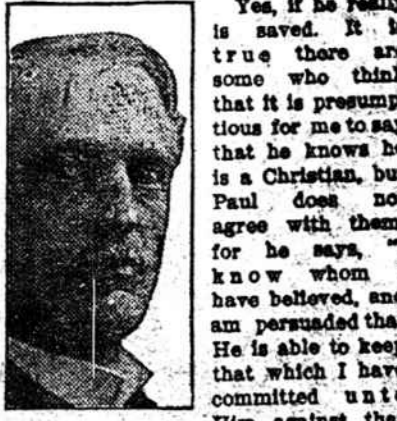


### Can One Know That He Is Saved and How?

By Rev. Howard W. Pope, Superintendent of Men, Moody Bible Institute . . . Chicago

TEXT—These things have I written unto ye that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may know that ye have eternal life.—I St. John 5:13



Yes, if he really is saved. It is true there are some who think that it is presumptuous for me to say that he knows he is a Christian, but Paul does not agree with them, for he says, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day" (Timothy 1:12). From I John 5:18 we learn that God intends that all his children shall know whose children they are. I John 3:1 teaches the same doctrine of assurance. "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the children of God; and such we are."

It is not important that one should know when he became a Christian, but it is very important that he should know that he is a Christian. Those who have been converted in childhood often have no recollection of the time when they were converted, but it is not necessary that they should. It is necessary, however, that they should know that they are converted, if they are to have any joy or efficiency in Christian work. There are three unmistakable proofs of the believer's sonship.

1. The witness of God's word. Remember that forgiveness of sin is something which takes place in the mind of God, and not in the emotional nature of the believer. Our first and best evidence of any such transaction, then, must be the testimony of God Himself. If He names certain conditions upon which He will forgive sin, and I comply with these conditions, I know that my sins are forgiven because I have God's word for it. If I accept Jesus Christ as my personal Savior, I know that I have become a child of God because God's word affirms it. It is not a question of how I feel, but of what God says. The feeling may be wholly lacking, and yet the transaction may be none the less real.

Dr. A. J. Gordon was once dealing with a lady who claimed to have accepted Christ, but who did not feel saved. All efforts to help her were unsuccessful, until finally he asked if she owned the house in which she lived. She said she did. "Do you have a certain 'at home' feeling in this house which you do not have in any other?" "Yes." "Is that why you know the house is yours?" "Certainly not. I suppose I might feel as much at home in a house which was not mine, if I lived in it long enough."

"How then do you know that this house is yours?" "Because I have the deed which conveys the property to me, and have read it with my own eyes." "You are sure that this house is your because the record says so?" "Yes." "And you would be just as sure, even if you did not have that peculiar 'at home' feeling of which you speak?" "I think so. The feeling is very pleasant, but it is no proof of ownership."

"Now if you could see a deed by which God had given to you eternal life, would you believe the record?" "I certainly would." "Would that record be sufficient to convince you without additional evidence?" "I think it would." He then asked her to read I John 3:11-12. "And this is the record that God hath given to us: eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son hath not life." When she had read the verses he asked her if she knew that she was saved, and she said, "I do." Because I have God's Word for it.

2. The witness of the Spirit. (Romans 8:16). "The Spirit himself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." Let it be clearly understood that the witness of God's Word is sufficient to prove that one is a child of God, and if one does not believe this witness, he makes God a liar (I John 5:10). However the believer is entitled also to the witness of the Spirit, the conscious realization that he is a child of God, and he should not rest satisfied until he has it. It is a part of his inheritance in Jesus Christ, and if he has not received it, he should reverently but persistently inquire the reason why. "He that hath My commandments and keepeth them . . . I will manifest Myself to him" (John 14:21).

3. The fruit of the spirit (Gal. 5:22). "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." This is the evidence which our neighbors will appreciate most, and which ought to be apparent to all. It does not appear all at once, however, for fruit grows, and growth requires time, while a gift is bestowed instantly.

