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Holiness Writers

A BOX OF TREASURE

By

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*“Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without
which no man shall see God” Heb 12:12*

Spreading Scriptural Holiness to the World

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A BOX OF TREASURE

By
Beverly Carradine

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Chapter 1 **THE BATTLE ON THIS PLANET**

There is a war going on in the universe, beside which the military conflicts of the nations of this earth sink into utter insignificance.

As to duration, we observe that our Civil War lasted four years, the Revolutionary struggle eight, the campaigns of Napoleon twelve or fifteen, the Carthaginian and Roman wars several decades of years; but the great contest we speak of as taking place in the universe has been going on without the intermission of a day or hour for thousands of years.

As for numbers engaged on either side, one to three million of soldiers would easily cover in a numerical way the combatants in the campaigns of the nations, while in this moral conflict which is raging as described in the Bible and recognized in life, every angel in Heaven, every devil in Hell, and every human being on earth has taken part or is at present doing so.

Then when in addition we notice that its battle fields are worlds; that the fight is not between a man and his fellow simply, but between the creature and his Creator; that the result is everlasting life and blessedness, or eternal death, woe and misery; we see at once how unspeakably this war of the universe transcends in every particular, battles of the kingdoms and nations of this world.

How far into the vast creation of God this conflict has gone we cannot tell. It has touched other orbs according to the Bible, and there seem hints that would point to its presence in still more distant globes.

It is evident from Scripture that the battle is over in one of these three worlds, God having obtained the victory there as he will in all other places where the rebellion has broken out. The sinning angels completely defeated there, are today with their leading Head, simply awaiting God's time to send them into the Pit, the penitentiary of the universe.

The place, where the war existed before our time, is perfectly free now from every enemy of God, and the conflict is transferred to the planet we live in. It has been raging six thousand years, is in every country, city and village, has penetrated every home, and the battle lines rush and fall back, wave and waver, advance and retreat in every human breast. The shot and shells the gasp and groan, the captivity and death, the shout and victory has taken place in every part of the whole round world upon which we live.

God for wise reasons has allowed the fallen angels or devils to take part in an unseen but unmistakably felt way in this strange, sad, bitter and long lasting contest on earth. This very fact of allowing wicked angels to help evil men, in itself shows that He has no fear or apprehension whatever of the final triumph, when the nations that forget God, and all dying in unbelief and disobedience, shall be turned into the Hell that was prepared for the Devil and his angels.

The features of this war seem in a certain sense to change as it rages in first one world and then another, or comes moving down the centuries in our own earth. That is, certain great principles and truths have to be defended and reestablished, so to speak. Different doctrines and facts, from God's existence authority, character and person, down to the least commandment, have to be rescued from alien, perverting, and inimical hands, and not only vindicated and proved, but fixed all the more firmly as well as abidingly in the heart, minds and lives of the moral, intellectual beings the Almighty has made.

But whatever is the question, the issue, the struggle, the defiance, the denial or the resistance, it is always a fight against God in some form. The attack is made upon something that God is, or has said or has done. In the first conflict we read of that broke out in another world, we gather from certain lines in the Scripture that it was God's dominion and rulership that was assailed.

In the early portion of our planet's history the great battle with the nations was not only the authority of God, but the fact that there was only one God.

The prophets of Heaven, few in number, met this issue continually as they were confronted with many priests and prophets representing a multitude of gods.

There is but one God is the Old Testament cry from beginning to end! Every true Servant of Heaven, stood for this issue in the face of the idolatry and polytheism of the day. "There is one God" he said, "and beside Him is none other"!

Now let the reader ask himself if this is the question in our day? And at once he must answer, No.

What is the fight now? Certainly not the fact of a divine, exalted person. Every heathen land recognizes a supreme being. The Jews stand for that. The Mohammedans have that truth cried out from the minarets of their mosques by their muezzins twice or thrice every day. Even an infidelity called Deism admits an infinite divine One called God.

What is the fight about now, has been for the two thousand years, and will be, and must be, until the end of time or the close of this earthly probation?

Do we need to say to any intelligent Christian, or any thoughtful, observant being, that the battle today is in regard to the person and claims of Jesus Christ? Is He the eternal Son of God? Is He Divine? Is He the Messiah? Is He the second person in the Trinity? Can He forgive sins? Can He sanctify the soul by the baptism with the Holy Ghost? Can He raise the dead? Is He the judge of all the earth?

The whole struggle of the last twenty centuries circles about Christ, as to who He is, and what He can do.

It is certainly well to know this in order to fight intelligently and successfully, and in order not to beat the air uncertainly, to waste our ammunition, and really do nothing and get nowhere. It would

be pitiful indeed to think we were on Christ's side, and yet not only be doing nothing for Him, but be actually against Him.

For instance, what time and energy are lost in trying to prove that there is a God or supreme being, when this is really not the issue on hand; and when the Bible says that everybody believes the fact but a "fool." That is in view of the manifest, design in creation all around us, to be an atheist, or one who says there is no God, is to be senseless or an idiot! And what is the use of reasoning with idiots?

This is not the battle anyhow! The fight is about Christ, His messiahship, divinity, ability to pardon, sanctify, raise the dead, and judge the world. To be in the true war going on we must say yes to all these facts, and stand up for every one of them. If we do not, then we have left or are leaving the battle line.

Hence it is First; that a man who denies the Messiahship of Christ is out of the real contest. He has been whipped by the other side. He is a captive now in the ranks of God's enemies, for God is backing up the claims of His Son, and bids men to kiss the Son lest He be angry, and declares that He laughs at and will bring to naught the counsel of the kings against "His Anointed."

Second, when Mohammedanism denies the divinity of Jesus, it, while claiming to be a true religion, is out of the army of God, and actually arrayed against the cause of the Being whom they profess to believe and in whose service they fancy they are.

Third, when Unitarianism declares against the divinity of Jesus Christ, robbing Him of His place in the God-head, they have ceased at once to be on the Lord's side in the battle that is now going on in the world. For the fight is not now "Is there one God?" that is an achieved victory! But is there a Trinity of persons in this one God, and is not Christ the second person in that Triune God? Hence it is that Unitarianism is no longer in the fight on God's side, but is in the ranks of His enemies.

Fourth, when Infidelity and what is called the general unbelief of the multitude, say that Christ cannot forgive sins, then all such people by this very statement, and their consequent conduct, range themselves in battle array against the cause of Heaven in this world.

Fifth, when numbers of Christians so-called, declare that there is no second work of grace in which Christ sanctifies the soul, but ascribe holiness to growth and development, to a result of good works, etc., they have surrendered or denied the most important claim of the Son of God, robbed Him of His distinctive glory, and loaned their regiments and brigades to the enemies of the Father and His Son. Fancying they are for God, they are really fighting the cause of God.

Sixth, when Swedenborgianism and other religious schools and followings like them, deny the future resurrection of the body, and the coming day of Judgment, giving the most fanciful, unwarrantable and mystical meaning to the Scripture stating these facts, and which the Father says shall be done by His Son, they have been whipped out of the battle line of truth, and become mixed up with the enemies of the Son of God.

Seventh, when Christians join lodges, fraternities and brotherhoods where the divinity of Jesus Christ is not recognized, where not even His name is in their rituals, then they have virtually given up the very battle which the Father is making for His Son, and has been pressing for the last two thousand years.

Preachers and laymen of different churches who have joined secret societies and brotherhoods, have informed us that the lodge or fraternity was established on a broad basis, viz.: the fact of a supreme divine being and the brotherhood of man.

Our reply to them is that the Bible does not teach any such brotherhood, but the contrary. That Christ said of a certain people that they were of their father the Devil, and the Scriptures declare unsaved men to be children of wrath. So that the popular platform talk about the brotherhood of man is mere oratorical gush and moral rot.

Moreover that which they term the broad basis of the lodge's system is a complete surrender to the side of the enemy, of the person and claims of the Son of God. That which they pronounce a broad platform is so constructed in its so-called breadth as to push Jesus Christ clear of the ground, and leaves Him out of sight and hearing, without worship and without even recognition.

We call their attention to the fact that the "fight" now on, and that must be on until Jesus appears as the Judge of the earth in the mid Heavens, and "His enemies shall become His footstool," is not over the truth that there is a divine supreme being, for all nations and religions agree to that, but the more faith-trying statement and revelation of Heaven that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, co-equal and co-eternal with the Father, and the only Saviour of the World. This is the assertion and contest of a true unfallen Christianity.

So that to join a lodge or fraternity with the idea that such a society or brotherhood offers a broader basis than can be found in the Christian Church by the simple recognition of a supreme divine being, is really to give up the "battle," is to deny the Saviour, surrender the claims and rights of Jesus Christ, and actually be found warring against the will and work of the "Supreme Being," who as God the Father, is vindicating and pressing on to final triumph the cause of His Son in this present dispensation.

In addition to this when we behold a so-called "Congress of Religions," where Christian ministers sit on the same platform with Jews, Mohammedans, and followers of Buddha and Confucius, and hear the mongrel meeting called by the newspapers, and thoughtless unspiritual church members, an assembly of beautiful fraternity, a public exhibition of Christian unity and love; we are filled with loathing, disgust and horror over the delusion, misconception and misstatement of the sickening affair. Instead of Christian fraternity it is nothing else but downright Christian disloyalty! It is a slap, blow, wound and public insult given to Christ. It is a virtual surrender in a most prominent and conspicuous way of the dignity, divinity and supremacy of Jesus the Son of God.

For a Christian minister to sit in fraternal relation in a pulpit or on a platform with Hindoo priests who deny the divinity of our Lord, and by the side of Jewish rabbis, who affirm that our Saviour is a bastard and impostor; is for that same preacher of the gospel or church layman not only to put

Christ to a public shame and humiliation, but to bring Him on a level with false saviours and gods, to deny Him, to surrender Him, to give up the real fight of the last twenty centuries and be found on amiable friendly terms with the opposers and enemies of the Son of God.

The Congress of Religions and the Lodge occupy the same position in this horrible treason, this traitorship in regard to Jesus, the Son of God, the only Saviour of the world.

God save every reader of these lines from such a broadness and so-called fraternity and catholicity of spirit, that after all its flowery speeches and sentimental gushings is nothing but the denial, the betrayal, the surrender, and downright forsaking of Jesus Christ the Son of God.

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Chapter 2

FIVE KINDS OF DIVINE HEALING

If we give really serious thought to the subject, we are compelled to admit that all healing comes directly or indirectly from God. There could be none at all without his work or works. It is a happening or result connected in every instance with some kind of manifestation or exercise of divine power.

There have been sudden recoveries, so called, that have apparently taken place under the manipulations of the veriest cranks and humbugs, as well as those which are beheld under the influence and work of certain ecclesiastical bodies, where really and actually there had been no disease or sickness. The complaint existed solely in the imagination. But under some kind of appeal or surrounding, a mental revolution took place, the fancied ailment of course disappeared, and there stood before the community an apparent marvelous and sudden cure.

And yet no real healing had taken place, for there had been no actual malady to operate on.

Evidently then, the delivery from an imaginary physical affliction, however pleasant the mental consequence may be, is in all truth no virtual case of healing. Genuine healing must and can only proceed from God.

A second thought we advance is that God heals in more ways than he gets credit for.

Not only the world but the friends and followers of the Lord rob him of much of his glory and power as well as his wisdom and goodness, when they restrict him to one mode of bestowing health and recovery upon the afflicted human body. By such a conclusion as well as doctrine, they purloin from the Divine Being four-fifths of the praise that is due him for this great blessing, for God has no less than five ways of healing the body!

Furthermore, as the Almighty One has seen fit to restore more people by four of the methods alluded to, than by the one which is so urged upon mankind by some of the smaller ecclesiastical bodies, we see that instead of four-fifths it would be nearer the truth to say that ninety-nine hundredths of the credit and glory belonging to God in this matter has been taken from him, or failed to be attributed to him.

One method of divine healing known to numbers and believed in by many, is instant restoration by the power of God, in answer to faith and prayer on the part of the one afflicted, or by others who plead and believe in his behalf.

We have repeatedly in our life beheld both of these instances. Some cases where individual and solitary faith was sufficient to bring health and life back with a rush into the pain racked and disease smitten body. In other cases, for whose sakes prayer was made, the recovery came to persons who

were hundreds of miles away and the deliverance arrived while the supplicators were on their knees pleading for the one who at that moment was hovering on the borders of eternity. Bishop Galloway of the M. E. Church South was undoubtedly brought back to life in this way.

Once while a pastor in New Orleans a leading woman of our congregation was suddenly restored, who had been given up by several doctors. Her husband, himself a prominent physician, was sleeping in a corner of the room, expecting to be told of his wife's last breath. The writer was on his knees begging God for her life, when suddenly with a beautiful smile she spoke aloud and said, "God has healed me!" and it was so, and it was a perfect restoration.

Several months later, while at a district conference, a telegram came acquainting that body of ministers and laymen with the sad tidings of the swift approaching dissolution of a gifted and pious young preacher of that annual conference. Instantly the Presiding Elder called everybody to their knees, and asked one of the preachers to lead in prayer. The Spirit of God came on the man praying, and with tears and strong crying he plead, God willing, for the life of the young man. When all arose, after the prayer had been concluded, a number felt that it had been heard and accepted in heaven. In a few hours came the news that at the very time we were on our knees pleading with God about his sick servant, the dying man, over one hundred miles away, was suddenly healed.

A second divine method of healing is by water.

The great chemist of the universe in some way, and with a certain blending of chemical elements, and an abiding proportion among themselves that puzzle both physicians and pharmacists, has given a healing property to springs and pools of water that effect a perfect cure of the human body, though accomplished gradually and not suddenly like the first.

As God made the water, and placed the restoring quality in its crystal flow, of course then the cure is as much a case of divine healing, as when it comes in answer to faith and prayer. The only difference is that one is direct, personal and immediate, while the other is instrumental, personal and gradual. But God is in both.

That water heals many ailments and maladies of the flesh no one in possession of his sense and senses can truthfully deny. Twice the writer has been restored to perfect health by the power of this second mode of healing. Once at Cooper's Wells in Mississippi, when a pastor in Vicksburg. Again in 1893, when we had sciatica boiled out of us by the steaming natural baths of Hot Springs, Ark.

This kind of cure can be properly called Divine Healing Number Two.

A third mode of divine healing has been deposited so to speak in climate.

None of us could count the people who, dying by inches in one part of the country, have been restored to perfect health by removing to another state or territory.

As God has made the climate, and given to it the virtue or power to renew or relieve certain physical conditions, then are we compelled to admit the fact of a third kind of divine healing; and

as we see an annual exodus of people seeking for the mountain, sea shore or desert atmosphere, as their different and peculiar troubles call for, then we behold plainly not only the faith of multitudes in such a cure, but later on we mark, in many instances, the proof of the healing in its obtainment. And this is Number Three.

A fourth divine healing comes through the virtue of medicine and the skill of real doctors.

That God has placed certain remedial qualities in the vegetable and mineral kingdoms, is recognized in Scripture, proved in nature, and realized in life.

That God also has given to some men the cast of mind which, when informed and trained, makes them skillful and successful physicians, we can no more doubt than that he makes preachers, and scatters gifts of all kinds among the children of men.

We believe that there are multitudes asleep in the cemetery who would have lived many years longer if they had used the helps and means of recovery which God had sent them in medicine, and the knowledge and experience of men wise and able in the medical realm.

As both medicine and men are the creations of God, the proper treatment by one, and the correct use of the other, can be most reasonably expected with God's blessing on the instrumentality to result in a divine cure of still another order. This we would call Divine Healing Number Four.

The writer and countless thousands can bear witness to this mode of restoration. And what is more, we can properly call it divine healing, and give God the glory.

A fifth character of divine healing is to be seen in Nature itself. That is, in every case of real sickness the laws of our physical being, come to the succor of the afflicted and endeavor in various ways to throw off the disease; and wherever given a fair chance will bring relief.

Now as Nature and its laws are all of God, we are compelled to see in this restoration, no accident whatever, but a divine healing again; and which we can very truly term Divine Healing Number Five

Here, then, we have five different kinds of Divine healing.

Furthermore we would state that we have seen every one of these forms and expressions of the power of God, not only present but testifying in our meetings These things being so, we cannot refrain from drawing several conclusions.

One is that the individual who has been blessed and restored through one of these operations, ought not to discount the experience, and cast his brother out of the synagogue whom God has helped in another way.

Second: To keep us humble and looking to him all the while; and to make us tolerant with one another, and to broaden us spiritually as well; God, who is pleased to heal us in a certain manner at one time, may see fit to restore us in a different way on another occasion.

Third: There are some people whom God evidently will never heal at any time or in any way. Whether these persons be good or wicked, yet it is alike manifest that they will never recover what, in some way, has been lost or forfeited. The Lord withholds his blessing from every one of the five modes of healing we have mentioned. This is not only beheld as a fact in Scripture, but also in daily life.

As physical health is not essential to pardon, holiness, and entrance into heaven, we can breathe easily when we see a number of good people unable to find, in any of the five ways, a recovery of bodily strength and soundness.

As for wicked people, we count it a blessing to the church, to society and to the world, that many of them can never get back their lost health and physical power. For there are very many men and women living today whom, if God was to restore in body, would at once become a curse to family and community as they plunged afresh into careers of worldliness, drunkenness, debauchery and general deviltry.

Healing, then, is not for everybody, as good sense, as well as the Bible, will show; and so is not to be taught, and sought after as all can and should ask for regeneration and sanctification. Hence when a self-constituted evangelist and teacher telegraphed to a preacher in one of our large cities, "Have all the sick and devil-possessed to meet me when I come" -- there was shown at once in the dispatch that a fanatic and profound ignoramus was sending the telegram.

Fourth: That as all healing comes from God, then to God let us give the glory, whether the cure comes by climate, water, medicine, nature, or the direct personal touch of the Almighty.

Fifth: Our physical weakness, and acquired or inherited diseases need not keep us out of heaven, if our souls are well, and stay right with God.

The beggar whom Christ tells us about was full of sores, and died on an ash-pile near the rich man's gate. But the Saviour said the angels came for him, and bore him aloft on their snowy wings to Paradise.

Sixth: There is a healing of the soul which is far more important than that of the body, no matter how blessed and desirable the latter may be.

When we obtain the grace of full salvation, it often brings with it, as a beautiful attendant or follower, a well body. But even if it does not and we may be called to witness and work for God in a frail and trembling tenement of clay, yet the spirit itself, full of spiritual health, will be a compensation that will pay many times over for all our physical pangs.

Nor is that all. But one of these days the struggle and battle of life will be over, we will take the last breath, heave the last sigh and enter into rest and be well forevermore. St. John in Revelation has given us a picture of how it shall be with us then in the words, "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying: neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

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Chapter 3

FROM WHAT CHRIST DOES NOT MAKE US FREE

The promise of the Saviour to His followers was that He would make them "free indeed." This He did at Pentecost through the Baptism with the Holy Ghost. This He continues to do to this day for those who will meet the conditions He has laid down.

This freedom however desirable and blessed, is less than some think it to be, and at the same time is far more than others have been taught to regard and expect in the promised grace.

If the Blessing does not give and make us more than we found and experienced in regeneration, then we fail to see the significance and truthfulness of the term "Free Indeed."

The Bible evidently teaches three distinct soul states or conditions under the expressions Bondage, Free and Free Indeed. The last evidently must mean more, and as a typified blessing, bring more to us in the soul life than we experience in what is plainly an intermediate grace taught in the word free.

On the other hand, if the "Free Indeed" blessing allows us or causes us to do what is clearly unallowable in regeneration and contradicted and forbidden by other portions and passages of the Bible, then evidently we have not the blessing which Christ promised, or have distorted, perverted and actually destroyed a beautiful grace of God in changing what the Scripture calls "freedom indeed," into downright license for the flesh and sin.

There are no less than eight distinct kinds of law recognized and taught in the Word of God. They are the Moral, Natural, Civil, Ecclesiastical, Ceremonial, Constitutional, a seventh known as the Law of Custom, covering the demands of good taste and propriety, and still another, the eighth, called the Law of Sin.

First it must be evident to any right thinking person that the Saviour has never come to release us from obedience to the Moral Law or the divine commandments.

Christ died to meet the demands of a holy law that had been broken by sinners, but never fulfilled it in such a sense as to allow the redeemed, His followers, to violate it. He would have been a poor Saviour, a fearful leader indeed, and His people wretched followers, if they construed His obedient life into a liberty granted them to transgress that which he so gloriously honored. His plan was not to fill the earth with commandment breaking antinomians, but law-keeping Christians

Second as to what we would here term Natural Law, is of God and is to be respected and obeyed if we would not come into physical disaster. These commandments are not written on two tables of stone merely, but on all the stones, in the air and water, in the sky above us, and in the earth beneath. The man who claims the great blessing of the Saviour and acts as if he was exempt from this solemn law of the universe itself, is a fool or a fanatic.

The devil tried to make Christ break it, by asking him to throw himself down from the pinnacle of the temple. He said that it was written that the angels would bear him up lest he should dash his foot against a stone. The tempter left out the words "in thy ways." The Saviour's reply was, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." The warning was against our counting upon the miraculous deliverances of God when we presumptuously ignored or broke his laws in Nature.

But the objector says Jesus himself told his disciples in the sixteenth chapter of Mark that they should go forth, take up serpents, and if they drank any deadly thing it should not hurt. But if the Lord had said that he would have contradicted himself and uttered the opposite which he spoke to Satan; for in the former instance he taught we should respect natural law, and here he would bid us defy it.

Moreover, the best Christian Scholarship has proven that this entire paragraph in the sixteenth of Mark is a human interpolation. Christianity does not have to be proved, nor does it stand in what savors of jugglery. It has better and more consistent evidence than that.

But the objector quotes the mishap which befell Paul when a serpent came out of the burning fagots and stung him, and that Paul felt no harm. This is true, and yet quite different from the truth the Saviour brought out in His answer to the devil. Paul was not hunting for serpents, he was not walking around, so to speak, with a chip on his shoulder daring a snake to sting him. He was not throwing himself from the pinnacle. He was not defying the laws of Nature. If he had we would beyond all question have had a different narrative from the pen of Luke, and it would have been Paul who died, while the snake got away.

Nevertheless our God is greater than any of His laws, and when the need comes he can keep fire from burning, lions from killing, snakes from poisoning, then His children are set upon by their enemies of hell and earth. But the same God teaches us both in grace and nature not to thrust ourselves unsent of him among tigers, not to stick our fingers in rattlesnake dens, and in a word not to cast ourselves from pinnacles, trusting that because we have his love in our hearts that we will not fall and be dashed to pieces on the ground.

A third law is seen in Civil Jurisprudence, and all that legislation needed for good government and the protection of the citizens of the land.

It needs no argument to prove the necessity of such law in view of the world we live in and the effect that sin has had upon the manners and morals of the nations.

Christ honored such human codes when he paid taxes or tribute, and when he said, "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's."

Evidently the freedom which the Saviour brings us is not to make us dodge the assessor and tax collector, or graver still, turn us into Moonshiners, avoiders and cheaters of custom charges and revenue stamps, and finally anarchists and outlaws. Christianity proper makes a good citizen out of its converts, while the man filled with its highest grace is bound to be the very best in the truest sense in the community and state.

A fourth law is found in Church or Ecclesiastical Legislation.

God's kingdom has a temporal and material side. Under the direction of heaven it has a taxation seen in tithes and offerings. It has necessarily forms of worship. It possesses sacraments and ordinations. It inducts men into offices and works to which God has called them, and provides for their mental furnishing and training, and for their temporal support.

Experience proves the wisdom and even the necessity of some kind of church law and government. Candidates are to be received into membership and the ministry; offenders are to be disciplined and punished; sacraments are to be administered; the work is to be regulated and directed in many ways, and ordaining hands are to be laid suddenly on no man.

Christ recognized all these different features of church form and discipline, and honored them. He watched approvingly the people putting their gifts into the treasury, commended a poor woman when she gave all she had, told the cleansed lepers to show themselves to the priests, and advised the people to obedience to right teachings of the rulers and priests, but not to do as they did when they went wrong.

As we have studied the great blessing of "freedom indeed," which the Saviour has for the souls of his followers, we cannot but feel that it is intended to make us a member of the Church of Christ in the highest and best sense of the word. No person should be more faithful in the use of the means of grace, or keep the spirit as well as the letter of the commandments, or be more spiritual in his inner life and more devoted to God and man in his outer life, than the individual who has had his heart cleansed and filled with Perfect Love. Such Christians are not intended of God to leave the church but stay in it, bring back its lost glory and power and draw the people heavenward by their holy shining and burning.

When a man claiming the blessing of sanctification construes it into a freedom that delivers him from the observance of wise and good limitations and sanctions placed upon him by one of the branches of the church of Christ, laws founded in the very necessities of the case, we cannot but think that the seceding brother has either blundered in his judgment, or made a mistake in thinking that he enjoys the blessing of holiness.

Of course if a State or Church would impose a law upon us contrary to the Law of God, and would exact an obedience of us which was violative of the Commandments of Heaven, then our allegiance and loyalty belongs primarily and preeminently to the Lord and not to man. We must obey God rather than men.

But otherwise, where the laws of nation and church are right we can possess the "freedom indeed" which Christ promised, and still be good, tax-paying citizens, and faithful, God-honoring church members.

A Fifth Law clearly recognized in the Bible, and plainly evidenced in life, and in every one's life, can be properly called Constitutional Law.

Certain kinds of meats, drinks, fruits and vegetables do not agree with everybody. The saying born of this fact is an old one, that what is food to one is poison to another, and just as a pot of wild greens came near wiping out a theological school in Elisha's day, so there are dishes that if heartily partaken of by some people would as inevitably cause the illness and most likely the death of almost as many. The smell and taste of squash, the burr artichoke and pumpkin pie invariably nauseate the writer, but we know of others who have doubtless better taste, to whom the artichoke is the greatest of delicacies, and the deeper the pumpkin is on the pastry the better they like it. Evidently we are running under different physical governments here, although fully justified and wholly sanctified.

Then we notice that certain meats eaten in the torrid zone will produce scrofulous and other kinds of disease, but in the frigid regions these same fat meats and blubber help to keep numbers of the human race well and strong. It takes lime water only four days to put the writer in a sense hors du combat, while there are others who would be as sick and helpless without it.

Truly every one should be fully persuaded in his own mind from what he has found out in other departments of his being that were not the moral realm. And then we should judge one another in "meats and drinks" no more.

As far as we have been able to observed the blessing of holiness does not alter or annul the constitutional law we are writing about. If change comes at all it will be by the strange transformation which is thought to come about in periods of seven years.

A Sixth Law in the Bible, appearing in directions and command, and as plainly emphasized in the very Spirit of Christianity, is the law of Propriety, Courtesy and Politeness.

Respect for ourselves, and regard for others demand from us certain regulations of conduct, and a consideration for the person, feelings, and rights of every one we meet and have to do with in life.

One inspired writer bids us condescend to men of low estate; to be pitiful, to be courteous. In the thirteenth of First Corinthians we have the legislation of love as well as its charming picture. While the Golden Rule to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us, is the great commandment that exhibits, as well as protects, the life of which we are writing.

Holiness is never given to the child of God that he might be rude and personally offensive and obnoxious in his words and manners. It is true that holy people can give from their knees, in the pew, and from the platform and pulpit, terrible warnings and rebukes that will blanch faces and cause the stoutest hearts to tremble; but this is not scolding, such people are utterly removed from the doing of a coarse, ungenteel thing, and at the same time feel the unclouded smile and full favor of God while delivering messages that offend and even infuriate the people to whom they are addressed.

Paul on one occasion told the high priest that he was a whited wall. But he was not angry. He who drew this striking picture wrote the love chapter of the Bible, and penned an epistle to Philemon that only a refined gentleman could have written.

The Saviour was filled with love when he gave Jerusalem up, when He upbraided Capernaum, and when he delivered that fearful arraignment of the Scribes and Pharisees. But where can be found anywhere in his life of sharp tests and bitter trials a single instance where he was coarse, rude and personally offensive.

Some persons have certainly failed to understand the nature of sanctification, and the realm in which it moves, when they conclude it gives them the right to be disagreeable and discourteous in their manner, to pry into one's family history, to worm confidences and confessions out of people to gratify their own curiosity, and to fiercely lay down law and testimony for others to follow.

We know of a woman who thinks she is led of God to insinuate herself into the confidence of people and thereby obtain admissions of guilt and trouble, deluded with the idea of a pure motive when her own morbid curiosity is the mainspring of the proceeding. She tells her victims that they will feel ever so much relieved when they have poured their secrets out upon her sympathetic ear and heart. She ought to have said spittoon and slop jar instead of ear and heart.

A gentleman of our acquaintance gave marching orders of a most unmistakable character to just such a bonnetted and becrinolined female buzzard. There has been peace at that home ever since.

Others with their mistaken conceptions of freedom, feel justified and even commissioned to comment on everything and everybody, whether they understand all things or not. They are so frank, so open. They really meant their mouth when they said open. They are constrained, to speak their mind. We do not doubt it. But there never seems that about their words and spirit, to make people feel it is the mind of Christ which they possess.

We know of individuals claiming full salvation who cannot be in the company of other persons over a minute without violating the laws of true politeness, and wounding, distressing and even disgusting the hearer. Some of them wonder why they have been dropped, so to speak, by many of their friends and acquaintances. Why they make so few and lasting attachments, when the explanation is in their own conduct. They broke the law of which we are writing, so frequently and ruthlessly that many could not endure them. So the persistent transgressor was avoided. The penitentiary for the violator of moral law; and ostracism from many home, social and religious circles for the personally disagreeable man or woman.

Who does not know of individuals whose conversation abounds in such offensive remarks as "Why! how dreadfully you look!" "How old you are getting!" "How fast you are breaking!" "I never knew until a moment ago that you had a cast in your right eye!" "They tell me you wear a wig--is it so?" "I see your work as a singer is over, your voice is badly cracked," etc., etc.

One woman in the South at a holiness camp meeting asked an evangelist if his teeth were false. He smiled forbearingly and told her they were genuine and rooted in the gum according to nature. Then she requested the privilege of feeling them with her fingers to have the proof of touch and thereby be able to settle a dispute among several of her female friends relative to the matter.

We asked the brother if he submitted to the impertinence, and he said, "Yes." Our rejoinder was that he should have brought down the two rows of incisors on that investigating digital, so that its owner would never have doubted his dental furnishing again, and also at the same time obtained a lesson on the wisdom of being polite and well bred which would have lasted her until her dying day.

We do not doubt that holiness has suffered in numerous places because of the grave mistake made by some of its believers and advocates, in thinking that Christ, in His great blessing, gave us liberty to be personally offensive and obnoxious to other people. We find in many localities parties who seem to be bitterly opposed to the doctrine and experience of sanctification, when upon investigation we discover that they really know nothing of the teaching and had anything but correct ideas of the experience. Their animosity and antagonism had been aroused by unwise, unfortunate and even reprehensible modes adopted by certain individuals in presenting the truth and life.

We have witnessed in the sessions of annual conferences, as arbitrary ruling and discourteous treatment, by the chair of preachers and laymen who were powerless to defend themselves, as ever took place in the world's political and legislative halls. May we be spared every such spectacle in the ranks and amid the gatherings of people claiming the blessing of full salvation. We should be an example on the lines of moderation, kindness, consideration of others, and show a beautiful unvarying Christian courtesy to all. This would only have to be seen to be admired and commended, while such living would at the same time most powerfully preach the man of Galilee whose spirit we say we possess, and whose commandments and words we follow.

Thus far we have written about six different kinds of law that we are not made free from, through obtainment of sanctification or Christ's Baptism with the Holy Ghost, viz., the moral, natural, civil, church, constitutional, and the law of conduct as shown in propriety, courtesy and all that pertains to good breeding.

Well for the church, for the cause of God and for humanity that Christ never came to release us from the proper observance of the above six laws. There is a positive blessed freedom given in addition to this, but the man who keeps faithfully the requirements discussed in this chapter is already a free man and a most proper candidate for the Baptism with the Holy Ghost which will make him free indeed.

A BOX OF TREASURE

By Beverly Carradine

Chapter 4 THE HOLY GHOST NO FAILURE

The caption above may strike some readers as peculiar and needless, but will not others, who are studying the times, watching God's providential movements, and listening to the outspoken fears, opinions and judgments of great numbers of people.

That the Holy Spirit can be no failure we might well know from his divine personality as well as Executive Office. He is God, and to him has been entrusted by the Father and Son the work of applying, advancing and completing the great plan of Redemption, until the world is brought back to God, and Christ appears in the clouds to judge and reward mankind.

The ground of the suspicion and accusation that the work and dispensation of the Holy Ghost is a failure appears to be in the apparently unmoved masses of mankind all around us; the lethargy and powerlessness of the church; the seemingly superior force of an evil habit over a man as compared with the influence which Heaven has upon him; the backsliding of Christians; and the spectacle of the great unconverted world outside of the church.

All these things are grave enough to contemplate to be sure, but every one of them is explainable and that, too, without a single impeachment upon the ability of the Holy Spirit to meet successfully and triumphantly all these conditions, and to do thoroughly and completely all that the Bible says he can, and will yet certainly perform.

Two things should not be forgotten by these aforesaid criticizers and judges of heaven, and discounters of the great Executive of the Trinity, and that is, that men are endowed with moral freedom, and so cannot be forced. Again, that in view of the ignorance, prejudice, spiritual darkness, sin and power of the devil, time must be given the Holy One to accomplish his mission. And yet thus far he has hardly had a chance. As yet His work has been sporadic, and not as it will be. His human agents and instruments have been slow and stupid. The great majority in the church have never been "born of the Spirit." A mere handful have been baptized with the Holy Ghost. His so-called people get sidetracked and clear off the track, impeding and hindering the work on the outside world. Difficulties that would be appalling and paralyzing to any but an omniscient, omnipresent omnipotent God are constantly on the hands of the Spirit.

And yet in spite of all, He, the Holy One, is moving on and up with his work, and will yet bring the nations to the feet of Christ. Knowing his boundless resources he has nothing to fear as to the final outcome. And like him whom he represents, he will not faint, nor be discouraged until all be fulfilled and the universal victory shall take place which is prophesied in the Word of God.

The Holy Ghost has been sent forth to reprove or convict the world of sin. And for that matter this has already been done. The light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world has visited each soul, whether that being is in heathen or Christian lands. It is not necessary to know there is a

Holy Ghost to be convicted and reproved by the Holy Ghost. Nor is it essential to be in a meeting. Nor is it required that a man be willing to be convicted. Here is a work of the Spirit that can take place independently of the consent of a free moral agent.

According to the testimony of all the ages the Holy Spirit has been no failure on this line. He certainly got in a most successful work one morning in Jerusalem when a multitude in deep distress cried to the disciples, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?"

Then let the reader ask himself if there was any lack in the trouble for sins or sin wrought in his case by the Spirit prior to his conversion or sanctification. Did he not see himself in all his weakness and helplessness, and sin in all its blackness and vileness? Could he have stood it, if the burden had been heavier? No doubt about it, that it was a perfect work.

Again, the Father uses the Spirit in regenerating the soul; the first work being made distinctive and peculiar by the figure, "Born of the Spirit." The Son employs him in the second work of grace described as "The Baptism with the Holy Ghost." It is noticeable that both of the other persons of the Trinity take the Holy Ghost as their tremendous instrument or agent of power. They certainly have confidence in him.

It is also to be observed that whoever claims to obtain or arrive at these two moral states or conditions otherwise than by the power of the Holy Ghost, soon treats the community without exception, to a first-class exhibition of spiritual ignorance, fanaticism, humbuggery and make believe, and inevitably followed by the character downfall and life failure, as the building built on the sand was certain to go when the floods came, according to the parable of Christ.

With all who have allowed the Spirit to regenerate and sanctify, we have yet to hear a single one say that he or she was dissatisfied with the work. Judging from their radiant faces, and their ringing testimonies, they are not only content but exultant over what the Holy Ghost did. They cannot even speak of it without the heart swelling, the eyes filling, and the voice giving glory to God. So there seems to be no failure there.

As for the seemingly stronger power of sinful habit over a man, as compared to the delivering influence of the Holy Ghost, it is only apparent and not really so.

The condition of being perfectly freed from the dominion of every form of sin, is, that we give up the sin itself first. "Let the wicked forsake his way--and I will have mercy upon him," says the Lord.

We have been struck with the fact that deliverance from the tobacco habit will never be given if the man cherishes in his mind an intention to return to it. Nor will the work be done, while the wretched little compromises are seen in chewing sticks, wax and gum.

We know of an evangelist who carries around with him for the habit-ridden victim something that looks like tobacco with licorice in it. The Spirit will not honor such a halfway surrender. So his power is not seen in the case, and he is misjudged as to his ability and counted a failure.

What an army of men and women could stand up today and declare truthfully the complete rescue from alcohol, narcotics and every acquired and perverted appetite of the flesh, giving all the glory to God through the power of the Holy Ghost. They would all say that He was no failure in their case.

As for the lethargy and lack of power in the church, this state of things does not arise from the fact that the Holy Spirit could not in a single second, vitalize, electrify, glorify and turn the church loose on the world, powerful, exultant and irresistible; but the trouble and cause of failure is the neglect of the same people to meet the conditions which the Spirit makes imperative before he will work in us and through us upon the nations. If the tarrying in the Upper Room for the Baptism with the Holy Ghost, and for that alone, is not separated from educational and missionary programs, the Spirit will not fall on us, and we will not be able to fall on the people, and the people will not fall before the Lord.

As for the ability of the Holy Ghost to finish the work, committed to him by the Father and Son, of bringing the nations to the feet of Christ, and the world back to God, none can doubt who read correctly the Word of God.

