

Contributions.

"They Expounded Unto Him the Way of God More Perfectly."—Acts xviii. 26.

Between Paul's taking leave of the Jews in Ephesus and his return to that city, Apollus, an Alexandrian Jew, came to Ephesus and began to speak boldly in the synagogue. This man was learned, mighty in the Scriptures, had been instructed in the way of the Lord, and being fervent in spirit, he spake and taught *carefully* the things concerning Jesus, knowing on the baptism of John, viz., "The baptism of repentance unto remission of sins."—Mark i. 4. But when Priscilla and Aquila heard him, they, the friends of Paul, took him unto them and expounded unto him the way of God *more carefully*. On Paul's return he asked certain disciples, "Did ye receive the Holy Spirit when ye believed?" Who said: "Nay, we did not so much as hear whether there is a Holy Spirit" (see Revised Version, margin). And Paul said: "Into what then were ye baptized?" And they said: "Into John's baptism." For the sequel see Acts xix, 1-7. Evidently these disciples and Apollus were alike in "knowing only the baptism of John." And may we not infer that Paul and his friends taught alike when they instructed them by "expounding the way of God *MORE CAREFULLY*?" That these words do not refer to "baptism in the name of Jesus Christ: unto the remission of sins," which Apollus taught *carefully*, but to the promise of Acts ii. 38, which was then first added, "Ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit," seems clearly indicated by Paul virtually saying, "If ye did not receive the Holy Spirit when ye believed, into what then were ye baptized?" Evidently in Paul's mind there was surprise at the ignorance of these disciples, but all was made plain to him on the mention of the baptism of John.

The "gifts" of the Holy Spirit which accompanied His reception as a rule in apostolic days, do not mark off the promise as belonging only to that time, for "to all that are afar off is the promise, even as many as the Lord our God shall call unto Him." "I baptize with water: He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost," said John. The "living water" of John vii. 37-39, is the Holy Spirit, and is promised to "any man" who is thirsty.

If, then, we would teach *more carefully*, "the promise" must be included as the privilege of all; and we must beware of teaching only the baptism of John, whilst we profess to follow Paul and his friends, Priscilla and Aquila.

MATTHEWS.

Summerside Letter.

After a long, cold winter, how pleasant to feel that spring is here. To hear in the early morning the chorus of the feathered songsters, to feel the warm sun shining upon us, to see the change in the color of the fields—all bring with them a something that makes us feel glad. Drooping spirits are revived, failing health is restored; invalids can move out and enjoy the balmy air. Spring has been called "a resurrection of Nature." In many ways this is a truism. It does seem as though all vegetable life was dead in winter; but lo! in the spring it comes forth again. As we trace our way through the many cemeteries of the land and see how cold and deathlike everything is, we cannot but wonder about the time when the great resurrection will take place. Are our hearts gladdened by the "resurrection of nature"? How much more when the last trump shall sound and the dead in Christ shall be

raised, and we which are alive and remain shall be caught up to be forever with the Lord. What a day that will be! No more drooping spirits, no more pain, no more sin, nor death, nor disease. They shall come from the east and the west, from the north and the south, and sit down in the kingdom of God, with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. This may meet the eye of some Christian who is getting a little careless or cold by the way, or it may come before some who are passing through the dark waters of bereavement. To all such I would say, "Think of the resurrection," "Joy cometh in the morning."

But there is another point I wish to speak about. Ought there not to be a "resurrection" of our church work? There seems to be a grand work being accomplished by our brethren in the United States. Is there not some move that can be made in the Dominion, or are we doing all we can?

I think nearly every one of us will admit that we could do a little more. Shall we do it? Twelve men inspired by God started to preach Christ at Jerusalem, surrounded on every side by opposition—Jewish and Pagan. They were persecuted, killed, but we have Christianity to-day as a result of their efforts to make Christ known. If every disciple of Christ in the Dominion, from Nova Scotia to British Columbia would only get "resurrected" (revived) and go to work in the strength of God with hearts full of love toward their perishing fellow men, what a stir there would be. We have some noble men and women at work now, but a great deal of time is taken up with trying to get the churches to work. If all were alive to the interests of the work, all this time and energy could be put in another direction. I do hope, I do pray, that God Almighty will in some way or another stir us up. That there may be a grand awakening; that the plea for a return to the primitive simplicity of the Gospel and Christian union may be advocated with such earnestness and force as to give it a momentum which shall increase as it goes on its way from church to church, from province to province.

Sometimes I think we are dwindling down to become a sect among sects. We must dispel this idea. We want to show that Christ does not teach the narrow doctrine of sectarianism.

