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THE PREACHER'S MAGAZINE
J. B. Chapman, Editor

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01 -- THE PASTOR'S GREATEST TRIAL -- By J. B. Chapman

We were discussing the situation of a brother minister who is having considerable trial in his endeavor to stay with his pastorate and bring it out to a victorious conclusion, and one of our company said, "The trouble with John is that he has always been in the evangelistic work, and has been accustomed only to seeing the people get saved and reclaimed and sanctified. But now he must stay on after the special meeting closes and see the people struggle against the odds of life and see many of them give up and backslide or drift into a meaningless profession and become spiritually worthless to the church. This is what kills the pastor and what tempts him to turn to some other form of ministerial service. And it is what makes it difficult for an evangelist to become a successful pastor. The evangelist has been accustomed to making the mourner's bench his 'cure all.' But in the pastorate it is necessary to employ patience, and to stand by and encourage a soul to fight his way through to a stable Christian experience and life. It would not be so bad if the people always won. But they do not always win. The preacher knows they could win and that they should win. And then to see them drift into a place of spiritual deadness, or into powerless formalism, or into unadvised fanaticism, or into hypocrisy or into outbroken sin -- that is what kills the pastor.

"And then down through the course of years the very human side of things is a source of test and trial. The pastor is likely to see his friends become lukewarm or even turn into opposers, when he is aware that it was his fidelity to God and his own duty that caused them to do so. And he is aware that for him to leave would do the persons in question no spiritual good. The pastor is tempted to run away, but he is also certain that he does not have a holy cause for doing so. He must therefore stay on and keep sweet and patient and loving and tender. He must take his trials to the Lord and come out of his closet smiling. He must forego all resentment and must not even mention the fact that the more he loves the less he himself is loved.

"It is often a trial to the pastor to see even his own people become infatuated with some 'passing meteor' in the ministerial sky, when his own spiritual discernment enables him to see that the preacher in question is like so many of the contemporaries of Paul, 'seeking his own,' and not the things that are Christ's. But the pastor must press on, absolutely refusing to be discouraged or to take too active a part in making way with the cause of his sorrow.

"Despite the fact that a mote hunter is always of bad reputation, the pastor has to spend much of his time removing small evils before they become large

enough to damn. And picking motes out of eyes is a delicate task -- lest the eye shall also be destroyed."

There are compensations, of course, but we are speaking now of the pastor's greatest trial, and we think we have found it in connection with the necessity for his staying with the hard proposition when it would be so much more pleasant to spend his time in "getting something started." It is doubtless much more exciting and pleasant to help launch new ships than it is to keep those which are afloat in good repair or to salvage those which have wrecked upon the reefs.

But the pastor who is too little concerned to be deeply pained by the struggles and failures of his people is too little concerned to be of help to them. Christianity is not stoicism. And it is a rule in life that love must suffer. The shepherd braves the darkness and the storm to rescue his sheep, and then he does not stop to consider the merely commercial aspect of the matter, but carefully binds up the wounds of the rescued one and in patience and tenderness nurses it back to health.

It would be easy to be the pastor of an ideal church. But there are no ideal churches, just as there are no ideal pastors. And if there is an ideal church it does not need a pastor. Nay, our calling requires that we labor under many handicaps and "through much tribulation enter the kingdom of God." It may be good in fine weather to have a light-hearted, shallow man for pastor; but in the times when the days grow dark or when the day is long in coming, the people are glad for a man who in tenderness and firmness has stood for his convictions and who knows how to point the sorrowing one to "The Man of Sorrows." The winning pastor is a suffering pastor.

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02 -- EDITORIAL NOTES -- By J. B. Chapman

There is a new book, "Science and the New Civilization," written by Professor Robert A. Millikan and published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, which I think will be interesting to many preachers. Of course there are many things in the book which sound strange and unreal to those who read only religious books, and there are some things which are highly speculative and of no particular value. But his chapter on "Three Great Elements in Human Progress" contains some noteworthy things. Professor Millikan believes that there is no valid quarrel between science and religion. Especially the preachers who are "a little older" and those who have a little bent toward the scientific viewpoint will find this new book interesting.

And while speaking of books, every preacher should at least send for Dr. John Paul's "Life of William Taylor." An abridged edition has been published as the February number of the Nazarene Monthly by our Publishing House. If you are a

subscriber for the series of course you have already received this number, but if you are not a subscriber, send twenty-five cents to the Nazarene Publishing House for this booklet. William Taylor was one of the most apostolic men the Christian Church has ever produced and the story of his life cannot fail to quicken a preacher's faith.

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03 -- GREAT PREACHERS I HAVE KNOWN -- By A. M. Hills

No. 21. William A. Quayle

One person out of every twelve, one Christian out of every five, one Protestant out of every four in the United States is a Methodist." Such a church in this age and country ought to produce some great preachers. If it had not it would be a reproach. But the reproach is wanting.

One writer says, "There is a Methodist genius, unique, particular, precious -- joining mind and heart, uniting the joy of truth with the joy of life -- and there has never been a more perfect incarnation of it than Bishop Quayle; in whom humor, pathos, literature, life, faith, philosophy and poetry are made incandescent by a spiritual genius who is also an unveneered human being.

It is reported that a great Methodist layman once thanked God "for one Bishop Quayle, and no more" -- but as a preacher there is not another like him in Methodism or anywhere else. In a church so rich in great preachers -- the church of Simpson, and Fowler, Price Hughes and Thoburn, Foster and Asbury, no one may be supreme, but Bishop Quayle is one of the princes of that realm; a peer in a shining company of those whose hearts and lips God has touched with light and power and eloquence. No wonder he confirms some of us in the conviction, long held as an article of faith, that "when God made the Methodist church He did not do anything else that whole day; and behold it was good!"

Bishop Quayle's parents came from the Isle of Man. He was a product of Kansas. He was a student, professor and president of Baker University, Baldwin, Kansas. He was an industrious worker, an omnivorous reader, a fascinating author, a popular dramatic lecturer, and a powerful pulpit orator. He graduated from the university in 1885, was professor in Greek from 1887 to 1890. Then was president from 1890 to 1892. He then went into the pastoral work, was pastor of three large churches in succession at Kansas City, Indianapolis and Chicago, lasting until 1908, when he was elected bishop. He became a prolific author.

I was favored to meet Bishop Quayle in a providential and unexpected way. When preaching in a city in Scotland a Scotch lassie walked three miles night after night to hear me. She afterward married a young Scotchman who was pastor of a Methodist church in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. I was president of Bethany College,

a few miles out of the city. She heard of it and invited me to come into the city and spend some Sabbath with them. I went one morning in time to be present at the Sabbath school but did not find the pastor or his wife and did not know a person in the room. For some unaccountable reason the Sunday school superintendent asked me to teach an adult Bible class. Then he asked me to address the Sunday school I said yes, if he would give me twenty minutes and time to make an altar call. He consented. I spoke, made an altar call and thirty-seven came to the altar, from seven to sixteen years of age. The teachers came forward and dealt with them and I prayed with them. When I arose to go back to the rear of the house I saw a remarkable looking man standing in the aisle with head bowed and eyes closed. I asked who it was. "Why, don't you know?" and I replied, "Sir, I do not know a person in the house." "Why, that is Bishop Quayle and he is going to preach here this morning." He soon sent for me to share the pulpit with him. That was my introduction to the famous Bishop Quayle.

Here is a specimen of the eloquent and scholarly preaching of this prince in Israel from the text, "Christ the dynamite of God" (1 Cor. 1:24).

