

Give the gospel in social meetings. These gatherings have been in the past a means of large spiritual blessing. Conscientiously attend and vigorously sustain them. Believe me, friends, there is a place and a part in these meetings for you. Fellow Christians need the gospel from you, even as you need it from them.

"Those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest."

What if your words be few! People who forget a sermon may remember a sentence. You believe, therefore, speak. Your heartfelt word may help some burdened soul on its way to the Calvary Christ. Blessed opportunities are yours while the hallowed moments pass: dare you throw them away? Live daily on the gospel feast, and you will always be ready to tell how sweet it is.

Tell the tale of Jesus' love,
Fervent prayer upbreathing;
Plead as Christ would plead with men,
Tears with words unremitting:
Plead as one whose ransomed soul
Thrills with Calvary's story;
Plead as one who longs to win
Souls to God and glory.

This gospel work must be direct, heart appealing to heart, and soul to soul. Alas! for the painful failures here. Let each of us ask the question: "Shall there be found on my skirts at last the blood of lost souls?" Oh, that word—that dread, appalling word: "Lost souls! lost souls!" You may be in touch with some one as no one else is. You may be able to speak to some one as no one else can. Will you tell that one of the love of Jesus? Your speech may be only a broken sentence; your power the power of tears. But your anxious look, your quivering lip, your choking voice may be the very means that God is waiting to use in saving some loved one's soul.

'Twas only a word, breathed forth with prayer,
And uttered with faltering breath;
But a life was changed, and heaven rejoiced
O'er a soul redeemed from death.

No amount of preaching by the pastor, no series of special services conducted by an evangelist, can make up for the lack of effort on the part of individual Christians. An intelligent Japanese recently paid an extended visit to America. On his return to his native land, he declared that while people talked to him on almost every subject, they never talked to him about religion. They showed him splendid churches, but told him nothing about the Christ; and he drew the conclusion that religion had very little hold upon the people. You think—do you not?—that some one was sadly to blame. Yes; but how about yourselves and those within your reach who are still without a hope in Christ? Have you done your duty towards them?

Tell the tale of Jesus' love,
Think not none will listen;
Soon beneath its sacred spell,
Eyes, with joy, will gladden,
Aye, and souls, perchance, e'en now,
Wonder why you never
Speak of Him whose name might bring
Life to them forever.

The gospel must be given in holy, godly lives: for these show forth its praise; ray forth its light, and beam out its beauty. The gospel in print is good; the gospel in song is sweet; but the gospel in life is best of all. What means of blessing the tens, the scores, the hundreds, composing our church membership should be! What light the clustering stars should give! What power these banded followers of Christ should wield! Within the boundaries of this Convention there are reported to be fifty thousand church members. Oh, how great the responsibility which rests on this vast multitude as to whether severally or collectively they give or withhold the gospel! When William Carey, afterwards the pioneer missionary in India, was brought to believe in Jesus Christ, he was anxious that every one else should be happy in Jesus too. He was only a poor shoe-maker, or rather, as he himself expressed it, a cobbler. His soul was deeply moved at the spiritual destitution of the laboring people round about him. Filled with love to God, he went into the neighboring villages, preaching the gospel. One day a friend came to him and said: "Mr. Carey, I want to speak to you very seriously." "Well," said Carey, "what is it?" The friend replied, "By your going about preaching as you do you are simply neglecting your business. If you only attended to your business more you would be all right, and you would get on and prosper, but as it is you are simply neglecting your business." "Neglecting my business!" said Carey, looking at him steadily. "My business is to extend the kingdom of God. I only cobble shoes to pay expenses meanwhile." Carey had got hold of the right principle. To extend the kingdom of God is indeed the business of all God's people; and this fact so little understood, must be more deeply realized, and become a daily determining force for Christ. Let the soul but see this, and the cause of truth becomes uppermost in thought, and all earthly gains are "simply the means of paying expenses meanwhile." Greater blessings will be received, and mightier triumphs will be witnessed when God's own people make it their main and constant

"business" to extend the Redeemer's kingdom, or, in other words, endeavor in every possible way to give the gospel to the world.

This must be our one great aim in life—giving the gospel; giving the gospel in the large and loving spirit of the gospel; giving it in word and deed down to life's last hour. "This our one theme—Christ! the gospel Christ!"

