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A SUCCESSFUL LIFE.

SKETCHES OF THE LIFE OF

REV. ALEX. W. ^{ellis} NEWLIN,
"

WITH SOME OF HIS SERMONS
AND OUTLINES

BY

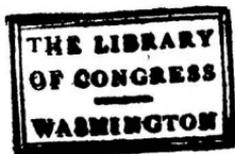
Mrs (York)
MARY E. NEWLIN.



"He was a *good man* full of the *Holy Ghost*
and of *faith*."—Acts II: 24.

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To the ❀❀❀❀❀❀
EPWORTH LEAGUE
Whose workers are in ❀
sympathy with the life❀
herein portrayed these❀
sketches are affectionately
dedicated by the author.

INTRODUCTION.

The Christian life is worth more than gold—more than can be expressed in words or figures, both to the world and to the church. It can not be purchased, can not be artificially produced, and can not be imitated. It must be created, and like every created object it must bear the impress of the Creator's hand. God alone can produce such a life ; but in building it up and developing it man can, and indeed must, cooperate. God gives the elements of character and of power, and the Christian disciple by a faithful discharge of his personal stewardship develops these, improves his opportunities, meets his responsibilities, and thus gives to the world a legacy of a life which brightens every spot it reaches, and blesses everything it touches.

How much a good man can do in the course of an ordinary life-time can only be understood and appreciated by those who have marked the foot-steps of one or more of God's servants as they pursue their course along the pathway of life. Perhaps we all are at fault in this, that we do not sufficiently study the lives and labors of those nearest to us. We may learn very much from the little ones around us, very much from those in advanced years, and still other lessons from those who in their early prime are struggling to acquit themselves like men in the arduous fields to which God and the church have called them. Every such life affords its own lessons, and gives abundant illustrations for good or ill, which seem to be set before every son and daughter of the race.

I first met the subject of the following memoir in his early youth, at a time when he was apparently just beginning to ponder some of the serious problems of life. He was thinking of a college course, and already had been deeply moved by a growing conviction that God had work for him to do in connection with the Christian ministry. He had also serious thoughts of preparing for usefulness in the field of

teaching, but only as a special department of Christian work . The wants of the great mission fields of the world had already been presented to his mind, and my earliest conversation with him was in connection with his possible consecration to that boundless sphere of labor. Prof. Newlin was always deliberate in his modes of thought, and never reached his conclusions rashly. Every step which he took was carefully and prayerfully considered, and if he hesitated at the outset before committing himself fully and unreservedly in the mission field, it was only because he failed to become convinced that God called him to immediate service in the foreign work. He began, however, to prepare himself by diligent and systematic study for whatever duties God might have in reserve for him in the future, and applied himself with a zeal and diligence which gave promise of marked success to the studies which were embraced in his college course. It was my privilege to meet him again on several occasions, but at considerable intervals, and when engaged in duties of varied kinds. In the meantime he developed solid scholarship, which seemed eminently adapted to prepare him for the peculiar line of work which fell to his lot in later years. As the years went by he grew in grace, grew in knowledge, and seemed more and more to be equipping himself for long years of successful labor. His final call to mission work in Mexico seemed in every respect an eminently fitting one. Others can tell better than I can how well he acquitted himself in that difficult field. But his career, although so full of promise, was destined to be a brief one. He died early, but died at his post, and thus proved himself faithful to the last.

Our brother's work was short, and to our limited vision it seems as if he had left it all too soon. God, however, does not measure success by human standards, and to His all-seeing vision it may well appear as if the work of His servant was not only done, but well done, when the summons to his heavenly home reached him. We are apt to forget that God's work is never left unfinished. It may fall to the lot of one servant to lay the foundation, of another to build the walls, and of another to rejoice when the top stone is laid in its place, but each one finishes his own share of the common task. The workmen are called away but the work goes on. God's plans

are not marred by His own providences, but while we do well to gaze with solemn awe upon the mysterious manifestations of providence which ever and anon appear before our eyes, yet we should never for a moment assume that God does not understand His own work, or is not able to provide for it.

We should also remember that God's work is not limited to the little world in which we now chance to live and move. There are other realms of being, and other spheres of activity of which we know nothing at all. God's plans as we see them revealed on our little earth may be of infinitely small moment when compared with other plans which He is carrying on in other and grander realms than ours. It has often been beautifully said that when God removes His workmen who have proved themselves more worthy on earth, it is only that He may give them better employment in a higher sphere. The saints in heaven are certainly never idle, and of the New Jerusalem it is specially written that "the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it, and *His servants shall serve Him.*" When we say that a Christian man has died and gone to heaven, we mean, or ought to mean, that a Christian worker has been promoted to a higher service; and even if it were assumed that a Christian's life in this world could be a failure so far as results are concerned, the great fact would still remain, that a redeemed child of mortality had been prepared for immortal service with his risen Lord in the world to come.

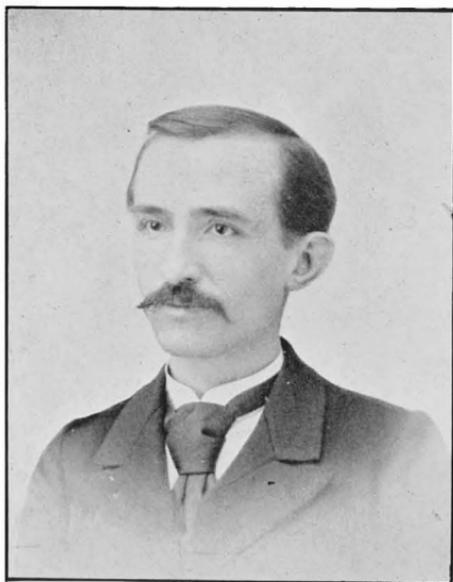
Our brother has left to his friends and to the church the legacy of a consecrated life, and of much faithful work not only done, but well done. His was the record of a good and faithful steward, and while many may think with sadness of his death in a land of strangers, yet to his bereaved friends it should be a comfort to remember that to him was granted the privilege of dying at his post. Many a missionary is able to appreciate what is meant by that expression. When one of these workers in a foreign field becomes convinced that owing to ill health he can do no more as a missionary, it would be perhaps unwise for him to resolve to die in the land of his adoption for the mere sake of a sentiment, and yet many missionaries will readily understand what is meant by a desire to die in the field of their adoption, rather than in the home land. Happy is the Christian man or woman who is thus

privileged. The whole church is stirred as if by a new impulse when one of her trusted and valued sons or daughters thus ends a consecrated life at the post of duty in a strange land.

When the first visitation of Asiatic cholera to the United States occurred, in 1832, the Rev. Thomas Drummond, brother of the late Dr. James Drummond of the Pittsburg Conference, was stationed in the city of St. Louis, which so far as religious work was concerned was at that time a mission station. Mr. Drummond was one of the most promising young preachers of the West, and had gone to St. Louis in response to a call for volunteers. He was greatly beloved in the conference from which he went out, and entered on his work in St. Louis with every promise of achieving brilliant success. In the course of its progress, however, the awful scourge of cholera reached the distant western city and among its early victims was the noble Thomas Drummond. As his wife bent over him to catch his dying words, he whispered to her, "Tell my brethren of the Pittsburg Conference that I died at my post." These words of the dying hero made a profound impression, not only among the members of his former conference, but throughout the whole church. St. Louis was then more of a mission station than Calcutta is now, and it required more heroism for one to go there and engage in missionary work, in the midst of what was chiefly a Roman Catholic population, than is now required of the missionary who goes to Bombay or Peking. The devoted and courageous young minister of Christ had fallen, but it seemed to cover him with glory that he had fallen not only at his post of duty, but also of danger. I would to God that our people, and especially our young men, could in some way receive an inspiration of like courage. I sometimes fear that this kind of feeling is slowly dying out, not only among our missionaries, but among our young men generally. Christianity ceases to be Christianity when it ceases to be heroic, and not only at the present time, but probably for generations to come, ample fields will be found for the exercise of the noblest courage which Christian hearts can cherish. We live in an era which calls for sacrifice, for devotion, and for a lofty standard of courage. These virtues are needed in the mission field, and without them the great missionary enterprise of the age must end in failure. At such a time and in the face of the emergencies which now confront the universal church of Christ, it is certainly worth something to be able to say of a faithful servant of Christ who has entered into his final rest, that he died at his post.

J. M. THOBURN.

Kingston, Ohio, July 30, 1896.



REV. A. W. NEWLIN.

A SUCCESSFUL LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

ANCESTORS.

About one hundred and fifty years ago, there came from Scotland, with the early settlers of this country two families—one by the name of McGrew and the other by the name of McDonald. Each bought a tract of land from the Government, near Guffey's Landing, on the Youghioghney River, twenty-five miles southeast of Pittsburg. Each built a log house, and on Mr. McGrew's farm was built a fort for protection from the Indians.

One summer after the corn was planted Mr. McGrew was captured by the Red men, leaving his wife and one child alone in the wilderness—neighbors being three miles distant. The brave woman went on with the farming—taking her baby with her to the fields, laying it between the rows while she worked and guarding it from snakes and wild beasts with which the country was infested. Still she hoped that her husband would return—but reports came that he had been scalped. The Indians would come to her door and finding her alone would go away and not molest her. Providence protected when dangers were nigh.

The summer passed, the corn ripened, the lonely woman gathered the crop, husked and shelled some of

the corn, took it to the nearest mill; (six miles distant) and had it ground. She made the trip safely and after reaching home, prepared supper of the new meal. While the mush was boiling, her long lost husband, (the Indian captive) stripped of everything—walked in! only recognized by his voice. A happy hour after their long separation! No doubt they enjoyed that supper.

These early settlers were in danger continually, not knowing what hour the savages might claim their scalps. But they bravely faced the dangers of pioneer life, finally rewarded with peace and prosperity.

The McDonalds attended the Long Run Presbyterian Church—three and one-half miles distant. The men carried their guns to church to be ready for an attack by the Indians should they molest them during worship. The floor of the old meeting house was worn in grooves where the guns rested, the farmers holding them between their knees while they listened to the preaching of the WORD.

There was a salt lick at the foot of the hill below Mr. McDonald's home where deer from the forest came often. With his gun in hand he waited for them, carrying home fine venison for the family table. At one time he climbed into a tree, quietly waiting the approach of deer. He heard a rustling in the bushes behind him and looking back, saw a large panther creeping cautiously toward him. When nearly under the tree it stopped, and Mr. McDonald gave it the contents of his gun. It fell; but soon jumped up and ran off yelling frightfully. Mr. McDonald reloaded his gun and followed it. Tracked it about a mile

when he found it lying dead. It was shot through the body.

At another time—coming home after dark, his way lay through a thick woods; when he was a short distance from home, he heard a crashing in the bushes, and a panther sprang out before him. There he lay, crouching low on the ground, his ears laid back, and his eyes glowing like fire—only a few feet from Mr. McDonald. The hardy settler was not easily frightened, but this made him tremble. He looked straight into its eyes while he took off his coat, held it up before him, ready to throw over the animal's head should it spring upon him. He took his hunter's knife in his right hand and braced himself against a tree—all ready to fight the ferocious animal if need be. He never moved his eyes from the eyes of the panther but stood quietly gazing at it all the night long. At day-break some noise near by alarmed the panther and it hastily ran away; with a hideous yell it disappeared, leaving Mr. McDonald safe, weary with watching, and glad to be rid of his company.

Mr. McDonald's only son, Alexander, married Livvia Jane Watson and had four children. The third child (named for his father) married Jane Todd, who came from Ireland in 1824, making the journey across the mountains from Philadelphia on foot. Alexander McDonald was a godly man; a faithful member of the Presbyterian church. Those who knew him say they never saw him angry or ill-natured—always happy and had a kind word for every one. Converted at home he sustained family worship, training his three children in the ways of uprightness and Christian living.

His eldest daughter, Livvia Jane, (born Jan. 2, 1830), was like her father spiritually and intellectually. She married WM. C. NEWLIN, whose grandfather, Nathan Newlin, settled on a farm on the opposite side of the river in 1794. He was a Quaker, but joined the Methodists, built a church on his farm which was called by his name. Here his large family were all converted, also his grand and great-grand-children. The Newlin church was built in '24, rebuilt in '64 when the name was changed to Dravo.

Elizabeth McGrew (whose father was captured by the Indians) married Jesse Ong, and her eldest daughter, Jane, married John Newlin. Their son, Wm. C., was left fatherless at the age of eleven. He learned a trade, taught school and farmed; bought a part of the old McDonald farm where the great-grandfather McDonald lies buried. Here were born Margaret Jane, who was three years of age when on April 9, '56, twin brothers came to the home. But one only lived to bless the world, ALEXANDER WILLIS, the subject of these sketches. He was named for his godly grandfather. When the little daughter was eleven years of age after much suffering with an abscess of the liver, God took her, leaving little "Allie" alone—the idol of the home. In him the mother heart centered, pouring upon her only son the wealth of love and devotion which only a royal nature like hers could bestow. This mother was converted when her boy was six months of age. She had attended with her father, the Presbyterian church until she was twenty years old, when he was suddenly called to his Heavenly Home. He exhorted his family and friends to prepare for the

future world, thanked God that he had not put off his soul's salvation, for there was *no time now*. In holy triumph he went to his reward. His eldest daughter was indeed afflicted. She adored him and to be holy as was her pious father was the greatest desire of this affectionate daughter. The influence of his holy life was a continual inspiration and the Spirit led her to seek the assurance of her acceptance with God. She promised the Lord that she would seek publicly this experience. When the revival meetings began, conducted by Rev. McCready, she was the first to respond to the first invitation to seek the knowledge of sins forgiven. And not in vain did she seek. At the third meeting while kneeling at the altar, this timid woman whose voice had never been heard in public, was so lost to all about her, so entranced with Christ, so transformed by Divine power that when the witness came she shouted aloud the praises of God! Her soul was filled with the glory of Christ! She henceforth walked in newness of life, found her mission in her home, training her darling boy for God and Heaven. She felt her responsibility as few mothers feel it. She possessed a rare intellect, was a great reader, seeking only the purest and best in literature. A bad book she would burn. She loved and appreciated poetry. The hymns of the church were written on her heart. She worshiped God in nature and delighted in the cultivation of flowers. *She made home happy*, adorning it, not only as rare taste and tactful fingers can do, but making the spirit of it conform to her ideal. She walked with her husband for forty years, their happiness never marred by one cross word. It was hers to

suffer—for many years an invalid, yet always cheerful and uncomplaining. She lived to educate her son and see him in the work in the ministry. Hers was a beautiful life, living for others, doing good like her Master. About the year '79, she attended a "National Holiness Campmeeting" at New Castle, when she received the experience of Perfect Love. Henceforth her faith shone more bright and clear and her hold on God never wavered. Few Christians are more faithful in their private devotions than was this saintly mother. *Five times* each day found her in the secret place of prayer, from which she would come with shining countenance for she had been face to face with her Lord. She was confined to her bed for three long months before she found the crossing place to the better Country. Her mind was clear and her faith strong as she leaned on the Arm of her Beloved when she went away. She said, "It wont be long and I shall be with Him, my blessed Jesus." She repeated scripture and poems, among them the following which had been of great comfort.

“Shut in, shut in from the ceaseless din
Of the restless world and its want and sin;
Shut in from its turmoil, care and strife,
And all the wearisome round of life.

Shut in with tears that are spent in vain,
With the dull companionship of pain;
Shut in with the changeless days and hours,
And the bitter knowledge of failing powers.

Shut in with dreams of days gone by,
With buried hopes that were born to die;
Shut in with the hopes that have lost their zest,
And leave but a longing after rest.

Shut in with a trio of angels sweet,
Patience and Grace all pain to meet,
With Faith that can suffer, and stand, and wait,
And lean on the promises strong and great!

Shut in with Christ! Oh wonderful thought!
Shut in with the peace his sufferings brought;
Shut in with the love that wields the rod;
O, company blest! Shut in with God!"

Listen to her dying testimony: "I have not the least doubt nor fear. There is not a single shadow nor cloud. I will soon be walking the golden streets of the New Jerusalem washed in the blood of the Lamb. Oh, it is beyond tongue to tell what the Savior has done for me. Oh, it is wonderful how he has revealed himself to me." Speaking of her intense suffering, she said, "I have suffered a great deal, but I would not have had it *one single stroke less, it was all exactly right.*" Her last Sabbath on earth was a blessed day, a holy Presence filled her room. She asked us to sing "There is Rest for the Weary," and "Nearer my God to Thee." She called each member of her family to her bedside, and gave them her last words of comfort and farewell. "Mother will soon be at the end of her sufferings." "I'll soon be at rest—Blessed Jesus receive my spirit—" "It is all light, no darkness, no fear." With many other similar expressions, on Tuesday morning, Aug. 9, '92, with the words "Blessed Jesus" on her lips, her happy spirit ascended to God. She was my Mother-in-love. She was laid to rest beside the church where she was converted.

CHAPTER II.

HIS BOYHOOD.

With such a mother her boy was blessed with a happy life. When quite young she taught him to listen to the voice of conscience, and always do what he felt he *ought*. When at the age of six she started him to school it was with great anxiety. Earnest prayer was offered that her boy might be kept pure. "Lord, forbid that he should ever take thy holy name in vain; rather than that my boy should *swear*, take him to thyself." Her prayer was answered. An oath was never on his lips. God kept him pure—among wicked boys at school. He was a favorite with all his companions, and almost worshiped by his relatives. He had an unusual aptitude for drawing, when very young would draw anything, especially flowers. He dabbled in paints to his heart's content. He had an artist's eye. He was blessed with unusually good school teachers, for which the Sulphur Spring School was noted. Here his father, mother, uncles and aunts received their education. Master Wilson in those early days taught the 3 R's, and Alex. Wiley to whom A. W. Newlin in after years returned thanks for his faithful work in directing his studies. His cousin, Alex. W. McDonald was his nearest playmate. On the day of his birth his grandmother Newlin came to the home to live. How he loved the dear old grandmother! From the Bible on her knee he learned the

alphabet at the age of three. After he was twenty-one she was called home.

"Aunt Jane," his father's sister, came into the home a few years later and proved to be a faithful helper and friend; doing much for the comfort of the dear boy whom she loved as her own.

During vacations he helped his father farming. When plowing he would take a book to the field to read or study while the horses rested. They rested very often. His father would go to see how he was getting along, would find him with his book; returning to the house he would say, "Mother there is no use to try to make a farmer of Aleck, we had better send him to school,"—and to school he went.

AS A CHRISTIAN.

At the age of thirteen, when the pastor of Dravo, Rev. Garrett, commenced a revival meeting, Allie Newlin was the first to accept the invitation to seek Christ. He went to the altar an earnest seeker. On reaching home he told his mother what he had done. She asked him if he "felt that he had been converted;" he said he "felt better." She wisely advised him to "*seek on* until he was sure that he was converted." "*You may know it in your heart,*" she said. The next night he knelt at the altar again and the third night he was clearly converted. They rose to sing "O Happy Day," led by Mrs. Gallaher. While they were singing, the light and joy of Christ came into his heart and he was very happy. One old saint declares she saw a ray of light descend and rest on his head while they were singing and he first *believed*. There was joy in

heaven and in the church when this child was born of the Spirit. He looked back to that hour with great delight, and thanked God for a satisfactory conversion. There was no room for doubt. It marked an important event of his life. Henceforth a child of God in the Kingdom of Grace, thro' faith in Jesus, his Savior. He joined the church, and began to do Christian work—would pray in public, testify for Christ at every opportunity, for the joy of the Lord was in his heart and he *delighted* to serve him. He never lost the peace of God out of his heart, but grew in grace and the knowledge of God. He not only delighted in the services of God's house but to go alone into the solitude of the groves, where, under the trees, he knelt in communion with God; drawing nearer to the Great Spirit whom he loved, trusted and worshipped. After such faithful Christian living no wonder that when he heard Rev. S. Baker preach on *Holiness* that his "hunger after righteousness" led him to say, "I want *this grace* also." He sought the experience of sanctification as a definite work, when eighteen years of age—after reading an article by Dr. Baker in the "Christian Standard" under an oak tree on his father's farm, after making a complete consecration of *himself*, "*a living sacrifice*"—the offering was accepted; the Holy Spirit witnessed to his cleansing, and Perfect Love filled his being! How he praised God for this experience! Then he lived it!

CHAPTER III.

AS A STUDENT.

It was decided when he was seventeen, that "Allie may go to college!" It cost his mother a struggle to consent to be separated from her only child. But she felt that it was *right*, so she made the necessary preparations. The outfit was completed, and in the spring of '73 he entered Mt. Union College. After several months of study, he went to the State Normal School at California, Pa., graduating in '77; after which he was elected a member of the faculty, remaining two years. He had been a successful teacher in the districts near his home for several winters previous to taking this work. In the fall of '78 he entered Allegheny College at Meadville, Pa., doing Christian work among the students; winning prizes, and graduating with honors in June, '84.

The Ohio State Camp-meeting, held five consecutive summers at Youngstown, O. At the second meeting held in 1880, Mr. Newlin was introduced to the organist, Miss Mary E. York, by Miss Maggie Baker. He sang with the choir during that meeting. In January a correspondence began which resulted in an engagement, (on Thanksgiving Day, '81,) followed by a happy marriage June 30, '84.

EXTRACTS FROM DIARY.

(While teaching school and boarding at home.)

Sun., Sept. 19-'75.—Have enjoyed sweet peace in my heart this day. Have learned that all I want is Jesus. 26th—I feel this evening that it is a solemn thing to live. My prayer is that I may have wisdom and a sanctified judgment to enable me to live right and glorify my blessed master. 28th—Had a large amount of work in school today. Felt tired, but when God blessed me in the prayer meeting, which was held at our house, the weariness seemed all gone. Am determined to work diligently although the way appears unpleasing. But were it alluring, I might be led to look away from Christ. We had a glorious prayer meeting; and I feel that the Lord comforts me now. Oct. 3—Have been thinking and reading about "Holmes." My prayer is that I may have still more power to believe, that I may trust Christ for a perfect salvation every moment, that I may be free from doubt resting in the arms of Jesus. 6th—My school is very large. Eighty names on the roll. But a spirit of work prevails and things look brighter. Am still looking to Jesus as my all in all. 17th—Sabbath-School lesson, "Many Mansions;" while studying about it I was led to contemplate more fully the joys of the redeemed; was led to think of the goodness of Christ in the Word he has left us, "I go to prepare a place for you." I think a *real* place. Whether we reach it immediately after death, I don't know. But if I gain one of the "many mansions" I will be satisfied. Read a sermon by "Talmage" concerning the twelve gates of heaven, today, which was a grand production. My thoughts have been much of heaven today and I expect by God's grace to get there. 18th

—My school was disorderly and it took a large amount of patience, but through Christ I came off victorious. Sun.—Reading Dr. Steel's "Love Enthroned;" learned some useful lessons, one of which is, that sanctification acts mostly on the will. 26th—School was noisy but I kept patient. Am resolved to work for the best, and be prepared for the worst, trusting in God to take care of me at the *present*. Nov. 10th—I feel so anxious for a revival of religion. May the Lord send it. 16th—O that the church were filled with the Spirit. Dec. 1—I spoke to a lady on the subject of Holiness. She believed in it, had professed it once but does not enjoy it now. This leads me to examine my own case. Am I enjoying all the fullness of God? Lord help me. Dec. 2—I noticed a small account concerning "The Inexhaustible Book" It is high; I cannot attain unto it. It is broad; I cannot reach its boundary. It contains a bountiful store. I find the more I study it, the more I love it. May I study it more and love it better. 6th—I was severely tried today in the school-room. "We alone feel the trial, and we alone must bear it silently. And yet not alone, for Jêsus feels every sorrow his children bear. Does not his great heart yearn pityingly over us in our silent woe?" Precious Jesus let us never grieve Thee by a lack of confidence; but bring all to Thee. 7th—Had some little things to vex me, but I am assured that "tribulation worketh patience." I feel like "letting patience have her perfect work;" that I may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing. 9th—Had a nice school today. I notice I am getting a hatred to frivolity and lightness, also more of a loathing of sin. 10th—Twenty-two peni-

tents were forward at a meeting held in Moore's Distillery. 18th—Am reading Mrs. Palmer's "Way of Holiness." I want to live an entirely holy life,—God being my helper. I am told to be careful about nothing, etc. and as ye have received Christ, the Lord, so walk ye in Him. 16th—Could not go to church on account of the river. Read much in "Way of Holiness." Went to God in earnest prayer and consecrated myself anew to Him, am clinging to Him by naked faith, I know He accepts me because *He said He would*. O, I want to be entirely the Lord's; to be *dead* unto myself but have Christ living in me every moment and directing me in all that I do. I am trusting in Christ, and I so want to be kept by the power of God. Sabbath School lesson, "Peter and Christ," asks the question to each one of us "Lovest thou me?" and if we love Him it is our duty to feed His sheep. 20th—The promise, "When a man's ways please the Lord he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him," helped me today. I am *trusting* to please the Lord, for I am *his*, soul and body. 21st—I feel the Lord precious to my soul. Felt cheerful and patient in school although almost overwhelmed with work and care. I felt a calm sweet assurance that the Lord was dwelling in my heart. I feel that He loves me. O, what amazing love; so rich, so full, so free, it found out even me.

Jan. 1-'76—During the past week have been surrounded by wordly influences and I feel I have been influenced by them, my Lord, I come to Thee. Take me, keep me, make me thine. Sunday Rev. H. preached. He tho't we should live by the day, that

is well, yet I think it better to live by the moment. I did not enjoy the day as I should have done. My thoughts *would* run upon worldly affairs. I felt some degree of condemnation. I could not stand it, I went to my God, gave my earthly objects, myself, my all to him. He accepts them and I feel much better. May his love ever enable me to walk in the "highway of holiness." 3d—I will with the Psalmist praise the Lord while I have my being. I will put my trust in Him. 5th—Had very large school. Was severely tried. But, patience my soul; "Light is sown for the righteous and gladness for the upright in heart." I will try to "Think of the gain only, not of the drosses; Think of the crown only, count not the crosses; Think of the angels surrounding the throne; Think of the victory, the song and the crown." 6th—School with self numbered seventy-five. Not so good as it should be; how can I better it? is my main thought. The Lord is my Savior. He has promised, "I will not forget thee." 13th—Still struggling on. Have been worrying about school duties. O, Lord, help! Thou hast placed me in that school, O help me, strengthen me, uphold me. Sun.—Read in "Faith and its Effects." I do not enjoy what I should. O, to be filled with all the fullness of God. It is my privilege. Why not? Help me, oh Lord, to enter by faith and remain by faith. I wish to be dead to the world but alive to God, thro' Jesus Christ. 17th—I feel that I am a little too much absorbed in earthly matters. Help me, O God, to cling close to thee, for thou art my only help. Earthly things are but vanity. 20th—Preparing for a social, overcame a temptation to partake in

a doubtful game. Had a talk with a friend who before told me she believed in holiness, but did not enjoy it. I was very glad to hear her say that she could profess it now, since Sabbath evening. This gave me courage. Sabbath—Did not succeed in getting to church today. Had communion with God at home, studying God's Word, singing songs of praise to the Most High, and reading on the subject of "Heart Purity." O Lord enable me to have a perfect trust in thee a perfect Saviour. 29th—Rec'd two letters upon religious subjects which were of much benefit to me. I had been wavering, was instructed to look away from self to Christ who can save to *the uttermost now*; to put the past under the blood and trust the Saviour for the future. "Look ever to Jesus, He will carry you through." 31st—Large school, got along nicely. I feel that I have been kept by the power of God. I sometimes think I am too weak and unworthy to profess the blessing of Holiness. But I am the Lord's, yes, I am. I have given myself to him. He accepts me, for he said he would. Glory be to God. Feb. 14—Feel the peace and joy of the Holy Spirit in my soul, I want to have "*Jesus Only*" as the joy, the standard, the aim of my life. I wish to do His holy will, whatever that may be. Lord ever give me sweet peace in believing, "All to his pleasure resigned." 17th—I desire more zeal and earnestness in His cause that I may tell by my words and actions to all about me that there is reality in the religion of Christ. Sabbath—Attended Quarterly-meeting, went home with our pastor. He and the Elder seemed to think my life work is to preach the Gospel. Thy will, oh Lord, be done. 21st—Feel that the communion

service was of much benefit to me. 23d—My Saviour keeps, I have been trusting. He has said that *he will keep in perfect peace* the mind that is stayed on Him, because it trusts in Him. I feel very anxious concerning a dear young friend. My prayer is that God would in some way lead him back to His fold and away from impending evil. 25th—Visited a friend this eve.: was benefited by conversing upon the subject of Holiness. Noticed in the "Standard," that it is best to have trials for we are not so liable to fall on a rough road as on ice. Sabbath—Talked with the Sunday School Superintendent after school on the subject of Holiness. He feels his need of this blessing and desires it. Was benefited much by the conversation. O, how very careful I should be, how very close I should live to my Master. How careful we should be not to sin, for each sin we commit causes Christ a pang. Lord enable me to live without sin, resting, trusting, abiding in Thee. For the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. Give me more zeal in the cause of Holiness, for I realize as never before the churches' need of it. Mar. 13th.—This has been one of the happiest days of my life. I have felt no great emotions but such calm, sweet peace and trust. All doubts and fears have banished. My Saviour has been so precious to me today. He loves me with an everlasting love. I feel like telling dear friends of His goodness to me this day. Now, there is no reason why each day should not be as this. I pray Thee, oh Lord, to enable me to *abide* in thy love, to *keep trusting* that all doubts and fears shall forever disappear. 14th—I feel that the Lord wishes me to preach the Gospel; and

I must prepare for it. 15th—School closed today.