Christ was at once a revelation and a revolution. He came to turn the world upside down, and was the chief iconoclast of human history. Himself was the sower who went forth to sow. Jesus came and went. Now, as we look back, His passage across our sky seems swift as the flight of a falling star. Brief years included His ministry. We were but getting ready to entertain Him when He left us and the heavens received Him from our sight. Jesus came and went; but the world to which He came and the world from which He departed were not the same, for He had seeded our earth down to new ideas.

On coming, Jesus found nothing to His hand. Though He had waited so long, so long, yet nothing seemed ready for His coming. He had waited through the weary centuries, expectant, eager, saying as He looked earth's way, "Is it not ready yet? is it not ready yet?" and at the last, coming, He found Himself an unexpected guest -- nothing ready for Him. No home to be born in, no Bethlehem to shelter His boyhood, no Palestine to let Him grow from its soil as a "root out of dry ground," but He must needs go into Egypt for safety, seeing His very life was beset. So barbarous and inhospitable His welcome. His Nazareth would fling Him from its cliffs. His Father's house was not ready for Him. The church gave Him scant tolerance, then menace, scorn, hisses, maledictions, crucifixion. Society was not ready for Him, save that it was so apathetic it needed waking, so depraved it needed redeeming, so foul it needed a troubling of its waters, that health might follow its disease. Oh, it shames us now to think' nothing was ready for Him -- and He had waited so long I wonder His heart did not break. "He came unto his own, and his own received him not." Not a door open, nor a voice crying, "Welcome!"

1. Christ is the power of God in the entirety of man's life. Christianity differs from other religious systems, not in that it monopolizes all nobilities of thought. Every religious system has noble precepts, since God's light has illuminated all

souls. Christianity has exalted precepts of all systems outside itself, though this is not its distinctive glory. Other systems give good advices: Christianity gives power. "Christ is the power of God." And if this Christ is to be a Savior for the soul, He must be ample enough for its extremest need. Of partial saviors the world is sick. Give us a potent Christ -- nay, give us an omnipotent Christ. Christ must be a subduer. In Him must be might and to spare. Standing by Him we must feel we neighbor with the Infinite. The power of God should in reason suffice. Jesus says, "All power is given unto me"; and all power is enough. But quadruple this might with our need. Inquire, "Is it commensurate?"

And Christ must master intellect. Christ must satisfy the reason. He must do more: He must satisfy the profoundest thought of the profoundest thinker. He must set thought on fire. He must make narrow thought drive barriers back to the horizon. He must put fire in the reason's blood. In other words, Christ must not dwarf intellect, but enlarge it. Standing beside Christ the tallest reason of the sons of men must feel he is a pigmy and that the Christ lifts an immeasurable height above him. My appeal is to history to declare that since history began no such intellectual quickener has set foot on earth as Jesus, the Christ. He has created a literature, a theology, a sociology. Men have loved Him, feared Him, hated Him, antagonized Him, but have thought about Him. Christ is reason's Lord. He is God's power in the domain of pure reason. This man's name is Newton. He is an athlete. He is the greatest wrestler that ever bent to wrestler's toil no common athlete, no Samson with Gaza's gate on his shoulders; this is an intellectual athlete. Once we saw beads of sweat gather their dew upon his forehead and watched the passion of him, when lo! he comes, victor; and he had wrestled nature down and from her clenched hands had taken the secret of the primary colors. Rest, wrestler, rest! Once more we saw him bend his powers. to toil. His former feats are trifles now. He wrestles with the invisible. Might and he are met. Forty-five centuries of men have been wrestled down, when at the end, our athlete is not mastered, but master, and brings away as trophy of his triumph, gravitation. Rest, victor, rest. Now, can Christ answer to this vast intellect's needs? Let himself answer. Christ was at his right hand. In life Christ was his strength and stay; in his consummate years he essayed to write a comment on God's Book; and in his dying hour his failing sight beheld the Christ and his eyes were lighted. Biography attests Christ to be "the power of God" to intellect. And too, this is significant. Christ does this without apparent effort. The wonder of the ocean tides is not that they fill all creeks and inlets, and wash all shores clean, and lift all boats lying like wrecks along waterless channels, and cover shoals, and wrath upon the rocks, but the wonder is how easily 'tis done. No effort; but the tide rises and the shores are full[Charles Lamb was right. A company debating what they would do if the great Shakespeare came, the verdict was unanimous: they would all rise. The further question was raised, what they would do if the great Christ should come, Charles Lamb stuttered, "We would all kneel." Wisely answered, Ella. All wise reason kneels at the feet of Christ.

And Christ as God's power must master imagination. Man is poet and prophet. He has wings and knows how to out-soar eagles. What can Christ do for

man, the dreamer? If he abates imagination's flame and dulls it to ashes, he can be no adequate Christ. Well, time was when we must theorize concerning things like these. Happily, that time is past. Christ has been here so long we know His might. His biography is written in the lives of men. We have seen Him enter imagination's dwelling; and immediately the room has been lighted up as if the sun had suddenly risen. What is told of Caedmon is true of all. A servant became a poet because he had a vision of Christ. His case may serve as an allegory. Christ makes poets of us all. He colors our skies with rainbow tints. And in history Christ has created painting, He has shaped an exquisite poetic architecture, He has created music, He has given to earth Edmund Spenser, and Dante, and Milton and Browning. More, He has with gracious democracy made all that love Him to "see visions and dream dreams."

Further, God's power must answer to the subduing of the will. He must not break this royal faculty as one would break a sword across his knee. "Man's life must not be reduced to fragments, but restored to entirety. Christ came, "not to destroy, but to fulfil." Two opposing labors must be wrought by Christ in the will.

First, the stubborn will must be made pliable. Some men are as ragged as the edge of a hacked sword. They lacerate all they meet. Their gentleness is cruel. They delight in naming themselves firm; their wives, with less rhetoric and more truths declare them stubborn. Man takes a ground and holds it because he has taken it. Even Pilate would answer, "What I have written I have written." Some men are so imperious as not to be bearable. But Christ is power. He can make brusqueness gracious. He can bend obduracy, but he does it by getting within the will and filling it full of himself. He does it as you have seen steel rails bent. Cold, they resisted your strength, but heated to red heat they bent to meet the requisition of the desired curve. Christ makes will pliable by flinging divine heats within, and so leads whithersoever he will. But this other thing, God's power must do in will. He must strengthen the emasculated will. He must become a cure for vacillation. Some men drift like leaves when wind-pursued. Some men and women are born with weak volition. They are mercurial as air. Others are born strong, but by misuse of will, or by narcotics or alcoholics they weaken the will. This is pitiful but true. A ship bereft of rudder is no more a sport of ocean currents than they; and what for them? Whence comes their strength? The answer is, "It comes from heaven." His name is Christ. I make no arraignment of Keeley cure, but praise it rather. Yet to any drunkard with his weakened will I commend "Christ cure." He is the establisher of the will. The weakest volition that ever stumbled like a drunkard along the path may walk a man, since Christ is "the power of God."

Yet what of love? This vigor of life, what if it becomes dwarfed? Atheism, either theoretical or practical, dries up the blood. Infidelity withers love like hot winds the fields of corn. There is in my observation a callousness and settled hardness in an aged infidel face. What can Christ do for a man's love which is dried like a leaf whose summer and autumn both are past? Let me answer by a fact. Past my study window one day an old man shambled. I had seen him often before. I had

been at his home, and was greeted by him with winter's frigidity. I had seen him when his little grand-baby lay dead; and not a tear watered his cheek or gathered in his-eyes. He was hard. Adamant seemed not so hard to me. For fifteen years he had not been in a house of prayer. Oh, he was hard. Cruelty was written on his face. Barren alike it was of pity and intelligence; and seeing him shamle past I ran to the door and into the street and asked him to come in. He came. We talked of "the power of God." I told him there was a cure for sin. He had been wicked. He was dismissed from city service for the contemptible crime of stealing goods at a fire. He sat and listened to me listlessly, inanely as I thought, but I re-averred, "There is a cure. Christ is able."

