew how. However, it was difficult to pray. He grew worse and worse. Soon his whole arm, and much of his body, was swollen. He died in agony. Died, so far as we know, without God. Multitudes are living under promise now. They have made promises to God, but have broken them. They have forgotten, but God has not. It is a dangerous thing to trifle with God.

THE BURNING BARN

There was difficulty between two neighbor farmers relative to the boundary between lands. The one who held a terrible grudge against the other, upon leaving home for some days, gave instructions to his small son to burn the neighbor's barn while he was away. He told the boy to slip up to the barn late at night, fire it, and then run back home quickly and no one would ever know, and he would get even with his enemy. The father left and the boy carried out the instructions. The barn was burned. No one could imagine how. Soon the man returned, terribly surprised! Oh, the deceitfulness of the human heart. Soon the boy, who burned the barn, was taken ill. He was very nervous. He could not eat nor sleep. Finally he said, "Father, all I can see is the burning barn." The father assured him that he had done right; that they had gotten even with their neighbor. But the boy grew worse and worse. Finally he was dying, and the neighbors were there. In a delirious condition, he told of burning the barn. His sin had "found him out."

A STRANGE INCIDENT

Reverend Sam Jones relates the following incident:

"One of my stewards was sitting up with his brother who was critically ill. Late at night, as he cared for his sick brother, he fell asleep and had a strange dream. He dreamed he saw his brother die and as he died he saw the soul of his brother depart from his body. Immediately there appeared a strange monster which began to chase the soul of his brother. In the dream he saw his brother's soul flee out the open window, chased by the horrible monster. Finally this strange creature overtook the brother's soul and took it into his possession. At this time the dreamer heard a most horrible scream that came from his brother's soul. This awoke him. He was nervous and agitated. He looked across to where his brother lay and saw that he was dead. His features were distorted. He looked just as he had in the dream. This brother said, "I believe God permitted me to go to sleep, and close my eyes to material objects, so that I might see just what took place." Be that as it may, we are sure the most horrible thing this side of the gates of the damned is the death of a Christless soul.

I WILL NOT DIE

A young man was very ill. The doctors had exhausted their resources. He dreaded death and feared it terribly. Just before the end he raised himself up in bed and said, "I will not die." But as he closed the sentence he fell back on the bed and was gone. Yes, we may refuse the call of loved ones and the call of God; but when the sheriff of the skies, death, comes we will respond. We will go then. There are the two calls. The call of Christ and the call of death. The call of Christ, which is the preparation for the call of death, can be refused; but the other call, which is the call of death, cannot be avoided.

THE CALL OF DEATH

What is this that I can't see?
With icy hands taking hold of me?
"I am Death; none can excel,
I open the doors to heaven and hell.

"I'll fix your feet so you can't walk,
I'll lock your jaws so you can't talk,
I'll shut your eyes so you can't see;
This VERY HOUR come go with me."

"O Mother, come to my bed,"
She placed a cold towel on his head,
"My head is hot, my feet are cold,
Death is putting shackles on my soul."

"You heard God's people sing and pray,
You would give no heed, but you walked away,
You would not give your hand and bow your knee,
But now you MUST come and go with me."

"Oh, Death, consider my age,
Please do not take me in this stage,
My wealth is all at your command,
If you'll just lift your icy hand."

"The old, the young, the rich, the poor,
They all alike with me must go;
No land, no silver, no wealth, no gold,
Nothing satisfies me but your soul."

"Oh, Death, how you are treating me,
You are shutting my eyes so I can't see,
You are stretching my limbs, you're making me cold,
You are robbing my body of my soul."

“Oh, yes, I come to get your soul,
To rob the body, and leave it cold,
To drop the flesh from off your frame,
The earth and worms both have a claim.”

“Too late! too late! to all farewell;
My doom is fixed, I'm forced to tell,
As long as God in heaven shall dwell,
My soul, my soul shall burn in hell.”

FAITH

ARE YOU EXPECTING THE RAVENS?

"A very present help in trouble" (Psalm 46:1). A little boy and his widowed mother had been reading of how the ravens fed Elijah. The two were sitting in a fireless room beside a bare table on a bitter Christmas night. Both were very hungry and their case was desperate, but simple faith triumphed. When they had finished reading and had knelt down to pray, the little boy asked if he might open the door for God's ravens to come in, for he was sure they must be on their way. The mother agreed. The Mayor of the town was passing the house and noticed the open door and came to find out what was the matter. The story was soon told and his response was, "I will be God's raven." Very soon their need was abundantly met.—From the *Christian Herald* (London). Sent by E. M. James, Toronto, Canada. Prize illustration.

FAITH MORE THAN BELIEF

Evangelist C. W. Ruth told a story that forcibly illustrates the element of trust that enters into true faith.

A few years ago a man walked a wire rope across the gorge at Niagara Falls. After this feat was successfully performed, it was reported that he would push a man across the gorge in a wheelbarrow the following day.

This caused much excitement. The papers had glaring headlines. Few seemed to think that it could be done while many argued that this would be an impossible feat.

Mr. Ruth presented himself on the streets of Niagara Falls the day of the proposed performance, freely expressing his belief that the rope walker would take his man across successfully. Just at this time the rope walker came along the street meeting Mr. Ruth.

"I'm certainly glad to meet you," said Mr. Ruth, as they shook hands, "I have been boosting for you all day. I believe you know your business; I say you'll take your man across safely."

"It is indeed a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Ruth," replied the man, "I've been looking all day for a man like you—I want you to get into the wheelbarrow."—*Pungent Paragraphs.*

STEP OUT ON THE PROMISE

Sam Jones was talking to a man of weak faith. The doubter asked if Mr. Jones could not give him a demonstration of religion.

"None," was the reply. "You must get inside the fold, and the demonstration will come of itself. Humble yourself, have faith, and you shall know the truth."

"In other words, I must believe, accept it before it is proved, and believe it without proof?"

"Now, hold on right here. Out West they have a place for watering cattle. The cattle have to mount a platform to reach the trough. As they step on the platform their weight presses a lever, and this throws the water in the troughs. They have to get on the platform, through faith, and this act provides the water and leads them to it.

"You are like a smart steer that slips around the barnyard and peeps into the trough without getting on the platform. He finds the trough dry, of course, for it needs his weight on the platform to force the water up. He turns away disgusted, and says there's no use getting on the platform, for there's no water in the trough.

Another steer not so smart, but with more faith, steps on the platform, and the water springs into the trough, and he marches up and drinks.

"That's the way with religion. You've got to get on the platform. You can't even examine it intelligently until you are on the platform. If you slide around the back way you'll find the trough dry. But step on the platform and the water and faith come together, without any trouble—certain and sure and abundant."—*Detroit Free Press*.

THE EVANGELIST AND THE INFIDEL

It is told of one of our early American evangelists that in the course of an address he made the broad statement that all infidels are fools, and that he could prove it in any given case in ten minutes. A man in the audience asked if he might interrupt, and remarked that he must take exception to the statement, since he was himself an infidel and thought that he was no fool. The preacher looked him over rather curiously and said, "So you are an infidel? Will you tell me just how much of an infidel?" "Certainly, sir, I deny that there is anything at all in religion."

"Nothing at all in religion? Are you willing to go on record as saying that?" "Go on record?" the infidel replied, "Why, I have been writing and lecturing against religion for these twenty years." The evangelist glanced at his watch and said, "Well, I said I could prove in ten minutes that an infidel is a fool and I have seven minutes left. I'll leave it to the audience if a man isn't a fool to write and lecture for twenty years against a thing that has nothing whatever in it!"—SELECTED.

HEAVEN

THE DIMENSIONS OF HEAVEN, A CURIOUS CALCULATION

“And he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length, and the breadth, and the height of it are equal” (Revelation 21:16). Twelve thousand furlongs, 7,920,000 feet which being cubed, 496,793,088,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. Half of this we will reserve for the throne of God and the court of heaven, and half of the balance for streets, leaving a remainder of 124,198,272,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. Divide this by 4,096, the cubical feet in a room sixteen feet square, and there will be 30,321,843,750,000,000 rooms. We will now suppose that the world always did and always will contain 990,000,000,000,000 inhabitants, and that a generation lasts for $33\frac{1}{3}$ years, making in all 2,970,000,000 every century, and that the world will stand 100,000 years or 1,000 centuries, making in all 2,970,000,000,000 inhabitants. Then suppose there were one hundred worlds equal to this in number of inhabitants and duration of years, making a total of 297,000,000,000,000 persons, and there would be more than a hundred rooms sixteen feet square for each person.

HEAVENLY MUSIC

Two members of the church here in Chattanooga, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Brock, were very devout. Brother Brock was an old fashioned singing school teacher. His favorite song was, “O come angel band, come and around me stand, O bear me away on your snowy wings to my eternal home.” A number of years ago Brother Brock passed on

to be with the Lord. His going was triumphant. Sister Brock loved the Lord devotedly and loved the services. She developed a malignant cancer on her face. She was rather sensitive about it and hesitated to be in public. So for years she attended services but little. Her health was fast failing and it was evident she would not live long in this world. One Saturday she said to her daughter, Mrs. Thedford, the wife of our Sunday school superintendent, "Minnie Lee, I feel that I soon will be gone. I feel sure that all is right but I am going to fast and pray today and ask the Lord if all is clear." This she did and reported to her daughter that the Lord had revealed Himself to her in a most unusual way. She declared that she had seen clear inside heaven. That was on Saturday. The next day she was very ill and never regained consciousness. She grew worse. Friends were sitting up with her. On Tuesday night, about midnight, a strange thing happened. Those who were sitting up with her, (about a dozen of them) heard music. It was different from anything they had ever before heard. It was instrumental, so soft and gentle. Someone suggested that it must be that some of the neighbors next door had the radio turned on and they were getting this. They went out of the room and listened. They walked around the house, across the street, but not a sound. They went back into the room and it was very audible. It continued until four in the morning, and just at four they distinctly heard a sound like the chime of a celestial bell. Three strokes of the bell were heard. After this the music suddenly stopped. They were perplexed and awed. Some said she will go three nights from now. Anyway the next night, Tuesday, at exactly twelve o'clock, just as before, the music began and continued till exactly four and suddenly stopped. Many more were there that night to hear the music. Thursday night, at the same time, the music began and continued till exactly four. At that time it ceased and at that moment Sister Brock breathed

her last. I cannot explain this. I am only stating what took place. Probably forty or fifty people heard this. Those who heard fully believed that it was a heavenly visitation. The Lord does say that Lazarus was carried by the angels into the good world. It may be that since Sister Brock had been deprived of the privilege of attending the services, and hearing the singing, that the angels saw fit to give her a little free music as she passed over. Anyway if they did I see no reason why one should object. She too loved her husband's favorite song, "O come angel band."

HAPPY ON THE WAY

Quoth the colored man at Colonel Clark's Mission in Chicago: "Bredren, when I gets to de gates ob heben, if dey shuts me out, I'll say, 'Anyhow I had a good time getting here.'"

"WHY DID YOU NOT TELL ME?"

A little blind child had a surgical operation performed that resulted in the restoration of her sight. The oculist had skilfully pared off the integument that had prevented the light from passing through to the retina, and then the eyes were bandaged for a while until the wounded parts should be somewhat healed. At length the hour arrived when the bandage, which had been from time to time partially and temporarily removed, was to be removed altogether. Ah! what a moment of supreme interest and anxiety to all her friends, but more especially to the little patient herself, who as yet had never seen! This child, when her eyes could bear the light, and by her kind physician had now been permitted to open them, and for the first time to look out upon the beauty there was around her, realizing, indeed, as no words could ever show, "that the light is truly sweet, and it is a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun," cried out with delight, "Oh, Mother, why did you not tell me it was so beautiful?" The

mother, bursting into tears, replied, "I tried to tell you, my dear, but the words wouldn't make you understand." Precisely. And so, withal, is it with the Christian when he attempts to tell what is the joy unspeakable and full of glory, the peace of God that passeth understanding, the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, and what is the excellency of the knowledge of that Christ for whom he would, if necessary, joyfully suffer the loss of all things.

A BETTER WORLD

A post card written by the trembling hand of a child, was found in the post office in Cincinnati. It read as follows: "Dear Mother I am so lonesome since you went away to heaven. Mrs. Clark is good to me but I miss you so. She is not like you. My arm hurts me so and you said I would be well in heaven. Mother, please show this card to God and ask him to send for me right away. I am so anxious to come."

THE OTHER WORLD

It is said that a father, mother and two children lived on a lonely island far out at sea where they had been cast by a shipwreck. They lived on herbs and roots. Their abode was a cave. The children could not remember their native land nor how they came to their poor lonely abode. Having no knowledge of a better country they were satisfied to abide in their home of want. While their hunger was never satisfied, no special joy came to them when their parents spoke of the rivers, fruits, and flowers and many good things to eat, which were to be had on the mainland. They were content to dwell in their cave and subsist on roots and herbs of the small island. At last a small skiff with four blackamoors was seen coming toward the island. The parents were overjoyed at the thought of leaving their limited quarters and returning to their

beautiful native land. But when the boat arrived it was too small to take out more than one beside the crew. They said they would take the father and would return as soon as possible and take the rest. The mother and children wept and wailed when they saw their husband and father step into the small boat and launch out into the great ocean that had so often, amid storms, shaken the island to its very center. However, after the boat was out of sight they became more calm and remembered the things the father had told them relative to the native land. Also, the children, listened eagerly to the further information which the mother gave. However, a great change had come to the children. The island had lost its attraction for them. It no longer seemed like home; but was only a place for waiting till the ship should return to take them to the land of plenty. After some weeks had gone by, again the little craft was seen coming toward the island, and when he landed the oarsman said there was room only for the mother. It almost broke the hearts of the children to see "mother" set sail upon the great stormy sea, and to be left all alone in this desolate land. After this all attraction and interest were gone. They had one thing to live for, and that was to be ready for the blackamoors when they returned for them. At last the skiff came, and, while the children trembled at the thought of the long voyage over the unknown sea, they were glad to go. They were encouraged along the way to think that father and mother would meet them at the end of the voyage. And indeed their joy was unbounded when father and mother met them and after greeting them led them away to some beautiful trees where food and delicious fruits were given them. "Oh," said the children, "how poor and bitter were our roots on the island; how glad we are that the blackamoors came to take us from the island and bring us to this beautiful land."

FELT IT PULLING

A boy was flying his kite. A gentleman, who saw the boy looking up, said, "Sonny, what are you doing?" The boy replied, "I am flying my kite." "Why," said the gentleman, "I don't see any kite." "No," said the boy, "neither do I, but I feel it pulling!" Sometimes, though we cannot see it, we can feel heaven pulling. Paul felt it when he said, "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart. . . ." Sometimes when the burdens are heavy and the problems complex we can "feel heaven pulling."

HELL

WHERE HELL IS

A young man converted during special evangelistic meetings held in a mining village, desirous of doing something for God, bought some tracts.

He was distributing these tracts one day when he met some of his old companions, who derided him as he spoke to them of Jesus.