Sept. 11-'77—After a long silence I again take up the record of the daily thread of life, as presented in a Journal. Much has occurred since I left off this narrative. I have attended school most of the time since, and have received my diploma from the State Normal School in California, Pa., and am once more engaged in teaching a public school. Sun.—The last Sabbath of the Conference year. Last Sabbath the deficiency was \$150.00, but by the strenuous efforts of my noble father, the amount was raised in full today. After reading God's word I am still more impressed with the idea that we should live holy lives while in this world. "God hath not called us to uncleanness but unto holiness." Give me a perfect trust in Thee. 19th—I like my school better every day. My Saviour is the source of grace, joy, peace and love to me. 26th—I had a feeling of discontent, but I gave it to the Lord, knowing that He can satisfy all desires and fill all vacancies. Thurs.—Another day has gone into eternity and I am reminded that I am one day *nearer home*. My daily duties are pleasant. I feel thankful for the freedom from care I enjoy. My trust is stronger; may it increase. Oct. 9—Heard Bishop Simpson preach a grand sermon at the church dedication at McKeesport. 10th—The days glide by and ere long the last will have come and gone and I shall fly away to my eternal home. 14th—Attended church, led "*Class*" feeling my unworthiness. My prayer is Lord restore unto us the joy of thy salvation that transgressors may be taught thy ways and sinners be converted unto Thee. 27th—Bro. Stover, our new preacher, is with us tonight. I like

him very much. Nov. 6—I voted my first ballot today. 8th—Attended revival meeting at Dravo. Sermon good. One illustration was very impressive. A band of explorers in M. Cave; when suddenly their lights were extinguished and they were left in utter darkness. One of them picked up a pebble and threw it before. They heard it fall distinctly and followed the sound of it. They threw another, then another, still following; but ere long the leader fell into one of those dreadful chasms and was lost. His pebble had just overlapped the chasm which he fell into. So many, by putting off their return to God are throwing pebbles and they may continue until they fall into the chasm of death before they reach their last throw. 13th—Attended church; none forward. Lord, undertake the case, we cannot do it. We are anxious to see sinners converted. Lord melt the obdurate heart and may there be a mighty turning to the Lord. *Lord help us.* “Let me love Thee more and more; Till this fleeting life is o’er; Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter world above.” 20th—Attended church last night; one forward. Preacher closed the meeting; coming home, learned in conversing with a young man that he wanted to seek the Saviour. We had prayer-meeting announced for tonight. He was there, went forward and was converted, Lord bring others. 26th—Thinking of the text “I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ which is far better.” For myself, I want to stay here and work. My field of labor seems limited, I would like a wider field. I trust the Lord will grant my desire.

Jan. 11-’78—I have been called to the position of

teacher of drawing and writing in the State Normal at C. 15th—Called upon Rev. Yarnell and Lauck. Mr. L. spoke to me in regard to having the Quarterly-conference give me a license to preach; he desires me to aid Bro. Phillips in his class. 17th—I am trying to be good. 30th—Like my work; am succeeding nicely. Sat.—Letter from my darling mother. Is there such another mother in this world? God bless her and comfort her. May 5—My Sunday School class had nearly forty in it today. I am looking away from my poor weak self to Christ who is my all. Sabbath—This beautiful, holy and glorious Sabbath Day, I thank God, has been one of much pleasure and benefit to me. Had a very good class meeting. I think Dr. McC. the best class leader I ever saw. All for Christ and none for the world. I earnestly pray for the conversion of dear friends. July 31—I have been to the National Holiness Camp meeting at New Castle. It was a grand success. I enjoyed it very much. Came back much stronger than when I went. The first eve. Rev. Inskip preached a good old-fashioned sermon. Plain truth expounded in blunt forcible English. Preaching again by Bro. I. on "Be ye holy." The doctrine was fully and clearly stated. Rev. McDonald preached on "Lift up a standard for the people." A very able sermon. He said a person under condemnation is not justified. Holiness is a good many leagues from the simple freedom from condemnation. Can my soul hold all the fullness of God? No, but it can be filled with it. Preaching by Rev. S. This was a very fine sermon by a good little man. Rev. McD.—We can *grow in grace* but we can not grow into grace. We can not

swim into water but swim after we are in. Sanctification is instantaneous. He told of an old man who had been seeking it for seventy-five years, gradually. Rev. J. A. Wood gave his experience: it was truly wonderful. Sun. 8 A. M.—Love feast. One hundred and fifty-two persons testified of Jesus power to save. At 10 o'clock Rev. I. preached a powerful sermon on "Saved to the Uttermost." An immense crowd but remarkable attention. At 2:30 o'clock, Rev. McD. preached. There were 8,000 persons on the grounds. In the evening Rev. Van A. preached. After nearly every sermon an alter service was held at which many were converted and many wholly sanctified. It was indeed a precious meeting. Rev. Wm. Taylor talked an hour and a half. Then we left for home. Aug. 3—Another week of uninterrupted peace. 16th—As a Christian I wish to have the fruits of the Spirit all obvious in my life, viz., love, joy, peace, long suffering, goodness, gentleness, faith, meekness and temperance. Sept. 11—Wrote out a covenant as follows: The Lord has wonderfully and gloriously cared for me. His blessings both spiritual and temporal have been without number. I therefore make this solemn covenant with Almighty God; that *I now and forever will be entirely the Lord's, living to his glory and renouncing everything which I know to be contrary to his will, the Lord being my helper.* Keep me pure, oh God, in flesh and Spirit and make me zealous in Thy cause. 15th, Sun.—Attended Pittsburg Conference at McKeesport, heard Phillip Phillips sing. Bishop Wiley preached—spoke plainly on entire sanctification. Sept. 18—Entered Allegheny College. 22nd—First Sabbath in Meadville;

I have been profited by this day's worship. 23d—Be careful for nothing but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God; and the peace of God that passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus. Oct. 1—I hope and pray that God will bless and prosper our Holiness-meeting and make it an instrument in doing much good. 2nd—Am getting along nicely in my college duties, but feel the lack of refined associations. Many of the boys seem rough. Attended prayer meeting in Chapel this evening and joined the Y. M. C. A. I notice the following in the "Standard." "Holiness, the most fitting, grand, powerful, knowing, plain, comprehensive, broad, clean, pure, lovely, heavenly, beautiful, resplendent, enlightening, educating, attractive, joyous searching, humbling, mortifying, crucifying, death-dealing, life-giving, resurrecting, exalting, saving word in the Bible." Lord enable me to appreciate and realize the full atonement and beauty of Holiness as thou wouldst have me to do. 10th—I find much pleasure and profit in the reading room and library of the college. 17th—No school on account of expected funeral of Prof. Williams, but this morning Mrs. W. died also, so the funeral was postponed. Sabbath—A good day for me. Attended church, went into "class room" hungering and thirsting for righteousness, and before the meeting was out I was blessed. I feel that I am set on a *sure place*. Lord, keep me there; give me constant victory. I don't ask for constant joy, but I ask for constant peace. Enable me to trust Thee moment by moment, and live a life hid with Christ in

God. 28th—Have had unusual peace and happiness this day. Jesus has been very near and precious to me. Had a good meeting this evening. The burden was the salvation of others. Nov. 17—I can't make out my experience today. One thing, I know, I am not satisfied. There is power in Christ to satisfy. Lord lead me out of the labyrinth in which I am wandering and lead me in a clear way. If I thought it Thy will that it should be so, then I would be content, but it is Thy will that I should walk in the light.

Jan. 31-'80—It seems that old '79 has not a single notice in this diary, I am sorry for it was quite a year to me. The former part in college, the middle at home, and the last of it teaching in the Normal at C. Sun., Feb. 1—Had a talk with a friend on the subject of Holiness. Had a long talk with Prof. J. on religion in general. This day's work and teachings has given me more of a hungering and thirsting after righteousness. I trust it shall remain and that I may be filled. Had a little talk with Miss McC. on Holiness. 8th—I want my life to tell for God. 11th—I can't stand a half Christian life. Lord make me wholly Thine. Mar. 7—My friend is very anxious in regard to heart purity. There seems one point unsundered. 8th—My friend is happy today having entered the Beulah Land of perfect Love this morning. To God be the glory. 17th—Am determined to do duty, let the earth upheave. Sabbath—Our lesson today was "Christ calming the storm and dethroning the devils." In this I find Christ's attraction, humility, kingly power, gentleness, almightiness humanity, and his divinity. I want to lead a better life and defeat the devil every

time;—to have more power with God that I may have more power with man. Home on Apr. 9 (My birthday) was joyfully received. Received several presents at supper table. 14th—I want my heart right and my life will be right. May 22—Our little prayer meeting did me good Desire to live wholly for my Master tomorrow. Sun.—Interesting meeting in chapel. I said something on “The door was shut.” Had short talk with Miss N. on the subject of Holiness. Am praying that she may be led to accept it. I want to live a better life that I may be able to teach it better. O Lord, give me more of Thy power and righteousness. May 25—Attended and led the Holiness-meeting tonight. We had a good meeting; two asked prayers. May 29—Have had my precious little mother with me all day. May 30, Sun.—Outline of a talk at Sunday School Anniversary of Robt. Raikes’ Centennial. He was R-eligious, (Thanked God for success.)

A-imable, (The children came.)

I-ndustrious, (Visited families.)

K-ind, (Visited prisons, etc.)

E-arnest, (The word “try” and his efforts.)

S-elf sacrificing, (Gave time and money.)

I brought out by incident these six phases of his character; having the audience guess it by the incident, and the first letter. My work was commended. June 6, Sun.—This has been a progressive day to my soul. S. S. lesson, “Crucifixion of Christ.” It contains the central idea of Christianity, that to which an eternity looked forward, and that to which an eternity will look back. Am determined to be more like Christ, pray more and enjoy more. Sat., June 12—A wagon

load of school friends go to the country to spend the day. Coming home, harness broke, horses ran away and upset the load. None seriously injured. I feel like offering the most earnest prayer of thankfulness that no lives were lost. How frail a thread is human life, and many dangers hourly surround us. I recognize the hand of a kind providence caring for our lives. Some were badly injured. Sun., June 20—Had a talk with E. L. on Holiness. Hope I shall be able to lead her into the Canaan of Perfect Love, by God's help. I am happy in the love of Jesus; Jesus sweetly saves me. My will is the will of my God. Reading "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life." I want to be pliable in God's hands. *God is Love*. Am anxious to be stronger physically, that I may be stronger mentally and spiritually. I desire a wide field for usefulness if it is the Lord's will. Feel light of heart, happy and gay. Aug. 10—Came past the old Sulphur Spring School-house. Went in and loitered. What thrilling memories it recalled. It was pleasant, yet very sad. Aug. 15—O, that my life may impress those about me. At Y. Camp Meeting, Aug. 24—Jesus has blessed me today, yet I want more power. Sept. 1—Home safely;—have brought Jesus along with me. As a whole, I enjoyed the camp meeting exceedingly well; and have been much benefited. I have had my faith much strengthened and now know how better to trust and love my Saviour. Talked with J. D. about sanctification. Sept. 6—Home. I have been growing in grace rapidly. I have sometimes thought it was not best to record my daily experience but when the heart is full of Jesus' love, it wants to tell it. I have been happy,

not a thing to mar my peace all day. How full of rich meat God's word is when we stop to cull it out and appropriate it. At family worship I have taken to reading less and making comments on it. Read this evening the wonderful higher life prayer, Eph. III. Looking toward Allegheny College—Am very fearful that my health will not hold out at College. But I can trust God. He can make it all right. Sun., Sept. 12—Rev. Pershing preached on Gen. 15: 12-15. Cousin Rev. W. E. Newlin, of Madras, India, made opening prayer and talked a little after the sermon. He is home to recruit his health; he is filled with God's sanctifying grace. I spent the afternoon with him. God is good to me. Sept. 20—Entered Allegheny College—want to attend four years. My health is good. Am trusting the cleansing blood to keep me for the work. Sun. 26—I learned to go to church not so much to hear a good sermon as to meet God. 30th—Have concluded to do just what the Lord would have me do about testifying for Holiness in college prayer-meeting. Oct. 10—Am fully determined to be more devoted to my dear Saviour, and more faithfully serve him. Blessed Jesus stay near me all the time. Am a child of God and so am free. Jesus is my manager. God help me in my studies and recitations to be honest, to be faithful, to be humble, leaving the consequences with *Thee* every time. Blessed Jesus I trust Thee, undertake for me in all things, especially the little things. Nov. 8—Read obituary of M. A. P. Such a glorious death. Oh, the bliss of death when the life has been full of Jesus' love. I want to lead such a life and show forth Thy praise in all I do. Nov.

22—Lord help me to live a holy and devoted life. Nov. 28—Have felt all day a deep and longing desire to know more of God. O, Saviour, feed Thy hungry child, I claim Thee now as my perfect Saviour. Sun., Dec. 5—Blessed Jesus help me to ever live with the blessed consciousness of having Thy perfect love in my heart. Sun., Dec. 9—Text today, “He went about doing good.” I want this to be said of me when I am gone. Dec. 22—Home in excellent spirits and good health and was more than cordially received by mother, father and aunt. How nice to have *such* a home to come to. Mr. and Mrs. Oldham of India, came with me. Had long talk with Mrs. O. on the subject of Holiness. Received benefit. Dec. 31—The last year has been one of many blessings to me. Have been sick but very little. Have succeeded well and have enjoyed much divine favor. I am still earnest in the cause of Holiness and wish to honor Christ by doing all I can to spread “Scriptural Holiness” in the world. I hope the coming year will be more fruitful in results. I will make it so, God being my helper. I wish to die daily to self.

Jan. 10-'81—I am happy in my Christian experience. Jan. 15—Had a talk with Mr. G. on Holiness. Jan. 20—I am saved by the power of full salvation. Jan. 26—Was appointed on the jail committee. O, Lord give me strength to work for Thee. Sun., Feb. 6—Led jail meeting. Work is encouraging. Several are seeking Christ. Feb. 12—I do want more of God in my heart that I may resist the World, the Flesh, and the Devil. God help me, oh, help me. 13th—Felt badly today at hearing the boys talk as they did this morning

about piety, and about telling it. Lord Jesus I must leave my reputation with Thee. I must love Thee completely and maybe I must suffer persecution. I want so much the leading of the Spirit in this matter. Feb. 26—*Sunday!* how glad I am to have it come: my heart has hungered all day and I have been fed. I have been having a hard struggle in regard to confessing Holiness among the students. *But I* MUST, yea, MUST stand up for Jesus. Oh, dear Father give me courage, give me strength, give me much of the Spirit. Sun., Mar. 27—Had very good meeting in jail this afternoon; four weeks ago a poor prisoner expressed himself as an infidel. Three weeks ago he desired to discuss the matter. Last Sabbath he was completely broken up and asked our prayers. Today he is happy in the Lord, and says he thanks God for the Meadville Jail. Apr. 10—Sun. The Holiness meeting was a rich season to my soul. We had a glorious time. I was wonderfully helped. May 1—Went walking to the cemetery. Did not enjoy it much as the boys were constantly alluding to something “smutty.” Called on the M. sisters this evening. I enjoy the company of the girls much more as they are always nice. Lord keep me. * * * I am clinging to Thee. Dec. 31—With the dying year, my favorite and much loved cousin, Allie W. McDonald died. O, friend of my boyhood days, I always knew you, I always loved you. We, in early childhood played together, we started to school together—we recited together. We worked together. We hunted together, we slept together and together we knelt at our bedside to pray. We bowed as penitents at the altar of prayer, together joined the church and on the

same night, side by side in a little cottage prayer meeting, made our first public prayer. Being a year older, I was in some respects his guardian and he would follow where I would lead. Thus we grew up together, enjoying the same comforts, for what one possessed the other must have also, until he went out into the hard, cold, cruel world, while I remained with my books. How harshly has the busy world treated you, taken your precious life ere I had rightly begun. O, had we remained together, I might have been able to ward off some of its stinging blows. *But thou art gone.* No more will I see thy blue eyes, that noble form. The wasting and cruel fever has laid thee low. My tears fall like rain, but they can't bring thee back. Lord grant that I may learn some useful lesson from this trial. He, the most robust of the two was cut off first. My turn will come. Lord fit me for that great day. May his spirit gently rest.

Sun., Jan. 1-'82—I want this to be the best year of my life. Jan. 8—I am anxious to be better this term. O, Lord, work in me, help me, keep me humble, *keep self dead*, keep me pure, keep me all thine. Thurs., Feb. 9—Attended lecture on "Character" by Dr. F. It was indeed very good. It nerves me for new effort and harder work. I am determined to pound away and make something. God help me. Feb. 13—I am interested in Miss S's salvation. Mar. 20—My special subject of prayer for this week is to get more intimately acquainted with Christ. Mar. 23—This finishes the term's work. Start for home in the morning. This has been the best term spiritually, of my life and I have made good progress in my stu-

dies. It has been a pleasant term to me. All things seemed to unite in giving me a happy time. May 2—Finished II. Vol. of "Dutch Republic." It is exceedingly interesting and instructive. I have begun the III. Vol. Vacation—I earnestly desire to improve mentally, physically and spiritually. July 9—I do want more of the power of Godliness. Lord, evermore give me this victory. July 23—Reading "Winning Worker." The thought impressed me this evening that I might gather these sinners in the Hollow on Sabbath evening and preach to them. Blessed Spirit direct me. July 30—Had woods meeting in the Hollow. There was a good crowd and I had liberty in talking. Some were touched. Text—"The Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost." Aug. 13—Held woods meeting. Talked on "Naaman and the Jewish Maid." May God send the truth home to some heart. Some were touched and wept. Honor Thy truth, O God, and help Thy child. Keep me very humble and I want Thee to have all the glory, only that souls are saved. Aug. 20—Preached in the woods on, "Awake thou that sleepest, Arise from the dead and Christ shall give thee light." A big congregation. The next Sabbath, text, "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found." God bless my friends and neighbors. Meadville, Sept. 26—School work very pleasant, no worry, no fear, no condemnation; all peace and joy in school and in the Lord. Mon.—We had a most impressive meeting tonight. My soul is happy yet burdened with souls. O, God, the boys must be saved! A large audience, many in tears. We expect to make a special effort in personal Christian

work tomorrow. Jesus so sweetly blessed me in the meeting. I am so glad we can stay in "the Valley of blessing." Isn't it a delightful region? Full of sunshine, peace, hope, happiness—all that is good. I have four boys set apart to pray for and talk to tomorrow. Dear Lord, give me a baptism of love to say the right words. Sabbath Eve.—I am deeply impressed with the necessity of growing in grace and although God has given us some measure of his fullness, I feel that I as yet have appropriated a very limited portion of God's treasures which are within the reach of faith's believing cry. I fear that the desires of my heart in prayer have unconsciously been sometimes for blessings and help that will do me good for my own advantage rather than for God's glory—a little something that would make *me* to appear to work well before the students. * * * In college life reputation is the great boon and aim, and that is the hardest thing to keep consecrated. I will have the victory when before I am aware there will be an anxiety about reputation, or a desire to do something that will gain a better one. Well, the Lord has all, and I'm under the blood. Blessed Jesus save our boys! (The girls are all saved.) I have been led to see the last few days, more than ever before, the breadth of the field there is in the interior life for thought, care, culture and growth. We talk about there being broad fields for study in science, language, etc., but here is as broad a field. Let us study it well, let us take Jesus into the inner recesses of our nature and there have close and careful talks with him. My heart is *trustful*, my faith is *firm*.

SABBATH EVENING REFLECTIONS.

Some feelings are to mortals given
 With less of earth in them than Heaven.—*Scott.*

This beautiful couplet came to mind a little while ago and I thought that the deep "feelings given" to the believing soul by the blessed Holy Ghost as a witness that the heart is "all glorious within" have "less of earth in them than Heaven," and a great infinite amount less. O, the peace, sweet peace; O, the rest, calm rest; O, the joy, grateful joy; O, the love, perfect love (all feelings given) of the pure in heart. Praise the adorable giver. I attended church this morning and listened to a sermon by Rev. T. on "And now *abideth* faith, hope, and charity." The sermon was a quiet, easy, *pretty*, intellectual sermon that wouldn't hurt anybody, yet it has set me to thinking. Several years ago when studying "Mental Philosophy" I was deeply impressed with the capabilities and inclinations of the mind to go out after and search into the real and ideal *Good, True, and Beautiful*. I love the beautiful in poetry, in music, in art, in nature. I can appreciate Wordsworth when he says, "To me the meanest flower that blows can give thoughts that too oft lie too deep for tears," yet I love the beauty in the *pure heart* and life infinitely more. To me it is the *highest type of beauty*. The beautiful in poetry, music and art are reflections of the sublime ideal that existed in the mind of the author. The beauty in a clean heart and a holy life is the reflection of God on human nature.

To him, who in the love of nature holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
 A varied language.—*Bryant.*

She speaks of a God and shows forth His mighty wisdom and power; but a redeemed soul speaks of Jesus—God as a living, sympathizing Saviour. He it is with whom I wish to commune. Then I have been thinking of the faith, hope and love that *abideth*. The world has in all ages been seeking for abiding results. As to earthly monuments, the Egyptian Kings seem to have come the nearest to it when they constructed the pyramids; as for military honor, Alexander; as to literature, Homer, Virgil and Shakespeare. But time shall have crumbled those huge masses to the dust, the names of the great shall have been for ages lost in oblivion, when the results of that love which kissed away the tear from the sorrowing cheek, which reached forth a hand to help bear the heavy burden, which stooped and raised a fallen brother from the gutter, which climbed the rugged and girdled the earth to tell of Jesus' power to save—when the results of *that* love will be sweeping through the cycles of eternity. Such results are worth living for, worth working for, worth dying for. Lord grant that my heart may be all swallowed up in that ocean of love that *abideth*.

CHAPTER IV.

AS A TEACHER.

Seven year's experience in educational work gave Mr. Newlin the needed preparation for work as a Professor in Allegheny College; to which he was called by President Wheeler after he had graduated in that institution, to take the place made vacant by the removal to Denver University of Dr. Hyde. He felt the responsibility of the work, so gave careful preparation to each day's lessons. For better methods in his department he studied Hebrew with Dr. Harper's School of correspondence, then attended his Summer School of Language at Chautauqua. His Greek and Hebrew students were very much interested and made unusual progress in these languages. To this work was added the Principalship of the Preparatory Department of the College.

The following is from Prof. C. P. Lynch, a former student.

REV. A. W. NEWLIN, AS A TEACHER.

The qualifications of the successful teacher are many. Qualities of mind and heart symmetrically developed were the rare possessions of Bro. A. W. Newlin. No student for a moment doubted that he was master of the situation. His thoroughness, his breadth of view which led him to see discriminately the points of a lesson, magnifying the prominent ones and yet not ignoring the less important, impressed all that he had the secret of the successful educator. While his quali-

ties of mind were rare, those of the heart were even of a higher type. New Testament Charity was a predominate feature of his life, a charity that "suffereth long and is kind" and which "never faileth." Never petulant, always tender and sympathetic, he compelled the love of students who were glad to reciprocate the love which he so freely bestowed. He appealed to the best side of the boys and inspired a self-respect and a desire to achieve which was truly remarkable. No student left his presence depressed by the influence of coldness and severity but rather uplifted and encouraged to forget past failures and press forward to new successes.

He was *more* than a teacher, he was a *Christian* teacher. He had been a lifelong student of Him who spake as never man spake, who taught as never man taught, and his short but truly successful career proved him an apt pupil.

CHAS. P. LYNCH.

Cleveland, O., July '96.

After four years of hard work he resigned to enter the ministry.

(While living in Meadville in '87, God put it in our hearts to take an orphan boy into our home, Samuel Burns, whose mother had died six months before. His father placed him with four other children in the "Children's Industrial Home" in Cleveland. Shortly after the father died of sunstroke and the children were then placed in homes by Mother Sampson. Little "Burns" lives most of the time with Grandpa Newlin, where he attends the Sulphur Springs School and is learning to farm.)

CHAPTER V.

AS A PREACHER.

Mr. Newlin was unmistakably called to preach. His first sermon was delivered at his home church—Aug. 14, '81. Of this he wrote in his diary as follows: Preached my first sermon in my home church. Preached at C.—in the afternoon, walked to B.—and preached there at night. I never spent a happier day I don't believe. Surprised myself. It preached itself. The day before he writes: Spent much of the day in preparation for to-morrow's work. I am to do my first preaching. Blessed Holy Ghost breathe on thy child the spirit of inspiration for so important a work. The preaching in the woods near his home has already been noticed "from his diary." This work he carried on for two summers. Having finished the local preacher's course of study he was ordained and admitted to the East Ohio Conference in '87, by Bishop Andrews, in Cleveland, O., taking the highest grades in a large class. In Sept. '88, he was appointed to the pastorate of Damascus and Goshen Methodist Churches. He gave himself wholly to the work of the ministry. Revivals in both churches followed his preaching. Numbers were converted and the membership was quickened into new life. He organized Epworth Leagues—putting all to work who were willing. Worked with them faithfully—helping each department. When the next revival meetings were held they assisted faith-

fully in the meetings and scores of young people were converted. Activity in all departments of church work followed his efforts. His work as an artist—illustrating the Sunday School lessons with crayon and blackboard was blessed of God. To *help souls* was his mission and delight. He prepared his sermons with the need of his people in his mind and lived for them. He loved them—praying for them all by name in his study. After two blessed years of faithful work with these people he was moved to Wintersville circuit. Here we met with some trials—there was no parsonage and no house for rent, so our goods were stored, some among the members, but the most in the basement of the church (where for once *church mice* were *not poor*.) We spent most of the time in the buggy, with little Dick, the pastor's faithful horse, helping us to get acquainted with the people. Sometimes his companion would get discouraged with the condition of things when he would say, "O, we can stand this all right, we can get along easier than some preachers could." He would pity others were they in such a plight, but he didn't stop to pity himself. No *home to keep* we started out in Oct. to hold revival meetings. Was not discouraged at the end of two weeks but worked away. At the end of six or eight weeks closed the meetings with fifty or a hundred conversions. Went on to the next church, so working all winter until the four meetings had been held closing only because spring had come and the people hadn't time to attend meetings every night. The travel on this circuit was a thousand miles a year for the regular work. How he enjoyed the beautiful scenery on that circuit near the Ohio

River. Here he labored for three years—three of the happiest years of our lives! The four societies—Wintersville, Hayes', Centre and Island Creek built a parsonage which we occupied nearly two years. How Mr. Newlin labored for precious souls on that circuit, they will never know! He was not satisfied until all that he possibly could reach, were brought to Christ. How he rejoiced when they found Him! But some would not be led by him. Those who came he counted as jewels won for Christ. How glad he will be to see them all prove faithful. Before leaving Wintersville, Mr. Newlin received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy—having completed the post graduate course of Allegheny College. The degree of D. D. was offered him but he declined it. Preferred to work for all he received.