### Reconciliation to God

By Rev. James M. Gray, D.D., Dean of Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT—And you, that were sometimes alienated and enemies in your mind by wicked works, yet now hath he reconciled in the body of His flesh through death, to present you holy and unblemished and unspotted in His sight: If ye continue in the faith grounded and settled, and be not moved away from the hope of the gospel, which ye have heard.—Colossians 1:21-22



The apostle Paul is here speaking of Jesus Christ as the one in whom all the fullness of the Godhead dwells and by whom it pleased the father to reconcile all things unto himself. By "all things," however, he does not mean all things universally, for that would include not only the souls of the condemned, but the demons in hell and even Satan himself. But he means all the things which it has pleased the father from the beginning thus to reconcile. The definite article in the Greek suggests this, as the thought which is made clear by the other teachings of the Bible on the same subject. Among those things which it pleased the father to reconcile to himself are the believers on Jesus Christ, and it is of their reconciliation especially that Paul here speaks.

I. First, he shows our need of reconciliation, by telling us that we were "sometimes alienated and enemies in our mind by wicked works." "Sometimes" covers the whole period of our lives from physical birth to our new birth by the Holy Spirit. All that time the natural man is alienated from God. And not only alienated, but hostile to God, an enemy, as the text says.

What Are Wicked Works? This, again, need not be taken too literally, as it is not necessary that we necessarily sin in every way to the power and baser appetites of the body. There are cultivated men and women who are able to control these appetites, but who are at the same time enemies to God in their mind. It is in their modes of thought and feeling, which are contrary to his revealed will. And this, again, must be in the very nature of the case, show itself in "wicked works."

II. Second, he shows the source of our reconciliation, which is God Himself. "Yet now hath he reconciled us." The very one from whom we were alienated and against whom we were enemies is the one who reconciles us. "He, who might the vengeance best have looked Found out the remedy."

This is grace, especially when we understand that it does not mean, primarily, that we became reconciled to God, but that God became reconciled to us. This he did by taking that step out of the way which was the barrier to his reconciliation.

III. This leads Paul to speak in the third place of the means of our reconciliation, which was the work of Christ for us on the cross, as our substitute Saviour. "In the body of His flesh through death." Why say "the body of His flesh"? Why not say "body" without adding "flesh"? Because there was a heathenical, soot in that day which denied the materiality of Christ's body. They believed in a spiritual, but not a material, mediatorship.

But Christ had a real body and real flesh and real blood, which he offered in propitiation for our sin, he passed through real suffering and died a real death. Such is the teaching of this verse.

IV. And this brings us to the fourth point, which is the result of our reconciliation, presented "holy and without blemish and uncharged in God's sight." This is true immediately of every believer, the moment he accepts Christ by faith as his Saviour. Oh, if everybody in this sin-cursed and sin-worshiped world only knew and believed that! If they would only pause in the rush of things and listen to it for a single moment!

### In The Shoe Store

(Scene—A shoe store during a marked down sale. The customers are being marshaled in order by urbane managers. Wild eyed clerks are trying to wait on three times as many persons as they can really satisfy by their attentions.)

Young Girl (after gazing five minutes abstractedly at a bronze satin shoe on her foot, during which time her clerk has told five women that he is busy)—"I don't know whether I want it or not. It'll go well with the green, but whether it'll look all right with my blue velvet, I—"

Young Girl's Friend (jumping to see feet as though shot)—"Where is it? Oh, I can't have lost it! It was right here—excuse me, madam, but will you get up?"

Woman Next Her (frostily)—"I don't know what you're lost, but I assure you that I haven't it! I've got plenty of my own."

Clerk—"What have you lost?"

Young Girl's Friend (pawing among the shoes on the floor)—"My card-case. Jesse, you saw me have it, didn't you? You know I had it at the other store and now it's gone!"

Clerk (soothingly)—"If your cards were in it possibly it will be returned to you."

Young Girl's Friend—"No, they'll keep it! It was a silver one! I must have lost it! I'm going back to the other store."

Young Girl—"I'd go with you, dear, but I've just got to decide on these bronze boots!" Do you think they'd look well with the blue—"

Young Girl's Friend—"Uncle Jim says it to me, and I had it right on my arm in the other store. I'm going back there—"

Woman Next Her (sharply)—"Well, that's my fault for grabbing up. It's funny the sort of people they let come into this shop."