"Here," said one of his old companions, "can you tell me where hell is?"

After a moment's hesitation, the young man looked up and said, "Yes, it's at the end of a Christless life."

"There is a way that seemeth right unto a man but the end thereof are the ways of death" (Proverbs 16:25).

ONE DRINK FROM THE OLD SPRING

Bona Fleming relates the following experience: The revival was on and many were finding the Lord. One young lady was deeply touched and weeping bitterly. It seemed that in spite of herself she would go forward but she held back. Her wicked father saw her and when she came home, he, having arrived first, said, "I saw you weeping tonight. I want to serve notice on you now that if you go to that mourner's bench I will beat you when you come in. You can count on that, for I will do it." And she knew that he would. The next night at the meeting he said to a friend, "I fixed her. Look at her. See her over there laughing." He had fixed her. She never had any more interest in the meeting. The meeting closed and soon she was taken suddenly and seriously ill. The doctors did their best but all in vain. When the father learned this he was frantic. He then admonished his dying daughter to pray. "No,"

said she, "Father, it's too late now." Then she would tell them of the darkness and that she was sinking into hell. Finally she said, "Father, I'm dying and I'm lost. I will soon be in that lost world where there is no water. Father, go up to the old spring and let me have one more drink before I die." He did and she drank and drank in agony. The father was about beside himself. He would go to the barn and forget what he went for. He would go to salt the cattle but could not remember. The light of day went out for him. It is a dangerous thing to trifle with God. It is a fearful thing to go to hell, and a horrible thing to damn others.

BETTER THAN HELL

It is said that Abe Mulky, who became the Texas Evangelist, went to an old-fashioned revival and was under deep conviction. He went home and said to his wife, "Mandy, what shall I do? I am lost. I am miserable. But you know we have gained our possessions crookedly and if I get religion, and make restitution, which I will have to do, we will not have a shelter over our heads. The house, the ranch, every cow and sheep will be gone. That is what will take place, if I get religion. And if I don't get religion I will surely go to hell. What must I do, Mandy?" Mandy replied, "Abe, get religion." Thank the Lord for Mandy. Well, Abe went back and got real religion. He immediately began to fix up. Soon all was gone. Not one thing left. Abe and Mandy were sitting under a tree eating some cheese and crackers. Abe looked across and said, "What about this Mandy?" She immediately and joyously replied, "It beats hell, Abe, mighty bad." Yes, heaven is cheap at any cost.

INDUSTRY

HEARING THE CALL

"Arise, go unto Nineveh" (Jonah 3:2). The older of two men was once urging upon the younger the claim of Christian work in mission countries, and the latter answered with an excuse that had a familiar ring: "But I have never felt any compelling call to give my life in that way." "Are you sure you're within calling distance?" was the disquieting reply.—From the *Christian Herald*. Sent by J. A. Clark, Leicester, England.

WORK AND FAITH

Two little girls were on their way to school one morning. Having been detained in starting, they were very much afraid that they would be late. One said, "Let us kneel down and ask the Lord to not let us be late." The other said, "No, I think I will run as fast as I can, and pray to God while I am running to help me to get there on time."

It is easy to see which of these two had the right idea about prayer and faith in God. Did the one who ran while she prayed, trust God any less than the other?—*Sunday School Times*.

FIRST PLACE, OR NONE

In countries where deep snows cover the ground for a large part of the year, an intelligent, strong dog, thoroughly broken to sled harness, is a very valuable animal. He often sells for as much money as a first-class work horse will in our climate. He is worth more to the man living in Greenland or Alaska than the finest

horse would be, as he is strong enough to pull a pretty good load, and yet can travel on top of a crust of snow without breaking through. Well-trained sled dogs are intelligent creatures, and a team of them, like the same number of human beings, show a great variety of dispositions and traits. One dog will have a friendly nature, while his running mate may be quarrelsome and hard to get along with. Some dogs are what boys call "bullies," and others are cowardly and easily imposed upon. There will be the dog who can always be depended upon to pull his share of the load, and there will be the one who shirks when he can. Quite a bit like folks, aren't they?

A missionary in Alaska owned a fine team of dogs, which carried him and his sled as he went from place to place on his preaching circuit. In a letter to a friend he told about one of his dogs; a strong, handsome fellow who was the leader of his team. He was evidently very proud of his place at the head of the pack and made a splendid leader. But after a while the missionary thought it was best to train another dog to lead, so that, in case anything happened to this one, he would not be without a leader. The next time he started on a trip, therefore, he harnessed his second best dog in the leader's place: but what do you suppose the first dog did? Why he dropped to the ground, as sulky as he could be, and refused to get up until his master used a whip on him! He had to go on, then, but he was not conquered. His next trick was to gnaw the harness of the new leader just in front of him until that dog was freed, which left him in the first place once more.

He did this several times until his master had to take him out of the pack, and tie him up where he could see the other dog get his training. This made him very angry. He grew morose and surly, and lost his appetite. Indeed he was so changed that he did not seem like the same dog. When he died a few months

later, the missionary was convinced that it was because he could not stand having to share his place as leader with another dog. You can see what was the matter with him: he must have first place, or none. And then the missionary asked his friend if he had ever met people like that? But I think that the important question to ask would be this: "Am I like that dog? Am I satisfied only when I can have the first place, or at least a very prominent one?" If we are honest about it, we may find out something about ourselves which we have not known before, but which perhaps our friends have known all along.

THE INDUSTRY OF ANTS

For a week or so a florist had been bothered by ants that got into a box of seeds which rested on a shelf. To get rid of the ants here is what he did: He put a very meaty bone close by, which the ants soon discovered; every one deserting the boxes of seeds. As soon as the bone became thickly inhabited by the little creepers, the florist tossed it into a tub of water. The ants having been washed off, the bone was again put into use as a trap.

Then the florist bethought himself that he would save trouble by placing the bone in the center of a sheet of fly-paper, believing that the ants would never get to the bone, but would get caught on the sticky fly-paper while trying to reach the food. But the florist was surprised to find that the ants, upon discovering the nature of the paper trap, formed a working force and built a path on the paper clear to the bone. The material for the walk was sand, secured from a little pile near by. For hours the ants worked, and when the path was completed they made their way over its dry surface in couples, as in a march, to the bone.

DON'T BARK

Faultfinding is not difficult. Isaac McCurry illustrates this: A dog hitched to a lawn mower stopped to bark at a passer-by. The boy who was guiding the mower said, "Don't mind the dog; he is just barking for an excuse to rest. It is easier to bark than pull the machine." It is easier to be critical than to be correct. It is easier to hinder than to help. Easier to destroy reputation than to construct character. Faultfinding is as dangerous as it is easy. Anybody can grumble, criticize or censure like the Pharisees; but it takes a genuine Christian to go on working faithfully and lovingly, through trials and human failures, as the Lord Jesus did.—SELECTED.

A D. L. MOODY STORY

A Scotch minister went to talk with one of his members who was in the habit of going to sleep during the sermon, every Sunday.

"Don't you think," said he, "you had better stay at home if you can't keep awake?"

But she said that she was brought up to attend church, and she would go.

"Then don't you think you'd better take a little more snuff to keep you awake?"

She replied, "Don't you think you'd better put a little more snuff in your sermons, man?"

AN IMAGINARY LETTER

(What Paul might have written, but, thank God, did not!)

"Dear Sir and Brother:

"Doubtless you recall the invitation you extended me to come over to Macedonia and help the people of that section. You will pardon me for saying that I am somewhat surprised that you should expect a man of my

standing in the church to seriously consider a call on such meager information. There are a number of things I should like to learn before giving you my decision, and I would appreciate your dropping me a line, addressing me at Troas.

"First of all, I would like to know if Macedonia is a circuit or a station. This is important as I have been told that once a man begins on a circuit, it is well nigh impossible to get employment in station work. If Macedonia embraces more than one preaching place, I may as well tell you frankly, I cannot think of accepting the call.

"There is another important item that you overlooked in your brief and somewhat sudden invitation. No mention was made of the salary I should receive. While it is true that I am not preaching for money, there are certain things that need to be taken into account. I have been through a long and expensive training; in fact, I may say with pardonable pride that I am a member of the Sanhedrin—the only one in Christ's ministry today.

"The day is past when you may expect a man to rush into a new field without some idea of the support he is to receive. I have worked myself up to a good position in the Asiatic field, and to take a drop and lose my standing there would be a serious matter. Nor can I afford to swap, 'dollar for dollar,' as the saying is among the apostles.

"Kindly get the good Macedonian brethren together, and see what you can do in the way of support. You have told me nothing beyond the implication that the place needs help. What are the social advantages? Is the church well organized?

"I recently had a fine offer to return to Damascus at an increase of salary, and I am told that I made a very favorable impression on the church at Jerusalem. If it will help the board at Macedonia, you might mention

these facts in Macedonia, and also that some of the brethren in Judea have been heard to say that if I keep on, in a few years I may have any position the church will have to offer.

"For recommendations, write to Rev. Simon Peter, D.D., Jerusalem. I will say that I am a first class mixer, and especially strong on argumentative preaching.

"Solicitously yours,

"PAUL, THE APOSTLE."

—Vacancy and Supply.

WHEELBARROW RELIGION

Richard Baxter said a good thing when he said of some who lived in his day that they "had a wheelbarrow religion"—they "went when they were shoved." It would be hard to find a better name for the religion of many who live now. Many people are like wheelbarrows, and no laborer plodding up and down a steep incline has harder and more weary work than those whose duty it is to push them. As often as not they are quite empty. They take what is put into them, whether it be good or worthless. Whatever knowledge or feeling of duty they have is proof of some one else's work. They are quite easily upset and emptied, and they have no power or will to get up again. They move as a firm hand grasps them.

OWL SOUP

An old Irish lady went down to the market to obtain something with which to make soup for her boarders. As she looked around she saw an owl over in a cage that had been brought in as a curiosity. She said to the shop keeper, "What is that broad faced chicken worth?" He replied, "Oh, that is not a chicken, that is an owl." "Oh," she replied, "he is all right for I just want to make soup for the boarders!" We wonder if that is the reason, sometimes,

why we have so few at the midweek prayer meeting. The pastor might say, "Oh, this is only prayer meeting night. Little preparation is necessary. Just a little 'old straw' or 'owl soup' will do." But the "boarders" will soon make the discovery and have little anxiety to attend. The popularity of the boarding house is determined by the table set.

THE FARMER AND GOD

A farmer purchased, at a very meager price, a very poor farm. The soil seemed unproductive. It was barren, full of gulleys and seemed impossible of reclamation. But the man was determined. He obtained fertilizer from every possible source. He filled gulleys and planted crops that would build up the land. Finally, he took one of the deacons home with him and showed him over his farm. As he would point out some beautiful green pasture the deacon would exclaim, "It is certainly great what the Lord and you have done." Then as they beheld some lovely growing grain the deacon would say, "It is certainly marvelous what the Lord and you have accomplished." Finally the old farmer stopped and looked the deacon in the eyes and said, "Now look here, deacon, you should have seen this farm when the Lord was working it by Himself!" True, we are workers together with God, but it is also true that if we neglect our part God will not do His. Some say we must have positive preaching only; others say, we must have negative preaching only. But both positions are unscriptural. If the minister will be diligent and preach the whole truth in love, the result will be a church that will honor God.

I BELONG TO THE KING

"I belong to the King." So read the legend on the collar of a little terrier which followed King Edward's bier. He was a mere dog, and not beautiful at that. But he had been loved by the king, had lain on a king's

knee, and had entree to royal apartments where courtiers and princes might not enter. Many were the affectionate glances he received as he trotted soberly in the funeral cortege, bearing this legend: "I am Caesar; I belong to the King." Thus many a lowly disciple has found himself exalted. Even humble service is worth while when one belongs to the King. Christ came to create this sense of relationship in us, to help us know ourselves and our privileges in Him. What temptations would be mastered; what bitterness accepted without complaint, what harsh words checked, what defilement indignantly repudiated, if in moments of stress we could say: "I belong to the King!"—GEORGE C. PECK.

LOVING IN WORD ONLY

Rev. L. B. Williams, in his book on "Holiness Illustrations," relates the following: "A young man who was desperately in love with a young lady, wrote her that he would be willing to endure the cold of the frigid zone, or cross the burning sands of the desert, or climb the highest mountains, or swim the ocean, just to be in her charming presence." Then he closed his letter by saying, "And I will see you Wednesday night if it does not rain!" How many people love the Lord devotedly, and will be at prayer meeting and do many things if *perfectly convenient*.

SEEK YE FIRST

The following incident in the life of Billy Bray, the eccentric Cornish evangelist, is worthy of note. On this occasion Satan came to tempt him to sit at ease on the Sabbath, saying, "You have to work hard all the week, Billy, and need one day's rest in seven, and here you are preaching three times and walking twenty miles. You ought to rest, Billy." Billy turned around to him and said, "Thee is a pretty man to give a feller advice.

Thee had a good situation theeself an' lost it; and thee wants me to lose mine, too, does thee?"

The same devil that worked so hard to overthrow Billy Bray is on your track, and if you listen to him he will have you thinking of the sacrifice you have made for the worship of God and the cause of God, and get you to settle back on your oars, and become careless, indifferent, negligent, and idle, and soon you will reap what you have sown; namely, spiritual bankruptcy, and at last drop into hell, lost forever. Keep moving, and always, at all places and under all circumstances, make God's work, cause, and interests first and everything else second. Then, and not till then, can you claim the promise, "And all these things shall be added unto you."—SELECTED.

INFLUENCE

UNDER THE TREE OF DEATH!

BY EDGAR L. VINCENT

Dead under the beautiful tree!

He did not think when he lay down there in the shadow of that beautiful South American tree that never again would he rise to his feet. He was a stranger in that country and never had seen such a tree before. It looked so lovely! Its shade was so inviting, and he was so tired! And yet, another traveler coming that way found him lying there cold in death! The tree gave off a deadly poison. No one who remained within its influence ever went away alive.

DEGRADATION OF SIN

A few years ago a fine young man came to services. The Lord was moving upon him, but he was hesitating. Something was holding him back. He came for several weeks. I dealt faithfully with him and sought to show him the danger of sin. He assured me that there was no danger for him; that he had a fine father who was a railroad man; that he would be a Christian soon, but not just then. Soon he dropped out of the services. About three years went by when one day as I walked along the street I saw a tramp looking with a wishful look into a store window. He was pitiful. There was just a little something about his eyes that looked familiar. I spoke kindly to him and said, "Excuse me, but have I seen you somewhere?" He looked at me pathetically and said, "Oh, yes, Brother Tidwell, you should remember me." Then, although he was so changed, I recognized him. I said, "Where have you been?" Then

he poured into my ears a pitiful tale of woe. He told me how he began drinking and gambling. Sin had wrecked him in this short time. Oh, that the Lord would awaken us to the treachery of sin.