And we prayed, kneeling in the study. First, I, in poor fashion, told his case to God. Then he prayed. So listless was he, so lacking in apparent interest and tenderness, that when we rose, he saying he accepted Christ, I followed him to the door, then to the street, fearing he had misconceived me, and had not found "the power of God." No light kindled in his eyes or shined upon his face. But that night, entering the pulpit, on the front seat I saw him. He looked at me. His face was melted like a winter thawed to spring. His eyes were wet with tears. His lips twitched with feeling pent up these long years; and I shall see that man in heaven. So tender he became, a woman could not be tenderer; and beyond peradventure Christ is God's power to bring love to her regnancy again.

2. Christ is God's power to master sin. Sin is what ails the world. This world is fair enough to live in forever if sin could be banished. Sin is the nightmare which makes life terrible. Sin it is that makes history a tragedy. Sin is not quiescent, but restless like Napoleon and planning of an expanded empire. And sin has might. What truthful heart does not know this? Sin is here. It thrusts us sorely. It menaces our every step. Paul was accurate when he framed this phrase, "Where sin abounded." This is no chance utterance but terribly concrete. A Salvation Army group was singing on a street corner in St. Joseph, Missouri. The music, musicians would have considered discord, but God's angels listened and thought it sweet. The music or the word which helps the gospel to a hearing is sweeter to the ear of God than angels' songs; and, the music done, a man began to speak. He was huge of head and form and might have sat for a picture of Hercules. You would not, have wished to meet him in the dark, or when his wrath waxed hot. And as he began to speak tears were in his voice, and soon tears began to gather in the eyes of many. His story was this: "A time ago I was a drunkard, huge in body as you see, and gifted with strength. I was a walking danger. No two policemen but would give me wide room. I was a brute. My children ran and hid like scared birds when I came home. My wife was pale and dressed in rags. Scant bread was on our table. My house was a hovel and no home. One night, half drunk or more, I came along this street and heard these instruments going. I stopped. A man rose and began talking -- something about 'salvation.' He told how God could make a drunkard a man. I listened in a poor way with my addled brain, but said at my heart, 'That's what I need,' and the mar closed saying, 'All you who want to hear more about salvation come down to the barracks.' And I went, sat in a back seat, heard about Christ,

sought him and found him. Neighbors, I knew then what sal-va-tion was. Friends, come down and see me now. I've got a home now, and a tidily dressed wife; and my children do not run from their father any more, but run to meet him and kiss him, and my wife has color in her cheeks and laughter in her eyes, and my daughter has an organ now and plays gospel hymns, and all you come up to my house and see what salvation did for me." Brothers, Christ is the power of God to save from sin.

3. Christ is the power of God to slay death. When Prince Gautama, in "The Light of Asia," would have comforted a bereft woman, he sent her to find a hearth where death had not sat down. She found death had always been before her. Poor consolation this, yet here is a truth. Longfellow was right:

"There is no flock, however watched or tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair."

Each draped chair empty beside me says, "Death has been here." And who of you has not a chamber of mourning in your heart? At home is a little trunk, locked; you carry the key. It is a sacred place. What have you hidden there? Rubies and gold? No, nothing worth while to look at.

A shoe, a baby's shoe out at the toes, and little garments scarcely worn at all, and a child's playthings, most of them broken, and a lock of hair. And you sit beside and drop your tears on these fragments. Yes, death has come and you cry:

"But, O for the touch of a vanished hand, And the sound of a voice that is still." Death is so surly. He walks in at your door with never a knock. He knows no courtesy. He takes somebody of yours by the hand and goes out with him and your heart is broken. Oh, if only somebody will kill death! "Christ is the power of God" to slay death. He came to Jairus' palace saying, "Death, begone, for I have come." He came to Wain, and standing weary at the gate, was yet not so weary that he could not dispossess death of the widow's son. He came and cried, "Lazarus is mine." But Himself, God's power, is dead! The sepulcher is sealed. The soldiers keep watch. The Marys are weeping, and John and Peter hold each other's hands in mute anguish, saying no word, but only shedding bitter tears. And Saturday is ended and Sabbath is past, and the morning begins to dawn, when "very early" the grave trembles, and the guard fall like men dead, and with vast composure, such as befits him who is God's Son, Christ walks out of the grave and leaves death dead at his own door. Assuredly "Christ is the power of God" to slay death.

Your dear old father, with his furrowed face, and snow-white hair, and white tangle of beard, and hands scarred with labor and with battle, how dear he was, how passing dear! And one night an angel beckoned and with a smile as sweet as heaven upon his face he went; and you said, "He is dead," and bore him to the grave with unutterable anguish. When lo! what time the preacher said, "Earth to

earth, and ashes to ashes, and dust to dust, "there stood beside the grave an uninvited Guest. He stood strong and benignant. To look at him brought rest; and he beckoned and said, "He is not dead, but sleepeth," and took the father from the grave, and held him on his bosom, saying, "I am the resurrection and the life." "Lo, I am the Christ, the dynamite of God." Amen.

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04 -- THE PROPHET AMOS, THE PREACHER OF JUDGMENT -- By Olive M. Winchester

The Call And Training Of The Prophet

"The Lord Jehovah hath spoken; who can but prophesy?" (Amos 3:8b).

Although there had been well established schools of the prophets since the days of Samuel, where the objective had been the maintaining of a more spiritual religion than was represented by a religiously decadent priestly order, and in these schools such training was pursued as would be conducive to prophetic ministrations, as poetry, music and the law, yet these also had in many cases become permeated with the spirit of the times and the current trend of the age, so that when a man was sought to warn Israel of its doom, the Spirit of God chose one outside the pale of the regular channels. On the other hand, while Amos did not have the usual training for a prophetic career, yet he was not without preparation; in a special way he had been fitted for his calling and ministry.

His Occupation

When we search for facts relating to the early life of Amos, we find the information very meager. His first announcement regarding himself is that he was "among the herdsmen of Tekoa." Tekoa was a small village six miles south of Bethlehem, thus lying about twelve miles south of Jerusalem. It was on the edge of the desert. Beyond in the way of a settlement were only a few huts. Thus he had been brought up on the very edge of the wilderness. His occupation was a humble one, probably caring for sheep that were not his own, for he says that he was "among the herdsmen of Tekoa," not that he was a herdsman of Tekoa. The special kind of sheep which seemed to have been indicated were thin, ugly and stunted, but were noted for their wool.

Again in his defense before the priest, Amaziah, he gives us another fact regarding himself; he was a dresser of the sycamore fruit. Generally the villagers bordering on the desert regions raised a few fruit trees around their wells. Here in Tekoa the special kind was the sycamore. The fruit of this tree had certain peculiarities. It grew in clusters on sprigs extending from the stem, and before it could become palatable at all it must be punctured to allow an insect resident in it to escape and also the bitter juice. After this the fruit ripens, but even so it is not

especially desirable. It was the food of the poor. We are not told that this was used by Amos; he was the gardener or the dresser, but in any case the indication is that the occupation was a humble one. Thus viewed from either phase of his life we can only conclude that Amos was brought up like many another Judean peasant among the poorest of the land.

His Familiarity With Nature

Despite the fact that Amos did not share the training in the regular prophetic schools, yet he was not, as we have mentioned, without a special preparation for his work. It might be said of him as Longfellow did of Agassiz, the great naturalist:

"And nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, 'Here is a story book
Thy Father has written for thee!