His next appointment was Belmont Avenue M. E. Church, at Youngstown, O., where unceasing labors wore away his strength. He saw so much to be done and tried to do it all. He would come in from a round of pastoral calls, or after preaching three times in one day (as he frequently did) so exhausted that it seemed he could not work any longer. Once I said, "My dear, you are working too hard—you have no right to kill my husband, there are other men who can do the work, you see you can't do it all." He answered: "I haven't long to live; I must *work* while I am here, or I'll have nothing to show for living."

He found on the church roll the names of forty women whose husbands were unconverted. He made them the subjects of earnest prayer, and some were converted—those who were not he did not give up,

but made a prayer-list of their names, which he carried with him and daily had them on his heart, holding them before God in faith—this he continued to do, *to the end.*

MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

His love for souls for whom Christ died, was as a fire in his heart, reaching out to all about him, to all peoples, to all *nations.*

When a student in Allegheny College, he belonged to the *Missionary Institute* conducted by Dr. Hyde—which met monthly in his parlor. Foreign mission fields were studied until his heart was stirred so that he was willing to go *anywhere* to give the gospel to the heathen. At that time he wrote; I *long* to fly around this whole globe and with tears and loving appeals tell them of Jesus that in his love and his pity he redeemed them. How I do long to get among the people instead of toiling over this Latin and Greek. But, patience, my soul, the Lord isn't ready for you yet; get fully equipped and the work will be all the better done. * * * We will go out in the strength of God to sing and preach and pray the multitudes to Jesus. The call from South America especially interests me. I don't see how or why I was led to have the drill I have had in teaching schools of all grades if the Lord doesn't have some such work for me to do. I arose rapidly in my profession, and the good old state of Pennsylvania gave me license for life to teach any of her schools without further examinations. Why all this? The Lord will answer. While reading an appeal for Christian teachers in Chili, S. A., I felt as if I should like to go. I long to get to active work for Him. I am

anxious for souls. God save the people. There are so many open doors. Oh, for a thousand lives to give to Christ's work. I've been reading about Missionary work in Syria and Palestine. The poor Jew! O, how I do pity him from my inmost heart. Let us be ready to deal stunning blows against Satan and to hold up Christ in all humility whether in South America, India, Syria, the Rocky Mountains, or our own beloved basin of the Ohio. I have read much in "Gospel in all Lands" today and it inspires me for work.

May, '82—Attended Missionary Institute; had an interesting time. Our subject was *Mexico* and I have wonderfully fallen in love with the country. There is a magnificent opening in one of the most fertile countries of the globe. *Who knows? Maybe the Lord will call us to work there as teachers.* But we'll leave these things for the good Lord to arrange.

His zeal for missions was unbounded, when he preached his annual Missionary sermons he inspired his congregation and stirred all hearts. When this was done pocket books opened voluntarily and money was laid on God's altar, freely for the salvation of those who have not the Gospel. Congregations that were giving less than a hundred dollars for Missions increased their subscriptions to five and six hundred dollars. He presented facts and the need of the work as he saw them, and with a heart full of love poured out the truth, then set a good example by giving generously of his own means to the cause for which he pled. This was the secret of his success in gathering Missionary money. It was his custom to give the *tenth* of all his income to the Lord's work, (late years more.) His

example in this respect was followed by many of the people, who are since reaping the rewards promised to those who follow this plan—laid down by God for his children.

CHAPTER VI.

CALL TO MEXICO.

While in the midst of revival meetings in Belmont Avenue Church in Jan., '95, without offering himself or seeking the place, Bishop Joyce (through Rev. Evans) called him to the work of the Presidency of "The Mexican Methodist Institute" in our Mission field in Puebla, (Old) Mexico. For two weeks he prayerfully considered the question. His health was not good, so he immediately consulted his physician, who advised him to go as the change of climate would be beneficial and the work would certainly be agreeable. His Presiding Elder, Dr. Youmans, wrote, "The voice of the church is the voice of God." He was encouraged to accept. The thought of parting with dear friends and his native land cost a severe struggle, but *all* was given up for Christ's sake and sin-cursed humanity. We had been singing "Where He leads me I will follow" and meant it. Shall we refuse to obey,

when God leads a new and untried way? With His promise, "Surely I will be with thee; I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." We could not refuse, and with the decision to go, there came unmistakable assurance that it was God's will. His Elder wrote, "I will say frankly that if the selection for Mexico were left to me, I should not wait a moment to consider another name in Methodism. Possibly it may be the way to perfect health. Having said this, I must tell you that to give you up will be a great disappointment to your church, and a keen personal loss to myself. But if God wants you in Mexico that should settle everything else. *May He guide you.*"

His father was with him when the call came and it was hard to consent to give up all the child he had.

A year previous we had read "MEXICO IN TRANSITION" by Dr. Wm. Butler, which did much to warm our hearts toward the people of that land. But we wanted to know more of the country—which information was found in the City Library. But Mr. Newlin could not consent to go until satisfactory arrangements were made for his father's comfort, with his promise to come in the Autumn to live with us in Puebla. Dr. Y. called a meeting of the church and announced to them that Mr. Newlin would be taken from them—that Bishop Foss had transferred him to the Mexico Conference. His last sermon was preached, packing done preparatory to the long move, farewell meetings held and after short visits to immediate friends, last good-byes were said and Mr. Newlin went out from his old home for the last time, April 4th, '95.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS RECEIVED BEFORE LEAVING THE HOME LAND.

(From Rev. H. W. Kellogg.)

I will miss you more than any one else. If I had not believed that the appointment was just *right*, it would have been much harder for me to have consented to see you go. We have been good friends for a long time. I know you have been of great good to me. I can not tell how much you have helped me. I will always keep you in my heart.

(From President of Allegheny College.)

MY DEAR BROTHER:—I have just learned of your appointment to our school in Puebla. I am very sorry, indeed, that we are to lose you from the work here, but I congratulate you on the great opportunity which will be yours in that new field. I believe you are well qualified for such work, and that you will be a success. Let me assure you of my heartiest congratulations and of my confidence in you.

Sincerely Yours,

WM. H. CRAWFORD.

REV. NEWLIN,

DEAR BROTHER:—I saw in the "Advocate" a few days ago a notice of your promotion and removal from among us. We are sorry to lose one so young and in every way so well qualified to be an honor among us, and yet glad that the Bishops and the great head of the church could find one among us so eminently fitted to train the future preachers of Mexico. We pray God's blessing on you * * * and may great success attend you in your future work.

One of Your Brethren,

L. TIMBERLAKE.

DEAR BROTHER NEWLIN:—We miss you and feel a strange loneliness as you go out from us. There is a sweet pain in the reflection that these separations of associations may result in the salvation of more souls than by any program of our own selfish planning. We will remember you in faith daily, and shall expect the "God of all comfort" to cause you always to triumph and to make known by you the Savior of His knowledge in every place. Dear Newlin, you have embedded yourself in the hearts of your brethren. We love you dearly and shall follow you with solicitude. Like Barnabas, you will keep full of faith and the Holy Ghost and through you may much people be added to the Lord. An affectionate farewell in the Lord.

G. F. OLIVER.

Many letters were received from friends of all the churches he had served, regretting his departure and thanking him for the good he had done them. They are too numerous to reproduce here, but all were appreciated for the prayers, good wishes and sympathy they contained.

THE VOYAGE.

We took train at Pittsburg for New York City on Thursday evening, arriving the next morning. Went directly to the hotel to which the Missionary Secretaries had directed us. After refreshing ourselves, Mr. Newlin went to the Mission Rooms to make the necessary arrangements prior to sailing the next day. We met the Missionary Committee in the afternoon and answered the usual questions. Passage on the Steamer "*Vigilancia*" of the *Ward Line* had been secured, and

on Saturday noon, April 6, we wended our lonely way to the wharf. The New York Conference was in session so there was not a Methodist preacher about the Book Concern, and no one was free to go with us, *to see us off*. We stood on deck to watch the city as we were sailing away from our native land. Crowds of people were on the wharf waving adieus to departing friends but there was *not a wave for us*—only ocean waves. We were desolate indeed. But as we rounded Bedloe's Island, I said, "There! the Goddess waves to us, and she seems to bid us *God speed*." Our hearts were lighter, and we watched with increasing interest the receding city and the rolling sea. The next day a great storm arose. The waves rolled high and rocked us roughly. The passengers did not appear in the dining-room. We thought we were good sailors because we kept on our feet longer than any of them, but the storm did not abate and finally we succumbed to the inevitable. The storm lasted thirty-four hours, but we were not afraid—just lay quiet as possible and sang hymns. Wanted something appropriate—so sang, "If on a quiet *sea*, Toward Heaven we calmly sail, With grateful hearts, Oh, God, to Thee, We'll own the favoring gale. But should the surges rise, and rest delay to come, Blest be the tempest, kind the storm, Which drives us nearer Home," and, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." We enjoyed the fine weather that followed the storm, and our health was much benefited by the sea voyage. Mr. Newlin gathered much information concerning the Mexicans, from the passengers, and said to me—"My dear, we are taking our lives in our hands." "But they are in His hands," I said.

Our steamer stopped to leave freight at Havanna. We went ashore to visit that ancient city. Such a *contrast* to our cleanly cities was that filthy place! We visited the tomb of Columbus in a Catholic Church; sat to rest in the park, watching the queer people—but not enjoying the aroma of the place we returned to the steamer several hours earlier than we intended, rather than eat or drink in that wretched place. We wondered if Mexico was anything like *this*! The next Sabbath was Easter. Some of the passengers requested that Mr. Newlin hold service and preach, which he did.

We had commenced the study of the Spanish language when we first decided to go to Mexico—so improved the time on ship board—studying and picking up all we could learn from the Spanish passengers. Our steamer made one more stop, at Progress, (but we did not go ashore as the sea was too rough to be pleasant in a small boat), then sailed away to the harbor of Vera Cruz—dropped anchor at three o'clock in the morning of April 15th. I shall always be thankful that we were permitted to go by sea. How Mr. Newlin enjoyed it all! How he admired the sea! His health improved every day. W. C. Evans (who had gone to Mexico in December, '94) came on board to meet us, and to pilot us through the Custom House and on to the City of Mexico. We stopped but a few hours at this old sea-port, as the heat was great, and we would avoid the dangers of exposure to yellow fever. Took train toward the Capital, (had to ride in the smoking car all the way as they have no others, all are supposed to smoke.) We stopped all night at Orizaba, a beautiful city of twenty thousand inhabitants.

We started next morning for Mexico City. Our train rolled on through a very rich country—the scenery over the mountains was charming beyond description, but I must not linger to describe the country, but hasten to meet the friends who await us in the great city. We were warmly welcomed by Dr. Butler and his corps of missionaries. We staid a week visiting several places of historic interest. The most charming was Montezuma's Palace.

CHAPTER VII.

PUEBLA, AND HIS WORK THERE.

On April 22 Dr. Butler went with us to introduce us to our work in the Methodist Institute in Puebla, situated one hundred and ten miles from the Capital. This city has a population of one hundred thousand, located in the great valley of Puebla, surrounded by snow capped mountains. Popocatepetl and Iztaccinatl appear but four or five miles distant, when in reality they are thirty miles away. From Mount Malinche, seven miles distant, the city receives her water supply. When the atmosphere is very clear the majestic peak of Orizaba can be plainly seen, its snowy mantel glistening in the sunlight. Were skies ever bluer or sunshine brighter, or breezes more balmy than in this beautiful land? With birds singing gaily, and flowers blooming constantly—what country more inviting? This city is proverbially clean. We were thankful that we found it different than Havana. This is called the "*City of Churches.*" There are thirty of them, also one of the finest Cathedrals in the world.

Our college property had once belonged to a famous convent. Here are trained by the Methodist church, native missionaries. Here are gathered boys of all ages—three hundred in annual attendance, who are taught by Christian men the gospel of our Lord. They study His word daily and sing our hymns—learning of Christ that they may teach others. Teachers and students received their new President with warm

welcome. We soon felt at home among them. We had procured Spanish books and commenced the study of the Spanish language when the call first came. The next day after arriving on the field, Mr. Newlin engaged a teacher, devoting most of his time to the study of the language. In a letter to Dr. Leonard published in "World Wide Missions," May 18-'95, Mr. Newlin writes:—

MY DEAR BROTHER:—The Methodist Institute and the Ladies' College of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society are situated together, only a wall separating them. We were agreeably surprised to find schools of such high grade. We admire very much the able Faculties, and find that they are doing splendid work. Our institute has four courses—giving those who are preparing for the ministry nine years of training, and those preparing to teach, eight years. Methodism may well be proud of her educational plant here in the heart of one of the largest and most bigoted cities of Mexico. You will be glad to learn that the young people are not only getting an education but that they are also being converted, and are being trained to live for God and humanity. We have had a very interesting revival. Last Sabbath evening *forty-six* persons united with the native church on probation; the result of the revival of last week. The first evening after our arrival I was deeply impressed at finding a group of the teachers holding a little prayer-meeting to ask the Lord for a revival. Last week the revival power descended upon us. Rev. A. Morales, a native minister of the Presbyterian Church, came by invitation to lecture to the students on "Homiletics." His work soon began to tell. The revival was given the right of way. Two services beside the lecture were held each day. The deepest religious feeling prevailed. Almost all the adult students of both colleges, who

were not already saved, sought the Lord. The interest culminated on Sabbath evening when so large a number, mostly students, surrounded the altar and gave their names to the church. Tell the people everywhere that money spent in mission work is well invested; that the missionaries are doing splendid work, and that the nations are really being saved. Doors are wide open on every hand. All we need is men and money, and this glorious country would soon be evangelized. Let the people everywhere give us their sympathy, their prayers and their money.

Very truly yours,

A. W. NEWLIN.

CHAPTER VIII.

LAST DAYS.

The managing of the business of the school was in Mr. Newlin's hands from the first. This, with the study of the Spanish, kept him very busy—but I never saw him so well. He seemed to be gaining in health from the very first. Formerly he was afflicted with sick headaches, but he was free from them in this climate, and we were greatly encouraged until the thirteenth of June he was taken seriously ill. He suffered intense pain. A doctor was called, who pronounced his case "peritonitis." Rev. E. came from Mexico City and kindly assisted in waiting on Mr. Newlin. In ten days he sat up a little, then had a relapse, would get better then worse—the third time Rev. E. proposed that we take him to an American doctor in Mexico City. Made the change July fifth. Dr. Parsons understood his case and helped him in a few days. He was very weak and greatly reduced, so the doctor advised him to go to Orizaba, a place in lower altitude, where he expected him to improve rapidly. He followed his advice, and July fifteenth we went to Orizaba. He seemed to gain in strength rapidly—his appetite increasing and the mountain air filling him with new life. At this time he wrote that he "never felt better in his life." After spending one week, during which we took long walks together, through coffee plantations and over mountains steep and high, we returned to our work in Pu-

ebla. No sooner settled when he was taken sick again, July twenty-eighth we returned to the home of Rev. Evans that he might have the best medical attendance there was in the country. But when the doctor saw him he shook his head. Yet Mr. Newlin was very hopeful—did not seem to think he would not get well—but when I saw him growing weaker every day, how my heart cried to God to spare his precious life! God was *very* good to us, providing everything needful for his comfort, but my anxious heart wanted an assurance from God that he would raise him up again, so I spent a night alone in prayer—but no assurance came. All the day following my heart held on to God by faith—at night I said, “I will not sleep until I get the answer.” All night I struggled, when a presence seemed to surround me, and a voice said, “I am going to take him.” I could not say, “Thy will be done.” “O, God,” I cried, “he is all I have, please spare him longer for Thy work here.” “I take him for my glory—his work is done on earth. I have need of him now. I gave him to you for a season but he must leave you now.” “Dear Lord,” I cried, “he is all I have, the best gift Thou hast given me, oh, heal him for Thy name’s sake. I do not want to live *without* him.” The voice answered, “Fear not, trust me, I will be with you.” Then the Lord helped me to say, “Thy will be done,” and came to me in great love and tenderness. I rested in His arms and I knew He would help me. Then I prayed for strength and direction—“Lord, what and how shall I do?” and he answered, “You may go home, and take his body home and bury

him on his father's farm." I thought this strange, but I could follow the Lord's leading. Strong arms seemed to hold me and I fell asleep. A quartette came to me in my dreams and sang, "The end may come and that to-morrow, When God hath wrought His will in me. And so I whisper *as God will*, and *trusting* to the end *hold still*." I awakened with a great peace in my heart, and I knew that God had spoken. I could not tell this to any one, but hoped that God was only testing me and would yet spare him—as he did Isaac to Abraham. I kept *quiet*—waiting on the Lord, watching my beloved slip away from me. On Sabbath, August eleventh, we had a *good* day. As I took up his Bible to read to him the voice whispered again, "This is his last Sabbath on earth, make it a happy one." How the Lord helped me! I tried to sing the hymns he requested, read from the "*Christian Standard*" reports of Mountain Lake Camp-meeting, which he enjoyed so much. (Afterward he said, "Mary, you will never know how much I enjoyed your reading to me on Sunday.") Then I read to him the fourteenth chapter of St. John about "the many Mansions"—when I had finished, he said, "Read on, read what Paul says about the *Mansions*. Holding the book before him, he turned the leaves to II Cor., 5, about "the building of God a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." I read it. "Now sing 'The Man of Galilee.'" I tried. "Now, get your hymn book and sing some of the old hymns. 'Majestic sweetness 'sits enthroned' and other favorites." In the evening while the Spanish Methodists were singing in the

church below, a familiar air reached his ears. They were singing "I am coming, Lord, coming now to Thee, Wash me, cleanse me in the blood that flowed on Calvary." Rev. Evans was sitting by him and he exclaimed, "The precious blood! The precious blood!" As the singing ended he said, "Now, Will, pray with me." After the prayer his soul was filled with the glory of God and he praised Him aloud.

On Monday morning we called a consultation of three of the foremost physicians in the Republic—two Americans and one native, who has an international reputation. They told us that the disease (contraction of the liver) had assumed such a form as left no hope for his recovery. Dr. Butler told him the verdict of the physicians. He quietly responded, "I had expected to remain longer and work for the Lord, but if He wants me to come up yonder and work for Him there I am ready to go." Then he called all in the house to his bedside and asked them to kneel and pray. After which he asked them to sing, "My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine," "My faith looks up to Thee," and "I am trusting, Lord, in Thee." The Lord blessed us all.—But sometimes He answers "no." He sweetly and cheerfully sank into the will of God. He sent all from the room, saying, "Leave me alone with my Mary." I cannot here record all that he said. It was a sacred hour. But he told me that he "expected to get well to work a few years here for souls. * * * And now I must tell you what to do, Mary, you will take me home and bury me at the old home—on the hill, beside my great, great

grandfather." I said, "Is that what you want?" And he answered, "Yes." (I didn't tell him, but I remember the word of the Lord.) "Plant trees and roses 'round my grave, and when you come and sit there, if I can, I'll come too, and comfort you when you are lonely." "Don't leave me," I cried, "I can't live without you." "Oh, yes," he said, "Jesus will be more to you than ever, don't cry, dearie, it won't be long and you will come too." He then called for Rev. Evans and gave him messages to his brethren of the East Ohio Conference; also to the Conference in Mexico, and to the churches he had served in Ohio. On Tuesday morning we all gathered in his room, prayer was offered, and we sang a hymn, while his happy spirit praised God.

Miss Evelyn Butler came in and gave him a beautiful bouquet of rose buds. "Oh, how lovely," he exclaimed, as he took them in his thin hand, "but these will fade, in Heaven the flowers never fade, all is *life* and no death;" he dropped the flowers, raised both hands, waved and clapped them, shouted, "Glory, glory to God, oh glory to Jesus, my Saviour." He laid his right hand on the flowers, his left hand pointing upward, and repeated: "*There* everlasting spring abides and never-withering flowers—sing that hymn," and they sang, "There is a land of pure delight." He tried to join but his voice failed. After this a company of native preachers of the Mexico Conference came in; he took each by the hand, told them "though he had not been with them long he loved them"—he exhorted them to "preach a full salvation, with the

fire of the Holy Ghost in your souls, get the baptism of power so you can lead your people into a higher Christian experience that they may *know* they are saved." Then he said goodbye in Spanish—"Adios" "Adios." He talked of "the wonderful world of development that was opening before him." When we were alone again he said, "Mary, go home and work for God; gather trophies for Jesus; don't come empty-handed; God has a work for you yet,—He will lead and help you. 'Tis hard to part, but I'll watch for you and welcome you when you come." "Oh, pray for me," I cried, "that I may bear it, I can't alone. God *must help me.*" I knelt by the bed, he laid his hand on my head and prayed for me—God was there and answered and I was helped. "Poor father will be broken-hearted when he hears this; you must comfort him. Don't cry, wife, show these people how a Christian can bear a sorrow like this. God will help you!" Strength came. "Let me die in your arms, I'll soon be there!" Through the night he asked for the old hymns—"Mary, sing 'My Latest Sun is Sinking Fast,' 'Home of the Soul' and 'There is a Fountain Filled with Blood,' and 'Alas, and did my Saviour Bleed.'"

Wednesday morning—"I thought I was going last night, but here I am yet. I'll soon be gone; I'll see mother and Jesus, my blessed Jesus. I'll cast one adoring look at my Saviour, I'll embrace my sainted mother, I'll lay my trophies at His feet, then we will walk through the fields of Heaven and sit down on the banks of the River of Life and *rest.* * * * Won't

I study and work for God when I am free from this rubbish, (meaning his body.) Mary, tell those unconverted men in Ohio that I died *praying for them*, tell them to get converted and meet me in Heaven." His face shone with a heavenly radiance. "Mary, sing 'The Man of Galilee.' (He had sung it so often during the year.) O, I thank God that I was permitted to preach His gospel! My pulpit was my throne. I loved to preach. I thank God for our happy home life—we had a happy home. Thank God for eleven blissful years of married life. Dearie, I thank God for *you*. I'll soon be in the arms of Jesus." "Is it all light," I asked. "Yes," he exclaimed, "oh yes, all light; no darkness and no fear. Father, stay Thy hand of blessing, or my happy spirit will fly away before Thou art done with me here. My body cannot bear it. O, glory to God! If this is death it is glorious! This is life, *eternal life!*" He selected hymns to be sung at his funeral at home. "Sing about *life*, not death, sing of *Christ* and *Heaven*, sing 'There is a land of pure delight,' 'Oh, happy day,' (they sang it when I was converted—tell Mrs. Galleher to lead it like she did then), and 'Forever with the Lord.'" He grew weaker and weaker,—but conscious to the last—"Jesus, blessed Jesus" were his last words, a light beamed from his face, he smiled on us all, closed his eyes, and without a struggle he entered the Holy City, at half-past three o'clock in the morning of August 15. My heart said, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

Funeral services were held in the Spanish Meth-

odist church in the evening of the 16th. His casket was surrounded with wreathes of beautiful flowers—from native Christians and friends in and of the Mission. Tender words here spoken by preachers, professors and students from the college. A native preacher said in his address, “Other men have come *to show us how to live*, but this man has come *to show us how to die.*”

I started with his body on Saturday morning, in company with Dr. Butler, who came with us as far as El Paso. I arrived at his father's on Thursday night of the next week. On Friday afternoon funeral services were held at Dravo church, conducted by Rev. L. H. Stewart—as Mr. Newlin had requested. Sixteen ministers were present from the Eastern Ohio and Pittsburg Conferences. Mrs. Galleher was present and when she led in singing “Happy Day” it seemed as if Heaven had come down and changed mourning to rejoicing in the hearts of God's children. After several addresses by his brethren, Revs. G. F. Oliver and G. T. Humble, of the East Ohio Conference, sang a duet, “Saved by Grace Alone,” which was very impressive. At sunset his remains were laid to rest, in the place he had requested, by Rev. Jas. Walls of the E. O. Conference, on the evening of the 23rd of August, just 15 years from the day we first met. Thus closed a Successful Life. His work is done; the victory is won, and Heaven is his forever.

On Tuesday, August 13, Dr. Butler sent the following telegram to the other missionaries: “Sinking slowly, struggling heroically, triumphing gloriously.”

CHAPTER IX.

MEMORIAL SERVICES.

The following selections from a paper written by Dr. H. W. Kellogg, was read at the Memorial Service at the last session of the East Ohio Conference at Canton:

“Brother Newlin had the inestimable advantages of a godly parentage, a Christian home and Methodist training. His father was a kind and righteous man. His mother was a remarkable Christian woman, who preceded him to the Heavenly home by about three years. A mother whom he acknowledged to have been his guardian angel and his inspiration while in life; and whose beautiful death made a deep impression upon him and seemed to add a finishing touch to his sweet and loving character. She had devoted her life to him and his frequent conversations about her, her sweet and beautiful life, her glorious death and blessed influence, were delightful. How his face would shine and his voice would soften as he would refer to that dear mother, and her devotion to her only boy. But the work she accomplished in forming the character of her son was worth the labor and care of a lifetime.

“Brother Newlin united in himself many elements of strength. He was scholarly in his habits; a lover of truth and a diligent investigator. His soul was sensitive to every touch of the true and beautiful and good. God never had a child more interested in what his Father had done and was doing in every realm of his

activity. He was a successful teacher. His own love of study arose to an enthusiasm which excited the admiration and inspired the heart and mind of every student, and the boys loved to study for the sake of their teacher. But God designed him for another sphere where this peculiar gift might be fully employed, yet supplemented by the strength of many powers which he possessed. He filled up the office of his ministry with remarkable strength. He was an able preacher—wise in the methods that commanded the intelligent hearing of the people. He could reach and impress and direct his congregation. People listened to him with delight and always with profit. He was earnest and intense in his convictions, but broad and generous in his interpretations, and always rose above the suspicion of being a bigot. He delighted in the preaching of the special doctrines of Methodism. Christian perfection was urged upon the people with all the power and even enthusiasm of a man that had only one idea, but with him the truth was so large, and pure and sound, that no one ever called him a fanatic.

“He was a preacher of the loftiest ideals of spiritual life, but with that wonderful sympathy for even the worst and meanest conditions of men; that the truth as he uttered it was not discouraging, but convincing, inviting and encouraging. In this power of adapting the highest and strongest truth to the worst and lowest conditions, he excelled. This is proven in the success that attended his labors. He was a soul winner and people flocked to his ministry, and great numbers were converted. Revivals attended his work every year.

He was a great character builder as well, and those who came into the church were not neglected, but instructed in all that pertained to righteousness. He was burdened of spirit unless he could see these improving and growing in Christian grace.

“In the administration of church affairs, he was equally strong, in the organization of every department of church enterprises and carefully looking after all interests entrusted to him as a true minister. His record in behalf of the Missionary cause is known to every member of this Conference. This is only an illustration of his faithfulness, but interest was equally regarded in every cause. He neglected nothing. He was a hard worker, and brought things to pass. More than this he was a splendid type of a symmetrical minister. As pastor, he seemed without effort to enter into sympathy with all conditions of people; always cheerful and kind, and loved his way to the hearts of all classes. The old and the young were alike devoted to him, and the children loved him. Above all that he acquired or accomplished was his own pure and noble self. So true, so gentle and strong, and this nature was finished by the special grace of God which he permitted to have full sway in his heart and life. He was a true friend. He was thoroughly unselfish. He was himself the highest and best exponent of the Christianity which he preached. A scholarly mind, earnest spirit, a consecrated life. He was able and earnest without assuming to be great.”

One of his most intimate friends in the ministry bears this testimony to his life: “He was childlike and sincere, true to his friends, transparent and faith-

ful, and therefore useful, happy and successful everywhere. He loved song, he loved books, he loved Methodism, he loved Missions; he was standard in doctrine, advanced in experience, aggressive in methods, keen in his knowledge of human nature, polite in administration, tender in his sympathies, faithful to souls and loyal to God. His life was an inspiration. He was trustworthy in all places of duty. He did his best, finished his work here, and with gladness accepted the transfer and promotion to the Celestial Conference as cheerfully as he took his appointment to Mexico. The Church on earth seems poorer when such a laborer is taken from us, but the Church triumphant must furnish a place in God's plan for wider scope." Such is the testimony of those who knew him wherever he had lived and worked. Dr. Crawford, president of Allegheny College, speaks of the blessed memory which is still cherished in Meadville.