THE DANGER OF SIN

In the center of the village there stood a giant oak. It must have been more than one hundred years old. It was stately and grand. It was admired by all. Storms swept the village. Other trees were blown down, but not this mighty, sturdy oak. It defied all storms. But a strange thing happened. A storm came one day, not so severe as many other gales, but the oak fell. The villagers passed by and looked sadly upon their boasted oak, as it lay prostrate. All were perplexed. They set out to see if the cause could be ascertained. As they examined they found that many years before, a worm had bored its way into the very heart of the tree and made its home there. As a result the heart of the tree had been affected and weakened. The fall was the result. It took years for the worm to do this, but finally it did. Backsliding is not usually sudden. Too often some ill feeling, bitterness, impure thought or desire, some sin finds lodging in the heart. The soul is polluted and the character weakened. The storm of temptation comes and finally there is a crash. All are bewildered and wonder why. Oh, the insidiousness of sin. Beware!

FIXEDNESS OF CHARACTER

When I was a boy I admired sunflowers. Mother and sisters would plant various kinds of dainty flowers, but I would plant sunflowers. I would have sunflowers. They were interesting to me. While they were young and tender as the sun came up in the morning, they seemed to be looking right into his face and be saying, as they nodded their heads in the breeze, "Good morning Mr. Sun. We

are glad to see you again." Then in the evening, as the sun was setting, they seemed to nod to him a goodby and say, "We are sorry you are leaving. We will be looking for you in the morning." But, mind you, this was when they were young and tender. The summer would wear on and their necks were hardened. The sun would rise just as formerly, but their necks were stiff. They never moved. When we are young we are easily influenced, but as the years go by habits are formed and character is fixed. No wonder the wise man said, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

CHASTENING

A lady traveler was spending the summer in Switzerland, and one day she strolled out to a shepherd's cabin. As she peered into it, she saw the shepherd at work and his sheep lying around near him. One was lying on some straw somewhat afflicted. On inquiry she found that its leg was broken, and she was much surprised when the shepherd admitted that he broke the leg himself. He then went on to explain to his astonished visitor that this particular sheep was the most wayward one in the flock. It would not mind his voice; but, on the contrary, would wander off from the rest, and risk its life on some steep precipice over which it was liable to fall and be killed. Not only was it disobedient, but it was constantly leading others astray. Finally, the shepherd broke its leg. The first time he went to feed it after that, the sheep tried to bite him. Then he left it alone for two days without food. Then, when he brought it food, it not only took it, but licked his hands in appreciation of his kindness. The shepherd then told the visitor that in a little while the sheep would be well, and then would be the model sheep in the flock; that there would not be one that would pay better attention to his voice, and that it would be an example to all the rest. He said, "It will have learned obedience through

suffering." How like our heavenly Father with His sheep! He is not breaking their legs, but often He breaks up their plans, breaks down their aircastles, breaks up their fond hopes. God had to unjoint Jacob's leg before he would properly yield his all to Him. Maybe we have not carefully obeyed His voice. Maybe we have not been setting the right examples before others. Maybe we have been getting too close to the precipice. O God, at any cost or discipline, help us to be Thine obedient sheep!

SELF-SLAVERY

An old king commanded one of his subjects to make a very long and strong chain. The subject, who was a smith, worked for days making the links and welding them into a chain. Finally he finished the chain and brought it to the king. He asked if it was sufficient. Now, said the king to his subjects, "Take the chain which the man has made and bind him with it and tie him to the stake and burn him." How like multitudes who day by day are forging a chain of sin that will fetter them in hell forever.

INFLUENCE

It is related that during the Civil War a little drummer boy was fatally wounded and brought to the hospital to be cared for by a surgeon who was a Jew. While the doctor was caring for the boy he noticed him moving his lips in silent prayer. This greatly impressed the doctor. The days passed and the little fellow grew worse, and finally the end was near. One day he ventured to say, "Do you know, doctor, that I love you and have been praying for you?" "Praying for me?" said the physician. "Why do you pray for me?" "Because you are a Jew," replied the boy. "Because I am a Jew! What difference does that make?" "Why," replied the boy, "the best friend I ever had was a Jew." "Who might he be?" asked the physician. "It is Jesus," answered the

lad. This irritated the physician and he resolved not to return to see the boy, but somehow he felt drawn to return. As the boy lay dying, he drew from his pillow a little Testament and asked the doctor to send it to his mother. "You will find her name and address in it. She gave it to me when I came away." He soon happily passed on to be with Jesus. Many years passed, and one day the mother, now quite old, stood in the Fulton Street Mission in New York and held up the Testament stating that she trusted the good doctor would be saved. To the surprise of all an aged man arose and said, "I am that doctor and Jesus is my Saviour." The boy felt that he was debtor to the Jew because of Jesus his Saviour. May we feel too as did the boy. Christ will not forget.

IMPOSSIBLE

One day when Susie was extra naughty, her mother said, "Susie, why don't you be good?" Susie earnestly replied, "Mother, how can I be good when there is not any good in me?" Jesus said, "A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit."

SOWING AND REAPING

At one time we were in the home of one of our good members who lives just out of Chattanooga. He took me out to his barn and showed me a stalk of corn which contained seven fully developed ears. It was a wonder. I said, "You planted one grain from which this came." "Yes," he said. "And how many grains on this stalk?" He answered, "About 1,000 on each ear and seven ears, so about 7,000 grains." Think of it, plant one grain and reap 7,000 grains. God says, "Be not deceived. God is not mocked for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Yes, we are all sowing. Sowing about all the time; all our conscious waking hours. We are sowing thoughts, words and deeds. We partake of the nature of

that which we sow. All must reap. "Be not deceived."
We reap what we sow. This is true in the natural and
the spiritual world. We reap more than we sow. Reap
when? Reap in life, in death and through all eternity.

MISCELLANEOUS

A CHURCH MEMBER EXPLAINS

"You see, God, it's like this: We could attend church more faithfully if Your day just came at some other time. You have chosen a day that comes at the end of a hard week, when we are all tired out. Not only that, but it is the day following Saturday night. Saturday evening is one time when we feel that we should enjoy ourselves; so we go to the movies or a party, and often it is after midnight when we reach home. It is almost impossible to get up on Sunday morning. You have chosen the very day on which we want to sleep late. In fact the children are often late to Sunday school because it is difficult for us to get up early enough. It is usually after ten o'clock before the dishes are done, and then it is time to think about Sunday dinner, not to mention the Sunday paper. I mean no disrespect, and do not claim that my judgment equals Yours; but You must realize that You have picked out the very day on which we have the biggest dinner of the week. Not only that, but You have fixed the hour for the church service at the very time when we must be preparing the dinner.

"Then, too, we must think of John. He is cooped up in an office all the week, and Sunday morning is the only time he has to tinker with the car. There is no time in the whole week that is quite so good as Sunday morning for the cleaning of the car, and for doing odd jobs around the house. When John gets into his old clothes and gets his hands all greasy, you can hardly expect him to think about going to church. If You did not want him to tinker with a car, You should not have let him get one. Then there are leaves to be raked up into piles and burned, and

nearly everybody does that on Sunday morning; usually during the church hour.

"I am telling You these things because I want You to see our viewpoint and that it is not our fault that we are not able to get to church on Sunday morning. We should like to go, and we know that we should go, but it must be clear that the real reason we cannot go is because You have chosen the wrong day. If You will select any other day than Sunday, we shall be glad to give the matter further consideration."

GEORGE WASHINGTON ON SWEARING

When informed that many men in his army were swearing he said, "This is a wicked, foolish practice, a vice heretofore little known in an American army. I hope the officers, by example as well as by influence, will endeavor to check it, and that all will realize that we have little hope for the blessing of God upon us if we thus insult Him by our impiety and folly. It is a vice that is mean and low, and every man of sense and character despises it."

Oh, that God would give us some more Washingtons!

IN CLOVER

Friends, we do not have to live on dried pumpkin spiritually. The Lord wants us to have the good of the land—to unloose us, to set us free. I have often thought of the old horse father had when we were boys—one-eyed Tom. Brother and I drove him in a cane mill, making sorghum molasses. We had a pole with a rope to it, and that rope led old Tom around. All day long he was pulling the pole. So, one hot afternoon, old Tom got tired of that way of living. He got tired of us boys walking behind him and pecking him with an old cane top. All at once he began to kick. We got out of the

way, and he kept kicking harder and harder. I never saw such kicking in all my life. Directly the breeching came off behind, the hames came loose, and soon he ran backward, jerking the bridle off. Old Tom was free, and started right toward the fire box. He got fire and molasses all over him. Up to his knees he was in sweet sorghum molasses, and old Tom started up the road with fire and juice all over him. I never saw such running in all my life. They said, "Boys, go after him," but we had a time catching him. Where do you suppose we found him? About two miles away, in a clover field knee deep.

I have thought there are many persons led around by the enemy who, if only they would kick loose and get the fire and sweetness of divine love all over them, then jump into the clover fields, would be free, indeed, and have a great time praising God.

HOW MUCH DO YOU OWE?

We place so low an estimate on what we owe the Lord and our obligations to the Church. We never stop to cavil at the high cost of other things, but when the matter of divine obligation is placed upon us, we complain, and too often fall down and miss the mark altogether. The following from an exchange is proof of this fact:

In central Texas, a rich drover, whose son had committed murder, engaged the best criminal lawyer that money could procure to defend his boy. He was acquitted. The lawyer presented his bill. It was staggering. The attorney said, "I hope you do not think it too large?" "Oh, no, not at all," he responded. "You have saved my boy. I would gladly have paid you twice the amount."

That winter a faithful pastor won that boy to Christ, and thus saved him from a continuance in drunkenness and sin. When the pastor asked the drover for a con-

tribution toward the kingdom of God, his thank offering was one dollar!

How much should we give to Him who saved us?—
SELECTED.

NOTHING TO BE PROUD ABOUT

According to scientific investigation the ingredients of an average man are as follows:

1. Fat enough (on the average for seven bars of soap.
2. Iron enough for one nail. (Does not mention brass.)
3. Sugar enough to fill a salt shaker.
4. Lime enough to whitewash a chicken coop.
5. Phosphorus enough to make 2,000 matches. (Maybe that is why some explode so easily.)
6. Magnesia enough for a dose of magnesia.
7. Sulphur enough to kill the fleas on a dog.
8. Water enough for a bath.

The whole collection is worth about ninety-eight cents. Really we have nothing to be proud over. Uncle Bud said, "Pride is a disease that makes everybody sick except the fellow that has the disease." God says, "Pride goes before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." God save us from this abominable thing.

COULD WE LOOK ON GOD?

"The priests could not stand to minister because of the cloud: for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of the Lord" (1 Kings 8:11). "Why cannot God be seen by mortal eyes?" asked the Emperor Trajan. "You say," said he to a Christian, "that your God is everywhere. I should like to see Him." "He is indeed, everywhere," said the Christian, "but no mortal eye can behold his glory." The Emperor insisted on further explanation. "Well," said the Christian, "suppose that we

go first and look at one of His ambassadors," and so saying he bade the Emperor look at the dazzling sun. "Art thou unable then to look at one of His creatures? How, therefore, couldst thou hope to look upon the Creator himself and live?"—From *Revelation*. Sent by Maggie Elizabeth Evans, Eolian, Texas.

AN EXPERIENCE

"I have turned over a new leaf, white and clean, and on it I am going to write my Christian experience.

"About three years ago I was very sick, and in the night, when in great pain, I seemed to reason with the Lord and to ask Him why this intense suffering was necessary and what good it would accomplish? The thought then came to me that I needed it so that I could sympathize with others who have to suffer, and who do not understand that our dear Saviour suffered for us; so that I could realize the awfulness of that place where some people are going, and what a fearful thing it would be to suffer through all eternity. I said, 'Lord, have mercy on me. If I ever get well I will warn people not to go where suffering will never cease,' and instantly all my pain left me and I was healed. I thanked and praised God for this, but I was fearful because I had promised that I would warn the people about going to hell, and I had always hated even to mention the word. I prayed and asked the Lord to help me. I asked Him what I should do or say, and He seemed to tell me that I could at least give my experience. Great joy and peace then filled my heart.

"I awoke the folks in the house and told them my experience. I also told it to the doctor when he came in, and I have been telling it ever since. I have since had the best of health, and I am writing this praying and hoping that it may help someone to escape from going into everlasting suffering."

ETERNAL SECURITY

We believe this theory of Eternal Security has its origin with that same old deceiver who insisted, in the long ago, that there was no great danger in sin. We believe it is being used of this same enemy of God and man to damn multitudes. Recently a young lady said, "I know that I have been saved and I know that I am eternally secure regardless of how I live or what I do." A good mother who is strong on eternal security was greatly worried about her son who was once a Christian but had fallen into deep and awful sin. She remonstrated with him about his profligacy but he replied, "Mother, I know and you know that I was really saved in Brother ——'s meeting, and you know, Mother, that you have taught me that if one is truly saved he is eternally secure regardless of what he does. Mother, you should have no fear for me, for, while I am living in awful sin, I know you are right and I shall finally be saved." Her mouth was closed by her own teaching, and we fear her own son will be damned by it.

The Bible teaches that God is able to save from all sin, that He is abundantly able and willing to keep and that, in spite of earth and hell, if we will watch and pray and lean on Him. But let us not rely on the devil's false security and one day wake up in hell when we thought we were on the way to heaven.

JOHN WESLEY'S TACT

Although Wesley, like the apostles, found that his preaching did not greatly affect the mighty nor the noble, he numbered some families of good position among his followers. On one occasion, under his preaching, a gentleman's daughter, a girl remarkable for her beauty, was profoundly impressed by his exhortations. After the sermon, Wesley was invited to her father's house for luncheon, and with himself one of his preachers was entertained. This preacher, like many of the class of that time, was a

man of plain manners, and not conscious of the restraint of good society. The fair young Methodist sat beside him at the table, and he noticed that she wore a number of rings. During a pause in the meal, the preacher took hold of the young lady's hand, and, raising it in the air, called Wesley's attention to the sparkling jewels. "What do you think of this, sir," he said, "for a Methodist hand?" The girl turned crimson. For Wesley, with his known and expressed aversion to finery, the question was a peculiarly awkward one. But the aged evangelist showed a tact which Chesterfield might have envied. He looked up with a quiet, benevolent smile, and simply said, "The hand is very beautiful." The blushing beauty had expected something far different from a reproof wrapped up with such felicity in a compliment. She had the good sense to say nothing; but when, a few hours later, she again appeared in Wesley's presence the beautiful hand was stripped of every ornament except those which nature had given.

