

Far north among the icebergs send the story of a Saviour's love, a Saviour's sacrifice. "Mong southern peoples echo the message, "Redemption through the cross." Ring it over eastern deserts till the unconquered Bedouin yields submission at Immanuel's feet. Send it to western islands where, as the sunset crimson the deep, they may read the story of the crimson fountain that cleanses sin. Tell to the soldier on the battle field the glad good news of peace between man and God. Tell to the sailor as the ropes creak and the spars crack in the tempest, of the Christ who stilled the wave and rescued sinking Peter. Tell the story in the sick-room where every failing pulse-beat marks the passing of a soul. Tell it to the children in the home, to the stranger in the way, to all men everywhere, "He that believeth shall be saved."

2. The Limit of the Commission. "He that believeth not." So there is only one man that can limit God's mercy and that is he who refuses to believe it. There is only one man that can shut the gate of heaven and open hell to you and that is yourself. If you believe in Jesus no power can shut the kingdom against you, but if you refuse to believe none can prevent you from shutting it against yourself. Heaven is faith's goal and hell is unbelief's punishment.

3. The Seal of the Commission. "He that is baptized." True Scriptural baptism is intended to teach and symbolize our conscious fellowship in the atonement. This necessarily restricts the ordinance to only one form, that of immersion in water, since it must typify our conscious spiritual entrance into the death, burial and resurrection of Jesus. It also admits only one class of suitable subjects for the ordinance, namely, those who have consciously and personally received Christ, and who voluntarily obey him by confessing their relation to him in his person and work through this symbolizing act. All other forms professing to be baptism, are at once unscriptural and wholly outside the bounds of the great commission. Baptism symbolizes not merely the entrance into a visible church, but the entrance into a new life, hence it is only for those who are conscious of this experience through faith in the risen Son of God.

Moody on Revivals.

On Mr. Moody's sixtieth birthday his friends in England and America donated some \$60,000 to build a memorial chapel for Mr. Hermon School. One of his noble sayings in this connection shall never be forgotten by me. At one of the regular devotional exercises he told us students of the kindness of his friends and how thankful he was; but added, "If I could erect a walking monument for Jesus Christ at this school it will be far better than that." Shortly after the building was enclosed, he made the first address, topic, "Good News." When the building was fitted for service he preached the first sermon. Subject, "Revivals," of which the following is an abstract.

There is nothing I am more concerned about at present than that God should revive his church. It is perfectly Scriptural. God has been quickening his people in all ages. I don't know that they had any revivals before the flood; if they had perhaps there would not have been a flood. But they didn't believe in it, so the flood was a result of their wickedness. After the flood in the days of Moses, there was a mighty awakening when he was sent down into Egypt to bring the children of Israel out of the house of bondage, and right on down from Moses when the children of Israel went back into idolatry, God raised up prophets and men of God to bring the nation back to him. I used to think I would like to have lived in those days, but I have got over that, because the prophets appeared on the scene only when everything was dark as midnight and Israel was serving the gods of the nations and not worshipping Jehovah. Then God used the prophets to call his people back. It was dark when Samuel appeared. Eli's family had gone astray, the ark of God had fallen into the hands of the enemy. But read those verses in 1 Sam. 7:3, 4. Then in the eleventh verse we see the result in that Israel smote their enemies. This has ever been the case in the history of man. Whenever man has repented and put away his idols and served God only, then God has come with mighty power and driven out the enemy. God used Elijah to bring about a mighty revival, in the time of midnight darkness upon that land. Jeremiah was raised up by God, to draw the people back; some heard and took warning, but others persisted in living in their sins, and the result was they went into captivity.

Every true work of God has always had its enemies. The best work generally meets the strongest opposition. A man may preach with the eloquence of Demosthenes for ten years in a place, draw great crowds, and if there is no conversions; there will be many fine things said about him by people and the papers. But let there be a few hundred conversions and the opposition will grow as hot as hell can make it. It always has been so. John the Baptist was a great preacher, but he was strongly opposed by the so-called good men of his time as well as the bad people. Then Christ and the apostles did a great work but met opposition everywhere.

I cannot see how any man or woman who knows and believes the Bible can throw their influence against a revival. How can churches be opposed to revivals when the Christian church was born at Pentecost? How can Christians be opposed to revivals after the work of Luther, Wesley, Whitfield and others? Is not the Y. M. C. A. a result of the revival of '57? All our best

institutions have sprung out of revivals, yet people are afraid and bring in objection after objection.