As we have already said, the Father and Son have perfect confidence in his power to carry on and complete the work of Redemption, in this Third and Last Dispensation, called the Dispensation of the Holy Ghost. Christ said it was expedient that he go away that the Spirit might come. In no place does the Word of God say that it will be expedient to recall the Spirit because of his failure, and so another and fourth Dispensation set up. This would prove the Saviour to have made a blunder, if such a statement appeared, or would present the world with a double conflicting and contradictory teaching in the Bible.

We are glad that we do not belong to a class or body of men who belittle or discount the work and power of the Holy Ghost in saying that the world is getting worse and worse, and that he will have to be retired and give way to some other kind of Dispensation on the order of a temporal kingdom. The Bible does not say the world is getting worse, but that under certain conditions mentioned, "Evil men shall wax worse and worse." This is quite different. Nor does the Bible say that there is another Dispensation to follow this, but declares we are in "the Last Days," or, more correctly, "The Last Dispensation."

No, the Holy Ghost is able to bring the nations and all the adversaries of Christ down to his feet, and this he can and will do **WITHOUT CHRIST COMING VISIBLY AND PHYSICALLY TO HIS RELIEF!** Two verses out of many prove this. They are in Hebrews, tenth chapter, and they settle the fact of Christ remaining in heaven while the Holy Ghost makes a complete work of the Gospel on earth. The verses are the twelfth and thirteenth--"But this man, after he had offered one sacrifice for sins forever, sat down on the right hand of God; from henceforth expecting till his enemies be made his footstool."

The reader will observe that Christ remains sitting on his throne in heaven! He does not come back to earth to assist a failing Holy Ghost! He waits on his throne in heaven expectant, until his enemies are conquered and his cause won. And these enemies are made his footstool! It is evident that he is still sitting on his throne when the victory, clothed and described in such a remarkable and

convincing figure, is accomplished. And mind you, achieved by the Holy Ghost on earth for a Christ sitting on his throne in heaven.

No, thank God, the Holy Ghost is no failure! Some preachers and teachers may so falsely instruct the people, but the Word of God most plainly and powerfully declares to the contrary.

A BOX OF TREASURE

By Beverly Carradine

Chapter 5 THE VICTIM OF NATURAL GOODNESS

There is in every age a lot of talk about natural goodness; a spiritual condition, character and life which is said to exist apart from any creative and keeping work of God.

It is evident that such a claim made for humanity is a direct blow given to the Bible, a stab at the truth of Redemption through Christ, and exalts the human race to a plane where they need nothing or little from the hands of God to make them what they should be on earth, and qualify them for a blessed existence in Heaven.

We can see that if there is such a thing as natural goodness, then whoever possesses that most excellent and desirable grace, is not dependent on the Blood of Christ and the work of the Holy Spirit in the change of their hearts and transformation of their lives. Whether they constitute a small or large class, nevertheless it remains that here is a body of people who can reach the skies without traveling the Mt. Calvary and Upper Room Route.

This makes things embarrassing for the preacher in the pulpit. For if all in the audience have this natural goodness, then neither the Bible nor his ministry is needed. If a part of the congregation are in this lovely condition then the preaching cannot possibly benefit a goodly portion of the assembly. They might as well get up and return home.

In contradiction of this conceit and false teaching of men, the Bible affirms that the whole race has been polluted by the Fall, that none are good or righteous in themselves, that the heart is deceitful and desperately wicked, while Christ declares that out of the heart proceedeth every vile and unholy thing. He gave a dreadful list of some of the dark brood which nest in the soul. He did not make a complete catalogue, but mentioned evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness and blasphemies. He made no exception, but said "the heart."

In denial of this, men point to good children, to lovely moral people, who never belonged to a church, to respectable, benevolent, kind individuals who never professed a change of hearts etc., etc., etc.

In rebuttal of this assumption of natural goodness that is claimed to exist apart from God, we say that such teaching would establish two sources of goodness, and one of these not in God? Whereas, the Bible declares that in the absolute independent and underivable sense there is none good but one and that is God.

In further disproof of what is called natural goodness--we make the following observations:

First, that much of so-called natural goodness can be explained in the unrecognized early conversion of children.

The child's heart has not reached the hardness and resistance of the adult, and is quite susceptible to religious lives and influence about it. Often children are converted at three and four years of age, and frequently without having been in a Gospel meeting.

A preacher's smile, word, or kindly act may have been the agency under God, and the little one received converting grace and hardly knew the character of what had happened. Nor are the grown people around disposed to believe that a child can know God, and so a work of salvation was done, which while unheralded and unadmitted by surrounding people, yet transformed a life.

This change, that ushered the young being into a real spiritual life, is set down by the family and relatives as an instance of natural goodness, and yet it was God's work, only He did not get the credit. The honor and glory was given to so-called natural goodness.

Second, much so-called natural goodness can be accounted for through the preventing grace of God.

God cannot convert or sanctify any one against that person's will, but He can and does prevent much evil from taking place in one's life through providential dealings and that without interfering with a man's free moral agency. The opening of a religious book, the meeting with a good man, the singing of a hymn, the sound of a church bell in the distance, can all be used by the Spirit of God in disarming evil, changing the current of feeling, arousing conscience and creating better desires, intentions and living.

In some such way God kept Abimelech from sin; and when that worthy was disposed to praise and crown himself for his abstinence, the Lord informed him that he had nothing to congratulate himself for in the sense of personal worth and conquest, that He the Lord had kept him from wronging a good man like Abraham.

Third, a lot of so-called natural goodness can be explained by the fact of an environment of ease, a life of comfortable and delightful circumstances of a material character.

A tiger with a full stomach and a lamb on the inside of him, is quite different from the same tiger with an empty body and a fat sheep on the outside of him. In the first situation he acts as if he was himself of the innocent, woolly tribe, in the second he is beheld in the true light--a tiger.

We knew a well-to-do Southern family where everything ran smoothly, love abounded, and family prayers was held morning and night. It seemed to be a religious household without any profession of saving grace.

The Civil War came on and impoverished them. Their slaves were set free, the great cotton plantation was overrun with weeds, and finally sold under mortgage. With this material change of temporalities came an awful alteration to this "naturally good" household. The father became a reprobate, the sons drunkards, two daughters were addicted to the opium habit, and a third fell into a life of shame. The entire home circle went down with a crash.

Instead of having religious principle, and redeemed character as a life foundation, they had been resting on cotton bales, rice barrels and sugar hogsheads. And when adversity swept these supporting pillars away, the little fanciful edifice of natural goodness went down with the flimsy undergirding, and nothing was left.

Truly it is easy to play at goodness, and ape piety, when the store room is full, the house is beautifully furnished, the automobile is at the door, the bank account large, and the income more than abundant. But only let a cyclone of financial ruin sweep that same family into beggary, and now where are the sweet smiles and cheerful manners of the famous so-called natural goodness? Truly, there is a difference between a full and an empty tiger.

A fourth explanation of natural goodness can be found in simulated excellence.

There is no question but that we have a class of people in the land who for certain reasons practice some of the spirit and aspects of Christianity. They hang on their own sapless boughs one or more of the fruits of the regenerated life.

For some purpose or policy of their own they abound in benevolences that are of a public nature. Their names are seen frequently if not constantly in every list of charity where the donors are given to the world in the columns of a newspaper.

Of course all such philanthropy is not genuine Christian fruit, but it appears so to many, and the simulator obtains what he is after, public recognition and reward. Moreover, they get the credit of being good, kind, charitable, and yet never belonged to a church, bowed at an altar, or prayed and wept through to anything that is given from the skies. Behold they are good without the help of God, they have natural goodness, and the Bible is discredited, and the Saviour's redemption is slapped in the face and denied again.

But Christ taught that if we gave to be seen of men, what claim could we make to the life, spirit and character He came to bring? According to the Saviour's teaching as to secrecy of giving, the loudly proclaimed benevolence is an offence to God and actually a sin.

There was a New England nurse named Jane Tappan who for years was considered the soul of generosity. She was always making presents to people. And as she belonged to no church, and made no claim to any experience of grace, then of course, her kindness and benevolence was held up as a proof of the natural goodness of the heart.

But after awhile the awful discovery was made that she murdered a number of patients. She generally selected those who had full pocketbooks, and so Natural Goodness Jane was liberal on money stolen from the pockets and purses of patients whom she had killed.

A fifth explanation of natural goodness can be found in the restraints of law and the fear of consequence.

Truly these two facts make a large lot of people act as if they had been converted and sanctified. It is a charming spectacle to behold thousands of persons thronging our streets and behaving themselves so beautifully. They are so polite and considerate of each other, they smile, bow, give right of way, stand aside at the crossings, pick up dropped handkerchiefs, etc., that it looks like they all had perfect love.

Then see them passing great stores where diamonds, watches, gold chains and silverware are flashing in the show case, and only a thin pane of glass between them and the treasure. And yet they are so good they will not break that fragile barrier and protection and make off with thousands of dollars. They even pass by open, uncovered fruit stands, and will not take a single peach or plum. Oh, how good these people are. Truly, the Millennium is in sight. And yet most of these persons never attend a church and have never experienced the saving grace of God. They all seem naturally good, and under their coats and dresses feathers doubtless are sprouting on their shoulder blades. This is a goodness that cannot keep from evolving wings.

And yet every sensible reader knows that of that crowd behaving itself so well, there are thousands who fairly long to rifle the show window, snatch a roll of bank notes from the cashier's desk, and would do so but for the fear of law, and the after consequences in jail and penitentiary.

The same principle is seen at work in the penitentiary, where a thousand men behave themselves perfectly. They arise from their beds, fall into line, come promptly to their tables at meal hours, stick to their work all day, and go to bed promptly without breaking a single law throughout the whole day.

It looks well, has the appearance of goodness, but as we all must know is simply a rectitude and regularity of conduct born of dread of the dark cell and cruel punishment of other forms and kinds. It is not a natural, but an unnatural goodness born of a great fear.

We once saw a cobra in a large box that had a glass lid or cover through which we could observe the dreadful and deadly creature. He looked quite gentle and was very quiet. It seemed as if he had never stung or hurt anybody in all its life, nor would ever consent to do so. But we caught a glance out of his eye as we bent over the coiled up reptile which was decidedly startling. It seemed to say, "If I was only out of this box I would show you who I was, and what I could do."

And we said, I believe you, and thank God for the strong box that restrains you!

In like manner we are called upon to behold the Natural Goodness of the human race, and we mark certain glances, movements, and hear certain hissings and utterances that make us grateful to Heaven for the strong box of the law which confines and restrains this much boasted tribe of the naturally good.

After all it is a cobra held in check by public opinion, legislation, policemen, jails, penitentiaries and scaffolds. If it could have its way on our streets and in our homes, pandemonium would break loose, and hell itself would appear to have come to abide on earth.

A BOX OF TREASURE

By Beverly Carradine

Chapter 6 THE TRAVAIL OF ZION

The Bible throughout plainly teaches that the salvation of the world is to come through the church. And it is equally clear in teaching that it is not to be by a cold formal ecclesiasticism, but a holy church whose glory shall be beheld and felt and whose divine power shall cause the nations to flock to the light of her burning, calling her gates salvation and her walls praise.

Christ's prayer for the church was that it might be sanctified, that the world might believe and know that God had sent Him for its redemption.

Ezekiel said that the heathen would know the Lord when He should be sanctified in His people before their eyes. Certainly He is not "sanctified" or "made holy" in most of the denominations and congregations today before the eyes of the world.

Another prophet in perfect harmony with the teachings of the Scripture throughout declares that only when Zion travails will sons and daughters be born unto God.

Travail is one of the sharpest pains known in the physical realm. Its cry is simply heart-breaking. Few can hear it without tears, while husbands are scarce indeed who can listen at all to the agonized wail. With faces set and white we have seen them take their hats and rush away from the sound of the pitiful groans of the one they loved best on earth. God takes this physical pang and heartbreaking wail and applies it to the church, and says that such a suffering, burden and agonizing cry must come on His people, before sons and daughters are born unto Him, or in other words, before genuine conversions can take place.

In view of this inspired statement several questions at once arise in the mind.

One is, what shall we say of the policy of those pastors and evangelists who, passing by and over the state of the church as we see it today, endeavor to secure a revival among the unconverted. God conditions salvation among the lost on the spiritual life of the church and a very high plane at that. And yet these leaders of the people deliberately ignore what the Divine Being says about the matter and would have judgment commence among the lost when the Lord says it must begin at the House of God.

It is a well known fact that evangelists who observe the divine requirement and insist upon the Upper Room experience for the church, before conversions can be expected in the streets as at the Day of Pentecost, that all such preachers and leaders are avoided by leading congregations, union meetings and conferences, and workers are sought and selected who "let the church alone and go for sinners," as it is commonly said.

They seem not to know, or have determined to forget that God will not go into business with a morally spotted partner; that He insists that they who bear the vessels of the Lord should be clean; that in unmistakable illustration of His plan He made one hundred and twenty of His most devoted disciples and followers tarry ten days in Jerusalem until they received the Baptism with the Holy Ghost, and then, and not until then, did the revival break out in the streets where we see three thousand born of the Spirit in one day, and five thousand the next day. Zion was in travail and sons and daughters were born unto God by scores and hundreds and thousands.

Of course it is very evident to the spiritually illumined why the divine plan is not approved, relished or followed by most of the churches today. It brings an attention on themselves that they do not desire; it rolls an awful obligation upon them which they do not propose to assume; it requires a going down before God and men, a cleansing from all sin, a dying out to this world and a living for and in God that is not on their program at all. Nor will they have it, or listen to a man who preaches and urges upon them such an humbling, praying, seeking and finding.

It is not the financial outlay of the meeting that these church members dread. On the contrary, it is well known that if they can secure an evangelist who will "let the church alone and go for sinners out in the world," they give largely and liberally to such a man and meeting. It is far easier for such people to go down deep into their pocket books than to go down low at the altar. Giving up money is far less difficult with them than surrendering sins and yielding up the entire self to God. Liberality touches only the vest pocket and a very small section of the person, but holiness takes in the whole man.

This is the reason that the Holiness Evangelist leaves a place with but little over his traveling expenses and can lay up nothing against the "rainy day" and the time of a helpless old age, while another kind of evangelist goes off with five hundred to two thousand dollars from every meeting. The congregation or audience gladly pays down the aforesaid "blood money" for the privilege of being "let alone," of not being urged to obtain holiness, or of coming into a great soul agony over the salvation of men. Down in their hearts these givers to such a meeting know that they have escaped cheaply by the payment of twenty-five, fifty or one hundred dollars.

We have often wondered how such workers feel as they go away with the blood money of lost souls in their pockets, knowing they have not declared the whole counsel of God, that they have withheld essential truth, and completely ignored the method God lays down for a real revival and the genuine salvation of men.

A second question that arises in the mind is that where God's plain commands and directions are not followed for the obtainment of a meeting of supernatural transforming and converting power, what are we to think of the paraded, printed and trumpeted results of all such union and so-called gospel services? How are we to regard the converts and accessions to the church of these same greatly advertised meetings? God says before there can be conversions, or sons and daughters born unto Him, Zion must travail. But in these meetings Zion did not travail. There was no upper room tarrying nor upper room receiving of the Baptism with the Holy Ghost. No messages were given declaring that judgment must begin at the House of God. The evangelist had been corresponded with and bought off beforehand with the express understanding that he should preach to the goats or the

sinner out in the world. So Zion not receiving the attention God demands, and the health of God's people not attended to, there was not only no travail of the church, but as the Bible says, "Zion had no strength to bring forth."

We stand amazed at the utter ignorance shown by many leaders in the church of the law of analogy which God lays down for our information and guidance in this matter.

In the home life, a certain all important period affecting especially one member of the family is most anxiously prepared for in the building up and strengthening of her upon whom the great trial is to come. Every sacrifice is made, and every attention is devoted to her in view of the approaching crisis. For if in that hour she has not strength to bring forth, there is not only no life added to the household and family, but there are really two deaths. The mother then is the object of supreme interest, properly and necessarily if we would see a son or daughter born into the family.

At once the thoughtful spiritual person must recognize the philosophy and meaning of the Holiness Movement. It is to get Zion ready to bring forth children to God. It is to prepare the church as a spiritual mother to have genuine conversions, to present sons and daughters unto the Almighty.

We repeat the question then, what are the kind of accessions to the church that we are having today in our so-called Gospel Union Meetings; and what are these converts that Christianity is getting, and what kind of sons and daughters of God are these that are being reported, that come not only from a non-travailing, but from a dead mother?

Can a dead mother bring forth offspring? Must we close our understanding to the laws of analogy, and deny the Word of God, and say that this card-signing crowd of so-called converts have been born of God through a spiritually dead mother?

Reformation is not transformation. The first a man can do, the second only God can perform. Joining the church is not salvation, but being born of the Spirit. Now look at the brigade of card signers and by close questioning it is evident that they not only know nothing of regeneration, but have not even experienced the bitterness of repentance. They know not a thing about the birth of the Spirit, and stare in silence and ignorance in answer to the question if they have had the witness of the Holy Ghost to their being children of God.

And lo! These puppet figures, these joiners of a meeting house, these doll babies stuffed with saw dust, are labeled and printed and publicly called the sons and daughters of God.

Here and there an honest and ripe soul finding salvation in the deadest meeting, and in no meeting at all as was the case with the writer, is no disproof of the argument in this chapter founded on the Word of God. God once used an animal to rebuke a disobedient servant of His. This was an exception. His rule is to send men to reprove men.

The rule of salvation according to the Bible and according to an analogy laid down by the Lord Himself is that Zion must travail before sons and daughters can be born unto God.

In view of this double truth and statement it is easy to read through the lines of a report where we are informed that several hundred were at the altar, but nothing is said about several hundred being saved. In some newspapers, we are informed, the figures having been given by the evangelist that five, six or seven thousand people passed through the inquiry room. But passing through an inquiry room is not salvation. Five thousand goats and snakes can move through an inquiry room and pass out as they came in, still snakes and goats.

Verily God's way is the true way and the best. When Zion travails, sons and daughters will be born unto God.

He who would prevent the Judgment that must begin at the House of God. and would rob the church of Christ of the Upper Room experience is really the enemy of his race, and is standing between God and the salvation of the world.

A BOX OF TREASURE

By Beverly Carradine

Chapter 7

THE FREEDOM OF THE HOLINESS MOVEMENT

In saving this world, God has not only to supply truth and salvation, but is under the necessity of providing the best methods for the preservation of this truth and the enforcement or carrying out of the Redemption he has furnished.

Among the factors on the earthly side that was necessary was the priest. An under shepherd was called by the Chief Shepherd; a human priest was needed to stand forth not only as a type but a representative of the great High Priest in heaven.

The priest called of God to minister to the people officiated in the Tabernacle Temple and Synagogue, as well as moved about among the homes and walks of his fellow beings in the work of doing good. Very naturally these appointees of heaven would in time be affected by social ties, domestic affections and personal obligations, as well as by the strong influence proceeding from the councils and sanhedrins of the very ecclesiasticism which they were called to serve.

Consciously or unconsciously in such a position and situation, the truth they stood for originally, would in time and in some measure be affected. The complete messages from heaven would not be delivered; and so the cause of God as well as the best spiritual interests of man would be hurt.

Because of this fact, all foreseen by the Almighty, the prophet was brought forth as a most conspicuous figure in the economy of grace. He seems always to have been the special messenger of heaven, a man prepared, provided for and protected in remarkable ways by the King of Kings.

Sometimes this servant of the Lord was fed and delivered by miraculous methods; and always was made to feel that God was for him and back of him and would see him through every trial, duty, difficulty and danger in which he found himself. Dependent alone on his Maker for his commission and provision, he was the peculiar servant of the Lord, and was felt to be his mouthpiece as he came to nations and cities, stood before kings, generals and the people, and delivered the messages of God without the fear or favor of men before his eyes. This peculiar position, this distinct dependent relation of the prophet upon God alone, secured the courage and boldness that the ambassador of the skies ought to have, and also the delivery of warning rebuke or commandments in their integrity and completeness to the people as the Lord desired.

In the present day we see the pastor taking the place of the priest of olden times. Like his predecessor, the office is essential, and so in the pastoral charge and in the councils of the different denominations the preacher in his appointment is found as a fixture of grace and intended by the Lord to be a blessing to his kingdom and the world itself.

But as in the former case, we observe that the social, domestic and certain ecclesiastical relations affect the servant of God to a greater or less extent in his proclamation of the truth, and in his dealings with the souls committed to his care.

It is very difficult indeed for men in the pastorate to remain unaffected and uninfluenced by the oppositions, hates, intrigues, friendships, affections, flatteries, and, one may add, the briberies which surround and assail the office. The Bible speaks of a gift perverting the judgment, and we need no argument to prove the difficulty in the way of a pastor preaching a close Gospel and delivering the awful warnings of the Bible and presenting the conditions and the way of obtaining a full salvation to a congregation who have been personally kind, and fairly loaded the preacher down with benefits. The temptation is to avoid subjects and to pass in silence over sins, that these very people ought to hear about because of their ignorance of the one, and their guilt in regard to the other.

This is a mere hint in reference to the difficulty and danger of the pastoral relation. It is not an easy one. So that the whole messages of God are not heard by many of the large audiences gathered every Sabbath in the spacious sanctuaries and imposing cathedrals of the land.

This alarming fact necessitates another order of the ministry, clearly recognized in the New Testament and used by the Holy Ghost to this day, called the Evangelist. The apostle Paul not only shows the difference between the Evangelist and the Pastor, but teaches that the former outranks the latter in the mind of God as a gift to the kingdom of Grace.

The Evangelist in some respects takes the place of the prophet. He cannot foresee and foretell as did the Seer of God, but supported in a different way from the pastor, freed from many limitations and restrictions that are seen in the life of the preacher in charge, burdened with special messages from God, and swung providentially all over the country, he can deliver warnings, rebuke sin, cry against the evils of the day, strike at formality, unmask hypocrisy and declare a full salvation from sin, as other pulpit servants of heaven either can not or will not do.

It is no more intended of God that the Evangelist should abuse this freedom and powers than did the prophets. Like them, it is true, he being human, can go off on money lines as did Balaam, or suppress or let down the truth, and thereby swell the ranks of the false prophets who continue to sell themselves out to the Ahabs and Jezebels of this world.

But many of them, thank God! are faithful, and sound a Full Salvation and complete messages from the skies in the ears of the people. Fed, clothed, protected, upheld, delivered and blessed by the Lord who calls them to the work, they go where he wants them to go, and says what he wants them to say, though men and devils rage, and the universe itself should go to pieces.

In this same line of thought we would observe that the church is a spiritual necessity. As a divine institution it not only is intended to spread, but to preserve the truth. Its teachings, sacraments, ceremonies, Sabbaths, worship, regular and special meetings find their existence and exercise in the double fact of the will of God and the need of man.

But like the priest and the pastor, the church can settle down, lose its aggressiveness, part with its purity and forfeit its holy power. It may in different places and ages become in a measure spiritually blinded, deafened and even deadened. Unsavoured people may swell its membership and rule in its councils. Its saved membership may become disheartened, discouraged and even overpowered by unspiritual elements and forces in the congregation. It may fall into ceremonial ruts, be satisfied with a routine of work, substitute Chautauquas and conventions for real revivals, and become not only ignorant but even offended at the preaching of a pure and full Gospel, and denounce, resent and withstand the actual presence and power of the Holy Ghost in their midst.

Because of this, God raises up great religious movements distinct from what is seen going on in the regular ecclesiastical world. Repeatedly these mighty awakenings and spiritual uprisings have stirred different nations and the world itself. They were made of God to do what the church was failing to do. They deliver messages the church is either afraid or disinclined to utter. They call the people to complete renunciation of sin, to perfect, obedience to God, and to holiness of heart and life. They, as movements, are distinct and free from the church, but are really the true friends to the church proper, and to the neglected world outside.

The movement seems to occupy as a body of people holding the truth, the same relation to God and the human race, as did the Prophet and the Evangelist as individuals. It gives the whole truth and nothing but the truth to men, depends constantly upon God, and is peculiarly guided, upheld, delivered, honored and blessed by the Lord.

The instant that such a movement takes upon itself the form of a church, it gradually loses its power, and settles down into the condition already described, and becomes respectable, moral and orthodox but also comparatively unctious and powerless.

Equally fatal to the movement is it, when it places itself under the wing of ecclesiastical authority, getting its life from its recognition, and obtaining its orders from human instead of divine lips.

If the movement is of God it is bound to be a true friend to his kingdom and church; but to be that best friend it has to live, move and have its being through the touch, breath, hand and power of God.

If it takes its directions and commands from man other than from God in its revival and salvation work, then it has exchanged divine for human wisdom, leaning on the natural and physical, instead of the spiritual and supernatural, and has nothing to expect but defeat, failure and disaster. Such a course followed by Prophet, Evangelist and Holiness Movement of any age would instantly end the distinctiveness and peculiar glory of their offices and mission, and leave as one of the lamentable results an emasculated, attenuated and vitiated gospel on the hands of men.

The present day holiness movement is one of the great, divine quickenings and uprisings we have been describing. It has been raised up of God not to hurt the world, but to save it; not to be an enemy to the church, but its true friend.

Its best service to the church, however, can only be rendered by a free, independent relation as a religious movement. All holiness people should be members of some evangelical church of Christ.

But the holiness movement itself is of God. It has been like another John the Baptist sent of God. It has come to arouse, rebuke, encourage, teach, fire and fill all in the churches who will hear its wonderful messages.

If it takes the form of an ecclesiasticism, it is but a question of time when it will become like the other churches, and will soon need to be awakened, recovered and saved as it once did other similar bodies.

If it places itself under the wing of any church, it will then become a mere department of that denomination; it will get its orders second-handed instead of from headquarters; the intimate divine relation and vital union will be broken up; and spiritual weakness and death will again be seen as the result. Receiving its pay and its commands from men, it will of necessity cease to be the supernatural thing, the flaming Evangel of Truth, the God-called, fire-filled and heaven-led movement of grace and glory. And while respectability and orthodoxy are left, salvation and holy power falling from the skies on the people will be memories of the past.

The holiness movement to be a blessing to the world and to the church cannot afford to get under any but the divine wing. It must receive its orders from God. It must speak for God, no matter what may be the message, what the surrounding, and what the consequence.

The holiness movement cannot afford to become popular. The instant it tries to please men, it will cease to please God, and he will set it aside as he has done Prophets and Evangelists who made the same fatal mistake.

The holiness movement cannot afford to sell out to Leagues, Fraternities, Communities, Railway Companies, Rich men, or to anybody or anything. Any gift of land, houses, or money; any extension of favor, influence, patronage of a private or public character, which throttles the truth, cuts down the warnings, rebukes and proclamations that God would have the people hear, are so many chains and fetters to the cause, so many bandages and gags upon the mouths of her preachers, and so much Judas blood money for the sale of the beautiful divine truth of holiness or full salvation.

The holiness movement, to be what the Lord wants it, must declare the whole counsel of God, keep back nothing of his truth as to sin and salvation, and sing, pray, preach, shout and live for him without the fear or favor of any man or of all men before its eyes. It must be peculiarly his messenger of truth; his mouthpiece; his evangel; his prophet as of old.

If we as holiness people become faithless; if we trim off and let down in our teaching and living; if we make affinity with Ahab and his crowd; get allies from Egypt and Syria; take up with prophets who say smooth things to please various bodies of people, if we use trumpets that give an uncertain sound, and fight with swords in the scabbard; if we aim for popularity instead of salvation, and for the applause of men rather than the smile, presence, favor and power of God in our midst; then are we already undone!

The Shekinah will have gone from the mercy seat! Ichabod will be written on the walls of the temple! Our Glory will be departed! Nothing will be left then but another spiritual carcass or

skeleton bleaching on the highway of the past: while God will proceed again to raise up another body of people who will be truer servants to him, and better friends to the human family than the faithless band who through money, red pottage, man-fear and public favor fell by the wayside.

A BOX OF TREASURE

By Beverly Carradine

Chapter 8 **THE UPPER ROOM AND TONGUES**

There are several features connected with the gathering and waiting of a certain company in the famous Upper Room in Jerusalem some two thousand years ago, that is well worthy of study and imitation in these days of religious instability and false doctrine.

One fact about them was that they were the most faithful followers that Christ had upon the earth. It was not a collection of sinners praying for pardon, but a band of disciples supplicating for the Baptism with the Holy Ghost.

It must be evident to any one who has even a slight knowledge of unregenerate human nature, that it would be impossible to get one hundred and twenty unconverted people to be in a continuous prayer meeting of ten days. Even if penned up in such a room, they could not be kept in. They would break through the windows, or tear down the ceiling or dig through the floor before they would endure the spiritual torment of such a place and service.

But what sinners would not do, and could not be compelled to endure, regenerated souls with the love of God, and hungering for the fullness of salvation, could easily and naturally be seen doing. This single fact alone is sufficient to reveal the character and spiritual status of the Upper Room Assembly prior to the morning of Pentecost.

A second fact is that they were gathered at this time for one object. The Scripture states that they were told to tarry, and did tarry for the Baptism with the Holy Ghost.

This remarkable lack of division as to other points of doctrine and experience; this wonderful unity and agreement as to the one crowning work of grace which Christ had told them about, reveals one of the reasons for the amazing, overwhelming descent of the Holy Spirit upon them.

We do not doubt a single instant that if God's people in church, camp ground and revival service, would leave out of their "programs" everything but this; if they would quit trying to cover all creation with their multiplied diversified services and meetings; if they would give Missions, Missionaries, Education, Church Extension, Colleges, Introduction and Showing Off of Prominent Men, and even Testimony Meetings, a rest for a while, and put the ten days in with a continuous, fervent, humble, importunate waiting on God for the Baptism, and outpouring of the Holy Ghost on the church and camp, we would have scenes rivaling Pentecost and results that would bring millions of souls to God, and send shocks of consternation and horror to the very center of the black heart of Hell.

A third fact about this marvellous meeting of other days, was that up to the time the Spirit fell on the tenth day, not a single effort had been made to get a sinner into the meeting, or anything done to secure the salvation of any one of the many lost souls in Jerusalem.

Multitudes of unsaved men were on the streets of that city, but not one of the number was invited or brought to the meeting in the Upper Room. As we see spiritual things today, we recognize plainly that had this been done, and a mixed crowd gathered, Pentecost would not and could not have occurred. It required the unity and fixedness of purpose, and the patient, humble waiting in prayer of the best regenerated people in all that country, to make possible the marvellous happenings of Pentecost and the days which followed.

All this sounds wonderfully in harmony with Christ's prayer in the seventeenth chapter of John, where He declares that He prayed not for the world, but for them from the Father had given Him out of the world. That they were now not of the world. and He prayed that they might be sanctified. And He wanted them sanctified, that the nations might believe and know what God had done for the world through His Son.

Everywhere we hear preachers and laymen, who have not studied out the divine way to a real, sweeping revival where hundreds and thousands of souls would be saved, insisting that we preach to sinners. They think that we do not care for the salvation of the unconverted unless we do as they say; and yet their method is not the true, effective Bible way of bringing souls to God.

The proper study of the ten days in the Upper Room, and of the Saviour's Prayer, shows that if the population in the state, and if the world itself is to be saved. it will have to be through a wholly sanctified and fire-baptized church.

A fourth fact about this company in the Upper Room was that they did not pray for a gift of the Holy Spirit, but for the Holy Ghost Himself, who is greater than all his gifts.

It was the culminating blessing, the crowning work of divine grace, that was to usher in and finish most gloriously and triumphantly the Dispensation of the Holy Ghost, which they sought, plead for and obtained.

Inspiration had declared that He, the Holy Ghost, was for all believers who met the conditions of His coming, but that His gifts were distributed as God saw fit in His sovereign pleasure and infinite wisdom, to one this, and to another that.

Again, the Scripture declares that the gifts are variable and not perpetual, but that the Spirit Himself would come to abide forever.

In view of these statements of God, we see the Upper Room company showing true wisdom in seeking that which was culminating, crowning, superior and abiding; and in making no effort for that which was less, which not every child of God can have, and that even when possessed will in time "vanish away."

It is true that they obtained the Gift of Tongues that morning, but it is most noticeable that they did not seek the "gift." It was thrown in that day. Nor is there any account that this company ever had it again. It departed as a certain exigency and need passed away. While the Holy Ghost who had filled them, abided in them continually and to the end of their joyous, useful, powerful lives.

Hence it is that when we hear today of God's people seeking for the Gift of Tongues, we behold a perfect contrast to the spirit, conduct and object of the One Hundred and Twenty in the Upper Room. We also see people confessedly sanctified seeking something that God has placed far below Sanctification or the Baptism with the Holy Ghost. We mark them striving for that which is ranked as low down as seventh in the gifts of the Spirit, and one also that Paul emphatically declares "vanishes away," while Holiness or Perfect Love, which comes with the Baptism with the Holy Ghost, he affirms is never to pass away.

Nor is this all. Even if we had the real Gift of Tongues in our midst, and it is certain that we have not, the same God-inspired man said, "I had rather speak five words with my understanding, that I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an (unknown) tongue." (The word in brackets is not in the original.)

Still again, this wonderful mouthpiece of God said, that even where the genuine Gift of Tongues should be possessed, that such a gift should not be exercised unless there was an Interpreter present. Hear his words, "If there be no interpreter, let him keep silence."

People claiming this gift today are quick to quote the Apostle, "Forbid not to speak with tongues." But behold here is another "forbid," which they have overlooked. If no interpreter is present, "keep silence," Paul says.

Moreover, there was all this care when the genuine gift was present! What shall be said of the "gibberish" that is called Tongues today?

It would be well for the people who have discounted the Baptism with the Holy Ghost, and put a gift above the Giver, to remember several things:

First, that the word "unknown " which they quote so much, is not God's word. It is a human interpolation and not the Scripture.

Second, that the "tongues" with which the disciples spoke at Pentecost were not "unknown" tongues or "Gibberish." Luke says, "That every man heard them speak in his own language." And again we read in the eighth verse of the second chapter of Acts, "How hear we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born." Here was no unintelligible jargon; but languages of earth recognized distinctly by people coming from these different countries and nations.

Third, if the Gift of Tongues is as they put it, higher in value and importance than the Blessing of Sanctification, or the Baptism with the Holy Ghost, then should there be commensurate results in their meetings and labors when it is received.

We notice that when the disciples were baptized with the Holy Ghost there was a great revival and many souls were saved. Where is the sweeping revival and salvation of men in what is called "The Tongue Movement" today?

Fourth, it is noteworthy that the church in which the Gift of Tongues broke out in Paul's time, gave that Apostle more trouble than all the other churches put together. He told them plainly that they were "carnal." He also said to them that jabbering together as they did, they not only did not edify anybody, but people hearing you, -- "will they not say that ye are mad!"

In view of all these things; and in recognition of the fact that even after "coveting the best gifts" there remains a "more excellent way;" the way of Holiness and Perfect Love all laid down in Christ's Prayer, and the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, we propose not to run after a thing which is not even among the "best gifts ;" that God ranks as Number Seven in the list; that unaccompanied with love Paul says is as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal and which, according to the Bible, is certain at last to "cease" and "vanish away."

We prefer the Baptism with the Holy Ghost, purifying the heart, filling with Perfect Love and enduing the soul with power. And in the strength and grace of this crowning culminating work of God, would "rather speak five words with the understanding, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue."

A BOX OF TREASURE

By Beverly Carradine

Chapter 9 LEAVING THE FIRST PRINCIPLES

In the middle of the first century, Paul wrote to a church, and through it to all Christian churches, to leave first principles and go on to perfection.

He did not say "grow" to perfection, but "go." He did not say "towards perfection," which would mean a kind of approximation or camping in the neighborhood, but the command was to "go on TO perfection." Here was an arrival a getting somewhere; in other words, a definite experience.

Dr. Adam Clark says that a better translation is "Let us be borne on immediately into perfection."

The first among the "principles" that the apostle mentioned was repentance. His idea was not to destroy a cardinal doctrine or an essential experience of the heart and mind in coming to God, but leaving repentance as something not to be done over again, we should sweep on to an establishing grace called holiness, or perfection, wherein the affections, will, and the whole life would be so bound to God that repentance in the old passed away sense would not be needed.

We were to leave it as the boy at school quits the alphabet for higher literature; and the multiplication table for advanced mathematics. Neither letters nor figures are despised or set aside, but they were simply means to a higher end, and having learned them as an opening lesson, a principle of knowledge, the boy now goes on to the culminating and crowning study and mental possession in logic and trigonometry.

To see a school boy in the alphabet, and stalled in the multiplication table for years, would indicate beyond all doubt that the lad was a mental weakling or idiot.

Physicians pronounce such instances to be cases of "arrested development." It is always a melancholy object, and we find ourselves wondering as we see the outward physical shape all right, what could have happened to the mental mechanism within, that has led to this clogging of the wheels and permanent halt of the intellectual life before us. There he is in the alphabet, and laboring on the first division of the multiplication table, with no sign whatever of advancement. He has stopped at the first principles.

We have known boys who were not idiots, and yet could not get out of the preparatory or freshman classes at college. We knew a preacher who was five or six years on the first year's course of study in theology in the itinerancy of the M. E. Church South. The report was that he would not study, he would not go on; in other words, he camped, in a scholastic sense, by the first principles.

Paul, in the first century, was trying to get a body of believers away from the primer and first reader of repentance to a salvation that needed not to be repented of, and that would deliver them from the up and down life and zigzag course of a mere beginner; and yet here, lo and behold, in the

year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and ten, nearly two thousand years later, the great body of the preachers and members of the Christian church have their eyes fixed on what Paul regarded as first principles, and insist on going back to repentance.