"'Come wander with me,' she said,
'Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God.'"

He had shared in the study of that book which lies open for us all, and so often neglected. He had seen the beauties lying hidden in the humble life around about him. He had learned lessons from the wild beast and from the heavens above. As says Farrar, "No other prophet furnishes us with these metaphors from scenes of nature in such fresh, vivid, and rich variety. In him we read of the iron sledges of the thresher (1:3); of stormy hurricanes (1:4); of the cedars and oaks with their deep roots (2:9); of the hungry lion roaring in the forest (3:4); of the snared bird (3:5); of the shepherd tearing out of the mouth of the lion two legs and the piece of an ear (3:12); of hooks and fishers' netting (4:2); of the rain within three months of the harvest (4:7); of partial showers (4:7); of mildew, and yellow blight (4:9); of hills and wind and sunrise (4:13); of Pleiades and Orion (5:8); of mourning husbandmen (5:6); of dangers from bears and serpents (5:16); of locusts, and the king's mowings and the after growth (7:1); of baskets of summer fruit (8:1); of earthquakes, and eclipses, and corn sifted in a sieve, and refuse wheat, and mended booths, and the sower, and the plowman, and the reaper, and the treader of the vintage (8:1; 9:9, 14)." He was a master of the metaphor and analogy. Because of this his thought lives before us in graphic and realistic pungency.

An Understanding Of National Affairs

But Amos' life was not passed altogether in the desert. It is inferred with considerable degree of probability that he visited from time to time the markets of the day to carry on the trade in wool. During these visits he became familiar with the conditions in the northern kingdom. While there he did not simply absorb his

attention in the one objective of his visit but was observant of the life of the community. "To these sights Amos brought from the desert a penetrating vision, a quickened conscience, and keen powers of discernment," say Eiselen. "He saw the raw facts -- the poverty, the cruel negligence of the rich, the injustice of the rulers, the immoralities of the priests. The meaning of these he questioned with as much persistency as he questioned every suspicious sound or sight upon the pastures of Tekoa. He had no illusions; he knew a mirage when he saw one. Neither the military pride of the people, fostered by recent successes over Syria, nor the dogmas of their religion, which asserted Jehovah's swift triumph over the heathen, could prevent him from knowing that the immorality of Israel meant Israel's political downfall!" Thus it was that Amos not only studied nature, but he also delved deep into the book of human nature. He knew that the violation of certain fundamental laws would bring retribution, no matter how prosperous the present might be. He knew that God would judge man for his evil doing and that Israel had no claim as of right against Deity, that their life must measure to certain moral standards to be acceptable to God. Like many others of his fellow prophets which were to follow him, he stood head and shoulders above the multitude in his moral and religious conceptions.

Knowledge Of International Affairs

Not only did Amos have a penetrating understanding of the conditions among the Israelites whom he visited from time to time, but he knew of the movement of other nations and that too of bygone days. He makes mention of the Ethiopians no doubt with a knowledge that they had once migrated from one land to another as God in his providence had led Israel. Moreover he distinctly states that the Philistines had been brought from Caphtor, an event which probably had taken place before the children of Israel left Egypt. Then again he reverts to the fact that the Syrians had come from Kir or Armenia. He knew the history of the nations around about him.

Furthermore he saw gathering momentum in the distance the great world power of Assyria. The three visions preceding the personal history in chapter seven have been regarded, as descriptive of the gradual subjugation of the land under the hand of the Assyrians. The first referring to the threat made by Put which was stayed through a bribe from Menahem, the second to the coming of Tiglath-Pileser who carried captive the tribes on the north and the east and finally the devastating of the whole country under Shalmaneser and its captivity.

"Whether this be so or not the underlying thought is without doubt the danger lying latent in this mighty nation which would break forth and carry the people away as bondsmen to another land.

Moreover Amos knew well how nearby nations had vaunted their cruel atrocities upon Israel. He recalls how the Syrians had swept down upon the east of Jordan with threshing instruments tearing its inhabitants like threshed grain. He

also remembers how the Philistines sought to carry the whole people away captive and give them over to Edom, and how the inhabitants of Tyre, forgetting the covenant that had been made in days of old with Solomon had been a partner in this attempt to make the people captives. Then passes in review in his mind the ever continuing warfare waged by Edom which was closer of kin to Israel than the others and for that reason should have restrained their ire, but on the contrary they cast off all compassion and mercy, never allowing the gentler graces to have play, and gave vent to their wrath "as some wild ravening animal without control." Likewise the atrocities of Ammon and Moab are called to mind.

With such knowledge at his command, we cannot but feel that the interests of Amos were extensive in their scope, that his vision of oncoming events was grounded in basic facts and understanding and that he gleaned eagerly all that pertained to the nations within the range of his world. These trends characterize a student of no mean ability and comprehension.

His Rhetoric

In studying the style of the prophet, Amos, there are several standpoints from which it may be approached. First, we may note the general culture expressed therein. "As for general knowledge Amos seems to have been thoroughly acquainted with every form of national culture and poetic expression which existed in his own day," says Farrar. "The splendor and intensity of rhetoric in which he is surpassed by Isaiah alone must have come in part from the natural gift with which God had endowed him for the high purpose of his life; but it must have been enhanced by sedulous cultivation. The poor herdsman and tree-dresser writes with all the power and finish of a born poet and a born orator."

Then again we may consider the structure. On this point Driver comments, "The style of Amos possesses high literary merit. His language . . . is pure, his syntax idiomatic, his sentences are smoothly constructed and clear. The even flow of his language contrasts remarkably with the short, abrupt clauses which his contemporary Hosea loved. Amos' literary power is shown in the regularity of structure which often characterizes his periods, as 1:3-2:6 (a cleverly constructed and impressive introduction of the prophet's theme, evidently intended to lead up to Israel), 4:6-11 (the five-fold refrain), and in the visions; in the fine climax (3:3-8); in the balanced clauses, the well-chosen images, the effective contrasts in such passages as 1:2; 3:2; 5:2, 21.24; 6:7, 11; 8:10; 9:2-4, as well as in the ease with which he manifestly writes, and the skill with which his theme is gradually developed." Finally the style may be viewed from its oratorical form. "Amos (to use human terms) was not so much the poet as the sacred orator," remarks Pusey. "One of those energetic turns which have been already instanced would suffice to stamp the human orator. Far more, they have shaken through and through souls steeped in sin from the prophet's time until now. It has been said of human eloquence, 'he lightened, he thundered, he commingled Greece? The shepherd has shaken not one country, but the world; not by a passing earthquake, but by the awe

of God which, with electric force, streamed through his words." Thus along with his extent of knowledge we find in Amos a master of style, a master of form, of structure and poetical and oratorical expression.

His Call

Regarding his call Amos tells us but little. The first fact that is made clear is that necessity is laid upon him. "Jehovah hath spoken; who can but prophesy?" (Amos 3:8b). He is obeying the call of Jehovah to utter the words that have been given unto him. There is an underlying cause why the word of prophecy should go forth at this time. Just as a lion does not roar in the forest until he has the prey within his grasp, and a bird is not caught by a snare unless a trap has been set, moreover as a trumpet is not blown in a city without spreading alarm, so Jehovah would not be sending forth His voice through the prophet unless there was occasion, yea, an occasion for alarm. Then in his defense before Amaziah who had bidden him return to Judah and there eat bread and prophesy, implying that Amos was following the calling for mercenary reward, Amos related how he had a means of support, humble as it was, but the command of God came to him. He had not assumed the prophetic office through any hereditary right or by virtue of professional training, but an injunction was laid upon him by Jehovah as he was tending the flock and he was bidden to bring this message to Israel. Accordingly in the call vouchsafed to Amos we see two essentials, the impelling necessity that rests upon everyone who is divinely appointed to proclaim the Word of God and the consciousness that the source of the call is from God.