New Customer (to clerk)—"Can't you walk on my feet? I've been standing here a half hour. If I've been a minute, I just want to leave an order."

Manager (sneakingly)—"Best right over there, madam, please!"

Woman Groggler—"I shall stand right here till the young man has finished. I can't waste all afternoon in one place. I wish to be walked on immediately."

Manager (in strong tones)—"At once, madam! Just be walked!"

Young Girl (still abstractly)—"Perhaps if you'd cry on one a little narrower I'd like the bronze after all."

Young Girl's Friend (gazing from the labor of alighting through the crush)—"What do you think—just as I got to the corner, I saw a woman with a silver card-case hanging on her wrist, exactly like mine and naturally I grabbed her and said it was mine and she was perfectly right! She said she would call a policeman! I'm all in a tremble! I came back to rest a minute!"

Young Girl—"Why that's a shame, Mary. If I'd only brought along a sample of my blue dress—"

Young Girl's Friend—"Now I must go, and find my silver card case. If I don't find it—"

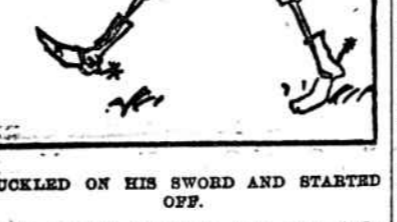
### An Animal Story For Little Folks

### The Adjutant Bird

Did you ever see an adjutant bird? Well, it is a peculiar looking bird that has been given its name on account of its military appearance.

I shall tell you a story of the adjutant bird. He felt so much like a soldier that he began to think that all the birds should become soldiers and go to the bird store and release the birds that were in captivity. Well, he paid a visit to all of his friends and urged them to join in this scheme, but none of them was in favor of it.

"It is of no use to try any such plan as that," they said to him. "We will



BUCKLED ON HIS SWORD AND STARTED OFF.

all be caught or killed. We cannot do any good by making any such attempt as you propose."

He talked and talked to them, but they would not believe that the idea was a good one.

"Well, then, I know what I will do," he cried boldly. "I will go alone and release all the birds that are kept in cages in the bird store and at private homes."

So he put on his uniform and buckled on his sword and started off, feeling that he was a very mighty fellow indeed.

Now there isn't very much more to my story except this: As soon as the bird store man saw him coming he got out a big net and threw it over the adjutant bird's head. Then he took off the bird's sword and pretty uniform and put him in a cage with his other birds.

And not long after that the adjutant bird was sold to a lady, who hung him up in her parlor to show her friends what a fine creature he was.

Moral—"Don't try to do too much by yourself."—Detroit Journal.

### An Animal Story For Little Folks

### This Pig Went to Market

You have heard many stories about pigs and probably a story about this pig, for this is the one that went to market.

He was a funny little fellow, who was fond of fun, and because he liked to have a good time he got into trouble.

At the market he got his baskets filled with apples and potatoes and peaches and pears and berries and other good things that his mother had told him to get and then started for home.

He had not got very far when he met two other little pigs. One of them was flying a kite and the other was watching him.

"Oh, what great sport!" exclaimed our little pig. "How I should like to fly that kite!"

### A Chain of Evidence

It Convicted a Man of a Crime He Had Not Committed.

By MARGARET BARR

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In January, 1908, Gustav Jinsinger, a literary man, and his wife, Mary Jinsinger, rented a house at 145 Croker street, in the city of London. They lived apparently happily together till the husband took in Ruth Kirkwood, a typist and stenographer. From that time the author and the typist were seen by the neighbors to be frequently together, and Mrs. Jinsinger was observed often in tears. She was in poor health, and a specialist in mental diseases was sent to make visits to the house.

On the 10th of March, 1908, Mrs. Jinsinger was seen for the last time at her home. Miss Martha Ellison, living opposite, saw her enter her house and close the front door behind her. No one after this date saw her come out. Her husband and Ruth Kirkwood were seen to come out and go away, both separately and together. On the 30th of April vans appeared before their door and removed the furniture. Miss Ellison saw Mr. Jinsinger and the typist leave the house together.