PHARISEEISM

We heard Brother Sturk relate the following experience: "There was an old lady who was a member of a holiness church. She was rather drastic on many lines but not so careful about her spirit. Finally she came to the end of the way and all was dark. She was distressed. She called for prayer and finally seemed to get deliverance." Oh, how sad it would be to preach and condemn others and come to the end and not be prepared. We have condemned the Pharisees as wholly bad. Jesus condemned them as He did no others. But while we condemn them we should be careful lest we fall into the same condemnation. They had some virtues. They came into existence about 200 B.C. It is said that the Greeks under Antiochus Epiphanes sought to destroy the Hebrew law and religion. This sect, known as the Pharisees, came into existence and banded together to withstand this. That was commend-

able. They believed something and stood for a righteous cause. They preserved these priceless treasures for us. This was good. But why did Jesus so scathingly condemn them? There were some Pharisees who were commendable. On two occasions Jesus was invited to the home of a Pharisee. Some of the Pharisees believed on him. Joseph of Arimathea may have been a Pharisee. We know that Nicodemus and Paul were Pharisees. And yet Jesus condemns them as He did no others. Why? What was wrong with these exemplary men? They had become hard and mechanical. They had only the outward form. They put the emphasis on externalities. They attended the synagogue. They paid their tithes. They were strict churchmen. They were legalists. They said, and did not. They had stopped; they would not go on. They would not enter, and they hindered those who would. They were stumbling blocks. The salt had lost its savor. They sat in Moses' seat. They were proud Pharisees. They were like graves, beautiful outside but rotten within. Jesus said that except our righteousness exceed the righteousness of the scribes and the Pharisees we cannot enter. It is possible that we might be strict "churchmen" and orthodox, yet come to the end and find it dark. The Lord save us from Phariseism.

CLOTHING

In man's state of innocency, before the fall, material clothes were not worn. When man fell the injunction was given to wear clothes. God was the first tailor. And as far as we know, all the nudeness of the day which is damning multitudes to the contrary, this injunction has never been revised, reversed or revoked. It is still in effect. Man is the only creature that must clothe himself. The trees clothe themselves from within. The fowls and animals, likewise; but poor, old, depraved fallen man must get something to "put on." This putting off and on business

is a big job. The facts are man is just a walking rag screen, clothed with "second hand junk." Mr. Webster says, "Junk is some material that has been discarded or cast off and yet may be used for some good purpose." Does that not describe man's condition relative to clothing? All we wear is just that thing. Our cotton clothes were worn by some old Georgia cotton stalk first. The beautiful silk dress was worn first by some old silkworm. All the fur coats were worn first by some old wild cat, pole cat or some other animal. Yes, we are walking rag screens clothed with junk. Nothing special to be proud about. But, praise the Lord, this situation will change one day. When "this mortal puts on immortality" we will be forever through with this clothing business. Man will be clothed from within. John tells us that we are to be clothed with "fine linen clean and white." He also informs us what this "fine linen" is. He says it is the *righteousness of the saints*. It is the wedding garment. It is holiness, if you please. We will be clothed with garments of light that will never fade nor wear out; forever through with putting on and off clothes. Maybe this holiness attire will become more luminous as eternity rolls on!

ALL FIXED UP

Brother Dallas relates the following experience: One day my little sister and I were playing in the yard. Mother had some little ducks and I would put one of them in a tub of water to see him swim. Also, I would put him under the water and hold him there. One time I held him too long. He was a drowned duck. When I saw that I had drowned him I was horrified, for I knew that sister would tell Mother. But, as I was thus perplexed, my little sister said, "I will tell you what I will do; if you will do everything I ask you to do I will not tell Mother." This was a happy solution and I said, "Anything you want in this world let me know and I will do it." We had a little wagon and soon sister appeared, seated herself in the wagon and

said, "Pull me." Well I did till I was tired. Then she looked at me, with a kind of a tyrannical look, and said, "Pull me some more." Well days went by and I woke up to the fact that I was a slave. I could not endure it and made up my mind to go to Mother and have it fixed up regardless. So I went into the room crying pitifully and Mother took me in her arms and said, "Son, what is the matter?" And finally I sobbed out, "Mother I've drowned one of your ducks." "Well," she said, "you did not mean to do it and you are so sorry, I will forgive you this time, go on and play." I never felt so light and good in all my life. Finally, little sister appeared and made some drastic demands on me, and I looked in her face and said, "I will not do it." Then she said, with her finger in my face, "Do you remember that duck?" Then I looked her in the eyes and said, "Duck? I want to tell you that duck business is all fixed up." It may be expensive to get matters fixed up but surely pays in many ways.

UNCONDITIONAL ETERNAL SECURITY

An old colored man got up in the service where they were having a testimony meeting and gave the following, "Bredren and sisters, you know and de Lawd knows I ain't been what I ought to have been. I has robbed many hen roosts, stole many hawgs, tole lies, got drunk, cussed and swore, shot craps and slashed many a nigger wid my razor. But praise de Lawd, bredren, there is one thing I ain't never done, I ain't never lost my religion!"

SOLEMN EPITAPH

Out in Forest Hills Cemetery here in Chattanooga, on a monument you may read the following epitaph:

"Remember, friend, as you pass by, as you are now, so once was I. As I am now, you soon will be. Prepare for death, and follow me." Yes, our little day will soon be gone. It will pay to be ready.

MISSIONS

FAITH ASSURANCE

On the banks of the Kuruman, in the density of African heathenism, Robert and Mary Moffat toiled on for ten years without a single convert. Four hundred miles beyond the frontier of civilization, alone in the midst of savages, their faith never faltered. At a time when there was "no glimmer of the dawn" a letter was received from a friend in far-off England, asking if there was anything of use which could be sent. The significant answer of Mary Moffat was, "Send us a communion service; we shall want it some day." It came three years later, the day before the first converts were baptized. That faith was "assurance of things hoped for."—SELECTED.

WHO WILL GO?

Two African chiefs once came to James Chalmers asking for teachers, but, to his grief, the missionary had none to send. Two years later the chiefs came again, and this time he was able to go with them himself. After many days' journey they arrived on Sunday and found the whole nation on their knees in silence.

The missionary asked, "What are you all doing?" "We are praying."

"But why are you saying nothing?" They replied sadly, "We don't know what to say. For two years past, ever since we heard of the white man's God, we have gathered every Sunday, and knelt in prayer for four hours; but we could say nothing, because no one came to teach us."—SELECTED.

CRIMINAL SELFISHNESS

It is said that there are more than 50,000,000 homeless sufferers in China. More people than there are in the U. S. west of the Mississippi River. Think of this mighty throng of starving, suffering humanity. Many are fearfully wounded. Major operations are necessary if they live at all, but no anaesthetic for the operation. Multitudes die from lockjaw when an operation is performed. Think of having an arm or leg amputated without any anaesthetic. But the thing that touched me is that ether sufficient for an operation can be bought for about five cents. Think of it: one dollar would supply sufficient ether for twenty operations. Think of the lives and suffering one dollar could save. Why is the money not sent to relieve this fearful suffering? It is because we are, I fear, criminally selfish. We must have our luxuries, regardless of others. No wonder the Lord takes notice and says, "Is it nothing to you?" Our selfishness will be revealed in the light of eternity.

MURDER

SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT

"John, there's a button off your overcoat. Where did you lose it?" a wife asked her husband.

"Why, Mary," he began showing evident confusion, "why I—don't know—musta lost it—." Leaving the sentence unfinished, he rushed from the room and got into his waiting car, stepped on the gas and was gone.

"I wonder what it could be?" Mary asked herself. "That's funny. He never hurried out that way before—didn't even say goodbye."

A dastardly crime had been committed. The nude body of a girl had been discovered a week before hidden in the brush by a Pennsylvania roadside. There was not a single line of evidence to mark the criminal.

Sleuths from the state department had checked the girl's life, studied the nature of the crime, inspected the surroundings and never a clue was unearthed.

"Here's a button," one of the detectives said.

Just an indiscriminate button, that was all. There were thousands just like it on men's overcoats across the nation. Black ordinary buttons.

But on some man's overcoat somewhere that button was missing and the guilty man was worrying.

Not a word got into the news about the lost button. The detectives slipped out of sight. The case was closed. Outwardly all was calm on the police force. Business went on as usual in the little town near which the crime was committed.

But a conscience was hammering in a man's breast, "Find that button! Find that button!" Wherever he went, to the office, on the road, to bed at night, "Find

that button! Find that button!" sang a funeral dirge in his mind.

Conscience made a sleuth out of that guilty man—searching for a button. He played a game of button, upon which his life depended. He was cautious in his searching. No one must suspect him, after the break he made with his wife.

"If only," he thought, "I can get out there. That's where I lost it! I remember, now, she pulled it off. My God! That button!"

One dark night under cover of a driving rainstorm, he slipped out to the scene of the tragedy. A tiny beam from a flashlight broke through the brush.

"Hands up!" an officer called. "I've got you covered."

When the handcuffs clicked on his wrists, the guilty man asked, "Did you find the button?"

"That was our clue. We thought the button came from the coat of the man who raped and killed the girl. We knew that sooner or later a guilty conscience would drive the murderer to the scene of the crime to find the button. And here you are."

"My brain was like a pounding machine with all the riveters of hell hammering at me, 'Find that button! Find that button!'"

Sin found its man!

SKELETON IN THE MIDDLE OF THE POND

They hired the best detectives that money could buy. Finally a man was arrested on suspicion, but he easily and readily proved an alibi. Shortly after his release he sold his farm and went away. Years rolled on. On the farm of the man who had been arrested charged with crime was a pond, fed by springs which had never been known to be dry, but there was a long drought through July and August and into September. It didn't rain and the sun's rays sucked that pond dry, and in the middle

of it they found a human skeleton, around which was a log chain, and on the log chain were carved the initials of the man they had suspected. They readily identified the skeleton as that of the missing farmer because of a defect—the absence of two fingers on his left hand.

They searched all over, and out on the Pacific Coast they found this man whom they had arrested. There on his deathbed, and a few hours before he died, he confessed that he had murdered the man for his money and had carried his body out in the dead of night, fastened the chain on it and dropped it into the middle of the pond. But God let the sun suck that old pond dry, that the grinning skeleton might stand at that man's bier and point his finger and hiss at him before he slid into hell.—BILLY SUNDAY.

CARNALITY DANGEROUS

Doctor H. C. Morrison related the following experience: He was conducting a revival meeting in a Methodist Church. Many obtained the blessing of sanctification. One good steward said he got it all at conversion; that he did not need this "second blessing." The meeting closed and the steward went out on his farm, taking his gun, thinking that he might run across a squirrel. While out he met one of his tenants. The tenant owed him a very small sum of money; possibly less than a dollar. They got into a dispute about the amount. The steward, who did not need the blessing, flew into a rage and shot his tenant dead. As the man was dying the steward said, "I have played the fool. You were my friend." Carnality will make one play the fool. It is very dangerous.

OBEDIENCE

IMPLICIT OBEDIENCE

This story of General Havelock gives an example of one kind of waiting. Crossing London Bridge one morning with his son he suddenly thought of something he had forgotten, necessitating his return to a certain street. Leaving the boy on the bridge, he told him to wait there for him. He was detained by business, and, becoming absorbed, he forgot about his promise to the lad, and did not return to the bridge at all. When he came home late in the evening his wife asked him where Harry was. Then it flashed upon him that he had forgotten his promise. "Why, Harry is on the London Bridge," and hastening to the spot he found him just where he had left him in the morning. The boy had waited all the day, not once leaving the spot. His father had given him the command and the promise, and he simply obeyed.

BRING IN THE BACKLOG

A father asked his grown son to bring in a "backlog." The son was a little out of humor and refused. Said he, "I will not do it." Then the father firmly but kindly said, "Son this is grievous to me but you must be obedient to me as long as you remain at home. Take your choice." The young man left in a rage. A few days later, about the time the sun was setting, the young man came back. The father said kindly, "Son, the backlog is still out there; bring it in!" He immediately obeyed, and fellowship was restored. Has the Lord asked you to do something. "Bring in the backlog?" Have you refused? There is just one way back to God and fellowship. Bring in the backlog and things will be all right. Then you will feel so much better.

GAZING AT LIGHT

A company of boys, one day, decided to see which one could look at the sun the longest. One looked only a few moments, and said, "Oh, it hurts too much." He was out of the contest. One by one they dropped out. But one lingered. He said, "At first it hurt, but not so much now." So he gazed on and on. Finally he said, "It does not hurt at all," and he ceased to look. But he soon discovered that he was totally blind. The light had put out his eyes. No, light is not made to gaze at but to walk in.

PERSEVERANCE

PLAY ON

Sir Michael Costa was conducting a rehearsal with a great number of performers, including hundreds of voices. As the mighty chorus sang out in unison with the thunder of the organ, the roll of drums, the blast of horns and clashing cymbals, a man, far away in one corner, who played the piccolo, said within himself, "In all this mighty volume of music it matters little whether I play or not. I will not be missed," and so he ceased to play. Immediately the great conductor stopped, flung up both hands, and all was still. Then he cried out, "Where is the piccolo?" His quick ear missed it. To him there was incompleteness, because one little instrument ceased playing.

O ye humble, hidden one, play thou thy part! And play it well. There is an Ear that hears! Bring no discord into the harmony of the Divine oratorio! Play on! Many a worker, humble soul, has been cheered by the rhythm of your steady tread, and who knows how many, in life's struggle, have lost heart because one hidden soul has reasoned, "I will not be missed," and so broke ranks. O ye tempted ones, we must have your part of the divine chorus. In God's great organ there are no useless keys! So march on! Pray on! Play on! There are ears that hear! There are hearts that approve; and "standeth God within the shadow keeping watch above His own."

THE RESOURCEFULNESS OF LOVE

During the civil war a young man by the name of John Hartman was missing after the battle. His old father asked permisison to go out on the battle field and search for his son. During the afternoon he went among the dead and dying, but the search was in vain. Finally

darkness came on and he secured a lantern and continued the search. Toward midnight the wind arose and the lantern would not burn. He was perplexed, but he decided upon this plan: He would walk over the battle field and stop every few minutes and cry as loudly as possible, "John Hartman, thy father calleth thee." Then he would listen, go a little farther, and call again. The storm grew more fierce but he continued his search, which seemed in vain. In the late hours of the night, off on one side, he faintly called again, "John Hartman, thy father calleth thee." He listened. Amid the groans of the wounded he heard a faint voice, "Here I am father." He had found him. While he was almost exhausted, he managed to get his son back to headquarters where attention could be given. He was faithful in attending him and finally he was well. Love is resourceful. Love holds on and will find a way. If we loved Jesus and souls more, I wonder if we would not rescue many more.

LIGHT OR DARKNESS IN YOUR PLACE

"And exhorted them all, that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord" (Acts 11:23). A traveler in a European village discovered a beautiful custom. At night she saw the people going to church, each carrying a little bronze lamp. These lamps they placed in sockets by their pews. The soft light of the lamps was the only illumination for the service. If a member was absent there was a dark place! We do not carry lamps to church, but we do send forth light. When we are absent, there is darkness in our stead. The more people at church, the greater the inspiration. Many small lamps together make a great and beautiful light. The first Christian church in Jerusalem had no building. It had no officers, no pastor, no choir or pipe organ, no wealth, and, most startling of all, it had no New Testament! But it did have the total attendance of its membership.—From the *Moody Monthly*, sent by Albert Mygatt, Carthage, S. D.

PRAYER

LOOKED LIKE IT

A little girl came to her mother and said, "I suppose, up in heaven, they think I am dead." The mother replied, "Why Mary, why do you suppose they think you are dead?" "Well," said the little girl, "because, I have not said my prayers for a week."