Practical Application

Looking back over the training and call that characterized the prophet, Amos, we might conclude that the call of God to any soul does not preclude training. There may be a line drawn between formal and informal education, that is, the education received in and through the schools and education acquired otherwise. When opportunity does not present itself to receive training through the regular avenues, then the individual is not thereby exempt. He needs to seek other openings. How much Amos may have sought to prepare himself for the work of God after he was conscious of his call, we cannot tell, but it would seem from the development of his style that he made conscious effort to present his message in the best possible manner, and thereby he may have developed other lines also.

Furthermore, from the scope of the knowledge and understanding that Amos had we would infer that it is devolvent upon us to be well informed on issues of our day, their underlying principles, that we should look back into the history of the past, that we should have some philosophy of the great world movements and their significance, and therein note the providences of God and whither the hand of judgment is pointing. The God whom we serve rules the universe, and He would not have us lost in some small portion of it alone without seeing His working among the nations.

Moreover, we can draw lessons for method of presentation of the message from this humble peasant preacher. Not carelessly, not slovenly are we to let our thought find expression in words, but with due foresight and preparation, with study of method of approach, of figure and illustration, of appeal and of climax. The greatest message in the world demands the best of expression.

Finally, we see two great fundamentals in any call to service. If the necessity does not so press itself upon us till there is the cry within the heart, "Woe is me, if I preach not the gospel," then we might well examine our hearts whether or no the call be actual or whether we are searing our conscience to its demands. Moreover, no one is to go to warfare at his own charges in this great battle against sin and evil. The conflict will be so great that only the consciousness that he has been divinely commissioned will be sufficient.

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05 -- HINTS TO FISHERMEN -- By C. E. Cornell

Long-Winded

The long-winded preacher is at a disadvantage today. There used to be a time when a sermon an hour or so long could be preached, but that day is passed. The people now demand something short, crisp and juicy. "Shaken together, pressed down and running over." Long-winded preaching and long-winded announcements will cripple and will usually kill a church. A forty minutes' sermon ending with a red-hot exhortation and an altar call is what is demanded. We must meet the demands of the times or else suffer. No compromising the gospel but a sane and sensible use of our time.

Isaac Ward, who used to be with Billy Sunday, was holding a series of evangelistic services in the Washington Street Methodist Episcopal church Pasadena. He made use of the following poem quite frequently to the edifying and delight of the people.

* * *

Moderation (Phil. 4:5)

The word moderation has a very extensive signification; it means mildness, patience, yieldingness, gentleness, clemency, moderation, unwillingness to litigate or contend. -- Adam Clarke.

Moderation, says Dr. McKnight, means meekness under provocation, readiness to forgive injuries, equity in the management of business, candor in the

judging of the character and actions of others, sweetness of disposition, and the entire government of the passions.

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06 -- ILLUSTRATIVE MATERIAL -- Compiled By J. Glenn Gould

Where Culture Fails

Said Bishop J. W. Bashford, in a sermon preached before the students of Ohio Wesleyan University, "Human culture is a tree lifting its head toward the stars, but at last falling back in impotence to the earth. Human culture is a mountain lifting its brow high into the heaven, but never touching the world above it and always remaining rooted in the earth. Human culture is the eagle soaring toward the sun, but with failing wing and drooping spirit returning to earth again. Human culture is a cloud lifting itself apparently above the earth, beyond the treetops, beyond the mountains, beyond the region which birds can reach, until at last it seems as if it would float away to another world, but never escaping the law of gravitation and falling back in broken drops upon the earth again. Human culture is a ladder reaching up toward heaven, but however high it reaches, never resting its top against the foundations of the heavenly world. Christianity is a ladder flung out from the gate of heaven, its top securely fastened to the heavenly battlements, its lower rounds touching the earth; and on this ladder, as on the ladder of Jacob's early vision, the angels of the Lord are ascending and descending. Christ brings to our struggling souls the power of a higher kingdom and thus becomes the Head of a new humanity."

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Homing Pigeons -- By C. E. Locke

One Saturday afternoon I had gone out to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo to enjoy the exquisite color-scheme of that most beautiful of all American exhibitions. As I was walking about enjoying the fountains and the statuary and the rainbow tints of the picturesque Spanish architecture with a perfect cerulean sky over all, some men brought out a huge wicker cage from which they released a dozen or twenty homing pigeons. The pigeons arose, made many circles, and then each one started back to the place from which it had been brought. One flew toward Nashville, Tennessee; another toward Toronto; one headed for Chicago, another for New York, etc. Later telegrams were received which revealed that each "bird had gone unerringly to its home. How did they know which way to go? I looked up and there was no guide board in the sky saying, "This way to Nashville," or "This way to Chicago," and there was no traffic officer, but nevertheless they went home. How did they do it unless these lonely wayfarers away from home were guided by a personal God? William Cullen Bryant in his ode, "To A Waterfowl," expresses our faith and strengthens our confidence:

**"He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will guide my steps aright."**

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Sympathy

What may be a familiar incident is related as follows by Mr. Marion Lawrance: Our sainted William Reynolds used to tell the story of a man who was traveling in a sleeping car, with a crying baby. The baby cried until the middle of the night, when some of the passengers became quite out of patience and one man said to the father of the baby, "You should have left that baby at home with its mother; a man has no business to be traveling with a crying baby. We paid good money for our sleeping accommodations and we have a right to sleep." The man responded that he wished he could leave that baby with its mother but that the mother was dead and was in her coffin in the baggage car. He was taking her to the East to bury her where he married her. Upon hearing this, a great, stalwart fellow rolled out of the upper berth and asked the father of the baby how long he had been on the train. He replied that he had been there two nights and had still another night to travel. He thought the baby was sick, but was doing his best to keep the baby quiet. The big-hearted man replied, "Give me that baby! You need rest and sleep more than that baby does. We have some babies at our house, and I think I can keep the baby quiet while you sleep." He took the crying baby on his arm and, in a low, sweet voice, even if it was a man's voice, sang to the baby, as he walked up and down the aisle, "Hush, my dear; lie still and slumber, holy angels guard thy bed." By and by, the baby's cries began to subside. They soon changed into a coo, and then the baby fell asleep. The tired father was slumbering deeply, and the heavy breathing indicated that everybody in the car was sleeping. The benefactor then parted the curtains and laid the sleeping baby down by the side of the father and again repaired to his own berth. The "holy angel" that guarded that baby's bed that night was six feet tall in his stocking feet and probably weighed two hundred pounds! The world needs that sort of sympathy.

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Power Of Example

At the outbreak of the Civil War I was permitted to go to the county town and see the boys enlist. We desired to raise one company in our county that day and excitement was running high. Two prominent lawyers were candidates for Congress and one of these men was asked to address the meeting. He became very eloquent, in the common acceptance of that term, but the conclusion of his remarks was, "Go, boys, go!" In some strange way this speech chilled the enthusiasm of the

audience and no one responded to the call for volunteers at the close. His rival was then introduced to the audience and in his paroxysms of eloquence he made the American eagle scream, but the conclusion of his speech also was, "Go, boys, go" and at its close not a man responded to his summons for volunteers.

At last Silas Davis, a Baptist deacon whom everybody in the county knew and loved, arose and said, in substance, "Boys, God has been good to me; he has given me threescore years and ten, and I offer Him very little in offering the remnant of my life. He has given me a good home, good neighbors and the best country the sun ever shone upon, and rather than see the old flag hauled down I propose to go and help save the Union. Come, boys, and enlist with me." Mr. Davis had not reached the table before thirty men were on their feet, shouting, "You stay, Uncle Silas. We will go and save the country," and inside of thirty minutes after this good man had spoken his word and sealed it by his signature, two companies had been enlisted instead of one. -- J. W. Bashford.