Doubtless many of them do need repentance for the way they have treated "perfection," or holiness, and we question not there is a demand for godly sorrow on other lines, among the clergy and laity; but the point we are making is the wonder that after twenty centuries, multiplied thousands of Christian churches will not listen to the doctrine of holiness, but insist on having a preaching that properly belongs to the unilluminated, unsaved and lost classes of humanity.

In arranging for meetings, in calling evangelists, the condition exacted more and more is that holiness shall not be preached, but repentance instead shall be presented. The church ignores the Divine command to press on to the highest experience of the Christian life, and would return to the lower plane, uncertain light and gloomy camping place of a sinner getting ready to be saved.

The proof of what we say is in the character of the evangelist and the subject matter of his discourse admitted into our large churches in the cities and towns of the land. He has to leave Perfection and go to Repentance, reversing Paul's command, in order to get his call to and permission to stay through the meeting.

Some of them insist that they do preach holiness at certain times in these services, but it is noticeable that no one gets the blessing under them, and it is presented as a doctrine in such a vague way, so often confounded with growth, and there is such an utter dropping out of the definite seeking for the blessing and dying out at the altar, that no one needs to wonder that the people do not obtain the pearl of great price, the experience of entire sanctification.

Even at conferences and at some so-called holiness camp grounds, the brother who leads the camp meeting, or conducts the Pentecostal services, as they term it, must be famous, not for going to the bottom and top of the subject, but be well known for his careful avoidance of the life and death issue, and if handled at all, yet so delicately, carefully and ambiguously, that "everybody" will be pleased with the cautious speaker, who fails to put the audience under conviction and was never known to lead a soul into the genuine, unquestionable experience of entire sanctification.

One of these brethren told us once that he preached the doctrine and experience "with exceeding wisdom." He repeated the three words three times, laying great stress on the two concluding ones, "exceeding wisdom."

We asked him if any one ever obtained the blessing under this style of preaching. With decided embarrassment he replied: "No." We rejoined that we did not preach with "exceeding wisdom," for we did not possess that mental endowment, but with a full and overflowing heart we tried to make plain "the whole counsel of God," about this work of sanctifying grace, and had beheld thousands obtain the "blessing." Our style may not have pleased certain boards and committees, but it certainly had the endorsement of heaven and the constant approving smile and presence of God.

According to the divine plan laid down in the Bible, judgment must begin at the house of God; Zion must shine and burn, and then nations will flock to the light of her burning; the work must begin at Jerusalem and in the Upper Room with Christ's own disciples. The church must obtain "perfection," and the world will sweep into "repentance." The people of God must receive the Baptism with the Holy Ghost, which "purifies" as well as "endues with power," and although only one hundred and twenty in number they will so awe, move, convict and reprove the world of sin when the Spirit comes to them, that three thousand sinners will be converted in the streets one day, five thousand the next, and after that daily such as shall be saved.

It makes the heart sad to see the time of the world's salvation hindered and postponed by this mistake of the people. The world will never be taken for God by a church needing repentance, but by one filled with the Holy Ghost. So said the prophets; and so said Christ. In the prayer of the Saviour in the seventeenth chapter of John, He pleads for the sanctification of His disciples then and of those to follow thereafter, that the world might "believe" and "know" His great salvation, while in the sixteenth chapter of the same book the Lord distinctly states that the world would be reprov'd of sin after He had sent the Spirit upon them, His own disciples.

Somehow the Adversary has got the church to reverse God's plan, and instead of leaving the first principles and going on to Perfection, they have ignored perfection, or holiness, and gone back to repentance. The congregations all over the land are kept in the alphabet until the great majority of the membership are but spiritual weaklings, and the house of God filled with moral dwarfs, who were brought into this condition by a case of arrested development.

Meantime the annual protracted meeting is held, and an evangelist secured with the full understanding that holiness as a work of grace, received instantaneously through consecration and faith in the blood of Christ, must not be preached, and only messages delivered that will bring a lot of half-awakened sinners into the church, and keep the church itself down in this same spiritual plane or condition, where these latest accessions dwell.

What a blow that is to the church of Christ, in the revelation that they bask in the same lesser light and feed on the same weaker food that is given to the unconverted and the newly regenerated, or "babes in Christ." Think of it! Members of the church converted ten, twenty and thirty years ago, turning from the "strong meat" that God wants them to have, and begging for the milk bottle of infants just born into the Kingdom!

Two questions we would ask here, that surely will be brought forth on the Final Day:

First, to the churches of the land -- why do you insist that the evangelist and pastor reverse God's order of saving men, and silence them in the main commission given them? Are such people wise above God? Turn to Ephes. 4:11-16, where we are told that Christ gave evangelists, pastors and teachers for the perfecting of the saints! (regenerated people) for the edifying of the body of Christ, for their solid establishment, and then ultimately as a result, "the increase of the body."

Again is their throttling of the pastor and evangelist a dread of the light that comes by the preaching of holiness, the cost of obtaining the blessing, the sacrifices to be made, the giving up of reputation, talent, time and self?

How contemptible such a crowd will be at the Judgment, where it will appear that they clamored for a preaching to outsiders and sinners, to save themselves from messages of God that would have laid their own proud heads and bodies in the dust.

A second question is to all those pastors and evangelists who permit themselves to be cheated out of the highest results in works of grace by taking their orders from men, councils and sanhedrins instead of obeying God. Many do not, but some do.

Why do they allow themselves to be gagged and choked off in this way?

Is it fear of man?

Is it desire for popularity?

Is it dread of a real Gospel battle?

Is it lust for position and appointment?

Is it love of money?

What about this reversal of God's method? What about the divine commission of the evangelist and pastor, changed and regulated to please man? What about the starving flocks, the unfed sheep, the powerless congregations that fill the land, and sinners going to hell by the drove in the face of a church spiritually helpless and unable to save them?

And, finally, what about the death bed, and the Day of Judgment to a being who had the light, who knew his duty to God and man in these things, yet would not do it?

And behold! the fallen, unjust steward said to the equally unfaithful tenants, "How much owest thou my Lord? So much? Well, sit down and write thirty for sixty, and fifty for one hundred, and especially write Repentance instead of Perfect Consecration and Full Salvation."

A BOX OF TREASURE

By Beverly Carradine

Chapter 10 THE DELAY OF THE GOSPEL

It seems very strange to some that after nearly twenty centuries Christianity has not yet taken the world for God. They reason that it is the truth; has the power of an omnipotent being to enforce it on mind and conscience; while the same infinite author possesses a multitude of physical agencies by which He could defend His own, and overwhelm His adversaries. And yet here, after nearly two thousand years have passed away, Christianity is still struggling for victory, while hundreds of millions have never heard the name of Christ, and Mohammedanism, which sprang up centuries later, has more than doubled the numbers of our holy religion, and did it in several hundred years.

The effect on many in the world, in view of these things, is to awaken doubt as to the genuineness of the Christian religion. While with many careless thinkers in the church itself, there is an equally dishonoring unbelief or question as to the power of Christianity through the Holy Ghost to win the battle and bring the world back to God.

Over against this downright infidelity in and out of the church, we have the statement of the Bible of a final worldwide conquest. We have also a declaration concerning the Saviour's mind about the long-drawn out war, where the Scripture affirms that He will not faint nor be discouraged until victory is conclusive and eternal. Also the vivid portrayal of His perfect assurance as to the complete triumph of His cause, in the words that the Heavens receive Him until the restitution of all things. and that He has sat down on His throne in the heavens, there to remain until all His enemies shall be made his footstool.

These two verses alone would convince the thoughtful, well-balanced mind that Christianity is all right; that "Christ has all power in Heaven and earth;" and that the Holy Ghost in the third and last dispensation is not and will not be defeated.

The apparent slowness of the Christian religion to capture the world and redeem the race from sin and the power of the devil can be accounted for from a number of reasons.

One cause is discernible in the character of the Gospel itself.

Unlike the compromises of earthly religions; different from the easy demands, as well as promises of a sensuous paradise made by the Koran of Moslemism; the Gospel strikes plainly at all and every sin, insists on the destruction of every heart and life idol, the perfect cleansing of the soul, the complete submission of the will to God, and the being filled and led continually by the Spirit of God.

Cannot the most thoughtless see the difference on the multitude between the preaching of the Gospel over against the teaching of the Koran? The first insisting on the crucifixion and death of the carnal mind, and after that the proper subjugation of the life to God, while the latter permits sin to remain in the present life and promises a fleshly enjoyment in a world to come. Who wonders that

Christianity crept as to numbers while Mohammedanism bounded at once up into the five and six hundred million figures.

The truth of this statement finds confirmation in our midst by contrasting the reports of evangelists who preach a superficial gospel, with the account given of a meeting by men who went to the bottom of the sin question, showed the desperate wickedness of the heart, and demanded a perfect consecration of all to God, faith in the Blood alone, and a waiting and dying out at the altar until the Fire fell from Heaven.

In these days it is rare for these latter named workers to count over forty or fifty souls who really get through in a ten days' meeting; but when Bible terms are dropped by some preachers, the sin question glanced at, the consecration exacted only partial, while the tarrying at the altar scarcely exceeds ten minutes, and men full of inbred sin are called on to pray for such seekers -- who wonders that the members sent out from the battlefield (battlefield!) sweep easily from two to five hundred?

It is the character of the true Gospel to offend. To substitute it with a vitiated, emasculated, eviscerated, attenuated Religion, is to have crowded houses, hundreds joining something, hundreds standing in the aisle, hundreds not able to get in, while the "oldest inhabitant" (who is both blind and deaf) says he has never seen nor heard for years anything to equal that same meeting.

The same principle and rule applied to the nations shows the difference between Christianity and Moslemism as to numbers.

A second explanation of the apparent slowness of gospel progress is to be found in the freedom of man's moral nature.

There can be no compulsion in the matter of a human being's salvation. He is to be reasoned with, entreated, conscience appealed to, but cannot be coerced. Physical forces cannot and do not reach the case. A person may be compelled to an outward submission by muscular force, while the heart and soul is in complete rebellion to the so-called subduer. God wants no such sacrifice and service as this. It must be free and voluntary.

The Saviour does not propose to win the nations to His side by the use of a Mahomet's sword, or as Spain converted Mexico and Peru with the spear, arrow and gun. He has no idea of corralling or herding the race into heaven by a mere physical omnipotence. Heaven is a condition as well as locality, and men must be changed to its likeness of spirit and character, or it would be torment to those who are dragged or otherwise forced in.

The fact is that the nature of man, and the character of the conflict going on, utterly forbids the use of material force to obtain victory for the truth.

So when men marvel at the slow advance of a religion they know to be true and divine, and say God is omnipotent, and ask why does He not end this long struggle against sin, the devil and an ungodly world by floods, pestilences, tempests of fire, earthquakes and cyclones, they speak as one

of the foolish ones. The battle cannot be settled this way, a moral nature cannot be changed by simple physical might.

According to the papers, quite recently, wealthy gentleman who had been pursuing a runaway son over the country found him eating at a restaurant table in company with an actress. He took the young man of twenty by the ear, he himself being a Jeffries in stature and strength, and led him out of the place to the depot close by, and, so to speak, policed him home. He might have added crime to his lack of humanity and true wisdom, and killed his son; but the point we make is that in either case there would have been no spiritual or moral change in the youth.

If this would be the best method, God has no lack of dynamic forces by which we could be hurled out of the theater into a pew of the church, or caught by the neck and flung up towards Heaven. Yet just as the youth we have spoken about now doubtless hates the being who put public shame on him and will never rest until he leaves his home forever; so the man physically dragged from an opera box to a church seat remains the same in nature, while if shot by a tremendous force of nature towards the skies, and even inside the gates of pearl, there would be another law and power at work which would pull him out and back and land him away down in the kind of world for which he was morally fitted. And it came to pass, said Luke, that Judas after his death went unto his own place.

Such being the moral freedom of man, who needs to wonder that Christianity does not sweep immediately on to perfect victory over all the earth?

The triumph of Christ is in the change of heart, cleansing of soul, submission of the free will to God, and the holy life which follows. Evidently it is much easier to secure joiners to a church, get people to be baptized with water, to hold up their hands and say they want to meet their mother in Heaven, "desire a better experience," etc., etc., than to obtain genuine followers of Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

It is this freedom that He has to confront and deal with, and which causes the years to stretch out in the individual case, and the centuries to roll by in the struggle with the world, while victory in the complete sense still has not been obtained.

A third reason for the seeming Gospel delay or failure is found in the fact that the church has lost the baptism with the Holy Ghost.

Christ distinctly taught that His followers must have this blessing in order to carry victory everywhere and brings the nations to God. Nothing could be more specific in His teachings than this, and so He "commanded" them that they should tarry in Jerusalem until this marvellous purifying and empowering grace should be obtained. After that He said you will be witnesses for Me unto the uttermost part of the earth. He did not tell them to take the blessing by faith and go, but to "TARRY" until they got it.

When some of the disciples, with their eyes and thoughts fixed on the time that he should return, asked when that coming would be; great was the rebuke they received and He answered:

"It is not for you to know the times and seasons -- but ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you."

In other words, the great essential thing was the Baptism with the Holy Ghost. That was to enable them to be witnesses for Him; that would sweep them to the uttermost part of the earth, while it also gave them victory in Judea and Samaria; and it was that which would bring the times and seasons all right, and the world itself back to God.

Alas for it that the church as a whole has lost this conquering grace and irresistible blessing, which brought three thousand souls to God the first morning the disciples obtained it. A blessing in the power of which they saw five thousand men saved the next day. And in the might and force of this great culminating, crowning work of grace Christianity swept to the ends of the earth and bade fair to bring universal victory to the Son of God in the first two centuries.

But it was lost. And in the third century the church became so popular that an emperor joined it. Still later the devil applied for membership. And then the world got in! and the Holy Dove took flight into the skies.

Would that the faithful who are left today would forget sinners for a while, as did the one hundred and twenty, and pull away from the sluggard stay-at-home "three hundred and eighty" and go at once to the Upper Room. And there Tarry! until the fire fell and they would all be filled with the Holy Ghost.

Then would come times and seasons indeed! The glory would pour out of the Upper Room! The streets would be filled with converts! And then we would begin to see the nations turn to God and His Christ, the multitudes would flock to the church as doves to the windows, and the vision of Ezekiel in regard to the Holy Waters would be fulfilled in the sight of a world submerged with the knowledge and grace of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.

A BOX OF TREASURE

By Beverly Carradine

Chapter 11 THE JUNGLE IN THE HEART

The seventeen manifestations of the carnal mind or inbred sin given by Paul in one of his epistles is certainly startling and alarming. But when we see clearly traced in scripture the outlines of various forms of animal life projected in character by the same principle of evil, and find these ghastly portraitures or pictures reproduced today in men and women around us, the sensation of surprise turns into an emotion of horror.

The thought that "the body of sin" within us can take upon itself the appearance, spirit and action of a certain forest animal is fearful enough, but when we discover that the carnal mind is a kind of complex nature and can assume in succession a multiplicity of animal forms and characteristics, the revelation is simply overwhelming to the mind and heart sickening beyond words to express.

If carnality in each unregenerate and regenerate heart in a church or neighborhood took but one semblance and wrong spirit, even that would make every congregation to possess a menagerie; but to see it taught in the Word of God, and proved in life that there is a deep swarming infested jungle in each individual breast is the thought that is full of such unutterable horror to every spiritually illumined mind.

We do not doubt but that if each honest inquirer after truth would keep a faithful diary of his moods and conduct he would find that in the course of a single year that everything which creepeth, crawlth, stingeth, hisseth, biteth, crusheth and killeth in the jungle of India has had its moment, hour or day in his own heart.

The Jungle is a quiet, peaceful looking piece of dense woodland to the outside observer; but in those same shadowy recesses, and under the tangled vines and inter-twisted boughs, and all through its brakes and sloughs there is a multiplicity and fearfulness of moving forms that completely belie the outward appearance of peace and safety.

It is certainly one thing to look at the outside of a man's life, to observe the immaculate dress, gracious demeanor, carefully studied language and modulated tones of voice; and a totally different affair to get a sudden insight into the thought life, heart realm, and real history of the individual.

The man in the pulpit, on the platform, in the office, on the street, is one sight; but the same person at home or far away from home, and from all who know him, may be a spectacle as different as it is possible for language to describe, and revealing such Jungle features as would remain an astounding memory forever.

Think of an arm that once protected becoming a boa-constrictor to crush. Of a tongue that formerly cooed like a dove, darting out like the poison prongs from the red throat of a rattlesnake, to injure and destroy. Of a face that an hour or day before beamed with kindness, suddenly taking

on the frightful features and expressions of an infuriated hyena or tiger. These instances are but the faintest hints of what is going on in, and coming out of, the Jungle of the human heart.

The panther has a cry like a little baby; the serpent has a soft sibilant sound like a quick sigh; the anaconda covers its victim with a froth from its own mouth before swallowing it alive; the boa-constrictor enfolds quietly with fleshy coils and then gradually strangles and kills; the vampire sucks away the lifeblood, after first having fanned its prey to sleep. So even in the Jungle denizens there is an attractive, bewildering or false outside which covers an opposite nature underneath.

Truly we do not have to live long or go far before we hear the serpent's sibilant whisper in the social circle, note the vampire wing, mark the mouth froth and feel the enveloping coils of a human Python who would crush heart, body and soul alike.

Holmes, the murderer of over thirty people, had a most ingratiating manner. Nearly all who met him were charmed with his conversation and deportment. The young man who killed two young women in a church in San Francisco, was so outwardly well bred and altogether pleasing in his ways, that he was not only a great social favorite but had been elected assistant superintendent of the Sunday school. What vampire wings, serpent whispers and panther baby cries these men had!

There are animals of the feline order in the world, soft, sinuous, purring and apparently grateful for every gentle rubbing and smoothing received, which are suddenly transformed by a single adverse stroke of the patten and petter, into a raging, eye-blazing, claws-scratching singe cat.

A judge of the Supreme Court in Pennsylvania said recently in the trial of a case before him that "all women were cats." But he would have spoken a deeper truth if he had said that every unsanctified human heart is an East India Jungle.

Well may we wonder as we stand at the borders of such a life and say, what will be the next manifestation, the latest animal form which will come forth, show itself unmistakably and then retire into the deep, dark, unknown depths of the soul?

In a single day or week, a human being with this nature can reveal the opossum, porcupine, ostrich, jackal, snake, vulture, bear and lion. We are kept in amazement at the transformations of the person before us, and wonder what will be the following appearance.

We have seen Inbred Sin when located inside an hungry body growl like a bear until dinner came on, next eat like a famished wolf, then gradually change into a meek contented looking sheep, and still later take upon itself the sportiveness and playfulness of a harmless gazelle.

But unfortunately the gazelle sipped too much wine in the following half hour, or some one crossed him in some way, whereupon the amiable antelope became first a hedge hog, then a wild boar, and then a glaring-eyed tiger, and the whole household trembled at this latest revelation of the Jungle.

We have seen inbred sin cooing in a woman who was well dressed and had everything coming her way to gratify and satisfy until we thought that a dove with downiest feathers and most liquid of notes had strayed away from its companions, preferring her gentler nature, and was roosting somewhere in her graceful body. Later, suddenly vexed, first with her husband and then her son, we saw the straight bill turn instantaneously into a curved one, and the innocent pedal extremity of a Philomel become the sharp, hooked claw of the hawk. Still later we ran unexpectedly on her in the hall where she was violently scolding a poor servant girl, and this time we looked upon a fierce eyed female tigress in trailing draperies circling about the frightened, pale faced young woman. The dove, nightingale, hawk and eagle had disappeared in the Jungle, and a panting, swollen featured cougar had come forth and was now in the house wearing skirts.

We never hold a meeting but in the prayer of convicted people we hear confession of heart and life sins, some times a half dozen in number, that as to nature have their startling types in the bogs, brakes and tangled depths of the wilderness.

We do not question but that every true examiner of carnality in the heart would discover so many things which correspond to what we read in Natural history as to creeping, clawing, squirming, stinging, scratching, biting, growling, roaring, tearing, rending, devouring qualities and performances, that he would never say again that he obtained a pure heart in regeneration, but would in horror and agony of mind begin to cry to God for deliverance.

It would be well before death to explore this Jungle in the soul. Its revelations in that late and trying hour are often so fearful that hope sickens, faith is paralyzed and the soul goes out in a voiceless despair into the darkness of the World of the Lost.

It would pay to investigate the Jungle at once. God has great axes of Truth to hew the way into the profound and tangled mazes of the heart. His Spirit, stronger than ten thousand arc lights; mightier in its radiance than our sun; than vega, nine hundred times larger than our sun; than Arcturus, three thousand times greater and brighter than our sun; can flood the mind with a light beyond all these, and reveal within us every glittering eye, gleaming tooth, dripping tongue, piercing fang, ripping claw, ponderous paw, crushing hoof and goring horn that ever has or ever will proceed from or belong to Sin.

The same power which exposes, can also destroy. And He who shows the awfulness and peril of the Jungle can in a moment depopulate it of its inhabitants, transform it into a Garden of Eden, fill it with forms of peace, love and moral beauty, and delight the observer with as many manifestations of goodness in the same breast as once amazed and distressed him with appearances and actions of evil.

We can but marvel that men seem to prefer an inward fellowship of wild animals and hating, raging devils to the presence of the heavenlies, the communion of the Holy Ghost and the unbroken companionship of the Son of God.

Would that we had more like the Man of Gadara who in wretchedness and despair at the torment, rending and tearing of evil spirits within him, cried out to Jesus, and accepted His great deliverance.

The life picture of all such would be exactly like that of this Bible character. Devils cast out; Heaven within; clothed and in their right mind; sitting at the feet of Jesus; looking in love, gratitude and devotion into the face of the Son of God, and saying, "Behold wherever you go, I beseech Thee let me be with you."

A BOX OF TREASURE

By Beverly Carradine

Chapter 12 **THE DEATH OF CONSCIENCE**

Conscience is that power or faculty of the soul, by which we recognize and pronounce upon the moral character of our words and deeds.

This attribute lifts us above the animal world more remarkably than our immortality; for if conscience should be disposed of or destroyed in some way in a human being, then he has become an immortal instead of a mortal brute.

It is not to be denied that as a race we possess as purely a physical or animal nature, as the inhabitants of our barns, stables and farms. We eat, sleep and try to protect ourselves from the weather as they do. The scramble for food we see in some places, the noisy mastication and hurried gulping and swallowing by a long line of bowed heads is marvellously suggestive of scenes we have beheld in troughs and different kind of receptacles located in styes and pens. We are certainly animal, no matter what else may be said of us.

The moral nature with its voice the conscience, lifts us unspeakably above the brute world to which we are so closely allied in similarity of fleshly form and appetite, and reaches forth its hand and exercises its energies to touch and get in harmony with a spiritual life and the spiritual Universe above it.

Its voice calling to duty, disapproving wrong, and condemning sin within, shows there is a spirit and nature within us, distinct from the body and utterly unknown to the animal world about us. No domestic or wild animal has any conception or knowledge of right or wrong in the moral sense. They know of no such things as irreverence or Sabbath-breaking; while stealing, idolatry, false witnessing, and all other sins, are utterly beyond their comprehension.

This peculiar knowledge belongs to men and angels, necessitating a Day of Judgment for them because of this higher form of life, with its perception of good and evil, its volitions, its freedom of choice, its power to obey or disobey divine commandments, and its deeply ingrained sense of responsibility for conduct, and accountability to the Almighty Maker of Heaven and earth.

The difficulty of the higher nature on the inside with the lower nature on the outside can well be imagined and also remembered. If the visible material being without is a hog or dog or goat, the angel within is bound to have a hard time in making itself heard and in endeavoring to secure its rights. It is a long, bitter struggle indeed to persuade the spirit which the Creator put inside to yield to the domineering life of an animal on the outside; to accept the fleshy enswathement of muscle, bone and blood as the soul's true dress, and the domain of appetite to be the realm of a nature made in the image of God; to let the body monopolize and absorb, and pull down, until the man is dog from head to foot, hog up and down, or goat through and through.

If human beings only possessed the animal nature, then they could live like such creatures and not have a pang of shame, regret or remorse. It is the moral nature that gives such trouble for awhile to men who would ignore the existence and presence of the soul, and strive to live as if they had only a body, with simply a superior intellect to animals at the other end of it.

But the teaching of the Bible is that by a certain course of conduct, the conscience can be lulled to rest, put to sleep, seared as with a hot iron, choked into insensibility and completely slain or murdered so far as this present terrestrial life is concerned.

What the Scripture declares about this fearful consummation of the death of conscience is plainly revealed all around us in the lives of men. In both volumes, the sacred and human records of the fearful catastrophe, it is observable that it was not accomplished at once. But nevertheless it will finally done.

There is a frightful awakening of conscience in Hell, As we see in the case of the "Rich Man" and evidenced by the torment of the lost. The undying worm and unquenchable flame spoken of by Christ as the suffering of beings in the Pit is a figure of the revived conscience, eating at the heart, and burning its agony in the soul forever. It is there awake and alive for all eternity. But while this is the awful truth about the future of conscience in the Lost World, yet equally true is it that it can be utterly dead for months and years in the present existence, and preceding the dissolution of soul and body.

In the remarkable spectacle of Joseph's brethren quietly eating after having thrust their brother into a pit where they had left him to die a lingering death by starvation, we behold such a case of moral callousness and hardness as almost to challenge belief and cause one to doubt the evidence of his own senses. Here they were breaking bread while a brother who had just begged piteously for mercy, was nearby doomed to a horrible death by their own counsel and hands. It looked like the bread would have appeared stained with blood, and have choked them. And verily it would have done so to any but the spiritually petrified and devilized.

Another instance we see in the case of Judas who could quietly sit at the table, endure the eyes of Christ fixed upon him, receive a sop from his hands, eat it, and then go out and betray Him to His enemies for a handful of silver.

Still another exhibition of the dead conscience is beheld in the action of the Pharisees, Scribes and Elders in bringing about the mock trial, false witnessing and actual murder of the Son of God.

And still another manifestation is held up in the Bible, in the case of the woman who had committed a gross crime, and then wiping her mouth asked, what evil have I done?

The days of the Inquisition could furnish libraries in description of what occurred in that period in the name of Conscience, when the very moral faculty referred to and invoked was dead. Men who could behold unmoved a fellow creature die slowly before their eyes on a Rack which cracked and broke his bones, and tore muscle and sinew out of place; who could pitilessly mark the thrusting of red hot irons into the bowels of men and hear with greedy ears their frightful screams; such beholders

and listeners were no longer men, but through the utter death of conscience had become a horrible compound of animal and devil.

The dead conscience is seen today not only in practiced political and financial villainy, but in willful persistent wrongdoing in the family and church, in habitual falsifying and slander, the steady breaking of the commandments of God, and all done without a single inward pang by day, or the loss of a moment's sleep by night.

Such people can deny the words, the power and the Blood of Christ, and yet eat at the Lord's Table. They can, like Joseph's brethren, wound and stab a brother with their slanderous tongues, and then after that take up bread in their bloodstained hands and eat heartily. They can commit the grossest social crimes and then wipe their mouths and say, why what have I done?

Myriads of church members break the Sabbath constantly not only without scruple, but without thought!

Doctors and patients regularly and systematically murder unborn offspring, then sit down to eat, and wiping their mouths say in reply to horrified questioners, why what evil have I done? And yet what a taste of blood all such bread ought to have in view of the Heaven denounced crime which they have committed.

Still the horror grows as we see great numbers of those who were once in the light and experiences of Christianity, now sitting far back in the church in the midst of sinners, with faces like stone, their souls animalized and devilized, while hearing unmoved the deepest, mightiest and most burning messages from God in the pulpit. They often smile and whisper during the delivery of just such divinely anointed sermons, and hardly get out of the church or tent, before they are deeply engrossed in conversation about dress, fashion, business or pleasure.

One might as well speak to a corpse, as preach to such a person, so far as spiritual sensibility of heart and life response is concerned. Indeed, God calls all gatherings of such individuals, "The Congregation of the Dead."

Some one was telling the writer years ago of a sermon he heard Sam Jones preach in the "eighties" on a camp ground located in a dense woodland in the State of Mississippi. He said it was a discourse on Sin, and in it, toward the conclusion, the preacher spoke of the death of conscience. As he proceeded in the heart sickening description, the camp fires slowly going down, the woods full of dark shadows, the silence so profound that the rustle of a falling leaf could be heard, the people became conscious of the faint chirping of a solitary cricket some little distance away in the neighboring depths of the forest.

The lonely, pathetic note was a kind of symbolism of the voice of conscience, and as it at last sank into silence, that also was so like the portrayal going on of the gradual dying and final death of conscience, that a number of the observers of the incident were moved most profoundly.

If that was melancholy, what is it to see going on unmistakably before us, the weakening, and ultimately the stillness of an utter death come upon the voice of an immortal soul?

There can be no comfort in the thought that some of these consciences will arouse agonizingly in a last moment as did Judas, or that all will arise in torment never to sleep again, as was the case of Dives in Hell, and that such will be the experience of all the nations and multitudes who go down into the Bottomless Abyss. There is no hope or remedy for the lost soul in Perdition.

Somehow we feel that the cry of conscience will be the sharper, and its agony all the greater when it awakens in Hell, after its long sleep and deathlike trance on earth.

Meantime godly parents, and devoted pastors and evangelists are trying to make themselves heard by their spiritually dead, families and congregations; and stretched on their faces in supplication are begging God to give them the word, the conversation, the prayer, the sermon, the cry! that will penetrate the dull, cold ear before them and bid the sleeper wake and make the dead arise.

A BOX OF TREASURE

By Beverly Carradine

Chapter 13 **NEW WINE AND OLD BOTTLES**

In spite of the marvellous mental capacities of man, and of the wondrous discoveries and advancements the race has made in every line of knowledge; yet it is remarkable through what difficulties and oppositions, all these intellectual victories and onward marches to improvement had to come before reaching final success.

Of course the great mass of mankind did not have these conceptions nor take part in the struggle to bring them to their birth and completion. There were pioneers of thought, just as there were explorers and openers-up of our country when it was a wilderness. The multitude in both instances stayed at home and furnished the criticizing, doubting and croaking.

But even the leaders in certain lines of thought were dull enough when confronted with the teachings and discoveries of other realms and kingdoms concerning whose laws and phenomena they were themselves ignorant.

Certainly it was with a deep and far-reaching meaning that the Saviour once spoke about new wine bursting old bottles.

It seems that the new wine, even in the intellectual life, has a way of splitting and disrupting old mental receptacles and reservoirs. Men get accustomed to ways of thinking and doing, and do not want to be disturbed. So that a discovery which upsets ancient premises and conclusions, occasions a change of living, and ushers in the pain, worry and labor of novel situations and fresh adaptations, is anything but pleasing and popular at first to them, if indeed it is ever accepted.

We have a ministerial friend who had been preaching several years to an unmoved congregation. Moreover, this church body had been in a like condition through a number of preceding pastorates. One morning this clergyman told his astonished audience that they had been occupying the same seats and pews for years, and, for that matter, were in the same physical attitudes. That he was confident that several hundred had heard the gospel for the last twenty years through the left ear, while an equal number had received it through the right auricle. His earnest request now was that everybody in the house would change locations, and hear the truth from another angle, and listen to the Word from another part of the sanctuary. He felt confident, he said, that there would be immediate and great results. The idea was that people settle into habit ruts, and sink down in dry routines of life, into mental indolence and physical sluggishness, and become old bottles, and finally take a pride in being dried up, unyielding, unadaptable, and generally petrified.

Certain it is that the history of mankind confirms the words of Christ, who spoke of the bursting of old bottles under the working pressure of new wine.

It is well known by every schoolboy how the new wine of Copernicus, when he said the earth moved and the sun was the center of the solar system, cracked and split the ecclesiastical and astronomical wiseacres of his day.

The discovery of the circulation of the blood was met by a storm of ridicule in the medical world. It is equally well known what a testing, trying time steam had to go through before the world accepted it as the great friend and helper of the human family.

It is said that when Fulton's little skeleton of a steamboat went puffing and panting its way up the Hudson, it encountered a schooner coming down the river. When the sailors beheld this first of the steam kind with its black smoke and rattling noises, they thought it was the devil; and diving down into the hold of their vessel fell upon their knees and prayed the Lord for deliverance.

Then it is also related that a man with what is called a mathematical and scientific head, while admitting the feasibility of applying steam in many ways and directions, was showing by a great array of figures on a piece of paper that no vessel could ever cross the ocean with such power, as no ship hold could contain the quantity of coal necessary for the voyage; when just as he had completed the demonstration, lo! there was a smoke on the horizon, and here came a steamer into port from all the way across the sea. Of course this meant another old bottle had blown up.

The telegraph, the telephone, the air brake, and every other great and useful thing had a time of it in coming into recognition and use, because of the old bottles in the world.

Descending even to lower planes, and smaller affairs, it is still the same. The first man who hoisted an umbrella over his head was nearly mobbed. While the use of suspenders for the upholding of pantaloons met with a storm of ridicule and denunciation. Many pulpits were especially bitter, and accused every preacher who wore "galluses," as being filled with pride, haughtiness and vain glory.

In the ecclesiastical world, the melodeon or organ was the new wine that split the old bottle of the "Tune Lifter," whose repertoire consisted of four or five hymns and the doxology.

In the religious and spiritual realm, a genuine revival is certain to burst the old bottles of formality and a lifeless ritualism.

When Luther poured the new wine of justification by faith, into the old dried up ecclesiastics who preached salvation by works, there was a great rending of ancient ministerial skins and explosions of a hidebound churchianity.

When Wesley emptied the new wine of sanctification by faith, on the old cut and dried Church of England and the ceremonialisms of his time and day, countless bottles of the ancient pattern blew up, while there was enough of salvation allowed to run to waste sufficient to have saved a thousand worlds.

To this day, the old bottles are in the way of a genuine Holy Ghost revival, and the reception of full salvation by the churches. As we have marked them before us ranged on the shelf, or more

correctly speaking, sitting in the pews; the yellow skin, dead-looking eye, severe mouth, flinty brow, dry speech and cold, impassive countenance, all declared the correctness and faithfulness of Christ's words in his use of the descriptive words, Old Bottles.

The sweetness and power of God's great truths and blessings are too much for them. So they explode, get mad, quit the meeting, abuse the preacher and evangelist, leave the church, raise a storm and go to pieces generally.

We never yet held a revival meeting but from twenty to one hundred old bottles would burst as we tried to get the wine of a full salvation into them.

We might well be discouraged, but we thank God in the same community there are always new bottles that can stand God's truth, and the whole truth at that, and want it poured into them.

The New Bottle stands for recently regenerated, and also those who by prayer, Bible reading, obedience to God and faithful living have kept their freshness and newness through years of dryness, while other converts and church members become hard, cold, and dry.

There is a way of walking with God after the New Birth, where the follower of Christ remains a new bottle after the flight of years. He grows in grace, advances in all the light he has, and only waits for fuller knowledge, to be cleansed from all sin and possess a holy heart. We find such Christians everywhere. And as Lydia's heart opened to the preaching of Paul, so their loyal souls turn readily, gladly, and thankfully to the proclamation of a Full Salvation, or Holiness by faith in the Blood of Christ.

It is evident from Scripture as well as life itself, that the time for the reception of the wine of Sanctification is at a period close to that of justification and regeneration. It was only a few months after leaving Egypt that God's people were brought up to Kadesh Barnea, and Canaan was in full view. It seems to be the will of God that the wine of Holiness should be put into New Bottles. So Paul exhorts a church to forget the first principles and to go on to (be borne on immediately into) perfection. While those Heaven-taught men, Wesley and Asbury, urged upon their preachers that the young converts should be led at once into the experience of Holiness or Entire Sanctification. They dreaded and had but little confidence in the Old Bottles.

And so does every one of reading, reflection, observation and spiritual discernment. The Old Bottle is in the way of the world's progress; and it also prevents the salvation of the nations. God buried nearly a million of them in the sands of Arabia. It had to be done to bring the New Bottles into Canaan.

Alas, for the Old Bottles. They are everywhere. In the churches and colleges, in the pulpit and pew, in the Board of Stewards and the Ladies' Aid Society.

And they are nothing but bottles. They have nothing in them but wind. If they were filled with old wine it would be all right. But they have none of the old elixir, nor can they stand the new wine. Here

and there they sit in lines and rows, dry looking, yellow skinned, with sucked-in sides, and having in them only a little hot air or nothing at all.

To pour the wine-like truth of God into such people is to be rewarded in a few days with a series of loudmouthed explosions and general blowing up.

It is this ecclesiastical phenomena which causes the appearance in the church paper, or the utterance by the lip of various chief rulers in the synagogue, of that threadbare well-worn, time-smoothed saying, that a certain evangelist, or a certain revival meeting, had split the congregation, offended and driven away some of the best people in the membership, torn everything to pieces and ruined the church forever.

The real history of the case was, and it will so appear at the Day of Judgment, that Holiness was preached in a formal, worldly church, and as the wine of Full Salvation was poured out on the choir, Ladies' Aid Society, and Board of Stewards, some Old Bottles exploded!

A BOX OF TREASURE

By Beverly Carradine

Chapter 14 **THE SHOUT AT JERICHO**

It is surprising how new light will come upon a passage of Scripture by giving it a thoughtful and fixed instead of a passing glance or attention. Not only have we discovered erroneous quotations by this method, but an actual opposite meaning to what had been conceived in the narrative of occurrence or statement of some truth or doctrine.