A DYING REQUEST

A wicked young man was dying. As he lay upon his bed of death, in fearful agony, he said to his father, "Father, I will soon be gone. I want to make one request of you. When I am gone I want you to bury me between the house and the barn."

"Why," said the father, "there is no grave yard there, why do you wish this?"

The young man replied, "Papa, you know that you pass from the house to the barn a number of times every day and as you pass my grave you may say, 'There lies my dead and damned boy who never heard his father pray.'" God pity prayerless parents.

A PAUSE IN PRAYER

"If I should die before I wake," said Donny at grandmother's knee. "If I should die before I wake—"

"Pray," prompted the gentle voice, "Go on, Donny."

"Wait a minute," said the small boy, scrambling to his feet and hurrying downstairs. In a little time he was back again and, dropping down in his place, went on with his prayer where he had left off.

But when the little white-gowned form was safely tucked in bed, the grandmother questioned with loving words concerning the interruption.

"But I did think what I was sayin', Grandmother; that's why I had to stop. You see, I'd upset Ted's menagerie and stood all his wooden soldiers on their heads just to see how cross he would be in the morning. But—if I should die 'fore I wake, why—I didn't want him to find 'em that way, so I had to go down and put 'em right."

There are lots of things that seem funny if you're goin' to keep on livin', but you don't want 'em that way if you should die 'fore you wake.

ICE OBTAINED

It was far back in the country. In a certain home typhoid fever was raging. One daughter had died. One son was very low. The doctor came and said, "If we had ice we might save him but he will be gone before it can be obtained for it will require hours to get it." This was before the day of automobiles. The mother, who loved him devotedly and believed in God and prayer, felt that God could and would, in some way, send ice. She immediately found a secluded place and began to plead the promises. She prayed something like this, "Lord, Thou hast promised to supply our need. My son, unless ice is obtained immediately, will be gone." Then she reminded the Lord that she believed Him and would trust Him to send it in some way. They said, while no clouds were visible, at the time of the conversation, as she held on they heard a strange noise. They listened and it was thunder. In a very few minutes the heavens were black and the rain began to pour. Soon they heard something like hail on the roof. They looked again and the hail was falling. In a very few minutes it was piled up against the fences and thick over the ground. The old mother came out with a dishpan, scooped up a pan full and said, "Doctor here is ice. Here it is." She would shout, run out and fill her pan and say, "Doctor, here

it is! God has sent it." The glory was filling the place. The doctor looked on in wonder, and said, "I never saw it like this before."

HOW A FIRE WAS STOPPED

In the dry summer of about 1900 I had occasion to burn some bushes in the middle of a stubble field where I had hauled an early crop of barley; a few minutes after setting fire to the bushes I found the fire creeping across the stubble field, fanned by a strong breeze from the southwest. I tried hard to put it out, but it soon spread faster than I could run (the stubble being long), and in about the same time that it takes me to write this it was right across the field, and a wide hedge was blazing like a furnace; to my fright and horror, I found that the other hedge also, on the opposite side of the road, had caught fire, and in that field was a crop of oats in shock, and adjoining that one, two fields of wheat of my neighbors, also in shock. Human help, even if obtainable, was powerless, and the result of my act seemed likely to be disastrous to the parish. In my dilemma I removed my hat and prayed to my God and Father for His help; to my astonishment and relief, the wind immediately veered round to the northwest, blowing the flames back over the ground where the fire had already done its work. It was a simple matter to knock out the remaining embers."—A. E. R. BAYSHAM.

QUICK ANSWER

Many years ago we were conducting a meeting in Mayfield, Kentucky, stopping in the home of Brother and Sister Yates. They had two little children who loved the Lord and believed in prayer. Mrs. Yates related this experience to us. She said, "One day Cecil and Dannie came to me and said, 'Mother, can't we have fish for dinner?'" She replied, "No, it's too late as the fish man has already made

his rounds and gone. I saw him pass some time ago." The children said, "We will ask the Lord to send him back." "No," said she, "it is too late, he is gone." But they replied, "We will ask the Lord to send him back." Soon she saw them back on the porch sitting on a couch, looking down the street. She said, "Children, what are you doing?" They replied, "Waiting for the fish man!" You say, "Did he come?" "What else could he do?" Mrs. Yates said in a very short time they heard the bell of the fish man ringing again, and she had never known him before or since to make the second round, and they had fish for dinner. Their idea of prayer was to ask for what you need and to believe and you would obtain. O that we were more like them.

POWER IN PRAYER

A woman came to a missionary at Bengalore, India, asking him to interfere and prevent a certain native Christian from praying for her any more. When asked how she knew that the Christian was praying for her, she replied, "I used to perform my worship to the idols quite comfortably, but for some time past I have not been able to do so. Besides, he told me at the time that he was praying for my family, and now my son and two daughters have become Christians. If he goes on praying, he may make me, too, become a Christian. He is always bringing things to pass with his prayers. Somebody must make him stop."—SELECTED.

DEFINITENESS

Little Billy said his good night prayer, closing with something about like this: "Dear Jesus, Tommy Brown has a bicycle and I do want one. Please send me a bicycle." His parents heard his earnest petition and decided to help answer his prayer. They went down town to secure it but

decided he was a little too small for the bicycle and so they got a tricycle. They took it home and placed it in the room where he would see it when he awoke. Next morning he awoke, sat up in bed and rubbed his sleepy eyes, as he gazed upon the tricycle he said, "Dear Lord, don't you know the difference between a bicycle and a tricycle?" The parents heard him and took the tricycle and exchanged it for a bicycle. He was definite. We are too indefinite often in praying. The needy man, in the Bible, went to his neighbor and said, "Friend, lend me three loaves." Too often we do not pray for anything definite and do not receive anything special.

GRASSHOPPERS DEFEATED

In one of the northern states, for several years everything had been devoured by grasshoppers. The farmers were distressed. Some devout people insisted that if they would meet conditions and pray God could and would deliver. A day of fasting and prayer was called. Some scoffed, saying, "Can God deal with grasshoppers?" The people prayed. The grasshoppers had not yet hatched out but it was almost time and folks knew they would soon appear. After the day of prayer it turned very warm; unusually so. Soon the ground was covered with grasshoppers. They literally covered the earth. Then it turned suddenly cold; very cold. The ground froze hard and every grasshopper died. That year grasshoppers did not trouble them, nor have they done so since that time. Yes, God can manage grasshoppers.

INKY DARKNESS

A woman was a professor of religion. She was an ardent "church worker" but she was worldly. Sickness came, and, as she thought, death had come. The doctor was there. Friends were standing around the bed. She was, as they thought, unconscious. The doctor said, "She

is sinking, she will soon be gone." The woman later said, "I could understand them, but could not speak. I felt that I was surely dying. I felt myself sinking into eternity and out before me was an ocean of inky blackness. Horror filled my soul. I could not speak but I could pray." "Thank the Lord, we can pray and God will hear if we cannot speak." She said, "I did pray. I said, 'Lord, I have been a hypocrite. I knew better. I am sorry and ashamed, and if you will spare me and forgive me, I will be true.'" God heard her and she was spared. When she was well she admonished all to be sure it is well with the soul. It is fearful to come to the end and find an ocean of darkness.

PROCRASTINATION

PROCRASTINATION

A minister was planning to preach on the text, "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." While in his study meditating upon the subject he fell asleep and dreamed that he saw Satan and the fallen angels gathered for the purpose of devising ways and means by which they might effectively damn souls. He said that in the dreams he saw an infernal spirit arise and say, "I will go and tell the people there is no God." But Satan said, "That will not do, for only fools deny that fact."

Then another fiend, of unusual intelligence, arose and said, "I will go and tell them that there is nothing to religion; that it is all a farce."

But Satan replied, "That will never do, for multitudes have seen saints die, in sight of heaven, declaring that salvation was real."

One after another arose making suggestions, but Satan refused them all. Finally the most subtle of all arose and said, "I will go and tell them that there is a God; that the Bible is true; that salvation is real, but that there is plenty of time."

The minister said that in the dream he could see all were jubilant and Satan said, "Go! that is the plan." And the meeting disbanded.

GETTING USED TO IT

"Repent ye, and believe the gospel" (Mark 1:15).

The longer you sit under the gospel and continue in sin, the more easily you can hear it without alarm. I have seen in Scotland a dog, during the blacksmith's

labor at the anvil, sleeping soundly with the shower of live sparks falling upon him.—From Dr. Cumming in the *Sunday School Chronicle*. Sent by W. R. Clark, Belper, England.

PROCRASTINATION

The people of Martinique sent representatives to that smoldering volcano, Mount Pelee, to see what the condition was. They returned and gave false reports and the city slept on, in all its vice. Nature took warning and the reptiles commenced crawling down the mountain side, birds left their nests, and the cattle and the sheep took warning. Then old Mount Pelee belched forth, and about 40,000 people perished. They heard when too late the sound of the trumpet.

There are those today who are giving false reports concerning Christ's coming to earth again. They say that the disciples expected Him to return while they were living and He didn't come, so He won't come now. Others are saying when this old world is reformed He will come but not until then. These are false reports. Christ said, "Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh" (Matthew 25:13).

Don't be fooled like the people of Martinique. Watch, pray, and be ready for He may come tonight or even today. Read 1 Thessalonians 4:16, 17. Be ready when the trumpet shall sound.

A FATAL DELAY

A minister was out walking one day when he met three young men with axes on their shoulders. Conversing with them, he found that two were inclined to be serious. The third, a gay young man, said to him, "You see, sir, that splendid white house on that farm yonder?" "Yes," replied the minister.

"Well, sir, that estate has been left to me by my uncle and we are now going to chop in the woodland that belongs to it. There are some heavy debts on the estate, which I must settle before the farm can be fully mine; and as soon as I have cleared it of these I mean to become a Christian."

"Ah, young man," said the minister, "beware! You may never see that day. While you are gaining the world you may lose your soul."

"I'll run the risk," he replied, and thus they parted.

The three young men proceeded on their way and this daring procrastinator and another began felling a tree. A dry, heavy limb was hanging loosely in the top, and jarred by the repeated strokes of the axes, it fell crashing through the branches striking the young man on the head. He fell to the ground a lifeless corpse.

How tragically he learned the truth of the minister's words: "While you are gaining the world, you may lose your soul!" Reader, there is danger and death in delay.

—SELECTED.

TOO LATE

A gentleman relates the following experience: "I saw the carcass of a sheep floating down Niagara River. A giant eagle lit upon the carcass and began to pick out the eyes. Finally the carcass began to enter the rapids of the mighty falls and was about to go over. All that time the eagle was unconscious of any danger, but just as the carcass was about to make the fatal plunge over the falls, the eagle awoke to the danger. He spread forth his mighty wings but his talons had become fastened in the wool of the sheep and would not let go. The mighty bird fluttered and screamed but the carcass pulled him over the falls to his death." How like so many who unconscious of the danger, day by day are becoming entangled in the meshes of sin that will damn them in hell.

JUST ONE MORE THING

"Let me go back for just one more thing, Judd," said a friend to Rev. Judd Wear, pastor of the Church of the Nazarene in Anaheim, California.

"Hurry," the preacher cried, "see that wall of water coming down the arroyo! That means death if it hits us."

"In a minute we'll be with you," the man said, as he and his wife returned to the house to bring out a treasured possession.

But the flood waters, fed by a twenty-four-inch rain that had fallen into the mountains of southern California were sweeping toward the house with devastating force. Already the valley was flooded for miles. Orange groves worth multiplied thousands of dollars were washed away. Roadbeds were torn up. Bridges were wrecked. Mountain streams became raging torrents of water.

"Yonder it comes," Judd cried. "It's almost too late."

The couple rushed from the house, leaped into the waiting car, and started for the highway. But they were too late. The raging wall of water engulfed the car, whirled it around, turned it over, threw the preacher and his members out. Judd kicked out of his clothes as quickly as possible, and did all he could to rescue the man and his wife, who were poor swimmers. But when he could do no more, he gave himself to the current's will, and was washed to the roof of a floating house.

He clung to the roof of that house for eight hours, clung with a deathlike grip. He would not let go, however tired he might become. The next day when he was discovered, more dead than alive, he was still clinging to the roof.

"And the others?" the rescuers asked.

"They went back for just one more thing," came the preacher's response.

It is that last thing that we are unwilling to give up that brings destruction to our souls. One more look at the

world turned Lot's wife into a sack of salt. One more grip on the world turned Saul's soul into a cavern of despair, and dulled the heavens until God would not hear his cry. One more bag of silver caused Judas to betray Christ and to lose his soul.

That last thing must be given up before God will enter the soul with His forgiving power. His cleansing gift. Give it over into God's hands. There is nothing on earth, not one last thing, or one more thing, that is comparable in worth to one's soul.

DANGER

A young man went to work in a boiler shop. He entered a boiler to do some inside work. The air hammer began pounding away. The sound was terrible and painful. The young man came out and said, "I can't stand it." But they laughed at him and called him, "Sissy." He went back and said, "I will stand it." He did, and soon it was not so painful and finally no pain at all. Finally the lunch hour came. The hammer stopped and the men called for the worker but there was no answer. One went in and pulled him out, but he was deaf. How many have heard the call of God, and have been aroused by it, but they gave no heed and now are spiritually deaf?

JUST ONE MORE ROUND

The boys were skating on the river. The weather was getting warmer, and the thaw had begun. The old river man warned the boys of the danger, but one insisted, "Let me make just one more round." And with this he glided out on the river. Soon he reached the middle of the stream where the ice was thinner and it gave way. He cried, "Help, help!" But it was too late. He was gone. How many have said, "Just one more round in sin, but that was the last one."

REMORSE

REMORSE

Many years ago while two little boys were playing the older, in a fit of anger, struck his younger brother a severe blow in the face. The little fellow did not return the blow, but, with tears in his bright blue eyes, simply said, "Charlie, what did you hit me for?" Years passed; the boys became men and were separated from each other by a long distance. One day the summons came to Charles to come to the bedside of his dying brother; but it was not until after the funeral had taken place that he arrived. As he stood by the new-made grave, he remembered the childhood incident referred to above. Through the dim vista of the years he looked back to his early childhood; he saw again the tearful eyes and heard once more the pleading voice: "Charlie, what did you hit me for?" That voice sounded in the ear of his soul, and he felt as though he would willingly give all he possessed had that hasty blow never been struck.

PITIFUL

In the days of the pioneers a man sold his farm and all of his possessions and obtained its value in gold. He carefully tied his gold up in a sack, mounted his horse and with his faithful dog started for California. One day, on the western plains, he came to a beautiful spring. There he fed his horse and lay down to rest. He fell asleep and slept till almost dark. He awoke and hastened away. As he rode along, his dog acted so strangely. He would run before the man, then run back toward the spring and bark. Then he became more excited and would run up to the horse and seemed to be trying to bite his master. Then

turned and ran toward the spring. The man could not understand his dog's actions. He drew his gun and shot him. The dog was still able to run, and he suddenly turned and ran back toward the spring. His master followed expecting every moment to find him dead along the road. But he did not find him until he reached the spring. There he lay dead beside the bag of gold. The man had forgotten his treasure, and the faithful dog was doing his best to remind him of it. The man said he felt like a criminal. How many times when our friends are seeking to help us, we misunderstand and stab them. The Bible says we "should suffer the word of exhortation." Few will do it.