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The Master's Touch

It was a West-end London drawing room; an auction sale was in progress. It was a small crowd, but many of the great and fashionable were there, for the former master of the house had figured prominently in his day. The auctioneer had reached a violin; he lifted it, rubbed the place where the label should have been, and read out a famous name. Then he began to talk as only an auctioneer can talk, but despite his eloquence nobody would bid more than six guineas for that fiddle dark with age. He was giving up in despair of getting a proper price at all, when there was a movement at the door, and an old man came forward. Someone whispered, "Paganini," and it was the great violinist himself. Up to the table he came. Lovingly he lifted the instrument, and began to pick out a note here and there. Then he took the bow and began to play; at first low and soft and pleading, then glad, triumphant, strong, and then wailing and sad. When he laid it down there was not a dry eye in the room. Six guineas? one hundred, two, three, five, six, seven hundred, and Paganini was the proud possessor of the violin at seven hundred guineas! Without the master touch worth six guineas!

Now, that is a parable. So it is with the human soul. Without the Master's touch, how broken, how worthless, how lost; but with the Master's touch anything is possible. The Lord Jesus Christ has attuned souls for whom no one else had any hope, has attuned them to the harmonies of heaven. And today His touch has still its ancient power. -- Thomas Stewart.

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Things Are Not What They Seem

In a certain New England family there were two daughters named Mary and Abigail. Mary, the elder, was wooed by a promising young man named Richard Cranch, and her parents approved him highly; Abigail's lover was an awkward lad named John, of whom the parents thought nothing.

The girls were married in a double wedding and, according to the custom of the time, each chose a Bible verse as a sort of life motto and recited it at the ceremony.

Mary, looking proudly at her man, said, "Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken from her." Little Abigail raised her brave chin and recited loudly, "John came neither eating nor drinking and ye say he hath a devil."

The last name of Abigail's John was Adams. She was the only woman to become the wife of one President of the United States and the mother of another. -- Bruce Barton

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The Zeal Of God

A strange story was told in the Boston Herald some time ago about the freighter Hardy, coming from a port in France, carrying, besides the mineral water in her hold, a number of small wooden cases marked "metallic sodium." The story is long and interesting. Suffice it to say that these cases were the cause of a fire that could not be put out. Several of the cases of mineral water had broken, and suddenly the boatswain saw one of the wooden cases marked "sodium" burst into flames. The more water they poured on the fire, the more intense was the flame. Cases were cast into the sea, only to rebound into the air, flaming balls. The crew had barely time to take to the boats when the freighter broke in two and disappeared in the sea. Captain and crew learned then that sodium is a metal of peculiar quality. It oxidizes rapidly when water touches it and bursts into flames as soon as the water becomes warm. Water thrown on it to quench it has the contrary effect. It is a fit emblem of enthusiasm like Paul's, which has also a "peculiar quality." There was no use throwing cold water on his enthusiasm. One might throw him into a sea of troubles, but he rebounded and burst into a hotter flame of zeal than ever. Persecution was only so much fuel to the fire. -- Anna Burnham Bryant.

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07 -- II. PIERCING PREACHING THE WANT OF THE CHURCH (continued) By James Caughey -- Compiled By Dr. H. O. Wiley

I knew a minister once, who wrote some glorious and stirring things about revivals, and very eloquently too. Thousands of copies of his appeals were circulated far and wide; but when a revival of the Word of God burst forth like a

flame in his own neighborhood his face was seldom seen in one of the meetings. Many of the vilest sinners in town were getting converted and vast numbers were under the deepest concern about their eternal interests. A large body of faithful men -- men who had never printed a line on the subject of revivals -- entered into the work "heart and soul"; while our gentleman of the pen, to avoid responsibility, or escape observation, set out for a "short excursion" into the country. There he continued, "enjoying himself," and entertaining a polite and fashionable circle, while his brethren, pale and worn, were pushing the battle to the gates or improving the victory to the utmost of Gospel power.

It is not to be wondered at that there are men to be found, in great numbers, who speak well of revivals. The Christian Church owes its origin and present "standing" in the world to such extraordinary effusions of the Holy Spirit. If she is to advance to glory and victory it must be done by the same instrumentality. The Church requires more than "good speaking and writing." She calls for action -- vigorous action -- powerful and continuous efforts, ordinary and extraordinary, for the conversion of sinners. That advice of Cicero, to the politicians of his day, is strikingly applicable to the "pen and ink heroes and wordy carpet knights" of the present time, with regard to revivals and consequent ingathering of sinners to the church: "Let, therefore, the pen give place to the sword; arts to arms; the shade to the sun; and let that virtue have the pre-eminence in the state, by which the state itself getteth the precedency of all other. Let that rule in the city, by which the city hath obtained the dominion of the whole world."

O my brother! whatever others may do, be wise for eternity -- wise not only in running the Christian race and in securing your own salvation, but in winning souls to Christ. "He that winneth souls is wise."

Christianity has her subjects of beauty, harmony and grandeur. In many instances, she would seem to invite the inquiring mind into the investigation of "truth in the abstract"; where taste may be regaled, and where the lover of polite literature may luxuriate in the wide field of her boundless wealth. That there is much in such intellectual disquisitions "to soothe the mind"; as you say, "please the fancy, and move the affections," I do admit; but I do not forget that there may be much also to gratify human vanity. Could you see my papers, which are folded up and put away, you could not believe such subjects have been by me "always and wholly disregarded"; but they are totally unfit for the present services, and those great truths which are adapted to them I conscientiously prefer, even at the risk of having "certain persons of an intellectual character form an unfavorable opinion of the mind and education of the stranger."

"With a religion so argumentative as ours," says an elegant writer, "it may be easy to gather out a feast for the human understanding. With a religion so magnificent as ours, it may be easy to gather out a feast for the human imagination. But with a religion so humbling and strict and so spiritual, it is not easy to mortify the pride, or to quell the strong enmity of nature, or to arrest the current of

affections, or to turn the constitutional habits, or to form a new complexion over the moral history, or to stem the domineering influence of things seen and things sensible, or to invest faith with a practical supremacy, or to give its objects such a vivacity of influence as shall overpower the near and the hourly impressions that are ever emanating upon man, from a seducing world."

Nor should the sentiments of a great divine of the seventeenth century be overlooked: "General persuasives to repentance and a good life, and invectives against sin and wickedness at large are certainly of good use to recommend religion and virtue, and to expose the deformity and danger of a vicious course. But it must be acknowledged, on the other hand, that these general discourses do not so immediately tend to reform the lives of men, because they fall among the crowd, but do not touch the consciences of particular persons in so sensible and awakening manner as when we treat upon particular duties and sins, and endeavor to put men upon the practice of one and to reclaim them from the other, by arguments taken from the Word of God, and from the nature of particular virtues and vices.

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08 -- EXPERIENCES AND OBSERVATIONS -- By W. G. Schurman

I thought the following might be interesting to the pastors. We would appreciate hearing from you with answer enclosed. If unable to solve, and you are curious enough to know the answer, we will be glad to tell you on request.

An Ancient Riddle

Adam, God made out of dust,
But thought it best to make me first.
So I was made before the man,
To answer His most holy plan.
My body He did make complete,
But without arms, or legs, or feet.
My ways and actions did control
But to my body gave no soul.
A living being I became,
And Adam gave to me a name.
I from his presence then withdrew,
And more of Adam never knew.
I did my Maker's law obey,
Nor from it ever went astray.
Thousands of miles I go in fear,
But never on the earth appear.
For purpose wise, which God did see,
He put a living soul in me.