Notably is this the case in reference to the famous shout given by the Israelites before the walls of Jericho. Every Bible reader's eye has fallen on the verse in Joshua, "And the people shouted with a great shout, that the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him, and they took the city." Still oftener the words have been heard in prayer, testimony, exhortation, and sermon in reference to the shout and the falling wall of Jericho, and not one in a hundred or thousand seems to take note of several most essential facts of the history, viz., when the shout was raised, what it did not do, and what really knocked down the wall. Some most profound mistakes have been made concerning this notable matter.

First. as to the time of the shout.

The general mistake is that it was given at the very outset or beginning of the siege and conflict. And so we have repeatedly heard leaders of meetings say that the true way to do was to shout the walls down at once, and hence in accordance with their ideas instituted a general bawling and outcry which was not only hours but days ahead of time, and which not only did no good, and gained no victory, but really wrought harm and mischief in a variety of ways.

The facts of the case in the Jericho shout were that it was given on the seventh day of the siege, and at the conclusion of the thirteenth march of the children of Israel around the entire walls of the city. Then with the blare of trumpets, the stentorian cry of the whole army filled the plain, echoed back from the sides of the mountains, and rent the very heavens. It ascended at the right moment, and was wonderful and powerful because it came at the proper seasons and in the fullness of time.

There are many cries and shouts of God's people today that fall powerless because they are out of human and divine order, and are hours, days and occasionally even weeks ahead of schedule. The word is given to the thoughtless, "Shout the walls of Jericho down!" and then a senseless and fleshly screaming and bawling are indulged in to the amusement of the world, the hardening of sinners, and the grief of the spiritually wise and good.

Who has not marked the emptiness, deadness and darkness which seems to come upon a meeting after one of these premature charge, where the enthusiasm was man made and pumped up, and God had not given the command to shout and march forward.

There are times and seasons in the kingdom of grace as well as in nature; and it is not without significance that the Word reads that when the Spirit fell on the disciples the day of Pentecost had "fully come." It is no use pushing the clock up to twelve when it is only nine. Our fooling with the hands on the dial does not change the course of time itself. After all, we have to sit down and wait until it is really noon, no matter how the hands point. There is a great disposition upon the part of certain hasty and uninstructed people to reach results without meeting conditions, to pull the melon before it is ripe, to praise without praying beforehand, to secure a wonderful victory without doing a single thing. The whole proceeding is a grave mistake and is clearly rebuked and contradicted by the natural and spiritual kingdoms of God. The rapture, liberated tongues and resistless power of the disciples came after ten days of waiting humbly and continuously before God. The shout before Jericho, followed by the tumbling of its walls, was preceded by thirteen marchings around the place, and seven days full of tests to faith and demands on the labor of the body.

So when the command is given by some leader to his congregation to "Shout the walls of Jericho down," it is well to ask what has been done preceding this noise that we are about to make, that is worth talking about, that God can use and bless, and that he has a right to expect and demand of us. This simple question when properly regarded and applied is calculated to open our eyes, and to explain some very fruitless and powerless meetings when there was a great deal of racket made.

A second mistake made by some in regard to the shout given before Jericho is in regard to what it accomplished.

The general idea is that the united cry and volume of sound knocked the walls of the city flat. But according to the Bible it was not the shout at all that did it, but something entirely distinct and different. Paul tells us in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews and thirteenth verse, "By FAITH the walls of Jericho fell down!"

What a wonderful thing faith is, how it connects soul and life with God and so in the strength and power of the Holy and Almighty One accomplishes the most amazing results. Inspiration speaks of it quenching the violence of fire, stopping the mouths of lions, putting armies to flight, and raising the dead. In the instance written about in this chapter it is seen flinging an entire city wall down in the dust; while John declares it can and does overcome the world.

The devil is only too happy to get our eyes fixed on the realm of sense again, to be taken up with mere sound, to deify uproar, and go to worshipping the physical in the sense of exalting and blindly following it into many foolish and hurtful performances.

It is true that Faith may and does bring about noise, but noise does not produce faith. It is with significance that the apostle says that "bodily exercise profiteth little," and the prophet declares that "It is not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

Surely it is not our shouting that creates our faith but our faith that raises the shout, and knocks down the walls of opposition.

We have known a number of meetings where the presence and power of the Holy Ghost was notably lacking, and where the service was "whooped up" by some manipulator to an appearance far beyond the reality. It was the sudden stimulation in a few moments, of a depleted spiritual system. It was an electric treatment, instead of the reception of health and life. And so there was a reaction and recoil that was most painfully felt by some, and perfectly apparent to all.

We have known a wind and thunder storm to suddenly come up on a warm day, promising rain and coolness, and after crashes from the clouds, and great volumes of dust blown in every direction, the whole hubbub ended without a drop of moisture, and followed by a dry, sultry and blistering heat that was worse than the former condition.

We have seen this whole scene reproduced in many a meeting, and as we marked the absence of the Gospel dew and rain, the lack of real unction and holy power, we felt that not only souls were being grieved on earth, but God was wounded in Heaven. There had been much thundering on the human side, but no soul-refreshing, life-renewing downpour of grace from the heavenly side.

Inskip was accustomed to mighty scenes of grace in his meetings, and his great voice would often float like a banner over it all. But when his quick ear would recognize that the flesh was getting ahead of the Spirit, that there was more thunder than lightning, more wind than rain, and more noise than grace and actual power, he would lift his hand, command attention, and bring the whole assembly into perfect silence, a solemn, holy stillness before God. He never lost, but always gained ground by this piece of spiritual generalship. It is certainly one thing for the leader of a meeting to tell a couple of hundred people to cry out "Hallelujah!" and a totally different thing when God bids them do it. It is the difference between perspiration and inspiration; between thunder and lightning; and between human noise and divine power. In the former case the shout is bigger than the faith, in the latter instance the faith is greater than the shout.

In conclusion we say, that we must not give up the shout. God himself commanded it, but we must see that it comes in the right place. The praises and hallelujahs that are at a premium in heaven are not creatures of accident, but come as a result of spiritual condition, and right relations with God. They can point to a pedigree of faithfulness, to antecedents of grace, where such facts as obedience to God, abiding in the ranks, seven days of protracted effort, and thirteen consecutive marchings around, figure prominently and significantly. Then and there is born the true shout. But even here we must not forget, that it was not the shout, not the noise, not the marching around that won the battle, but Faith! Faith! Faith! that brought down with a resounding crash on the plain, the whole encircling wall of the city of Jericho.

A BOX OF TREASURE

By Beverly Carradine

Chapter 15 **THE WISE MEN OF THE WEST**

There is much talk these days about Advanced Thought, and a New Theology. According to these latter day lights, all of us are tremendously in the dark who do not go with them in their new psychologies and religious creeds. According to some of these writers and speakers, the disciples and the Saviour Himself were much cramped and limited in their expressions and declarations of doctrine, while the Fathers of our Methodism were simply nowhere.

A small sized clerical sprig on this wild vine of latter days, made a motion in an annual conference that John Wesley's Plain Account of Christian Perfection be removed from the course of study and reading for Methodist preachers, and a book written by a college president of Nebraska fame be substituted.

A presiding elder told the writer that the old time way of defining depravity and remaining sin in the soul of the regenerated, as given by Wesley and Clarke was an offense to him. That it created a nausea, sense of repugnance, and instant rebellion both in mind and heart. We happily remembered as he spoke, that this is the invariable feeling of all in whom the Old Man still abides, and is most unmistakable confirmation of Bible statements, and proof of the carnal mind in the regenerated as taught by the old time Wesleyan Theology.

Before accepting this advanced thought with its new definitions, and this modern theology that puts the old with all its advocates to shuns, we must insist on two things.

First, that it turns out better, stronger, and holier followers of Christ, and, second, that it brings with it a corresponding increase of the power, favor, and approval of God.

This is not an unreasonable or improper demand, as any candid reflecting mind must admit. God wants His creatures to have the pure and full truth, in that it "makes us free" and becomes a blessing in every way to the church and the world. So that if the New Theology is of God, then we have a right to expect the Heavens to open and the Holy Ghost to fall on this kind of preaching and living as occurred on the Day of Pentecost; and after that continuously on the lives and labors of such disciples.

We do not refer here to the miracles attendant on some of these occasions, but to the unquestionable presence, blessing, and power of God.

Let the honest seeker after Truth compare the piety, spirituality, preaching, labors and fruit in salvation lines of the Wesleys, Fletcher and Clarke, with that of men today who are riddling the Bible, and tearing to pieces what is known as Methodist or Wesleyan Theology, and the difference or rather contrast is simply overwhelming.

Then let him mark the spiritual lifelessness, the lack of unction, the notable absence of the Holy Ghost in the sermons, and services of these Latter Day Wise Men of the West, and he is compelled to feel another blow that is a regular knock down in its convincing power, that these teachers are altogether off, and gone as well.

There may be a great lot of rhetoric, oratory, philosophy and "science falsely so-called." But these Wise Men of the West as we have concluded to call them are not trying to find Jesus, but to get rid of Him; and their Star of Bethlehem is a will-o'-the-wisp from Massachusetts, or a Jack o'lantern from Nebraska.

An additional blow of conviction is received in marking the liberty, power, unction, gladness, and marvellous spiritual results attending the ministry of these who preach a Bottomless Hell, a Topless Heaven, Total Depravity, Repentance, Regeneration, Entire Sanctification as a second work of grace, and the other great truths and doctrines we find in the New Testament and faithfully incorporated in the Arminian-Wesleyan Theology of the Methodist church.

We have yet to see or hear of a preacher getting happy and shouting in the pulpit, as he preached against these great facts and experiences laid down in the Word of God, and in the standards, writings of our Fathers. Nor have we ever heard of God granting a revival to any of these nineteenth and twentieth century stabbers of Divine Truth? They may have protracted meetings, a worked-up enthusiasm, and a number of accessions, but the supernatural is not beheld, and the Holy Spirit does not fall upon them and the people; there is no dreadful conviction for sin; and there is no tidal wave of salvation rolling upon sinners; and no sight of congregation and preacher with shining faces beholding the scene, full of joy and the Holy Ghost.

If this New Theology and latter day way of presenting the Bible is right and ahead of the disciples and the Wesleys, why does it not get foremost in salvation, and why does not Heaven open and pour itself out on such people and preaching!

When we furthermore observe how the Spirit of God continues to honor men who preach the great doctrines we have mentioned, how conviction rests upon the congregation, how the altars are crowded with penitents and seekers, how souls leap with shining faces and glad cries and shouts into pardon and holiness, we cannot have and do not entertain a single doubt as to who has the Truth these days, who are in the divine order, and who are preaching the Word and declaring the whole counsel of God.

Recently we were in a city holding a meeting on the old Gospel plan, while one of these Wise Men of the West, a pastor of a leading church, was at the same time preaching a series of sermons to his people. He at his end of the town, was belittling and slurring at the Bible. We, in another quarter of the community, were upholding and magnifying the Book. One evening he spent a whole hour ridiculing the history of the Deluge, the ark of Noah, and the story of Jonah. The same evening I exalted the sacred volume as much as he had slurred at and struck it; and the different results attending the two services would have convinced the most skeptical as to who had the truth, and on whose side was the Lord.

We were told that after the man of Higher criticism was through with his assault on the Bible, not a soul was at the altar, not a tear was shed, not a sign of conviction or salvation was beheld, and not a single prayer even, was uttered. The assembly was dismissed from a service where God's Word had not been honored but dishonored; and where faith had not been strengthened, but weakened and shaken to its center.

That same night when we had exalted the Word of God (Deluge, Noah's Ark, the history of Jonah and all), we beheld deep conviction throughout the whole service, felt the presence and power of God every moment, had the altar quickly filled with seekers for pardon and holiness, and after a regular storm of song, exhortation and prayer, we saw nearly twenty souls sweep with tears, shouts and happy laughter into the experience of justification and sanctification.

Here was a difference indeed between the New and the Old Theology; between thought that was "advanced" clear out of and away from the Bible, and thought that was content to keep in the Scripture and clothe the expression of truth in language used not only by men of old who spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, but in words that fell from the lips of Divinity itself.

A second Wise Man of the West, a great preacher and official in the Methodist Episcopal Church South, claimed to have received three distinct spiritual experiences, which he called Introductions to the Three Persons of the Trinity. He had first an introduction to the Son, subsequently one to the Father, and still later one to the Holy Spirit. Being a gifted man, and possessing a royal imagination, he made these epochs of his soul marvellous indeed. The Holiness movement had not yet swept through the South, so quite a number of the ministry and laity felt humble indeed as they heard this great orator talking about three different blessings, when they had been glad to get one. They did not stop to reflect that our great pulpit declaimer must have been quite a stranger indeed to God, or had a way of running from and forgetting Him, inasmuch as he required three introductions!

After this the Holiness movement began to sweep things in the South, and behold our great preacher was indignant over our claiming a second work of grace! Just where the propriety of his displeasure, and the consistency of his conduct came in we failed to see, for according to his own count, he was still ahead of the Holiness people one step or notch; for they had secured only two blessings and he claimed three.

After this, our much introduced friend and fellow servant, became so stirred up and wrathful over the Full Salvation movement, and did so persecute these who claimed the experience of sanctification, that it speedily became apparent to all that he had received another and Fourth Introduction, and this time it was to the Devil!

A third Wise Man of the West, speaking before a Methodist college in the North, took occasion in his Baccalaureate address to score the Bible teachings of Depravity, and yet he had sworn he would stand by the doctrines of his church.

But he had "advanced" his thought and was now clear out of his own church standards as well as the Bible itself. Moreover in his Western wisdom he failed to see how he was pulling redemption, and the whole Christian edifice down about his ears with a complete destruction. For it must be

evident to the thoughtful that if there is no depravity, then there is no need of regeneration and sanctification. The Blood is useless, the Atonement a farce, the Tragedy of the Cross a piece of empty acting, and all the calls to repentance, faith, consecration, and holiness, preposterous and absurd. In fact, Heaven itself is lost as a finality to this Incredulity of New Theology. For if, convinced that there is no sin nature, a man fails to come by humble faith to the Saviour for the redemption and transformation that is alone in Him, then heaven cannot be gained! The Bible plainly declares that without the divine supernatural birth of the Spirit, no man can enter the Kingdom of God. And without holiness no man shall see the Lord.

Here is wisdom indeed that saws the limb off between the man and the tree, that throws a lighted candle into the cellar stored with gunpowder, that pulls out the pillars and sleepers of the building in which one lives, and calls it advanced Thought. Truly "if the foundations be destroyed" what will become of the superstructure of the Christian life?

A fourth Wise Man of the West was lately laughing at the idea of depravity or inbred sin in children. The day before he had been attacking the doctrine of holiness in another quarter. He asked an old saint the question, "If both parents of a child are sanctified how can the child be born with inbred sin? How can you account for the badness of their offspring?"

Evidently this philosopher of the west had forgotten his wisdom and argument of the preceding day, when he scoffed at a sin nature being in children.

But the servant of God did not remind him of this inconsistency and contradiction, but simply replied, "If you express surprise at sin existing in the offspring of sanctified parents, how can you insist that the children of unconverted and unregenerated fathers and mothers are born pure and without sin"!

This is a specimen of the wisdom of the Wise Men of the West, and it is only a very little of what we could tell about these Latter Day Lights, who have come up to Boston and Chicago (not Jerusalem), riding on hobby horses (not camels) and bringing (not gold and frankincense and myrrh), but tobacco, Free Masonry, old revamped heresies, a bloodless theosophy and a Christian Science falsely so called.

We beg to be excused by our Advanced Thought brethren, but we prefer the Old Theology of the disciples and the Wesleys, to the New Theology of men who never see a conversion, and never had a revival in their lives. We prefer the Bible and Wesley's Plain Account of Christian Perfection to the notorious antagonistic writings of certain men in Massachusetts, Nebraska and Alabama. We would rather go with the Wise Men of the East, who came to find and worship Jesus; than to follow the Wise Men of the West who have evidently, in their attacks on the Bible and Christianity, given the infant Moses over to Pharaoh to nurse, and surrendered the child Jesus to Herod.

A BOX OF TREASURE

By Beverly Carradine

Chapter 16 **A PERFECT CONSECRATION**

We are confident that the explanation of much of the offence ostensibly aroused over the doctrine and experience of entire sanctification, springs really from the announcement of the price necessary to be paid for its obtainment.

A consecration that is confessedly defective, that allows certain mental reservations, is not fought by devils nor opposed or objected to by the church. It is the devotement of the whole man for all time that seems to arouse hell and earth.

The adversary well knows that a partial or imperfect consecration will never bring the Baptism with the Holy Ghost upon the soul. So there are many revival meetings, so called, and consecration services so named that he has not the slightest uneasiness about. He knows what it costs to secure the goods, and that the price is not being paid at these popular gatherings, and so is not alarmed about the results of such meetings, smiles at the reports, and does not inaugurate an agency or movement to injure, retard or stop the largely attended, newspaper puffed, popular affair.

The meeting that makes clear the price and way of obtaining holiness is one that disturbs, alarms and infuriates the devil. This is the service or series of services that he causes his servants and instruments to belittle, abuse, misrepresent, oppose, and if possible to break up. He knows that where a perfect consecration is made, the fire will fall, men and women will be sanctified wholly and a body of divinely empowered people literally hurled upon him, will put him on the run, keep him on the run, and shake his old rotten kingdom to pieces about his ears.

It strikes the writer that no man is justified in denying the fact of such a blessing as holiness who has not met the conditions required for its obtainment. He is really in no place even to criticize. How can he say there are no such goods in the spiritual market, when he will not put the price on the counter. He is not only not allowed to handle the pearl of great price, but it is questionable whether a man sees the full beauty of the blessing until the whole cost has left his hands. It is the individual who is walking in the light, not standing, or worse still, backing out of the light, who gets the cleansing from "all sin" that John writes about.

A perfect consecration is unspeakably ahead of the Epworth League, Christian Endeavor consecration, which is made with heart and life reservations, rendered at every monthly and annual gathering, and leaves the soul at last hurt, hardened and deadened in some kind of way as to put it beyond the call and reach of Full Salvation.

A perfect consecration puts its hand on every moment of our time. It will not allow us to be devoted on the Sabbath and then careless, prayerless, unspiritual and even worldly on the week days. This commitment will not permit us after going to the prayer meeting Wednesday night, to fraternize in a lodge with all sorts of unbelievers on Thursday night.

There are men who seem to be completely the Lord's as Sunday school superintendents, but are just as plainly, worldly or business absorbed beings, all the other days of the week. Some persons belong to the Lord while in the church building, but in another tenement they are not his. That strange little creature called the Chameleon, which takes the color and hue of everything that it is resting upon, was made to give us a picture in a concrete shape of this variable brother.

We heard the judgment once passed upon a preacher that when he was in the pulpit he should never come out of it, and when he was out of it, he never should go back into it. Here was Bro. Chameleon again, the imperfectly or partially consecrated Christian.

The perfectly consecrated man is God's man everywhere and anywhere; any time and all the time.

Secondly, a perfect consecration lays its hand upon the purse.

We do not believe it is possible to obtain and retain the blessing of holiness without having an understanding with God in regard to our income and property.

Very many regenerated people, and even church members, give one-tenth of their income to God. But a perfect consecration goes deeper and farther than that and lays all material substance on the altar just as all time was given to God.

This does not mean that a man literally sells out everything he has, or gives away all he owns, or turns his property over to a Dowie or one of Dowie's little imitators. This last proceeding would destroy the individual stewardship which the Lord declares exists between each individual soul and himself. Every one must give an account for himself; not this man or that man for another; but each one must render an account of himself and his stewardship to God.

Perfect Consecration lays every dollar on the altar with the full recognition that all belongs to God. That it is impossible to give the Lord one-tenth and then use the other nine-tenths in a way that Heaven cannot approve. In a high, holy sense all belongs to Christ and so must be used in a manner that He can smile upon and bless. Further still, that as everything belongs to God, if he should call for it, then all would be given up to him.

Third, a perfect consecration brings the entire body to the Lord. His own Word bids us to present it to himself a living sacrifice.

The impossibility of the holy fire falling, and the Spirit of God filling one who kept back a single member, hand, foot, eye or tongue, is evident to any thinker. Not only is a part of the price withheld, but it is manifest that any faculty or power which we refuse to devote to God is certain to be the cause of our moral undoing.

On the principle that the gate in Jerusalem which was not closed on the Sabbath brought a world of trouble to that city and finally captivity in Babylon; so the member we refuse to give to God will inevitably bring us into spiritual calamity. Job said he "made a covenant with his eye" -- David did

not. Willis Cooper failed to include his eyes and feet in his Epworth League consecration and was burned up in a theater in the city of Chicago.

Perfect Consecration evidently presents the entire body a living sacrifice unto God, not only to spend and be spent in his service, but no matter what may be our walk, position and occupation in life, to live to his glory.

Fourth, a perfect consecration means the yielding up to God, of the soul with its will, intellect, sensibilities and every one of its marvellous forces and powers. The fully dedicated body, indeed proves that the spirit is all right, for the soul goes along with its shrine or temple. But in the Bible we find the specific language, "My son, give me thy heart." The heart here stands for the soul, and God never calls a sinner a son. He is not a son by nature and can only become so by being born of the Spirit. The popular platform talk about the universal Fatherhood of God is simple rot. Christ himself said of a certain body of people, "Ye are of your father the devil."

So it is the child of God who is asked to present his body a living sacrifice, and to give his heart in all its fullness and completeness to God.

Finally a perfect consecration means the giving up of every tie and interest for the obtainment of Christ in the purifying, abiding, satisfying sense taught in the Bible. The Saviour said unless we left father, mother, lands, brethren and all for his sake, we were not worthy of him.

He said "worthy of me." He did not say worthy of pardon, for pardon is not secured that way. The condition of salvation is repentance and faith, with not a word about consecration, for a sinner cannot consecrate.

When the Saviour was speaking of one's leaving all for his sake he was using the language of consecration, and laying down the price or condition of obtaining him as the perpetual indweller, a privilege which comes only with the blessing of entire sanctification.

Let the reader review these five points of a perfect consecration, and he will be convinced of several things:

First, that with such a complete devotement of self and life, there is no room or ground left for a "third blessing," so called.

Second, that such a consecration cannot possibly be improved upon, and does not need to be repeated, but simply continued. This of course breaks up that view of consecration held by Epworth Leagues, Christian Endeavor Societies, Y. M. C. A.'s, and the whole Keswickian following.

Third, when such consecrations are made, the church is deeply offended, is outspokenly indignant, and all hell itself is infuriated, and well it may be, for now something is going to happen!

Fourth, when Christians do thus wholly and forever give themselves up to God in perfect consecration, something does happen! The holy fire falls from heaven; men and women are wholly

sanctified; the Holy Ghost witnesses to the distinct work; a revival begins; and salvation free and full begins to roll like a tidal wave through the church and over the community.

A BOX OF TREASURE

By Beverly Carradine

Chapter 17 CHRIST THE ALTAR

The book of Hebrews is a commentary on Leviticus. It reveals the gospel in the Old Testament, and shows Christ where many had not seen Him.

It was also written to answer and end the boasting of the Jews over the early Christians. The former pointed to their stately Temple, and gorgeously attired priests, and multitudes of lambs and bleeding victims, and said in their pride, "See what we have, while you have nothing."

The book of Hebrews is an overwhelming answer to that false claim and statement. The apostle shows that the Levitical economy, the mode of teaching truth then, was a kind of kindergarten way of instructing spiritual infants or children. That priests, lambs, altars, garments, ceremonies, cleansings, and so forth were but pictures and shadows of truths and experiences which now are known, possessed and enjoyed in a solid, substantial and abiding way. The antitype takes the place of the type. The shadow gives way to the substance, and the Christian with his living, glowing realities, is infinitely better off than the Jew in the midst of his symbols, no matter how grand, colossal and numerous these types may have been.

So the argument of the apostle, and the Christian through him to the Jew, is this: "Have you a temple? So have we, for God has said we are His Temple! Your temple but symbolizes us. Did He not say to you what house will you build me, will I dwell in a house made of wood and stone? What house can confine me, when I inhabit the heavens? No! In that man will I dwell he that humbleth himself and trembleth at my word. For ye are God's building. Ye are the Temple of the Holy Ghost."

Again he argues, Have you a priest? So have we! What if yours is taken from one of the tribes and clothed with glittering vestments. Our priest is one forever after the order of Melchisedek, without father or mother, or beginning or ending of days; Jesus Christ the righteous.

Still again.

Have you a lamb? So have we, one without blemish and without spot, Jesus, the Holy One of God. Your lamb was but a type of ours, and ours sent from Heaven sweeps infinitely ahead of yours taken from the flock and fold.

And yet still another argument:

"Have you an altar? So have we. "We have an altar whereof they have no right to eat, which serve the Tabernacle."

Some preachers have asked us what right we had to claim Christ as our altar, and to say that as an altar He sanctifies us. Our reply has been that we say so for two reasons: First, it is stated by Scripture that "The altar sanctifies the gift," and, "Whatsoever toucheth the altar shall be holy."

Truly it is seen at a glance that whatever sanctifies and makes holy cannot be an ordinary or earthly thing or person. It takes the divine being to make one holy.

Now the altar in the Jewish economy was as prominent an object as the lamb or priest. What could it stand for? Surely not a Communion Table. This altar sanctifies everything or person upon it. Surely a Communion Table cannot do that. Are all people sanctified by touching a communion table?

Paul says, "We have an altar," and then after a sentence which reads as a parenthesis he says, "Let us go forth therefore unto Him without the camp, bearing his reproach."

Truly we are finding today that, while we are made to see the Lamb and the Priest in the Temple, yet to come to the Altar which sanctifies we have to go outside the camp, and find reproach in doing so. Hear the word, "We have an altar; whereof they have no right to eat which serve the tabernacle. For the bodies of these beasts, whose blood is brought into the sanctuary by the high priest for sin, are burned without the camp. Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate. Let us go forth therefore unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach."

Let the reader remember that the Old Testament says the Jew had an altar, and that Paul in the New Testament says the Christian has one. Let him also bear in mind that the Bible says that the Jewish altar sanctified and made holy. Will the Christian altar do less? But who can sanctify but God! So that the altar in both dispensations must refer to a divine being or work.

Christ said that the altar sanctified the gift. Who can be that altar but Himself. Certainly the altar and the gift are different, for one sanctifies, and the other is sanctified, and the latter by the former. "For He that sanctifieth, and they who are sanctified, are all one, wherefore he is not ashamed to call them brethren." Christ is evidently the altar according to Scripture.

The second proof of this fact is seen in the demand of Redemption itself.

There are three things which are imperative for our salvation. They must be. One is a priest, the second a victim, and the third an altar. Somebody has got to undertake our case and plead for us; some one must take our place and die for us to satisfy the law; and some one must sanctify us to get us fit for heaven. We need a priest to pray, a lamb to die, and an altar to sanctify.

Who furnished these three things? Did Christ do a part, and some one else another? Did some great angel assist Him in this work of Redemption? If so, then we have more than one Saviour, or Christ is only a partial Saviour.

There is no need to speculate here, for the Bible says, "He trod the wine press alone." He stood in the breach alone. There was no one with Him. Deliverance was laid on His shoulder. He was the Daysman, the only name given under heaven, the all in all we needed in salvation.

Well, if Christ is all, and has done all, then He must be Priest, Lamb and Altar.

There is no escape from this. Whether we make His human nature the lamb or victim that died, and the divine nature on which it was offered the altar of infinite merit; or whether we say the whole Christ was priest, lamb or altar according to the need of the soul approaching Him, still it remains that we can see Him as the Altar.

There is no dispute today among the great body of God's people about the Priesthood of Christ. Nor is there any question among Evangelical Christians that Christ is the Lamb of God who died for our sins. The remaining lesson to be learned is that Jesus is our sanctifying Altar. That if He is our Lamb, and Priest, then He ought to be our Altar. That if as our Priest He prays for us, and as our Lamb dies for us to meet the demands of the law, then as our Altar He should sanctify us.

This blessed fact many thousands have learned, and many thousands more are learning, as full salvation is preached, and Holiness campmeetings multiply.

Somehow God witnesses to the statements made that Christ is our Altar. We do not believe that if we said to a man, "The Communion Table sanctifies you wholly," that any one in his senses would believe it, or that the Holy Ghost would fall upon such a speech. But we have seen the Spirit fall, in marvelous and transforming power, upon many hundreds who have looked up and said, "I believe that Christ my Altar sanctifies me wholly now."

One argument made by the opponent of the Altar truth is that the Jew brought his gift to the priest and he (the priest) laid the gift on the altar. This reasoning was made to overturn the thought that we laid ourselves on the altar.

This is a mere quibbling over words. Why not object to the thought that we bring ourselves to the priest? In one sense it is absurd, and yet in another it is true.

True it is that the priest laid the gift on the altar, but the gift had first been brought to him. So we bring ourselves to Christ, but Christ is the Altar as well as the Priest. We commit ourselves to Him, and through His grace and power we obtain what we seek. Without Him we can be nothing and do nothing.

A BOX OF TREASURE

By Beverly Carradine

Chapter 18 THE SUNRISE BLESSING

The sentence above was written in reference to Jacob, after his Peniel experience. In a beautiful sense it was a part of the blessing, and in a most striking manner became a sign and seal of the grace which had come to the night long wrestler and day dawn victor.

We are convinced that the sunrise feature of this scriptural occurrence belongs to sanctification as something inherent as well as declarative; and that it is felt not only in the ushering in of the glorious triumphant life, but something that should and does abide. That not only is there realized immediately an unspeakably glad light streaming into the soul and life; but each day seems to be a repetition of its bright predecessor, and so the sunrise remains as a fixture. We go down a road that has a perpetual morning on it. In a way known only to those to whom the sweet warm blessing has come, we enter upon a spiritual experience where the freshness, beauty, gladness and glory of the soul in its union and communion with the Lord, is like a continual new born day. We travel a way with a constant brightness on the road. It has no declining sun; it witnesses no eclipse and although the course may be long, rock strewn and often margin lined with perils and sorrows, yet it knows no sunset. Light is always on the path, and it is always the radiance of a sunrise.

We have known people who held unbrokenly to this charm and glory of holiness. We never met them but the sunrise look was on their faces; and every thing that belongs to that first hour of day in freshness, buoyancy and gladness, was theirs in the spiritual sense in all they said and did.

Some others after years of continual victory have gotten somehow under a declining sun. The shadows are unmistakable. The eastern look has gone from the countenance. A west wind is in the air. A droop of spirit, a melancholy way of talking, a pessimistic view of holiness and the Gospel itself comes like the notes of the whippoorwill through the gathering gloaming.

It is wonderful how hard it is to convince some of these glory stripped children of light that the charm and power of holiness is gone, when their sun is beheld in the western instead of the eastern sky. That orthodox experience, good sense, excellent methods, correctness of life and nothing else can take the place of that perpetual sunshine experience of the soul and that sunrise expression on the face, in its effect upon the hearts, minds and consciences of the outside world.

In a world like this, of eclipses, cloudy days, black nights and frequent sunsets; the sight of a man with a constant gleam of peace, joy and victory in his spirit and on his countenance; with a holy gladness in his eyes, and the exultant note of moral triumph in his voice; this spectacle is evidently something so divine, so unearthly, so supernatural that logic and argument are powerless in its presence, opposition sinks down overcome by it, and a mighty yearning swells the breast of the beholder to enter upon a life and possess a blessing so manifestly sent down to the human race from another and better country.

There are some avowedly walking the way of holiness who never knew this eastern glory. They took a will-o'-the-wisp of their own fancy for the Sun of Righteousness. Or some evangelist hung up a lantern and told the deluded soul it was a sunrise. Others followed moons that soon passed into the last quarter, and then the dark stage, and left them in a gloom deeper than they ever knew before.

But there were others who really possessed the beautiful experience. Each day began with a sunrise. And there was one every hour. And the sun rose every minute. And a great light was in their faces; a deep gladness in their voices; and a mighty victory was in all their trials, temptations, labors, and battles. Every time we met them we saw the sun-flash on their foreheads, heard the bird song of a happy freedom in their throats, and knew a sweet, fresh, unbroken daytime was in their souls.

Then there came a change in the position and altitude of the sun. It was low in the west. With others it went completely down. So that with all the substitute of the stars; and the lighting up the street with lamps; and the carrying around of lanterns; the fact could not be hid that night had come.

Some of these shadowed ones are full of sadness over this condition: and so concerning them we are full of hope. They will watch for the morning, and on their sad but expectant eyes the day will break again.

There are others who do not seem to realize that "their sun has gone down." They are counting the lamps on the streets, and using candles and some gasoline torches presented by a wandering evangelist. They seem to take more pleasure in the flash of a glow worm these days than in the sunrise glory of former years, and which came after a night spent in the tears of a life surrender and pleading, importunate supplication with God.

This leads us to say that the Peniel Sunrise was no accident. It was the result of something said, suffered and done on the human side. When these things took place with Jacob, God told him he had prevailed, was a prince, and gave him a road with a sunrise at the end of it and along which highway he was to walk the rest of his days and indeed forever.

In like manner the same price has to be paid today for such a wonderful experience and life. And as the original cost has to be kept paid down in order to retain the heavenly glory, so it is that we see not only why some so-called seekers have never obtained; but why others who did enjoy it have lost the blessing and perhaps forever.

Never let it be forgotten that the heartsick Jacob sent everything he possessed and loved over the brook Peniel, while he remained alone on the western side.

It takes everything we have to obtain the blessing of holiness. Like Jacob we must be left alone. Everything we own and everybody we hold most dear must be sent over the brook, put on the altar, or in a word yielded to God. The cattle, servants, business, the children, and finally Rachel must go. God is a jealous God. He must be all or nothing. He will not allow a rival of any kind. Rachel, or the person or thing which Rachel stands for, must go over the brook. The soul must be left first alone, and then find itself with God. As far as we can understand the passage of Scripture describing the

wonderful scene, the Lord made no appearance, and no wrestling spirit of prayer commenced until Jacob was alone.

This ought to throw light on some beshadowed, gloomy cases today. They wonder why the burden, or agonizing spirit of prayer for the blessing does not come upon them. The answer is that they are not yet solitary. They are holding on to somebody or something. The soul must come into an experience of isolation and loneliness before the divine wrestler appears, and that real prayer begins which is to mean so much for the individual and so much to many more in the years that are to follow.

The sunrise blessing, replete with sweet compensation for every earthly loss; full of an indescribable reward and glory, comes naturally and properly to one who has given up everything to God. But as it is only bestowed on one who has sent his all over the brook; what folly to look for such a pearl when we have not laid down the price; when not only God, but even men can see that we are not left alone on the brookside. Something, or someone, is still with us. The business has not been forsaken or consecrated. The troubles have not been committed to God. The enemies have not been left with heaven. The children are not laid on the altar. Rachel is still by the side and ruling in the heart and life.

And yet with all this withheld from God there are people who want the same sunrise to come upon them, that came upon a man who sent everything he had over the brook, prayed all night, and weeping in the cold, cheerless dawn, said to God, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me."

The sunrise experience is a glorious one. It is better far than all that which time, money and men can give. It keeps the heart from breaking when the suns of earth set, moons pale, stars vanish, and the lamps and candles lit by human hands are extinguished.

But it cannot be obtained for a song or for a trifle. An imperfect consecration cannot get in sight of it. All we have has to go over the brook. And we must be left alone. Then ascends the prevailing prayer! Then comes the divine testimony that we have conquered, and are princes! And then a sun rises to light the newmade prince upon his way to fields of duty, to a throne of glory, and to the home of his Father in heaven.

After crossing Peniel. men who have received the blessing of holiness seem to hold former loves and possessions with a new kind of tenure, pleasing and acceptable to God. They are given repossession of many things, under a greater light, a sweeter affection, and with God as supreme over everything and all the time.

If this heavenly life should be broken, and the business or idols get back and uppermost again; if in a word, the Lord is made second in place in the heart, mind and life by anything or anyone; then the sunrise glory at once departs! Moreover, everybody can see it is gone. The word Ichabod is on the wall.

The following view will now be placed before every thoughtful observer, viz., one class of people camping on the east side of Peniel with their sun on the west side. Others on the west side with their

sun gone down entirely. Still others groping their distant way under the stars. Others still lighting their lamps at home. And still others borrowing candles from individuals met in the many meetings which they restlessly and feverishly frequent.

Listen how they knock and call! Our sun has gone down! Who will give us light? Who will direct and lead us from our sunset and midnight, to the glorious sunrise we saw and felt and knew in other days?

The only reply to be given is, that the same price paid to secure in the first instance is necessary to recover the blessing when it is lost. Everything has to be sent over the brook again. The business must be made secondary and tributary. The idol must be dethroned. The midnight wrestle and lonely struggle must be resumed. The weeping words must be spoken to God, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me!" When lo! the brook is crossed by the supPLICATOR himself; the oldtime glory is restored; the former power is back; perfect love once more swells and overflows the heart, and the prince turns with a smile to walk a road that he notices with a tender thrilling joy, has a beautiful golden sunrise at the end.

A BOX OF TREASURE

By Beverly Carradine

Chapter 19 RELIGIOUS SINGING

Every one is agreed as to the power of song. And yet it would be hard to analyze the strange, strong influence it produces on mind and heart.

It is indeed remarkable how the human voice, when thrown from conversation into another kind of intonation, a versified, melodized utterance, that instantly, every auditor in hall or church feels differently and acts differently. New sets of emotions seem to be stirred, thought moves on a higher plane, visions of a purer, nobler life in the future or past fill the mind and swell the soul, and a better man exists for a few moments if not for all time.

National hymns and anthems wonderfully mold and shape a country's character and history. During royal reigns in France the Marseillaise is not allowed to be sung. It seems able to produce a revolution with a single rendition.