DOING WHAT CAN'T BE UNDONE

There are two aspects of sin; how it looks before and how it looks after it is committed. He did that which he could not undo. George Eliot tells of the young woman in the slums, who was rescued and saved. As the good women sought to comfort her, she would wail, "Yes, but will I always hear the cry of the babe in the hedge?" She had murdered her baby and thrown it into the hedge. They would again seek to comfort but every time she would come back with that sad wail, "Yes, I know all that but will I always hear the cry of the babe in the hedge?" She did that which she could not undo. God help us. We may sin but that is not the end. There comes another day.

IF I ONLY HAD NOT

A man had charge of a drawbridge and as a boat came up the river the people on the boat asked the keeper to lift the bridge so they could pass. "No," said the keeper, "it will soon be train time and I might not get it back." But the captain of the boat convinced him that it would take only a very few minutes and that he had plenty of time. He lifted the bridge; but before it had been let down the passenger train, making about sixty miles an

hour, came thundering around the curve. In spite of all that could be done it plunged through the open bridge into the river. The keeper saw the tragic scene and as he heard the cries of the wounded his reason became unbalanced and he was taken to an asylum, where he was heard to cry, "O if I only had not!" All through the dark hours of the night he could be heard, "O if I only had not." We wonder if the lost in hell can be heard crying, "O if I only had not trifled with God."

FAINTED

A fine young man, who seemed to have perfect health, would occasionally faint. It seemed so unusual. Finally he was asked to explain the cause. He said, "Some years ago I kept company with a very fine, virtuous young lady. But finally after a dance, one night, I led her astray. Shortly after this she was taken suddenly ill and was dying. She sent for me. When I entered the room and looked into her pale face, she pointed her finger into my face, accused me and said, 'I am dying. I am lost and damned and you are to blame.'" He said, "Occasionally that picture comes to me again. I seem to see her finger in my face and hear her cursing me. That is what makes me faint."

REAL AFFECTION

Recently, we conducted the funeral of a baby. In the home there was sickness, need, and sorrow. While the service was being conducted, we noticed a little girl, the sister of the baby who had died, standing close to the casket weeping bitterly. After the service was over, we were detained for a brief time waiting for someone. While thus waiting, we noticed this little girl suddenly leave the house. After a short time she returned with a rose. It was not a rose in some garden, but an artificial rose. It was a yellow one with some green on the outside. It was

old, dusty, and faded. The girl had gotten some perfume, and sprinkled on it. Also she had found a piece of faded ribbon and tied it around the stem of her rose. Not only this, but she had a small button with the words "I care" pinned to the rose. While the grave was being filled we noticed that she held her rose tightly, while the bitter tears chased each other down her cheeks. Finally, when the grave was filled, she very tenderly placed her lone artificial rose, made fragrant with perfume sprinkled by herself, upon the grave. It looked so desolate as it stood there, lifting itself possibly ten inches from the ground on its slender, wire stem. As we beheld it, it spoke volumes to us. It was the work of love. Love will find a way! She had done her best. In John 3:16, we read, "God so loved the world that he gave." He gave His own Son. While we must die, we need not die in sin. Christ came to save His people from their sins. Paul said, "The sting of death is sin."

RESURRECTION

GOODBY OLD ARM

At the battle of Knoxville in East Tennessee there was a little drummer boy about fourteen years of age. In that battle he was shot in his right arm so that it had to be amputated. After the amputation, and as soon as he came from under the influence of the chloroform, he raised the stump of his arm, severed just above the elbow, and, looking at it, he began to cry. Turning with brimming eyes and trembling voice, he said to the hospital steward:

"Steward, where is my arm? I want my arm."

"Why, Willie, boy," said the kind-hearted steward, "your arm is out yonder with a whole pile of legs and arms that have been taken off the boys today. You can't see your arm any more. Don't cry."

"But, steward, I want my arm," and he began crying afresh. So great was his distress that the chief surgeon was appealed to that he might quiet the lad. When the surgeon saw the state of matters he bade the steward go find and fetch the little severed arm, saying that otherwise the lad would fret himself into a fever. So the steward went and found the arm, and, having washed it and bound the shattered elbow in a napkin, brought it to the little patient. With his left hand he took the bit of right arm by the wrist and looking at it for a while, he handed it back to the steward, saying, "Take it away, steward." As the steward passed out of the hospital tent door, Willie lifted himself onto his elbow and, with his hands to his lips, blew a kiss to the departing arm. With a shining face he said:

"Goodby, old arm goodby. I drummed with you as best I could while I had you; but now goodby, goodby, I will see you again in the resurrection." Willie was a Sunday school boy and a little Christian, who had been well taught and he believed in the resurrection of the body.

IF CHRIST WERE DEAD

"How do you know Christ is risen?" asked a scoffer of an old Christian. "Because I had an hour with Him this morning," quietly replied the Christian. The believer has fellowship with a living Saviour.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

England, France and the United States have each tenderly laid away an "unknown soldier" who fell in sacrifice for his country in the first World War. No king, no potentate or president ever had more honor than has been bestowed upon this unknown hero. At Arlington Cemetery quietly rests, in a costly tomb, the body of some mother's boy. At present he is "unknown."

The newspapers gave much space to the record of the burial of this soldier and the ceremony connected with the same. One leading newspaper, with emphasized headlines, declared: "THE IDENTITY OF THIS SOLDIER SHALL NEVER BE KNOWN." This is a mistake. The identity of this soldier will be known. There will come a time in the universe of God when the body of the soldier boy shall rise, for the scriptures declare, "There shall be a resurrection of both the just and the unjust." There will be a resurrection for the "righteous dead" and the "wicked dead." The dead in the graves shall "hear his voice and come forth." This is inevitable. There is no other way. The dead, small and great shall stand before God. We know not now, who this young man may be. His mother may live in the

same block with any of us. His mother might have been English, French or German. So far as we know, it may be the body of one of the black boys from the Southern belt. It may be the most humble mother whose boy has been thus honored. This is all concealed from human knowledge, but there is nothing hid from God. Everything will be revealed at the very house top of the universe! His identity will one day be known.

HIS EPITAPH

"He is risen" (Matthew 28:6). On the tombstones in the graveyard we see one heading to nearly all: "Here lies," then follow name, and date of death. But how different is the epitaph over the tomb of Jesus. It is spoken by the mouth of an angel: "He is not here! He is risen!"—From the *Sunday School Chronicle*. Sent by Mrs. B. G. Downen, Kingston Hill, Surrey, England.

RESURRECTION

"There are eighty thousand kinds of plants, with their millions and millions of seeds. Each seed has its individuality. God never mistakes one seed for another. In the resurrection of seeds God never gives to one seed the body that belongs to another." A seed may be hidden away for thousands of years in an Egyptian stone coffin then planted and bring forth life retaining its own identity.

SACRIFICE

JIMMY WAS READY

"For thy servant became surety for the lad" (Genesis 44:32). Five-year-old Mary was obliged to undergo an operation, and lost so much blood that it was necessary to resort to blood transfusion. The blood of thirteen-year-old brother Jimmy was found by test to match exactly the little patient's. "Will you give your sister some of your blood, Jim?" asked the doctor. Jimmy set his teeth. "Yes, sir, if she needs it." He was prepared for the transfusion. In the midst of the drawing of the blood, the doctor observed Jimmy growing paler and paler. "Are you ill, Jim?" he asked. "No, sir, but I'm wondering just when I'll die." "Die?" gasped the doctor. "Do you think people give their lives when they give a little blood?" "Yes, sir," replied Jimmy. "And you are giving your life for Mary's?" "Yes, sir," replied Jimmy. Can you tell me of a finer heroism than this?—From AMOS R. WELLS, in *Christian Herald*. Sent by Eleanor L. Griffith, Rockland, Maine. Prize illustration.

IT PAYS TO HONOR GOD

A poor widow, who made her living by doing washings, had two wayward sons. This poor woman heard of a mission, where souls were saved, which was about to be closed for lack of funds. The amount necessary was about \$500.00. She was greatly interested and longed for that amount of money, stating she would gladly give it if she had it. Soon, strange to say, a message came from a lawyer in a distant city stating that a relative of hers had died and willed her the inclosed \$500.00. She was very happy and felt the Lord had sent

it in for the mission. The neighbors insisted that she could not afford to be so liberal, but she sent the money on to the mission. Soon a letter came from the older of her wicked sons, reading about as follows: "Dear Mother: Brother and I are here in C——. We were passing down the street and heard singing in a mission. We went in, and both of us were saved. We will soon be home to take care of you." They came and cared for their mother, and lived for the Lord. Yes, it pays to honor God. He says, "Them that honor me I will honor," and He always makes good His promises.

HUMAN TANKS

It is reported that recently, when the Japanese were advancing on a certain town in China with their tanks, the Chinese had no tanks with which to meet them. The loyal Chinese fell on to this plan: they took all the kinds of explosives that could be found and tied them on their bodies. When the Japanese advanced the Chinese rushed into them, and, of course, were blown to bits, but the Japanese were routed. The Chinese had become human tanks. They did this for their country. What will we do for Jesus?

A TRUE INDICTMENT

A man once said to Sam Jones, "Jones, the church is putting my assessment too high." Jones asked, "How much do you pay?" "Five dollars a year," was the reply. "Well," said Jones, "how long have you been converted?" "About four years," was the answer. "Well, what did you do before you were converted?" "I was a drunkard." "How much did you spend for drink?" "About \$250.00 a year." "How much were you worth?" "I rented land and plowed with a steer." "What have you got now?" "I have a good plantation and a span of horses." "Well," said Sam Jones, "you paid the devil

\$250.00 a year for the privilege of plowing with a steer on rented land, and now you don't want to give the God who saved you five dollars a year for the privilege of plowing with horses on your own plantation. You are a rascal from the crown of your head to the soles of your feet."

JESUS WILL

During the siege of Plevna, the Czar, while going around the camp one evening, found a man who had fallen asleep while writing a letter to his wife. This officer had told of his hard work and exposure in the trenches, but said that these were nothing compared to his debts. "Who will pay my debts?" he wrote. Then he fell asleep brooding over his trouble. The Czar glanced over the officer's shoulder, read the letter, and wrote underneath the question, "I will.—Alexander." When the officer awoke he could hardly believe his eyes. His heart leaped for joy.

THE KING'S SONS

Two young men in Scotland missed their way one stormy evening and were lost. The darkness was approaching and the storm gathering. As the storm raged, they went from one house to another seeking shelter for the night. They came to a very poor peasant home and asked to be permitted to spend the night. The peasant apologized for their poverty, but said, "Come in and spend the night and we will do our best for you." The next morning the young men thanked their host for his kindness and bade him adieu. The peasant did not know he had entertained the king's sons. A few days went by, and then officers stood before the peasant's door. He was frightened. They asked whether two young men had spent the night there recently. When thus assured, they broke their news to him. They said, "The king is very much pleased with your

treatment of his sons on that stormy night. He wishes to show his appreciation and has sent us to have you come to him. He has prepared a home for you, and wishes to have you near him so he can care for you." Yes, the king's Son was here once. He fared badly in His own world. He came to His own and His own received Him not. "There was no room in the inn." Not much room for Him yet, but it is very pleasing to the Father to have us make room for Him. Yes it pays.

HER BEST

Eleanor Herr Boyd tells the following story in her book, "The Gospel in Leviticus": A missionary in India was hurrying along the street one day by the Ganges River when he saw a native woman standing looking at the water. In her arms was a sickly, whining infant, while at her side stood a beautiful, strong, healthy child.

The mother looked from one to the other and then at the river. The missionary stopped beside her and engaged her in conversation. Finding that she was in deep distress and trying to make up her mind to give an offering to her god, the Ganges River, the missionary knowing what this meant tried to dissuade her, telling her of the love of Jesus and trying to point her to the One who had made the supreme sacrifice for her. But she only shook her head.

After a time the missionary had to leave her to go to other duties. When through, he hastened back by the same route, hoping to find the woman and again tell her of the love of Jesus and His willingness to save her.

Soon he saw her in the distance with the sickly child in her arms, but the beautiful boy who had stood at her side was gone. He knew what had happened; to appease her god she had thrown her child to the crocodiles in the turbid river. She was sitting rocking herself to and

fro, the tears streaming down her face, and moaning as she wept.

"Oh, why did you do it?" the missionary wailed.

"I made an offering to my god," she replied, "and maybe he will hear me."

"But why, if you had to do it, did you give your beautiful boy? Why did you not give the sickly little one?"

The woman rose to her feet, drew herself erect, and proudly made reply, "We give our gods our best."

A GIFT THAT COST

Two wealthy Christians, a lawyer and a merchant, joined a party that was traveling around the world.

In Korea one day, they saw, in a field by the side of the road, a boy pulling a rude plow, while an old man held the plow handles and directed it. The lawyer was amused, and took a snap shot of the scene.

"That's a curious picture! I suppose they are very poor," he said to the missionary, who was interpreter and guide to the party.

"Yes," was the reply. "That is the family of Chi Noui. When the church was being built they were eager to give something to it, but they had no money; so they sold their only ox and gave their money to the church. This spring they are pulling the plow themselves."

The lawyer and the business man by his side were silent for some moments. Then the business man said, "That must have been a real sacrifice."

"They did not call it that," said the missionary. "They thought that it was fortunate that they had an ox to sell."

The lawyer and the business man had not much to say. But when they reached home, the lawyer took that picture to his minister and told him the story.—
The Evangelical.

"DE RESOLUSHUNS"

There is an old story that will bear frequent reviewing. In one of the mission congregations, in Jamaica, an offering was to be taken for missionary purposes. One of the brethren was appointed to preside, and resolutions were adopted as follows: "1. Resolved, That we will all give. 2. Resolved, That we will give as the Lord has prospered us. 3. Resolved, That we will give cheerfully." Good rules each of which might be clinched with a Scripture text. Then the contribution began; each person, according to custom, walking up to the communion table to deposit his gift under the eye of the presiding officer. One of the most well-to-do members hung back until he was painfully noticeable; and when he at last deposited his gift, the brother at the table remarked, "Dat is 'cordin' to the first resolution, but not 'cordin' to the second." The member retired angrily to his seat, taking back his money, but conscience or pride kept working till he came back and doubled his contribution, and said with a crabbed voice, "Take dat, den." The brother at the table again spoke: "Dat may be 'cordin' to de fust and second resolushuns, but it isn't 'cordin' to de third." The giver after a little, accepted the rebuke, and came up a third time with a still larger gift, and a good-natured face. Then the faithful president expressed his gratification thus: "Dat's 'cordin' to all de resolushuns."