The following is Rev. Newlin's message to the East Ohio Conference: "Brethren, preach a full salvation; preach holiness of heart; preach freedom from sin. Preach it out of burning hearts on fire from the Holy Ghost. I shall watch your progress in helping to redeem the world for Christ. Pray for Mexico; pray for poor helpless people. * * * We want the whole church praying for Mexico; pray that the Lord God of Hosts may open the hearts of the people in Mexico to receive the truth. I have fallen in the field at an early date, but I did what I could. Let the old East Ohio Conference, as soon as possible, fill the vacancy and send my successor. Oh, I must put in a sweet word of how precious Jesus is to me. This un-

utterable bliss of dying in Jesus' arms. Tell me, my soul, can this be death? Tell me, my soul, can this be dying? * * * I never had time enough for anything here, but the ceaseless ages will give me all the time I need, and I will be getting more and more like Jesus throughout the ages. Glory! O, what won't I learn, what won't I enjoy!"

Rev. Evans writes: "We have felt the loss of Dr. Newlin keenly. He was so peculiarly fitted for his position as president of our school, an intellectual as well as a spiritual giant among men, as loving a heart as ever lived. He loved his way right into the hearts of all that knew him. The students adored him, if I may use such a word. Every worker in the field that had met him already loved him, and it seems to us all here that the Lord selected the brightest star of the Mexico Conference to be the first star in our constellation in glory. So we say good-bye to our brother and co-worker in the bright hope of future meeting."

THE HYMN HE LOVED SO WELL.

THE MAN OF GALILEE.

I am on a shining pathway
 Adown life's shortning years,
 And my heart hath known its sorrows,
 And mine eyes have known their tears;
 But the gloom and shadows flee,
 And the "Shining Light" I see,
 While I'm trusting in the merit
Of the Man of Galilee.

Oh, my soul hath had its battles
 With mighty hosts of sin,
 With deadly foes without me,
 And deadlier within.
 But I saw those Legions flee,
 And my soul found victory,
 When I trusted in the merit
 Of the Man of Galilee.

I am coming near the city
 My Saviour's hands have piled,
 And I know my Father's waiting
 To welcome home His child ;
 For unworthy though I be,
 He will find a place for me,
 For He is the King of Glory—
 The Man of Galilee.

MEMORIAL SERVICE AT WINTERSVILLE, G.,

BY MISS HATTIE JOHNSON.

“Look up, lift up,” the motto of the Epworth League, was clearly demonstrated in the life of Rev. A. W. Newlin. He lived to lift people from darkness to light, from the valleys to the great heights of Christian experience, looking upward with an unwavering faith to the source of all power and love for strength and guidance. He lived “in deeds, not years,” and the memorial services held by the Wintersville Epworth League on September 8th, after the close of his earthly life, showed forth the grand results of good deeds done. Members of the League spoke of his work first as “The Teacher,” then as “The Preacher,” and last as the “Man of God.”

Truly in this meeting there were "words that weep and tears that speak." Mr. Newlin had organized this chapter and its charter was placed upon the pulpit and heavily draped. In front of this were banks of lovely flowers, for he was a lover of flowers, as he was of all that is beautiful in nature. Most of the hymns sung on that occasion were known to be his favorites, and they seemed almost to bring him back to our midst, so keen were the memories stirred of his labors of love in that field.

"My faith looks up to Thee" recalled the earnestness with which he sang those words, for he spoke in all sincerity, so firm was his faith in his chosen Master. And when the services closed with the anthem, "Gone to Rest," all felt that a man who was noble, good and true had gone to his reward.

(The following is an extract from a paper read at that service.)

MR. NEWLIN AS A TEACHER.

Only a little while ago one went from among us to that dreary land where his last days were spent, away from his loved ones, away from his native land. How he used to stand with that blessed book in his hand, and with his "Now, beloved" recited to them its blessed promises, and plead with his people with all the eloquence God gave him to turn from their iniquitous ways and drink deep of the Saviour's love, for *he* lived close to his Master. He was a man, for God when he makes the prophet, does not unmake the man. But he was a man filled with the *Holy Spirit*. He *sowed good seed*, but some of it fell on

stony ground, where it had not much depth of earth, and some fell among thorns and was choked out, but some fell on good ground and took root, and when he went to that distant country he left in his different fields of labor those in whose hearts the good seed found good ground and who will in some way carry on the good work he has begun. And though he did not see it, and we do not know the extent of his influence, yet his marching orders, "Onward, Christian Soldier!" will pass from lip to lip until more and more Satan's barriers will be broken and many more will be gathered into the ranks of our Lord while he is at rest, for his labors are ended. Some person away down in that dark and desolate country of Mexico needed his aid, some one needed to learn the way to reach those untaught people. He led the way. His toil was ended and he passed through the valley of the shadow to that beautiful City of Light beyond.

(The following is a part of the paper read by Rev. E. H. Roberts, at the same service.)

MR. NEWLIN, AS A PASTOR.

The life of the Rev. A. W. Newlin, Ph. D., was indeed modeled after the life of the "Good Shepherd" or "Good Pastor." The ruling purpose of his life was to tend well the flock which God's providence might place under his care.

As a true pastor he held himself responsible in the sight of God for the welfare of the souls committed to his charge. As a true shepherd and not a hireling he held it to be his duty and privilege both to guard his people against the many influences destructive to vital

Christianity and to see that they were fed upon such food as would tend to the development of the highest standard of spiritual life.

The first object he accomplished by seeking a personal acquaintance with each member of his charge. He thus sought to know the disposition and natural tendency of each life. This, together with his keen insight into human nature, enabled him to read well the character. In this way he gained a wonderful knowledge of the dangers and needs of his people as individuals.

His first step in winning men to a better life was not to condemn and rebuke, but rather to point out "a more excellent way" and thus create a desire for better things. His plan was always to lead, never to drive. Having stimulated a healthy appetite for better things his next step was to satisfy with life-giving food.

Intellectually he accomplished this by directing attention to the reading and study of good books and the best literature of the day. Also by encouraging higher education in every way.

Spiritually he fed the people, first by keeping his own life so in touch with the divine that to be in his presence was in itself an inspiration. His profound devotional study of God's word furnished him with a never-failing supply of spiritual food for his people. His Bible readings in the mid-week prayer meetings were veritable feasts of spiritual things. Passages of scripture which had never seemed of special importance, which to the ordinary reader yielded no spiritual nourishment, fell from his lips as if freighted with

new vitality, sparkling and glistening with rare jewels of spiritual truth hitherto unseen. By his own example he led his people to a more earnest and devoted study of the Bible.

His sermons were not only full of spiritual power and help but to the thinker and scholar they furnished food for thought for many days. And even to the present hour many thoughts suggested in his discourses remain as precious gems in the treasure-house of memory. He was indeed as the "scribe which is instructed unto the Kingdom of Heaven, which bringeth forth out of his treasures things new and old."

Perhaps in no other way was he more helpful to his people individually than in personal interview during pastoral visits, in his own home, or wherever opportunity presented. His judgment and sympathy were such that by the perplexed his advice was sought with utmost confidence; and his deep Christian sympathy was as balm to the sorrowing heart.

His concern was not only for the members of his own church but extended to all who might come within the circle of his influence. He might be frequently found in the homes of the careless and neglected and by sympathetic words and prayer directing their attention upward to God and a better life.

The consuming passion of his life was to win souls and build them up into the most perfect type of Christian character. Thus did he ever strive to lead the sheep of his fold into living pastures and "beside the still waters."

Dr. Newlin's strong personality made him a master of men. He was a born leader. His people

would respond to his requests as trained soldiers to the commands of their general. His personality, quickened by the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit, made him a superior in the manipulation of the forces of the church. His people confided in him as a trustworthy leader and he never consciously betrayed the trust.

Perhaps no one element was more deeply vital in his pastorate than his prayer-life. He prayed for his people collectively, then for each individual, taking each one by name to the Father in prayer. It was his custom to make out a list of unconverted persons in the community for each one of whom personally he prayed daily. Beginning with a few names he would keep adding as he found new acquaintances and friendships until the list became quite extensive. It is needless to add that his heart was made glad in seeing very many of these special subjects of prayer saved and brought into the church. It was his custom as far as practical to go from his knees to the pulpit. He spent hours in secret prayer in behalf of his people, which if aggregated would amount to weeks of time in a single year. A life of prayer is a life of power. Do we therefore marvel at the wonderful success which crowned his efforts in every field of labor to which he was called ?

Those who were acquainted with him in his private as well as his public life agree in the conclusion that his was one of the most intense lives they ever knew. We do not claim that his life was free from mistakes, for he, too, was human, but we do believe that he loved God with all his heart, and with all his

soul, and with all his mind; and his neighbor as himself.

The years of his usefulness seemed brief. Yet we believe his work was done. His was one of those golden lives which can not be measured by days and years. He lived many years in one. Such a life transcends the limits of time and lives the life of Heaven in part while yet on earth.

It was said by one of our dear friends of W. after he had gone—speaking of his work while pastor there. “For three years we were in the *School of Christ* and learned of Him, taught by this faithful man of God.”

MEMORIAL SERVICE AT CENTRE CHAPEL.

Appropriate Memorial services were held in the Methodist Church at Centre Chapel. An eulogy on the “Life and Death of Dr. Newlin” was delivered by Rev. L. H. Stewart. Also the following tribute written and read by Miss Marie Haulin.

A TRIBUTE.

We are told there isn't a single flower
In woodland, glen or shady bower,
Or on the turf beneath our feet,
But teaches some lesson short and sweet.

Whatever may be its outward guise,
Still is there found by the searching eyes,
Faces of beauty so pure and fair,
Types of the One who placed them there.

Yet the treasures found, however rare,
And kept by a loving Father's care,
Compare we not to the more sublime
Fashioned in the image of the Divine.

Highest of all the things God created
And to Himself the most closely related—
Can we too high an estimate place
On whom He hath shown such favor, such grace?

In every life of the great human sea,
Lies something akin to sublimity,
A something divine down deep in the soul.
Which *may* glow and burn consuming the whole.

There's a garden we find in each human heart
And in furnishing seeds we each do a part.
By every heart-garden a gardener stands
And its weal or its woe holds in his hands.

The seeds are the thoughts, the words and the deeds,
Whether sown for self's ends or humanity's needs;
And we sow seeds today for all coming time,
For those that are near or in far distant clime.

Some have flowers whose presence dispels every gloom
From all that surround, though in secret they bloom;
Some are tenderly guarded and watered with tears,
Some the pure dews of Heaven have nourished for years.

With beauty and incense this garden is rife,
And its high cultivation the work of the life
Of the gardener who chooses and scatters of seed
The choicest, whether his or another's the need.

We turn aside from this bright hallowed spot,
To gaze on another whose flowers are not
All of the fairest; the thistle and thorn
Its portals too often of sweet peace have shorn.

The flowers struggle bravely to flourish and grow,
And their beauty and fragrance make the heart glow,
But the thistle and thorn ever hinder the flowers
Obstructing the sunshine, absorbing the showers.

Other gardens there are, flowers almost unseen
Because briars cover with foliage green

Until but few eyes can the beauty discern
Of the true wealth they hold, or their real import learn.

Yet the seeds born away from this neglected place
Are productive of evil time can not efface,
Be it ours to cherish the lillies found there,
Till the weeds and the briars are banished elsewhere.

There comes a time when the garden fair
Must be transplanted where purer air
And the warmth and sunlight of God's love
Make the unclouded day of that world above.

To join the ranks of that joyful throng
Another has gone to swell their song,
By God's grace we say "Thy will be done,"
The battles on earth were nobly won.

He has passed from earth, yet his memory lives,
And to life's possibilities assurance still gives,
Of the lives we have known, however real,
His life the most nearly approached the ideal.

Christ, the ideal, he followed, as though
That were life's highest ambition to know.
His life was such that we might see
A world type of Heaven's reality.

A careful student of human nature
True worth he found in every creature,
None were too great and none too small
To hear from his lips the Master's call.

The *children* claimed him as their friend
And in mourning his death their feelings blend
With those of the children of riper years,
Mingling with them their prayers and tears.

The more mature a brother kind
In him were ever sure to find,
Christian counsel was humbly given,
Pointing the soul upward to Heaven.

The aged ones were ne'er forgot,
And in their hearts a tender spot
Glow's for the one they soon shall meet
In the world beyond, in communion sweet.

He was given the banner of Jesus unfurled
And heard the soft whisper, "Unto all the world,"
And those who have known him will understand
The secret of his triumphs grand.

Whatever his station at home or abroad,
Whatever the issue, loyalty to his God
And firmness of purpose predominate,
Revealing at once his cardinal trait.

As gentle as woman, yet manly as man,
A characteristic that through his life ran,
A charity long-suffering for humanity's blindness,
Yet enduring all things in the spirit of kindness.

The *message* he spoke from a heart full of love
Exalted Him only who still reigns above ;
Many found the Man, Christ, some reached a plane higher,
Because of hearts cleansed by the "refining fire."

The time came to us when the counsel, "Buy gold,
That thou mayest have the riches untold,"
Fell like balm from the lips of this servant of God
As he pointed the way the Saviour had trod.

The way was illumined, the path was made clear,
And the "Lo, I am with you" allayed every fear,
The trust was accepted, the sacrifice made,
And then the soft whisper of "Be not afraid."

Since that blessed time God still speaks the words,
Which fall on our hearts like the music of birds.
We follow submissive. May the path grow more bright,
Till we stand face to face in His marvelous light.

The past has its lesson, the future its hope,
The present its duty. Shall we blindly grope ?

We'll cultivate lilies, truth pure, undefiled,
That our "neighbor" may not be by evil beguiled.

A garden's transplanted from this world to another—
Shall we not rejoice in the gain of our brother?
Life for him is not ended—'tis only begun—
Shall *we* not press on till the battle is won?

Through contact with him more of Christ we have known,
Shall not more of the Christ-life to others be shown?
Till at last we have come to the set of the sun
We shall hear the glad words of the Master "Well done."

MEMORIAL SERVICES AT BELMONT AVENUE M. E.
CHURCH AT YOUNGSTOWN, O.

The auditorium was filled with sympathizing friends. As this was the last charge served by Mr. Newlin it seemed that all had lost a friend—for only five months had passed since he had been their pastor. Many of the unconverted for whom he had prayed were present and heard his last message—to "meet me in Heaven."

An impressive service was held in our church at Puebla by the Faculty and students of the college. The auditorium was tastefully decorated, and addresses were made by the pastor, teachers and students, showing the tender love they felt for their departed President, who had won a place in their hearts in the short time he was with them.

The Ministerial Association, of Youngstown, of which Mr. Newlin was a member, held a memorial service and sent resolutions of sympathy.

Resolutions of respect and love came from the Convention of the Epworth League of Steubenville District, of which Mr. Newlin was the first president.

Resolutions were also received from the Epworth Leagues at Wintersville and Island Creek. They were all thankfully received. These expressions assure us that "his labors were not in vain."

LETTER FROM REV. DR. W. F. OLDHAM, FORMERLY
OF INDIA.

DELAWARE, O., July 25, '96.

MY DEAR MRS. NEWLIN:—

My association with your husband at Allegheny College and in his own home was always very pleasant to me. There was in him such transparency of character and such purity of motive and so warm and hearty an interest in his friends that it was always a pleasure and a privilege to be counted in the number. I endeavored when in the mission field to secure him for Singapore. But though he seriously considered my proposals it did not seem that "the pillar of fire" led that way. I was always glad to hear of his earnest and effective ministry. He could not but *succeed* wherever his lot was cast. When he consented to go to the southern mission field I rejoiced greatly. Now that he serves nearer the Throne I add a single line of tribute to the memory of my old college-mate and friend: *He was a true and manly man.*

Sincerely yours,

W. F. OLDHAM.

A BEAUTIFUL LIFE HAS GONE FROM US!

I thank God that I was permitted to live beside him for over eleven happy years. His holy life is an inspiration now. But, oh, how I miss his smile, his voice, his helpfulness in every way—God only knows—for we were *one*.

How lonely is life without him! None but those who have had similar losses can know. Closely united in our work and home life, separation was keenly felt by both. His sufferings were intense—but now he is free from it all—when I think of the joy of the life that is now his my heart thanks God and takes courage. I went with him to the “*crossing*,” rejoicing with him that he had made the journey so safely and so soon. I think of his triumph and glorious victory over death, and imagine the welcome that must have been given him as he entered his Heavenly Home, and *I know it is well with my beloved*. I’m homesick for Heaven. I’m going there as soon as my work is done. God helping me I’ll be faithful. I’m going there to see my Lover. He said he’d meet me when I came. Yes, Heaven is nearer now, and I rejoice in the prospect of future reunion, so beautifully set forth in the following poem by Bonar:

REUNITED COMPANIONSHIP.

Upon this earth we lived and loved;
 Ours was a fellowship of light;
 The outer circle might be dark,
 But all within was fair and bright—
 A day without a night.

One faith, one hope was ours—the faith
That can the cloudiest night illumine,
That seeth the unseen; the hope
That looks into the joy to come,
Foredating rest and home !

We parted; one went up to be
Where partings are forgotten; where
Life in its fulness dwells; where love
Breathes its bright perfume through the air
And every face is fair.

And I was left behind, to wait
A solemn while on earth, to long
For the eternal meeting, where
All sing together with one tongue
The everlasting song !

The earth is lonelier now, when he
Who walked with me its ways is gone ;
But soon the loneliness is o'er,
The blank forgotten and unknown ;
Not long, not long alone !

“They that be wise shall shine as the firmament
and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars,
forever and ever.”

CHAPTER XI.

HIS SERMONS.

“THE WEDDING GARMENT.”

“*Friend, how camest thou in hither not having a wedding garment.*”—Matt. 22:12.

The Lord Jesus knew how to get our attention. When He would teach us a lesson about salvation he begins talking about a wedding and a wedding supper and especially about a wedding garment. You know there is no suit we wish to have quite so fine as our wedding suit. We always wish to have our best clothes on at a wedding.

In this parable we find Jesus describing a man going to a wedding without a wedding garment on. The Lord is speaking of Heaven and salvation, but he speaks of it as a feast. A large part of the human race never have enough to eat, a feast is something they can appreciate. But this is more than an ordinary feast—this is a wedding feast. We are always interested in a wedding and a fine wedding dinner. But this is no ordinary wedding—it is a royal wedding, the wedding of a King’s son. Neither is it a wedding gotten up by an ordinary King—this is a wedding prepared by the King of Kings. You know that when an only beloved daughter gets married, the affectionate father says, “We must have the biggest wedding we

can possibly afford.' All the father's resources are taxed. Now, if he is very wealthy, you may expect something unusually fine—a splendid affair. The wedding of a king's son or daughter is generally very magnificent. Now what would you expect at a wedding gotten up by the King of the universe, the great Father on high, to celebrate the marriage of His Son to the Christian Church? We all understand that this wedding-feast is Heaven. We also understand that everybody is invited. Shall we all accept the invitation? Yes, certainly we all expect to go. But wait, Christ begins to talk about a wedding garment—that is—the preparation for the great wedding. Yes, to be sure, we understand that. We don't care to go to an ordinary wedding in our everyday clothes, much less to a King's wedding. In going to a royal wedding we would want some unusual preparations. But, in the parable we find a man who expected to attend the wedding in his everyday clothes. The guests were assembled, everything was ready, the King comes in to inspect the guests. His keen eye soon lights upon the man without preparation. He walks up to him and kindly says: "*Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment?*"

There are a good many things we might talk about in connection with this wedding, but the thing that ought to interest us most, since we all expect to go, is this *wedding garment*. So this is what we will discuss.

I. *What is the Wedding Garment?* To be sure we understand that preparation is meant. The Scriptures say: "*Prepare to meet thy God.*" But the point

is—what preparation is needed? There have been two leading ideas as to this matter. One is that all that is needed is to have Christ's righteousness thrown over us to cover up our vileness. The other theory is that Christ's righteousness must not only cover us but we must be washed clean, made new, sound to the core. We Methodists have always condemned the "cover up" theory. I was delighted to hear such high authority, President Scoville, of Wooster University, in his recent address condemn this theory. I think very few practical Christians really teach it at the present day. But let us see what the Bible says about it. We read in Rev. 19:8, "For the marriage of the lamb is come and his wife hath made herself ready. And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white; for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints." Not Christ's righteousness covering up the rottenness of saints—but the wedding garment "is the righteousness of saints." In Eph. 4: 23-24, I read, "Put off the old man which is corrupt, put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." This makes the wedding garment the new birth. This leads us to John 3: 3, which says, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God." Now, nothing can be plainer than the preparation, the wedding garment meant is Christ's life in the soul which is begun in the new birth. The great question then is; "Have I been born again?" Christ says plainly, "Ye must be born again."

II. *Why did not the Guest have the Garment?* It was not because he could not get one. He had plenty

of chance to get one. The king provided a wedding suit free of charge to every invited guest. He could not plead ignorance because he knew very well the requirements and the customs. There can be only one reason for his not having a wedding garment—*He thought his own was good enough.* I think I can hear him saying, "Those suits will do very well for those fellows that have come out of the highways and hedges, those fellows that come out of the gutters, it is understood that they must have a new suit. But I am a church member. My own will do nicely. Why, it would be rather humiliating for me to admit that I had to depend upon the King for a suit of clothes to attend his big wedding. Why, I've gone to church in this suit. It's just as good as any those preachers had. It is certainly as good as my neighbors. It will certainly do. I will run the risk at any rate."

Do you know there are multitudes all about us just like this man. They have never received the wedding garment of the "New Birth" because they were too proud to own up that they were in need of a new garment. There are multitudes who are trying to patch up their own righteousness, trying to make themselves believe that they have the wedding garment on—when it is nothing but their own old self-righteousness patched up a little. There are multitudes in the Christian churches today who have not the wedding garment because they have never genuinely repented of their sins. It is sometimes much harder for a respectable, moral person to get saved than for a vile, hardened sinner. I remember seeing a vile prize-fighter and a moral church member coming to the altar at the

same time. The vile sinner had to come but once. The moral man came again and again. Why? The sinner owned up that he was a sinner right off—he felt that his suit was too ragged to be patched up. The other man perhaps wished the Lord to take some account of his morality. He had to learn that he had to put off his self-righteousness just as the other man put off his vileness before the Lord would give him the wedding garment.

III. *May we know when we have it?* I think possibly you would not like it very well if I were to intimate that you did not know whether you had your Sunday clothes on or not. Yet the devil will come along and tell you to never mind about knowing whether you have on the wedding garment or not, you go ahead and try to do right and somehow or other the wedding garment will take care of itself. It will grow on to you or get on somehow or other. Nonsense! There are any amount of people that are just willing to fall into this trap and believe the devil. If some earnest Christian comes along and asks them about the matter they say; "I am not sure, I hope I have the wedding garment." Did the man in the parable know what kind of a garment he had on? Ah, yes, he knew very well. When the King asked him about it, he was speechless. He knew all the time, he had his old garment on, because he had never changed for the new one. This brings us to the question—may I know I am saved? It seems to me preposterous that "Our Father" who loves us so much would let His children go stumbling through this world sighing: "Am I His child or am I not?" Mr. Moody was one

time laboring in a revival meeting. A man with whom he was conversing was urging the point that one might be in a saved condition and not know it. Mr. Moody suddenly turned the conversation, but presently asked: "Who is that woman across the room wearing the gray bonnet?" "Why, that's my wife." "No, that can't be your wife." "Well, Mr. Moody, don't you suppose I ought to know my wife? I have been living with her for eighteen years." "Yes, my friend, you ought to know your wife, and for the very same reason you ought to know your Saviour. If you have been loving him with all your heart, if he has been abiding with you for years, you ought to know it. There are multitudes of people who want to be good, who are trying to be good, who are walking in uncertainty. This uncertainty takes all the sweetness, all the relish out of their lives. If I were you, I would have this matter settled once for all. The Bible is very plain on this matter. It says, 'We have not received the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God, that we may know the things that are freely given us of God.'"

The fourth and last thought we wish to notice is this:

IV. *The Consequences.* The man in the parable took the risk. He made himself believe his own robe would do. He was among the waiting guests. He expected with his friends to enjoy the wedding feast of the king. But, finally, the king came in. He came to inspect and welcome the guests. The keen eye of the king soon detected the man without the wedding garment. Stepping up to him, he said: "Friend, how camest thou in hither without a wed-

ding garment." The man was speechless. He did not dare make the plea that his own was good enough. He was too proud to own that he needed a wedding garment, but he is humbled now. He draws the attention of all the company. He is arrested. He is bound hand and foot. He is cast out, not simply out, but into outer darkness. Oh, friends, it is an awful thing to be cast out of Heaven. To be cast out of Heaven is to be cast into hell. Wouldn't it be an awful thing to miss Heaven at last? Especially, to have been living in the church in the best society, then at the end to be so sorely and bitterly disappointed, to be compelled to weep and wail in outer darkness forever. No parable can do justice to the awful reality; no second chance, no glimmering hope, nothing but despair forever and forever. Ah, it was not so much what this man did, as what he failed to do, that brought him to misery.

In conclusion, if the King should come in tonight how would he find you and me? The King is here, he is looking at you and me. How has he found us? You know.

“THE SONS OF GOD.”

“*Beloved, now are we the sons of God.*”—I. John, 3:2.

Some years ago Prof. Dana, of Yale college, raised the question whether some new or more noble being will not be created to outrank man as man outranks the brute. I am happy to be able to announce that a new race has already made its appearance on the earth, as much above the sons of Adam as the sons of Adam are above the chimpanzee or gorilla.

This superior race is called in the Bible the Sons of God. It is our purpose in this sermon to study the origin, characteristics and privileges of this new being.

I. *Origin.* This new race of beings has a chief, a leader. A very remarkable chief he has been. An old book called the Bible tells of his remarkable career. How he was the first-born among many brethren. He was certainly a different order of being from any that the world had ever seen before. True, he looked like other men, he ate and slept like other men, was susceptible to heat and cold like other men, yet, after all, he was so entirely different from other men, that we might well say a new race had appeared. He was different from other men in that he was without sin—a marvelous difference. Sin is an awful factor in the world. All the sons of Adam are contaminated with it—no exceptions whatever—but here is a being without sin. May we not consider him a new order of creation? We also find that this Prince of the new order was entirely unselfish. The sons of Adam are by nature full of selfishness and self-seeking. Here is a being who always forgets himself for the good of others. He also differed from the sons of Adam in his intellectual status—he taught an entirely new set of truths, eye openers, heart-openers. Then he taught those truths in an entirely different way from the world's teachers. The world had had some great teachers, but had never seen a teacher like this one. Then he was so different from other men as to the power he possessed—power over nature, power over disease, power over men and devils. Where did he come from? He said he came down

from Heaven. Who will dare to deny it. He was the Prince of those called the "Sons of God."

So much about the chief of our new order. How about the rank and file? How about the other "Sons of God?" What is their origin? The old Book says: "To as many as receiveth Him to them gave He the *right* to become the Sons of God." Now, we understand that this chief of the Sons of God has the power to give the right to the sons of Adam to become the Sons of God. Now comes the strange, marvelous part of the Prince's work. He gives rights to Sonship to all who believe on His name. Where did our Prince get the rights that he is so freely distributing? Ah, let us speak softly, tenderly, as we see the Prince undertaking this mighty work. Listen! "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the Sons of God." Here's the secret—God became so much interested in us that He sent His Son, out of pure love, to buy by suffering and sorrow and death, this incomparable right to a place in the new order of beings: *Sons of God*.