Perhaps you ask, where? How is this revival to begin? In reply I would say that I notice the success of our brethren over the line is mainly due (humanly speaking) to their organization: their work is well planned. So I think the place for us to begin a revival of this kind is at our annual meetings. I only give this as my opinion. I will give you my reasons. Nearly every province has its annual meeting. These meetings are generally very pleasant—some of the happiest hours of my life have been spent at these meetings. Some of these meetings are also profitable. But here it is where I see we need to make a move. Now I maintain that when the brethren representing the different churches come together at some one place; that is the time to fill their minds with enthusiastic teaching on this subject. Some of our annual meetings have no order nor arrangement about them, preachers are called upon to preach at the meetings without any preparation, and so the meeting produces no enthusiasm nor zeal. But if there was an appointed programme, and suitable subjects chosen dealing with the living questions of the day—inspiring the people to do more in the future than in the past, future work carefully planned out to the glory of God, then let each member go home with a determination to arouse an interest in his or her church. This is

how this revival will start. Now I do not want you to think that I am for getting up some great excitement, I am not in favour of anything like that; but what I am in for is a whole-souled united effort on the part of the churches to bring our positions as a people more prominently before the people, so that sectarianism and errors may be removed and the truth as it is in Jesus may be established; that Christ may be all in all. A single individual may make an effort and do something in his own locality, but if there could be a mutual effort made on the part of all the churches, there would be grander results all around. But I must close; when I began this letter I did not intend to write what I have written, but I commend it to God and my readers. One thing I ask of you: before you retire this night after reading this letter, kneel down and ask God to help you to be more earnest in your work for the Master: to revive His work in the hearts of His people; and for me that I may see my efforts to advance the Kingdom of Christ more successful in the future than in the past.

W. H. HARDING.
Summerside, P. E. Island.

Young People's Work.

FOR CHRIST AND THE CHURCH.

"The Light of the World."

The Christian Endeavor meeting in the London Christian church on April 2 was very interesting. The church was well filled. Bro. J. L. Goodburne was the leader, the topic being the "Easter Service." Following is the pith of his address:

Easter Day, in its original form, was a Scandinavian feast day, designed to celebrate the return of Astur, or Auster, the sun. It was their custom to put out the fire which had burned in the house all winter, blackening the rafters with its smoke; and to clean away the smoke-stains, and strew green rushes and sweet flowers. A sermon of the time of King Henry VIII. says, referring to this custom, that it is a good example to us to clean the house within, bearing out the fire and strewing flowers—"Soe ye should cleane the house of youre sowle."

When Easter day dawns in Russia men are met with the salutation, "Christ is Risen," and the answer is an affirmation of this statement, which is accompanied with a kiss. The bells chime "Christ is Risen!" and the cannon on the battlements of the forts thunder "Christ is Risen!" But what a mockery takes place at the Greek Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem! Apropos, it might be as well to remember that this is not the tomb of Christ, for how could proper trace of it be kept when the Roman emperor Hadrian forbade Jew or Christian to enter the city. The Mohammedans have located nearly all the places mentioned in the Bible, with this notable exception, and they will scarcely tolerate the visit of a Christian to any of them, as the Cave of Machpelah, for example; yet they allow the Christians this place—why? Because they do not believe that Christ died. They say he ascended alive into Heaven, and that a criminal suffered in His stead.

For thousands of years the world was in a spiritual darkness. It began to settle while the rainbow of God's promise was fading from the sight of Noah. You know the sad history, and it is not necessary for me to revert to it. Asia was peopled with vast numbers, and was the seat of all learning at a time when Europe was a savage and almost unknown country. The desire to worship some superior being seems to be

deeply implanted in man, and in the dim past they invented gods of their own, for they had forgotten the true God—yes, the same thing prevails to-day. Some of the most highly-civilized peoples had the most cruel and blood-thirsty religious rites ever known—the worship of Moloch, for instance. But lights appeared in the world at different times—Confucius, in China; Buddha, in India—and both taught something purer and better. Prince Gautama (Buddha) taught kindness, and deprecated the shedding of blood, showing that blood was not necessary, and that a life of kindness was better. But none of the teachers of antiquity gave the hope of eternal life, and Buddhism, a religion in which 470,000,000 of our fellow-creatures live and die, gives no greater hope than absorption into the godhead—the Nirvana, eternal rest, oblivion.