We question whether any man can hear the Songs of his Homeland in a foreign country without being profoundly moved.

In addition to the national anthem there is a variety of melodies bearing on friendship, love and the home life, all of which contribute their influence in the formation of individual character, and, heard in after years, can never be listened to without emotion.

The mother of the writer had cradle songs, and hymns we have heard her sing in the evening by the fireside, which wrought abiding impressions for good on the hearts and lives of her children.

Then there were the cottonfield chants sung by the negroes at their work, and the wild, weird melodies rendered by the colored deck hands of the steamboats on the Yazoo and Mississippi Rivers, that once heard left an everlasting effect upon the mind.

Any kind of music seems to attract the human family, the hand organ on the street, the soldier's love ditty in the camp, the strumming guitar amid the moonlit trees, the flute from over the water, and the improvised quartette on the big liner in midocean. We remember once how two gentlemen singing at a piano in the saloon of a steamer on the Mediterranean brought almost every passenger into the room, while officers of the ship hung around the door, and sailor faces lined the transoms. It was a study to watch the countenances of this silent and cosmopolitan audience. The skins were of every color, white, yellow, red, brown and black, and yet all had the same expression of deep, unaffected interest. The heart was asserting itself. The soul was touched. A common humanity was present.

David spoke of "songs in the night," and at once a troop of recollections comes to us all of beautiful hours and experiences gone by, through the power of these single four words. He had doubtless listened to music in the night time as we have, and been affected as we were.

Numerous have been the times that we have gone to our hotel window and listened to students singing as they went back to college, until the last voice died away on the night air.

Repeatedly we have stood on the wharf in Vicksburg and seen one of our mammoth palatial steamboats at the hour of sunset swing out into the mile wide Mississippi, turn her head southward towards New Orleans, and gradually disappear around the distant bend with fifty deck hands chanting one of these primitive, blood-tingling, eye-filling river songs which remains ever after a beautiful and strangely sorrowful memory. As the weird strains died out along the shadowy shores, and down the misty stream, we have turned back into the city and, as we walked upon the streets felt the emptiness of the world, the unsatisfactoriness of this life, with such a longing for a happier world and a better life, that at times we thought the heart would fairly break.

It is not to be wondered at, that God has laid his hand on music and made it one of his mighty factors and instruments for the spread of the Gospel.

The Old Testament has a good deal to say about the song side of salvation, and speaks of the "singers," and also "the harps with a solemn sound."

In the New Testament we read that Jesus sang with his disciples. The words of that hymn can doubtless be traced back, but how we would love to know the melody. Paul and Silas sang at midnight in prison, and found a comfort in it, while the jailer and prisoners realized a conviction, that perhaps could not have been felt or produced at that time by any other means of grace.

Song seems to be one of the wings of the flying angel of Truth. And so when God sent the preacher John Wesley to bless the world, he dispatched with him the singer Charles Wesley, to bless it even more. The same Holy Spirit, in calling Moody to the work, put Sankey by his side. And when he commissioned Whittle he joined Bliss with him. And so on to this day, after the preacher prays, the people sing; and when the sermon is ended the congregation sings again. While after the selection of an evangelist is made, the next question is who shall assist him by leading in song?

As we are creatures of manifold powers and sensibilities; as we are indeed in a creative sense harps of a thousand strings, it is needful that our hymns and spiritual songs should cover the whole range of spiritual feeling. We did not say of sentiment. We are speaking of the moral and spiritual realm and what properly belongs to that, in a pure elevating, comforting, inspiring, heart-revealing, Christ manifesting, God elevating collection of words and melody.

We believe that songs which refer to broken domestic ties, and appeal to the natural affections have no rightful place in a true hymnology. They make the people weep, but such tears are not these that God wants, and that the Word of God properly preached or incarnated in hymn is intended and able to produce.

Moreover, the hymns which deserve the name should have a variety of verbal expression as well as melody, in order to meet every one of the moods and tenses, every inward state and condition, every loss and possession, every hope and despair, and every privilege and danger of this most wonderful creation of God, a human soul.

Men need to be awed with anthems of the greatness and grandeur of God; horror stricken with minor chord productions about the world of the lost; awakened from slumber by trumpet-like sounds of the Judgment; as well as comforted in sorrow, strengthened in trial and temptation, and stimulated to do and endure for the holy cause of heaven.

A hymn with doggered lines or wretched poetry ought not to be allowed in a respectable hymnbook. Neither should be tolerated old love songs like "Annie Laurie," "Belle of the Mohawk Vale," and many others that have sipped off their everyday garments, put on Sunday clothes as to sacred words, and now try to pass themselves off for saints or angels.

There are some of our modern day pieces that are so full of associations of early days and serenading nights, that the mood produced is anything but devotional and religious when they are sung. The words, "Let us go courting," would be eminently more fitting as a conclusion from the pulpit, than the sentence, "Let us pray."

However, we must confess that after one of these hymns we are glad to hear somebody say, "Let us pray." We feel the need of it -- not only on behalf of the robbed and wronged congregation, but for the singers themselves. Yes, indeed -- let us pray after some of the jigs, waltzes, quicksteps, love songs and regular negro cabin breakdowns, misnamed hymns, we have heard in Sunday schools, churches, protracted meetings, and even on holiness camp grounds.

How few of the popular gospel meeting hymn books of the day are marked with any broadness as to the great subjects and doctrines of the Bible. Let the reader look at the departments of Wesley's hymn books, and the narrow jollification line of the Issues of today.

With some there is not a single solemn opening piece of the Being and attributes of God. Not a solitary hymn about hell, and none on the Day of Judgment, as described in the Bible, and as sung by Watts, and John and Charles Wesley. The song books that appeal to the vitiated taste today are mainly on the "Old Black Joe," "Jollification Jump," "Moonlight on the Mother's Grave," and "Mother's Boy" line. People think these are religious hymns, when they are not on spiritual and supernatural planes, but in the domestic and natural realms.

Then, as we read the wretched doggerel lines claiming to be poetry, in some published hymn books, and contrast them with the pure, chaste, refined, elevated, inspired as well as rhythmic verses of John and Charles Wesley, of Watts and Newton, of Faber and Moore, we confess to a sickness of heart and a nausea elsewhere, and a conviction irresistible, that difficulty of hearing, yes, stone deafness, would not be an unixed evil under certain circumstances.

The mother of the writer informed us when we were a boy, that the reading of a hymn by a Methodist preacher, his solemn lining it out to the congregation, and the deeply impressive melody

to which it was sing made a lifetime impression upon her. The music was "Windham;" the words ran

Shall I for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or undismayed by deed and word,
Be a true witness for my Lord!

Shall I to soothe the unholy throng
Soften my speech or smooth my tongue;
To gain earth's gilded toys or flee
The cross endured, my Lord, by Thee!

What then is he whose face I dread,
Whose wrath or scorn make me afraid?
A man? An heir of death! A slave
To sin! -- A bubble on the wave!

Yea, let men rage since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head,
Since in all time thy tender love
Will still my sure protection prove.

She said that the preacher dwelt in a most effective way upon the last three words of the second and fourth lines in the first two stanzas. That his noble bearing and fine scorn as he read the third verse was indescribable. While the exultation in the fourth came like an inspiration.

She pictured the man's solemnity, dignity, unctious delivery and unmistakable moral superiority, speaking like one who had just come from the presence of God; the singing by many voices of the great hymn to the Heaven inspired melody of Windham; and she had the writer as much moved as the people had been in that faraway day of her girlhood.

To hear of such things, and then in these latter days, see a man in a short bobtail sack coat kick up his heels and go to singing

"On Monday I am happy,
On Tuesday I am gay -- "
etc., etc.,

makes us yearn with a great longing for the return to our midst of some beautiful things that have faded and fled away.

We conclude while in this mood with the words of David:

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O most High.

To shew forth thy loving kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night.

Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the psaltery; upon the harp with a solemn sound."

A BOX OF TREASURE

By Beverly Carradine

Chapter 20 THE DIVINE MONOPOLY

The meaning of the expression above is not intended to cover the individual and body of people who in different ways try to capture and possess the divine being, and by opinion, speech or creed warn all others off from their fancied possession. Of course this caption could be made to represent these personages, and they are recognized with hardly an introduction needed.

A religious denomination announcing themselves to be "Christians," "The Church of God" and "The Israel of God," have attempted a divine monopoly in their ecclesiastical name or designation. It may not have been intended by them, and no arrogant, excluding spirit may have filled them when they selected the usurping title; but it is evident to the thoughtful that all such appellations are virtual slaps in the face of every other branch of the Christian church.

If a religious paper should call itself "God's Witness and Advocate of Bible Holiness," the legitimate inference would be that it was not only God's special organ, but God's only organ in the world for teaching and spreading holiness. All other papers by this title would be but imitators, and standing in secondary and remote degrees from the Throne. The name would not only be an impertinence, but a direct insult to all other holiness papers published. It would be an attempted Divine monopoly.

This mistaken and reprehensible practice is seen in the use of the words "My Christ" and "Father" by individuals in testimony meetings and in the pulpit.

Good taste alone, aside from considering the common rights of the church and mankind, should deliver a person from this piece of arrogance and impertinence. The Bible teaches us that Christ died for all and lives for all. That God loves the world. That he has no partiality. And the Saviour told us that in addressing the First Person in the Trinity we should say "Our Father."

We once received a letter from a young lady who wrote, "Father has told me I must do so and so," and "Father has directed me to come out of the church," etc., etc. At first I judged she was speaking of her earthly parent, when to our amazement we discovered, as we read farther on, that she was referring to God.

The shock of this first experience we have never forgotten. We did not reply to the party, as we felt the case was hopeless. But since then we have heard the expression again and again sounded in the pulpit -- generally by young evangelists -- hardly ever by pastors, or by men of ripened years. The term used is so flippant, breathes such unwarranted familiarity with the Almighty, contains such an evidently boastful spirit, and such a disregard of the equal rights of redeemed humanity, that its every enunciation sends a dagger like pain to the soul, and a great sorrow over the spirit.

We know of but One who, as God's only begotten Son, has the right to speak to and of the Divine First Person in this way. In private the soul may properly address the Lord after this manner; but in public it is an ecclesiastical impertinence and a religious atrocity.

But the Divine monopoly to which we allude in the caption of this chapter refers not to our attempted capture of the Almighty, but to his appropriation and possession of us.

He has a right to do this, and so indicates his will and moves upon us accordingly. He would be everything to us in demanding all from us.

Most people would not have God in the life at all. Many of his followers would possess him in a restricted sense. They would use him very much as they do the carpenter, tradesman, physician, dentist, butcher, baker and all the different vendors and employes of life.

Just as they would call in the lawyer to prepare a legal paper, give advice and bow him out of door and recollection. And even as they would call on a surgeon to bind a broken joint and dismiss him with restoration of strength and health; so they would have the Lord look in on them a couple of hours on Sunday; comfort them in a day of sorrow; but after that take himself out of sight and thought until needed and summoned again.

We verily believe that there are many people who only regard Christ in this light, to be called up and looked to when death enters the house. Then he is expected to console, and do it well. After that he should retire until by another bereavement he is wanted once more.

This treatment of the Saviour puts him very much on the line and plane of a bottle of liniment or toothache drops to be used when needed, and set aside on the mantel or in the closet and be forgotten unless the pain returns.

God will never submit to such dishonor and degradation. He will be all or nothing. And he will have us all the time, or not at all.

One of the reasons that the Lord has likened himself to almost everything that has value and beauty in it, and to every one that comes with benefit and blessing to the human race, is to give birth to the thought and establish the fact of the Divine Monopoly Claim.

We find that God is compared to wind, fire, heat, light, water, bread, wine, certain fruits and flowers, to a sun, star, day dawn, a door, wall, tower, city, and life itself. Then he has introduced himself in his relations to and helps to the soul as Friend, Lawyer, Physician, Judge, Exemplar, Adviser, Comforter, Teacher, Rewarder, Guide, Captain, King, Ruler, Tradesman, Potter, Lapidary, Father, Brother, Husband, Bridegroom, and in other terms and by still other figures too numerous to mention.

The significance in all this is that God can be and is all things to us. The legitimate and certain conclusion from the above fact is that as such he can monopolize us, and that easily, and do it to our highest good as well as perfect happiness.

If any one will glance at the offices of a number of the living figures used, he will see that each one necessarily takes quite a portion of time out of one's life: whether it be lawyer, physician, friend, tradesman, guide, teacher, ruler or any one of the personages and positions mentioned.

But notice that God announces he is all of them! This means of course, then, that he has us all the time, and altogether, and we are brought face to face with the Divine Monopoly.

Can any one see a monopoly that injures here, where the Lord is the best of counsellors, guides, guards and friends?

Men have been writing much of late years about the "simple life," but it seems that we have it here in its reality and perfection.

And certainly it is the restful and undisturbed life. For if we make God everything to us; if we go to him for all things and at all times, the defections and desertions of men will not affect us, nor afflict us, nor change our course, nor stop our progress in duty and for heaven one single moment of time. God's Monopoly will have destroyed the power of the corporations and combinations of men.

It is a study to watch the agitations, perturbations and fluctuations of individuals who shape their lives to avoid the stonings of the public and win instead the oxen sacrifices all entwined with garlands and ropes of roses.

If the flowers appear, their heaven has come and they are radiant, hopeful and joyous. If the rocks begin to patter around and wounds are felt, the fret, worry, trouble and despair of the human target is something comical as well as pitiful to see. They trusted God only in the springtime of the year. They were strong in faith and hope only when men were throwing bouquets at them. When the winter of human discontent and disfavor came, they did not know God as a Fire to keep them warm, or as a Sun to bring forth fairer flowers than ever waved in an earthly atmosphere or struck root in the soil of this old world. When men rained stones upon them, they knew not God as the shadow of a great Rock in a weary land, as a shelter in the time of storm, and as a wall of protection, a strong tower of refuge, and an all encompassing shield, so that the pestilence that walketh by night and the arrow that flieth by day, and the strife of tongues and the wrath of man would all alike fail to reach the object of human and Satanic hatred.

But the man who lets God have him wholly and all the time, knows the perfect peace and security of which we write. A thousand fall at his side, and ten thousand at his right hand; but the calamities mentioned in the Holy Book do not come nigh unto him. "He shall call upon me and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and honor him. With long life will I satisfy him and shew him my salvation."

A BOX OF TREASURE

By Beverly Carradine

Chapter 21 CELESTIAL PROPERTY

Elsewhere we have written about the wisdom, duty and practicability of laying up treasure in heaven. In the present chapter we desire to dwell upon the nature or character of that property which we are told can be laid up in the skies for our present, future and everlasting enrichment.

It is quite remarkable that while there are no lines of communication between this world and the heavenly land similar to those that bridge and bring together the nations and continents of the globe on which we dwell, yet there is communication of the most unmistakable kind; and there is transportation of spirit; and a remarkable transportation of things counted most valuable on earth, into forms of greatly increased value in heaven.

There are bills of exchange, and letters of credit well known in the business world, which look to the uninitiated like so many worthless pieces of printed paper; but when these same unimposing appearing documents are presented in far distant foreign countries at great banks and commercial houses, they cause a perfect stream of gold to be poured from the cashier's into the presenter's hands.

After one sight or hint of this business method among men, the thought of transfer of property from earth to heaven by the child of God ought not to strike the mind with amazement, but with the glad recognition of such a possibility.

God is ready to do a most profitable business with the soul. He has the strongest of banks, the largest of clearing houses, and the safest of agencies in the reception of what we entrust and deposit with him, and in the transfer of all such values to heaven, where they will await our presence and check, in sums and amounts tremendously added to by the interest and dividends declared in the kingdom of glory.

One thing we can lay up in heaven is money. One would think from the grudging gifts of many of God's people, the way that many contributions to the cause of the gospel have to be begged, surprised and literally wrenched out of others, that the general idea is that all such money given is value lost; when the fact is that the only part of our earthly treasure in gold and silver and bank notes which is saved from a burning world and the wreck and ruin of time is that portion which we gave to heaven.

This very truth was brought out by the Saviour in the parable of the unjust steward. Very many have been the expository and explanatory struggles of scholars, commentators and preachers over this remarkable passage of Scripture, but nearly all we ever heard or read agree that one teaching of these words of our Lord is, that we can so use our money here on earth as that it will receive us in everlasting habitations in heaven in the sense of reward and exaltation. In other words, God makes the moneyed sacrifices of his people to meet and greet and bless them in the skies, in forms of such

increased spiritual wealth, as no bill of exchange could ever secure, and no bank of this world ever dream of presenting to any applicant.

As we have contemplated the stinginess of many professed Christians, and thought, suppose the pavement before each mansion, and the crown on each head in heaven was made out of the moneyed gifts people made to the cause of Christ on earth -- then how many heads would have coronets of copper, and how many heavenly homes would have no golden street before it, but a mud puddle instead. It would be a good idea to ship enough property through the exchange of heaven to secure a crown of twenty-four carats of the noblest of metals, and a front walk of gold that will look a little larger than a pocket handkerchief, or better still, attain at least the proportions of a parlor rug.

But some one replies, what if a person is poor in this world's goods, what has he got that will begin to do what is suggested. Our answer is that all such cases are most happily covered in the history of the woman whom Christ saw throw two mites of copper in the treasury. They were worth about a farthing or so of English money, but it was all she had on earth. The Saviour declared she had given all she owned. Hence the gift of the woman outranked that of others made that day; for they, said Christ, cast in of their abundance, but she threw in everything that she possessed.

What a wonderful investment that lonely poverty stricken worshiper made that day. What an overwhelming interest it has paid into the kingdom of Christ on earth. How innumerable have been similar investments which this act has brought forth. What coupons of grace, and dividends of blessing have been attached to or flowed from the little deposit of that morning. What royal estates and possessions of happiness, blessedness and glory have already rolled upon, and will continue to come upon that woman in heaven for the gift she made to God in the deepest poverty, giving all she had, and dreaming not that anyone beheld or knew of the act. As for her crown -- when we see it, men will think that the output of an hundred rich mines was somehow wrought in it. As for the golden pavement in front of her door, it will be a thousand feet deep, run up and down the street a mile or so, sheathe her side alley and back yard, and have blocks enough piled up in her warehouse to contribute handsome fronts to the mansions of a whole denomination of rich and stingy Christians who used to give a mere trifle out of their abundance, and called it in their consummate meanness and profound ignorance, "The Widow's Mite." It is perfectly amazing to see how many who claim to give the contribution of the poor widow, overlook the fact that she gave her ALL to God.

A second piece of earthly property we can lay up in heaven is our prayers.

We are told that they are bottled, up there. Here is not only a transfer of value, but an unmistakable teaching of a gathered and preserved influence in heaven, which God uses in and for his Kingdom's victory and advancement on earth. Not only is the petitioner made better by the supplications he offers for others, but in some way the vessels in which they are preserved are uncorked, and the prayer heard and kept in the skies is turned back again on the world and accomplishes wonders of grace through the blessing of the Almighty to whom they were addressed.

A third piece of property in heaven is our good works.

By a strange kind of transmutation, or by a transference of values not the less remarkable, the words and deeds spoken and lived for Christ and humanity are found again in the Kingdom of Glory awaiting us in diversified forms of incalculable spiritual wealth.

Christ speaks of a cup of cold water given in his name on earth, meeting us in the city of God in the changed form of a blessed reward. Labor in his service shall be re-beheld in the shining of the resurrected body, and souls saved shall be numbered like glittering stars in a crown. Suffering for Christ's sake shall be recompensed with a throne, and differing degrees of faithfulness to him shall be recognized by diverse and graded degrees of glory as one star is seen to surpass another in the heavens.

Very strict and faithful account is kept in the upper world of the good works, and the various classes of such labors rendered by the godly in the name of the Lord Jesus. He numbers them off at the Day of Judgment, saying, "You fed me," "You gave me drink," "You clothed me," "You entertained me as a stranger," "You visited me when I was sick," "And I was in prison and you came unto me."

Nothing that we are doing for him is unobserved or overlooked, and not a single deed shall be unrewarded in the skies. Hence the more we accomplish for him the better for mankind, and the better for our own souls even in time. But in addition it is equally true that the more we abound in the work of the Lord the greater treasure we are laying up in heaven, and the vaster the spiritual fortune that will be there to astonish and delight us on our arrival.

It is said of a certain queen in Europe that she gave two exceedingly valuable pearls to be sold in order to found an institution of mercy for poor and undone women. That once sitting by the side of one of the dying inmates, the sufferer gasped out with her last breath, "But for your goodness and kindness I would not have had this bed on which to die, nor heard of my Saviour," bent forward, kissed the hand of the queen, left two great tears glistening upon it, and fell upon the pillow dead. It is said of the queen that looking at the tears shining on the back of her hand, and then gazing upward, she said softly and reverently,

"My Saviour, thou hast already sent back to me my two pearls and they are so much more beautiful than those I gave to Thee."

It was a beautiful thought and a true one as well. But this, according to the Bible, is not all of the reward. The big pay day is to come. The cashing of the letter of credit is yet to take place. The full fortune is to be turned over to us in the New Jerusalem.

It is true that even in this life, according to the Bible, God pays his children back in the very lines they gave to him -- but it is careful always to state that a crown is laid up against "that day"; and that in the world to come we will have exceeding and abundant weights of glory, as well as life everlasting.

A BOX OF TREASURE

By Beverly Carradine

Chapter 22 DISAPPOINTMENT

It would be difficult to define the word disappointment in a way to meet the approval of the heart. After all the head agreed to as to correctness of definition, the literal rendering of the word, yet no term nor sentence of explanation could bring out the pangs felt by the inner nature when the suffering indicated by the expression took place.

We regard it as constituting a necessary experience even though its pangs are bitter in the extreme, and continue long years in their melancholy abiding. It is as important to be undeceived about persons and things, about conditions and circumstances, as to be taught in even more positive ways in other lines. The bright, eager anticipation of young people, contrasted with the thoughtful, sober, sad, unexpectant look of these who are older and have become wiser, is one of the features of human life that is certain to strike the beholder.

Artists tell us that lines intended to represent mirth and gladness are made with upward strokes. In sorrow the marks are reversed and are drawn downward. To observe these strange revealing symbols, these drooping facial signs that constitute some of the letters of a great heart and life language is a study for the curious and a most pathetic occupation for the lover and well wisher of his race.

We are placed here in this world to learn. Knowledge of every kind is certain to come where we are both peculiarly situated and most faithfully presided over. Some lessons we could doubtless get along very well without. Some teaching is essential. A good deal of our information came through processes that were simply heartbreaking, though afterwards it was heartmaking, if the idea involved in the term will be considered.

Strange to say that nearly all learning is attended with pain. There are lessons that in their mastery we felt soul and body would part. The obtainment of still other knowledge left us stricken, stunned, and all but hopeless as we saw the sun go down at midday with no prospect apparently of ever rising again.

But the ivy grew over the life ruin. There came strange, sweet resurrections from the tomb we had built. And another Sun rose upon us bringing healing in his wings, and under whose gentle, penetrating, revealing light we learned more precious, heart comforting, life delivering and character-exalting truths than could ever be acquired under the natural sun, or all the illuminations of candle, lamp, arc light and burner falling on manuscript and book, and streaming over desk, platform and pulpit itself.

Bereavement, loss and disappointment under the blessing of God prove to be three of our greatest earthly teachers; and the greatest of these three is Disappointment. Indeed, it is evident that the two first named are but different forms of the last. So all hail to Disappointment.

There is a disappointment which comes to us in early life, relative to things that surrounded us, and that seemed what really they were not. A quicksand appears to be as firm and solid looking as any other body of sand, but it is not. It is necessary to discover this for the sake of our own preservation.

Then we found that the most gorgeous flowers did not possess the sweetest odors; while some humble looking plants fairly loaded the atmosphere with their fragrance. Then what a surprise, not to say mental shock, we experienced as children when, after gazing with admiration at the brilliant plumage of the peacock, we a little later heard his voice. All these happenings were preparations for, as well as illustrations of, deeper discoveries yet to be made.

Second, there was a disappointment in what outwardly seemed to be caskets full of treasure, fairy bowers of enjoyment, and El Dorados of happiness. There was the first outing, the first ball, and all the other new untried experiences of the social life. But at the close of the long day; at the end of the night with its giddy whirl, hot air and empty nothings; how differently the disordered room and faded arbor looked! There was another set of experiences set up in the mind, and some opinions formed very different from what had been entertained beforehand.

There had been some pleasure -- but, alas! how much pain. Darkness was falling on some places that once seemed light; and light was streaming where formerly there had been great darkness. We found out that all is not gold that glitters; that some things, like Christmas trees, cannot bear fruit, although confections may be tied on to the branches for a brief while.

All these discoveries were hints and prophecies of what lay up for the life explorer and traveler in the far away misty years of the future; and so much alike was the disenchantment that we could use the first party picnic, dance, and theater, with its flimsy scenery and painted people, as exact illustrations.

Third, there is a disappointment created through the false promises of the great adversary.

Life is not what he whispered it would be in his service. Sin is not the satisfying experience he insisted it was. He was careful to say nothing about the worm buried in the lovely, luscious fruit. He made no reference to the thorn which grew under the rose. And was studious to hide the serpent coiled up under the shadow of a honeysuckle arbor.

So through his falsehoods we ran after the rainbow, but did not find the bag of gold at either end. We took Will o' the Wisp to be Stars of Bethlehem. And firmly believed for years we could sow wild oats and reap wheat; could plant brambles and then gather from them in after life, handfuls of roses and baskets of pomegranates.

Certainly it is well to be taught right on these lines, and here is where we can behold Disappointment doing us a world of good.

A fourth disappointment is realized in ourselves.

We do not know what right we had in starting life, to indulge in such day dreams as we all cherished. Pinnacles of fame were ascended; in our conceit we were smarter than anybody; outshone everybody; and in imagination got elected to the highest offices in church and State, and had everybody bowing and bending to us because of our fancied gifts, superior wisdom and superlative excellency is everything.

Time is a marvellous revealer, ideal breaker and general convincer. We did not get elected, not even to the office of a constable. No one dreamed of making us a bishop or putting us at the head of the nation. By some remarkable oversight, as we once thought, our presence was not desired, our counsel asked, our influence solicited in times and at places we felt assured we were the only person who could deliver the community, church or country.

Well! It is about over with most of us now; and we are content to be plain, ordinarily gifted people; to be a glow worm by the side of a country fence, a tin lantern in a barn, instead of a Bartholdi Statue towering in a world's harbor and flashing electric light far out to sea.

The relief is great to ourselves, and exceedingly so to the people around us. We reread the parable of the frog and the ox and begin to take warning in time. Better still, we fix our eyes afresh on that lowly seat Jesus spoke about and learn the secret of happiness in the same place where Mary was taught, and hear the same voice saying to us that the good gift which we have chosen shall never be taken away from us.

Then there is a disappointment in our character as well as in our fancied abilities. We have not been as courageous at times as we should; nor as sweet under provocation; nor as silent under injury and wrong. Sometimes it would have been better, had we spoken out for the truth, and then there were seasons when we should have been still and left the vindication of ourselves and the truth with God. Christ did both, and never erred. Somehow we got things mixed.

So we handled flashing swords and were quite free in the amputation of ears we never made. It kept the Saviour busy, especially in our earlier religious life, in healing people we had wounded in our efforts to instruct and save.

As the sun draws near the western horizon of life; and the White Judgment Throne gets near, we find the boast going out of us as we review our past labors and battles, while the Blood of Jesus Christ becomes our sovereign comfort, heart stay, lip plea and life victory. So it is that our disappointment in self leads us to higher views of Christ, and better lives for ourselves. Therefore we thank God, take fresh courage, and push on to the skies.

A fifth disappointment is in people whom we loved, trusted and leaned upon. It is clear that it takes these very affections and devotions to create the pang now alluded to. For where we have not loved nor trusted there can hardly be a falling away from us, nor the suffering experienced through having been forsaken and betrayed.

We question whether there is a keener agony in our earthly life than this. The Saviour felt it and left the expression of this sorrow in language never to be forgotten. David suffered in this sad part

of human history. It was his familiar friend, Ahithophel, who lifted up his voice, hand and heel against him. He said he could have endured the wrong and injury itself better, but for the fact that a friend had done it.

The coldness of an oldtime friend hurts peculiarly. The stab of Pompey's dagger goes deeper than the sword of strangers and avowed enemies. The betrayal of a trust; the violation of a promise; the disregard of an obligation; the leaving our side in time of toil, sickness and trouble to join the ranks of our enemies against us, makes epochal days with us; so that we feel that we do not strain the truth when we call them our Gethsemanes, Gabbathas and Golgothas.

Some people sour and go down under these fearful trials. But there are others who, after the life wound, look up with streaming eyes and blood dripping heart to Him on the cross who trod the same lonely, bitter way, and take a new and better hold on life, because of a sweeter and truer conception and realization of existence.

Well indeed, has this Disappointment served us, if in the trouble it brings, it at last finds us closer to Christ, and fastens our gaze on Him rather than people, even though these people are our own friends.

We say in conclusion that there is one disappointment which never comes to us. That is, we are never mistreated or ill treated by the Saviour. "He will not forsake thee though all else should flee." He will never break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax. He will not give us over to the will of our enemies, much less join their ranks against us. He will not fail us He has never deceived us and never will. He has never broken a single promise made to us, and never will. In all the history of Time he has never turned a soul away that came unto him.

"March on, then, right boldly;
The sea shall divide.
And this be the token
No word he hath spoken
Was ever yet broken,
"The Lord will provide."

A BOX OF TREASURE

By Beverly Carradine

Chapter 23 **DIFFERENCE IN HEARING**

We read that on a certain day in the life of Christ on earth, God the Father spoke from the heavens to Him, saying, "This is my beloved Son; hear ye Him."

This voice brought the remarkable fact to light that there were four kinds of ears, as some would say, or classes of hearers, as others would express it, in this crowd over which the sentence from Heaven sounded.

One class, truly speaking, were no hearers at all. They were so deeply engaged in attending to earthly things, or were in such a soul deadened condition, that not a single word spoken by the Almighty just over their heads was recognized by them. God had made these same hearing faculties, but sin and disobedience and fleshly mindedness had closed up the receptive organs of sound, and on the principle that the eyes of fish in the Mammoth Cave went out in the darkness; so the ears of moral beings from long inattention to the voice of God, ceased to hear at all, and while others heard and were blessed by messages from the skies, they were conscious of nothing themselves. The great sky arched above them, full of peopled worlds, rippling with wings of angels, and glorious with the omnipresence of God, had become to them only a great, empty, silent concavity, a vast depth containing nothing but space.

A second class of hearers that day, thought when the Father spoke, "that it thundered."

Viewed in the light of the first class, this body of people, in the judgment of some, would be pronounced better off spiritually than the others. They heard something, while the former set remarked nothing.

This may be so, but when we stop to consider the moral perversion and blundering spiritual judgment, betrayed in mistaking a blessed utterance of God, for a crash or boom of thunder, we fail to see where the character superiority comes in.

Infidelity that has made the sayings and commands of the Father in the Old Testament to be pronunciations of folly and cruelty, belong to the second division of the assembly of which we are writing. When men like Hume and Ingersoll attack the divine benevolence and wisdom in Leviticus and Deuteronomy, they make the loving voice of God to be thunder in its harsh, pitiless, terrifying power.

This class is further seen in those who attend great and genuine revival meetings, where the Word is preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven, where conviction is deep, conversions bright and blood red, and sanctifications thorough and snow white. But all in vain the work of God goes on before such people. Even as at Pentecost this second division mocked and likened the work of the Spirit in the disciples to a drunken debauch; so to this day there are people in our religious

gatherings in church and on camp grounds who pronounce the supernatural scenes before them to be excitement, fanaticism, and some bordering on the sin against the Holy Ghost even call it the work of the devil.

God is speaking from the pulpit, and about the altar, but they see only the physical side, hear only the natural, which is necessarily in this world connected with the spiritual, and go away criticizing and condemning what they termed frenzy and lack of self control. God spoke, and they said, "it thundered."

A third class said of the voice that fell through the air, that an angel spoke to Christ.

This division represents that part of religious and spiritual humanity that see, hear and attain to only a part of the truth and experience of Redemption. They sweep ahead of the first two bodies we have mentioned, but do not go far enough.

Many are content with morality. Others camp permanently in the realm of benevolence and humanitarianism. Still others stop at justification, and others still realize that there is a second work of grace, yet never receive the blessing and the witness of the Holy Ghost to it in their souls.

According to the Bible, as well as the evident lack of power in their lives, these individuals have halted too soon. They have come short of some fullness of knowledge, some satisfying experience, some great culminating grace, that is not only bound to be felt by themselves in their own hearts, but is patent to the spiritual, thoughtful observer who considers them.

As in the case of the blind man under a first touch of the Saviour's hand, they see, but not clearly and perfectly. And as in Jacob's all night prayer wrestle, according to Micah the mysterious struggler seemed to be an angel but holding on, at daybreak the celestial visitant was revealed to be the Lord; so there are some in the spiritual life who never seem to get through into perfect light; never pray through to a day break sunrise revelation of God in their souls, and to walk the road of life thereafter, settled, assured, triumphant, princes in the judgment of Heaven and having power with God and man.

A fourth class of people on this wonderful morning in the Temple, heard correctly. They knew who was speaking, what was said, and to whom the words came.

They heard God's voice, and in that fact proved themselves to be of that saved number of whom the Saviour said, they hear His voice and know it.

They become at once a typical class of all these who have had a fullness of waiting before God, and received the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ. They stayed with the Saviour until He gave them the second touch, and now "see perfectly." They did not tarry by pools, troubled once a year by an angel's wing, but sought Him who made all the pools, and created all the angels, and He made them whole. They went to the Upper Room and tarried until the fire fell. They pray past the angel stage of Jacob's prayer, and get through to the day break God Almighty revelation, when the Lord speaks to him in the deep sense of the word face to face.

Here is born a class that momentarily hear from headquarters. They walk and talk with God. Angel voices are good, but communion with the Almighty is far better. Why go down the stream for water when they have the Fountain Head? Why be sidetracked on a gift of the Spirit when they have the Spirit himself in His fullness? Why be disturbed and confused about what men say, when they not only have heard but continue every moment to hear in the sweetest, clearest, most heart satisfying and life strengthening way from God Himself?

That all of the Lord's people do not know Him thus, does not spring from divine partiality, but from the failure of a number of His followers to observe the conditions for the obtainment of so great a grace.

Just as in hearkening with the physical ear, there is a bent position of the body, the hand raised to the ear, and a fixed undeviating attention; so to hear satisfactorily from the Lord the body must be bowed, the hand of prayer raised and the whole soul fixed in the profoundest listening attitude, to hear what the Lord God will speak.

It costs something to send a telegram a few hundred miles, but the price is far greater to get a cablegram across the sea to another country. In like manner, is one will compute the distance from this world, across the seas of blue space, islanded with stars, to the capital of the Universe, it will be seen that the full charge on the Heaven-gram has not been paid. It takes all we are and have and ever shall be and possess, to get our dispatch through, hear from God, and receive full returns.

There is also everything in "turning aside" and getting in character position to receive messages from Heaven.

Moses was a very busy man, had numerous flocks and herds dependent on him for food and protection; but yearning to know more of, and to hear from God, he "turned aside" from his labors and everything, and saw and talked with Jehovah. After seeing the King of Heaven, he was well able to confront the monarchs of earth.

Daniel had the care and affairs of a kingdom upon him, but he took time to leave everything, and by the side of the river Hiddekel, for six weeks, waited on God. We need not tell the reader how, at the end of that time, wireless messages dated in Heaven came upon him so thick and fast that he sank overpowered on his hands and knees; such was the weight and glory of tidings that covered all time, and reached to the end of the world.

Elijah, in the effort to get away from human presence, went first three days' journey into the desert, then a still longer trip into the wilderness, and afterward with mantle wrapped about his head, listened, and heard the "still small voice."

If people would study the spiritual significance of these things; would turn away from the vain janglings of men, observe the conditions and pay the price of a full, perfect communion with God, then no longer would be seen and heard the strife and divisions in the courts of the Temple when God speaks. But unity would be beheld and harmony would prevail. The Lord's sheep would hear

His voice and recognize it. And all would know Him from the least to the greatest among His own. The world would be convinced, souls saved by the multitude, and God would be glorified.

A BOX OF TREASURE

By Beverly Carradine

Chapter 24 LESSONS FROM CRUCIFIXION

When Paul said that he was crucified with Christ, he evidently referred to a religious experience very different from, and profounder as a work of grace than regeneration. That he was speaking of the second and subsequent work is evident from the figure he uses, and that which it stands for.

In the first place it is well to recollect that the Word of God calls regeneration a birth. If it is a spiritual birth as Christ distinctly affirms it to be, then it cannot be a crucifixion for several reasons.

One is the striking difference in the two figures. We could never understand spiritual things if God likened what is called our conversion, to such widely dissimilar and hopelessly irreconcilable occurrences as a birth and a death. A cradle and a cross are very different objects indeed to look upon; and the sensations born of the two are about as wide apart as it is possible to conceive. Moreover, we do not remember ever to have seen a man get in a cradle, nor has any one on earth ever beheld a baby nailed to a cross. The cradle is too small for the man. The cross is too large for the child.

A second reason for seeing the distinctive teaching of the figure, is, that a human being has to be born before he can be crucified. The Spirit calculated on our using the minds God gave us, and that we would remember that birth precedes death, and so, when he was speaking of regeneration or the new life, he was referring to one thing, and when he was dwelling upon crucifixion, that most fearful of deaths, that he was teaching another and very different thing. Evidently the Spirit was presenting two very dissimilar spiritual facts and occurrences, when he made John say, "To them gave he power to become the sons of God, which were born," etc., etc., and later inspires Paul to write, "I am crucified with Christ."