Now, we understand that membership in this new race of beings comes through a process of evolution, the right having been given by the chief. This is the marvelous work of the Prince, to procure rights to Sonship for all of Adam's race. But notice the right does not lift one to the new order of being. A right must be claimed and exercised, or it will be lost forever. That investment in the Savings Bank will be worthless to you if you never claim it. You may be an heir to a great fortune—have a legal right to it—

but through carelessness or the dishonesty of others you may never possess your inheritance. But men have a great faculty for standing up for their rights. People will contend long and hard for what they call their rights. This is the secret of many of the wars and much of the heroism which illuminates the pages of history. Oh, how men have fought and died for the right of liberty. But a richer, better, more glorious right is put within our reach. Is it possible that any have failed to appreciate this right? Is it possible that any sons of Adam have failed to become the Sons of God? It is too true that an old enemy called Satan is trying to cheat the sons of Adam out of their inheritance. He is deceiving multitudes of them in every conceivable way so that many are not entering upon the new order of being. It is true that many have resisted the devil and fought bravely and successfully for their rights and have most gloriously entered upon a most wonderful possession. If the people everywhere understood the glory of the new possession courage would throb in every heart, vigor would nerve every arm, they would become thoroughly aroused and would so bravely fight for their rights in Christ that the old enemy would be defeated all along the line, and multitudes would claim their rights and enter upon the new scale of being—Sons of God.

I intimated a few moments ago that a Son of God was evolved out of a son of Adam. Now, I believe in evolution in a limited sense. Whatever may be our ideas about evolution science proves to us that there is a great gap or chasm between the highest brute and the lowest man, a gap that cannot be filled by any mere

development of the unassisted brute. There is likewise just as big a gap, yes, bigger, between the sons of Adam and the Sons of God. A chasm that can never be bridged by the training, the culture, the development of the lower race. This chasm can only be bridged by a new creation, or as the Book puts it—"Being born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." Or as Christ himself put it—"Ye must be born again." Thus we see that the new order of being originated with God. He giving His Son to come into our flesh as Chief or Prince—then evolving the rank and file from the sons of Adam, the right having been secured by the chief and the new life by the regenerating power of the Spirit of God.

II. *Characteristics.* Knowing God to be supremely great and holy, full of goodness, truth and power, then knowing the chief, the new founder of the new order, the type, the model, the elder brother, to be what the Bible portrays him, we may rightly expect much from the Sons of God. Heaven and earth, men and angels, God and demons—all expect much, very much, from this new order of beings, *the Sons of God.*

We intimated that there is a greater difference between the Sons of God and the sons of Adam than there is between the sons of Adam and the brute creation. The first characteristic we notice is *life*. The brute has animal life and a low degree of intellectual life. The sons of Adam have animal life and a high degree of mental and soul life. But the Sons of God have a new order of life—spiritual life. Sonship im-

plies life, it expresses life. What a mystery is life! The scientists and philosophers all stand confounded before the gap between life and death. So far as science can settle anything it has been settled that life cannot be produced from death. Science has done its best by chemical and mechanical forces to produce life, but has utterly failed to produce even the lowest forms of life. This seems to be the sole privilege of the omnipotent Creator. If the chasm between matter and animal life is so broad, so utterly impassable, how broad and deep and dark the abyss between a dead sinner and a child of God born of the spirit. The production of animal life is a work far inferior to the giving life to a dead soul. The East is not more distant from the West than is a dead soul from a living spirit.

What difference there is between dead matter, say a big cold rock, and a human being! They are composed of matter, both of them, but the latter is matter full of life. What constitutes the great difference between a human body in a coffin and a human body moving about the room? Life makes the difference. The difference between a dead soul and a living soul is even greater. Their outward manifestations may not differ much. Both wear clothes, both eat and drink, both laugh and talk, both may suffer pain and both may die physically. The difference is largely internal. The one feels the heart-throb of new life, the other is sleeping in the embrace of spiritual death. The one has his affections centered in Christ and the whole trend of his being is upward, heavenward, Godward. The affections of the other is cen-

tered in self and his nature is moving downward to baser and carnal things. God's word, spiritual songs, great divine truths thrill the former with joy unutterable, while they fall with no interest on the insensible nature of the other.

Now we approach another characteristic of the new race. We have said that life, spiritual life, is a characteristic. Now this spiritual life is eternal life. What is eternal life? The popular idea of eternal life is to live forever. Now the Bible does not say that eternal life is to live forever, true it means that, but the Bible definition of eternal life is to know God. "This is Life Eternal—that they might know Thee, the true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." Ah, this is another characteristic of the Sons of God—knowing God. It is very natural that the child should know the Father. Men don't need to be taught that there is a God—they instinctively know there is a God, they instinctively yearn for God as a child yearns for Mother. The cry of the child of Adam is "Oh, that I knew where I might find him." When life comes in, the heart knows God instinctively, as a child knows its mother. The Son of God may not know why or how he knows God, but it is enough for him that he knows God. The child of God will not know all about God, still he will know Him. There is a great busy man whose mind has been filled all day with gigantic problems. He comes home in the evening, his little child meets him—thinks he knows his papa. The father adapts himself to the child, joins in his simple prattle, but what does that child know of the gigantic thoughts and plans and accom-

plishments of the father? Still the child knows him enough to love him. So the child of God knows God, loves to meet God, loves to commune with God, and if he keeps on in the company of God he will learn to know him much better.

The next characteristic we mention is that of *likeness*. It is natural that the child should have some resemblance to the father. Peter says the Sons of God partake of the Divine nature. Each son has a personal identity, still if he is a genuine son he will have a strong resemblance to the father. He will in some sense be like him. So we find that this new race has the family characteristic of Love. God is Love, His children will resemble Him in this. This is a distinctive attribute of the Sons of God: Love. This is the very foundation principle of his life. The first impulse of the new-born soul is love. Love to God, love to the brethren, love to all humanity. A lady recently told me that before she was converted she just hated some of those church members, but now, she said, "I love them, every one—I love everybody." This is a never-failing characteristic of sonship. John says: "He that loveth not his brother abideth in death." The great chief of our new order sent forth even a stronger command to the rank and file of the Sons of God, viz: "Love your enemies." With the old Adam nature that would be simply impossible, but to a Son of God it becomes a pleasure to love their enemies. When you see a person holding malice, hatred and spite in his heart toward another you may just set that down as at least not a characteristic of the "Sons of God."

Another family resemblance is a love for holiness and a hatred of sin. The tendency of the son of Adam is to hate holiness and love sin. The true child of God loves purity, cleanness. It yearns for, cries out for holiness and cannot rest till free from sin. The biggest difference between the Sons of God and the sons of Adam lies in this one word, "*Sin.*" Every person expects a "*Son of God*" to quit being mean, that he quit what he knows to be wrong, that he quit being dishonest, stealing and telling lies. This is the general idea that the world has. And it is wholesome. And yet there is a sickly, unwholesome sentiment among many who profess to be the "*Sons of God*" that because they are not very big sons and don't talk about it very much they have a sort of license to commit sin. The state may grant a man a license to commit sin, but God never does. No place within the lids of the Bible can you or I find any authority to commit sin. The Word is so explicit on this subject. But some one says, "Doesn't the Bible say that we sin daily in thought, word and deed?" No, the Bible says nothing of the kind, implies nothing of the kind. The devil never tries to palm off a more destructive lie on God and His people. The Bible says plainly as words can put it: "Little children, let no man deceive you. He that committeth sin is of the devil. Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin. Whosoever abideth in Him sinneth not, whosoever sinneth hath not seen Him, neither known Him." These passages need some explanation. The Greek tenses tell us that a continual, habitual action is meant, not a single isolated act. Further, we must

remember that it is an axiom of moral philosophy that there is no guilt without volition—that the sin must be a voluntary act. Now, we understand the meaning to be, whosoever is in the habit of committing wilful sin is of the devil, and whosoever is born of God is not in the habit of committing wilful sin. Now, I am sure we will all agree that no lower standard ought to be expected of a *Son of God* than this.

III. *Privileges.* The privileges and prerogatives of a *Son of God* are divinely great. The Book plainly says: "If sons, then heirs—heirs of God." I hope God will open our eyes that we may see somewhat of what it means to be a Son of God. When the Danish Missionaries stationed at Malabar set some of their converts to translate a catechism, in which it was asserted that believers became the sons of God, one of the translators was so startled that he suddenly laid down his pen and exclaimed, "It is too much; let me rather render it 'They shall be permitted to kiss His feet.'"

The Sons of God are heirs of all that God possesses. God does not mean that his children should be paupers. "All things are yours." All of temporal good, all of spiritual good things, all eternal good things. Every Son of God is a millionaire if he don't have a copper. If you are God's son you have a right to all God has to give—which is all things. Further, the Son of God is heir of all that God is. God is love, I'm his child, I inherit his nature. God is good, I'm his child. God is holy, I'm his child. God is all-wise, I'm his child. God is eternal, I'm his child. I must inherit these things from my Father.

Then again, the Son of God is heir of God himself. What an infinite portion. The man who owns a beautiful farm walks out upon it and with a good deal of satisfaction says, "This is all mine," or he may own some magnificent mansion on some Euclid avenue, as he proudly walks through its gilded halls, he says, "It is mine." When a man can look up at a great business block, or over a great manufacturing plant, and say, "It is mine," it is a source of great satisfaction. Oh, how much greater is the privilege of the "Son of God" as he looks up into the face of God and with a feeling of filial tenderness say—"He is mine." How much greater is the joy of the believer as he leans his heart on the heart of Jesus and whispers, "Mine." "My Lord and my God." With what infinite satisfaction can he look upon the blessed Holy Spirit and say, "Mine, all mine, my teacher, my guide, my comforter for all eternity."

"OVERCOMING THE WORLD BY FAITH."

"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—I. John 5:4.

There is war ahead. They tell us the day of war is over. Not so. There is war at hand. The text speaks of conquest and victory—that sounds like war. It is to be hoped that war among the civilized nations is at an end. But the end is not yet to spiritual warfare. Many a battle is to be fought and many a victory won before all the saints are safely housed with God.

God wishes a company of "victors," of "overcomers" up in Heaven. He has us here under trial. He wishes heroes who can get the victory. Some of you went out to the civil war. What did you go for? To stand up to be shot at? No. No one likes to be shot at. You went out for a principle. You went out for your country. You came home flushed with victory. You have a reward. You have a united country. You have a country free from slavery. You have a country abundant in prosperity. In the spiritual warfare victory is possible. For every victor there is abundant reward. The question that interests every one of us is—will it pay to contend for the victory? Shall I hide in the back woods or shall I march bravely to the front? Christ says: "He that saveth his life shall lose it." Better get out of the woods. Better try for the victory. Any wages? Any reward? If you are being tempted to hide, or sulk away, let me hold up to you the prize to inspire you to a great effort. Christ himself promises an immortality in the paradise of God. He says: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life that is in the paradise of God." "The tree of life" is a symbol of immortality. The soul of man is not satisfied. It catches glimpses of immortality—it longs after immortality. The promise is for immortality. Not an immortality here, not an indifferent immortality, but an immortality with God in the paradise of God. Now, is not that a reward worth striving for? But that is not all. Here is another reward that ought to make every heart bound with grateful joy. What is it? I answer a life insurance policy. We have what we call life insurance.

But it is a misnomer. They cannot insure against the loss of life—they only reward our friends if our life is taken. If they were able to get up a real life insurance company—that would really insure against the ravages of death, what a run of business they would have. But such a thing cannot be. But Christ offers to every overcomer something better—not a policy against death but a policy against the second death. Hear Him—“He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death.” What is the second death? Read Rev. 21: 8. Death is sure. The second death is just as sure, unless the victor’s crown wreathes our brow—then it cannot touch us. The next reward is hard to interpret. Hear it. “To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it.” The next reward is a promise of dominion here and hereafter. God implanted in every breast a desire for dominion and designed that each person should be a king. This desire is illustrated by the clamor for office, the mad craze to be senator, president, king or queen. Christ says to the victor—“I will make thee ruler over many things.” Among the things he says, “I will give him the morning star.” What does that mean? I am free to say “I don’t know.” I only can offer a conjecture. There are plenty of morning stars in this great universe of ours. Perhaps he will send a victor to the inhabitants of each of these stars as a messenger to warn of sin by telling of the awful calamity that fell upon us and the story of our deliverance. At any rate here is a promise of power.

“THE DEVELOPING POWER OF CHRIST’S FRIENDSHIP.”

“*Henceforth I call you not servants; but I have called you friends.*”—John 15:15.

These words are so familiar it may be hard for us to get their depth of meaning. The farewell message of a dying friend is always interesting. Christ was going to the cross. Within twenty-four hours he would be cold in death. He gathers the disciples into an upper room and talks to them—He talks right out of his heart. Among the things He tells them are the words of the text—“not ‘servants’ but ‘friends.’” He had called them servants, in the new dispensation of the Spirit he would henceforth call them friends. Why this change of name? Have the disciples brought Christ down or has He lifted them up that there might be this mutual friendship? Christ is the same. They are elevated. See what He has done for them! Without Him they would never have been anything. Doubtless they would have lived and died peasants. The world would have known nothing whatever of them. His intercourse and conversation raised them to a place among the best and wisest of men. His influence had so developed their crude powers that they are henceforth to lead the thought of the centuries and to be called by Christ his friends. This brings us to our topic: “*The Developing Power of Christ’s Friendship.*”

Emerson says: “A friend is one who can make us do what we can.” Those disciples were crude, yet intelligent. They had latent powers, if only they had a master hand to develop those powers, if only they had a true friend to make them do what they were

capable of doing. They found such a friend in Jesus. We, too, have latent powers, but we cannot develop without some power outside of ourselves. We, too, need a true friend that can make us do what we can. I am so glad that we, too, may have the same "Friend" whose developing power wrought so mightily upon those crude disciples. Taking for granted that we are Christ's friends and that he is our friend, let us, if we can, try to see how such a friendship develops us.

First, we notice that confidence is a prominent characteristic of friendship. The least shadow of suspicion or idea of want of confidence will wither friendship. It can only live in that pure light that looks down into the soul and sees all that is there. The Christian who is the true friend of Christ has no suspicions and doubts about Christ's friendship. His confidence must be implicit or the friendship will droop and die. But he who trusts a friend must have some ground for confidence. Certainly. You ask a man how it comes he has so much confidence in his friend. He replies: "I know him well. I have known him for many years, and I have, in all this time, never known him to do a mean or shabby thing. More than that, all his neighbors, those who have known him longer than I have, with united voice all declare that they have the utmost confidence in him, because he has never been known to betray a trust, has never been untrue to any one." This is ground for confidence. People cannot help having confidence in such a person. Is Christ trustworthy? It seems almost blasphemous to intimate that he is not worthy of confidence. But to hear Christian people talk

about their doubts and fears and lack of faith is enough to make one believe that they had very little faith in their Friend. Brother, if you were to go round talking that way about your wife, saying you "had doubts about her fidelity, that you had great fears that she might leave you and that you did not have very much faith in her" what would people think? To say the least they would think there was something radically wrong. So there must be something radically wrong about the person who talks in that way about his Christ. Is there ground for confidence in Christ? He came down into this world and lived with us. We got to know him. The universal testimony of saint and sinner is, there never lived such an one. He never did one wrong thing. He was never untrue. He was always faithful, never deceived any one, made good all his promises, never did a mean thing. His spirit and power have been in the world ever since. As an advocate he never lost a case, as a physician he never lost a patient, as a deliverer he has never failed to rescue, as a captain he has never lost a battle, as a friend he has *never, never* proved false to a single one of the millions who have put their trust in Him. Ground for confidence! There never was and never will be such ground for confidence. Then away with our doubts—no more talk about lack of faith. You may doubt your mother, your wife, your husband, your best earthly friend—but never at the peril of your soul, never at the darkest hour, never again doubt Christ. If we expect the friendship of Christ we must have confidence in him.

In what, however, is the developing power shown?

In this confidence is the ground of faith. Faith is the key to all the store-houses of grace. The Christian who has come into that intimate friendship with Christ will have just at his hand all the needs to grow and develop into the likeness of Christ. But friendship is a reciprocal relation. There must be mutual confidence. We can easily have confidence in Christ. But turn it about, can Christ have confidence in us? Can God trust us? If there is to be an abiding friendship, Christ must be able to trust us—we, too, must be trustworthy. God does trust us. It is God's way of making something out of us. The fact is recognized everywhere that the best way to get a man to do his best is to put confidence in him. Let him feel that he is implicitly trusted and he is a person with very little manhood if he will betray that trust. Every teacher who has had any experience knows that the best way to make something out of a very bad boy is to let him feel that you have confidence in him. Trust such a boy and in four cases out of five you will make a man out of him. . God has trusted us enough to put our destiny in our own hands. Many see the confidence God has reposed in them and are devoutly endeavoring to come up to God's expectations. But that is not all. Those who are taken into Christ's friendship are further trusted. Christ has reposed in his friends the great trust, the awful responsibility of converting the world. "I have chosen you and ordained you that you should go and bring forth fruit." God has chosen the members of the church to carry salvation to the lost of their community. He has laid the duty on you and

expects you to do it. What are we individually doing to save souls? God has trusted us to the extent of putting into our hands the destiny of souls. Shall we betray that trust? Will God be disappointed in us? Will souls be lost because we are recreant? A friend of yours, one you love and esteem, places a message in your hand and says: "You are the only person living that I can trust with this message. The life of my child is at stake, all depends on the safe and speedy delivery of this message. I can trust you." What kind of a monster would you be if you carelessly failed to fulfill the confidence reposed in you. God has placed in your hand a message to some unsaved friend or neighbor. Everything depends upon your faithful delivery of the message. Can God depend on you to deliver it? We can easily see the developing power of such a friendship. A feeling that we are trusted immediately brings a feeling of responsibility. Responsibility inspires a man to do his best to meet the responsibility. To feel that God trusts us awakens in our nature all our latent energy so that we may be at our best for God. This awakening of latent energy is development. It is Christ's friendship making us do what we can.

Secondly, we notice that love is a prominent characteristic of friendship. The scripture says, "A friend loveth at all times." O, how Christ must have loved those disciples of his. He, whose heart was all love, whose very nature was all on fire of love; He, who loved the wretched, the miserable and the vile, must have loved those intimate friends of his with a love that we cannot comprehend. He loved John.

He is called the beloved disciple. He is found reclining with his head on Jesus' bosom. He loved Peter. You remember it was a look of love that broke sinning Peter's heart. When he goes to dark Gethsemane he takes those he loved most with him. You know how it is. In the hour of anguish and pain and sorrow we always want our loved ones near by. Ah, he loved them, for he declares: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." It was that love of Christ for them that held them to him for those three years of trial. It was his love that made them hang on his life and do his bidding. It was his wondrous love that lifted them out of their old rude natures and developed them into the apostles of the Son of God. Yes, Jesus loved Peter and James and John; Mary and Martha and Lazarus. They were his friends. But he is still the friend of men. If we wish it he will be our friend. He loves us. If we let him by that strange love he will lift us out of our old selfish self into a state of intimate friendship with himself. Christ has proved his love to us as well as to the disciples. Moses stepped into the breach in behalf of Israel and thus proved his love for them. David proved his love for Absalom when he prayed: "Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son." Did not Jesus abundantly prove his love for you and me, by not only stepping into the breach, by not only being willing to die for us, but by really giving his life for us that he might win us as His friends? Yes, he loves us. Does he love us because we are lovely, because he sees any beauty in our character? No, no, there is no charm in us. We

are all covered with sin—just the thing he hates. Still out of his great heart he loves us.

“When one who has never sailed out upon the ocean stands on its shore and watches the trembling waves as they surge and break upon the sands, how little does he know of the majesty and grandeur of the great deep! Of its storms, of its power, of its secrets, of its unfathomable chambers, of its unweighed treasures! So we stand where the Spirit of God breaks upon the shore of our world. We see its silver edge. We feel the splash of its waves upon our hearts. But of its infinite reaches and outgoings beyond our shores we know nothing. Yet blessed are they who even stand by the shore and lave their hearts in the shallowest eddies of this divine ocean.” Amazing love! Wonderful love! Paul prays that we “may be able to comprehend with all saints the length, the breadth, the depth, the height of it, that we may know the love of Christ that passeth knowledge.” But love is also a mutual relation. Love must have love to live and feed upon. Unreturned love may burn for a time but at last it droops and dies, and very often bitter hatred fills its place. Even the Almighty One will not love forever. We are taught that even His love, if insulted, if spurned, if unrequited will turn to wrath and vengeance upon those who will not be persuaded to love him. Christ loved those disciples and we have every reason to believe they loved him in return, especially after his death, when they really understood what he had done for them. In answer to the Lord’s question “Lovest thou me?” Peter said, “Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee.”

Peter, as well as the other disciples, proved their love by their devotion to their Master's cause, most of them dying the death of martyrs, thus showing that they were worthy to be called the friends of God. They loved Christ, but the question for us is: do we love him? Do we love him enough to be taken into the close relationship of friends? I am afraid our love is cold and feeble compared to his great burning love for us. This is such an important point. This is the center of the whole matter. Our obedience is no obedience unless it springs from love. Our service is no service unless it is prompted by love. Our benevolence is only selfishness unless love moves it. All is but sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal unless the power that moves our chariot wheels is love. "Oh, how can I love Him as I ought" is the cry that comes from many an anxious heart. The answer is, believe. Believe what? Believe that He died for you. It does seem preposterous that a man who has been dead for nineteen centuries should demand my heart's best love. It is one of the unique facts of the world's history that mankind has responded to this demand and millions have loved Him more than their own lives, and although so many centuries have passed more love Him today than ever before. It is accounted for only by the fact that each individual believes and feels that "He loved me and gave Himself for me." A man in the national cemetery at Nashville stood weeping over a humble grave. A passer by asked him if it were the grave of a son or brother. "No," he said, "he was my substitute. I came all the way from the North to see the grave of the man who died for me."

This idea that He died for me, if allowed a lodgment in our hearts, will awaken love. This has power and warmth in it. This, and this only, will melt the ice about our hearts and let them flow out in tender affection. The love that looks long upon the cross is the love that becomes intense, that burns, that glows. Oh, brothers, let us believe him more, let us look upon him more, and we will surely love him more.

But what is the developing power of such a friendship where the ocean of God's love is beating in great billows upon the human heart, and that redeemed heart with all its power is throbbing back to the heart of its Friend a ceaseless, an intense love, a burning, glowing love? The thought is burdensome. It is beyond us. But we may get some glimpses of its power upon the heart. That amazing love of God received into our souls will kill, and it is the only thing that will kill selfishness; that love of God will mould, and the only thing that will mould these natures into the likeness of his own glorious nature; that love, and that only, will knit into one common body of friendship all who truly love the Son of God. Then the promise is so rich to those who reciprocate that love. He crowns our poor love to him with rich rewards and sparkling crowns. Listen: "He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him and will manifest myself to him." The Father will come and love him, the Son will come and love him, and they together will reveal themselves to him and he shall know God. The great cry of the age is: "How may I know God." Science more and more is telling us that we know nothing. This coming of

God to the heart of humanity is the great fact that must lift the world out of unbelief and misery and sin and woe. To love God is to have God revealed to the heart. God loves them that love Him not, but the secrets of God, the rich, sweet treasures of grace, the depths and sacred favors of His own great heart are reserved for those who love Him. Then again, the Father and the son not only come but they abide. The same blessed word is used, as in that first verse when He mentions the many mansions, "We will come and make our mansion with Him." While the glorified are enjoying the "Many Mansions" of Heaven we may enjoy the mansions of his own adorable presence. Oh, how this loving God, this being loved of God, this knowing God, this abiding in the mansion with God, oh, how all this must develop the heart power of a true Christian. How he widens, how he broadens, how he deepens, how that heart must grow richer in divine things! Oh, beloved, would you know God, love him. Would you develop into his likeness, love him. Would you have his holy presence day and night, love him. Would you be God's friend to whom he whispers his secrets, love him.

In the third place we will notice one more characteristic of friendship and try to see how it also develops the nature. This third characteristic is obedience. "Ye are my friends *if ye do* whatsoever I command you." At first thought we would not place obedience among the characteristics of friendship. What is obedience? The harmony of wills. Here are two boys. One obeys his mother because he has

to, the other because he loves to. The latter only is obedience. The former is called obedience but it is not worthy of the name. The obedience of friends is an earnest desire in each to do the will of the other only for dear love's sake.

To the disciples He said: "Ye are no longer servants obeying like slaves, ye are now friends, obeying for friendship's sake." But since friendship is a reciprocal relation how can we speak of Christ's obeying them. Verse 7 makes that very plain: "If ye abide in Me (that is, if the friendship shall remain) ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." Christ here clearly tells them and us that if they and we abide in Him, our will shall be His will. Behold the "Omnipotent" obeying mortal man. It is because he has made us his friends that he has committed himself to obey us. Oh, what a privilege! What power he has conferred upon us! God's resources are at our command. He is pledged to obey the wish of any one of his friends. But if we are to be his friends we must reciprocate his obedience, we must reciprocate that 7th verse and be willing to say to him, "O, Lord Jesus, ask what Thou wilt of me. I haven't the capacity of doing as Thou hast but according to the utmost of my ability it shall be done unto Thee." Oh, brothers, if all Christians would talk that way to God and mean it, what a different world this would be. Oh, these wills of ours, how they need to be brought into harmony with God's will, that we may obey him implicitly, lovingly. This might be hard if God were a stranger or a monster, but he is our *Friend*. There can never be any

risk in every day yielding all to Him. Some one may say: "How can I obey him, how can I keep his commandments?" The answer is: "Love." Obedience that comes from fear, from duty, obedience that is formal, constrained, or that is copied from some other person, without the presence in it of loving submission—all *that* is nothing and Christ does not call it obedience at all. "He that loveth me not keepeth not my sayings." No love, no obedience. "His commandments are too alien from our nature ever to be kept, unless by the might of love. It was only the rising sunbeam that could draw music from the stony lips of Memmon, as he gazed out across the desert. And it is only when Christ's love shines in our faces that we open our lips in praise and move our hands in service. Those great rocking stones down in Cornwall stand unmoved by any tempest, but a child's fingers, put at the right place, will set them vibrating. And so the heavy, hard, stony bulk of our hearts lie torpid and immovable until He lays His loving finger upon them and they rock at His will."

There is no obedience without the love of true friendship. Outward service, if the heart is wanting, is nothing but rubbish; morality without love is valueless. The one thing that makes a Christian is loving obedience. As long as loving obedience remains in the heart the friendship is unbroken. But if self-will arises and asserts itself and throws off obedience to Christ's will his presence and friendship departs. "In the last hours of the holy city there was heard by the trembling priests amid the midnight darkness the motion of departing Deity, and a great voice said:

‘Let us depart hence’; and tomorrow the shrine was empty and the day after it was in flames.’ Christ’s presence in true friendship can only be kept by loving obedience. How can we measure the developing power of this characteristic of friendship? When God obeys us what may we not have? On our part one little act of obedience is worth more to reveal God to us than all the study and speculation of a lifetime. When our little puny wills are placed alongside of His great powerful will what a chance there is for our will to take on new power! And they do take on new power and will take on new power eternally, if the friendship remains unbroken.

In conclusion we would recapitulate. We have seen that the confidence or faith resulting from Christ’s friendship develops the intellect. We have seen that the love of Christ’s friendship develops the heart power or sensibilities. We have seen that the obedience of friendship develops the will. Thus the whole being is touched and systematically developed by the infinite power of this Almighty Friend.

Does some one ask, how can I get the faith, love and obedience—the friendship of such an One? There is only one answer, brethren. We know that we love him when we know that he loves us, and we know that he loves us when we see him dying on the cross. So here is the ladder that starts down in the miry clay of the horrible pit and fastens its golden hooks on the throne. The first round is, Behold the dying Christ and his love to me. The second is, Let that love melt my heart into sweet responsive love. The third is, Let my love mould my life into obedi-

ence. And then Christ and God in Him will come to me and show himself to me and give me a fuller knowledge and a deeper love and make his dwelling with me. And then there is only one step left and that will land us by the throne of God, in the many mansions of the Father's house, where we shall make our abode with Him forevermore.

“BLESSEDNESS OF RIGHT DELIGHTS.”

“*His delight is in the law of the Lord.*”—Psa. 1:2.