The next occupants of the house were Peter Hartigan and John Flynn. They were old men, living exclusive lives, wearing the meanest clothing and evidently very poor. They left the premises, after occupying them three months, never having paid any rent. The agent for the house reported that he went to it and found it deserted. No one saw them move out, and it was supposed that they had done so at night when no one was about.

During the autumn of 1910 No. 145 Croker street was razed to make room for a business block. The cellar was widened and deepened to fit the new structure. Several feet under the old cellar floor the excavators came upon a human body, or, rather, the remains of a body, that had been considerably eaten away by quicklime or some destructive agent. The place of burial and the attempted destruction of the body excited suspicion. The case was reported to the police, who made inquiries as to the past occupants of the premises, and the doings of the Jinsingers came to light. On chemical analysis the body was found to contain traces of arsenic.

The case at once arrested the attention of detectives. The appearance of the typist, the facts of Mrs. Jinsinger's depression and that she had not been seen to leave the house seemed to indicate that Jinsinger and Miss Kirkwood had been lovers and that they had removed Mrs. Jinsinger that they might marry. If Jinsinger could be found living with the typist there would be sufficient evidence against him to convict him before any jury.

A hunt was made for the author, but for a long while nothing was heard of him. At last it was learned that he, accompanied by a girl, had sailed for America. A detective crossed in a faster steamer, arrested him and the girl, who proved to be Miss Kirkwood, and took both to London for trial.

Jinsinger was convicted principally on the evidence that has been stated here. Miss Kirkwood was acquitted of being an accessory to the murder after the fact. Jinsinger was sentenced to be hanged, according to the English law, about three weeks after his conviction.

One morning in the spring of 1908 Edward Burnes, a tinner living on the outskirts of London, on going out to work found a woman lying unconscious before his door. He carried her into the house and put her under the care of his wife. She soon regained consciousness, but could give no account of herself. She could not even remember her name. She was permitted to spend the day in the tinner's house, and when he returned in the evening he reported the case to a physician. Through the doctor's influence the woman was removed to a hospital, where she was entered as a permanent patient. Two years after her going there one morning on taking up a newspaper she gave a shriek. She had seen a notice of the coming execution of Gustav Jinsinger. A number of persons collected about her and learned from her that the name Jinsinger had brought back her memory. She said she was the woman for whose murder Jinsinger was to be executed.

A reprieve was granted to Jinsinger, who, on proof of the identity of his wife, was released. Subsequently the detectives made a hunt for Peter Hartigan and John Flynn. After a long search they found Hartigan and demanded to know what had become of Flynn. He contradicted himself in his replies and, being further questioned by experts in such cases, finally told that while the two lived together at 145 Croker street the house had been infested with rats. Hartigan had bought arsenic with which to poison them. One night Flynn, being ill, arose in the dark for some medicine he had been taking, got hold of the arsenic by mistake and died from taking a large dose. Fearing that he would be accused of having poisoned Flynn, Hartigan had endeavored to destroy the body with quicklime; but, failing to do so entirely, he had buried what was left of it in the cellar.

Hartigan, being asked why he had not called in medical assistance for Flynn, gave two reasons for his failure to do so—first, Flynn had died very soon after taking the arsenic; second, Flynn was a miser with £10,000 hoarded. Hartigan, after Flynn's death, secured this money and left the premises in the night.

### AUNT SUKIE'S SANTA CLAUS

A Christmas Story

"O L E Sukie Blueskin She fell in love wid me, O L E Sukie Blueskin She fell in love wid me, Ole Ann' Sukie Blueskin She fell in love wid me, An' she axed me down ter her house Ter drink er cup er tea."

So sang Black Caesar, the wag of the plantation, and then he proceeded to tell us about Aunt Sukie.

"I des' tell yo' wat-I tell yo' fo' er fac', by Jo! Ef I didn't git in de lam mines' scrape er Crismus time! Dawus de time we an' dem wite boys made up ter play er projick on Uncle Ann' Sukie."