The world was in darkness, the sun shone not—the earth needed the vivifying rays of the great luminary. Suppose we are released from a dark, noisome prison, where the blessed light of day cannot penetrate, the only light being a faint ray from a crack—a cold, strange gleam. The morning promises to be lovely, and what emotions, what swelling of the heart, come over us as we watch the east become gray, and huge, misty shapes rise from the land and the water like ghosts of long-forgotten days. The east becomes primrose, and delicate pencils of light shoot toward the zenith, and the primrose deepens into crimson. See the glorious bars of light springing up across the eastern sky, and through them the radiant messengers of the dawn are speeding on their way, scattering the ghostly shadows and the chill of night, kissing the mountains into wakefulness, and greeting the lark which has soared to meet the light, singing as he goes! Another moment, and the golden gates are open, and the sun himself comes forth ("as a bridegroom from his chamber") with power and glory, and a great flashing, and he embraces the night and covers her with his brightness, and it is day.

Such a morning broke nearly 1,900 years ago near Jerusalem, when the joyful news was circulated that Christ, the Crucified, had risen from the dead—He who was dead was alive. What a sensation of terror must have passed through the Roman soldiers when they saw the angel roll away the stone! Perhaps they thought one of the Diabolical had descended, and this alone would fill them with fear. But when the Redeemer came from the tomb with the tread of a mighty conqueror their hearts failed them, and they "became as dead men."

I said Christ came from the tomb with the "tread of a mighty conqueror." He had conquered the temptation to sin in the wilderness after His baptism; He had conquered the last great trouble in the Garden of Gethsemane; He had conquered death itself. The world was now His, for He had won it.

On that day the light which John the Baptist had kindled, and which had been but glowing, now burst into a flame, and on the Day of Pentecost it became a devouring fire. Wicked men have tried to quench it, and have heaped rubbish upon it, and trodden upon it, and poured water upon it, while they gleefully said to each other that they had killed this new "superstition." But it again burst out with resistless energy, utterly consuming the rubbish piled upon it, and nearly filling the whole earth with the glory of its light. Herod sought to destroy Christ, but did nothing save cause his disappearance for a while. The authorities of a so-called "Christian" church destroyed the city of Tara, in Ireland, in

the hope of destroying a purer religion than they taught. But has it? The religion of the Lord Jehovah and His son is victorious everywhere—not one false religion can stand against it. It is even said by some of the followers of the Moslem faith—that bitterest enemy of Christianity—that Mohammed himself foretold that the religion of Jesus Christ would eventually become universal, and that the faith of Islam would last for but "five prophetic months." (See Rev. ix. 5, 10.)

Have you ever thought how necessary to our salvation was that resurrection morn? A great many people attach vastly more importance to the death of Christ than to His resurrection. This is a mistake, and a great one. If Christ had not fulfilled all the conditions of the law, His death would have availed us nothing, as He would not have arisen. Many men have died for their friends and many for their country; but the redemption of the world from sin needed more than this. It needed that one man should so live as to be justified by the law. He must die, indeed, in obedience to the sentence passed upon man in the beginning. God only could supply such a man, and that man must be Jehovah's own Son, gifted with power from His Father, and gifted to such a degree as to not only raise others from the dead, but to raise up Himself. Does not the resurrection of Jesus proclaim the final triumph of righteousness over sin—"for by sin came death"?

Christ is the "first-fruits of those that sleep," and this is a promise that we shall rise from the tomb. But how different will be our arising. Not one will come forth as did Christ, as a conqueror, and whose bearing and air proclaim Him King Eternal. Some of us will rise as pardoned prisoners released from thralldom, with the remembrance that Christ has done this, and with the hope that "this mortal shall put on immortality." How will the wicked fare? Ah, friends, it is not for me to say. I am not judge, and I cannot say whether man be good or bad, nor whether he will rise to life eternal or return to everlasting death. God is the Judge of all, and in His hands is the future of all.

But His Son has said: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," and to baptize such as believe. There is work for all. The world's population is 1,424,000,000, and out of this there are 856,000,000 in heathen darkness; 170,000,000 are Mohammedans, 190,000,000 Roman Catholics, 84,000,000 Greek Catholics, 116,000,000 Protestants, and 8,000,000 Jews. A well known Episcopal bishop in Ontario recently said that the world's progress in Christianity would be slow until the Jews acknowledged Christ as the Messiah. As subjects of Great Britain, our patron saint is St. George, who was born and buried at Lydda, in Palestine, and who, for the sake of the religion of Jesus Christ, was subjected to seven frightful tortures in the city of Nicomedia, the capital of Bithynia, and that he was revived each time. Some accounts say he was put to death seven times, and was as often raised to life. He was at last slain for the sake of Christ. Cannot each one of us become soldiers of Christ like St. George, clad in the armor of God—the breastplate of righteousness, the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the spirit? Clad in this armor, who can stand against us?

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