"Happy if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!"

I have read the touching story of a good and worthy man whose life was one of intense devotion to his Lord, and whose earnest, faithful labors were the means of leading many souls to Christ. But, in the midst of his activities he was stricken down by sickness, and he was brought to the gates of death. His soul at times was greatly troubled, and he was often found in tears. Some one ventured to ask him if he had any fear of death. Unable to control his emotion, and gazing intently at the enquirer, he made this reply: "I have no doubt of my acceptance with God. I am on the threshold of my Father's House. But when I think of the many souls I shall leave behind me un saved, I feel ashamed to look my Saviour in the face!" Now, if we who have received the gospel do not faithfully pass it on—if we who have found "a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb," do not earnestly say to the thirsty, "Come!" we have vastly greater reason to be ashamed in prospect of entering the immediate presence of the Lord of glory than had the dying man. Our time for work will soon be over. Are we doing our best for Jesus Christ? Are we striving to the uttermost to make his truth and mercy known? Oh, for an intenser love to God, and a compassion like our Lord's for the perishing children of men! Time stays not; death waits not; judgment lingers not;—dare we longer rest at ease, life's greatest work undone?

Permit me, friends, in closing, to express my own feeling, and, perhaps, in doing this, I may be voicing yours as well: I would like when I pass from earth, to go up to my own beloved Saviour, and falling low at his sacred feet, be able to say: "My blessed Lord! I thank thee for thy gospel. I thank thee that it reached me. I thank thee that it saved me. And, oh, I thank thee for the longing thou gavest me to make it known; and honestly I have tried, faithfully I have tried—down where men were dying—down where souls were perishing. In my own part and measure, to give thy gospel to the world."

Has The Gospel Run Out?

BY REV. THEODORE I. CUYLER, D. D.

A very able and influential daily paper declared, this week, that "there is an impression in some quarters that the Bible is not in touch with these modern times, that its possibilities have been exhausted, and that in order to retain its hold on the masses the church must more closely align itself with liberal and advanced thinking. No one can have failed to observe that the pulpit nowadays is not so much an agency for the dissemination of the gospel as it is a lecture platform for the delivery of prize essays." The editor goes on to say that a search of newspaper files for six months past would show what an enormous number of sermons have been on "social and secular topics, and that these ministers are afraid that if they confine themselves to the gospel they will be accused of want of progressiveness." These are weighty words of warning, and they do not proceed from a hostile source. For this article concludes by saying that "the Bible fits into modern times just as well as it did into any other period of the world's history;" and that "the great need of the pulpit is strength and power, and these qualities were sacrificed to the extent that ministers of the gospel ignore the word on which Christianity rests."

God's Word goes a great many leagues deeper than any problems of social philosophy. It goes to the roots of things. It strikes down into the depraved human heart as the source of all the sins and the wrongs and the sorrows and the sufferings that exist in this present evil world. Satan's throne is in the unregenerate heart; and out of that heart proceed the evil thoughts, the cruelties, the adulteries, the thefts, the murders, the falsehoods, and all the swarm of mischiefs and miseries that afflict society. Christ's gospel is the one remedy that can reach the heart; and therefore it is one of the chief and foremost duty of every Christian minister to preach and to press home that heaven-sent gospel upon every conscience. Any so-called reformation that stops short of making men's hearts better is likely to be shallow and short-lived. Jesus Christ, the healer of sick bodies, came into this world chiefly to save sin-sick souls. He preached heart-repentance and holy living. Paul and his fellow-apostles did not go about lecturing on sociology, even in that corrupt age. They grappled with the mightier problem of man's utter heart-depravity and struck for nothing less than putting Jesus Christ into men's souls, and their entire regeneration by the Holy Spirit. That is the prime office of the Gospel of Redemption. The wisdom and the power of this glorious gospel lies right there. And what business, my dear brethren, have you or I to be scratching on the surface of things, when the Holy Spirit commissions us and charges us to go down to the roots of all evil things? The wonder-working gospel of atonement, faith, regeneration, and supporting grace—which is God's masterpiece—has no more run out than the law of gravitation has run out,

and it is no more "antiquated" than are fresh air and sunshine.

