

they "say their piece" parrot-like, which kills the effect of any words.

*Avoid ruts in holding meetings and altar services.* Some little method, such as texts, standing, raising the hands, silent prayer, etc., which may be the very thing at one time, if it sinks into a rut, become tiresome and useless. Those in charge of revival meetings can easily check or kill the spirit of the work by dropping into a set form for every meeting.

Grace is most beautiful as well as most powerful when it moves through human souls, and is manifested in work with a full, rich versatility. We are not to be inflexible, metallic pipes, but natural river banks, through which streams of grace are to flow.

#### YIELDING TO GOD.

"Yield yourself to God," that is the sum of the whole matter. People talk a great deal about being consecrated, and wanting to be sanctified wholly, while they keep back something and give up everything but that. It may be one thing in one case and another in another, no two being exactly alike. People think that if they yield to God He will strip them of everything they have, but it is just like this: My little boy says, "I will do everything I know to please you." Now, will I shake that boy, and say, "If you do not, I will give it to you?" Do not I say, "Bless you my boy?"

That is what the Lord does. He puts his arms around us and they hold us steadily; but we first must yield, and it is not a hard matter. It was the best day's work I ever did. I would not take it back for millions of dollars. I would have Jesus and the life hid with Christ in God. God wants to make us kings and priests, not beggars and paupers, to make us rich not only here but throughout eternity. Sometimes we have given all up but self. You say, "I do not get any feeling, though I am willing to give my property, time, etc.," but the self-life you have not given up. "Reckon yourself dead indeed unto sin"—and the other side of that is found in the next sentence, "Alive unto God."

Sister Palmer said she had no emotion when she sought this blessing, but said she would wait forty years without feeling. I have said the same thing. I know not when I gave my heart to be wholly sanctified, but I do know what it is to be a temple of the Holy Ghost. I have had plenty of emotion

since; God fills my soul to overflowing. If we yield ourselves to God, then peace, joy and blessing come into our lives, which we would not exchange for New York. We realize as we walk this precious union with One who gave His heart for us. Our souls are at rest, we have joy unspeakable, and peace which flows like a river. My heart longs for every one who has not reached this condition to enter upon it now—yield now, God bless you.—*Dr. Cullis.*

#### IN A DANCING HOUSE.

[The following incident is taken from the new book, "Six Years with William Taylor in South America," and describes a scene in Valparaiso, in the experience of the author, Rev. O. von R. Krauser.]

A rum-seller was brought to God that night; and another promised to give up his dancing-house. However, a week after that, I found him still engaged in the same business, and I waited for the usual dancing evening, on Thursday, when I expected to have an opportunity to speak to such people. The dancing-room was crowded. Natives and foreigners were present—mechanics and seamen.

When I came in the rum-seller tried to avoid me; but I walked right up to him and asked his permission to read, sing, and pray with the crowd. He looked desperate, and said: "Oh, please let us alone here! this is no place for meeting now, and if you attempt to disturb the dance, you'll get killed here to-night." The crowd looked to be a rather wild sort. There were many intoxicated seamen, behaving themselves more like brutes than human beings. The rum-seller himself thought he had a rough set there that night, and he called my attention to the fact. "Now, you know very well I don't mind that," and "if you just consent, it will be all right. Don't you pity these poor fellows?" I went on to say, "and haven't you done harm enough in this place? How can you dare turn me away like that? I've got more right here than you, and more right than the devil who damns these souls to hell. God wants to save these harlots, gamblers, blasphemers, and drunkards; yes, God wants to save you, too. Are you not ashamed to send me away? Now come, my good friend, let me shake your strong hand; just see these hard hands! Ah, yes, you used to work once with these strong hands, and in the sweat of your brow, and bread tasted sweet, then; but oh, to-day it is so very different, and so