

give his own message to us and also give the people ears to hear. By and by the village was reached and as usual a hymn was sung. It is easier to sing without a congregation than to speak under the same circumstances. While we were singing a small congregation gathered. The Lord made me feel the power of the message in my own soul, and for a while the people listened with an attention which was at least pleasing. By and by I saw a man coming whom I regarded as one of the devil's angels, and I was not mistaken. He was one of those educated Hindus from whom so many hope for so much but who on account of their education are tenfold more the children of the devil than they were before. He did not condescend to listen to us very long before he began asking what he regarded as very profound questions with a swagger that would suggest that he was the alpha and the Omega of all wisdom and knowledge. The missionary and his helpers were only pigmies beside him. Be it even as he thought, the Lord laid to our hands and filled our mouths with arguments that he could not gainsay. The Lord caused us to answer his questions in a way that put him to shame. When he saw he could not do anything else he asked another senseless question and ran away before I had time to answer him; thus putting me in mind of a school boy playing tag or last touch. Thus ended our first gospel message in this village.

Another village was yet to be visited and our last gospel message of this tour delivered. We turned our faces toward that village and our hearts toward God for his blessing and guidance. After results proved that the Lord went before us. Although no one gave any evidence of fully accepting the words of eternal life, the mouths of cavillers were stopped and the God whom we preach acknowledged to be the one that sinners need. This meeting gave promise of being a stormy one at first but a man whom they call a fool put the disturber to silence and sent him away. If that is the work of a fool we need more fools in India. When this man was gone we again began to speak to the people but we were again challenged as follows, "There is only one God. He feeds us and clothes us and sends us rain and sunshine; him we know and him we worship. As for this Jesus whom you preach we have never heard of him before and do not know him. We do not want him." It was a good deal like the "We will not have this man to reign over us of the Jews." As there was no use for two to talk at once and he was determined to have his say we let him go until he stopped of his own accord. When he assured us that he had no more to say we reminded him of the fact that we were polite enough to listen to him without interruption and asked him if he would not show us equal respect while we would speak. The promise was given and kept. Then your missionary agreed with them that there was only one God and that through him "We all lived and moved and had our being" and told them that it was this very God whom we had come to preach about to them. While they were right in saying that there was only one true God they did not know him and could never know him but through this Jesus whom we preached and whom they set aside and despised. We told them that it was quite true that God gave them all they ever had received of good things but that it was through this Jesus that even the good things of earth came. Then we dwelt upon the all-important thing that this one God through Christ was so anxious to give them. When we spoke of the love of God to sinners we asked them if they ever knew that before to which they answered no. Then we showed them that it was only by learning of and believing in Jesus that we could ever know those things. With an exhortation to repent of their sins and believe the gospel this tour at Kurampet came to a close. We go but our messages delivered in these villages remain either to bless or to rise up in judgment against these people. Brethren pray that the word here spoken, may have its fruit unto holiness and the end ever-lasting life to many of these people.

Yours in the shelter of the cross  
Kurampet, Feb. 11th, 1902. JOHN HARDY.

## From Heart to Heart.

BY PASTOR J. WEBB.

"Have you felt the Saviour near?  
Does his blessed presence cheer?  
Still there's more to follow."

When God's children are shut in through sickness and infirmities they are not apt to be contented with mere forms of religion; they want something more than a view of the bulwarks and towers and palaces; nothing short of a personal interview with God will suit them.

The lonely child is not satisfied with a view of the furniture in the home; it must receive the fond embraces and hear the gentle voice of its mother. The child is home-sick, not for the fine building and for the beautiful gardens, but for a sympathetic, loving maternal heart. The tired, weary, lonely child of God feels that this earth at its best is but a dreary desert place without Jesus. David was not satisfied with the beautiful singing and the magnificent ritual of the temple service; he was

not contented to know that he was a circumcised Israelite; there was nothing that could make his soul happy but to come right into the presence of his Lord; hence he cried out: "My soul thirsteth after the living God."