A third fact confirming the thought advanced in this chapter is seen in the peculiar suffering spoken of in the verse when the Apostle says he is crucified.

The hasty reader sees the reference to pain, recalls certain moments of anguish and grief that he experienced in seeking pardon or salvation, and hastily concludes that it is another allusion to or description of regeneration and goes on his way. But let this be settled forever by the facts that regeneration or the New Birth are attended with birth throes, but the suffering Paul mentions in Galatians, second chapter and twentieth verse, are death agonies. There is a vast difference between birth pains and death pangs. The very character of the suffering is different. Then in one, a life is coming in, and in the other a life is going out of the world. Still again, with the birth of the child the suffering is mainly with the mother. And in harmony with this fact, the Bible declares that when Zion travails, sons and daughters will be born unto God.

When it comes to death, the dying man has all the pain to himself. Crucifixion puts its every pang undivided on the crucified. Some who are invincibly opposed to a second instantaneous work of

grace making the heart pure and holy, have endeavored to find proof of the growth theory, or a gradual work, in the fact that crucifixion itself is not a sudden, but a slow mode of death.

Our first reply to this is that if they insist on this feature of the death of the cross, then we insist on their adhering to the figure throughout, and not be longer than six hours, or three days dying on the cross, or obtaining the blessing of holiness.

Our second answer is that crucifixion in the sense of being nailed on the wood is one thing, and crucified in the sense of hanging dead on the ghastly tree is another. One has reference to a process, the other to the end. One is beheld in the present tense, the other in the past. The process was over with Paul, and he says, "I am crucified."

Mr. Wesley said that sanctification was a gradual and an instantaneous work. He did not mean to say that some obtained the grace by growth, over against another class who received it in a moment. Indeed, he said he never knew one to obtain the blessing by the first method. He simply taught that man's part in the matter was a gradual approach, but the work itself, the divine part was instantaneous.

So, just as in crucifixion, there is a dying, and then a death; the limp, unconscious form hanging on the cross declaring that the work is over and done; so in sanctification we behold on the man's side a painful progress, coming to and ending at last in a moment where God meets the perfectly devoted and consecrated soul, the fire falls, the pangs end, the old man hangs dead, and the blessed and blissful Christian can cry, "I am crucified"

Just as we behold the victim nailed to the cross writhing and twisting in agony for hours, and then suddenly cease from all motion and suffering, having entered upon the rest of death; so we can see, and do see around us today in our meetings, Christians passing through anguish analogous to that of crucifixion, and then suddenly at the altar or elsewhere find an instantaneous relief and deliverance, as sweet as it was sudden, and as abiding as it is profound. groans cease, tears are wiped away, the cramped, kneeling posture is given up, while with a leap of joy they are on their feet with shining face and lips overflowing with happy laughter or shouts of joy. The long, weary struggle is over, and they have entered into the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

These things being so, how perfectly unphilosophical, unnatural and unscriptural it is to hear preachers and teachers declaring to sanctified people that there are other deaths and "deeper deaths" awaiting them. He who proclaims so unreasonable and absurd a doctrine can never have known the crucifixion that Paul speaks of in Galatians, or the death of the old man that so many of God's people feel to have taken place in their own individual case at the end of a perfect consecration, and implicit faith in the Blood of Christ to cleanse from all sin.

We suspect that such teachers never knew the death of the cross. They were hung up on gum elastic bands and not on nails. They were tied to the beams with ribbons and not transfixed with spikes. They had soothing touches on the head and not thorns driven in the brow. They had sparkling water given at every sigh, and not vinegar and then gall in the midst of bitter cries. The cross was

not upright with them, but slanted so as to keep the weight of the whole man off from the suffering members. In fact, the cross must have been a lounge. And the old man did not die, but had a fit.

This being so, of course such people must teach a deeper death, for they still feel something tremendously alive in them.

But how they discount the blessing of sanctification in doing this. How in addition to that, do they take the old-time attractiveness from it as the perfect rest, the peace that passeth understanding, the joy unutterable and full of glory, the sweet perfection to which we were urged to come as the culminating as well as the ultimate grace of the child of God in this life. With such a pure heart filled with perfect love we were told we were in condition to see God. We had the white garment for the wedding, we even rested on the word that "it is appointed unto men once to die," and that in the destruction of inbred sin, the sting of death itself was gone, and our own personal demise would rather be a happy departure than a painful dissolution. When lo! these teachers tell us that sanctification is a series of deaths; that there are "deeper deaths" all along the Christian journey until the last breath is drawn, and the gates of the tomb receive us.

Such a view makes the holiness evangelist the most remarkable of all undertakers, as he is engaged in repeated burials of the same man. It makes sanctification the most unattractive and undesirable of experiences, as it introduces us to undying death agonies, and deaths that cannot be counted, and each one "deeper" than its predecessor.

It is true that Paul said, "I die daily;" but a mere glance at the chapter in which the words occur, show that he was making no reference whatever to sin. He was speaking of a martyrdom that might happen to him any day. He taught that the sin nature could and should die once for all, while he Paul through the power of such men as Herod, Felix, Festus and Caesar might die any day.

The same Paul also wrote that he kept his body under and brought it into subjection. But he did not say that he kept the body of sin in subjection. There is a vast difference between a human body that God made, and "the body of sin" that the devil manufactured. The former is to be kept under; the latter is to be destroyed. The apostle is perfectly clear in his presentation of these two utterly distinct facts.

So all these thoughts strengthen the conclusion that there cannot be a "deeper death" in the spiritual life unless we go to hell.

After the blessing of entire sanctification, we may die daily in the sense of humiliations, mortifications, affronts, revilings, slanders and all kinds of private cuts and public shame, but the old man of sin dies once. Not by section and piecemeal, but all over. The real crucifixion is a marvelous quieter, settler and deadener. He who can say with Paul, "I am crucified," makes no announcement for future funerals of the old man.

A BOX OF TREASURE

By Beverly Carradine

Chapter 25

PREACHING THE GREAT INSTRUMENTALITY OF SALVATION

God has ordained preaching as the great potential instrumentality of recovering the world. The Bible declares that it has pleased God to save the world by the foolishness of preaching. It does not say foolish preaching, but the foolishness of preaching. That is, in the judgment and according to the wisdom of this planet God's plan of sending men to instruct, warn, rebuke, exhort and preach that the race may be saved and sanctified, looks like a silly, senseless undertaking and is a great loss of time, talent, labor and money.

No one in his senses would underrate the necessity, value and power of prayer, but we should none the less properly relate the means of grace to each other, and not contradict God who has exalted preaching to the first rank, and declares it is His chosen method, the Sword of His right hand for producing conviction, moving men, drawing them to the point of surrender and consecration, and so obtaining pardon and holiness.

Let the reader recall the revivals of the present and past and see if it was not the preaching which drew the crowd, cut down into hearts, illumined the mind, convinced the understanding, swept people to the altar and actually started the praying.

It is because of the high honor and responsible office God has given to preaching, that we so jealously notice every encroachment upon it, and cry out against every slur and indignity put upon it.

It is God's method of saving the world, and who could doubt for an instant what a tremendous revival, what a tide of salvation would sweep the entire nation and continent if right preaching could be poured forth from every pulpit in the land.

So well does the devil know of this power that his constant attack is on the pulpit in some way. The assaults are many and various, and this very persistency of evil movements against preacher and preaching is alone sufficient to impress most profoundly and anxiously every thoughtful mind.

One attack is to put men in the pulpit who were never called by the Holy Ghost to declare the Gospel.

No man should take this honor upon himself, Paul states, except he who is called to it as Aaron was to his ministry. All men then thus entering the sacred desk come not in by the door, but the Saviour says climbed in some other way, and He adds, are thieves and robbers. Such men existed in His day; abounded in Wesley's time; and still are to be met in great numbers in the Established Church of England. Not a few are in our own so-called evangelical churches. Vanderbilt University is putting a lot of such unconverted and uncalled men into the Southern Methodist ministry as the years roll by.

All such pulpit occupiers are interlopers, and Christ brands them thieves and robbers, God cannot bless them. Nor can they without the Holy Spirit preach truly and really and properly the book of books given us by the Holy Ghost.

So we see how the Word of God can be nullified and actually prevented by a band of hirelings as the Saviour called them, men who without the spirit and without His call to wield the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, certainly cannot do so.

And here again comes a trouble; that the world has been taught to regard their little sermonettes, essays, and brief literary talks as preaching. Who wonders at men's contempt for such ministrations when spiritual and supernatural results never appear?

A second attack on preaching is made by the adversary in the effort to get the preacher to sin and backslide so that he will not have the heart to deliver the whole Word, and have no fire, energy or unction to preach any part of it.

It is needless to say that nothing ever happens in the line of conviction and salvation in such congregations and churches. There are no doubt, earnest prayers going up from the pew, but the pulpit gun, the gospel cannon which God has selected and brought forth to win the battle is silent, and so the altar is empty, the audience listless and dead, and Hell scores another victory in shutting off the message which alone could win the day.

A third attack on preaching is seen in cutting God's true preacher down in the time that should be given him in public worship. Fully three-quarters of the hour that should be devoted to the Gospel message is relegated to or has been usurped by a befeathered, beribboned, bejeweled, bepowdered and begiggling choir who solo and duet, and triet and quaver and semi-quaver and demi-semi-quaver, and hemidemisemiquaver, and all that time worse than nothing has been presented to the eyes, ears and hearts of the people.

There are good men in the pastorate today who are thus shut off and out. Some protest in vain, some give up in despair. Both alike know that nothing can be done in a mere handbreadth of time, and above all, when the Holy Ghost plan has been ignored, and the Word of God discounted, belittled, set aside and regarded as a nuisance to be endured for a quarter of an hour, and never over thirty minutes.

A fourth attack on preaching is made by a deliberate, premeditated effort on the part of certain leaders (not preachers) and some singers to arouse a storm of enthusiasm, and create a wave of religious excitement and feeling which runs so high that handling the Word becomes impossible.

No one doubts a moment, the right of the Holy Ghost to come upon a meeting, change its course, stop the sermon or do anything else He sees fit to do. Though we must affirm that the Spirit is not likely, when He has right preaching and true preachers on hand, to set aside the very instrument He has chosen to bring conviction and salvation to the people. We certainly would not be surprised if He headed off some kind of so-called preaching, but hardly that which pleases Him and which He desires the people to hear.

Moreover, all grant that the Spirit has a right to fall on true messages and send such tides of glory over the congregation that God alone is heard, felt and thought about.

The objection urged is against the deliberate, whooped-up excitement which as all who are experienced in large religious gatherings well know can easily be done, and after all nothing be done. There are excitable natures to begin with, and emotional individuals, and also good people who are set like hairtriggers. All that is needed is a hymn like "Meet Me There" and "I Saw the Moonlight on My Mother's Grave," a few whoops, a jump or two, and the whole thing is off on natural, sympathetic and even fleshly lines, and once more the Word of God has been prevented from being delivered.

It is noticeable by the most spiritual and experienced of evangelists that when the "rapture" which was "worked up" and did not "fall suddenly from the skies," is over, and used up; that it leaves the meeting in a collapsed and worse condition. The sermon seems to fall flat, the audience appears to be switched off from the main line, and the workers are "wind blown." They cannot do much in the battle around the altar, as they exhausted themselves on a skirmish before the real conflict began. They are like the man who ran an hundred yards to jump a ditch, but when he reached it he was so tired that he could not jump at all and had to sit down and rest.

So deeply impressed are some evangelists with this mistake that they are careful to keep the opening of each meeting in their own hands, select hymns of solemn, convicting power, and so head off the hoop-la element, that would ignore preparatory conditions, would make the spiritual clock hit twelve when it is not yet nine o'clock, and actually get ahead of God. While there are singers who so deliberately try to work up this religious furor and evanescent gush that they have lost scores of good calls from these who love them personally, but deplore their method of discounting, setting aside and silencing the Word of God, which is God's chosen instrument to win the Gospel battle.

There are numerous other attacks made on the Word in the form of "The Tongue Movement ;" overdrawn Testimony Meetings in our camps; and other mistaken as well as deplorable things which virtually sheath the Sword of the Spirit in a scabbard and substitutes lectures, social gatherings and lollypop in general for the mighty truth of God which He said should be preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven.

We honor and observe every means of grace, but when we see God placing preaching (real, true preaching) at the head of the line, and hear Him declaring that it is His chosen and ordained instrument and agency of spreading truth and salvation over the world, we can but view with suspicion anything, person or movement which discounts, belittles, or would in any way set it aside.

Christ's preaching brought the disciples to the Upper Room to obtain the Baptism with the Holy Ghost. Peter's preaching, not his prayers, led three thousand souls to God on the morning of Pentecost. The disciples after Herod's persecution "went everywhere preaching the Gospel," and saw marvellous results. Luther's preaching moved Europe and sent a revival wave in every direction. Wesley's and Whitefield's preaching swept England and America with a tide of salvation. And Holiness preaching is securing victory for Christ and Full Salvation all over the land.

No wonder that Asbury said to his preachers, preach holiness in every sermon. No wonder that pastors and evangelists backslide who cease to declare and urge this great salvation of God. No wonder the fire of Heaven falls when its true follower wields the Sword of the Spirit and holds up an uttermost salvation to all through the Blood of the Son of God.

That the will of God might be done, and the human race redeemed, it would be well indeed if the harangue of unconverted men; and the sermonizing of Spirit-forsaken men; and lecturing; and the unintelligible bawling and squalling of worldly choirs; and whooped up enthusiasm; and every other sham and counterfeit, introduced by men and devils to take the place of Holy Ghost preaching, be done away with now and forever.

Christ has chosen the weapon, ordered the line of march, set the battle in array, and revealed the heavenly plan in the divine commission. We can hardly improve on it. "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." And, "Lo, I am with you alway even unto the end of the world."

A BOX OF TREASURE

By Beverly Carradine

Chapter 26 **THE AURICULAR CUSPIDOR**

We are taught in the Bible that the human body is the Temple of God, and that dedicated to Him it should be kept from all defilement; otherwise it would meet with the divine judgment and destruction.

In the teaching of consecration we are told to put every member on the altar. The idea being that any part not devoted to God would be the cause of the undoing and ruin of the complete man, soul and body.

Much history of individuals is given in Scripture to bring out this truth, that a single member of the physical man withheld from the rightful claim of the Lord, and misdirected in lines of selfishness and sin, will be certain to bring trouble, misfortune, calamity, and unless repented of, destruction to the man himself.

The hair of Absalom, the foot of Asahel, the tongue of Shimei, the eye of David, were prolific of misery and death to their owners. The argument made and conclusion drawn from these and many other instances in the Word of God, is that the whole man has to be given to God if that being would not be lost; that perfect consecration is the price and condition of spiritual safety on earth and entrance into heaven at last.

This we doubt not is the reason that Job said that he had made a covenant with his eye, while people today seeking holiness enumerate physical members as well as spiritual faculties and say I lay hands, feet, eyes, lips, tongue and all on the altar.

It is well known to any Bible student how much stress is laid in Holy Writ on the devotement of the tongue to God. How many warnings are given as to its wrong use, what fearful descriptions of its power to injure and destroy, while the solemn statement is made that it sets on fire, and is itself set on fire of hell.

In the fifteenth Psalm we are given a list of those who cannot enter heaven, and among them we find mentioned the person "who taketh up a reproach against his neighbor." He did not originate the accusation or slander, but simply repeated it, handed it around, and kept it going. He has not used his tongue to ask the vilified or maligned individual if the charge was true, but falling into the line of detraction with a decided relish, helped the libel and falsehood on its way.

Such a person with such a tongue, God says, cannot enter heaven.

Because of these grave perversions of the lips, preachers have much to say in the pulpit against unruly speech. And yet there is another organ of the body located very close to the tongue, called the

ear, and whose misuse leads to the most direful spiritual calamities, about which we hear little or nothing in the way of warning, rebuke and proper instruction.

Christ recognizes the marvellous power for evil of this member in the words "Take heed what ye hear" and "Take heed how ye hear."

From what we can read in the Bible and see in life, it is as essential to guard the ear as the eye, to lay the former on the altar as the latter.

One thing is certain, and that is if we do not listen to a reproach against a neighbor, we certainly would have nothing to repeat with the tongue. So the ear seems to get the tongue into the very trouble mentioned in the fifteenth psalm.

There seems to be two injunctions that might well cover most of our cases.

One is to take heed how we hear.

We owe it to God, to man and our own souls to listen properly and in the right spirit to what is said to us.

No one can estimate the amount of trouble and misery that has come upon human beings through faulty attention and a consequent incorrect report of what was declared to have been said. Who can number the preachers whose sermons have thus been twisted out of all shape. While statements made in the social and family life were so distorted through some failure to grasp the whole utterance as to bring about lifetime separation and even death itself.

Another injunction is to take heed what we hear.

It is the ignoring of this most wise commandment that prostitutes this exalted member of the body and lowers it to an environment of degradation and to realms of infamy. In turn it revenges itself on the soul, by dragging the spirit down to breathe the same foul atmosphere, walk by the identical cesspools, and sink finally in the mud-wallows of iniquity.

It is wonderful the effect produced upon the heart within, by what we listen to on the outside. Infidelity leaves its dark doubts, impurity its stains, and error and untruth precipitates a deposit which results in damaged faith, warped character, and a wrong life.

Where is the victim who can escape blame for this inward injury, when it was so evidently in his power to refuse to hear, and to move entirely away from the blighting utterances of such a speaker?

The well formed ear is a beautiful organ, and to behold such a handsome and remarkable member not only misused as mentioned, but abused, dishonored, degraded, and actually made to serve the purpose of spitting out a thought and fact almost too horrible and sickening for words.

A spittoon is a receptacle for the expectoration of mouths. Saliva stained and discolored with snuff and tobacco and scented with alcohol is ejected copiously into the wood, iron or stone jar. Moreover not only anything can be shot into it, but anybody can use it. Its condition soon becomes too disgusting for verbal expression.

Now to think that the human ear, which can be and should be devoted to the hearing of that which exalts, uplifts, purifies and saves, is beheld a receptacle for the profanity, obscenity, hatred, malice, slander and lying going on all around, and its owner willing thus to prostitute and degrade the God-given faculty and instrument is as horrible and disgusting a fact in the character realm, as the full spittoon is a nauseous and detestable object of vision in the material world.

Such a degenerate ear not only secures all scandal, slander and filth that is being expectorated by human mouths, but it allows every malicious spitter to have that organ as a cuspidor.

Of course we do not mean that we cannot listen to grave, distressing charges against people who have erred and are guilty. This would be the height of folly and would put judge, jury and newspaper reporters out of work. This also would consign the church itself to a state of ignorance, and place as well as infliction upon it of wrong and sinful conduct that should not be thought of a single moment. Its integrity and purity alike demand a proper hearkening to and disposal of matters pertaining to its spiritual welfare as well as right standing before the outside world.

The evil we are writing against is the debasing of a noble organ to the level, as well as purpose, of a spittoon. The open, ready, listening to every declaration, sling, fling, innuendo, as well as deliberate slander of people, whether they be of the church or even of the world.

We once had a holiness man to tell us that he took a certain abusive and scurrilous paper to see what was being said about the various brethren. We could but marvel as he spoke as to where the difference came in between the mud-flinging editors of that journal and the individual before us who with eager eyes read all its insinuations and accusations. As he evidently enjoyed what they relished; and devoured what they had previously masticated, we felt that they were not only of the same tribe, but he was on still a lower plane than the parties he was reading after.

In like manner we fail to see any difference between the backbiter and the individual who listens with enjoyment to the backbiting. The one who takes up a reproach against his neighbor, and the person who by sympathetic appreciative listening really endorses the tale bearer, and so puts himself on the same plane and in the same rank with a character whom God declares cannot enter His tabernacle or dwell in His holy hill.

The lips of the tobacco spitter and flaring mouth of a spittoon bear a remarkable likeness to each other in smell, stain, color and repulsive appearance. And so between the ready circulator of scandal, and the quick interested listener to slander there is a similarity in certain moral features, an unmistakable family likeness as to character that we do not doubt an instant, that the same doom God pronounces on one He utters against the other; and the celestial gate which is shut to the former is as certainly closed upon the latter.

We all observe how quickly a man dodges, swerves and even runs to save his clothes and body from bilge and slop thrown out of a window above or near him. How much more quickly should he avoid the flinging or pouring forth from malicious, falsifying mouths of a froth spawn and venom which God tells us has had its inspiration and source from the depths of the Bottomless Abyss.

The question is, how can one with proper regard for others, and real respect for himself, not only lend his ear to every scandal spitter in the land who approaches him, but consents to hold the auricle spittoon himself, while the tattler and slanderer expectorates.

If it was possible to take flashlight charactergraphs, the invention would reveal many a circle and group on the street and in the hotel office, where most of the human figures would be seen sporting huge cuspidors on the sides of their heads instead of ears, while others ejected muddy, discolored streams of language from their mouths towards the six foot receptacles before them and so expertly was the thing done on both sides that not a single drop fell on the ground.

We wonder if the person who is likely to be offended at this figure, may not have done repeatedly what we are writing about, and furnished just such receivers for gossip, slander and misrepresentation as we have described.

Truly it would be well for the world and better for us all if the ear could be exalted from the spittoon relation and changed into a great receiver and recorder of noble utterances, lofty sentiment, and splendid achievements, gleaned from every realm; of ennobling knowledge, and good spoken of man and God rather than evil of our brother fellow traveler to eternity, or falsehood of Him who made us, redeemed us and overflowed our hearts and lives with every good and perfect gift from both the material and spiritual world.

With such a capital of mind and heart wealth, a man could never be poor in the true sense of the word, but would make others rich; need never be unhappy or unemployed, but become a blessing to every one and at all times.

There would be no exclusion from the Holy Hill of a character like this: but all such redeemed beings would constitute the nobility of Heaven; be celestial princes; God's sons and daughters; and look marvellously like Him on the Throne who while on earth did good to the children of men, and who lifted countless thousands from the mire and pit into which they had fallen, and never pulled a single one down.

A BOX OF TREASURE

By Beverly Carradine

Chapter 27 MOULTING AND SHEDDING

I notice that birds have a way of moulting their plumage without outside assistance. Birds know that when men begin to pull their feathers out, the next thing on the program is that they will be roasted. Men are beginning to discover in these days what the birds all along knew, that pulling and roasting come very close together.

I observe also that the trees shed their leaves of their own accord. It would be too big an undertaking for men to go around with baskets and ladders and try to strip the forests. Nature has its season when, with the stoppage of the flow of sap, and the blowing of autumn winds the leaves come whirling down in a golden shower. And it was done so gently, quietly, thoroughly and satisfactorily!

In like manner we have to shed things. We started the spiritual life by leaving off our actual sins. Later we got rid of the Old Man. Since then we cannot number the wrong ideas, unwise methods, foolish notions, hasty conclusions and improper ways of approaching and dealing with men we have dropped. No bird ever moulted like we have done. No tree has ever outstripped us in the shedding business.

All that most honest people want is a season of light and grace, and behold the sap which nourished error and mistake ceases to flow, and while a gentle wind from heaven stirs the soul, the blunders, ignorance, prejudices, false ideas, follies, nonsense and tomfooleries of other years go whirling like yellow leaves to the ground.

One thing we shed as a young preacher was a rattan. No one told us not to carry it, but some kind of sap quit flowing as we got nearer to God, and the little walking cane shed itself.

After that we moulted a beaver hat. No one mentioned the remarkable harmony existing in the juxtaposition of two equally hollow spheres, and no one knocked the remarkable headpiece away from the self-satisfied countenance which it surmounted. This would have been to have secured a longer stay. Instead of that a season of grace came, and in that autumn of sober reflection with recollections of the poverty and lowliness of the Saviour, a wind blowing softly from the skies lifted the hat, and it fluttered out of sight and mind as the leaves of other years have departed and are forgotten.

Then came the shedding of witty speeches perpetrated while leading a testimony meeting

The happy repartee, the quick turn of thought upon another person, which brought a laugh from the audience, looked well, scored an intellectual victory, and was undertaken with a kind and loving heart; but the sight of mortified servants of God, old followers of the Cross almost snubbed into silence, and gray-haired and simple-hearted people wounded to the quick at the amusement brought upon them--this sight was soon adequate and amply sufficient to put an end to the practice forever.

Once in a meeting a brother stood up and quoted for his testimony, "The cleansing stream, I see, I see!" and sat down. We replied, "There is something better than seeing the stream of cleansing, and that is being in it!" The pained look of the brother went to our heart, as we fear our words had gone to his. Anyhow, we did some more "shedding" that day, and determined to be more careful and tender from that hour forward.

We question much whether young people should be put forward to lead the testimony service of a campmeeting; especially if they aspire to shine instead of lead, and crave to be witty and even funny at the expense of gray-haired men and women of God who were in the service of Heaven before the joking, jesting, amusing, brilliant, talkative leader was born into the world.

It takes religion, sense, tact, and a kind, loving, considerate heart to make a good leader of a testimony meeting. So when we see pertness taking the place of piety, and humor usurping the station of love, we feel like praying:

"Lord, let the seasons of grace roll on; stop the sap; befrost the leaf; and send a wind from heaven to strip from us all wrong foliage and clothe us instead with leaves that are full of healing and load us down with the fruits of the Spirit for which men are hungry and starving all over the land."

We know of three different cases, where one preacher thinking that another was making grave lifetime mistakes, wrote a warm letter of warning; but as it proved the communication was much warmer than the writer intended. It blistered and burned! Then came in reply an outcry of pain and of protest from the victim, whereupon two of the parties went into the moulting business. This time it was the gridiron epistle that was dropped. We mean by the gridiron epistle, a letter which is written in such a spirit and style that its hard, unbending lines and high temperature most forcibly remind one of that implement of the kitchen on which the process of broiling takes place.

Time would fail to tell of what, and how much is quietly dropped, or vigorously flung off in the course of years from the boughs and branches of a healthy Christian life. They are not sins, but are unwise sayings and doings, wrong conceptions of doctrine, false ideas of duty, mannerisms, improprieties, eccentricities, extravagances--in a word, things that, like fungus growth, need to be cut off, or, like the frosted leaf, ought to be shed quickly and blown utterly away.

Happy for the frost which falls with killing power on certain fruits and leaves that we have beheld hanging on to certain lives. And truly that strong, autumnal gale from Heaven cannot blow too soon which shall strip from us and bear away the needles, the superfluous, the unsightly, the burdensome and the hurtful, and leave us open for a foliage and fruitage which shall be honored of God, and blessed to the present and everlasting good of men.

A BOX OF TREASURE

By Beverly Carradine

Chapter 28 THE EFFECT OF DISTANCE

It is well known that remoteness has the power of softening and beautifying many objects in nature, and also when applied to individual character and life work, works an equally striking charm, attractiveness and potent spell.

But it is also equally true that distance is decidedly against our seeing and knowing correctly the history as well as character of men. There are heart victories of the most tremendous nature that the world never knows anything about. There is a patient suffering, a sacrifice of life, a bearing of others' burdens that takes place in many an individual existence of which the multitude hurrying by occupied with itself has no knowledge. Such an existence from its very nature is removed, and then the world is distant after another order, and so the peculiarly tried and overburdened man goes on his unrecognized way to the grave and the Judgment.

As we have brooded over the sad as well as cruel mistakes made in life through the fact and power of distance in some form, we have been compelled to say alas for it! Would that something might happen or could be done, that drawing people nearer, would end this most prolific cause of human suffering and unhappiness. There is such a thing as territorial distance.

This separates the nations, and has caused prejudices, antipathies, reprisals and wars beyond number.

This is still at work separating North from South, dividing England from Ireland, and isolating one continent from another.

Truly the Fall is great, and Sin a fearful thing when through its effect, a few miles of earth and water makes it impossible to be kind or even just to one another, when a New Englander bristles at the very name of South Carolina, and honor cannot be done to a great statesman and a polished gentleman because his name was Jefferson Davis and he lived in Mississippi.

And what shall we say if entire sanctification or perfect love cannot remove this spirit?

Sometimes the territorial distance is only a side or back yard, and lo! we have to behold, though on a smaller scale, the same prejudices, antipathies, reprisals and going to war with each other.

We know of a family feud in Mississippi that has lasted over fifty years, and yet both households are refined, cultured and very lovely in many particulars. But a little strip of earth only a few miles wide has utterly prevented the homes in question from knowing and loving each other.

Then there is the creed and ecclesiastical distance.

Here is a separation broader than the Atlantic, and stormier than its big billows and winds. Members of different denominations if they only knew each other would be filled with love and admiration, yet separated by nonessential doctrines, shun each other as if they possessed the black plague or leprosy.

Convicted at a gospel meeting of another church they refuse to seek conversion or sanctification at the strange altar, because forsooth it is not their meeting house. They are even surprised and sometimes in indignant that they should be asked to seek the Lord at a Methodist or Full Salvation revival. Why, I am a Catholic or Episcopalian or a Presbyterian! they say, as if that completely released them from the moral obligation of the truth or the conviction of the Holy Spirit.

They might with equal propriety and wisdom have gone on and said, why the shingles on the roof are not those I have been worshipping under, and your windows are plain and ours are stained, and our church building cost more than yours.

We do not doubt that the devils in hell indulge in roars of laughter at our poor narrow headed, shallow hearted, spirit blinded human race as seen here and there walled in and fortified against each other through sectarian and denominational misconception of Christianity.

Some cannot enjoy a sermon unless the preacher wears a garb that looks like a nightrobe. Others must have a ritual where they rise up and sit down in worship a great deal. Still others will not allow another Christian to partake with them of the Lord's supper because the water of baptism was applied to the body instead of the body being applied to the water. Then comes the minor tribes of No-Hog Meat, No-Breakfast, No-Necktie, Postum Coffee, Jumpers, Rollers, Third Blessings, Tongues and Walkers-Around-With-Shut-Eyes.

Meantime not to take up with the idiosyncrasy of each one of these movements is to fall under its reproof and ban; and Blood washed, Spirit filled, God accepted and heaven honored men are set aside, cast off and struck at because of their refusal to endorse and press some doctrine, form or custom that is perfectly nonessential to happiness, usefulness and salvation.

A little brick wall, or plank partition seems as powerful to prevent people from knowing and loving each other as a Himalayan range of mountains twenty thousand feet high, a Desert of Sahara a thousand miles wide, or a vast Pacific ocean seven thousand miles from shore to shore.

A third kind of distance between men is that of temperament.

It hardly needs any argument to convince the thoughtful, observant man of the extreme difficulty of getting human beings of the nervous, bilious, sanguine, or melancholy order of constitution to understand and appreciate each other.

It is this dissimilarity which occasions such widely different views and oscillating see-saw speeches in Congress, State Legislatures and the various ecclesiastical bodies known as Synod, Council, Convention and Conference.

Each representative of the psychically unlike declares that the opinions and proceedings of the other will ruin church and country. Something in the mental character construction has thrown up Alps, Appenines, and Mediterraneans between them, and they are foreigners to one another, and again we have to behold antipathies, reprisals and wars.

Well for the race that Christ was the Son of Man in the deepest, broadest, truest respect; that He possessed all the temperaments in a happy balancing power so that He sympathizes with all, while everybody can come to Him knowing that He understands them and that perfectly.

A fourth kind of distance that divides men is found in utter difference of life history and experience.

We once heard a prominent minister say in enumerating the blessings which filled his life that he found it hard to sympathize with a number of his brethren who had walked ways of bereavement, sorrow, trial and suffering that were unknown to himself. He had never lost a child; all were living. He had never been called to stand by the coffin of his wife. He possessed an ideal home. His household was devoted to him. He had a number of rich relatives and devoted friends whose purses were open to him. Then there was property in the immediate household.

As he counted off these temporal and beautiful mercies, and showed up the Edenic setting of his peculiarly sheltered and favored life, we could well understand why he could not understand, nor feel for, nor do justice to other men whom he called his brethren.

Once when a young pastor in New Orleans, with a heart bowed down and almost broken with a combination of perplexities, cares and troubles, we were about taking a street car to visit one of the leading bishops of our church and confide to him a number of painful, delicate and unbearable things; when we were as suddenly arrested by the divine touch and voice as if a friend had laid his hand upon our shoulder and spoke in our ear.

The inward voice, the quick, deep, vivid impression was "Do not go to him."

Another instant and just as clear was a direction and leading to visit an elderly lady of sixty, who had been through every kind of sorrow and was the saintliest woman in the city.

Both voices and touches were from God. Time thoroughly proved it. The man high in official capacity as he was could never have understood the heart and life history of the young preacher. The woman on the other hand could and did comprehend the goaded, perplexed and burdened life, spoke the right word, gave the true counsel and comfort, and undoubtedly delivered a soul at one of the great crises which comes into the lives of so many if not all the children of men.

These are not all of the causes of the separation and mutual misunderstanding of good people. But as natural barriers keep the nations apart, and they know very little of each other, so the ignorance is about as profound existing between acquaintances, neighbors and even friends because of ecclesiastical, social, domestic, educational, temperament and character conditions.

The Alleghenies, Ural and Andes ranges of mountains are nothing as compared to the separating power of these states and circumstances. The desert is not more forbidding. The polar regions scarcely more impenetrable. The seas are hardly wider than the little side yard or church creed which separates two men living side by side on the same street, or in pews just across the aisle from each other.

There are few travelers who are willing to cross these deserts. Few like Abruzzi who scale the Himalayas. The followers of Columbus are not many who will take the trouble to sail from the east to find out who and what is in the west.

So the ignorance of each other continues, the antipathies prevail, the misjudgment goes on, reprisals are the order of the day in many quarters; and war is carried on after the bitterest and most relentless fashion in homes, neighborhoods, communities and churches in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and ten, nearly two thousand years since the Holy Ghost fell on the church in the baptism of purity, power and perfect love.

BOX OF TREASURE
By Beverly Carradine

Chapter 29
LESSONS FROM HALLEY'S COMET

These celestial visitors called comets are full of mystery. Just what they do for the universe is unknown still, although astronomers have been studying them for many centuries. That they do perform some essential part we question not, as God makes nothing for naught.

If insignificant worms, burrowing away out of sight under the ground, render a most important service to the soil, how much more should we be prepared to believe that these great leviathans of the sky with heads ranging from fifty thousand to one million miles in diameter, and with tails sometimes reaching the amazing length of one hundred million miles and more, have a most essential work to render for the good not only of our solar system, but for the vast universe itself that lies so far away from our little settlement, or village of planets.

Some of these comets are elliptic; that is, their angle of turning around the sun is such that the astronomers can calculate from the two lines of approach and departure what size the whole curve or ellipse is, and so when the glaring eyed, hair streaming sky racer will return again. These ellipses or heavenly race tracks range in the matter of time from three years to eight hundred and even more; and as to distance from a few hundred million of miles to such numbers as to make the head whirl, and almost bankrupt mathematics in the use of figures.

The comet of 1882, which many of our readers will remember as such a splendid object, especially in the morning sky, will not return for nearly one thousand years.

The comet now approaching us was last here in 1835 and has an ellipse of about seventy-five years. This visitor belongs to our solar system. All these seventy-five years Halley's comet, as it is called, has been crossing just half the breadth of our solar system and returning. Somewhere about the year 1872 it rounded Neptune, our remotest planet, which is two billion eight hundred millions of miles from the sun, and started back this way. Astronomers say that its present accelerated speed as it approaches the sun is about a million miles a day.

There is another class of comets called parabolas, and still another known as hyperbolas. The two lines of approach and recedure of the parabolas are such as to indicate that this class of comets will never return. The curve made by them in turning the sun is so great that it will never be closed as in the case of a circle or ellipse. Such a comet goes off into infinity.

The hyperbolas, of which only a half dozen or so have been seen by the telescope, move in still remoter regions from the sun; and while the elliptic comet comes in a few hundred thousand or several millions of miles from the sun, the hyperbolas' nearest approach is three hundred millions of miles. Like spectre ships on the sea of infinite space, they silently pass on by us, and away forever in the boundless immensity beyond.

The only difference we can see, from what we have read, between the parabola and hyperbola comet is that the latter seems to be headed for far more distant points in the universe than the former. The ablest writers on the sidereal heavens think that these more remote rangers of the skies have been on their way toward us not only for thousands but millions of years.

The present approaching visitor brings us several lessons or messages from the skies.

One is the inconceivable vastness of God's universe or empire.

So many people regard the earth and themselves, as so large and important, that they need this solemn reminder coming to them through the heavens.

Let the reader bear in mind that the trip taken by Halley's comet across just half the diameter of our Solar System, would require a locomotive going at the rate of a thousand miles a day, eight thousand two hundred and sixteen years to accomplish, and yet our Solar System as compared to the Astral system above us and beyond us in the far away firmament, is like a shell on the sea shore, a pebble in the desert of Sahara, a mere speck on the face of creation.

It is known that light travels at the rate of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second. So it takes light from the sun nearly four hours to reach Neptune, the farthest planet of our Solar System.

But think of it! God's universe is so great that it requires light thirty thousand years to cross the diameter of even the visible stellar heavens that twinkle at such infinite distances above and on all sides of fathomless space.

We glance at the nations of Europe, at our own country, at our proud cities, and say if the Solar System itself six billions of miles in diameter is but a speck or dot on the face of creation, what are you? and where do you come in?

Truly, the comet which brings this exhortation with attendant reflections does well in its preaching. Fixing its gleaming eye upon us, and throwing its streaming hair back from its white forehead, it makes an appeal of such a nature to the whole human family as should make every one lift his eyes from mud and the muck rake and fix them with the life ever after on God, Christ, duty and eternity.