"Long time 'fo' Crismus come we don't heah nuttin' but 'Sandy Claws, Sandy Claws,' 'fom Ann' Sukie. She go pudgin' erroun' de kitchen sayin': 'Um-m! Wone'r w'at ole Marse Sandy Claws gwine ter fotch me Crismus. Den ef we git ter cuttin' up de leases' bit 'bout de house she 'low: 'Bettuh min' wat yo' 'bout. Fuses fing yo' know ole man Sandy Claws gwine ter pars along' by 'n' nev' so much es no dice dem ole socks er yo'n. Won't eben put er groun' pea in 'em."

"So we all 'sidered an' 'sidered, an' las' we made up ter fix dat ole crittur up 'n' good shape. We all know ole Ann' Sukie ain' got no sense ter frow 'way now, so we 'cide we gwine ter sca' Ann' Sukie 'n' Unc' Ike out 'n' dey seben senses."

"Two er free days 'fo' Crismus we wuz er settin' on de fence, 'n' ole lady Sukie come by wid some truck ter make de flah wid, an' den I sing dot little song w'at a be'n' singin', an' I kep' on:

"An' it's w'at do yo' fink Ole Sukie had fo' suppah, An' it's w'at do yo' fink Ole Sukie had fo' suppah, An' it's w'at do yo' fink Ole Sukie had fo' suppah—Apple sass an' sparrer grass An' hominy an' buttah."

"Well, sah, dat ole soul mos' had er spazzum w'en she hearn us er singin' dat song, an' she rill out 'n' 'buse us an' 'buse us an' call us all kin' er bad names an' fretten us wid ha'n'ts an' I dunno w'at all."

"Unc' Ike, he Ann' Sukie's ole man, an' he wur de contraries' an' de spite-foles' ole nigger on de whole plantation. He al'us er pokin' erroun' an' er grumblin' 'bout sumpin'. He couldn' res' easy less'n he studyin' up some kin' er meanness. I don' see w'at me ole marse krep dat ole nigger 'bout de place 'fo' now, 'case he ain' fitten 'fo' nuttin' but ter prow' erroun' an' hunt hen-hesses, an' w'en he ain' one he al'us tek talk out'n it. He 'casioned us ter git er many er larrupin', wid 'e ole grumplin' ways, 'case marse blieve ev' yo' w'od Unc' Ike say, mek' no dif-funce-blow much de ole scoun'l stretch de blank. But we done made up our min's ter git eben wid ole Ann' Sukie an' Unc' Ike, too, an' we des' tease dem ole pussons twel dey mos' have er sit."

"Useter sing dis way w'en we see Unc' Ike er couln':

"Big Ike, little Ike, yo' bettah go; Sukie bake de ashcake slow; Dat's er; Sukie bake de ashcake slow; Too slow; Big Ike, little Ike, yo' bettah go! 'Lo'd massy! Yo' des' arter seed dat ole contrary niggab w'en we sing dat song. He look so vigus dat yo' fink ole



"LAWD ER MASSY, IKE, HE'S COME!"

Tomboy done got er holt er him, an' w'en we see de ole man grab up er bresh an' mek' to us we git 'fom dar. "W'en Crismus time 'gun ter dem ole pussons. Day nex' 'fo' Crismus marse he mek er long 'higherluttin' speech an' tell us dat 'higherluttin' b'aved out'se's party well an' w'o' hard an' mek er good crop, he gwine gin us er whole day 'fo' ter frolic erroun' an' 'joy weese's. 'Me an' Jack an' Tom—dem wuz de wite boys—sipp out'n de back do' an' des' it out. Down at de fu'niss web dey be'n er killin' hogs we sot an' rigged up er projick 'fo' ter wake up dem ole folks. Tom say, 'Jack, yo' mus' be de ole Sandy Claws, an' we watch so's we don' git cotch up wid.' Jack say, 'No, I ain't, nudder. 'Case yo' boys run an' lef' me an' den I ha' ter git out de bes' I kin.

### The Scrap Book

A National Dish.