THE BEAUTY OF LOVE

A little girl came to her mother one day and said, "Mother, why do you always wear gloves?" The mother replied, "Because my hands are such ugly, unsightly hands." "But," said the daughter, "Mother, what is the matter with your hands?" "Please take off your gloves. I want to see your hands." The mother did so, and as the little girl saw the burned, drawn hands, she said, "O, Mother, put the gloves back on." Then she said, "But,

Mother, how came your hands so burned and drawn?" She said, "When you were a baby the house was on fire; your bed and your clothes were on fire and in rescuing you I burned my hands." The little girl said, "Take off the gloves again, I do want to look at your hands." She did so, and the little girl affectionately patted and kissed the unsightly hands and said, "These are the most beautiful hands I have ever seen." Love beautifies. We need more of it.

SUFFERING

In Fox's Book of Martyrs we read of the suffering of the early Christians. "They were tortured by rolling sharp wheels over their fingers and toes. Pinching the thumbs in a vise. Forcing the most filthy things down their throats by which many were choked. Tying cords around their heads so tightly that the blood would gush out of their eyes, nose and mouth. Fastening burning matches to their fingers, toes, ears, arms, legs, and even to their tongues. Filling the mouth with powder and setting it on fire by which the head was shattered. Drawing cords back and forth through the flesh till the blood would flow. Making incisions in the flesh with bodkins and knives. Running wires through the ears, nose and lips. Hanging them up by their feet over slow fires till they were baked. Thrusting hooks through their ribs and hanging them up thereby. Baking in ovens. Fixing weights to their feet and drawing them up by pulleys. Hanging, stifling, roasting, frying, racking, ravishing, boiling, crucifying, poisoning, cutting off their nose and tongues, drawing by the heels through the streets. In fact they were tortured in every conceivable way that the devil's ingenuity could invent. And yet they were happy because they were permitted to suffer for Jesus. They desired to die a martyr's death that they might receive a martyr's crown." Shame on us. What have we suffered or what are we willing to suffer? We wonder if we are really Christians.

SALVATION

INSULTED THE GOVERNOR

It is said that an old white-haired mother came to Governor Nash and said, "Governor Nash, I have come to speak to you in behalf of my poor boy who is soon to die in the electric chair. Governor, I have not come to ask for justice but for mercy, not for his sake but mine. He is my only son and support. Governor, if you can do anything, do it for my sake."

The governor was courteous and promised to look into the matter and see if anything could be done. Soon he went down to the prison where the poor boy was awaiting the day of execution. When the young man saw the governor, thinking he was a minister who had come to speak with him, he became very angry and insulting. He said to the governor, "I have no time for you and I will be pleased if you will let me alone."

"But," said the governor, "I have come to see you about an important matter and you might be interested." The young man almost cursed him and demanded that he leave him alone.

"Very well," replied the governor, "goodby."

When the governor was gone the warden said to the young man, "How did Governor Nash and you get along?" When he learned that it was not a minister but the governor, he fell upon the concrete floor and cried, like a soul lost and damned, "My God, have I insulted the only man who could save my life?"

Yes, that is just what he had done. And that is just what all are doing who are rejecting Jesus Christ. He is the only Saviour.

WENT TO HEADQUARTERS FIRST

A little boy in Ireland went to a Protestant meeting and heard the way of salvation plainly taught. He went to the altar and prayed to Jesus and was happily and gloriously saved. The weeks went by and he was very greatly blest of the Lord. The "father confessor" heard that these things had taken place and went to the home of the boy and questioned him as to why he went to those meetings. The boys told him that he went there and heard about the Great High Priest and that he went to the mourner's bench and Christ forgave him his sins. The priest asked him why he did not come to him, as he could forgive sins. The boy answered, "Where did you get the power to forgive sins?" The priest answered, "From the Bishop." "Well," said the boy, "where did he get the power?" "From the Archbishop," replied the priest. "Well, where did he get the power?" said the boy. "From the Cardinal," answered the priest. "And where did he get the power?" said the boy. "From the Pope," replied the priest. "Oh!" said the boy, "and where did he get it?" "From Jesus Christ," responded the priest. "Well," said the lad, "*I went to headquarters first.*"

HE TOOK MY PLACE

It is said that a man was seen in a cemetery at Nashville, Tennessee, weeping bitterly. When asked the cause he replied, "I was conscripted during the Civil War. I had a large family and a very sick wife. We were very poor and it looked as though my family would all starve. But I had a friend who was not quite old enough to be drafted. He went to the authorities and stated the case and asked to become my substitute. He was accepted. He took my place. He was killed in battle and is buried here. This is his grave. He died for me.

That's what makes me weep. I am living because he is dead."

That was enough to make him weep. When we think of the substitutional death of Christ, it seems that that should be sufficient to break our hearts with gratitude.

DECEPTION

We recently talked to a man who strongly advocates "Unconditional Eternal Security." He unblushingly stated that he committed unnamable sins habitually, "But," said he, "I have been born again and of course am eternally secure." As he told of his uncleanness he said, "The Lord understands that." Jude said, they would "turn the grace of God into lasciviousness, and deny the Lord." He was saved in sin. Not from it. The grace of God took care of his wickedness. This must be one of the "damnable heresies" of the last days.

THE THING FOR WHICH YOU WERE BORN

Dr. F. B. Meyer related the following incident which came within the scope of his personal experience:

A great preacher thrilled us in London a little time ago by this story: He said he was composing a sermon from the text, *To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world.* His nephew, a young man, came into the room and asked casually, "Uncle, what is the text you are taking for next Sunday?"

On being told, he said, "Uncle, what do you think I was born for?"

"Well," said the uncle, "it's more than I know."

"The same with me," replied the young fellow, and flung himself out into the street, wondering as he walked along what on earth he was made for and what opportunities life would bring him. He had not gone very far when he saw a crowd of people outside a theater and asked of a bystander, "What's the matter in there?"

"There's a fire inside, and the passage is choked up so that people cannot get out."

The young fellow was strong and athletic. Throwing off his coat, he plunged in and dragged out one after another from the seething mass of people and laid them down in the causeway, until there were thirteen people lying there, and the ambulance came and took them to the hospital. He plunged in for the fourteenth time, but was struck by a piece of falling timber and so badly hurt that he lost consciousness. They dragged him out, and he, too, was taken to the hospital. He whispered that they should send for his uncle, mentioning his name. When the clergyman arrived he was just in time to bend over his nephew's lips and catch his last words: "Uncle, 'to this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world'—that I might save those thirteen."

Like a flash some day may appear, if it has not already done so, the thing for which you were born—a vision of some one thing to be done, or a task taking years for its accomplishment.—*Evangelical Messenger.*

STRANGE ACTIONS

A man, with whom the Lord had been dealing, was working on the road. It was lunch time and the man sat under a great rock, by the roadside, eating his lunch. While sitting there a strange thing took place. A pigeon lighted upon his shoulder and then flew away some yards and lit in the road. Soon it came and repeated this strange action. The third time the man arose and went out where the pigeon was, to see if he could discover anything. The pigeon flew away and he never saw it again. But while he was examining the place in the road where the pigeon had been, he heard a terrible crash. He looked back and the great rock had fallen just where he had been sitting. Had he remained he would have been crushed to death. The man wept and said, "My Lord, if God is that anxious to

save me I had better surrender to Him." And he did. God is doing His best to keep us out of hell.

BETTER NOW THAN EVER

A young man, who had rejected many calls from the Lord, was on his death bed. The minister exhorted him to seek the Lord, but he insisted that he had refused so many opportunities that he was ashamed to come. Said he, "Don't you think it would be mean of me to come now?" The minister replied, "Yes, it is a fearful thing that you have done, and it is a shame that you did not come sooner, but I think it would be more wicked never to come. It would be better to come now than never." After some time the young man seemed greatly moved because of the Lord's willingness to receive him, even then. He seemed to definitely trust the Lord, and passed on praising Him for His great mercy.

BORN AGAIN

A church bell became cracked. A skilful smith mended it so carefully that the crack could not be seen. But when they rehung it, its tones were appallingly dull. They took it to the foundry and recast it. Then its tones were as sweet as ever. So with these poor sin-cracked natures of ours. We may patch them all we can, but they will never be right until the Spirit of God recasts them in the mold of the new birth.

SANCTIFICATION

AN INWARD SOMETHING

"You'd just as well go ahead, Judge, and break my neck!"

The courtroom was hushed with deadly silence. Before the bench stood a youthful prisoner, under twenty. He was about to be sentenced for a terrible crime. Time and again he had been in the reformatory and each time he got out he committed another crime and was shuttled from freedom to stripes with the regularity of the tides. This time the judge tried to reason with him about being good. But the prisoner answered with a helpless look.

"If," the judge began, "if we let you go, will you be a good boy?"

"I'm tired of wearing stripes. I've tried to do better each time but I just can't make it. There's something inside me that won't let me do good. I'm helpless, Judge, you'd just as well go ahead and break my neck."

There is in the human heart that something which inclines toward evil, and man alone is unable to break the spell which it throws over the mental inclinations. It pulls toward evil. It lures after lust. It drags with unbreakable chains toward the pit. Bit by bit it wears away all resistance until the soul is given over to evil doing. It knows no inhibitory powers. It will not be ruled by law, nor bow to custom, nor will it surrender to the claim of right doing.

It is the carnal nature in man; an inward something that bends and warps the personality beyond human repair. The only hope for its control is its complete removal by the sanctifying power of God.

HOLINESS

“God thought it.
Jesus bought it.
The Word taught it.
The soul sought it.
Faith brought it.
The Spirit wrought it.
The devil fought it.
But I’ve got it.”

WHAT PROVIDED FOR REQUIRED

A lady was going away to meet some friends and bring them home with her. She had left her children at home with the understanding that they were to be clean when she returned with the company. She said to the children upon leaving, “Now here is plenty of soap and water and here are your clothes and I will expect you to be clean and dressed up when I return.” What she had made provisions for and had demanded she would *require*. So it is with the Lord. Provisions have been made, at awful cost, for the cleansing of the heart. Holiness! God demands it. “Be ye holy.” And what he has provided for and demands He will require. “Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.”

WOULD NOT FIT

A good lady who for a long time had sought the blessing of sanctification, had the following experience. She said, “If I could just have an experience like Brother Stephen Merritt’s I would be sanctified.” Brother Merritt was one of those happy, hilarious souls who had had the blessing for years. Brother Merritt knew of her desire to obtain an experience like his. One day he came to her home with a little package very neatly tied up and gave it to her with the exhortation, “Don’t open it till tomorrow.” Well, what do you suppose she did? What would you have done? She opened it just as soon as he was out of sight.

And what do you suppose it was? It was a set of Brother Merritt's old, cast off false teeth! Can you imagine? She was perplexed and vexed. She said, "Of all things. Brother Merritt has been my ideal. I have even desired a blessing like he has. But he is rude. I don't understand it." Soon Brother Merritt came by again and she was ready for him and asked what in the world he meant by such rude actions. She said, "Do you think I could wear your old teeth? Do you think they would fit me?" Brother Merritt quietly answered, "I think they would fit you about like my experience. Goodby." He passed on. Then she said, "I see. I will take it the way the Lord wants to give it to me and just the kind of blessing he desires to give." And she was soon rejoicing in her new-found experience. We must be willing to make a complete and eternal consecration and trust the Lord to come in His own way.

RESISTING THE HOLY SPIRIT

A gentleman had a pet dove which would light upon his shoulder, walk down his arm and eat out of his hand. One day he decided to experiment with it. As it was eating out of his hand he gripped it a little. When he relaxed his grip the dove flew away and lighted upon a tree. It looked sad. The man coaxed and called. Finally the dove, very reluctantly, came back. He repeated just what he had done before. The dove again flew away and acted as before, but this time the man had to call and coax much longer. It seemed it would never return, but finally it did. The man again repeated what he had done. When he relaxed his grip this time, the dove flew farther away and lighted upon a tree. It drooped its wings and looked perplexed and grieved. The man began to coax and call, but the dove lifted its wings and flew away. He never saw it again. The Lord says, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." We may resist and grieve Him and one day He will depart forever.

SECOND COMING

THE RAPTURE

Dr. A. J. Gordon tells of two sisters who were very near and dear to one another. One was a Christian, and the other was not. The Christian girl was constantly seeking to lead the unbelieving one to the Lord Jesus Christ. One night she persuaded her to attend church service with her. The minister preached from Matthew 24, where it says that when Jesus comes in the air to call His sons from the earth one will be taken and the other left. He preached a stirring sermon. The Christian girl hoped very much that the sermon would lead her sister to salvation; but the unbelieving one did not seem to be impressed by what had been said. The two girls slept together. That night the Christian one was so burdened for her sister that she could not sleep. She crept from the bed and went into another room to pray. In the meantime the unsaved girl awoke, and missing her sister wondered where she was. As she lay there, the sermon being uppermost in her thought, she wondered if her Christian sister had been taken. The horror of having been left behind made such an impression on her that she cried to the Lord for salvation. Such a scene will be a reality—one will be taken and one will be left!

DON'T WANT JESUS TO COME

Doctor A. J. Gordon relates how a good woman went to church and heard the minister preach on the "Blessed Hope" of the return of Christ. She went home with her heart all aglow. She said, "Husband, he preached about the Second Coming of Christ. He told us what a blessed time it will be. Our bodies will be

glorified. We will meet our saved loved ones and, best of all, see Jesus and be with Him forever." But as she spoke thus her husband looked uninterested. Finally he said, "I do not want Him to come. I would give all I possess to prevent His coming. I have no concern about all this. I hate it." What a difference between this man and Paul.

Paul said, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Then he said there was a crown of righteousness for him and all who *loved His appearing*. We may know our spiritual state by our attitude toward His coming.

WE WANT YOU

A gentleman went away from home and secured a good position. He loved his family. He sent money for every need as well as many gifts. But the wife and children grew more anxious, as the days went by, to see husband and father. Finally when they could stand it no longer they wrote him and said, "Please do not send any more gifts or money. *We want you.*" The Christian, whose heart is true to the heavenly bridegroom, appreciates the blessings and gifts bestowed by Him, but at the same time they long for Him. Jesus said, "Behold I come quickly," and John the intimate disciple responded, "Even so Lord Jesus, come quickly."

UNFAITHFULNESS

A young man, who was to return home and be married, came sooner than was expected. He did not notify his bride-to-be of the exact time. He desired to please her with a surprise. He loved her devotedly and had worked hard and saved his earnings in order to purchase a home for her. It was about midnight when he arrived, but, with a happy heart, he felt he must go by her home. However, when he came near he saw the

house was all lighted up. As he came nearer he heard music. Still nearer he saw dancing. Finally looking through the window he saw his bride-to-be in the embrace of another man. His heart sank within him and he went away never to return. If Jesus came today, where would He find His professed bride? We fear many would be found at the dance, the movie, the card party, or other worldly amusement. We know what would happen.