A soul from me my Lord did claim,
And took from me that soul again,
For when from me that soul had fled,
I was the same as when first made.
And without hands or feet or soul
I travel on from pole to pole.
I labor hard by day or night,
To fallen man I give great light
Thousands of people young and old,
Do by my death great light behold.
No right or wrong can I conceive,
The Scriptures I cannot believe;
Although my name therein is found,
They are to me an empty sound.
No fear of death doth trouble me,
Real happiness I shall never see.
To heaven I shall never go,
Nor to the grave, nor hell below.
Now, when these lines you closely read,
Go search your Bible with all speed.
For that my name's recorded there
I honestly to you declare.

The authorities in Chicago executed a criminal recently, and considerable space was given to the way he spent his last hours in his death cell. I understand he was given a chicken dinner, all the cigarettes he could smoke; the watchers played cards with him in an effort to help him forget his approaching doom. They sat with him in his death cell and did everything they could, and their sympathy seemed real, yet this man ruthlessly shot down a fine, high-class citizen, employed in one of our local banks and all this kindness was shown him in spite of the fact that his victim died without mercy, and left wife, children and friends to mourn the loss. I got to thinking and comparing this man's last hours with the last night the Son of God spent on earth. Gethsemane was Jesus Christ's "death cell." He picked three men who he hoped would help him through the hours preceding Calvary. They forgot Him and fell asleep. One of His friends had betrayed Him for a paltry thirty pieces of silver. Eight of His chosen apostles never went near His "death cell," and the great city over which He wept went on with their high life while the Man of Sorrows was bearing their sins. As I meditated" on this theme, I brought it home still closer. He died for my sins; He suffered for me. In the midst of my meditation I fell on my knees and I was moved to ask God to help me to show by my service my appreciation for His sacrifice.

"For me it was in the garden,
He prayed not My will but Thine;
He had no tears for His own grief,
But sweat drops of blood for mine."

I was reading in the book of Mark the other night about the incident where Peter, James and John beheld Christ's transfiguration. What a blessing that must have been to these three disciples; what a wonderful emotion that would make Peter want to build a tabernacle and remain there forever, and I said to myself, "How similar to people today who get a great revelation from heaven; their emotions are stirred and they desire to remain in that ecstasy, but as I read on I observe that this blessed experience was not given them simply to stir their emotions but to qualify and equip them to care for poor, broken humanity at the foot of the mountain. You will remember that the poor, brokenhearted father at the foot of the mountain came to the disciples, asking them to relieve his son of his awful condition and they could not, but on the arrival of Jesus the son was quickly relieved and the father went on his way rejoicing. Then I said to myself -- have I not seen churches so wrapped up in the cloak of their Christian experience that they forget a poor, sin-sick, heart-broken world? The baptism with the Holy Ghost may be given as primarily to purify the heart, though that I think is an open question, but I am sure that the divine thought was also to equip us to help a prodigal world. I have seen some churches whose few members could get exceedingly happy over the thought of the hour when they got sanctified, but there seemed to be no material, from Sunday to Sunday, on which to work and to whom they could tell the joy of the Lord. Something is wrong somewhere, brethren, as sure as the world, for God never gave us this great grace to consume Upon our lusts.

On the day of Pentecost they could not get people into the upper room, but they left that chamber to go out and preach to a multitude and 3,000 accepted Christ that day.

I picked up the following some place and pass it on to my brethren with this comment -- there must be a reason why the seats are empty.

As announced for tonight, I am to speak to the seats. This has been on my mind for some time. We have special days set apart for old people, children, mothers, college, missionary, etc., but none for the seats. I shall divide my talk into two parts: Things Praiseworthy, and Things Blameworthy.

I. Praiseworthy Things. (Some things which cannot be said of all men.)

You are always present. No matter what the weather is. It is never too cold, warm, wet or dry for you. No matter what is going on in the other churches, you are always here. I can depend on you. You do not attend the theater, do not dance or play cards, do not go to Sunday baseball or Sunday picnics, nor even go visiting. You show by your presence that you are always on the side of righteousness and truth. You never miss preaching, prayermeeting, Sunday school or the missionary meetings. I notice that there are two kinds of seats: full and empty. I appreciate your presence, but would rather there were less empty

ones and more full ones. I must praise you empty ones for this one thing: you are always here and right up here in front. I wish the full ones would crowd you out so there would be none in the service.

Your deportment is good. You never disturb the service by coming in late. You are always on time, especially you empty ones. We did not think of giving you a coat of oil last spring. Perhaps if you had a new dress you would come late so that all could see it. You never look around when anyone comes in late. You never whisper or read books or papers to let the preacher know that you are not interested in what he has to say. You never go to sleep during the sermon. You never find fault with the preacher nor his sermon. You are a peaceable set. You never quarrel among yourselves. You never get mad and stay away from church because you don't like each other. You are quiet, loving seats. I commend you for it. You are established, firm, stable. You are not like the moon, which changes every quarter. You are not chasing after something new all the time. You are loyal. I can depend on you. Nevertheless, I have some things against you.

II. Blameworthy Things.

The service is of no help to you. My efforts are all a failure. You are no better than a year ago. You are hard, unsympathetic. You have no feeling. You are not moved by anything I say. You do not seem to appreciate my efforts nor the sacrifice I make for you. You pay no attention to what I say. It only goes to the surface. You are no help to me in my work. You never invite anyone to church, visit the sick, bring me flowers, nor speak to souls. You are so hard, so indifferent, so inactive. People ought to sit on you.

You never pray. You are always at prayermeeting but never take part. Neither do you pay. God loves a cheerful giver, but you never give a cent. You would let the preacher starve. A preacher complained that his people did not support him except with wormy apples. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

You seats are not sociable. You never speak to each other, nor to strangers. You never visit each other nor the newcomers. You are no inspiration to the preacher. You are so cold and stiff and formal that a preacher may study and be filled with the Spirit and preach with power, but you would cool off the furnace of the three Hebrews. The preacher can dust you and clean you up, but you do not appreciate it. You never say, "Thank you."

You empty seats do not help your pastor fill you. Rather you discourage those who do come. I heard some say they came to church but saw so many empty seats that they went out and would not come back. Your emptiness says, "Stay away." When people see so many of you empty seats here they lose confidence in your preacher and some get the idea that there should be a change.

Your message to the world is not good. You empty seats speak louder than unbelief that religion is a failure. The world, Satan and all unbelievers, know you are here and they rejoice. I wish I might stop your mouths and fill every seat and thus cause the Church of Jesus Christ to triumph.

Now, in conclusion, my dear seats, let me say to those of you who are always here but empty: I hope you will see your responsibility and try not only to be present but to be filled. To those who are always present and filled: Don't get discouraged, but be faithful, and some day those who sit in you will sit in the seats of the Church triumphant, where there will be no empty seats.

I was struck very recently with the force of that portion of the third chapter of Revelation that refers to the Laodicean church. Here is an emotion ascribed to Jesus Christ that appears nowhere else in Holy Writ. We read of His being very grieved and sorrowful, but here He claims to be disgusted, and not only slightly so but to the point of nausea. "I will spue thee out of my mouth." Then I was struck with the kind of people who thus affected Him. It was not the outbreking sinner, for when they brought the woman to Him desiring that she be stoned He extended mercy, nor was it the man who walked against great light, for we find that Manasseh, the son of one of God's most pious rulers ascended to the throne to undo all that his godly father had done, and when captured by the enemy he cried and pleaded with God and God heard him, forgave him and restored him to the throne again. Nor is Jesus Christ nauseated by some filthy backslider. Peter, who talked so big and so loud, and said, "Others may fail thee but I will not," and then met with such inglorious defeat. He who in the testimony meeting at the last supper said, "I'm going through; I'll pay the price whatever others do," took the sacrament at the hands of Jesus Christ, went out and lied and denied, and with the sacramental wine moist on his lips, cursed and swore, was restored to divine favor, and made the commencement address at Jerusalem.