Jacob saw God face to face, and he wrestled with him until he received a blessing. That is the kind of religion that poor troubled, soul-sick people need.

When Christians are enjoying good health and can go to church, and move in society, and engage in the busy pursuits of life, they sometimes walk slowly in regard to their Christian life, and follow Jesus afar off. They try to feast their soul off of high church steeples, and rich upholstery, and trained choirs, and pulpit oratory.—It takes a wonderfully smart preacher to entertain people who are not thirsting after the living God.—They do not know why it is that they do not relish the prayer service, or why it is that they get so little out of a good gospel sermon. Sometimes they put the blame on the ministers and on the deacons and on the church, and sometimes they put the blame upon God. They ask: "Why does not God come and bless us? Why does he hide his face from us?" The secret is: They are looking down to the earth all the time; if they would lift up their eyes to the "hills" from whence cometh their help they would see the face of Jesus, and they would catch his spirit—then they would be filled with the Holy Ghost. A religion which brings people face to face with God is the religion that can lift the dark clouds from the heart, and give wings to the troubled soul that it may fly upward and breathe the pure atmosphere of heaven.

People may belong to the most fashionable church, and boast of the finest church edifice; they may even have the Bible with all its precious promises and glorious truths; they may have angels hovering around them, but if they have not a personal, experimental acquaintance with Jesus Christ, they know nothing of the joys of the kingdom of God.

To enjoy this "face to face" communion with God there must be soul-life as well as animal-life. Our Lord said: "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

There are persons who have eyes and ears, but there is some defect, they can neither see nor hear. They have limbs, but they are paralyzed. The soul in its unconverted state has eyes and ears but it sees no beauty in Christ, and hears no music in his voice. It has limbs but they are paralyzed, benumbed, lifeless.

But you who have been born again; who have "tasted that the Lord is gracious;" who have heard his voice; who have been lifted up, with Paul, to the third heaven, into his glorious presence, will not be satisfied with anything else than a place at his feet where you can look into his face and hear his voice.

God wants all his children to come face to face with himself. To bring them into this happy state he uses various means. It is the approaching storm that brings the ship into harbor. God sometimes uses our afflictions to bring us into his presence. When the Christian is tempted and assaulted by the foe; when his heart is overwhelmed with grief he cries: "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I."

There are coast-guard men whose business is to watch for distressed ships. They keep watch both night and day. In stormy weather they are especially on the alert. One stormy night a vessel was sighted. There was something strange about its movements. The coast-guard men signalled for the life-boat crew to be ready. But why did they wait? Because there was no signal of distress. The captain evidently thought that he could steer the vessel through the storm. But the night grew darker, the wind blew wilder, the waves rose higher, the lightning flashed—the ship is struck—the main mast falls—now the distress-signal darts upward and, in a moment, the reply is flashed from the shore, "We are coming!"

Some brother or sister is in trouble. Your frail bark is tossed about on the angry billows of an unfriendly world. The night grows darker, the tempest grows wilder, and you say: "Why does not help come? Has God forgotten to be gracious?" You have been trying to fight your way alone. You have not yet signalled for help. So many of us suffer through trying to sail alone; but there comes a time when all our hopes are shattered. There is no time to be lost then. The distress signal darts upward in the form of a prayer, and, before there is time to look for a reply, help comes, and we find ourselves, like the affrighted disciples of old, face to face with Jesus. There is a beautiful calm then.

Sometimes we are brought face to face with God in our meditations. We are not driven there by a storm but drawn by the cords of love. How delightful to find Jesus sitting by our side, and to hear his sweet voice speaking words of comfort!

Sometimes you have felt the presence of Jesus in your lonely chamber. He came to you because he loved you; he wanted to whisper a word of good cheer in your ear; he came on purpose to help you bear your burdens. Then your doubts and fears all left you, and the dark clouds all passed away, and you felt that God loved you, and you knew that you loved him.

