

The Love Unfailing.

BY LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

I praise the Lord who loves me
And doth my soul redeem;
His loving-kindness moves me
To give myself to Him;
I lay my life low at His feet
And all His perfectness entreat.

CHORUS.

O, the blood availing!
O, the love unfailing!
O, the grace prevailing for my soul!
Wondrous grace prevailing for my soul.

He won me by His greatness:
I was undone by sin,
But now in His completeness
I am complete within.
He undertook for me with God,
And for my ransom shed His blood.

My lips in song are voicing
The joy they vain would sing;
I walk with Him rejoicing
That I may serve the King;
He walks with me in shade and shine—
For I am His and He is mine.

From morn till starry even
And through the silent night
He makes my heart a heaven
Of gladness and delight;
No fears molest nor doubts dismay:
He is my Light along the way.

I love and am a debtor
To all, whate'er betide,
But Oh! I love Him better
Than anyone beside:
He loveth me; His mercies prove
The love of everlasting Love.

A Specimen Case.

A Chinaman, whose name is Tang, was recently seized by Chinese soldiers and bound. A sword was held to his throat and he was asked, "Are you a believer in Jesus Christ?" He answered, "Yes, I am a Christian." He escaped death, and when afterward he was asked how he could witness so boldly when his life was threatened, he said: "I have just been reading how Peter denied his Master and afterwards went out and wept bitterly; and how could I deny my Lord?" This man was not a member of a Christian church, although three times he had applied for membership. He had been refused baptism, on the ground that he had not sufficient knowledge of Christian faith to be received. And yet some claim that there are no genuine Christian converts.—*Christian Alliance*.

Rev John A Wood.

Through the kindness of Mr. Hill, of Los Angeles, a couple of automobiles were placed at our disposal and we had a most pleasant ride to South Pasadena, Cal. When opposite the great ostrich farm one of the machines gave out and we were at a stand still in the middle of the road. While contemplating what we should do, Rev. Jno. A. Wood drove past. Our hostess informed us that Bro. Wood was passing so we hailed him and after a short conversation received a very kind invitation to visit his home which happened to be near by. It was a pleasant surprise to us, for we had hoped to meet our brother on our Cal. trip, and now quite unexpectedly we were just at the threshold of his home. The table was soon spread

with the best of fruits from Bro. Wood's own garden, and for an hour we talked over that wonderful trip around the world with Inskip and McDonald.

Bro. Wood informed us that he had been seventeen times across the Continent without a wheel off.

He expressed the great delight to him it would be, to be a young man again to push the battle for God and holiness. Bro. Wood still supplies the pulpit for his brethren when he can, and takes great delight in preaching a full salvation.

He urged us on leaving his home to go in for God's best and be at our best for Jesus always. We had a most delightful time together in prayer, and felt glad that the machine broke just where it did that we might commune with our Bro. beloved.

Getting Ahead of Whom?

"Our business in life is not to get ahead of other people, but to get ahead of ourselves. To break our own record, to outstrip our yesterdays by to-days, to bear our trials more beautifully than we ever dreamed we could, to whip the tempter inside and out as we never whipped him before, to give as we never have given, to do our work with more force and a finer finish than ever—this is the true idea—to get ahead of ourselves.

To beat some one else in a game, or to be beaten, may mean much or little. To beat our own game means a great deal. Whether we win or not, we are playing better than we ever did before, and that's the point, after all to play a better game of life."

We make but a poor job of it if we are trying to conquer in our own strength. Let the mighty Christ destroy all our sin and reign in our hearts and lives and then in the true sense we shall get ahead of self.

All Glorious Within.

H. S. HALLMAN.

The King's daughters are all glorious within. The heart is the place where the adorning and beautifying should be done. History tells us of instances in the Middle Ages, when persecution broke out against the Jews, when the merchants among them were oppressed and robbed, where they saved themselves from destruction only by living a squalid life outside, and a princely life in the hidden quarters. It has been said: "You might follow an old merchant, spotted and stained with all the squalor of beggary upon him, through byways foul to the feet and offensive in every sense, and through some narrow lane enter what looks like the entrance of an ill-kept stable. Thence opens out a squalid hall of noisome odors. But ascending the steps you come to a secret passage, when, opening the door, you are blinded with the brilliancy that bursts upon you. You are in the palace of a prince. Rare tapestries hang upon the walls. The dishes that bespread the table are of silver and gold, and the household, who hasten to receive the parent and strip off his outward disguise, are themselves arrayed like king's children."

So the bride, the Lamb's wife is. Now the world sees no beauty in her—she is looked

down upon—she is black in appearance to the world—but in the eyes of heaven and God she is comely. Her real beauty is at present covered by the false reputation the world gives her here. Men persecute and despise her, and she passes through this world as the most insignificant one, but could you follow her through this world until she is caught up, and then see her as she appears in glory, you would be blinded by her splendor and beauty. Praise the Lord, the time is coming when the beauty of the Christian shall shine forth as the stars of the firmament.—*S&L*.

Shaking and Taking This World for Jesus.

"Give me a hundred men," says Wesley, "who fear nothing but sin, and desire nothing but God, and I will shake the world, and I care not a straw whether they be clergymen or laymen, and such alone will overthrow the kingdom of Satan and build up the kingdom of God on earth." He got his hundred men, and he shook the world with an earthquake mightier than can be produced by a million of easy-going, nominal Christians, afraid of the Holy Ghost, and apologizing for their own distinctive doctrines.

I wish I had power to reach every Methodist on the round earth. I would say: Cease living on the heroism of your fathers. Quit glorying in numbers, sacrificing to statistics, and burning incense to the General Minutes. Down upon your knees, and seek and find for yourself the secret of the power of the fathers—a clean heart and the endowment of power from on high; then arise and unfurl the banner of salvation full and free, and a common-sense theology, the beauty of which, as Joseph Cook says, is "that it can be preached." Then, in double quick time, charge upon the hosts of sin, and conquer the world for Christ.—*S&L*.

Experience: Past—Present.

MRS. E. RISDON.

Nearly thirty-two years ago I was born into the kingdom, and with that birth came also the desire to see others enjoying the bliss I had found. I did not doubt but that I was born of God. I was a pardoned soul on my way to glory, but there was one thing which troubled me very much after the first six months of blessed victory and of visitations of love and rapture such as I never could have believed possible in this world, and that thought which marred my peace was lest some day Satan should overcome me and I should be eternally lost, so foolish was I and ignorant.

The assurance that God was able to keep came to me while listening to a sermon on "The woman of Samaria" preached by a very dear friend, a minister in the Presbyterian church two years after my conversion. It seemed to me as he stood in his pulpit so overpowered that at times he nearly fell, a halo of glory shone around his head. How my hungry heart drank in the words which fell from his lips. I seemed caught up in a wonderful wave of glory and peacefulness which almost overwhelmed me. Oh, how richly God bestowed his grace! The pastor afterward told me he had a sermon prepared for that day, but after he came into the vestry God gave him another subject, another sermon,