THE MILLENNIUM

In the millennium all the problems, which are now the nightmare of statesmen, will automatically disappear. There will be no more war. Militarism will be unknown. There will be no more crime, no more prisons or workhouses. No breweries or distillers, consequently no drunkards. Slums will no longer exist to be the hot-bed of crime and vice, filthiness and disease.

Poverty and distress, starvation and want, will not be known any longer. Life will be enormously lengthened, because the causes of insanity, disease and death will no longer exist. No grasping employer will grind the faces of the poor. No enormous fortunes will be made out of the dire necessity of others.

Vice, blasphemy, brutal sports, gambling, fraud, oppression, lying, trickery and deceit will cease; low and degrading trade will be stopped; all the power of humanity will be turned into useful and beneficial channels. There will be no idle butterflies of fashion, no submerged truth, no unrest or strikes, and no desecration of the Sabbath. God alone can solve all the problems, and right every wrong. He will do this through great David's greater Son. He shall take the government upon His shoulders.—*Author unknown.*

SOUL-WINNING

THE TEAR DID IT

In a house of ill-fame lay a poor diseased woman. Various Christian workers visited her and spoke to her of her soul's salvation. But to no avail. She was unmoved and untouched. Finally a woman, who was especially burdened—whose heart was full of love and compassion, went to see her. As she stood by the bedside of the poor creature and told of the way of life, tears rolled down her cheek and one fell upon the cheek of the poor woman. Somehow, that day her heart was broken up and she found the Lord and was gloriously saved. Later someone asked her what it was that touched her heart. She replied, "The tear did it. As I saw that tear fall from her cheek it seem to break my heart and penetrate my very soul." The Lord save us from coldness and professionalism and give us hearts of love for a lost world.

THE FATAL SLEEP

Some time ago a ship had been off on a sailing voyage, and had been gone about three years. The father of one of the sailors had charge of the lighthouse, and he was expecting his boy to come home.

One night there came up a terrible gale, and while the father was sleeping, his light went out. When he awoke he looked toward the shore and saw a ship that had been wrecked. He went to see if he could not save some one who might still be alive. The first body that came floating toward the shore was, to his great surprise, the body of his own boy. He had been watching for the boy for many days. Now the boy had at last come in

sight of home but had perished because his father had let his light go out! How many fathers and mothers today have let their lights go out!—MOODY.

GO LOOK IN THE WAGON

The gentleman stopped at the country store, leaving his team of horses out in the road. While he was in the store the team became frightened and ran down the road. The man ran out of the store, across the field, climbed the fence and caught the team by the bridles as they came dashing round the road. They sped on, dragging him as they went, but he would not let go. Finally, after they had almost exhausted themselves, they stopped. The man relaxed his grip and fell panting, bruised, bleeding and dying. As he lay there the men from the store came and saw him in his dying condition and said, "What made you do it?" "They are not worth it; you are dying." The dying man said, "Go look in the wagon." They did and there they saw a little boy on the hay. Then they knew why he did it. You ask, "Why did Jesus come to this poor old world, and run the gauntlet of hell and suffer and die?" Our answer is, "Go, look at a lost world and you will understand."

CARD PLAYING SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS

The revival was on and a testimony meeting was in progress. A tramp with bleared eyes and bloated cheeks had come into the meeting. As, one by one, they arose and spoke, the tramp arose and asked if he might say a few words. The leader of the meeting gave his consent, and the tramp began. Said he, "This is my home town. I came to this church when a boy. I came to Sunday school here. Our class was just over there (pointing to a corner in the church). There were five of us boys in the class. One Saturday our teacher invited us to her home to study the Sunday school les-

son and for a little social gathering. This was kept up for some time. Finally she brought out the cards and taught us to play just a little "social game." We liked it. Soon we craved more cards and less Sunday school lessons. Soon the game at her home was too tame. We no longer went to Sunday school or to her home. We went downtown and met men and played with them; we became gamblers and drunkards. And, before I sit down, may I tell you the results? Two of our number committed first degree murder and were electrocuted. Two committed second degree and are "lifers" in the penitentiary. And I am a fugitive from justice. I am wanted in many places for crimes committed." Then he took his seat. As he sat down an old lady, elegantly dressed, screamed like a lost soul and said, "My God! I'm that Sunday school teacher." God save us from worldly Sunday school teachers. A worldly Sunday school and worldly teachers may damn as many souls as can a saloon.

THE OTHER MAN

During a heavy storm off the coast of Spain a dismasted merchantman was sighted by another vessel drifting before a gale. Every glass was turned upon her and as the people looked they beheld a canvas shelter on deck, almost level with the sea, which suggested that there might be life on board. Immediately a life boat crew was sent out with instructions to see if anyone should be on the wreck. So away these gallant men went, through the roaring storm. Soon they ran their boat alongside the wreck and shouted aloud to attract attention if any living person should be there. Immediately a strange object rolled out of that canvass screen against a broken mast. It was hauled into the boat, and, with head and knees bent together, and so light that a boy could easily lift it into the boat, it proved to be the

emaciated body of a man. It was laid in the boat, when the men in pity and horror gathered around and were gazing upon it, it showed signs of life; they drew nearer. It moved and then muttered in a deep sepulchral voice, "There is another man."

Saved himself, his first impulse was to save another lost one.

AT YOUR OWN DOOR

Sophia had been praying for twelve years to become a foreign missionary. One day she had so prayed, and the heavenly Father seemed to say, "Sophia, stop! Where were you born?"

"In Germany, Father."

"Well, are you not a foreign missionary already?"

Then the Father said, "Who lives on the floor above you?"

"A family of Swedes."

"And above them?"

"Why, some Switzers."

"And a block away?"

"Some Chinese."

"And you have never said a word to those people about my Son! Do you think I will send you thousands of miles to the foreign and heathen, when you never care enough about those at your own door to speak with them about their souls?"—*Southern Christian*.

TALE OF TWO BROTHERS

The following story was found in a copy of Hutching's California Magazine, yellow with age, which was published in July, 1860.

"In helping others, we also help ourselves. This story of two brothers, traveling in Lapland, illustrates this truth more than whole volumes of aphorisms.

"It was a bitter freezing day, and they were travel-

ing in a sledge, wrapped in furs from head to foot—but, notwithstanding this, they were almost frozen in the fearful cold.

“By the wayside they discovered a poor traveler benumbed and perishing in the snow.

“‘Let us stop and help,’ said one of the brothers, ‘we may save his life.’

“‘Yes, and lose your own,’ replied the other. ‘Are we not ourselves freezing in the cold? None but a fool would think of stopping on such a day as this! I would not throw off my cloak of fur to save a hundred travelers!’

“‘I am freezing as well as you,’ said his brother, ‘but I cannot see this stranger perish, I must go and help him.’

“He was as good as his word. He went to his relief, chafed his temples and gave him wine from his bottle to drink. The effort that he made brought warmth to his own limbs and he took the traveler on his back and bore him to the sledge.

“‘Brother,’ he said, ‘Look! I have saved this stranger’s life—and also, I verily believe, my own. I am quite warm from the effort I have made.’

“But his brother did not answer. He was sitting upright in his furs on the sledge, cold and dead.”—*Christian Observer*.

LOST

A poor tramp had got lost in the woods in Michigan, many years before that timbered section had paths running through it. The poor fellow had tried his best to get out, but he could not. At length as evening came, tired, he built a fire and sat down by it. Presently, two men appeared—a wealthy father and his son. Drawing close to the tramp, the father said, “Sir, we are lost and cannot find our way home. If you will direct us how to get out of these woods, I shall pay you well for it.” The

tramp answered not a word. Then the father spoke again, only to be met with silence. The third time he spoke the tramp looked up and said, "Man, I am lost also." The wealthy man offered \$5,000 if the tramp could lead him out, but the only reply was, "I am lost also." It was decided that the old man would stay by the fire with the tramp while his son made another effort to find a way home. The son eventually did get out and then sought to return with a party to find his father and the tramp, but they searched in vain. In a few months the skeletons of two men were found by the ashes of the fire—the flesh had all been eaten off the bones by the beasts, and the only way they could distinguish the wealthy man from the tramp was by some gold lying beside one of the skeletons. There was no other difference. The rich man and the poor man—both lost!

HIS PLAN

By S. D. GORDON

Somebody has imagined the scene that may have taken place after Jesus went back to heaven. The Master is walking with Gabriel, talking intently, earnestly. Gabriel is saying, "Master, You died for the whole world down there, did you not?"

"Yes, I tasted death for every man."

"You must have suffered much," with an earnest look into that great face.

"Yes," again comes the answer in a voice very quiet, but strangely full of deepest feeling.

"And do they all know about it?"

"Oh, no; only a few in Palestine know about it so far."

"Well, Master, what is Your plan? What have You done about telling the world that You have died for them? What is Your plan?"

"Well," the Master is supposed to have answered, "I asked Peter and James and John and Andrew and some

more of them down there just to make it the business of their lives to tell others, and the others tell others and yet others and still others, until the last man in the farthest circle has heard the story and has had the offer of my salvation. My very last words to them were 'the uttermost part of the earth.' "

And Gabriel knows us folks down here pretty well. He has had more than one contact with the earth. He knows the kind of stuff in us. And he is supposed to have answered with a sort of hesitating reluctance, as though he could see difficulties in the working of the plan: "Yes—but—suppose Peter fails. Suppose that after a while John simply does not tell the others. Suppose their descendants, their successors away off in the first edge of the twentieth century, get so busy about things—some of them proper enough; some of them may not be so proper—that they do not tell others, what then?" And his eyes are big with the tenseness of his thought, for he is thinking of the suffering, and he is thinking, too, of the difference to the man who hasn't been told, "What then?"

And back comes that quiet, wondrous voice of Jesus: "Gabriel, I have not made any other plan. I am counting on them."

DILIGENT

I got into a street car in Buffalo, and when the conductor came for the fare I gave him the leaflet, "Where Hell Is." As I handed it to him he laughed, and said, "You always give me one of these religious papers; I suppose you think me a very wicked fellow, but I am as good as they make them." I held up my Bible and asked, "Do you see this Book? It tells me 'the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked' (Jeremiah 17:9). That means your heart and mine. It does not sound so very good, does it?" "Oh, well," he said, "there is plenty of

time for me to think of these things; I am still young." "Yes," I said, "but if you go into any graveyard, you will see graves of all sizes. A little girl once asked her mother how old one must be before one dies. The wise mother gave her child a long piece of string and told her to go into the graveyard and measure the graves, and every time she measured to tie a knot. Soon after the child came back with the string full of knots. 'Look, Mother, the graves are all sizes!' Yes, dear, that is when people die; at all times and all ages.'" Again the young man laughed, and said, "There is plenty of time for me." On leaving the car, I said, "Remember the time is short, and you need not go to a Christless grave and hell; *Jesus died for you.*" I had often met him, and always gave him a tract.

The next morning I traveled by the same car, but a new conductor was there. He told me that the one I had spoken to the day before had intended going for an afternoon's pleasure, but in jumping from one car to another had missed his footing, was run over by the car, and injured so that in a few hours he died. I felt very bad, thinking he had indeed found a Christless grave, but later in the day I was told that he had accepted the Saviour and wished me to know that he was not going to a Christless grave. I went to his home, and as I looked on that dead young man's face I could not help thinking, what an awful warning to anyone who thinks there is plenty of time.

JUST A TRACT

It seems to be a matter of no importance that a certain woman, whose name has been forgotten, dropped a tract in the way of a very bad man by the name of Richard Baxter. He picked up the tract and read it. It was the means of his salvation. In after years, that man wrote a book entitled, "The Call to the Unconverted," which was the means of bringing a multitude to God, among them

Philip Doddridge. Philip Doddridge wrote a book called, "The Rise and Progress of Religion," which brought thousands and tens of thousands into the kingdom of God, among them the great Wilberforce. Wilberforce wrote a book called, "A Practical View of Christianity," which was the means of bringing a great multitude to Christ, among them Leigh Richmond. Leigh Richmond wrote a tract called, "The Dairyman's Daughter," which has been the means of the salvation of multitudes. And that tide of influence started from the fact that one Christian woman dropped a Christian tract in the way of Richard Baxter—the tide of influence rolling on through Richard Baxter, through Philip Doddridge, through William Wilberforce, through Leigh Richmond; on, on, on, forever, forever. So the insignificant events of this world seem after all to be most momentous.

GOOD NIGHT OR GOODBY

A good man was dying. His wife and son and daughter, who were all devout Christians, came to his bedside. After some word of advice he would say, "Good night, meet me in a better world." He had one son who was wicked. He came and his father spoke some words to him and then very sadly said, "Goodby, my son, goodby." It touched the young man's heart and he said, "Father, you said good night to Mother and brother and sister, but to me you said 'goodby.' Why the difference, Father?" The dying man said, "My son, your mother and brother and sister are Christians and it will not be long until they will meet me. So to them I said, 'good night.' But you are not saved and I can never meet you again and to you I must say goodby." The young man fell upon his knees by the bedside of his dying father and prayed a prayer like this, "O God, my father's God, I have sinned but I am sorry and will turn away from all sin forever and trust

Thee." After praying he arose, while penitential tears flowed down his cheeks, and said, "Father, I do love Jesus and I will, by His grace, serve Him." The dying man, with his fast declining strength, put his arms around his son and said, "Good night, my son, good night." If the end should come to you and me just now would it be good night or goodby?

TOBACCO

SELF-MURDER

He was a promising young man and had a very bright future, but he had formed the habit of cigarette smoking. He continued for years and his lungs were affected by inhaling the smoke. After a while a terrible cough developed. A physician examined him and found that his lung tissues were giving away. His eyes were swollen from arsenic obtained from the cigarette paper. They told him he must quit smoking or he would soon die. But he could not; he had gone too far. Like a man chained to a post, he was chained to this mighty evil. Finally he gave up and on his death bed he said, "Doctor, I am a murderer. I have taken my own life and I fear there is no forgiveness for me." Sin blinds, enslaves and damns.

MURDERERS

The baby was very ill. The doctor seemed helpless. The young parents were grief-stricken. The doctor seemed to hesitate to tell them the trouble. Finally they said, "Doctor tell us just what is the matter with the baby." He said, "I hesitate, but if you insist I will." He said, "You know children rarely live over two years where the parents both smoke. Little Mother, you tell me that you have smoked since you were quite young. The father has done the same. That is the trouble. I am helpless." Then the parents wept bitterly and sobbed, "We have murdered our baby." They were right. If we sow, we must reap. The devil is a liar. He would have us believe we can sow and not reap. But God says, "We shall reap what we sow."

TOBACCO AND POVERTY

E. S. Dunham tells of a gentleman in a certain city who made arrangements for a sum of money to be placed on interest, the returns from which were to be given to the poor; but there was a stipulation that no one using tobacco or liquor should ever be a recipient of this benevolence. This arrangement was made in 1899. In the earlier part of 1924 the interest had accrued to \$391 and still no one had drawn from it, as all who were in need in that city were given to the use of either whisky or tobacco. All abstainers were well able to take care of themselves. This is a wonderful commentary on the use of tobacco and its evil results.—SELECTED.