God is always on the look-out for tempest-tossed souls. His ear is always on the alert for the cry of the distressed. His arm is always ready to rescue his loved ones. God is always ready to come to your side to pour his love into your heart and to show his smiling face. Lift up your eyes; he is calling you now. Face to face with God we can sing:

"Begone, unbelief, my Saviour is near,  
And for my relief will surely appear;  
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform,  
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm."

New Canada, Lun. Co., N. S.

## Monster Vice and Crime.

Gambling has been, always and in all lands, one of the foremost vices that have afflicted and cursed our race. It has its aptroot in selfishness. Men have been anxious to get something for nothing, even while knowing that in so procuring it rob others. It must be that if anyone gets something for nothing, then some one else gets nothing for something. Gambling is simply robbery. It may be that the one who is robbed consents to it beforehand, voluntarily agreeing to run the risk of being robbed for the sake of being permitted the chance of robbing some one else.

The gambler does not create values. He is not a producer. He toils not, he spins not. The world is none the richer or better for his living in it, but rather the worse and the poorer so long as he continues to exist. The farmer and the miner produce; the miller and the weaver improve and manufacture; the railroad transfers and the merchant barter. Each honest man who labors with his hands or his brain is in some way adding to values, and making this a better and more wholesome world. Some classes of men, however, live on the vices and the weaknesses of their fellows, as fungus growths and vampires feed on other forms of life. The gambler aims simply to rob others of what they have come to possess. He is the incarnation of selfishness, greed, cunning, and dishonesty. So far as any one, not wholly given up to gambling, allows himself to engage in it, he comes to acquire these characteristics.

Every few days the country is shocked by the account of some great defalcation. Now it is a bank cashier or a trusted clerk who deceives the other officials and employees, and makes away with a large part of the assets. Again, it is the trustee of an estate who strips the helpless heirs of their last dollar, and then flees from the country. But in every case it is found, almost without exception, that he has been gambling, speculating, buying stocks on margins or playing the races, and has gone deeper and deeper, pillooting, despoiling, robbing, until detection is inevitable and flight becomes the confession of crime. Such instances are so numerous as to threaten the destruction of all confidence in the business world, and, in reality, there should be no confidence for one moment in the honesty or integrity of any man if he is known to have started in as a gambler, in even the smallest way. It is a vice that spreads as a conflagration.

Some men grow rich as speculators. They hold their fortunes precariously it is true, but they sweep the stock boards periodically and gather in great fortunes. They are counted by many as very fortunate, but one should know their end and should consider their interior moral condition before passing any such judgment upon them. But even if they are counted fortunate, their gains are simply other people's losses. Widows and orphans, estates and banks and treasuries have contributed through the fingers of defaulters and thieves, to swell the gains of these successful gamblers. The man who by gambling speculation amasses great wealth gets it from those who are injured and impoverished through the measures that have enriched him. The man who sells grain or clothing or food or books, gets money from others, but he renders them an equivalent. The gambler is like the highwayman or house-breaker who steals property and leaves nothing in its place.

A salutary lesson was taught when Mr. Schwab, the President of the great steel trust company, was called to account by his chief for operations at Monte Carlo recently. Whether Mr. Schwab had engaged in gambling, or whether he had even gone to the gambling resort, is not essential. He is reported to have been there, and is reported to have been told that such proceedings would not be tolerated by the company.

Let all beware of the beginnings. Let men who prize honor and integrity, and who would cultivate these virtues in the young men about them, frown upon this insidious evil in its every guise. Let mothers keep their homes free from every form of this corruption. Let lawmakers and courts use their united power to drive this threatening evil from our midst. Let the church utter its persuasions and entreaties to all who come within range of its sanctified influence.—Herald and Presbyter.

It is a poetic fancy that there is a point in the upper air in which all the discordances of earth are harmonized. It is a fact that there is a high elevation of Christian life where the distinctions which belong to a lower and heavier atmosphere are obliterated.—Dr. Wm. Adams.