And an admirable object-lesson for all ministers may be found in the successful career of Richard Baxter in the manufacturing town of Kidderminster. When he came there, the town was overrun with wickedness. He did not ignore the bodily needs of his parishioners; for he had great skill in medicine and great assiduity in caring for the sick. He did not ignore their domestic and social conditions; for he labored for the cleanliness and comfort of their homes. His chief aim was the salvation of their souls; as he honored the Gospel, God honored him and gave him a great baptism of spiritual power. After several years of genuine apostolic labors, Kidderminster was not only reformed; it was revolutionized. New hearts made new homes and a new state of society. Baxter said that instead of profanity and drunkenness and Sabbath-breaking, he could walk the streets on Sunday evenings and hear the sounds of psalms or Bible reading in well-nigh every dwelling!

Hum in nature—whether in mansion or in hovel—has not changed since Baxter's day, or since the Apostles' day. Christianity has not changed, and never will change. It provides for the life that now is, and infinitely more for the life that is to come. The infinite God knew what he was doing when He gave to His sinning, suffering children a Gospel that covers the heart and renovates the whole man through the incoming of Christ Jesus into the man. To His ministers He entrusts the life giving Gospel—not to be altered, or overlaid, or veneered, much less to be apologized for or concealed. The sublime purpose of this Gospel is to bring God to man and man to God. Its two principles—as Pascal well said—are the corruption of human nature and its redemption by Jesus Christ. As time can never "antiquate" these two principles, the precious Gospel is as fresh, and as indispensable and powerful as it was when it was thunders from the lips of Paul. Woe be to this world if the Gospel runs out!—Independent.

In Memory of Miss Mary E. Graves,

FORMERLY PRINCIPAL OF ACADIA SEMINARY, ENTERED INTO REST, JULY 16TH, 1901.

She is at Home to-night:—all sickness o'er,
All pain forgotten, all distress removed.
There are no tears in that bright world above
Where she has gone, for they are wiped away
By God's own hand. But we, whose hearts she won
In the old school-days,—though we can be glad
That she has entered into rest and joy,
To know no pain nor sorrow evermore,—
Feel that no other friend can take her place;
And we would come, with sad, yet grateful hearts,
And lay this flower of love upon her grave.

She has been much to us. Not friend alone,
—Though truer friend we may not find on earth—
But Teacher, guiding us in realms of truth,
And leading us to see the wondrous things
That God has spread in Nature's open book.
By her own strength she taught us to be strong,
By her own truth she helped to make us free
By her own loyalty to Christ the Lord,
She showed us what the Christian life should be.

We thank her now for all her patient toil,
We did not know in those old, thoughtless days
How much it meant, of care and thought and love
To teach a lot of heedless, wilful, girls
To put an earnest purpose into life,
To use aright the talents God had given.

We thank her too, for all the high ideals
She set before us: for the strong, true life
She lived among us. All the years since then
Have felt the impress of her earnest life:
Her faith in God; her love for truth and right.

We thank her most, perhaps, for teaching us
To use the highest standards that we know
In the performance of our lowliest tasks.
With many of us, life has run along
The low, dead level of the commonplace;
We were not called to do heroic work,
Or climb to some high pinnacle of fame,
'Tis well we learned that every smallest deed
May be a sacred service to our King,
If we but do it faithfully and well.

How much we owe to her, the years to come
Will help reveal: we cannot measure now
The forces set in motion by her life.
We only know that, scattered o'er the world,
Acadia's daughters carry on her work,
And in their lives,—made nobler by her touch,
She still shall live: they are her monument.

The years have passed since those Acadia days
To which we now look back with tender thought;
But now and then has come to us from her
Some word of cheer or counsel, and we felt
That she was still our friend, and that her heart
Had sympathy with us in joy or grief;
That, even yet, "her girls" were dear to her.

Then, when the shadows fell upon her life,
And weariness and pain were frequent guests,
There came no word of murmuring or complaint:
Rather—that she was learning lessons now
She could not learn in any other school;
And that the One she loved was with her still,
And would be to the end. Then there would be
Kind words of interest in our life and work.
We hardly dreamed what she was passing through
Until the message came that she was gone.

Sometimes I think, that when I reach at last
That land of light and love where she has gone,
I will not be quite happy, even there,
Until some angel guide shall take my hand
And lead me to her side, and I can look
Once more into her face, and hear her voice
Call me by name, as in the days of yore.

SADIE HARRINGTON.