

GEORGE MULLER AND HIS
BIBLE.

The following interesting letter was read at the Meeting of the Bible Society in Birmingham, England, on October 26th, 1897.

Dear Sir,—Most reluctantly I came to the decision not to attend the Bible Society meeting at Birmingham, but the weak state of my heart, in my ninety-third year, obliged me to attend to the advice of my medical advisers. Will you, therefore, have the kindness to read to the meeting that I have been for sixty-eight years and three months, viz., since July, 1829, a lover of the Word of God, and that uninterruptedly? During this time I have read considerably **more than one hundred times** through the whole Bible, with great delight. I have for many years read through the whole Old and New Testaments with prayer and meditation **four times every year.**

I also state, to the glory of God, as His witness, that in my inmost soul I believe that all the books of the Old Testament, and the Gospels, Epistles, and the Revelation of the New Testament, are written by inspiration. This I have to the full believed ever since my conversion in the beginning of November, 1825. Before that time, though brought up from the earliest days to be a clergyman, I cared nothing at all about the Bible, and from my fourteenth year to the twentieth never read a single chapter of it.

My great love for the Word of God, and my deep conviction of the need of its being spread far and wide, has led me to pray to God to use me as an instrument to do this, and to supply me with means for it; and He has condescended to enable me to circulate, in all parts of the earth, and in various languages, 284,652 Bibles, 1,458,662 New Testaments, 21,350 copies of the Book of Psalms, and 223,500 other portions of the Holy Scriptures; and God has been pleased thus, simply through the reading of the Holy Scriptures, to bring thousands of persons to the knowledge of Christ.

An especial blessing in this way has been granted in Spain, France, and Ireland, and in the spiritually dark villages of our own country, through Bible-carriages, which I supplied with Testaments at half-price, and with Bibles at three-quarters of the cost prices.

Yours very sincerely,
GEORGE MULLER.

"Get in the channel that God is working through, and you will see results."

"He who apprehends a truth and fears to stand by it is a moral coward."

"He who consents to be poor for Christ's sake is rich in the midst of his poverty."

"No time-serving compromiser ever did anything pertaining to the cause of God in this world but barter away its truths and dishonor its principles."

"He who preaches against the distinctive grace of holiness necessarily preaches without a commission from the God of holiness."

THE OVERLY POLITE MINISTER.

By Mrs. E. E. Shelhamer.

He always had something nice to say of our abilities—the overly polite minister. At first we felt it and supposed that we were beyond the average, until it became evident that he also praised the illiterate and the half-wits just the same. At one time we thought it would be a heaven below to be constantly associated with one of his stamp; but later found that when he gets tired with one he has the ability to show it as fervently as he ordinarily shows his appreciation of one.

We passed his home one day and paused a little to chat. I was given a rocking chair, while his worn and weary wife stood restlessly or hung upon the narrow railing of the porch. Giving me a friendly nudge, he spoke of the latest book I had written and so on. I was a noted character—one would judge from his conversation, which dwelt upon the visitor's attainments until, disgusted, I sought a suitable chance to escape his flattery, and arm in arm with my noble husband we, like lovers, strolled down the street together. Our brother meant no harm, it was "just his way;" but it was just an unfortunate way, indeed; for now that he is growing elderly, his flattering habit grows also and makes him appear slightly childish. Besides, it gives one the impression that he is not always sincere.

One night his wife, who bears most of the responsibility at home, found time to slip away long enough to go with me for a little walk. We passed her home. It was dark and her husband did not see me. Not being accustomed to having her off duty at home, though he went and came as he desired, he called out emphatically, "Where are you going?" She answered sweetly, "Just for a short walk." We passed down the road. The door opened again, and on the night air came clear as a trumpet, but gruffly, "Well, I can't find those letters; you said they were in the top drawer but I've looked all over for them, and now I'll just have to wait another whole day before attending to that business." His patient wife was embarrassed and merely said that her husband had grown nervous and childish on the many hard circuits he had travelled. "Well," I answered, "I am glad to hear that he has not lost his voice." His wife afterward told him of this to his great chagrin.

THE POLITE MINISTER, NUMBER TWO.

He and his wife were our guests—the polite minister and his lady. He sat next to me at the table. We had sweet corn on the cob. He passed it and picked out the best ear for me. Out of courtesy I accepted it. His wife sat at his other side, patiently nibbling on an inferior ear which she had modestly picked from the plate. "Your wife has a poor ear of corn," I said. "You better help her." "That's her own lookout," he answered in an undertone. The macaroni and cheese he praised repeatedly, as it was the best he had ever tasted. In fact, the only dish of it he had ever liked well enough to eat, as that which he had heretofore had was "hard and tough."

"That's rather hard on your wife," said my husband, out of sympathy for her feelings. "I never cook it," said she, humbly, "as he never eats it when I do."

Peaches had just ripened, and we had some beautiful, blushing ones on the table, just as they came from the tree. The minister's wife ventured to ask for one. "Now, dear, I would not take any of Mrs. Shelhamer's peaches. Wait until after dinner and get one out of our own basket in the auto," said the polite minister in a fatherly tone of voice.

"Oh, do let her have some," said I, emphatically; "pass them over and let her help herself." He passed the dish and her trembling hand reached for one.

Watching her like a child he exclaimed, "Why, dear, you took the best and the biggest peach in the dish."

"You stop scolding her," said I in unmistakable accents, for my risibilities had now "riz" to a point of order.

Everybody laughed except the preacher's wife and me. We did not see anything at which to laugh, and I decided that I would constantly avoid the association of the overly-polite minister, for his politeness is extended mainly to women, and those who are not of his own family.—In Herald of Holiness.

HE IS MY PORTION.

"The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, therefore will I hope in Him."

The Lord Jehovah reigns,
My prophet, priest and king,
And He in mercy deigns
To own my offering.
My helpless soul on Christ relies
His love consumes the sacrifice.

Who, who is like the Lord,
In wisdom, love, and power,
His holy blessed word,
Has kept me to this hour.
His precious blood has made me whole:
He is my portion, saith my soul.

I rest beneath the shade
Of His almighty wing,
He screens my naked head,
My soul in triumph sings,
While storms of sorrow o'er me roll,
He is my portion, saith my soul.

I hope to see His face
When all my conflicts o'er,
And celebrate His praise
On Canaan's peaceful shore,
And join the blood-washed throng above
To sing my Saviour's dying love.

There I shall all possess
That Christ has bought for me
And be forever blessed,
From pain and sorrow free,
Enjoy his smiles, while ages roll,
He is my portion, saith my soul.

We talk about what the war costs and the homes it has ruined, but really the war is a small thing compared with the terrible desolation wrought by the drink traffic that goes on year by year claiming its tens of thousands of victims.—Mrs. Bramwell Booth.