A second message of the comet is in regard to the greatness of God who made the universe.

That such a system, vast, complicated and yet harmonious at every point, could have evolved itself without an infinite omnipotent intelligence back of it, is too absurd to entertain as a thought a moment. It would be infinitely easier to believe that a watch with all its related and correlated parts, time-keeping power, etc., etc., made itself, than to think for a moment that the stupendous and perfect mechanism in the heavens above us sprang there by blind chance, or through a fortuitous concourse of atoms. There is too much harmony, regularity, order, and smooth working laws to credit such folly, a single instant.

The comet puts in its voice here. Speaking to the world it says:

"I left you seventy-five years ago. I am due to cross your track in 1910. Please put on your Bulletin Board that I am on time. Add also that the God who made such a locomotive for the sky, and laid the tracks in the air, and arranged the schedule, caused a six billion miles run without a stop for recoaling, and engineered the whole thing through without a single failure or accident, is a God infinite in wisdom, almighty in power, is as good as He is great, and should be worshiped, adored and obeyed by every man, woman and child on the face of the earth."

A third message of the comet is a warning of the hopelessness of all opposition to God.

It would have us to consider its own vast size, its rush at times of over one hundred miles a second, its swing out into space beyond the limits of the Solar System for five hundred millions of miles; and yet argues the comet:

"God easily manages me. He has bridled me with His laws and guides as He will. When I was almost out of sight of the whole Solar System, the Almighty laid His hand on me out yonder in measureless space and began to draw me back. And I had to yield. And great in volume as I am, I was as an infant in the hands of a giant. And yet he is controlling ten thousands times ten thousands comets larger than myself, and is leading billions of suns through the infinite fields of space as a shepherd would direct his flock through a field.

What hope of success, then, has any man or city, or nation against such a Being of Omnipotence whom not only winds and sea obey, but the universe itself stands in place because of the Word of His power. My advice, says the Comet, to everybody is to get right with God at once. Let the potsherds strive with the potsherds of earth, but "woe unto him who striveth with his maker."

A fourth lesson of the comet has reference to the equanimity with which God must view all enemies to Himself and His truth.

It is an awe inspiring thought to a human being to know that great bodies of matter from one million to many million miles in diameter are rushing through space with a speed from one to four hundred miles a second and that still other vast bodies are crossing the orbits of the former class, and yet the Almighty is without the slightest anxiety. The Bible speaks of His peace and how it passeth all understanding.

The fact is that God is greater than the universe, and His power infinitely beyond anything that He has made. So the Almighty perfect master of the situation rules on restfully and triumphantly, knowing there can never be accident, failure or direful mishap in His vast physical kingdom of billions of suns, trillions of planets, quadrillions of satellites and quintillions of comets without His consent or bringing about.

The Cometic argument is, if God is thus undisturbed by what we see going on all around us in space among the worlds, how much more tranquil is the Almighty when He beholds a few human

insects and ants trying to sting His truth to death or block up His way in Redemption and the providential deliverances of the children of men.

How little a man must look to God. How small even the monarch of earth. The Bible says that when the kings of the earth took counsel together against Him and His Anointed, He that sat in the heavens laughed. He never arose from His throne, but continued to sit, and as He sat, He laughed.

How perfectly are we all in His power. If we tried to run He could chase us with a comet. If we defied Him He could send a stream of destroying fire on us from the skies as he did on Sodom. Indeed, He could by the breaking of one of the laws He made, send the world flying from its place, and let it fall forever and ever in the black, bottomless space that lies underneath the vast twinkling universe of God.

No, God is not afraid of any one of us, nor of all of us put together. This may be one of the reasons He lets us live, and furnishes us air, sunlight, and rations while we keep up the hopeless contest.

A further message from the comet is one of wonder that his approach should be viewed with alarm and many times with panic.

What the Comet communicated at this point we got by wireless. It said:

Every time that I or some of my brethren flash through the skies there is always a lot of you people on earth that think the end of the world is coming. Why don't the people read the Bible and get over your newspaper alarms? It is true that the world is to be destroyed, but not by a comet, but by Him who made the comets. He will appear in the sky and not one of us; and the nations will wail not because it sees one of us in the heavens, but because of the sight of Him who made the universe and has come to judge the world on the last day of its probation.

Another word I would say, and that is, as I have returned after a long absence, even more certainly will the Being who created me come back to earth; and if men dread me and my coming, how much more ought they to dread and prepare for the return of Him who made all the comets, and all the worlds and suns, and holds the universe in the hollow of His infinite hand.

A BOX OF TREASURE

By Beverly Carradine

Chapter 30 THE AEROPLANE BLESSING

The Wright brothers, Wilbur and Orville, became convinced that it was possible to make a machine which while heavier than air yet could fly.

In this they voiced a belief beyond the general faith around them, and in face of the popular view that the only contrivance man could construct which would float and bear human beings with it, must be less heavy than the air which its size displaced. So the balloon filled with a gas of much lighter specific gravity than our terrestrial atmosphere was the commonly accepted faith and highest scheme of mechanism as to a flying machine.

But the Wright brothers had a mental vision of the aeroplane, and began to talk about it.

Perhaps they had observed that birds were heavier than air, and yet they skimmed and shot through the sky. May be they pondered over the fact that satellites, planets and suns were much weightier than the ether in which they floated. And so the mental inquiry and investigation began.

Evidently they reasoned from these visible data, and felt assured that there were laws and principles in nature which if discovered and applied would result in a machine that would rush and fly, although like the birds and worlds, it was heavier than the atmosphere they proposed to navigate.

They spent very many hours watching the flight of larger birds like vultures as they circled about in the mid heavens. Moreover, they talked so much about the machine they intended making and flying in, that it is said the women of the household were nearly distracted and felt like giving them another kind of flight through the air by means of their brooms.

At this juncture the two young men applied to the War Department, unfolding their plans and asking for financial assistance in the matter which so profoundly interested and engaged them.

The War Department tossed the letter aside into the waste basket, was much amused, said no such thing had ever been or could be, called the Wright brothers a couple of cranks and proceeded to forget the whole occurrence.

After this the two young men, though disappointed, yet not at all despairing, founded what they called an Experimentation Station at a place in North Carolina called Kill Devil Hill. Here they made many unavailing efforts to fly with their machine. With each baffled experience they would study the question again, working on the machine here and there as they thought they saw the difficulty, and then would try again.

A number of people who had come to observe what was going on, and to witness a success, grew wearied and fell away in their attendance thinking that nothing would ever come of it.

But one day the machine flew! And the Wright brothers were in it! Such had been the diminution of interest that only five people witnessed the victory; the "getting through;" in a word, saw the two young men get the Aeroplane Blessing.

The news was flashed by the wires all over the land. A machine heavier than the air had been made to fly! And while some still doubted and said nothing would ever come of it but broken bones and destroyed lives, yet others believed, and it would be hard to enumerate the great number that are today working diligently and persistently on similar air machines that they might obtain the same blessing the Wright brothers got on Kill Devil Hill, and fly as they flew and as they have been flying ever since.

In like manner there were those in the Church of Christ whom we can properly call the "Right Brothers" who believed it was possible to rise, float and fly in the experience of holiness even in this present sinful world.

The Wrong Brothers and the Brothers-in-law in the Church took issue with them, and firmly and even violently and angrily stated no such experience was possible. That we had to become lighter than this world's air. That we had to be emptied of the soul by death, drop this heavy physical body in the grave, before we could ever dream of being holy. That we had to be made ethereal by glorification and translation, and then in some far distant world where there was no such thing as the attraction of gravitation exercised by sin and things of time and sense, then, and only then, we could rise, float and fly in the atmosphere of the heavenly life.

But the Right Brothers had been struck with the amazing analogy and parable going on in the sky about them of birds heavier than the air flying about easily, and worlds weightier than the ether whirling around safely, regularly and beneficially in the vast depths of space. And they had also found something in the Bible which agreed exactly with the divine handwriting and argument in the mid heavens, viz., that He could sanctify us wholly, and preserve us blameless in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, could keep us from falling and present us faultless at last before His presence in Heaven with exceeding joy.

So the Right Brothers went to work to get the blessing that makes us overcome the world, the flesh and the devil gives us a "full joy," causes it to "remain," keeps us unspotted from the world and delivering us from the hand of our enemies, enables us to live without fear in holiness and righteousness before Him all the days of our life.

There was a natural application to the powers that be, for sympathy, instruction and help in the matter. But all such applicants soon found out that they had run up against a War Department instead of an Instruction Bureau. So that many who read these lines will remember how their letters were thrown in the Waste Basket, how they were dubbed cranks, visionaries, enthusiasts and even Pharisees; how there was much amusement at their expense at headquarters and elsewhere; and how with a great number, the occurrence, the individual, and all were put out of mind. Some quite eminent in the War Department said that really they had no time to devote to such twaddle and nonsense.

There was nothing left for the Right Brothers to do, but to establish an Experimentation Station. In other words, they fell on their knees and begged the Lord to give them the Flying Blessing. They started a Revival meeting in an old school house or in a brush arbor in the woods, and falling down at the altar pleaded with God for holiness or the Aeroplane Blessing. They told Him they knew but little of the mysteries of the universe and grace, but they did know that He was God; that He was omnipotent; that He was greater than the world and all the worlds; that He was mightier than His own laws; that He was infinitely more powerful than the Devil and all devildom put together; that if sin abounded, grace much more abounded; that they just knew He was able to do exceeding abundantly for them above all that they could ask or think; and that they wanted the blessing of a pure heart and a constantly victorious life in this life and world.

Oh how the Right Brothers prayed, wept, and kept trying to fly.

There were many efforts and many failures. But with each failure they would examine carefully the mechanism of their consecration, studied the steering gear of the Word, increased and perfected the steam of faith and then would try again.

The Wrong Brothers were much amused and discontinued their attendance on the meeting. The Brothers-in-law said the whole thing was a piece of superlative folly. The idea of living a holy life in such a world as this. Of flying with these heavy natures of ours in such an atmosphere as belonged to this sinful planet. They were so indignant that they not only would not go to the meeting, but denounced it everywhere.

The name of the place where the meeting was held was called Kill the Old Man Hill. It was not an euphonious title, and the name offended a great number of fastidious people. Some kept away from the Experiment Station Camp Grounds because of this objectionable nomenclature. Still others came out of curiosity, but after a number of services, and not beholding anything which rewarded their itching eyes and ears, they also fell away, and hardly a handful was left at the altar looking on where the Right Brothers were trying to make an ascension.

One day they flew! They got the blessing! They rose in the air! They sailed over the heads of the Wrong Brothers, the Brothers-in-law, the Half Brothers, the Step Brothers and all the others who knew not the experience of Kill the Old Man Hill!

They got the body, then property and all the heavy things of time and sense on the Altar. Saw with a flash the principles and laws of a Redemption greater than the Fall. Got everything adjusted, and one day touched the spring and flew.

Moreover, they have been floating, flying and sailing ever since in the clear blue sky of holiness. It is a joy and inspiration to see them living above the world, though still in the world. And demonstrating to all observers that through the grace and power of the Son of God they can live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world, and serve the Lord in holiness all the days of their life.

Meantime the news has been flashed in all directions. We can be sanctified wholly, and kept from falling in this life and in this world. Whereupon Experimentation Stations in the shape of Revival Meetings and Camp Grounds are being established in every direction. And letters and telegrams are continually carrying the tidings, that while the Wrong Brothers are out in force at the Experimentation station and obtaining nothing, yet the Right Brothers are getting through and making glorious ascensions. One telegram read, two hundred flew at this Camp Meeting. Another dispatch said sixty flew at the last service.

And behold the conviction is deep and spreading everywhere, that to get the real blessing, the genuine thing, the floating, flying, sailing experience above the world and sin, the rise must be made on Kill the Old Man Hill.

A BOX OF TREASURE

By Beverly Carradine

Chapter 31 THE FORTY

[Acts 23:13 "And they were more than forty which had made this conspiracy." -- This scripture verse was installed by the transcriber.]

Great has been the number, and very different in kind have been the bands and companies that have formed in the streets and proceeded from the gates of Jerusalem. But one in particular for character uniqueness holds our attention for awhile. Numerically, according to the Scripture, the individuals amounted to forty. As to cruelty of heart and wickedness of design, hardly any array of figures could have done them justice. But the term "Forty," since their short-lived history, has been preserved to brand this company and give it an immortality of infamy, even as the words "The Twelve," "The Seventy," and "The One Hundred and Twenty" are now known to describe other bodies of men, giving to them as well an eternity of honor and glory.

As "The Forty" the men making up this band will ever be known as beings who had become unified to commit as unjust, cruel and murderous an act as ever emanated from a depraved human heart. The iniquity which drew them out of obscurity, and bound them together as one man, was the murder of St. Paul. The agreement was to kill him without trial while he was on the way to a court of Justice. To make the act surer, they took a solemn oath not to eat or drink again until the black deed was done.

The names of these men have not been given. The whole Forty could not send down a single title to posterity and history. The Bible explanation is found in the statement of the memory of the wicked rotting and perishing.

In the long centuries that have rolled by and over them in some distant world, we doubt not they have wished their history had perished with their names. But the Bible tells us that everything shall be brought to light, and that which is hidden will be made manifest; and so their plot to kill an innocent man is coming up the ages to confront them at the Judgment Bar of God.

At first there is felt a wonder in the mind that forty men could be found in one city ready to enter upon such a frightful compact of death. But it must be remembered that this was the same place that sent out of its gates a multitude to murder the Son of God. Then the human heart is the same in all times and countries, and ready until changed by divine grace to enter upon horrible agreements of wrong and sin, and equally ready to carry out its plans in fearful acts of cruelty, injustice and death itself.

Repeatedly we have known bodies of men try to put down, as they call it, another man; and this intended victim of their hate, would be no sinner, no violator of commandments, human or divine, but simply claiming to be cleansed by the Blood of Christ and filled with the Holy Ghost.

So we have seen one hundred pitted against one, who made not the slightest effort toward self-defense.

Then we have known of four in one city who entered into agreement to crush and ruin a man whom God was continually honoring and using in the salvation of souls.

We also know of a case where three in another city, and three again in still another community, entered into the old compact of the Forty, to down an individual who had displeased and offended them.

The partnership and covenant was not to destroy wicked corporations around them, or overthrow bold and powerful enemies of God; but to blight, blacken, injure and overwhelm one who had met Jesus in the way; who had tarried and been filled with the Spirit in the Upper Room; but who did not pronounce their shibboleth, did not cast out devils their way, and would not bow down to them as the supreme authority.

According to history it was dangerous to be a Sadducee when a Pharisee was around, and vice versa. In later days a Protestant had no chance in the Middle and Dark Ages. The Catholic downed him. Today the unpardonable offense is to claim the experience of holiness. And still again, to refuse to go into the fanaticisms and wildfireisms of a number is to be rushed upon at once by "The Forty."

Certain conditions of things seem to bring out the Forty. Carried away by prejudice, misinformation, intolerance, unholy zeal and a blinding hate and fury they doom to downfall and death all who cross their path.

But the Forty made a very foolish vow. It seems that they bound themselves with a solemn oath not to eat or drink until they had slain Paul, a chosen servant of God. In this covenant of Death, they overlooked some very important facts.

One, the uncertainty of getting possession of the man they had doomed to destruction.

Another most weighty truth they failed to take into consideration was that there was One on the Throne of the Universe, whose eyes run through the earth to show Himself strong in behalf of those whose heart is perfect toward Him.

A third fearful fact was that they had unconsciously voted death upon themselves in case they did not succeed in killing their victim. They swore they would not eat or drink again until they took the life of the Apostle. But what if he escaped their vengeance? Then according to their vow they must all die instead. And moreover, they chose for themselves a very horrible mode of dissolution; one lingering and agonizing, viz., the death by starvation. What a fearful alternative they had brought to their own doors! What a pit they had dug for their own feet which they intended for another.

Fourth, the Forty ran up against another oath older than theirs by two thousand years, and one made by God Himself. Luke describes it: "The oath which He sware unto our father Abraham that

we being delivered from the hand of our enemies might serve Him without fear in holiness and righteousness before Him all the days of our life."

Here was oath over against oath. A human vow versus a divine promise. A worm and grasshopper of the duet trying to stop Him who rolls the stars through infinite space. The poor creature of an hour endeavoring to measure arms With the omnipotent and everlasting One of the skies who inhabiteth eternity, and says beside Me there is none other. What result could there be, but one in such a hopeless conflict. What but confusion, failure, overthrow and death could come to the Forty.

Alas for them when they vowed such an oath against a good man! Instead of mentioning eating and drinking, and the meal they proposed to dispose of upon Paul's death, they should have ordered forty winding sheets, forty coffins, and given directions to have forty graves or tombs prepared at once and for themselves in their home cemeteries.

The vanity and impotency of the oath of the Forty is seen in the easy, simple way in which God brought it to naught. He did not summon flashes of lightning and crashes of thunder; He martialled no howling tempests nor cheek-blanching earthquake throes; nothing of the kind. He simply caused it to happen that Paul's sister's son heard of the conclave and cabal; and the chief captain of the Roman garrison was told that a young man had a certain thing to tell him. Then the Bible says, "The chief captain took him by the hand and went with him aside privately, and asked him, what is that thou hast to tell me?"

So out came the hellish plot! And then quietly, that very night, Claudius Lysias, the captain, prepared a guard of two hundred soldiers, seventy horsemen, and two hundred spearmen, four hundred and seventy in all, and committing Paul to their keeping, sent the apostle swiftly and safely away to a distant city.

When the morning came, and the Forty arose fierce and breakfastless to kill Paul as he would be led to trial, behold their intended victim was safe and sound many miles away.

Truly, the simplicity and ease of the deliverance was one of God's ways of showing His enemies their utter nothingness in His sight. Not even an angel was called from heaven to withstand the Forty. A whisper, a handshake, a brief colloquy, a quiet order, a hurried night march, and the deliberately concerted, carefully planned, and terrifically sworn to plot of nearly an half hundred wicked men is brought suddenly to utter confusion and failure. What an immeasurable contempt must be felt by the Almighty for all the compacts and confederations of evil made by men against Himself and His people. The Bible says He that sitteth in the heavens laughs, even when the kings of the earth take counsel against Himself and His Anointed. What about the opposition of ordinary mortals!

It is said that Dean Swift had a Board of Vestrymen of unusually thick skulls. He was trying in vain to get their consent to have constructed a walk of wooden blocks or cobble stones from the street to one of the church entrances. Suddenly, in a moment of irritation, he said "Gentlemen, all you have to do is to put your heads together, and the walk will be made."

There is no record that the aforesaid vestrymen saw the irony in the speech; but if they had, and had dedicated their thick craniums to make the pavement, still there would be no lack of similarity of dense occiputs left on earth, and invariably seen worn by men who pit their vows and strength against the promises and omnipotence of God.

On just such highways of numbskulls, God has sent and is still sending His servants and truth to win fresh victories, and to conquer and possess the land. He maketh the wrath of man to praise Him, and the remainder He restrains.

Here the curtain might properly fall on the Forty, mad and hungry, without breakfast and without Paul. But the scene went on.

For there is dinner time, and still no Paul. And then there is that most awkward and uncomfortable oath not to eat anything nor to drink anything until they had slain God's servant. Then here is the supper hour, but with no eating according to the fearful oath by which they had bound themselves. The stomach was in an agony, and the mind was in a storm. The battle was lively between the two. Which should surrender and which one would capitulate. Something must be done and that quickly, for the cemetery draws very near if the Bread and Meat Supply is cut off. But what about that oath! And what was to become of their word of honor? And what would the church say! And how the people would laugh. And how they would guffaw, no matter what they did, whether they starved because they did not get Paul, or returned to food after not getting him. Oh, that oath! And oh, these empty, aching stomachs! And oh, the trouble these St. Pauls and other servants and preachers of Christ bring on respectable church members and certain honorable and high-toned citizens of the land!

On the first day of this self inflicted fast was doubtless born the celebrated religious fad, "The No Breakfast Movement." The Forty did not intend to make themselves famous this way, but nevertheless they seem to be the charter members of this abstinence society.

On the second day, it is likely that the Postum Coffee Movement began. The argument being made by adroit consciences working over empty stomachs that it was neither meat nor drink, and so could be compromised on.

The third day with its increased suffering may have led to the invention of various light "breakfast foods," in the desperate effort to ward off immediate starvation and mollify conscience as well.

The fourth day a number ate on the sly, if they had not done so before; while others got absolved from their oath by the priests, and had a lively skirmish at home among the pots and kettles.

The fifth day saw the last one who had held out, if any refrained from food that long, drawing up to the table, instead of stretching out in a coffin and disappearing in the grave.

And so none starved, and all broke their oath. The apology and explanation which they gave for their continued existence on earth was, that while they had not killed Paul, yet they had made him run, and so they felt absolved from their vow, and therefore could eat again.

But Paul had not run!

Alas for the Forty! We do not doubt but that every, time after this, when they were seen sitting down at a table to eat, people would smile and even laugh outright.

As to their present life in the Pit, we think it very likely that devils and lost men often ask them if they believe in sticking to one's oaths; and which in their judgment weighs most, and better deserves attention, a big vow or a great dinner.

The descendants of the Forty are still in our midst. Still we behold compacts made and combinations formed against the servants of the Lord. Still we see the oath of men going down before the older promise of God that human hates and plots shall not succeed against His friends and followers. Still we see the Forty suffering hunger pangs from the disappointed Feast of gratified revenge and malevolence. And above all, the Forty themselves are compelled to behold men whom they had condemned and devoted to overthrow and ruin, pass triumphantly on their way, secure and rejoicing under the strange double protection of man and God.

Alas for the Forty!

A BOX OF TREASURE

By Beverly Carradine

Chapter 32

THE DIVINE PERMISSION OF WRONG DOING

There is scarcely any feature connected with man's stay on earth more mysterious than the apparent unconsciousness and inaction of the Supreme Being in regard to the violence, injustice, cruelty and wrong doing which takes place in every age and on every hand.

Nations are overwhelmed, cities pillaged, people slain or led into captivity, and there seems no sign in the skies that the Omniscient One up there beheld any part of the melancholy history.

Looking closer we behold individuals wronged, cheated, impoverished, insulted, slandered, oppressed and murdered, and still no voice forbidding from Heaven, no thunderbolt of justice or vengeance dropping from a cloud, the seasons come and go, the victim sinks out of public sight or disappears in the grave, while the wrongdoer keeps on in a flourishing way, well in body, prosperous in business and having apparently all that heart could wish.

David confessed that he had been nearly overwhelmed at this view of crowned iniquity, and sleeping justice, until from the standpoint of the sanctuary he got light and explanation. And many since David's time have wondered and even despaired over the same spectacle, and failed to get the viewpoint and consolation from the House of God.

Not a reader of these lines but could give matter for a volume showing up the suffering of the innocent, the triumph and prosperity of the wicked, and the wrongs of a life time coming to the tomb and final sleeping place of the dead, still unrectified.

We knew a man who married a wealthy and beautiful Southern girl. He gambled her fortune away, was faithless to her, made her life miserable and finally broke her heart. Long ago she has been in the grave robbed of many years of a beautiful life to which she was entitled. In the last few years of her existence she had to toil like a slave. Her sorrows drove her into a seclusion from her friends, and then came the untimely grave.

The man who committed the wrong still lives, seemingly without regret or remorse, has every physical comfort, and has his concluding years made bright and pleasant to him through a daughter who is perfectly devoted to this slayer of her mother.

A handsome girl from the same Southland married a man who fairly worshipped her. There was no want of hers but he gladly supplied and his constant effort for years was to make life bright and beautiful to her. In return she neglected and heart starved him, and he became the saddest and most silent of men. He died in the prime of manhood and seemed glad to go. She was left with the property, and is still living without any sign of mental or spiritual suffering, and no mark or judgment of a displeased Heaven upon member, person or life for the course of selfishness, sinfulness and heartlessness which she followed for over forty years.

In numerous Gospel meetings, the worldly Churchianity element prevails against faithful servants of God and the truth as it is in its fullness in Christ. Sometimes the evangelist is sent off unpaid, while busy tongues abuse and misjudge him by the retail and wholesale. He and the Holiness people who stood with him are said to be disturbers, church splitters and the spreaders of false doctrine. The services close on some occasions with a very slender victory, or a drawn fight, or what seems to the public to be a defeat for full salvation.

The workers go away under social and ecclesiastical disfavor, while the victorious, worldly element of the church, resume the reproved, condemned methods of amusement and finance, get a popular evangelist the next time, and seem not only to be perfectly serene and easy in heart and mind, are happy in the social, and prosperous in the business life, but even appear to the public to have the favor of Heaven with them in their subsequent revival meeting under the gentle sway of Bro. Easy, the evangelist, and Professor Smile, the leader of song.

People predicted the swift and terrible judgment of Heaven upon individuals, lay and ministerial, for the part they took in blocking up the way of a sweeping revival, and standing in between God and the souls of their household and the congregation as to salvation. Some thought they would be struck dead in a few days. But the weeks roll by and we see the laughers and resisters of holiness, still breaking the Sabbath, still going to the lodge, still smoking their pipes and cigars, and still evidently prospering in the store, standing high in the conference, powerful in the cabinet, and saying their health was never better than now.

We have known faithful preachers put out of prominent pulpits by wealthy people who used bishops as their instruments. Such men we have seen humiliated before the public, ostracized from many circles, brought into the deepest financial distress, while the families that so crushed them rolled around in wealth, in carriages, in pride and in fat. Not a sign could be seen from the visible Heaven that God had observed the way in which His devoted messengers had been treated. Humiliation and want were the accompaniments of the victim, and comfort, plenty, human adulation and their dictatorial way in everything seemed to go with those who had smitten the truth and God's prophets.

In a meeting led by the writer, a man mauled and beat his wife for attending the services. She yielded and has doubtless gone into spiritual darkness. The man remains in excellent health, has seeming good spirits, enjoys eating and drinking, attends the lodge, and is evidently pleased highly with himself and the life he is living.

Not a single stroke from the skies fell upon him when he struck down the mother of his children for attending the church where the fullness of the Gospel of Christ was being held up to her hungry soul. It looked then and since as if God had not observed the cruelty, brutality and moral awfulness of the act. That weakness and innocence are helpless, and that money, physical might and meanness have their day and complete, unhindered right of way.

Before the reader draws a hasty conclusion, let him remember that this is not an unusual happening. This is not peculiar to this century, and the one lately passed away.

How long were the Jews in Egyptian captivity or slavery? How long was Joseph in prison, while those who put him there were in freedom outside?

Let the reader count the years that Herod lived after he killed John the Baptist. It looked like God could not avenge the death of His true servant. Then enumerate the years Pilate lived after giving Jesus up to the murderous, clamoring Jews. And still again observe that Jerusalem remained in its pride, ease, wealth, pleasure and formal ritualistic life forty years after crucifying the Son of God.

To the careless thinker and observer it appears as if no great crime had been committed after all; as if Heaven was powerless to judge the proud city and haughty church that had murdered God's only Son, and requite them for the horrible crime they had committed.

But God saw them! And God sees now! And the insulted King of the Universe had the power then and now to destroy in a single moment of time every being who is transgressing His laws, wronging His people and outraging the authority, dignity and majesty of Heaven.

But there was and are still, reasons for that conduct on the part of the Almighty which men have falsely construed into inattention, inaction, and disregard of what is going on in the ranks of the beings He has created.

One cause for God's apparent permission of wrong doing, is that immediate signal punishment and calamity for every misdeed would change the present probationary existence into a kind of automaton machine, slave, penitentiary like character of living.

Just as men in penal institutions are knocked down, beaten and severely punished for the slightest misdeed, and get to wear a cowed face which covers a trembling, fearful, dissembling spirit, and obedience is rendered simply from servile dread and not from noble motives of love, duty and right; so the sudden infliction of judgment and physical suffering on men by the Almighty for every wrong word and act, would end the very freedom of choice, the liberty of motive and the untrammelled spontaneous character of life that makes a genuine probation.

Men would be outwardly good or obedient to divine commandments simply to escape immediate visitations of divine displeasure and wrath. Earth would no longer be an arena, where men could and would show to three worlds what their inward character really was, but a vast prison house where pricking swords, uplifted whips, handcuffs, clubs and dark cells in constant threat and use made the human race walk straight and do right, not from the love of God and good, but from constant dread of suffering and a paralyzing dread of the Lord of Heaven.

God is no suppressionist. He wants things to come out for manifestation, confession, renunciation and destruction. Moreover, the very liberty He grants men in their lives to act out what is really in them, becomes a wonderful confirmation of what He says in His Word about sin, and the human heart in its deceitfulness, blackness and desperate wickedness.

We do not doubt that if God had not thrown out the lines of longitude and latitude of perfect moral freedom, but had instead driven the race into a sullen, stolid submission through a superior

physical force, that the students of character and writers on the spiritual and character life would be extolling human nature to the skies and the solemn assertions of the Bible about the extent and depth of the world's downfall into sin would be denied on every hand.

But as the parable says, the Lord went into a far country, and stayed a long time. Here the permission for wrong doing is brought out in the double figure of a great distance and long time.

Then came out the true inwardness of the tenants and they began their wicked career of injustice, oppression and cruelty. They took advantage of what seems to be opportunity, and filled the land with the sighs, tears and groans of their victims.

A second reason for the divine permission of wrong doing for long periods is, that it is made to be a powerful test and discipline for the faith, patience and piety, of God's own people.

David was driven to the sanctuary to understand as well as to endure the reign and prosperity of the wicked. And we will have to make the same flight to God to bear up under what we are forced to see and made to feel by the same characters and classes.

We know of no more powerful call and drain upon faith than the sight of the wicked in power and comfort, while God's true ones lack for daily necessities, are visited with afflictions, and meet with the unkindest and most unjust treatment at the hands of their fellow men. The soul is compelled to cling to God's word, and believe in God's truth and faithfulness then, or it is sure to be undone.

As for the discipline received by the mind and heart through such experiences, we need not argue. We have long ago seen both in the Scripture and in life, that God in His dealings with His followers is constantly endeavoring to bring forth the passive graces of the Christian character which beyond all question are the loveliest of all the virtues, excellencies and fruit of the redeemed soul.

With this thought in mind we begin to see why the Lord let David have so many enemies and suffer so much at their hands; why Job was so afflicted and lost his friends; why Joseph was allowed to stay in prison such a weary while; and why to this day He permits His people to be brought along ways of wrongs, sorrow and suffering that they never would have dreamed of choosing for themselves.

The result in many cases, in sweetness, patience, silent endurance, self-containedness and a mighty strength in God, justifies the wisdom and providence of Heaven in the manner in which they have been tried, and the way along which they have been led.

A third reason for God's slowness in inflicting immediate punishment on men for wrongdoing is that He has appointed a day, a great, final Day of Judgment when every one shall give account of himself to God for every thought, word and deed of the life, and when justice shall be laid to the line and righteousness to the plummet.

God is going to be vindicated that day, the injured shall be righted, and sin shall be fearfully and eternally punished.

So great, perfect and overwhelming will be the victory of that final period for truth and for God, that He can afford to wait quietly, silently and assuredly for that time.

The infidel, blasphemer and swearer will get their deserts that day. The business man who with trusts, monopolies, high prices and cheats in trade got rich at the expense of his oppressed neighbors will get his suffering and damnation at last. The rich who denied crumbs of bread to the poor at their gate will scream for drops of water in hell.

The bishop who went around lecturing on secular and fictional subjects instead of preaching the Gospel; who traveled on the train on Sunday and fought Holiness will stand undone at the Judgment and fall away with a cry of horror from the presence of the Judge as He says, "Depart from Me--I know you not."

The man with the slanderous pen and mouth; the woman with the tongue of a serpent, will receive their retributive doom at last and be cast into the same Pit with all liars, whisperers, backbiters and takers up of every reproach against a neighbor.

The being who possessed social, ecclesiastical and financial power on earth will be stripped of it all in the presence of Christ, and find too late that spiritual treasure is what is demanded that Day, that likeness in speech and life to Christ, and that the power of Blood-washed character is the real potency and necessary condition in the eternal world.

The reign of the oppressor in church, state, social circle, business office, and the home, is over forever. The innocent are vindicated, the wronged are righted, the injured are blessedly and eternally recompensed. Tears are wiped away forever. There will be no more sorrow, neither any kind of pain.

As for the wicked, the Bible says they shall be turned into hell with all the nations that forget God. It is the Day of the Wrath of the Lamb and the Justice and Judgment of God. Well does the Scripture say, "The Great Day of His wrath has come, and who will be able to stand!"

A BOX OF TREASURE

By Beverly Carradine

Chapter 33

THE NECESSITY OF A DAY OF JUDGMENT

There is absolute need for a great Judgment Day, where the Judge is all-powerful as well as infallible, and where decisions are exactly right, and all sentences are just and proper.

God is not only to be vindicated at that time, but man also. The divine character is to be revealed, and human conduct in respect to that nature is likewise to be declared. There are some features of the Day which especially impress the writer.

One of them is the complete reversal of the opinions, judgments and sentences of this world upon human character, achievement and life. Men will be horrified and all but overwhelmed to find before the blazing tribunal of Almighty God, that those who were called "first" on earth shall be "last," "and the last shall be first."

At that hour. offices. rank. position in church or state, will stand nowhere when separated from character. It is absolutely nothing to be elected to the chair of a college, or to a bishopric in a church, if one be not chosen of God through the Spirit to holiness of heart and life. It will amount to nothing that the body has been burned, goods given to feed the poor, the tongue speak like an angel, if we have not the mind and possess not the Spirit of Christ.

We have thought often of the discomfort and torture of a king or queen in the spirit-world accustomed to fulsome homage and adulation on earth, yet stripped of it all out there, and finding themselves in a spiritual rank far beneath some of their humblest subjects. How also prominent officials in the ecclesiastical realm will reconcile themselves to the fact of the tremendous exaltation over them in heaven of men whom they despised, and lorded it over so much on earth.

The Judgment Day is to show who was the real man in God's sight, and to establish the fact that it is not office or position on earth, but character, and that character blood-washed, obedient to God, and possessing the Spirit of Christ. This fact alone will cause a marvelous coming up and going down in the opinions of men concerning individuals whom they had long ago graded and settled in a certain way in their own minds. Opinions will have to be changed.

Another truth equally forcible is, that some of God's people are better than they seem, and others worse. It does not take long for us to get acquainted with these characters, but many others do not thus see because various things militate against the discovery.

We knew a son who had the highest confidence in, and devotion to, the memory of his father. It was something beautiful to hear him speak of his departed parent. But there were parties living who knew the father to be thoroughly unprincipled. Not for any consideration would they have broken the young man's heart by the disclosure of the real parental life. Some idea of the coming shock to him on the Day of Judgment can be easily seen.

It required a great deal of self control, as well a grace, for a group of ministers to smile pleasantly on a lady entertainer when she was enlarging upon the beautiful life, purity and high sense of honor of her husband, whom she called her "sweetheart," when they were in actual possession of knowledge sufficient to destroy her domestic happiness forever and cause the "sweetheart," as she called him, to leave the community in disgrace.

On the other hand there are people who are a great deal better than they get credit for. We have known both men and women who have been made to suffer not only for years but for a life time, through the unscrupulous or careless tongue of a fellow-creature. Innocent words and acts were misconstrued, distorted by an impure mind, and a suspicion, not to say a stain, was placed upon the name and character of a good man or woman.

For years we misjudged a minister of the gospel through just such a verbal wrong done him by a quick speaking and hasty judging female. A simple act of politeness on his part was misconstrued by her diseased imagination to be an impertinence and even insult. Years have passed and we have seen the man pastor of quite a number of leading churches, loved and respected by all of his congregations, while she, his detractor, has been classed and graded long ago by spiritual men in the pulpit and pew as "light" and "chaffy." But she has told the circumstances to many who, without means of discovering the truth, will go to the Judgment believing in her and doubting the individual she stabbed. So that day will hold another surprise.

In applying the thought of this chapter to many happenings in life, we are constrained to say that in such a world as this, it is impossible to get justice. Sometimes prejudice is in the way; anger and hate make it impossible for some to do justice to another; facts cannot be had; witnesses cannot be found; proof may not be obtained to refute a suspicion or lie, men will not confess their own acts of guilt; people do not take time to search out and find the truth; many receive the first side of a story related and hold to that; so that more than ever we see the need of a Day of Judgment where facts will be known and the truth, and the whole truth at that, will be revealed.

Among other happenings of earth are the separations and divorces taking place in so many families over the land. We have discovered that the sympathy from the first with the public is with the woman. Before a line is read about the sad occurrence the man is sentenced and hung, so to speak, in the judgment of countless millions. The black dress, drooping head, and tears of the woman in the court house will generally carry with a sweep of emotion judge, jury and audience.

Men as a rule appear at their worst in such a scene. No man looks well in an altercation, dispute, or legal suit with a woman. The sympathies are with the weaker vessel. Few stop to inquire into the merits of the case. People do not recall at such a time the possibility of art being brought to bear in the pose of the head, the droop of the eyelid, and even the flowing of tears; that the affecting scene has been studied out before, and even practiced. So the man is legally sat down on, and socially damned, and goes to the grave and to Judgment with a side of the question directly opposite to what the court and audience saw, and which history will astound people on that day when the white light of truth is poured on human conduct and life.

Even in trials by jury, where witnesses are brought out by the score, and days are spent and every effort put forth to get at the real facts of different cases of crime, how impossible is it even after all this labor, to secure perfect justice to the accused. But when we are confronted with instances of accusation, where no effort is made to obtain proof or evidence, where the party is pronounced guilty without a trial, without a single chance to clear himself or herself, we see the very essence of the injustice and unreliableness of human judgment.