The old Wesleyan hymn book had as a frontispiece a picture of Mr. Wesley. Daniel Quorm compares the book of Psalms to the hymn book—this first psalm being the frontispiece, a picture of “the blessed man.” This picture has a background. It is the ungodly man walking, and the sinner talking, and the scorner sitting. But “the blessed man” has his back toward them. What is he doing? The open Bible is before him. He is not reading—he is in deep thought. Some passage has especially attracted his attention and now he is meditating. On the right of the man is a flowing river; on the bank of the river is a beautiful tree. It is straight and comely, covered with a luxurious foliage, but better than that, it is full of choice fruit. The tree represents the moral nature of “the blessed man.” We wish to get an intelligent look at this picture and try to learn some spiritual lessons. The key note of this psalm is the text, “His delight is in the law of the Lord.” Tell me what a man delights most in and I will tell you something of his character. If I tell

you where a man finds his greatest pleasure you will soon make up your mind as to the kind of man he is. If you are told that Mr. A. delights in the saloon, that Mr. B. delights in a horse race, that Mr. C. delights in a big dinner, that Mr. D. delights in the worship of God, you would be able without ever seeing the men to make a pretty good estimate of their characters.

It is natural for one to follow what he takes delight in. If one takes more delight in his newspaper than in the Sunday sermon you will generally find him at home reading his newspaper. If a young lady takes more delight in her clothes than in her Bible, it is soon manifest. If Deacon Q. takes more delight in his tobacco than in having the heathen converted—he will most likely let the heathen get converted the best way they can, while he complacently spits his tobacco juice. If this is true, and it is true, that one's delights govern his conduct and mould his character, how necessary it is that one's delights be of the right kind. If I were searching for the best man in the community I wouldn't ask how a man voted. I wouldn't ask for the man who gave the most liberally to the church, nor for the man who made the highest profession, nor for the one who read his Bible the most. I would ask for the man who meditated most upon God and his Word. The man in the text meditated on God's word day and night. Why? Because his delight is in it. This man delighted in a right thing. This caused him to perform right acts. The aim of Methodism has always been to get men to delight in their religion—that is to enjoy God. Many men are religious because it is their duty to be religious—they take no

special delight in it. While we admire the principle of such an one, his moral stamina, yet I'm afraid, if he has no heart, no soul, no love, no joy, no delight in it, according to the 13th of 1st Corinthians, that there is no religion in it at all. We should, however, guard against the opposite extreme of spending all the time in a search for exstasy. The man of the text is a man who delights not in exstasy but in his Bible. He is therefore a man blessed of God—a man who lives a happy life. The original reads, "O, the blessedness, or O, the happiness of the man." Here we see the blessedness of right delights. Can we wonder that there are so many underlings, so many moral dwarfs in the church of God and so few blessed men—so few with the unmistakable benediction of Heaven resting on them, where there are so few who delight themselves in the Bible, in holiness, in Christ, in God?

I. This man because he delights in the "Law of the Lord" is *blessed in his thinking*. The great demand of the times is for thinkers. The man in the text delights in something that has food for thought, something that inspires thought. A man is going to think about the thing he delights most in. One may read the Bible much from duty but will not think much about it—consequently will not get much good from it. The Bible is a great inexhaustible mine of thought. There is only one other book that may at all be compared to the Bible as a book to inspire thought. What is that? Shakespeare? No it is God's other book. The book of Nature. He who delights in nature will have plenty to think about. He who delights in the *Bible* will have plenty to think about. But if we put

our greatest delights on other things, there is great danger that our thinking will not come up to God's standard. How careful we should be of our thoughts! These minds are always busy. What kind of thoughts are we thinking? Our thinking follows the line of our pleasures. If our greatest pleasures follow along the line of light, trifling, superficial matters, our thoughts will follow along the same line—our thoughts will not be elevating and ennobling. But if our greatest pleasures are in the Bible, in Christ, in God, in nature, then our thoughts will naturally follow the same channels and we will find ourselves engaged with great, deep, broad, rich thoughts—thoughts that will ennoble us, thoughts that will inspire our hearts, thoughts that will make us long to be like Christ and desire to be with him. The man of the text is a blessed man—blessed in his thinking because his delight is in the Law of the Lord.

II. The delight that this "blessed man" takes in the "Law of the Lord" keeps him *out of bad company*. A good deal has been said recently about the expulsive power of a new affection. If one is all taken up with the delights of God and his word he won't have any time, energy or inclination for bad company. Something new, something better has taken possession of him, and the old delights are nauseating to him, they sicken his moral nature. They rasp on his moral nerves. I visited a carpenter's shop—he was sharpening his saw—the music was rasping to my nerves and I soon beat a hasty retreat. I learned a lesson from that file and saw with their terrible music. I told my brother that is the way Satan's

music and Satan's pleasures affects the moral nerves of one who has been communing with God and whose spiritual nature is attuned to the harmonies and symphonies of the spiritual life. It is all discord and jargon to one who has been enjoying the raptures of heavenly bliss. He soon excuses himself and hurries away from that kind of company. A person whose highest delight is the Word of God finds himself very much out of place in a theatre, liquor saloon or ball room. He is a "blessed man" because his right delights have taken away his relish for wrong pleasures.

The Psalmist has classed bad company into three grades, each one worse than the preceding. We are first told that the blessed man walks not in the counsel of the ungodly. By the ungodly is meant the moralist, the man who is not an outbreking sinner. He is honest in paying his debts. He does not swear only when he is very much provoked. He does not lie only when he gets into a very tight place. He is generally a good neighbor, yet he is ungodly in the sense that he does not love God. He has no special use for the atonement—Christ has died in vain as far as any love of his is aroused or concerned. Such a man is generally free with his advice. He tells the young convert that it is all right to belong to the church, but that he must not be righteous overmuch; that there is no harm in his playing a game of cards now and then for pastime, and there is no harm in attending the opera—that good people ought to go to the theatre to elevate it. The ungodly man can go on with such advice for half a day. What does our blessed man do with such counsel as this? He turns

his back squarely against the whole thing. He immediately turns to the object of his delight and falls to meditating on the fourth of Proverbs—"Enter not into the path of the wicked and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away." The second grade is the sinner. The "blessed man" standeth not in the way of the sinner. By the sinner we understand one who is not only without God but is openly wicked, one who violates the laws of God and man. There is not so much danger of the young Christian getting under his influence. But if he follows the advice of the ungodly man keeping company with the sinner is the next step. The blessed man, however, has no special pleasure in the company of either. The next grade is the scorner. To ungodliness and open transgression he adds the mocking at God and religious things. I suppose he is a dirty-mouthed, blaspheming infidel and calls himself an honest doubter. A very fine name, "honest doubter," but the Bible calls him by his true name, a "*scorner*." The person who keeps company with the ungodly and the sinner will after a while be found sitting in the seat of the scorner. Notice the double climax here, on one hand the ungodly, the sinner and the scorner; on the other hand the victim of bad company first walks, then stands or loafs, and lastly he sits down as if he were going to stay. But the "blessed man" is so busy with the object of his delight that he has forgotten all about them, as far as enjoying their presence and their pleasures is concerned. But we understand that if he meditates rightly on the Word his heart will get interested in these very persons and he

will long to win them to his source of pleasure and delight.

III. This man of right delights is not only blessed in his meditations and in his companions but *he is blessed in the kind of character that he possesses.* In the introduction we saw in this picture that the comely tree so full of fruit represented the moral nature or character of the blessed man. You noticed that he is like a planted tree, one cared for, nourished and protected. It is not in that charming place by chance. It is not growing wild on the river bank. It has been placed there by a careful hand. We learn that the blessed man did not come into this estate by his own efforts, but that an omnipotent hand has transplanted him into this garden of the Lord in a very fertile spot, where he is constantly watered by the rivers of His grace.

We notice again that this tree bears seasonable fruit. Strange that the Psalmist should mention that fact. Very few trees bear fruit out of season. But we find that many Christians bear unseasonable fruit and the writer seems anxious to call attention to this fact. The blessed man performs his kind and noble deeds promptly—"exactly when it is needed, without delay or undue haste, like a tree which keeps time with the season—not too soon lest the frost should blight it, not too late for the sun to ripen it." Notice that the fruit is the part of the tree that in no wise benefits itself but it yields it at a sacrifice for the benefit of others. The strength and substance that might have been put into branch and twig and leaf, for its own beauty and luxuriance, is all turned to fruit to

minister to others rather than to itself. We see here in this fruit-bearing tree, the distinguishing characteristic of the Christian—self-denial. He who has not learned to deny himself for the benefit of others has not learned the first lesson of a Christian life. The character of the blessed man is such that by a natural, spontaneous growth of a renewed nature, nourished by the refreshing waters of grace, he brings forth an abundance of fruit to the glory of God. From the loss and pain and sacrifice of the fruit-bearing comes the purest and deepest joy known to a human spirit. In the next place it is further said of this tree—“*Its leaf also shall not wither.*” Most of *our* trees wither in the autumn. We Methodists have been accused of just the opposite—being fresh and vigorous in the winter but withering in the spring and summer. This tree must be an evergreen. Lord make us evergreens! The leaf is a very important part of the tree. Without leaves a tree can not live, much less bear fruit. The leaves are the lungs of the tree—by them it takes in air and sunshine. “The leaf is its strength, it is itself; for the whole tree is simply a modification and development of the leaf, as it is most certainly the creation of the leaf.” The leaf then represents the spiritual life. We find that the spiritual life of the blessed man never withers. He bears fruit for others, but at the same time he keeps his spiritual life vigorous that he himself may grow in grace and goodness and character. The leaf is the avenue by which the air and sunshine reach the tree and form wood, so the spiritual life is the avenue by which the sunshine of God’s grace reaches the heart and forms character. When the spiritual life is vigor-

ous how the life of God quickens and inspires the whole being. No back-sliding here. No growing faint and faltering with the blessed man of our text. He is in constant union with the great river of life, he is constantly breathing in the sunshine of Heaven.

In conclusion we notice that "whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." We have seen that this man is blessed in his thinking. Good thinking ability is conducive to prosperity. He is blessed in his companions. This is conducive to prosperity. He is blessed in his character. This is surely conducive to prosperity. He is prosperous because his delights are in Heavenly things. In applying this idea to our own hearts we are apt to ask—How can I be a blessed man? How may I cultivate a delight in God's word? The answer is: If we love the Author of the Book enough we will take great delight in studying what he has to say to us. A boy away at college, for his first term, one day gets two letters. One a business letter from a stranger, the other from his tender and loving mother. Which does he delight most in? Our loves very largely determine our delights. Our duty is plain. To get on our knees and pray for a baptism of love.

"OUR THOUGHTS."

"Bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."—II Cor. 10:5.

We sometimes say that if we only knew the will of God, we would gladly do it. We talk as if the will of God was not revealed to us. If we carefully study the

word of God we will be surprised to find such explicit directions as to what we shall do and be. We find scores of directions as to what kind of hearts we should have, what dispositions, what feelings, what desires, what tempers, what motives, what impulses should govern these lives. We also find scores of precepts as to our actions in almost every line of conduct—what kind of fathers and mothers we should be, what kind of children, what kind of neighbors, what kind of friends, what kind of Christians. We are not only directed as to what we should say, be and do—as to our words, our condition of heart, our actions, but explicit directions are given us as to what kind of thoughts we should think. In the context, Paul is speaking of himself as a Christian soldier—but he explains that his weapons are not carnal—sword, spear, engine of war—but they are powerful all the same. He is warring to establish the Lord's kingdom that he had founded during his brief ministry. As Wm. Arthur says: "He founded it without geographical limits, without fortress, without fleets. He founded it without drum or banner, or sceptre or throne or crown. He founded it as a kingdom whose foundations were laid in thought, as a kingdom whose wars were to be carried on in thought, as a kingdom whose instruments were those of thought, whose sword was not the sword in hand, but the sword that proceedeth out of the mouth of God, whose charter was the power of the word, whose battlefield, of thought. Into this world of thought Christ's kingdom came to attack all who opposed; and, in its own searching, calm, irrepressible way, with a sword, with a message, with an invitation,

with an argument, with an exhortation, with an entreaty, with a continuous pointing upward, as if it had a distinct connection with the invisible powers, which it had; and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ; thoughts high, thoughts deep, thoughts old, thoughts built upon the foundations, as men supposed, of everlasting principles, thoughts reared up as men, thoughts with genius and toil, thoughts consolidated by the sufferage of ages and thoughts adorned and enriched by the splendor of empires.’’

This same Christianity whose work it has been to lead captive the thought of centuries comes today and lays claim upon your thoughts, upon my thoughts for the purpose of leading them captive to the obedience of Christ. Many of us may not become experts at the art of painting or music but we should all master the art of reflection. Coleridge says: “If you are not a thinking man, for what purpose are you a man at all?” Whether or not we are what are called thinking men and women, the fact remains that these minds are always busy. What are they doing? They are busy all our working hours and often much of the time while we are sleeping. Thinking, thinking—about something. The question for us is: “*What am I all the time thinking about?*” We may know God has not only the ability to read our thoughts, but he has also given us the ability to read them ourselves. So we can stop the mind in its headlong gallop and ask it: “What have you been doing all day?” Happy the person who can say at eventide: “My thoughts during the whole of this day have all been holy, pure, useful,

helpful and ennobling." With most of us there is a great conglomeration of thoughts, good, bad, indifferent. The Psalmist says: "Vain thoughts do I hate." How many of our thoughts are vain, trifling, useless, foolish! Let our better nature sit in judgment. A large number of our thoughts are idle, worthless and degrading, if not really sinful. When we come to the place of worship our minds are so occupied with the thoughts of the world that it is with difficulty that we concentrate our minds upon the worship of Almighty God. They will fly off on something trifling, something vain and unworthy of God's house. If we do not keep the mind busy with good, ennobling thoughts, it must be filled with those that are trifling and unworthy of us. Not only do people have vain and foolish thoughts, but many that wish to be considered pure in life and character are doubtless impure in their thoughts. Was your attention ever called to the sins of the imagination? It is a delicate question but I believe every pastor should sound the note of alarm right here. God knows that this real world is foul enough, impure enough, but—if at some time the curtain could be lifted and the world of imagination made visible as God sees it, oh, what a sight would meet our gaze! Fathers, and mothers, men and maidens, and even children that we considered pure and chaste as the snow are found visiting this imaginary enchanted ground; and were the vail lifted they would hide their faces as from a great disgrace. This is forbidden ground. He who would be pure in heart and life must be pure in thought, "For as a man thinketh in his heart so is he." They think because the thoughts

will never become acts, and because no one knows it, there can be no harm. But God knows it and holds us accountable for our thoughts. We know it and we should know that such thoughts have been the first seeds of destruction in many a ruined life, for all evil deeds are first evil thoughts. Just see the catalogue of enormities presented by the Saviour himself, at the head of which is evil thoughts, as if all the others flowed from this one source. You find in Mark 7:21 "For from within out of the heart of men proceed *evil thoughts*, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride foolishness; all these evils come from within and defile the man." The outward life and character may not become contaminated by the impure thought but the heart is soiled and it is the real man, the real person, the real being, "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." Seeing the effect of impure thoughts, of evil thoughts, how much do we see the need of having them taken captive by a stronger hand, a holier power than our own. Seeing how wild and reckless our thoughts are, seeing they are almost beyond our control and seem to run vagabonds at their own sweet will, how much we need to have them captured, subdued and brought under control that they may be trained to serve Christ.

But what is the power that is to take prisoner these reckless thoughts of ours? The context tells us that it is a mighty power, and it needs to be such, if it is going to catch and subdue these reckless minds of ours. It is none other than the old gospel that is to do this work—the power of God unto salvation. What of

its conquests in the past? In our introduction we stated that the battlefield for conquest had been the battlefield of thought. We stated that Christianity had entered this field, had challenged and opposed the thought of the centuries. What of her success in taking captive the world of thought? Her war with the innumerable thoughts, theories, notions, imaginations, and philosophies has been constant. The great men, the wise men, the learned men of all the centuries with the trained thought of the college and university have assailed her; but by the power of God Christianity has been able to meet them on their own field, not only to meet them but fight them, rout them and take them captive for the glory of God. Christianity has measured swords with every form of infidelity and false thought from the stoicism and epicureanism of the Greeks down to the agnosticism and materialism of the present day. She has not hesitated to grapple with any one of them and to the glory of God she has never lost a battle. True, the conflict with infidelity is still raging in certain sections, but their walls are crumbling, their ramparts are giving way, and new victories fresh and glorious are just at hand. Mr. Moody has just recently made the statement that he does not find as much infidelity in a month as he used to find in one day five years ago. Now, if the gospel of Christ has been able to overthrow, cast down the thoughts of all the ages, is not that same power, amply sufficient to take prisoner our thought, puny and weak compared with the giants of thought of the nations? Ah, yes, the old, old gospel will easily captivate our thought in general and our thought in par-

ticular if we only give it a fair chance. All the gospel has needed in all the ages was to have an opportunity at the heart and thought of man. Then that heart and thought was revolutionized. Let the Gospel in. How? Hear it! Young men and maidens, old men and children, hear it! "I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service; and be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the *renewing of your minds* that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God." A renewing of the mind is needed—a transformation by the power of the Holy Ghost. The heart was made new when you extend the kingdom of God, but if your inner nature persists in the indulgence of thoughts that are in any sense sinful you are in the same condition that Paul took the Romans to be. Your nature needs the renewing power of the Holy Ghost. Give yourself to God and ask for the renewal. There is here as well as everywhere else in grace the united effort of man and God. Man must desire, long for, put himself in the right attitude, then ask, ask in faith and he shall receive. So prayer is the great remedy for renegade thoughts. But some one says: "That is just one of the difficulties, my thoughts are wandering even in prayer." No doubt this is the case of many. What shall I do? Stop immediately. Think! "Into whose presence have I come? To whom am I talking? What responsibility rests upon me in the presence of the King?" Then when the mind is awed into subjection turn all your batteries of prayer right on that one

point; wrestle with God till deliverance comes. Better take completely one battery at a time than to make a random shot at a dozen and do no effective service anywhere. When wandering thoughts in prayer has yielded and become a docile captive, turn your batteries of prayer and divine grace upon another point, wandering thoughts in singing, perhaps. For it is very likely that help is needed here as badly as at the last point named. Then try the same remedy on the scripture lesson and finally on the sermon. Bear in mind that the preacher prepared his sermon especially for you, there is something in this sermon that will exactly suit your case, if you are only able to get it. Now you have done what you can. With a prayer for the preacher and one for yourself enter upon the task of mastering that sermon and more than likely you will be so completely taken captive, so completely lost to everything about you, that the message of God will have full sway in your being, you will be blessed and ready to say: "That is the best sermon our preacher ever preached." It was not, perhaps, the best sermon, but it was the best listener your pew had ever had—this accounts for the difference. Then turn the batteries on Monday's thoughts as well as Sunday's. Let there be a persistent raid upon all the train of useless and evil thoughts. Let the vain thoughts, the useless thoughts, the trifling thoughts, the malicious thoughts, the suspicious thoughts, the impure thoughts, the unchaste thoughts all be taken captive? Is it not too much to expect that all our thoughts be taken captive? No, the text says "every thought." That doesn't just mean some erroneous opinion we may

have that needs correction, it does not mean Sunday's thoughts and not Monday's thoughts. It means just what it says—"every thought." Some one may say, "Do you mean to teach that we as Christians shall not have a vain, trifling, foolish or impure thought entering our minds?" No, the text does not teach that, but it does teach that when they do come our minds shall be taken captive and shall be set to think of something better. We may not be able to entirely hinder their coming. With evil around us, temptation behind and before us, an artful devil to suggest them to our minds, we may not be responsible for their coming. But *it is* our duty when we find them to take them prisoner immediately. These evil thoughts are the ground of all our temptations. Such were the temptations of Christ in the wilderness. He sent a passage of scripture after each renegade thought and brought it back into obedience to the Father.

Our *thought obeys Christ* when it follows some channel in accord with His will. But, how may I know His will in this matter of thought? Go to the Word. It is amazing how explicit it is in the matter of our thoughts. Summing it all up, I would say: "Think God's thoughts." His thoughts are made known in two ways; by things, by words. Things are signs of God's thoughts; words are signs of God's thoughts. We first notice the former. To illustrate—Here is a steam engine. It is the sign of an idea. The idea lived in the brain of a man before it took the form in iron and steel. There is a tree. It is the sign of an idea—but God's idea. Things are signs of God's thoughts. Think of things in order to get God's

thoughts out of them. But we cannot see God's thoughts in everything. We are limited. We are told: "Secret things belong to the Lord our God; but those things that are revealed belong unto us and to our children forever." There are mysteries we may not penetrate, but there are myriads of revealed things we may think upon. We may record our thoughts of them and hand them down to our children that they may pursue the study of God's thoughts still further. But all revealed things are not necessarily signs of God's thoughts. The saloon, for instance, we soon perceive is a sign of the devil's thought. Consequently the "Word" specifies the lines of our thoughts. The apostle says: "Think on these things." "Whatsoever things are true." All true things are signs of God's thoughts; false things the signs of the devil's thoughts. Let the mind be occupied with *truth* of which Christ is the personification and God the eternal foundation. "Whatsoever things are honest." No dishonest thought should ever enter the mind of any of God's men and God's women. It is a standing rebuke to the Christian church that some of its members have been found dishonest. It came about by disobedience of this precept—"Whatsoever things are honest, think on these things." "Whatsoever things are just"—Injustice is a product of Satan and sin, and is repellant to every true Christian thinker, because justice is the very foundation of honor and integrity. "Whatsoever things are pure." This strikes right at the root of a very important matter. There are too many unchaste words spoken by men who think themselves gentlemen. But these words reveal the rotten state of the heart,

“For out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.” The pure-hearted Christian loves pure, clean things and he finds the world full of clean things to think about.

“Whatsoever things are lovely.” This comprehends everything that comes under benevolence, kindness, courtesy, esteem, amiability and affection. To think on such subjects is to obey Christ. It is a rich and beautiful field. “Whatsoever things are of good report.” Whatever by common consent is considered useful and proper and right. Card-playing has a bad name; the saloon has a bad name. Give them no thought unless it be to destroy them. Let the mind be occupied with things on the names of which there is no reproach. The Apostle to make sure that nothing be omitted from his category closes by stating that if there is anything else that is virtuous or worthy of praise—think on these also. Thus you see in the things that are signs of God’s thoughts a broad, a rich field for strong, deep, vigorous, virtuous thinking. But we stated that words were signs of God’s thought as well as things. These are found in the Book of Books. What a mine of thought we do find in the Bible! We soon exhaust the thought of other books, not so with this one. It is inexhaustible. The man in this congregation who has in the past gotten the most thought out of this Book is the man who will get the most new thoughts out of it in the future. The more we know the Bible, the more we want to know of it, the more we study it the more we want to study it. The more we think on its truths, the more we appreciate them. More books have been written

on the Bible than on all other subjects combined. Wonderful book, unfathomable book, holy book! Whence thy greatness? Whence thy power? We get the answer in the fact that the words of this Book are the signs of God's thoughts. O, why should any son or daughter of God care to think over silly, foolish, worthless thoughts when right here within reach of him are written down great, burning, living thoughts right from the very heart of God, written on purpose for him to think over, that getting the thoughts of God, he may get the image of God. Thinking the great thoughts of God we come to think of God himself, the great fountain-head of thought. The Apostle exclaims: "Consider Him." The martyrs and fathers say: "Consider Him." The ministry of today urges: "Consider Him." Our own conscience and better nature impel us to "Consider Him." So when the mind grows tired thinking on the things of God and the words of God, let us turn to God himself and with hearts washed clean by his sprinkled blood, with minds inspired by the Holy Ghost, let unwearied thoughts run out along his infinite attributes, let our minds become lost in wonder, love and praise at the mercy that redeemed us, the love that reached us, and the Providence that cares for us. Thinking on God! As our minds run out along his bright eternal years, Heaven grows larger, nearer, earth smaller, more distant. As Dr. Watson says: "Thinking on God invigorates the patience amid toil, weariness and trouble. Our sorrows grow small and our tears swiftly dry in the view of his loving immensity. As we ponder his infinite years we see the brevity of life's ills, and we

feel that it will soon be over. The very days seem to shoot by us like speckled clouds on the gale and our hearts catch a breath of that blessed life that our God is living." Thinking! Yes, thinking God's thoughts. Speaking! Yes, speaking God's words. Living! Yes, living God's life. Thinking, speaking, living, bringing into captivity every thought, word and act to the obedience of Christ.

"HIDDEN POWER."

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be."—I John 3:2.

"What we shall be!" This is a question that deeply concerns each one of us. We sometimes ask with a good deal of interest, what will this country be in the year 2000, what will our community be a hundred years hence, what will our church be then? We often ask, what will be the extent of scientific research, what new arts will be discovered, what will be the modes of travel, what the habits and customs of the people? We wonder about the future of the old earth itself, with all its resources, with all its activity, with all its varied forms of life. But this question, "what shall we be," is one of far deeper interest. It is a momentous question, it is one of infinite concern in comparison with which these other questions sink into insignificance. If some angelic limner with prophetic vision could see us as we will really be one thousand years hence, if he were to write a minute statement, not only of our conditions and circum-

stances, but of our character, our inner selves, what we really are, together with a history of our existence up to that time, how eagerly we would devour every thought and try to understand how it could possibly be. But God has wisely kept such a wide and minute view of the future from us. "It doth not yet appear." But it *shall* all appear. The future will unroll and will disclose a great "what we shall be." This "what" of the text intimates something inconceivably glorious. If we now were permitted to get a glimpse of ourselves as we shall be in our glorified condition, we would not be able to understand it, we would stand in awe and amazement. If the "Pilgrim Fathers," with all their simplicity, could have been permitted to look upon the nation they had founded as it now is, how they would have been confounded at its glory and splendor. With fear they would have fled the approaching train, with amazement would they have talked across the continent, with blinded eyes would have turned away from the electric light. But it did not yet appear to them what their little colony should be, but it hath appeared unto us—their children's children, and we can comprehend it. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be," but it *will* appear. The inconceivable glory of that inconceivable something represented in the text by "what" will be clear to us. We will understand that the new "I" is the old "I", that it is really we ourselves and not another that stands complete in the image and glory of God. We will also see then what we see here, that—the "*what*" of the text is the result of some hidden power already in our natures.

Did you ever see a result without a cause? You

see a red-hot iron. You say there was a cause of that iron being hot. You soon find the cause in a fire that heated the iron. You see an engine moving and you say the cause is the steam in the boiler. You see a street car running, you see no engine, you see no horses, you see no motive power, still you say there must be a cause. You find the cause in the electricity generated by a dynamo in a remote part of the city. Thus you go through nature and seek a cause for every effect. The same reign of law holds good in the spiritual realm. There is a cause for every effect. The "what we shall be" of the text is likewise the result of some hidden power, some latent force, or of certain undeveloped resources lying dormant within us. We take our country for illustration again. Why is she so great today? You answer--it is because of the development of her resources. Governor Winthrop knew nothing of these resources, but they were there all the same. Our fathers blundered over the great coal and iron deposits knowing nothing of their utility, they looked out upon the magnificent rivers but let them run idly to the sea. They saw the lightning's flash but never dreamed of the fact that it was simply waiting to be harnessed and put to work. So we in our spiritual nature have already the hidden force, the development of which will fulfill the "*what we shall be*" of the text. A number of years ago at a camp meeting down in Harrison county there was converted a little white-headed boy. They considered the meeting a failure. But there was stowed away in that white haired boy reserved power and hidden forces enough to electrify multitudes—from the Atlan-

tic to the Pacific. The brethren at the camp meeting were unable to see what that boy should be, but the next generation saw the development in the greatest orator of modern Methodism—Bishop Simpson. Over in Pennsylvania a Sunday School teacher found a little stranger in his bare feet outside the school-room, too timid to enter. She spoke kindly to him, took him into her class and won his heart for Jesus. It did not yet appear to that kind lady what her little stranger would be—but it has appeared to the world. The Christian world has seen it in the holy life and useful labors of our now sainted Bishop Wiley. But to come nearer home. Some 25 or 30 years ago there was a rough and rugged youth in Goshen church. Many of you remember the thrasher boy—but it did not then appear to you nor to him what he should be; but grace reached his heart, a hidden power was inserted that today has developed into the eloquent and useful Adna B. Leonard. There is a latent power within each of us that determines the momentous "*what we shall be*" of our whole future. Our future of this world as well as its continuation in the world to come. Without this latent power we need never expect the inconceivably glorious "what" of the text. "What we shall be" depends entirely upon what we are now, as sure as cause follows effect. What are we *now*? The text tells us, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God." Glory to God! Here is the secret of what we shall be.

