

The old Strong man, armed, keeps the house; the bulwarks around this castle are ignorance, unbelief, loads of sin, pride and prejudice. These, like the walls of the city of Jericho, are to be compassed round with the Hosts of the Lord blowing the trumpets of the Everlasting Gospel; and they will be overthrown, not by human might or skill, "But by My Spirit, saith the Lord." The Lord of Hosts is with us, by the Perpetual Presence of the Holy Spirit working in us to will and to do of His good pleasure, making us wise to win souls to Christ.

My prayer is that each one of you may become experts in this holy art, and at last receive the Master's "Well done."

Yours gratefully,

T. BONE.

Toronto, March 29, 1895.

What a Sermon Should Be

It should be brief; if lengthy, it will steep Our hearts in apathy, our eyes in sleep; The dull will yawn, the chapel lounge doze, Attention flag, and memory's portals close.

It should be warm, a living altar-coal. To melt the icy heart and charm the soul; A sapless, dull harangue, however read, Will never rouse the soul, or raise the dead.

It should be simple, practical and clear; No fine-spun theory, to please the ear; No curious lay to tickle lettered pride And leave the poor and plain unedified.

It should be tender and affectionate As his warm theme who wept lost Salem's fate; The fiery laws with words of love allayed, Will sweetly warm and awfully persuade.

It should be manly, just and rational, Wisely conceived and well expressed withal, Not stuffed with silly notions, apt to stain A sacred desk and show a muddy brain.

It should be mixed with many an ardent prayer, To reach the heart, and fix and fasten there; When God and man are mutually addressed, God grants a blessing, man is truly blessed.

It should be closely well applied at last To make the mortal nail securely fast. "Thou art the man" and "Thou alone" will make

A Felix tremble, and a David quake.

—T. H. Keller.

Gladstone on Preaching

Mr. Gladstone's words, by reason of his great learning, broad intelligence and large experience in human affairs, carry great weight. It is encouraging, therefore, to read his testimony as to the kind of preaching needed. He said recently: "One thing I have against the clergy. They do not sufficiently lay upon the souls and consciences of their hearers their moral obligations. The class of sermons most needed are of the class which offended Lord Melbourne long ago. He was seen coming from a church in a mighty fume. Finding a friend, he exclaimed: 'It is too bad! I have always been a supporter of the Church, and I have always upheld the clergy. But it is really too bad to have to listen to a sermon like that we have had this morning. Why,

the preacher actually insisted upon applying religion to a man's private life!' But that is the kind of preaching which men need most; but it is also the kind of which they get the least."

Dr. Gordon's Inspired Tune

REV. THERON BROWN.

Standing by the great man's coffin, and remembering what his greatness was, one could almost hear from his still lips the tender melody he composed to his favorite hymn:

"If ever I loved Thee,
My Jesus, 'tis now."

Eyes of friendship that missed what Gordon was in his health and strength saw him as he is—since the glorifying change of the first of February. The solar light that always illuminated the face of his living manhood had given place to a "light that never was on sea or land." The impress of eternal sainthood had transfigured the lines of mortal beauty. His history was this, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." The glow of his last word, "Victory," was there. His joy was there, singing the burden of the sacred tune. No wonder the dead man smiled, for the best of him was not dead.

A party of us riding to the World's Fair two years ago realized something of the reach of Gordon's life, and the spiritual element in it that cannot die. On the plains of Upper Canada the soft crescendo of a devotional song broke the monotony of the long journey and awoke all the tired passengers in the car to listen—and rest. A trio of sweet voices began the hymn,

"My Jesus, I love Thee."

They sang it through, while the audience sat with glistening eyes. Every face was turned to the compartment where the vocalists were grouped together almost out of sight. Some rose from their seats. "Sing it again," they said, and every hearer joined in the delighted encore. Again the sweet hymn swelled through the car, until its melody and holy feeling started unaccustomed tears. Listeners of many creeds—and of none—sat charmed and uplifted by the sympathetic strains, and when the song once more was finished, they demanded it again. Before the hearers could be satisfied the music of

"My Jesus, I love Thee"

had covered fifteen miles. No one knew the infinite distance of its upward flight, carrying with it the hearts it had refreshed and purified.

On many more long railway journeys, in thousands of chapels, and in tens of thousands of homes, that melody born of Gordon's devout soul has been and will be called for, and sung again and again by voices of both suffering and joy. Its composer has already found many in heaven who loved it and love it still; and through it as one of the links of his immortal influence the past

master in Israel touches the living myriads who knew and felt his goodness here. By his voice and devotion, as well as by the record of his example, will continue to inspire their children's children.

He is Risen

Christ is risen, He is risen,
He hath left his rocky prison,
And the white-robed angels glimmer
Mid the ceremonies of His grave.

He hath smitten with His thunder
Every gate of brass asunder;
He hath burst the iron fetters;
Irresistible to save!

Oh, the gladness and the glory
Of the blessed Easter story,
Oh, the quick, electric thrilling
Of the Pentecostal name.

Death of death, of Life the Giver,
Reign, O Victor King, forever.
Lowly we thy sons adore thee,
Glory, glory to thy Name!

Frederick W. Farrar, D.D.

Individual Work.

Each member of a Christian church should be a worker for Christ. Our Lord has never granted a dispensation to a single one of us; would any of us desire that He should? His vows are upon us all without exception. Are we each obedient to His Word: "Occupy till I come? Are we putting out our talents to interest? If we are not doing so, we can never enter into rest. Rest implies previous labor. We are bidden by the Holy Spirit to labor to enter into the rest of God; it is the way thereto. Idlers are unrestful, fidgety, troubled and troublesome. They are the happiest who are the most completely consecrated to the service of God and most fully absorbed in obedience to His will.

Oh, that all our church members were constrained by divine grace to do their utmost for the Lord! There would then be no lack of laborers; no vine would be left unpruned, no wheat ungarnered. Under God we have in the church all that is needful for her great work; it only needs bringing out and setting in order—perhaps we ought to say arousing and quickening. The world is full of stir—social, political, scientific, selfish—and shall the Saviour's house-hold be given to slumber? Heaven can be no heaven to us if we do not labor here, by either doing or suffering the divine will. As six days of work preceded the Lord's Sabbath of rest, so must it be with us if we would enjoy the Sabbath of the skies.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

A Christian intent only upon saving his own soul in the repose of luxurious churches, whilst the river of human sin and misery sweeps unguarded by the door will not impress the present age.
—James Stalker.