When Mrs. Elizabeth King was traveling through Germany, in 1840, she had an experience which left her hungry as well as amused at a hotel in Nonnenworth. In "Lord Kelvin's Early Home" Mrs. King tells the story:

There was a very large company in the hotel, and at 1 o'clock the guests assembled in a great hall for dinner. About 150 sat down at the long, narrow table, we as the last comers at the very bottom.

Far from us on a platform in the middle we saw a very stately decorative dish. Dr. Nicoll told us it was boar's head stewed in burgundy wine, a famous national dish. He said we must dine on it, so as each course was offered he refused and made us do the same. At length two waiters removed the stately dish, and as it was carried off he rubbed his hands, exclaiming, "Now we shall have some dinner!" But, alas, it disappeared, and the company rose and scattered. It was simply an ornamental centerpiece of wood!

Misspent Time.

There is no remedy for time misspent. No healing for the waste of idleness. Whose very languor is a punishment. Heavier than active souls can feel or guess.

Hours of indolence and discontent. Not now to be redeemed, ye sting not less. Because I know this span of life was lent For lofty duties, not for selfishness. Not to be whiled away in endless dreams, But to improve ourselves and serve mankind.

Life and its choicest faculties were given. Man should be ever better than he seems And shape his acts and discipline his mind To walk abroad earth with hope of heaven.

Shocked His Dad.

A pious and strict father, whose small son balked at going to church, showed the irreverent boy one day a history of New England.

"Here is a picture of the Puritans going to church," said the father. "What good and pious men! Notice their sugar loaf hats. They walk in single file through the deep snow, and each man carries a gun."

"What do they carry guns to church for?" the boy asked with sudden interest.

"For fear of the Indians," was the reply. "The Indians were apt to lie in wait for them at every turning. Ah, what pious men they were, to be sure! Think of them the next time you want to shirk your religious duties. Through snow and sleet, through bitter cold, through the perilous ambuscades of the savage Indians, they wended their way to church Sunday after Sunday with pious, thankful hearts. Yet you—"

"Oh, rats!" said the boy. "I'd go to church every day in the week if I could get a shot at an Indian on the way."

Not a Rehearsal.

The inquisitive man saw a hearse start away from a house at the head of a funeral procession.

"Who's dead?" he asked the corner grocer, who was standing in his door watching the funeral start.

"Chon Schmidt," answered the grocer.

"John Smith!" exclaimed the other. "You don't mean to say John Smith is dead?"

"Vell, py golly," rejoined the grocer, "yot you think dey doled mit him—practicing, hey?"—New York World.

A Substantial Bone.

So many witnesses had quered his clients' cases by swearing that the shots they had heard in a shooting affair were only thirty seconds apart that when pressed to tell what they were doing when each report was heard, naming actions so dissimilar that it must have taken at least ten minutes to switch from one to the other, the criminal lawyer swore that he would maintain consistency above all things in his latest case. Gustave, the Swedish janitor, had heard two shots fired at the injured man, and the lawyer impressed upon him the importance of swearing that he was engaged in the same task at each shot.

In the course of the trial it was brought out that the shots had been fired a month apart, the first being merely a little target practice that did no harm, the second inflicting a serious wound. But there was no time to coach Gustave anew. Said the lawyer:

"What were you doing when the first shot was fired?"

"I was sitting in the kitchen gnawing a chicken bone," said Gustave.

"And what were you doing when the second shot was fired? Be careful how you answer."

"I was sitting in the kitchen," said he, "gnawing that same chicken bone."

A Better Voice.

The late Signor Foll used to tell a good story about a then popular song, "The Farmer's Boy." While spending a holiday in the country in England he went fishing and was caught in a heavy storm. Hurrying to a farmhouse for refuge, he found that the woman's daughter had been married that morning and that festivities were in progress. He was made welcome, although his identity was not known and in due course he was asked to contribute a song. He gave "The Farmer's Boy," which, it goes without saying, was received with acclamation. But the farmer himself was restrained in his praise. "It wur good," he said, "but ye can't sing it like our townman. I've heard he a mile away against the wind."

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