But Jesus Christ says He is disgusted with the crowd of church members, and they not the little, carelessly clad, dirty-necked, poor, despised, slum church, but a people who were rich and increased in goods, and said they had need of nothing. I said to myself: Why this attitude on the part of Christ toward this people. Clovis Chappell says it is because a lukewarm, half-hearted crowd will make nearly anybody sick. Who would pay a big price to see two football teams carelessly handle the ball, caring not which side won? It is the life and the blood and energy that is put into a game that brings from 60,000 to 75,000 people to a college bowl, to sit amidst snow and cold and wrapped in blankets for two hours with the thermometer hovering around 20 degrees above. The Church of Jesus Christ is conducting a greater conflict than any football game ever played, yet I fear the lack of interest manifested in many of our services, makes the world feel we are not in earnest. O God! put life and energy and passion into us, and let us see that men will be lost and damned because of our negligence.

We believe there is a cure for this lukewarmness. The indwelling presence of the Holy Ghost will not permit a man to remain idle or be careless in rescuing the perishing and caring for the dying. What the church needs is earnestness; what the world wants to see is earnestness. They will put up with inferior service and excuse the man who butchers the king's English if they can see passion and earnestness in his work, and, come to think of it, brethren, if men are really lost and need but to die to be damned, don't you think we could be excused if we were a little more enthusiastic in all of our evangelistic meetings?

First Church, Chicago, recently received several hundred dollars from one of her old members who passed away. I think she united under Rev. C. E. Cornell's ministry. I do not know what Brother Cornell had to do with her making her will, but I suspect he had something to do with it, and after he is dead and gone the church receives the benefit of his faithful ministry. That little incident is the occasion of my presenting the following by H. W. Pope, and published by the American Tract Society:

Have You Made Your Will?

If so, you have doubtless made provision for your wife and children, and for such other relatives and friends as have a reasonable claim upon you. You have not forgotten those trusty servants whose fidelity no wages can ever fully repay. And if you can think of anyone who befriended you in early life, who is now poor, you have endeavored to show him that his kindness is not forgotten.

But have you remembered the Lord? Surely there is no one who has done so much for you. He it was who furnished the health, energy and judgment by which you have accumulated your present property. And now He is poor; not poor in one sense, for "the silver and the gold are his"; but so many of those to whom He has entrusted it have forgotten that they are stewards and not owners, that He, the owner of it all, is really suffering, in his church, for the lack of His own. The spread of the gospel is greatly retarded for want of the necessary means. The Lord's treasury is continually empty, while multitudes are crying for the Bread of Life. Many of the Lord's people turn a deaf ear to His calls, and few of them are fully alive to His urgent need of money.

"He who was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we, through his poverty, might be rich"; and now that He is thus in need of our aid, surely we ought to remember the debt of gratitude we owe Him. His name really deserves the first place in our wills, and that will in which the Lord's name is not mentioned at all shows that one more servant has lived and died unmindful of the fact that he was the Lord's steward, and not the rightful owner. A man of moderate wealth, who had been accustomed to give \$225 yearly for the support of the gospel bequeathed to the little church where he worshiped a legacy which yields an annual income of \$250, "in order," as he said, "to make his place good when he was gone." "By it he, being dead, yet speaketh," and will for years to come.

Have you, my brother, planned to make your place good when you are gone? Perhaps during your lifetime you have felt that all your money was needed in your business; or possibly, like many others, you have loved it too well to part with it, and have kept back the tithes which ought to have gone into the Lord's treasury. If so, now that you must part with it, surely you will try, as far as possible, to make good the loss he has sustained.

If you have neglected this duty, why not add a codicil to your will this very day, so that when the will is read in the probate court of heaven, and the Master listens for His name, He will not be disappointed, but looking upon you with a smile of joy will say, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord"?

There is only one thing better than this, and that is to give the Lord His share while you live, and "enter into the joy of the Lord" here on earth. Said one who had just given \$50,000 to a Western college, "I cannot tell you what I have enjoyed. It is like being born into the kingdom again."

Besides, if you give now, you will avoid possible contingencies whereby the Lord's portion might be lost. J. G. Holland relates that, after the Chicago fire three friends met, two of whom had been burned out of house and home and the immense accumulations of successful lives. One of the unfortunates said to the other two, "Well, thank God, there was some of my money placed where it could not burn"; saying which, he turned upon his heel cheerfully and went to work at his new life. His brother in misfortune turned to his companion and said, "That man gave away last year nearly a million of dollars; and if I had been wise I should have done the same thing."

Be your own executor, then, and give while you can.

There are a number of people in our churches who should remember the church in their wills, not that they should neglect their family, but they should not neglect the church. Let every pastor who reads this do his best to lay it upon the hearts of his people. First church, Haverhill, Mass., is out of debt because two men were induced to make their wills by the now sainted I. W. Hanson. There are thousands upon thousands of dollars that could be secured in this way. it would be a blessing to the church and would have much to do with keeping many families from ruthlessly squandering sacred funds.

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09 -- EASTER SUNDAY MATERIAL -- By D. Shelby Corlett

The Joy Of Easter

Text -- And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy (Matt. 28:8).

I. Great Joy Because Of A Risen Savior.

II. Great Joy Because Man's Last Enemy (Death) Had Been Conquered.

III. Great Joy In The Anticipation Of Eternal Life.

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The First Easter Sermon

Text -- Mary Magdalene cometh and telleth the disciples, I have seen the Lord (John 20:18, R. V.).

I. It Was A Message Of Encouragement.

She told the sorrowing disciples of a risen Christ.

II. It Was A Positive Message.

She left no uncertainty concerning His resurrection.

III. It Was A Message Of Personal Experience.

"I have seen the Lord."

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Hail, The Conqueror

Text -- I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death (Rev. 1:18).

I. Behold, The One Who Died -- "I was dead."

1. His death was real -- He died as other men.

2. His death was for a purpose -- redemption.

II. Behold, The Living One -- "I am alive forevermore."

1. His resurrection was as real as His death.

2. He is living for a purpose -- "To make intercession for them" (Heb. 7:25).

III. Behold, The Conqueror -- "I have the keys of hell and of death."

1. He robbed death of its sting (I Cor. 15: 55).

2. He robbed the grave and hell of its victory (1 Cor. 15:55).

3. He cannot die again -- His victory is complete (Rom. 6:9).

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Making Appointments For Eternity

Text -- To day shalt thou be with me in Paradise (Luke 23:43).

I. The Time To Prepare For Eternity Is In This Life.

II. Christ Through His Death And Resurrection Has Brought Eternal Life.

III. Through Christ We May Be Assured Of Eternal Life.

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An Uttermost Savior

Text -- Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to Make intercession for them (Heb. 7:25).

I. Why He Is Able To Save -- Because "he ever liveth."

- 1. He has conquered every foe of man.**
- 2. He "ever lives" -- He cannot die again.**

II. What He Is Able To Do. "Save to the uttermost."

- 1. From the uttermost depths of guilt to the uttermost heights of pardon.**
- 2. From the uttermost depths of depravity to the uttermost heights of purity.**
- 3. From the evil influences of the world which would defeat us to a victorious life through His grace.**

III. Whom He Is Able To Save -- All "that come unto God by him."

IV. When He Will Save -- When they come.

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THE END