Even in the courts of law run by unconverted men, they ask the prisoner at the bar whether he is guilty or not guilty. But we have to enter the social and church circle to behold the amazing spectacle of a man being tried without a jury, condemned without a hearing, and after being hung, asked if he has anything to say why he should not be executed.

Truly the spirit of wrong and oppression is seen everywhere. We heard a mother once say to her son, who had misjudged her, "I thank God that a man is not my judge, even though that man may be my son." Few sons-in-law expect justice to be done them by a mother-in-law. Political parties have not the slightest expectation of receiving proper treatment from the hands of their opponents. One religious denomination seems incapable of judging another ecclesiastical body properly and truly.

When a man obtains the blessing of holiness, he might as well from that moment give up all idea of being understood, and of obtaining justice at the hands of his brethren in the church. All defense of self and explanations of words and works is that much breath lost. The sanctified man soon learns that he need not look to his conference, or bishop, or his church paper for endorsement and approval, no matter how close he may walk with God. Having found this out through bitter experience, many holiness people nowadays never make the slightest effort to defend or explain their conduct under various charges and accusations in what is called the church press.

Recently an evangelist was prohibited from holding a meeting in Texas by the pastor of the M. E. Church South. The Christian Advocate's account of it placed the evangelist in a most unenviable light. He was represented as a recalcitrant, as a defier of authority, and as thrusting himself upon a community where he was not wanted. The whole article was as untrue as it was unkind. As the man read the piece, his heart sickened and ached for minutes over this unjust editorial sentence. But he was to make a still more painful discovery, for behold, in the columns of a Holiness paper published in Texas, he was more severely handled than he had been by the church organ. The holiness paper said he had acted the coward in leaving the place.

Perfectly conscious of the injustice of both charges; that he had not come in a defiant spirit, as one paper said, nor had he left with a single feeling of man fear in his heart, as the other journal asserted--he was made more than ever to see the impossibility of obtaining justice in this world, even though our judges be preachers and editors of religious periodicals; and that many a sentence issued by an editorial tripod will, most fortunately for us all, be completely upset, and altogether reversed by the decision of the highest and Last Court on the Judgment Day of the Son of God.

When David was offered one of three troubles, war, famine or pestilence, he said to the prophet, "Let me fall now into the hand of the Lord, let me not fall into the hand of man."

This was almost the exact language of the captain of a merchantman, who, seeing himself and crew about to be captured by pirates, said, "I would rather trust to the mercy of God than the mercy of man," and firing his pistol into the powder magazine, blew himself and most of his followers into eternity.

Of course this dreadful act was wrong, but at the same time it showed the discovery by unsaved men of the very fact concerning which we have been writing.

Truly, the longer we all live, the more thankful we should be, and are, that we are not to be finally judged by men in their shortsightedness, ignorance, and prejudice, but by a holy, all wise, pitiful and just God.

A BOX OF TREASURE

By Beverly Carradine

Chapter 34 THE QUIET POWER OF GOODNESS

We were once in the city of Cologne on the banks of the River Rhine. At sunset we visited a great Cathedral that is famous for its architectural beauty and historic associations.

We entered the building as the service of vespers commenced. Hundreds were present and all standing on the stone floor, as there seemed to be no pews. In the great throng we saw many peasants, while there were also throngs of others and of both sexes, who were citizens of the city, and doubtless members of the church we were visiting. A misty sunset reflection came through the large stained windows, while a few lights sparkled like stars here and there in the ceiling of the vast structure. A deep toned organ was playing softly in some remote hidden gallery, and a woman's voice was singing and leading the service from the same secret place high up in the groined arches of the pillared temple.

A priest stood before the altar with a censer in his hand. As the organ played and the woman sang, he silently swung the censer. From where we stood we could just hear a slight tinkle of the chains as the incense bearing vessel was oscillated gently backward and forward. With each movement of the priest's hand we observed a little puff of white smoke or vapor leave the censer and dissipate in the air.

But after a while we recognized the sweet delicate odor of the incense. It had silently, noiselessly but steadily pushed its way through two or three hundred feet of atmosphere and had reached not only those who stood near, but had brought its fragrance like a delightful presence to those who were afar off.

We said at once this is the way that a truly good and beautiful life is recognized. If we are willing to be a small vessel like the censer, and let God put the spirit of Christ and Holiness in us and then give ourselves over into the hands of our High Priest, the son of God, to be swung steadily as He will, those in the temple and in the community are certain to detect and appreciate the excellency and loveliness of the heavenly gift within us. Of course the melody of the organ must proceed, and the singing from unseen heights be realized, and so while the song goes on the life steadily reaches out touching this person and yonder individual, until a great congregation at last have to admit the sweetness and power of the life lived unobtrusively in their midst.

One's talents may be few and ordinary, the work circumscribed and the field limited, but if we will let the Saviour put the blessing of holiness in us, will permit Him to swing us in that narrow place where we dwell, and humble position we fill, it is but a question of time when the incense will travel a long way from the place where we first obtained it, and where we live, and the fragrance of the pure heart and the loving life will reach not only those near, but many afar off whom we never expected to touch, and will die ignorant of a multitude whom we have blessed.

It is well known that the best man in a church is not thus acknowledged because he springs up and announces in a loud voice that he is, but the incense stole out humbly and devoutly from the human censer, as Christ swung him and they of the congregation had to admit that a beautiful life was in their midst.

In like manner we get to know the best old woman in the country neighborhood. She lives in a lonely home that is off the main road; she rarely visits or gets to town; she has no trumpet sounding before her what she is and what she has done. And yet everybody in that part of the county, and numbers in other counties know that the best woman in all that region lives in a certain humble dwelling back of the cotton wood grove, just the other side of the creek.

Somehow people who are in trouble go to her first. The preacher himself visits her for counsel and sympathy. While the young mother who has just buried her first born soon finds her way to this gray-haired, shining-faced saint, who has laid husband and six children, her all, in the old graveyard overshadowed with a grove of sighing pine trees.

Christ swung the censer and the incense that stole across the sedge field was wafted over the brow of the hill, and along the diverging roads to different homes, so the bereaved young wife and the broken-hearted young mother were drawn to her, and buried their faces in her lap while she spoke of the Resurrection of the dead, of Heaven, of the reunion of parted ones in the skies, and "comforted them with the comfort wherewith she had been comforted of God" in the many hard trials and sorrows she had met on the way.

Once we were in Arizona and our next appointment was in Boston. To make a certain fast train and reach our meeting in time we had to take a long drive of fifty miles across a desert or prairie. A gentleman who was well acquainted with the western wilds drove us in a buggy to the town where the Cannon Ball stopped.

The memory of that long lonely trip will never be forgotten. Starting in the afternoon the night soon overtook us on the plain and then for hours there was nothing but a silence that could be felt and a loneliness that was like a stifling atmosphere, it was so oppressive. Hours followed hours and the only sound was the dull beat of the horses' hoofs on the sod, the melancholy swish of the prairie grass in the night wind and the howl of a distant coyote. We finally were so affected by the stillness of the desert and the world of darkness all around us that we ceased all conversation.

Suddenly near the hour of eleven we saw a flash and sparkle of light away in front of us, and as we afterwards discovered, fully fifteen or twenty miles away. We caught the first view from a swell of ground in the prairie and we thought we had never beheld anything so beautiful, so attractive and heart-cheering. It seemed to inspire hope, and waved its far off white hand to us to come on, and spoke of shelter, rest, companionship, welcome and safety. If we never knew before, we understood then why Christ said: "I am the light of the world," and likened His people to the same blessed figure of illumination, consolation and guidance.

By and by as we descended the gentle slope we lost sight of our electric light shining over the plain from the distant town toward which we were traveling. Then with another swell of the prairie

we saw it again, still shining, still gladdening us with its beautiful radiance as we were far away in the night, and still beckoning us to come on where entertainment and comfort were awaiting us.

And so we traveled on, still cheered by this single light, when at last about two hours after midnight we rolled into town where a score or more of great arc burners were making the streets like day, swept up to a hotel, got a room, some rest and food and caught the daylight fast train going eastward.

We said that night, and have thought the same many times since, that the life of a good man or woman shines out on this dark, sad world like the light did on the Arizona desert. The quiet power of Godliness cannot be denied by the thoughtful and observant. Its striking influence in times of trouble upon others, its cheering effect in the night of sin and sorrow, its guiding, directing force to the wanderer and those who have gone far away from duty and God, has been felt and admitted by many millions of souls.

Like a light Madam Guyon shone in the darkness of France. Like a light Wesley gleamed in the profound gloom of what Hume calls the darkest hour of England's history. But some would say that these were very gifted and remarkable persons, and that the comparison fails because of the relative weakness and insignificance of what is called the ordinary Christian. That the first individuals are arc burners, while the commonplace followers of the Lord are only candles.

To this we reply that the Bible does not call us arc burners, but by the very term which some so modestly assume. The word says, "The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord." The main thing is to light it, and then the good work at once begins.

It is wonderful how far a candle can be seen in the night and over a wide intervening country. We have read the most affecting things about its quiet, gentle ray shining through a dark, stormy night, cheering and guiding belated travelers to the house where it shone. Repeatedly ships have been saved by them. What cares the lost traveler whether the beacon was in a gold, silver, brass or wooden candle stick, and whether it was made of wax, sperm, paraffine or tallow. It was the light itself that cheered, guided and saved.

The thing is, will we be the Lord's candle? Will we let Him ignite us and place us where He will, so we may shine for Him, give light to those in the household, and help the wandering belated travelers who are out in the night and storm outside.

The rest will follow in due time. Men will knock at the door of our lives and say we were lost and saw your light shining and have come to you for guidance and help. And thousands will arise in Heaven and call such people blessed, saying we would have perished in the desert of sin, in the awful night of iniquity, but we beheld your life, took heart and came to God for pardon and Holiness, and He took us in and saved us.

We remember a hymn we used to sing much as a young preacher.

"O the lights along the shore,
That never grow dim; never, never grow dim;
Are the souls that are aflame
With the love of Jesus' name,
And they guide us, yes, they guide us unto Him."

A BOX OF TREASURE

By Beverly Carradine

Chapter 35

THE CHAMBER OVER THE GATE

The battle that decided Absalom's fate, and restored David to his throne, was fought in Gilead on the eastern side of Jordan.

David who had charged his three generals, Joab, Abishai and Ittai, "Deal gently with the young man Absalom for my sake," sat by the gate of the city of Mahanaim and waited with a burdened heart for news from the distant field of conflict.

At last a watchman on the walls saw a man running towards him, and then another coming from the same direction. Both brought tidings of victory to the king, and both knew of the death of Absalom by the hands of Joab and his young men. But the first would not, perhaps could not get his consent to tell the father of the slaying of his son as he was caught by the boughs of a tree and could not defend himself or escape. Then the second was enjoined to speak, by David, with the words, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" And Cushai answered, "The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise against thee to do thee hurt be as that young man is."

The Scripture says with its incomparable pathos, "And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept; and as he went, thus he said, 'O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom my son, my son!'"

The room over the gate in which David poured out his grief, detaches itself somehow from the other features of the Bible narrative and suggests certain facts to the mind.

One is, that a truly great sorrow must have its lonely hiding place away from, and above the crowd.

The sight of David turning from citizen and soldier, from street and palace, from human voices and presences, to be alone with his crushing sorrow, not only moves the spirit in deepest sympathy, but is felt to be a kind of picture lesson of the heart's wish and conduct under a grief that is truly great and overwhelming in its character.

The desire of the soul is to get away to itself. It would hide from the gaze of the idly curious. Human pity and consolation are felt to be powerless at such a time, and the stricken life yearns for the boon of perfect loneliness. In other words, it craves the solitude of "the room over the gate."

This is so truly a principle belonging to the wounded heart, that when we are confronted with glib and eloquent portrayals of private sorrows in mixed social circles and public occasions, we may know at once that a profound life-crushing woe has not visited the wordy, windy being before us. A truly great sorrow hides itself and craves privacy in the indulgence of its bitter load and affliction.

We have heard women air their marital griefs and household troubles in a company made up of mere acquaintances and strangers. We were told of a female who took a leading part in the singing at her husband's funeral. We listened once with a sickened feeling to a woman evangelist while she told a nondescript audience how she preached to an assembly of people in a hall while her husband lay dead in his coffin up stairs.

Every such occurrence exhibited a violation not only of the decencies of life, the absence of a proper respect and regard for the dead, but is an exposure of the fact that a real crushing sorrow had not come to any one of them.

In the first instance the reader can judge for himself both easily and correctly. In the second case there was no love lost on either side as numbers knew. And in the third occurrence the marriage had been made for money and not affection, and there was no actual grief in the voluble feminine as she was posing down stairs as a martyr at the stake, and getting credit for a Christian resignation when not a particle of that beautiful grace was in her soul. She was glad he was gone.

A lifetime observation convinces us that genuine grief draws away from publicity, from cold, observing eyes, from the babel of human tongues and crouches down alone with its misery in the stillness of the room over the gate.

A second thought is that such are the calls of life upon us, that we cannot remain in the chamber over the gate, but have to come back to the duties and responsibilities awaiting us in public.

David had not been long alone with his overwhelming bereavement, when the summons came that he was wanted, and that to stay aloof nursing his sorrow would mean disaster both to him and his kingdom. And so brushing away the tears and choking back the sobs, the king came and stood in the presence of the people to lead and rule them as of yore.

This is certainly one of the most painful obligations of life, and yet one of the most pressing and essential. It looks to every one of us who have entered the room over the gate, that we can never leave it again. The very sunshine on the outside seems to mock us, and the murmur of tongues, and the sound of laughter on all sides is a torture.

But there are grave faced, stern lipped Joabs that summon us back to the desk, counter, platform, pulpit, farm and store, and so exerting every fiber of strength we return to irksome duties, to weary hearted performances, and fill our places once more in the ranks of our fellow men.

And we go back not to burden others with our life loads and wretchedness; but as David returned with a saddened but resolute mind to his offices as a king and without a word about Absalom, so we are to sink the individual grief and speak not of the personal sorrow for the sake of the many who need help, and for the good of the human race as a whole.

Self-contained and self-restrained we should be all the stronger and nobler for such spirit control, and go back into the walks of men to do all in the line of usefulness and blessing that is expected of us by God and man.

Here then is another proof that the noisy proclaimer of his wrongs, suffering and bereavements is not doing what he should do, and is not the man that God desires and plans him to be.

Truly this world would be sorely hurt, and robbed as well, of its greatest men and their achievements for humanity, if those who have been fearfully smitten in life should have remained in "the chamber over the gate."

A mere glance at sacred and secular history will reveal what has been wrought in the best and highest lines for mankind by those who in some way have suffered most, and yet who still came and walked in the midst of the suffering children of men, and did all that could be done for them in body and mind and soul.

A third truth we draw from this Scripture scene is that it is possible to be a blessing to men and yet bear about with us in the heart "The Room Over the Gate."

We do not have to lay bare our troubles to the gaze of men, but there is a chamber in the soul where one can retire and there in the presence of God let the tears drip unchallenged and unrebuked over the dead Absaloms of our life.

When Robert E. Lee, looking through his field glass saw that he had lost Gettysburg through the failure of one of his lieutenant generals to carry out his orders, it is said that he lowered the glass and rode away without a single expression of impatience, pain, regret or anger. And yet a crushing disappointment and sorrow had befallen him.

There was no time for him to indulge his grief in some neighboring tent or house near the battlefield. He had to work now to bring his defeated army back to Virginia. And he did so. But no one could study his face then and thereafter when an Appomattox had been added to his sorrows and humiliations, but could see that he had "A Room Over the Gate" in his heart. Here in this strange apartment of the spirit we doubt not that he silently suffered and grieved; but that he kept his burden to himself, made him all the greater as a man, and all the more admirable in the eyes and judgment of the world.

We knew in earlier days a great church editor whose writings, full of strong, pure, lofty thought, and carrying with them a nameless pathetic power, moved, strengthened and blessed the minds and hearts of many thousands of readers. He had met his Absalom sorrow in his early manhood in the distressing death of his young bride. He never spoke of this past bereavement to the public, or even alluded to it in the social circle. And yet it was evident to the discerning eye that he bore about with him in his breast "A Room Over the Gate."

After his death a friend, looking over his private papers, found this written paragraph which was evidently penned not for publication, not for human eyes to rest upon, but as a kind of wail like David's when he went up the steps to the chamber over the portal crying, "O Absalom, my son, my son."

The paragraph of a few lines read as follows:

"Twenty miles from this room as the crow flies, is a grave which has borrowed grace and beauty from the form of the lovely young woman who sleeps within. The shadows of the live oaks touch it kindly; the rose vine clambering near by drops its white and scarlet petals lovingly upon it. The mockingbird gives its tribute of song from a neighboring willow to one whose voice was sweeter than its own. We visit the spot each anniversary of the death of the beautiful sleeper. But all the duties and rush of life are not sufficient to keep us from holding vigil every day by the side of this last resting place of one, who when she went away into the skies took with her the charm of this world and left us desolate and stripped of all but duty to God and man, and waiting till life shall end, and we shall meet again in a country where death is unknown and parting never comes again."

All honor to the man who in sorrow can keep his grief to himself, and although the Room Over the Gate is in his heart and life, yet can come down like David did to help and bless others, and be a king among men in the best, truest and highest sense of the word.

A BOX OF TREASURE

By Beverly Carradine

Chapter 36 THE SICK ROOM

Very many are the thoughts that come to one in the loneliness of the sick room. There is ample facility for uninterrupted meditation in the solitariness of the apartment. Then pain provides as many wakeful hours at night as are generally given us by the laws of nature in the day.

Very many, then, are the lessons of the sick room. In fact it is one of God's schools or colleges where the very best knowledge is imparted, where we learn and unlearn, and where new light falls on persons, events, conditions and one's own self, so that salvation is found by some, and great advancement to others in the wisdom and knowledge of God and in the soul life when already we are saved.

Some men seem to find no place or apology for the presence of sickness in the Christian Dispensation. They appear to think that it is declarative of sin somewhere, and Heaven's judgment upon it; or that it records a low state of faith in the child of God who is physically afflicted and cannot obtain an instantaneous, or anyhow a speedy cure.

This is certainly not the teaching of Scripture, but the contrary. And as for the lessons and achievements of the sick room, we fail to see how as a race we can afford to do without them.

While none of us naturally prefer to be the victim of a painful illness, nor would we like to see it visit another, and are quick to pray for deliverance from the pale faced visitor at once; yet it remains that to strike out what sickness of the body has been under grace to the soul, what a power it has wielded in the home, and how God has in innumerable times and places been glorified by it, would be to rob the Cause of Truth not only of the greatest moral victories, sublime heroisms, holy triumphs, and beautiful, melting scenes of grace in the sick room and death chamber, but would lay low one of Christianity's greatest universities where we are taught truths and brought into mental and spiritual conditions that overtop in value, and outlast in time and eternity, all the curriculums of earth's most famous schools and colleges.

Men are not so fond of pain as to desire spiritual knowledge by that sorrowful route. But the invalid room comes to us all sooner or later, whether we like it or not, and the teaching begins while the mind silently takes note of the presence of the Faculty in the physician, with his knife, the nurse, with glass and spoon, and then the long procession of the hours, the longer array of physical pangs, and the eloquence of silence itself is poured forth, while the weary days and nights go by. They all seem qualified to teach, and certainly we learn, under their varied ministry.

The desk in this strange, sad institute is a bed, while the correct, approved and insisted-upon attitude of the students is a horizontal one. Here the back is turned towards the earth, and the face lifted upwards to the sky, and all it contains in its marvelous depths.

The school house is very quiet. No noise allowed in the room. The student with his desk which is placed in the corner or pulled out into the middle of the apartment, must have perfect stillness around him.

Who can tell what is taught, what is received or given up, what is conquered or yielded in these lessons of a week, month or several months.

We have all been to this school. Many are still at the desk. It has been hard study for months and months. It would certainly be surprising if we did not learn some few things in that time.

One thing we got to feel most deeply was the sense of our own insignificance.

What did it matter to the world; what does it amount to the whole earth if any man is moved from its walks and men are told that he is sick.

The globe rolls on just the same carrying the nations with it; the nations rush on their way regardless if thousands disappear from their midst. The absence of a man from the ranks of men is as much missed and as quickly replaced by the form of another, as the water rushes in to fill up the space when the finger is withdrawn from the bowl. The water pours in, and the hole that the child thought would be left after the pulling away of the finger is as instantly gone.

So when the invalid with pale face and feeble step comes to the open window and looks out; the rattle of cabs, the tread of heels on the pavement, the roar of the train and whistle of distant steamboats tells him in unmistakable language that the world has rolled on just the same in its labor, thought, speech, action and achievements, and that this faded piece of humanity leaning against the window has not been missed among the busy millions a single moment.

Moreover, the world hardly knew when he disappeared, and when he returned to the scene of action. Only recently one man said to another in a crowd, grasping his hand with surprise: "Why, Joe, I thought you were dead." And yet this same Joe doubtless wondered who could take his place when he was gone.

In the city of New Orleans there is a building which apparently rests upon a row of Satyr-like figures. They appear to be holding up the main structure and the bent position of the forms, the deep lines on the stony faces would indicate that the load and pressure were tremendous, and but for them, all would topple in the dust, walls, pillars, dome and all.

But the architect and builder will tell you that not a pound of weight rests upon the shoulders of these stone images. That niches were provided for them, and they--these same burdened looking Satyr--were slipped into the places prepared for them after the building was completed. In a word, they were "put in" and the anxious, wearied, oppressed look was "put on!"

And so it is that the little human figure of today can be taken from the niche of time, place, and position, and the great edifice that God has built for the present and everlasting good of man will

continue to stand and abide forever. Redemption does not rest upon us, but upon Christ as its true, immovable and eternal foundation.

A second lesson was the helplessness, and if we might be allowed to say it, the secondariness of the body.

Its boasted spring and strength is gone in a few hours. Its appetites are disregarded. It is evidently a vessel or casket containing something greater. And this greater thing comes to the front now. The soul flits like an angel over the prostrate body and marvels at its weakness and heaviness.

The strength of the soul rises over its fallen physical comrade. It exults when the body complains. Its hunger and thirst remains and is gratified, while the material form before it can neither eat nor drink, nor does it care to do so. The poor body is reduced to whispers, and finally to inability to communicate its wants to friends and attendants; while the soul at this very time of physical prostration seems often to be at its best, and communes face to face unbrokenly with the God of the Universe.

We can but say in view of this fact alone, there is another nature distinct from the physical, and a higher, nobler nature, and that whatever is done for the spirit is necessarily compelled to take rank far above anything that is or could ever be done for the body on the part of Heaven.

Still another out of the numerous lessons obtained at the sick school, we receive a deeper realization than ever of the faithfulness of Christ.

Numbers see the person smitten with disease rise up, leave the ranks of the well in body, and disappear in the sick room, but do not follow him. They sometimes give a passing thought or recollection, but they stop short of the door, and by and by forget the one who went in and lay down in a suffering that was to continue for long weeks and months.

But Christ came into the room, and closing the portal remained with the afflicted one. How sweet it was to find Him by you and in you, when the hot head struck the pillow, and pain in spite of all you could do, wrung scalding tear drops from the eyes. The divine whisper was, "I will not leave you comfortless. I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Then some more tears came of another order, and they were very sweet and heart relieving.

It matters not with the Saviour that the sick one is gifted or not, well-to-do or not, attractive or not, popular or unpopular, a success or a failure, as men count these things. Jesus comes into the sick room all the same and there He abides.

The physician steps in for a minute twice a day; the visiting friend manages to give five minutes; the nurse on being paid, stays from six to eight hours, but the Saviour never leaves the room. He stays all the hours.

The Life Angel may be sent at last, and the invalid goes back to the labors and conflicts of earth, fairly weighted down with holy, gracious, grateful memories of Christ in the sick room.

Or the Death Angel may come; the weary wheels of life cease to turn; and one of God's chariots sweep the sufferer from the realms of pain to the glory world, and rest life above in the skies.

Now then for the undertaker and plumed hearse, for anchors and crowns of roses on the coffin lid, for silver plates and inscriptions of broken hearted love and grief that were unuttered on earth. Now, then, for a great attendance and procession of suddenly materialized friends, for sighs that cannot be heard in the casket, for tears that cannot be seen through the shroud, for words of kindness and commendation and praise that came too late for the silent sleeper on the bier. Now then, we repeat, is the time for the works of men, music, addresses, brotherhoods, regalias, flowers, funeral train and all. And all done for one who sees not, hears not, and is a billion leagues away in another world.

But Christ's work was done before hand. He came to us while we were living and suffering. He handed us over, so to speak, to men when we were dead, and when only the poor shell that contained the gem was left.

Truly, many of us will say with overflowing hearts, and eyes, and lips, when we see the Saviour in Heaven:

"I was sick and ye came unto me."

A BOX OF TREASURE

By Beverly Carradine

Chapter 37 **SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT DEATH**

That is a strange conjunction which exists between a visible body and an invisible spirit. The result of this mysterious alliance is a living being, a personality affecting and influencing us in many ways, so that we are different, and life itself is not the same because of this living, thinking, loving creation of God.

When the spirit leaves the body we see that the inhabitant of the tenement of clay is gone. The some one who not only gave physical force to the body, but invested it with a mental, moral and social charm, is departed.

Even while we hang broken-hearted over the form that is left, yet the one who loved us and whom we loved has vanished. What lies on the bier and in the coffin is but the casket from which the jewel has been taken, the mere semblance of a person who himself is in distant worlds, even while our tears drip on the cold, unconscious face.

Several facts impress us about this strange, sad thing called death.

One is its unspeakable pathos.

Perhaps the helplessness of the dead may be the great reason for the tender, pitiful feeling which it invariably inspires. Anyhow, the hardest of men are touched at the sight and even enemies are disarmed in its presence.

What was once a strong, resolute man is now seen unable to lift a hand or speak a single word in self-defense, no matter what the attack may be.

People were busy enough to criticize and condemn only a few days before. What has happened to so silence them? What strange force has the pale-faced, silent sleeper exercised that not only the bitterest adversaries cease their accusations, but even speak that which is kindly concerning the pathetically helpless form before them?

A second fact is the eloquence of death.

Surely a man never pleads his sorrows, wrongs and unfortunate life so well as when he is silent in the coffin.

The lips do not move, but they persuade and win the people all the same.

Something in us also begins to entreat for the one who cannot speak for himself. We recall the difficulties of his life, we remember his disadvantages, the injustices done him, the hard lot he had, and so the speechless, voiceless one in the casket is not only vindicated, but acquitted and honored.

A third feature is the isolating power of death on those who are bereaved.

A man who has lost a loved one is at once exiled into a world to himself. Friends grasp his hand and speak kindly words, but none seem able to come where he is now living. It would take not only a similar grief, but the identical sorrow to do that. So he has a language of his own, a suffering peculiarly his, and a world all to himself. He is removed in a sense from those who observe him, and just as sadly true, they, the observers, are far from him.

No sailor shipwrecked on a rock, with waves breaking all around him and no sail or land in sight, is more truly insulated than the man upon whose heart has fallen the crushing affliction of the death of one near and dear to him. How far away seem all signals of sympathy and help; how remote all human vessels in the offing; how unable all seem to come near and land; and what a ceaseless stretch of billows of grief and pain keep rolling in on the mind and heart. Exiled and expatriated indeed.

A fourth influence of death is realized in the heart shrinking from and suffering under sounds and scenes of merriment and joy.

Once in a great bereavement, a sudden laugh on the street would nearly break my heart. We would find ourselves wondering how any one could be glad in such a grief-stricken grave-riven world like this. The only sound we recall which we could endure in that sorrowful period was the ringing of distant church bells during the month of Lent. Somehow they spoke of heaven and had a soothing power.

In a late sorrow, as we walked alone one night on the street we passed a dwelling ablaze with light where a wedding was taking place. At another just beyond a party was going on, the street was crowded with carriages, while voices, music and laughter from the house filled the night air.

We were not selfish enough to wish the pleasure of others marred because we walked a stricken man on their pavements, but we only mention the fact how a great trouble made the sounds of merriment and revelry pierce the grieving heart like daggers.

A greater suffering came as we turned a corner, on which the Methodist church stands. It has been made an Institutional church, and just as we passed it the sounds of a bowling alley, the stroke of the ball and rattling fall of the ten pins came through the windows of the annex and broke upon our ears. God only knows the suffering we endured to hear such sounds from His House, and at such a time of personal bereavement and sorrow. How can they do it! we said, as we walked with dripping tears alone in the night.

A fifth fact about death is seen in its strange power to give an appearance as well as experience of emptiness to everything in the world.

It is marvelous how the death of one person will make the earth look lonesome and desert-like, while life seems hardly worth the living. No matter how great the crowd, how busy the throng, the aching consciousness that one is gone from the walks of life, never to return, causes us to feel the solitariness and forsakenness we have mentioned, while Ichabod is written on every street and house, and on every employment and enjoyment of time.

We have never read a paragraph or poem that so perfectly describes this state of mind as is done in a few simple, natural, but powerful, lines written by George Eliot:

"AND I AM LONELY"

"The world is great! the birds all fly from me;
The stars are golden fruit upon a tree,
All out of reach! My little sister went,
And I am lonely.

"The world is great! I tried to mount the hill
Above the pines, where the light lies so still,
But it rose higher! Little Lisa went,
And I am lonely.

"The world is great! the wind goes rushing by.
I wonder where it comes from? Sea birds cry
And hurt my heart! My little sister went,
And I am lonely.

"The world is great! the people laugh and talk
And make loud holiday; how fast they walk!
I'm lame, they push me; little Lisa went,
And I am lonely."

A final thought is that such is the crushing power of the sorrow coming from bereavement that we do not see how any one can endure it without Christ.

In fact we do not believe that the human heart can bear such grief apart from divine support and consolation.

Stoicism is not proper triumph over trouble, and is not victory at all. Hardness and bitterness is not conquest, but defeat. While resort to opiates, alcohol and rushing into worldliness is a confession that the bereaved person did not carry their load to Christ the Burden-Bearer, that they have themselves sunk under the unbearable weight of grief, and have ended in failure where others obtain victory.

The soul was made for God, is dependent upon Him and can only be happy in Him. So if we need Him in the days of youth, health, strength and happiness, what can we do without Him in the period

of profound sorrow, in the time when the room has been emptied, the chair made vacant and a new grave is seen in the cemetery?

We pity from the depths of our soul the man or woman who has not God with them in such dark, sad, trying hours.

We were once summoned in haste when a pastor, to a home where an only child, a beautiful girl of three years of age, had suddenly died. As we entered the room and glanced at the bed on which the little form was resting, it seemed as if she had fallen asleep. The long lashes lay on her cheek, the ringlets were gently stirred on her forehead, by a soft breeze blowing through the open window. There was no wasting appearance of sickness, nor even death, and yet the soul was gone.

We next looked for the mother, and found her on the floor on the other side of the bed, writhing in speechless agony, with both hands, clutching her breast as if her heart was breaking.

We knelt down and tried to talk with and pray for her; but she seemed to hear nothing, and would not be comforted. She was without Christ and went down with her sorrow then and thereafter.

We saw a man who had buried his wife, and had returned to his home after the funeral, sit down on the front door step and refuse to go in. He said with a voice and look of utter despair: "I have no home now. I do not care to live."

Instead of coming to Christ, he took to drink, and added to his unconsolated sorrow a ruined character and life.

How thankful we are to see others even in the first anguish of their grief, and all the pain of the after loneliness; go at once to the Son of God; cling to Him; leave all with Him; and by His power and love and grace get comforted while the tears are dripping. They kiss the hand that seems to smite them; and looking up to Him from the most crushing of bereavements say like one of yore, Though you slay me, yet will I trust you.

A BOX OF TREASURE

By Beverly Carradine

Chapter 38 DYING FLASHES

When a candle is about to expire, it has been often observed to send up one or more gleams of light, that were brighter and stronger than the preceding flame, but only to be followed immediately by extinction and darkness. When a building is being consumed, we have all noticed the same phenomenon. Just as we thought all was over, a sheet of fire burst forth and towered up that reminded one in its energy, brightness and height of a far earlier period of the conflagration. It looked like the spectators were to be treated to a greater display than ever, when suddenly the flame went down, the glow ended and blackness came upon the smoldering heap.

The explanation in the candle's action was some little source of strength that had not been touched until that moment; and the transitory outburst of fire, heat and light from the doomed dwelling was the falling in of some wall or roof hidden by the smoke, giving for a few moments only, the fuel for one more burst of dying power, a farewell flash of antecedent force and greatness that was now being ended forever.

The same thing is noticeable in the intellectual life, where gifted authors, after having delighted the world, will pass into third class work, become prolix, common-place and tedious, and then just before the light goes out in the grave, will write some of their best paragraphs, pages and chapters. Generals who are acknowledged military geniuses show the same temporary brilliancy just before defeat, exile, or death, puts out the candle entirely. Something grotesquely analogous can even be seen in lunacy, that has its flashes of mental brightness from the disorder and shadows of a long mental gloom and coming night of death.

A similar manifestation is beheld in the action of the sun at the close of day. Its race through the skies is ended, and the great monarch is sinking out of sight behind a bank of leaden colored ordinary looking clouds. It is anything but a remarkable or beautiful close of diurnal life, when suddenly, on glancing again toward the west, the horizon seems to be on fire, and the sun, with a closing stroke of power, has dyed the heavens with his blood, and gone down on a funeral pyre of crimson and gold. This is the sun's dying flash. It is as wonderful as anything he has done in all the preceding hours of the day, but it is his last for that day.

A startling likeness to these happenings in the natural world and intellectual realm is frequently to be beheld in the spiritual life. There can be a glorious sunrise, a useful day to follow, then a declination of experience, a cooling off of heat, a lessening of light, a steady sinking earthward, and then just before the backslidden life sinks out of sight, a few dying flashes of power may precede the disappearance of the man from the ways of righteousness or from the world itself forever.

All this is strikingly seen in the lapse and ruin of Balaam. For after repeated disobediences to God in his treatment of the angel, we hear him uttering some of the sublimest prophecies in the Bible. It is impossible to recall without emotion his words, "I shall see him but not now; I shall behold him,

but not nigh," and remember that they were uttered after he had sinned, and just before his final, moral ruin and death on the plain.

Repeatedly we have beheld the same strange happenings in the lives of Christians who have gone or are going astray. A most remarkable prayer, or a most wonderful sermon has been known again and again to fall from lips that had already been untrue to Christ, and false and sinful in the gravest way. The candle was down in the socket and was giving one final upward leap. Some piece of untouched goods like the hidden wall, suddenly surged and fell forward, giving a momentary glare. The sun was sinking, and just before he disappeared sent a dying flash that streamed up to the very zenith and looked for a while as if the day was coming back. But it was the last glance as well as gasp of an ended day; and night with a sable mantle of grief came softly forward, and with glistening starlike tears on its robe, bent over the casket in the west, and gazed silently and mournfully upon the departed form.

It is possible, however, to invest the last gleaming of the day with another and happier meaning. The sunset of the Occident we know is the sunrise of the Orient. The dying flash in the west of one land is a morning flash of glory on another shore.

This is not always the case in the spiritual life, but it may be so. The tearful, melting, kindling hope, new resolution, a strange, unexpected energy, and sudden burst of power, short-lived and evanescent as all may be, can only come from the presence and work of the Holy Spirit. Left to itself the backslidden and sinful soul would never feel a pang of contrition nor realize a single pulsation of goodness. The wandering sheep would die on the dark mountains of iniquity but for the seeking divine shepherd. The slumbering soul would sleep on in its unconscious apathetic state, but for the voice that wakes the dead.

It is well for the drifting, staggering, falling, dying Christian to study properly these last flickerings of godliness in his heart and life. If he insists on regarding them as the final flare of the exhausted candle, then his own despair will hasten the coming utter darkness and ruin. But if he will realize that the sudden blaze and upward movement in his soul, was not so much the consuming of a wall of some remaining excellence and virtue in his character, as the warm breathing and quickening power of the Holy Ghost upon his fainting, sinking spirit, then has he ground indeed for fresh hope, good determinations, new efforts and the beginning of a better life with higher aims, deeper love, profounder humility, mightier faith and grander results than ever known before. That which he and others considered a sunset, can be a glorious sunrise on the remaining years of the life, and making a more beautiful day in the spiritual sense than was beheld in the other that may have ended in evening shadows and gloom.

The Spirit of God does not work with the soul to tease and disappoint, but to fulfill and bring to pass. If he shows the pattern of a life sanctuary to the mind in some exalted moment, it is that a temple of glory should go up and not a den or a hovel.

The Bible says God works in us to will and to do of his good pleasure. First, he stimulates the man to will, and then he energizes him to perform that which is right.

God cannot compel a man in moral conduct, or decide for him in the choice between good and evil. The utmost that the Spirit can do is to woo and urge, and this he will and does do.

Now as God has made us for his glory as well as our happiness; as he certainly must value property created in his own image, and does not want a single soul to perish and so declares in his Word--it is evident and conclusive that when he works upon an individual to forsake sin, and make a new start for duty, righteousness and heaven--such a divine movement is made with the design and desire that the man be recovered and set on his heavenward way.

In other words, what is supposed to be the twilight of a closed day, is intended to be the dawn of a new epoch, the beginning of a fresh and glorious religious history. The scarlet of evening is to become the crimson of morning. The Past may be looked back upon as an Occident with melancholy surf breaking upon rocky shores; while the Future stretches out before the eyes like a golden Orient with dimpled seas, sunny harbors, groves of palm and strands of coral. The dying flash of the evening, turns out to be the flood of light and dash of glory of the morning.