Our "Hidden Power" lies in the fact of our sonship. All nature is stored with hidden power. There is power stored away among the rocks beneath us; there

is power hidden in the sky above us; there is hidden power in the water we drink and in the air we breathe. All this hidden power is created by God. It is made by God but not necessarily like God. But the hidden power in us is very different. We are not only the creatures, the creations of God, but are the sons of God. A thing may be very different from the being that made it, but a son must always bear the image of the father. Because we are the sons of God is the reason that it doth not yet appear what we shall be. God is all-wise, he is all-powerful, he is eternal, he is love, he is altogether holy and we are his sons. We are the heirs of God and will inherit his nature. Because he is wise we shall be wise, because he is powerful we shall have power, because he is eternal we shall be eternal, because he is holy we shall be holy. Oh, how we are lifted up! May God help me to reveal to you your hidden power! See your dignity, see your privilege, see yourself as a son of God; and seeing yourself a son of God will you dare hide your talents in a napkin, will you dare do anything that is degrading and mean, will you dare besmirch yourself or belittle your nature, will you dare do anything that will dishonor the God whose son you are?

Oh, the possibilities of grace! When our sonship was lost, grace restored it. When the image of God was erased, grace imprinted it again. Grace has placed within us this hidden power, this new life which, when expanded and developed, is destined to make us such creatures as are "little lower than Gods."

Let no one deceive himself and think he is a son of God simply because God created him. We are all

the creatures of God but Christ is the only begotten son of God; and all who become sons must come by way of Christ. We are not sons by creation but by the new creation; we are not sons because we are born but because we were "born again." If creation could give us the right of sonship, why did Christ die to secure this very right for us? "He came unto his own and his own received him not, but to as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God." To become sons of God? Then they were not sons before—they were only creatures. I want to emphasize this point because there are so many people in every community that are making a stupendous mistake at this very point. They silence their consciences, they silence the influence of the gospel and the influence and entreaties of their Christian neighbor. They say: "God made me and gave me my appetites and desires, and intends that I shall indulge them. I know I am a wayward child, but I am his child; he is very good, is very merciful and I will depend upon the fatherhood of God for my safety." Yet the Son of God himself says: "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." Let it be clearly understood by every one that no one has this hidden power, this new life, this great privilege of sonship unless he has been born again, born by the spirit, born from above, born of God.

This hidden life of the soul confers great benefits upon us. To be God's child means a great deal. It means to be in God's family, under his training and care. What a privilege to have such a tutor, such a hand to discipline and develop us! Is there any taint

or remains of sin in the child of God? The word of God and the universal experience of his children is, that a degree of depravity remains in the soul. God hates sin. The child of God hates sin. God's will is that his child have no connection with sin—have nothing to do with sin; consequently as soon as the child of God is able to apprehend the fact, the kind Father points out the existing sinfulness and makes known the remedy for its expulsion. If the heart is willing to give up the sin and trust the cleansing blood the work is done then and there. Although theologians may wrangle about entire sanctification, still we who believe in the Bible believe in purity of heart, and while men may talk and split hairs, multitudes are steadily entering into the rest of faith where sin and fear are cast out by perfect love.

“NOT FAINTING, BUT PRAYING.”

“*Men ought always to pray and not to faint.*”—Luke 18:1

In some localities the story-telling preacher is at a discount. But as long as the life and methods of Christ are studied, so long will there be workers who will see and appreciate his method of bringing truth home to the heart by means of illustrations.

The truth of the text is made plain by the following story. There was in a certain city a judge and a widow. The widow had a case for trial. She comes pleading for justice. The judge pays no attention to her. Yes, it was his business to mete out justice.

But he was so lost to the responsibility of his position that he gave justice when it suited his own selfish ends. He feared not God, he regarded not man. Rightly is he named by the Lord an unjust or unrighteous judge. But this widow had some persistency about her. She came again and again until the judge concluded it would be better to give her justice than to be bothered so much with her. So he does the right thing by the widow. How much credit does he deserve for his righteous act? Such are many of the kind and charitable deeds of wicked men. They nearly all have their ground in selfishness. But the lesson that Christ teaches is: If this unrighteous judge will hear and heed the cry of this poor widow, how much more will God hear and answer the prayers of his own children that cry unto him day and night. This is to illustrate and make plain and reasonable the statement: "*Men ought always to pray and not to faint.*"

Oh, the multitude of languishing, faint-hearted, spiritless Christians! We find them everywhere. It behooves us then to stop and consider this matter of *faint-heartedness* that we may, if possible, shun its approaches and escape its evil consequences.

Let us all understand that the word faint is used here in a spiritual sense, that it means to languish, to be despondent, to lose life and spirit, to be faint-hearted.

It is natural that we sometimes grow despondent, but that does by no means make it right. We find Joshua lying upon his face in a fit of faint-heartedness, but the Lord rebukes him: "Get thee up, wherefore

lyest thou thus upon thy face, Joshua?" We see Elijah discouraged. The Lord rebukes him. We see Jonah despondent. He also is rebuked. The text intimates a tendency in the human heart to grow faint but it also says we ought not to, our "ought" or duty in the matter is not to become faint-hearted. Paul recognizes this tendency when he says: "Consider Him * * * lest ye be weary and faint in your minds."

Why do persons become faint-hearted? The use of this word "faint" is figurative. We all understand what it is to become weak and faint and languid physically. We understand that physical faintness comes from a lack of nourishment. The same fact holds good in spiritual weakness—it all comes from a lack of nourishment. The body may not be supplied with nourishment from three very different causes. The supply at hand may be inadequate both as to quantity and quality; given a supply there may be an unwillingness to partake of it; given the supply and willingness to partake but on account of disease an inability to assimilate food. The first of these causes is frequently the cause of physical weakness. Thousands of persons are in want of sufficient food to keep them in vigor and strength. This, however, is not the cause in spiritual matters, the supply of spiritual food is inexhaustible. So none of us can lay the blame of our spiritual weakness to a scanty supply. Our Father's storehouse is full—a great supply that all the millions cannot exhaust. The heavenly larder is filled with all manner of luxuries as well as substantials. It is unlocked and we have the privilege of helping ourselves. After all this has been furnished when we bewail our

leanness we cannot, we dare not say the supply was not adequate. The second cause of physical weakness we mentioned was unwillingness to partake. Occasionally we hear of a student or business man so occupied with his work that he will forget to eat. It is said that Edison would almost starve himself if his friends did not interfere. There are many persons so occupied in this busy, hurrying world that they do not take sufficient food to keep up their strength. But the number who are starving spiritually because of an unwillingness to partake of nourishment is infinitely greater. We can not exactly call it an unwillingness, but they are so preoccupied with other matters that the nourishing of the soul is almost lost sight of. Whereas it is the important matter of life. Many seem to say, "Well, I don't care to be very vigorous spiritually, I won't work very hard at being a Christian." Apply this rule to any other line of activity and failure is the inevitable result. Let a merchant go into business with the idea that he won't do much at it, just enough to keep him from starving and he will be sure to starve unless he change his tactics. The reason we have so many faint hearted Christians is that they don't go at it with all their might; don't make a business of providing themselves soul strength. If the soul is not fed is there any wonder that it is weak and faint. Again, many are weak physically because they are so full of disease that they cannot assimilate the food they do take. There are likewise many Christians that are such invalids that they have no appetite and no power to appreciate and utilize the grace and help just at their hand. The disease of sin

has so weakened their constitution that they feed only upon milk, not being able to digest the strong meat of the word. But our God is a physician as well as a provider of grace for our every want. He is able to heal our sickness and make us strong, stalwart, fearless Christians instead of weak, languid, feeble-minded followers of Christ.

“Why should the children of a king,
Go mourning all their days.”

There may be many indirect reasons for your weakness but they all come to this—you have not fed your soul on Christ. Your private devotions have lost their zest, your attendance upon the means of grace has become perfunctory. Christ, the blood, the power, is what is lacking. The Apostle exclaims, “consider Him, lest ye be weary and faint in your mind.” You are weary and faint, the inference is—you have not considered Him. But you say, my temptations are so strong and I am so weak to overcome them. Paul says: “You have not yet resisted unto blood striving against sin.” We have the bright example of one who was never disheartened, never discouraged. He resisted sin. He resisted unto blood. His struggle and resistance was so fierce that he sweat great drops of blood. You have not resisted unto blood, striving against sin. He did not get weary or faint. If he had fainted and faltered and left one thing undone! If he had grown faint-hearted and shrunk and failed, what lamenting in heaven, what joy in hell, what horror in earth! Let His followers when tempted to shrink or falter go and look at Him, consider Him, He will show you that a good work must be gone through with.

We have seen the cause of faint-heartedness, now *let us turn to its results.* What progress does a person make who is all discouraged and despondent? The traveller on a long journey when he loses all ambition makes but little headway. The student in college who grows faint and down-hearted is sure to fall behind in his class. The man in business who gets discouraged is almost sure to fail. The physician will tell you that in a critical case one-half the battle is in keeping up good spirits. Keep up good courage, don't lose heart, don't let the hands hang down nor let the knees become feeble. There's very great danger here. Beware, beware! In a fit of faintness you may falter by the way and never reach the city of God. But glory to the Giver of all good, there's an angel under every "juniper tree" to give us a helping hand, to provide us the bread and water of life that we may hasten on from strength to strength.

The faint-hearted Christian not only does himself no good but does others harm. Desponding is contagious. When Israel was about to go up to battle the word was sent abroad—"What man is there that is fearful and faint-hearted? Let him go and return unto his house, lest his brethren's heart fail as well as his heart." Then again a faint-hearted, despondent Christian is not a good advertisement of Christianity. For a child to be starved and grow faint for the lack of nourishing food is a reproach against the parent. None of us wish to bring reproach against our heavenly parent, but to go fainting and staggering through this world tells to the unbeliever that such a life is the best my Father has in store for me. For the sake of our own

souls, for the sake of others, for the sake of God's glory, let us have done with this sickly, despondent, languishing, faint-hearted, half-hearted Christian life. Let us rise into a higher life, a holier life, a victorious life. Keep up brethren, keep up!

A traveler was riding along in the south of France. He saw a pair of fine birds overhead. The driver called out in French tongue—"Eagles, eagles!" Yes, and there was a man below with a gun, who was trying to get a shot at them; but they did not come down to oblige him. He pointed his rifle at them but his shots did not reach half way, for the royal birds kept above. The higher air is the fit dominion for eagles. Up above the clouds and smoke he dwells. Keep there, eagles, there's danger below. The higher atmosphere of faith, hope and love is the home for the Christian. Keep up in the higher elements resting in Jesus Christ, feeding by faith on his abounding grace.

"Men ought always to pray and not to faint."
To pray always is laid down as a plain duty.

We have noticed the causes and some of the disadvantages of living a weakly spiritual life. Now we come to the definite remedy—prayer. This widow of the text gives us some idea of what prayer is. She has a great burden on her heart, she cries for deliverance from her oppressor, and she keeps on crying till her prayer is heard. Prayer is natural. We hear the cry for help from bird, from beast, from man, when he feels a deep want. It is natural for man to pray in trouble or in great peril. This woman does the natural thing—comes to her only source for help; she is turned away but she persists in her plea. She prevails.

Our Lord teaches us that instead of growing weary and faint under our oppressor, Satan and sin, we must cry for help as the widow did, not only cry, but cry persistently. If your life was at stake you would pray as the widow did. But, there's more at stake. It's not only your life, it's your eternal life that's at stake. Your oppressor would rob you of eternal life. Will you have your inheritance, will you become faint-hearted and give up all for the want of a cry, a heart-felt cry? If the wicked judge heard the persistent cry of the widow, how much more will our kind Father who is anxious to do us good? He sees the injustice of the oppressor, he has conquered that oppressor, he is anxious to deliver us. Shall we not give him a chance to give us the victory over sin? His promise is on record: "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might, he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary and the young men shall utterly fall; but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint." Let us have done with fainting; let us take to walking spiritually, not only walking, but running, flying. Why not? Just as easy, yes, much easier to be an eagle Christian than to be a snail Christian. It all comes for a cry—all comes from waiting on the Lord. Let us quit saying prayers and go to praying—go to crying to God out of a full heart. Prayer! It is the secret of your strength, your power, your efficiency. If we are weak and faint-hearted we have been saying prayers and not praying. The secret of the power of the late Wm. E.

Dodge lay in the first hour of every morning. That hour he gave to God with his Bible on his knees, and if he came down among business men with his face shining with cheerfulness and loving kindness, it was because he had been up in the mount of communion with his Master.

Among the forms of insect life is a little creature known to naturalists which can gather around itself a sufficiency of atmospheric air, and so clothed it descends into the bottom of the pool; and you may see the little diver moving about, dry and at his ease, protected by his crystal vesture, though the water all around be stagnant and bitter. Prayer is such a protection, a transparent vesture—the world sees it not, a real defense—it keeps out the world. By means of it the believer can gather so much of heavenly atmosphere around him and with it descend into the putrid depths of this contaminating world, that for a season no evil will touch him, and he knows when to ascend for a new supply. Communion with God kept Joseph pure in Egypt and Daniel pure in Babylon.

Our sainted Bishop Janes seemed to carry a heavenly halo with him wherever he went. The members of his family testify that not infrequently, when at home, he would spend much of the night in devotion. He would write letter after letter, until the usual bedtime approached, with the understanding that he would soon retire. When he did not come, his daughter, ever so watchful of him, knowing how weary he was, would call to him: "Papa do come, you need your rest." "Yes, my dear, directly." To each call the answer was "directly." And there in the back

parlor, the lights turned low, as the small hours tripped in, might the man of God be found, alone, and wrestling with the Angel of the Covenant. His work was among men, but the roots of that activity penetrated to those depths whence flow the perennial springs which supply the life-giving power and freshness of all saving work.

My brother, my sister, your Father has a richer, fuller, stronger experience for you than you have ever dreamed of, if you will only ask for it.

Prayer is the pearly gate to all the riches of God. "Men ought always to pray." When trials come, pray. When you are misunderstood, pray. When you are assailed, pray. When you are faint-hearted, pray. When the head is hot and the heart is sick, pray. When your being is made glad with a great joy, pray. When you are almost overwhelmed in the deep waters of a great sorrow, pray. Oh, the conquests of prayer! Jacob prays and prevails with the Angel of God; Moses prays, the Red Sea opens; Moses prays with Aaron and Hur to hold up his hands and Amelek is defeated; Joshua prays and the sun stands still; Samson prays, the pillars of Dagon fall; Hannah prays, Samuel is born; Elijah prays, fire falls from heaven; Elisha prays, the dead arise; Hezekiah prays, 185,000 Assyrians lie dead; Daniel prays, the lions are muzzled; Stephen prays, the heavens open; the disciples pray, an earthquake opens the prison doors and Peter is set free; you and I have prayed and our imprisoned souls have been set at liberty. As we continue to pray every day will mark new victories for us. As we continue to pray we move the hand that moves the world.

As we continue to pray strength takes the place of feebleness, holiness takes the place of sinfulness, shouts take the place of sorrows, heaven takes the place of earth and we are forever with the Lord. Glory be to the Father, glory be to the Son and glory be to the Holy Ghost. Amen.

“MAN’S DOMINION.”

Man was made to be a ruler. God implanted in every breast a desire for dominion and designed that each person should be a king. This inclination begins to manifest itself in the little child. One by one the domestic animals yield to his authority and confess his mastery; and, as his (youthful) mental and physical powers develop an ever-widening group of slaves pay homage to their youthful lord. As the lad matures and manhood approaches, when he apprehends himself as a responsible being, when he beholds the world of nature before him and begins to survey the vast fields of thought and moral obligation—then it is he sees the unconquered realms and the unlimited opportunities for subjugation in *himself*, in nature, and in the moral world.

This desire to subdue and to bring everything under his power is a divinely given blessing to man, if turned in the right direction and put to the proper use, but millions of those who have lived in the past have made the mistake of attempting to subdue each other, and as long as this effort prevails, so long will there be strife and contention in this world. Not only

is misery the result but there is a prodigious waste of power, for as long as man attempts to subdue his fellow man it is the strong will on the one hand pitted against the strong will on the other hand—it is Greece against Greece, Rome against Rome, and instead of advancement and civilization decline and degradation are sure to follow. Now if all these contending hosts could have their dominant ambitions placed on proper objects of conquests then would riot and bloodshed cease, then would the speedy civilization and Christianizing of the world be assured.

We first mention self as a proper object of dominion. If every man's sceptre was turned from his neighbor and held over his own nature, he would soon find a field for conquest that would require his most strenuous efforts, that would tax all his boasted ruling propensities and bring into action all the combined energies of his nobler being. He would have no time, energy or inclination to go about ruling and domineering over his less fortunate brother.

Man is a strange intermixture of body, mind and spirit. The body is the seat of wild passions and appetites, which uncontrolled would soon cause its dissolution. The mind, noble and God-like as it is, may become the victim of a perverted conscience, a mad ambition or a depraved and stubborn will, and thus become the home of fierce demons. But when the spirit of man, touched and inspired by the blessed Divine Spirit, holds in proper control all the powers of the mind and it in turn wields a firm sceptre over the body, then, and then only, do we have the complete man. The subjugation of self is far superior to

the most splendid military achievements or the glories of a hundred battle-fields, for the greatest military conquerors have never been able to rule themselves. Alexander died a slave to the most abject passions. Napoleon was ruled by an all-consuming selfish ambition, which was his utter ruin. Peter the Great cried out in seeming despair: "I can rule my kingdom, yet I am still a slave; myself I cannot rule. God help me to be king of what is under this hat." This victory must be won on the battle-field of the heart. A moral Gettysburg rages within, but the world knows nothing of the conflicting combatants. But when the conflict is complete, and the conqueror goes forth and by disinterested deeds with unselfish motives scatters sunshine all along his pathway — then the world recognizes a moral hero. When self is under proper control we have only to turn to the world of nature all about us to find a broad and almost boundless field for conquest. God's first words about man are these: "Let us make man in our own image, after our likeness, and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, over the fowls of the air, and over the cattle and over all the earth." Then David wrote, "What is man that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him? for thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned with glory and honor; thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thine hand; thou hast put all things under his feet." Man has been engaged in this work of using and utilizing and ruling the world ever since God made him, placed him in it, and told him to subdue and have dominion over it. But the more he ac-

completes the wider are the fields opening to his view. For centuries the progress was slow, but when man became humble enough to give up the dignified sentiments of his ancient philosophy and to sit at the feet of nature to simply ask questions and to record her answers then he became the possessor of powerful weapons. By these he has wrested from nature those comprehensive laws and magic powers, which at first startled, then revolutionized the world. Since the time Lord Bacon opened that little gate of the inductive method the progress in science has been wonderful. Nature bows obedient to her lord. At his command the oil gushes up from the heart of the earth and gives light to distant lands, the pearls of old ocean leap from her depths and take their place in his diadem, the rubies and diamonds and precious stones burst from their mountain homes and fall submissive at his feet, he glides round and round the world on the modern cherubim, steam and electricity, he turns his mighty telescope toward the heavens, and the sun, moon and stars are compelled to reveal secrets which they have carefully concealed since time began. When we thus recall and ponder over the achievements of man in thus mastering the forces of nature, we exclaim: Marvelous! Wonderful! Is it strange that David cries out: "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels," and that Paul shouts, "All things are yours!" All things, things present—this world. Things to come—the next world. All things from the least manifestation of power in this world to the highest flight of an arch-angel's wing in the world to come. But on the other hand, when we consider the

giants in nature that are not at all or only partially under his control, we may think that the work is only well begun. When we see steam in its super-heated condition bursting into ten thousand fragments every bond and barrier, when we see the lightning striking down with one fell blow its would-be master, when we see the floods and tornadoes sweeping away both man and his possessions, when we see Johnstown and Louisville in ruins, when we see the old earth herself heaving and groaning, and also see the utter helplessness of man's puny hand, we may well conclude that there is work for a million years and that even then man will never have dominion over and wholly subdue the natural world. But wait, that may be true, but judging from the history of the past and from the promise of our Father we are led to conclude that man will master nature. We laugh at our fore-fathers when we imagine them blundering over the great coal deposits knowing nothing of their utility, or gazing out on the magnificent rivers letting them run idly to the sea. We pity them when we think of their wearing out their muscles with the ax, the saw and the hammer, never dreaming of the gigantic trip-hammer, the saw-mill or the steam engine. In like manner the future generations with superior knowledge and advantages will look back upon us poor mortals and pity us for our stupidity and incredulity and wonder why we didn't throttle the giants all around us and put them to work. There is work for every man who would be a master, there are gigantic forces awaiting the control of gigantic minds.

There is yet another field for conquest in which

even nobler victories may be won than in the two first mentioned. *This world is full of vice.* Evil stares us all in the face. The right of resistance to wrong is inherent in every man. The field is so broad and the evils so numerous that there is an opportunity for every soldier to distinguish himself. The statesman, the lawyer, the merchant, the miner, the farmer, the minister—all have vices to subdue each in his respective field of labor. This is no sham battle; the enemy is at hand; there stands a regiment of evils at every door. They must be met, fought and vanquished or "Health, Home and Happiness" are lost. What we need is the enterprise to fashion our energies into thunderbolts and hurl them with deadly power and unerring aim at the evils—political, national and social which we find in our midst. He who would stand up against wrong has much to encourage him. The struggle between darkness and light has been long and determined, but the forces of light are arrayed as never before. The earth is trembling under the advancing tread of the hosts of truth. There are more good men, more true men, more holy men in the world today than ever before. "Our God is marching on." What glorious achievements have been won in civil and religious liberty since Luther stood up and defied the hosts of Rome, since Galileo having been made to recant his statement that the earth moves, turned away muttering: "But it does move for all that." Yes, noble Galileo thou wast right, the world moves, the planets and the starry constellations move. Likewise the world of thought moves, the shining planets of freedom, truth and morality move and all the glittering orbs of right

and righteousness move on to still greater victories and nobler achievements. The victories of the past incite the liveliest gratitude, while a view of the work yet to be done awakens the deepest solicitude. Although the origin of evil may remain a mystery, yet the baneful effects are patent to every observer. O, the evil, the contaminating and consuming evil that is day by day blighting thousands of lives, breaking thousands of hearts and utterly ruining thousands of characters. Behold America, the land that we love, proud of her common schools, rich in Christian churches, boastful of her charitable institutions and yet the streets of the vast majority of our cities and towns shame us with their thousands and hundreds of thousands of liquor saloons almost in the shadow of our churches and colleges. America called a Christian nation and yet almost everything is stained with vice—her laws are openly violated, her politics corrupt, her Sabbaths broken, her towns defiled with vice and her cities great whirlpools of drunkenness and depravity. The moral hero looking all the evils square in the face fails not, quails not, but realizing that God lives in Heaven and rules on earth, he marches right on to victory.

Why should man not rule on the earth since he is a child of Him that rules in the heavens? In subduing self, controlling nature and dethroning vice, he is working in harmony with the great anthem of his existence. What then, is the limit of man's dominion? Will he cease with thrones and powers, will he pause with principedoms and principalities, will he be contented with mere skirmishes in the broad arena of scientific

thought and moral obligation? Standing up in all his true worth, in all the vigor of a world-subduing manhood, he feels that he is capable of obtaining a world-wide dominion. As he continues in a warfare where the fighting ennobles and the spoils enrich his mind and heart, his awakened energies realize as never before the glorious possibilities of our redeemed humanity. Still gathering new strength, he breaks down barriers and scales great mountain peaks of difficulty, adding victory unto victory, he steadily approaches the grand culmination of all his dominant aims and purposes. And now peering up the vista of time we see him occupying the millennial heights of intellectual and moral excellence. Under his feet are the selfish propensities which so long sought to degrade him, in his hand he holds the now docile forces of nature wielding them with a giant's ease, while over his head floats the glorious banner of righteousness, proclaiming man's dominion over vice and wrong. Having thus seen humanity moving in all the grace and glory of a conqueror, we turn to the inhabitants of today and cry: "Oh, ye millions of earth, why are ye cringing under the bondage of an ignoble selfishness? Yonder's your destiny; why are ye cowering under the lash of nature's forces? Yonder's your heritage; why are ye groveling in the gutters of vice and wretchedness? Yonder's your home."

We have been speaking of humanity in general, now we will bring the matter right home and *apply it to ourselves*. We are a part of this humanity and our Creator has given to us the desire for dominion and the power to have dominion. Are we ruling ourselves

and our little dominion or are we trying to rule some one else and his dominion? What are we doing to rule ourselves? Self is an awful tyrant. He has no regard for the right and happiness of others; he is always stowing it away in his avaricious maw. He may at times seem to be benevolent but it is simply a ruse to deceive his victim that he may the more completely destroy him. Unless a man controls himself his appetites and passions will soon destroy his health; unless selfishness is under subjection the purity, the sanctity and the glory of the home is lost. Let selfishness reign, then happiness sadly veils her face, quietly departs and is seen no more forever.

Ah, how many men who have within them infinite possibilities are slaves instead of kings—slaves to appetite, slaves to habit. Man made to be king, the kingly power placed in his heart, the kingly sceptre placed in his hand, yet he is not a king, he is a slave under the dominion of a vile, poisonous, filthy, disgusting, sickening, pernicious weed. It is not only slavish, it is silly. The idea of a man who pretends to be a man and not a child with rattle and toys, taking the leaves of the most filthy weed that grows, wrapping them up into what he terms a cigar, putting fire to one end and sticking the other in his mouth. Then he sucks and puffs, making a smoke-house of his mouth and a chimney of his nose. Child's play. Then it seems all the more ridiculous when we remember it is so expensive. A New York merchant one day said: "I will just put aside all the money I am consuming in cigars and all I would consume if I were to keep on in the habit and I will see what it will come

to by compound interest." And he gives this wonderful result: "Last July completed thirty-nine years since, by the grace of God, I was emancipated from the filthy habit and the saving amounted to \$29,102.03 by compound interest. We lived in the city and we longed for a home among the green fields. I found a pleasant place for sale. The cigar money was sufficient to buy it and it is mine. I wish all American boys could see how my children enjoy their home as they watch the vessels with their white sails that course along the sound." Now boys, take your choice, smoking without a home or a home without smoking. It enfeebles the body, it injures the mind, it imperils life, it has a demoralizing influence. Ninety-five per cent. of all drunkards, criminals and tramps use it. It stupefies the conscience, it leads to drink. It creates an abnormal appetite which strong drink is called upon to satisfy. It deprives others of their rights. Neal Dow says: "People have a right to the pure fresh air, so important to their comfort and health. The pure air is as much their right as the purses in their pockets, and the forcibly taking it away by the tobacco smoker is as much stealing as picking the pocket." The average smoker does not seem to think that any person else has any rights that he is under any obligations to respect. Oh, what tortures I have endured on account of the smoker. In fact I had as leave wait for a train in an average pig sty as in the average station-house. His swinish might, with his investigating snout, soil my polished boots, but he would not puff a cloud of tobacco smoke into my face. Dear brother, it is unchristian, or at least unchar-

itable. If Christ were here as he was in the world in the past would you expect to see him walking the streets smoking a cigar, would you expect to see him with tobacco slobber running down the sides of his mouth? Such a thing seems so incongruous that it seems irreverent and akin to blasphemy to mention Christ in connection with tobacco. But it's either right or wrong. If it is right Christ could use it with all propriety. If it is wrong we can't use it with any propriety. But I can't see how a thing that destroys health, takes life, injures the mind, deadens the sensibilities and enslaves our manhood can possibly be right. We can't dodge the point by saying it is right for one and wrong for another. Whatever is right is right, whatever is wrong is wrong; our thinking a wrong right won't make it right. Brethren, let us be men and not slaves.

