

A Stirring Prayer Meeting Talk

BY REV. C. H. SPOONER.

Did you observe, last Sunday, a notice at the bottom of a street, at the back of this Tabernacle, warning us, in large letters, against a terrible monster? Thus ran the oracle,—BEWARE OF THE STEAM-ROLLER. I always feel inclined to turn down a side street when I see the red flag and the admonitory sentence; for, useful as the steam-roller certainly is, I cannot persuade myself to believe that it is their true friend. On this particular occasion there was no cause to fear the steam-breathing monster. I thought, as I passed it, a steam-roller at work is the picture of what a church ought to be; but this particular steam-roller is a type of what many churches are. A church should be like a steam-roller, who, as he passes it, a steam-roller at work is the picture of what a church ought to be; but this particular steam-roller is a type of what many churches are.

The tremendous work to which I am called. A minister must be upheld by his people's prayers, or what can he do? When a diver is on the sea-bottom he depends upon the pumps above, which send him up the water, breathe him, and keep him from suffocating. Pump away, brethren, while I am seeking for my Lord's lost money among the timbers of this old wreck. I feel the fresh air coming in at every stroke of your prayer-pump; but if you stop your supplications I shall perish. When a diver climbs upon the roof with the hose, he can do nothing if the water is not driven up into it. Here I stand, pointing my hose at the burning mass. Send up the water, brethren! Send me up! What will be the result of my standing here with an empty hose? Every man to the pump! Let each one do better still, let him turn on the main. The reservoir is in heaven; every saint is a turpentine pipe; and give me a plentiful supply. What I ask for myself I seek for every true minister of Christ. Let not one be left behind. "Brethren, pray for us."

The Holiness "Crash." Speaking of the "holiness associations," I want to go into print that personally, I am utterly and irreconcilably opposed to the organization of such associations in the church. I believe in "holiness," as taught in the Scriptures. I believe in being holy, that is, in being dead to sin and alive unto God. "Living a life by faith in the Son of God." The church, with its ministry of all grades, is set "for the perfection of the saints." I believe in all that the Bible, by fair interpretation, teaches us on the subject of personal holiness; but I do not believe in organizing "holiness associations" in the church, and, for several reasons, among which the following are mentioned: 1. Because they—in the most charitable construction—cast the grave imputation on the Church that it is not, in itself, a holiness association. Whatever may be said to the contrary, this is the inevitable effect.

The Bottomless Jug. I saw it hanging up in the kitchen of a thrifty, healthy, sturdy farmer in Oxford county, near by, and I kept the promise I will, to help me, I mean! And I have kept it. It is less than five years, as Mollie had said, the mortgage was cleared off; my appetite came back to me; and now we've got a few thousand dollars. There hangs the old jug—just as we hung it on that day; and from that time there hasn't been a drop of spirits brought into the house for a beverage which that bottomless jug wouldn't hold. "Dear old jug! We mean to keep it and hand it down to our children for the lesson it can give them—a lesson of life—of a life happy, peaceful, prosperous and blessed!" And as he ceased speaking, his wife, with her arm drawn tenderly around the neck of the jug, and her eyes glistening with a fervent amen.—Nashville Advocate.

London Dock Laborers. In sunshine or shower, fog or fair weather, this approaches to the docks and wharves of the metropolis are every morning thronged by crowds of eager, anxious men, struggling, say in many cases fighting like wild beasts, for a few shillings of wages. As the hour draws near for the ringing of the great bell announcing the commencement of work, a crowd of often a couple of thousand men presses around the principal entrance of the London Docks, and as the big gong rings slowly upward, the mighty mass of humanity rushes forward like an overwhelming flood to the chain barrier, where the superintendent gives out the metal tokens, filling the holder to the brim. Of course he shows a preference to the previous crowd, but there is always the chance of obtaining a ticket, and the men strive to clutch one of the precious tokens with intense and passionate eagerness. They push and shove, and strain, and strain, and strain, until the mad rush like a mania rather than a human being. The most desperate determination is written on every face, and there is small, tight in the line of any crowd, but it is not for any one but himself. For work means food—poor and scanty, no doubt, but still something to keep the terrible wolf from the door. Failure means semi-starvation or worse.

Which is Best? An infidel was delivering a lecture at Northampton, England, and at the close he challenged discussion. Who should accept the challenge but an old bent woman, in most antiquated attire, who went up to the lecturer and said: "Well, I have a question to put to you." "Well, my good woman, what is it?" "Ten years ago," she said, "I was left a widow, with eight little children unprotected, and nothing to call my own but this Bible. By its direction, and looking to God for strength, I have been enabled to feed myself and my family. I am now tottering to my grave, but I am perfectly happy because I look forward to a life of immortality with Jesus in heaven. But what my religion has done for me. What has your good of thinking done for you?" "Well, my good friend, I don't want to disturb your comfort, but—" "Oh, that's not the question," interposed the woman; "I keep to the point. What had your way of thinking done for you?" The infidel endeavored to shirk the matter again. The feelings of the people gave vent to applause, and he had to go away discomfited by an old woman.—The Freeman.

As a German brother, Elder F. W. Gaeff, of Higgsville, addressed the Lafayette and Johnson Association in broken English. He was asked by a friend what church he belonged to. He replied, "I am a Baptist, when I was converted I did not go over the bridge but I went through the water." I became a Baptist because I could not help it. I was kidnapped by the grace of God and made a Baptist against all my previous education and wishes and prejudices. My mother was Lutheran, I was born and raised a Lutheran and I would be today a Lutheran now, but for the fact that the New Testament stands in my way. Philip.

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