One great objection is, "So many converts do not hold out." All the professed converts did not hold out in Christ's day. In John six we see that "Many of his disciples went back and walked no more with him." Suppose the farmer should refuse to sow because all the seeds does not take root and ripen. Suppose we should cut down our apple trees because all the blossoms do not mature. About ninety per cent. of the men who go into business fail. Suppose men would not enter business because so many fail. The cry is "They don't all hold out." A child is born, but we dare not rejoice because so many children die. A man falls into the river; another pulls him out. He wants me to rejoice, but I cannot because I am afraid he may fall in again. That is the strongest argument that people bring against revivals.

Another argument which seems to have great weight with some people is: "There is so much excitement." I wish I could see as much excitement in the church and in the work of God as I see in other things. Some saloons keep open all night and men get so excited that they knock each other down and kill one another, yet we must not have a revival because there is "undue excitement." There is more excitement in the billiard halls and gambling dens and brothels and drinking saloons in one week than there is in the whole church of God in one year. I am not so much afraid of excitement as some people, the moment there comes a breath of interest, some cry, "Sensationalism, sensationalism!" But, I tell you what, I would rather have sensation than stagnation any time. A seaman fears fog more than a storm. We have too much fog in our churches; let us get out of it. Get a preacher befogged and he will say "I cannot draw the crowds, but thank God, I am no sensationalist." Think of the stir there must have been in Palestine under the preaching of John the Baptist, Jesus Christ and the apostles. Don't be afraid of a little excitement and "sensationalism." It seems to me almost anything is preferable to deadness. There is no sensationalism in a graveyard now, but I think there will be a stir on the resurrection morning. Where there is life there will always be a commotion. What we need is life! I don't believe our young men would go off on bicycles every Sunday or spend the day reading newspapers if we had more spiritual life in the church. Scotch Glynn went to see a member who had the habit of going to sleep during the sermon. He asked her if she did not think it better to stay at home if she could not keep awake, but she said that she had been brought up to attend church and she would go. He added "Then don't you think you better take a little more snuff to keep you awake?" She replied, "Don't you think that you better put a little more snuff into your sermons, mon?"

People ought to be stirred up over eternal life and death. I stopped in a town of six thousand people. They had four churches, thirty-six saloons,—some of the saloons and concert halls open day and night, summer and winter. They closed most of the churches in the summer. One minister had gone away, one was sick, another had died. I found that only two young men between fifteen and thirty belonged to the churches, and the only well minister was preaching against revivals. I tell you it is enough to make the angels weep. Was anything under heaven needed more than a revival to save those people who were spending their time and money in those saloons and dens of iniquity?

A minister told me in another place that he hoped this revival would turn out better than one they had before because he had taken in a hundred members at that time and could only find two now. This was depressing, and I told another minister "If I thought this work would not turn out better than that I would rather go sweeping streets or breaking stones." "Why," said he, "I took in about a hundred members that time and I can put my hand on all but three." That was six years before. The facts were the first minister, after taking in the young converts, thought it a good time to move into the aristocratic part of the city. The church split and he not only lost young but old members.

I believe if we ask God for a real work he will not give us a counterfeit. If we ask for bread he will not give us a stone. I was on the Pacific Coast for six months and I didn't go to a place where I didn't meet people who had been converted in our meetings in Boston, New York and London. Everywhere I found ministers, deacons and Sunday School workers who had been converted in places where I had been. I could doubt my existence as easily as I could doubt that God not only converts but keeps.

Our need for a revival is great. I think it is getting very dark. If I were to live ten thousand years I couldn't be a pessimist. If I look on the dark side it is to stir you up and get you to fighting. Paul's words in Second Timothy, about the perilous times and "men becoming lovers of themselves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, unthankful, unholy," are coming true. Look at the men who are selfishly piling up their millions. Less than three hundred men lost their lives on the "Maine," but every twenty-four hours four hundred men go down to drunkards' graves. Instead of crying "Remember the Maine" we better cry "Remember Whiskey" and rise up and put the devilish traffic down. Consider the murders, lynching, divorces, Sabbath

breaking and dishonesty in business. Do we not need a reformation? Hark! the time come for the children of God to cry out, O God, revive thy work?