A man must have dominion over his words as well as his appetites. How senseless it is to swear—does no person any good and the one using it only harm. But I hope when you have subdued this evil habit you will go right on and include vulgar, unchaste language. It is amazing how many men who wish to pass for gentlemen and even for Christians who are guilty of telling smutty stories. No gentleman does that sort of thing. But we must not spend all our time ruling ourselves—there is something else for us to do. God made this world, curtained it with light and sent it spinning through the heavens for us, for our use, for our pleasure, for our good. Are we using it properly? Are we ruling it or is it ruling us? If it so absorbs our thoughts and affections that we have

no time nor inclination for doing good in the world, no thought for others, no thought for religion, for God, for Heaven, it, then, is ruling us. When God gave us charge of this world he meant that we should work and do our work well. If we are going to school thinking the thoughts of God over after Him I think he means that we should master those lessons. If we are learning a trade, measuring cloth, or washing dishes, God is glorified by our performing that work thoroughly. It is our privilege to master our work. It too often masters us. The man who masters and thoroughly performs the duties assigned him is the one who is entrusted with greater responsibilities and consequently his field for dominion is constantly widening and his opportunities increasing.

Then again, what are we doing to subdue and govern the evil about us? I need not tell you that there is evil in our midst, you see it, you realize it every day. Along these railroads and up from these gorgeous hills the voice of cursing and blasphemy is heard instead of adoration and praise. Our cities are still worse. Although the prevalence of vice is alarming enough in our land it is much worse in other lands. Look at Europe, the land of science and classic recollections, how brave, how strong, how cultured, and yet what misery is found in her hovels and what foul crimes stain the daily page of her history. And yonder old Asia; how few are the scenes of moral beauty which there meet the eye and gladden the heart. Instead of liberty, oppression; instead of knowledge, the basest ignorance; instead of the religion of the Lord Jesus, the most degrading super-

stitutions; instead of the Christian family, the harem; instead of peace, love and refinement, all the cruelty and woe of nations lost in vice, with only here and there a book, a school or a preacher as solitary stars in all that great night of darkness. Then turn to poor, benighted, darkened, sin-cursed Africa, visit the islands of the sea, wend your way to earth's remotest bounds, witness the sorrow, count the tears, number the heart-throbs of human anguish. The mind is appalled, the heart grows sick. And yet all, all this, is the work of vice. Is there not goodness and strength and faith and power enough in the spirit forces of this world to conquer, throw in chains, and utterly cast out this huge leviathan of destruction?

The indolent and faint-hearted are prone to fold their arms and dismally say: "There is no use trying, it cannot be done." The Christian hero advances, unsheathes his sword, and cries: "There is no time for croakers, no room for cowards, vice can and must be conquered." Yes, the world and the church want men, brave energetic men, men of strict integrity, sound to the very core, who will stand by the right in every emergency and who will hurl the monster of vice from her seat of power, and will enthrone in her stead the peaceful angel of love—perfect love to God and humanity. Oh, that the golden rays of this victorious morning were already flooding the eastern sky, that selfishness and haughty error might no more fill the air with their clamorous contentions, but that perfect peace might reign with justice and that every man's cottage might become a paradise.

"PRAYING CHRIST AND TOILING DISCIPLES."

(Last sermon preached by Rev. A. W. Newlin, Puebla, Mexico, June 9, '95.)

"*And He saw them toiling in rowing.*"—Mark 6:48.

Yonder is a solitary mountain. Part of it is barren and part is covered with a scanty vegetation. It is in the dead of night. Long since the humble shepherd with his little flock have lain down to rest. But there away in the depths of that mountain solitude sheltered only by the dewy leaves is a humble man engaged in prayer. There is no human ear to hear his mellow tones, there is no human eye to see his trustful face and uplifted hands as he talks with God. But the angels see him. The messengers of God and God the Father hears the petitions of his only beloved Son.

Yonder is another scene. Far out on the sea, whose waters bathe the foot of this mountain is a solitary boat tossed hither and thither by the waves. In it are twelve rugged fishermen. They are weary. They have been rowing hard all the night. But the wind is so contrary that it is impossible to make any headway. They are sore afraid for the storm increases, their little ship becomes almost unmanageable. What connection is there between the man on the mountain and the fishermen on the sea? The text tells us. It says: "He (the Christ on the mountain) saw them (the men in the boat) toiling in rowing." We wish to gather a few practical lessons from the *praying Christ and the toiling disciples*.

It has been a very busy day. It has also been a victorious day—perhaps the most victorious day of Christ's whole ministry. John says that when he

perceived that they would come and take him by force to make him king, he departed into the mountain alone. There we find him spending the night in prayer. Man's way after a day of success and victory is to go home exulting, feeling good and resting easy, taking great satisfaction and glory *from* the fact that *he* had done so much that day.

Christ's method after a day of success was to spend the night in prayer. The lesson we may learn is this—If Christ after victory, if Christ, the purest, the best, the wisest, the holiest being the world ever saw must spend whole nights in prayer, private prayer, how much more should we not only spend whole nights in prayer, but make our whole life a constant prayer. If Christ, after a day of victory, was on his guard against the tempter, how much more should we who are so much more susceptible to temptation, watch and pray with the greatest diligence after a day in the heavenlies. It is then we are off our guard, thinking we are all right now. It is then we are tempted to spiritual pride, thinking we are better than some one else. It is then we think the work will go itself and we can sit down and take things easy. Christ's example at such a time was private prayer. Private prayer will do wonders. The person who makes long prayers in public and short ones in private will not likely have much power with either God or man. Give me the person for a Christian worker who makes long prayers in his private devotions. He can afford to make short ones, long ones, or any other kind in public. Many of us are too careless about our private devotions. No wonder there are so many lean

souls. If the persons with the lean souls would take as little time to feed their bodies as they do their souls their bodies would be lean too. We spend fifteen to twenty minutes (we ought to spend longer) three times every day to feed our bodies. I venture there are thousands of persons in the churches all over the country who spend nothing like that amount of time in private prayer. If this whole church would get before God in the most earnest and continuous private prayer what would be accomplished in this community. Prayer that is not only asking, but prayer that is full of thanksgiving and praise; prayer that appropriates the blessings God extends to us; prayer that communes with God and partakes of his nature.

But we must not be so wrapped up in our devotions and prayers that we cannot see those in need of our sympathy and help. This leads us to the second thought of the text: "God's watchful care." Christ was not so busy praying on the mountain that he could not see those poor fellows out on the sea—toiling, tired, afraid, discouraged. So His vigilant eye of love and tenderness sees us out on the stormy sea of life. We all believe in a superintending providence, but we sometimes neglect to apply it to ourselves. We can easily trust God to take care of the sun, moon and stars, but when it comes to ourselves we seem to have some doubt about it. We forget that even the very hairs of our head are numbered, that not a sparrow falls on the ground without His notice. He not only cares for us but prays for us. He doubtless prayed for those disciples when He saw them in the storm. He is the great intercessor for the church at

the present day. It is a blessed thing to feel that one is being prayed for. I pity the man or woman, boy or girl, who feels that he has no one to pray for him. It is said that Bishop Janes made it a custom to pray for every presiding elder of all the conferences over which he presided. It is blessed for each member of the church to feel that his pastor prays for him by name every day. Who has not known the perfume, the sweetness, the helpfulness of a mother's prayers. But a greater than a bishop, a better than a pastor, one even more tender than a mother is praying for us. "He ever lives above for me to intercede." What can hinder our advancement! With Christ to pray for us, with the omnipotent Jehovah to sustain us, and the ever quickening Spirit to lead us, what can block up our pathway! What shall hinder our taking this whole community for God! "Who shall separate us from the love of God? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us."

From his place on the mountain Christ sees the pitiable condition of his followers. He permitted the storm perhaps for their good. Many are the uses of adversity. If sanctified, every trial is a treasure. As soon as they came to their extremity he came to their rescue. He had known the first longing desire they cast toward him, he noticed the turning of their fainting hearts toward him for help. Ah, yes, we meet many contrary winds in life, but we have the comforting assurance that when all the strength of the toiling disciples did fail the God-man came walking on the

waves hastening to their relief. But strange to say when he did come they feared him. They did not recognize either his form or voice. They thought him a spirit come to do them harm. They were terrified at the storm, they were more terrified at their deliverer. God's blessings often come to us in disguise. We do not recognize God's hand extended for our help. We do not recognize His voice when it says: "This way, my child." We are sometimes afraid of God, we shrink from his presence, we chafe under his chastenings. We need help, the storm howls, the darkness deepens, the waves dash, the rocks are ahead, we cry to God for help, we think him far off, when he is just at hand. His form we may not recognize, but listen, his voice breaks out through the storm: "It is I, be not afraid."

Notice in the next place—these men were toiling in rowing. Rowing is a delightful exercise. Under the proper circumstances nothing is more pleasant and exhilarating. It is not work that kills men. It is toil. Toil is work with fret and worry, and fear and despair. Toil is work with but little spirit, without hope, without heart. Ah, there are so many toiling Christians. Toiling Christians are to be pitied as well as toiling workers. Brother, sister, is your Christian life, your religious experience a drag? Is everything done from a sense of hard, stern duty? Is there no real joy, or heart-felt pleasure in being a Christian? Is it all uphill work, all drudgery? Then you are a toiling Christian. Those disciples were followers of Christ but Christ was not with them. Without Him their work was toil, without Him it was a fruitless, weary,

forlorn effort. My brother, if your Christian life is dull, heavy and toilsome, the chances are that you are trying to get along without the cheering and helpful presence of Christ. There are so many people who have no Christian rest. The Psalmist says: "He maketh me to lie down." Let us lie down and rest. Rest, soul, rest; rest from the worry, the fretting, the toiling. Take Jesus on board. There will yet be work—it will however not be toil. It will be work with a purpose, with a glad heart. Work with the presence of Christ at hand, in the heart, never becomes toil. Are we toiling in our rowing? His eye of compassion is upon us. He is praying for us. He is just waiting for the first longing glance toward him. He is waiting to answer our first heart cry for his presence. The very moment we feel our weakness and helplessness, the very moment we turn our first faith glance to him, that moment he will appear walking on the stormy waves, calling to us: "Be of good cheer, it is I, be not afraid." Then can we each sing: "I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest. I'll sail the wide seas no more, The tempest may sweep o'er the wild stormy deep, In Jesus I'm safe evermore."

In conclusion, let us recapitulate the lessons we have learned. First, if Christ must needs pray, how much more should we? Second, be especially prayerful after victory. Third, Christ not only cares for us but prays for us. Fourth, don't be afraid of Christ when he comes to help. Fifth, be a restful, not a toiling Christian.

Get your eyes off the wild stormy sea, get your

eyes off the difficulties, the church, the minister. Get your eyes onto Christ.

Let the whole congregation, the whole community get on their knees before God praying—praying mightily, and God will surely manifest his power in our midst.

Brethren, Ho, for Heaven! Ten minutes of Heaven will make us forget the Contrary Winds.

CHAPTER XI.

OUTLINES.

"One thing thou lackest."—Mark 10:21.

DIV. I. *Essentials not wanting.*

1. Desire for Eternal Life.
2. Comes to Jesus.
 - (1) At proper time—youth.
 - (2) Earnestly—"running."
 - (3) Outward humility—"kneeling."
3. Morality.

DIV. II. *The One Thing.*

1. Jesus, admires, loves.
2. Jesus, true to him.
3. Jesus, shows him his heart.
Not submissive to the will of God.

THE NEW BIRTH.

"Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God."—John 3:3.

Introduction.

Remarkable visit, persons. Remarkable topics.

I. *The Kingdom of God.*

1. A real kingdom, "see it."
2. Many attractions—no sorrow, no tears, no longings, no sin.

3. See Moses, Daniel, Paul, God.
4. See Jesus. Like to see him tonight.
5. Time—eternal development.
6. I expect to get there. Do you?

II. *A Great Condition. "Born again."*

1. The Old Nature.
 - (1) Living according to "desires."
 - (2) Deceitful.
 - (3) Corrupt—"desperately wicked."
2. The New Man.
 - (1) Desires under control.
 - (2) Right doing by right being.
 - (3) Holiness in all its grades.

III. How? *A New Creation.*

1. Not culture nor re-form-a-tion.
2. Not lopping off. Nothing to Nicodemus.
3. New controlling principle.
 - (a) A great change—Paul.
 - (b) Crab—Rambo.

IV. *Agent and Means.*

1. Spirit. Ill., Wind.
2. By Christ's Death. Ill., Serpent.
3. Obedience, belief, acceptance.
4. Iron, black, cold, hard.
5. Never grow till you are born.

Conclusion.

1. Emphasis of Christ's "must."
2. Born once, two deaths; born twice, one death.
3. Ill., Cultured young lady. (Foster.)

“WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED.”—Acts 16: 30.

Introduction.

Always interesting to see souls saved.

- I. *His Conviction.*
 1. Two prisoners brought to him.
 2. Conscience.
 3. Divine presence—earthquake.
 4. Miraculous intervention—prisoners.
 5. Nearness of death—suicide.
 6. Felt he was a sinner.
- II. *His Prayer for Help.*
 1. Not too proud to ask help of prisoners.
 2. Cry of a broken heart—trembled.
 3. Just to the point—see the “must.”
 4. Not repent but believe. Why?
 5. Explained—the “word of life.”
- III. *Evidence of Conversion.*
 1. Rejoicing.
 2. Trusting.
 3. Washed their wounds.
 4. Gave them meat.
 5. Were baptized.
- IV. *Application.*
 1. Your opportunity.
 2. Your conviction.
 3. Your cry.
 4. Your conversion.

REPENTANCE.

“*The goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance.*” Rom. 2:4
Men want to be *led* to repentance,

They expect something to lead them.

Div. I. *Other things will not lead.*

1. Fear of hell. No.
2. Loved ones in Heaven.
3. Entreaties of friends, revivals, etc.
4. Fear of shame at Judgment.
5. None will directly lead to repentance.

Div. II. *Goodness of God does lead.*

1. Woman and daughter. Isa. 6, Job 42.
2. Ice pounded and melted.
3. Excellence manifested by
 - (1) Goodness of God sees sin—great.
 - (2) The being who receives it.
 - (3) The conduct to which it is a reply.
 - (4) The boon which it brings.

Div. III. *Because of the Nature of Repentance.*

1. Sorrow toward God.
2. Sorrow of Pharaoh, Baalam, Saul, Judas.
3. Sorrow toward God comes of a view of God.
4. Ill., "God is love"—church.

Div. IV. *Will you allow God's goodness to lead you ?*

1. Not hard and unloving.
2. Jesus draws, leads, not drives.
3. Test it. Ill., "Two boys in college."

Conclusion.

1. His goodness draws you to Jesus.
2. His forbearance faintly weeps you to Jesus.
3. His long-suffering waits and woes.
4. Come! Come!! Come!!!

THE STRAIGHT GATE.

“*Strive to enter in at the straight gate, for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in and shall not be able.*”

—Luke 13:24, also Matt. 7:13, 14.

I. *The Straight Gate.*

1. What is it? 2. Why called straight?
 - (1) Little gate in castles.
 - (2) No sin can come in.
 - (3) Yonder proud man—silk hat.
 - (4) Yonder proud man on elephant.
 - (5) There comes a king.
 - (6) There a man with a grudge.
 - (7) Generally *one* last thing.
 - (a) Do anything but that.
 - (b) Ill., “Give world,” not come to alter.
 - (c) Old story of Naaman.
 - (8) Young man and his boat.
3. an’t get on believing ground.

II. Agonize to enter in.

1. Many merely “seek” not “agonize.”
2. An easy way—broad.
 1. Proud man. King, &c.
3. Not easy to let go sin.
4. Choose the difficult. *Lot. Joseph.*
5. No excellence without labor.
 1. Come two nights, &c.
 2. Work twenty years for home—twenty minutes.

III. *The entering in.*

1. The important thing of life.
2. May I enter in?

3. May I know if I am in?
 1. Know what we agonize to get.
4. Many { Confidence } they are in. "Lord!
Imagine } Lord!"—"Never knew you."
5. You will plead to get in.
6. The gate will be shut.
7. The thing is to get in. Not enough to.
 1. Know. 2. Think. 3. Promise. 4. Resolve.

Conclusion.

1. Straight but always open.
2. Lost in sight of the gate—Ship.
3. Heaven worth striving for.

THE MASTER'S CALL.

"The Master is come and calleth for thee."—John 11:28.

Introduction.

1. Rural Home. 2. Circumstances. 3. Sorrow.
4. Death. 5. Need.

Div. I. *Comes as a Master.*

1. Christ is always kingly.
(1) Cradle, (2) temple, (3) baptism, (4) transfiguration, (5) grave, (6) Pilate, (7) cross.
2. A Master.
(1) Nature, (2) disease, (3) sorrow, (4) death, (5) sin.
3. Has come here.
(1) Are you interested? (2) Great need.

Div. II. *Calls to Himself.*

1. Calls Mary.
(1) Riches? (2) Honor?

2. Exalts all he touches.
 1. Cross. 2 Labor. 3 Poverty + Soul.
 5. Life, Ill. Rev. Rodgers.
3. His presence enough Ill. Little Pilgrim.
4. Entranced with Jesus.

Div. III. *Calls for you.*

1. Greatest honor.
 1. Mary realized.
 2. Do we? President Cleveland.
2. Calls by messenger, Martha.
 1. Sister—brother—mother.
 2. Prayers of friends.
 3. By His death. Ill. Barabas.
3. Calls by sorrows. Ill. Lawyer.

Conclusion.

1. Did Mary make excuse?
2. Rose up quickly.
3. Fell weeping at his feet.
4. Tells him about her brother.
5. Your soul that is dead.
6. Disease of sin ruined it.
7. Mary saw glory of God.
8. You may see glory of God.
9. Aspirations.
 1. Pleasure—"At thy right hand," &c.
 2. Riches. Not coppers, get gold.
 3. Power. "Powers of the world to come."
10. *I'm going to Eternity!*

BUYING GOLD.

Lesson—Isa. 61.

“I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and annoint thine eyes with eye-salve that thou mayest see.”—Rev. 3:18.

Introduction.

Scores unsaved. Why? I am commissioned to offer you salvation.

DIV. I. *The Counsel.*

1. Not mine but of an expert.
2. No one knows everything—ask advice.
3. Mistakes—Huxley—Master.
4. Comes once more—advice—need it.
5. Mother—friend—Elijah.
6. Does not command us.
7. Why? Sees that we are miserable, &c.

DIV II. *To buy Gold.*

1. Gold symbol of riches—draws attention.
2. The pure, tried, genuine article that can procure true riches is Salvation.
3. Salvation is free—mistake—but available to every man endowed with means to buy. Rich young man.
4. Rebellion against God—white sheet.
5. Salvation like gold—stand the test in all countries.
6. Brother Davenport. Ask—Job, &c.

DIV. III. *To be Rich.*

1. Out-side. Inside, adorns, blesses, beautifies.
2. Life worth living—faith and prayer, fidelity to duty, consistency, conscientiousness and spirituality; true worth—*true manhood*, feels his soul's dignity, cannot cringe, pollute himself, be mean. He who aspires to look—well—will scarcely quail before any earthly foe.
3. Men on the earth—simply true—sun.
4. Men on the earth, tyrants, &c. Take Joseph for example. Don't get the idea—effeminate.
5. *Pleasure*—true worth. Made people think no pleasure.
6. My religion not "happy," throw it away.
7. One hundred fold here—eternal hereafter.
 "Go wing thy flight from star to star,
 O sweet and blessed country."

DIV. IV. *Nakedness.*

1. Picture naked soul. All its shame and nakedness.
2. "God save us! !"

DIV. V. *White Raiment.*

1. Robe of Righteousness.
2. Cloak of Humanity.
3. Girdle of Truth.
4. Necklace of Graces.
 1. Love, 2. Joy, 3. Peace, 4. Long Suffering,
 5. Goodness, 6. Gentleness, 7. Faith, 8. Meekness,
 9. Temperance.
5. Crown of Glory.

Conclusion.

1. Listen to Christ.
2. Fall in love.

EXCUSES.

“And they all with one consent began to make excuses.”

— Luke 14:18.

Introduction.

No form of sin more common.

- 1st Ex. Ashamed to be a Christian. Text. Sun, moon, stars. Your treatment comes back.
- 2nd Ex. Inconsistencies of Christians. Text—Exaggerated. Minister—Counterfeit.
- 3d Ex. Unwilling to give up all. Text. Ill, child and beads. What you got worth anything? One hundred years. Boat—Miss—Boy out at sea.
- 4th Ex. Good Enough. Text. Of all persons least hope. Jesus, Doctor.
- 5th Ex. Don't feel like it. Text. Certainly.
- 6th Ex. Afraid not holding out. Text. Time—Busy—Associations.
- 7th Ex. Doing best I can, God ought to be satisfied. Text. Not by works. Messenger and river. Doing nothing for God.
- 8th Ex. Doubts about conversion. Text. That ye may know that ye have eternal life.
- 9th Ex. Simply putting it off. Text. One more I'll run the risk.

Conclusion.

1. Other Excuses.
2. Label them all. Bundle lies. Conclave.

THE RICH FOOL.

"But God said unto him: "Thou Fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." Luke 12:20.

Introduction.

Jury for verdict.

DIV. I. *Things in his favor.*

1. Rich.
 1. Much in his favor.
 2. Pet him.
2. Industrious.
 1. Supplements many ways.
 2. Generally insures success.
 3. Contempt for laziness.
 4. Great men, John Wesley.
 5. Jesus called busy men.
3. Economical.
 1. Christ; "Gather fragments."
 2. Foundation of Liberality.
 3. Prodigality brings ruin.
4. Thoughtful.
 1. Respect for brains.
 2. Thought wins.
 3. Opposite of fool.
 4. Far seeing—"pull down."
5. Not immoral.
 1. Not dishonest.
 2. Not profane.
 3. Not a drunkard.
 4. Churches glad to get him.

DIV. II. *Things against him.* In all this planning he has forgotten.

1. Claims of God.
 1. *My goods, my fruits.*
 2. Count the "I's"—selfishness.
 3. Never tho't consulting God.
2. Claims of his soul. Sailor and pearls.
 1. Feed his soul on barnfuls.
 2. Must be fed on God. Ill. "Estate."
3. Claims of life—others—true—end of life.
 1. Sympathy.
 2. Helpfulness.
 3. Had barns.
4. Claims or Death. No pockets in shrouds. All he had outside of him.
 1. Death must come.
 2. Prepare—Man in field, one comes from the other world.
 3. Ill. Little girl—see not one prepare.
5. Claims of Eternity.
 1. It is coming.
 2. Nothing laid up.

Conclusion.

 1. Decision—Fool or not.
 2. Applications—Affections on God.
 3. Dives and Lazarus.

FALLOW GROUND.

"Break up your fallow ground."—Hosea 10:12

Introduction.

Farmers understand this.

- I. *What is it to break fallow ground?*
 1. Heart ground—spiritual sense.

2. Heart field of religion.
 3. Break down frequently.
- II. *Why necessary to break it up?*
1. To prepare for a blessing.
 1. Josiah. 2. David. 3. Father and Son.
 2. Broken heart vs. Repentance.
 3. Broken heart vs. Evangelical faith, love, etc.
 4. Necessity of a tender conscience.
- III. *How to be broken up.*
1. Not by trying to feel.
 1. Not whine and moan.
 2. Nor put on, etc.
 2. How do you break your ground?
 1. Plow. 2. Ax. 3. Sledge. 4. Dynamite.
 3. Get plow-share of truth in—*stir, stir.*
 4. Don't be easy with yourself—cut, smash, blow, blast, till completely pulverized.
 5. Not general but specific.
 1. Paper and pencil.
 6. Omissions.
 1. Ingratitude.
 2. Want of love—love lagging.
 3. Neglect of Bible. Turn down leaves.
 4. Unbelief.
 5. Neglect of means of grace.
 6. Want of alarm for souls.
 7. Commissions.
 1. Worldly mindedness.
 2. Pride.
 3. Evil speaking.
 4. Lying.

5. Robbing God of time, health, money.
6. Bad temper.
7. Injured your neighbor.
8. Do thorough work—resolve to amend in every particular—preparing for judgment.
9. *See state of heart.* “Unclean,” &c.
10. Ask and believe for help of Holy Spirit.

Conclusion.

1. Result—a contrite heart.
2. Ready to believe God almost anything.
3. Christians can't expect revival—waking up—making noise.
4. Not broken up, gets harder.



LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF DANIEL,

“*That Daniel.*”—Dan. 6:13.

Introduction.

Sketch of his life.

Div. I. *His Youth.*

1. Conscientiousness,
 1. Ill. Theo. Parker.
 2. Little matter.
 3. Ordinary man.
2. Steadfastness under temptation.
 1. Tempted by his youth.
 2. Tempted by usages of high society.
 3. Tempted by high position.
 4. Tempted by absence from home.

3. Diligence.
 1. As a student.
 2. As a statesman.
 3. Ill. of box *full* of cannon balls—still hold marbles, shot, sand, water.

DIV. II. *Before Nebuchadnezzar.*

1. Faith.
 1. (Life of his life.)
 2. Promise to the King.
 3. Realized the invisible presence.
2. Humanity.
 1. Secret from God.
 2. Nothing of his work in seventy years.
3. Genuine friendship.
 1. Three friends.
 2. No envy.
 3. A man that hath friends must show himself friendly.

DIV. III. *Before Belshazzar.*

1. Moral courage.
 1. To denounce the king.
 2. Learned from youth.
 3. Soldier, cannon, vs. lang.
 4. Courage to be honest, resist temptation.
 5. Be what we are; Courage to say no or yes.
—Courage to do something; don't stand and shiver—But jump right in.
2. Fidelity to man.
 1. To Belshazzar.
 2. To mankind.
 3. Soldier and ship; Christian and church.

DIV. IV. *The Royal Decree.*

1. Personal Integrity.
 1. No mean thing.
 2. Intrigue by intrigue. Prayed 1, 2, 3, 4 times.
2. Fidelity to God.
 1. Led him, taught him to go, etc., go back.
 2. His enemies calculated on his fidelity.
 3. Nothing finer.

Conclusion.

1. Character—Not a great unit—spinning—building character—Successful characters—Individuals.
 1. No warlike host but—Moses.
 2. No senate—David.
 3. No Congress of great—Daniel.
 4. No school of divines—Wycliffe.
 5. No learned Society—Columbus.
 6. No assembly theologians—Bunyan.
 7. No confederate nations—Knox.
 8. Conferences of ministers—Wesley.

Man?

Choose Daniel's God.

Serve as Daniel did.

Be	{	Conscientious, Steadfast, Diligent, Courageous, Prayerful.	Life of	{	Faith, Humility, Genuine Friendship, Faithful to God and man.
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WINNING SOULS.

"He that winneth souls is wise." Prov. 11:30.

Introduction.

Div. I. *Wisdom of winning souls.*

1. Our business.
 1. To bring forth fruit.
 2. To shine.
 3. Ye are the salt.
 4. A work laid on us--Firemen.
 5. It is wise to do our duty.
2. Makes ourselves better.
 1. Makes us careful--Fishing.
 2. Makes us happy.
 3. Teaches us unselfishness.
 4. Makes us grow in grace.
 5. Promised reward--(Dan. 12:3.)
3. Elevates Humanity.
 1. First public oration.
 2. Humanity--Ours--Festering mass.
 3. Looks to me! Find tongue. What hast thou done for thy brother!
4. Souls live forever.
 1. Soul winner works for eternity.
 2. Diligence in other things.
 3. Hold in our hand destiny of eternity.
 4. Awful thing not to save.
 5. Carelessness--Ill. Dr. Channing.

Div. II. *Preparation for winning souls.*

1. David in 51st Psalm.
 1. Clean heart.
 2. Renew right spirit.

3. Indwelling of Holy Spirit.
4. Restore unto me the joy of salvation.
2. Peter at Pentecost.
3. Paul in presence, 'Ananias.
4. Real goodness of life.
5. Sympathy for humanity.
 1. Burning of souls.

Div. III. *How to win souls.*

1. Not in the dismal selfish road.
 1. Must be won.
2. Be wise.
3. Set ourselves at it.
 1. Get up and go.
 2. Peter—"I go a fishing."
 3. Dare go alone.
4. Makes self-sacrifices.
5. Batter down Barriers.
6. Andrew's plan.
 1. Each person won.

Conclusion.

Bishop Foster.

1. Do you know you were converted?
2. Are you now living in enjoyment of salvation.
3. Do you have daily family prayers?