A prevalent idea is that people will not hear the old gospel and that it has lost some of its power. I don't believe one word of it. There is a lot of stuff that men call gospel that has no more gospel in it than wheat in sawdust. A young wife had a certain amount given her each week for expenses and was to keep an account. After a few months the husband said "Darling I will stay at home this evening and we will see how we are getting along." The account would often be balanced by something charged to "G. K. W." The husband began to wonder who he was and asked her. She replied that she could never balance the account, so she always put "something down to 'Goodness knows what.'" So with much preaching when we hear it we have to put down "G. K. W.—goodness knows what." You cannot tell what they are talking about but are certain it is not the gospel. If you put the old gospel straight and square, it has as much affect as it ever had. The idea that people want a new kind of gospel and that preaching has lost its power, is false. Man is the same as he has been for six thousand years. We are a bad lot and what you want to do is to tell men so.

I preached on sin last winter in the Mormon tabernacle in Salt Lake City to seven thousand people and the whole crowd—Mormons and Gentiles rose to say they wanted to break with sin. The same results followed among young men at Detroit and students in Yale University and in Maryland penitentiary. Here is four Sundays, all classes of people weeping and asking to be prayed for. Don't tell me that the gospel has lost its power. What we want is to cry down sin and lift up Jesus Christ—God's remedy for sin and we will find that the gospel has as much power to save men as ever.

Go into almost any audience and ask those who have been converted in the time of a revival to rise and four-fifths of the church members will stand up. I have tried it over and over again, and I have yet to find one place where it is not so. The signs are hopeful. People are going back to the old book. Never in the history of the world was there such a demand for Bibles as the last three years. Last winter Mr. Newell conducted Bible classes in five sections of the city of Chicago from October to May and the average attendance was six thousand people. Similar classes were held in London and five thousand people have attended through June and July. I believe when God has revived his work people are going back to the book. Sam Jones' motto has been "Quit your meanness." I hope the motto of the ministers will be "Quit your fighting and go to work and preach the simple gospel." Talk about this work not lasting; Pentecost is not over yet. Some of the best men we have in our churches were brought out in revivals. Why shouldn't we have in the closing years of this old century a great shaking up and a mighty wave from heaven? Is there anything to hinder? Are you doing anything to hinder it?

Such is the testimony and message of this great worker for God.
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New Books.

The Reign of Law. By James Lane Allen. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited.

Mr. Allen's book is one of the much talked of literary productions of the year, and its reputation is not without reason, although its merit, we are inclined to think, has been somewhat over-estimated. It is indeed a very attractive book, and one which well repays the reading. There is strength and a charm about Mr. Allen's style to which every lover of good literature will pay willing tribute. Mr. Allen is a keen observer of nature, and describes in a very charming way what he has seen and learned of plants and trees and animals. His opening chapter on the hemp fields of Kentucky, the culture and growth of the plant and its preparation for market, is indeed the work of a master. In that part of the book which deals with human life—the fears, doubts, faiths, aspirations and loves of men, the author to our mind shows less power. This opinion, however, probably is not in agreement with the popular verdict. The author's strength is doubtless supposed to find its chief expression in the portrayal of the experiences through which a certain young man passes as, fresh from the quiet life on a farm and held by traditional beliefs, he comes into contact with the science and the evolutionary philosophy of the day, and under these influences passes through a rapid process of skepticism, which loosens his hold upon almost everything which has been sacred to him. There is pathos and power certainly in the portrayal of David's troubles, his eager desire to believe the truth, his inability to walk in the paths which his teachers indicated as the only safe ones for his feet, his loss of faith, his deep pain at the disappointment which his failure brought to his parents, and his rescue from religious despair through the love and sympathy of a woman who could understand him. It is indeed a very charming book as a whole, but Mr. Allen exhibits the power of the true artist much more when he writes of the hemp fields, and of the analogy between the manufacture of hemp and the development of human character, than when he essays to portray the experiences of a man in whose soul doubt and faith are wrestling for the mastery.

The Hosts of the Lord. By Flora Annie Steel; author of "On the Face of the Waters," etc. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited.

The scene of Mrs. Steel's story is India, and the powerful imagination of the authoress deals boldly with the things of that wonderful land. All kinds of people are woven into the story. The British rulers, the natives, awed but restless under foreign domination, the Catholic priest, the Protestant missionary, the British soldier, the Civil Ruler, the Mohammedan, the Hindu-Brahmin and Pariah. The reader finds himself in a cyclonic storm of human passions, doubts, faiths and superstitions. The story is full of adventure—it is a story of love and of hate, ambition and revenge, bloodshed and heroism, and over all there is the glamour of that strange eastern world with its superstitions and traditions, so little known or understood by the western reader.