

THE FAITH THAT SHINES.

By Rev. J. B. Easton.

We have read of the shining spear, glittering sword and glowing shield on the field of carnage, but little has been said of a shining faith, which is so indispensable to success in the Christian conflict. The poet has expressed its sentiment in the following lines:

*"A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt."*

A shining faith is a living faith. It has vitality and quickening properties. As contrasted with a dead faith, it is that through which things are accomplished. "Faith without works is dead." A mere intellectual comprehension and assent of the mind to revealed truth is a dead faith. Living faith is appropriating and dispensing in its nature. Like an adhesive plaster, it takes hold and imparts virtue. Rather than causing death, as a living instrument it overcomes the elements of death and produces life.

It is a faith of quality, rather than quantity. A comprehensive faith whose excellence is in its properties more than in its abundance. "As a grain of mustard seed," strong in the elements of which it is composed. A faith which is "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Some professed believers need to have their faith boiled down, have it separated from presumption and distinguished from the natural desires. The faith that has quality as its essence never fails. It may come short in some people's idea of measure but it always produces results.

The shining faith is a faith tried and proved, one that can be relied upon in an emergency, a faith that has the flaws removed and the weak places strengthened; has rubbed up against obstructions in its course, and waded through difficulties. To suppose that the way of faith is altogether a flowery path, or a smooth road to travel, is a mistake. The way of faith has many obstacles, but none which cannot be overcome. "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing had happened unto you." "The trial of your faith worketh patience; therefore let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." "That the trial of your faith, being more precious than of gold that perisheth, the more precious, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus." —(1 Peter 1:7.)

The shining faith is a faith in exercise. As with the sword, if it does not rust or decay, it must be burnished. The faith that lies dormant will soon lose its lustre, and its appropriating properties will become paralyzed. The field of faith's operations is far reaching and there is no excuse for failure in its exercise. Faith is not a product to be stored. It only increases as it operates and is exercised by the believer. God gives the power of faith, but man is responsible for its use. Is it not written, "He that believeth not shall be damned?" If man fails to believe, he must sustain the loss and suffer the consequence. The proper use of the faith we have will increase its power as our possession.

This faith is the faith of the conqueror. It is the faith of the victor returning from the battle triumphant; he who has engaged in the fray, has done exploits, and has not been defeated. It is the faith which undertakes the seeming impossible, "laughs at impossibilities and cries, 'it shall be done.'" The faith of the war-

scarred veteran is quite different from the novice out on dress parade, who has never scented the smoke of battle, and possibly at the noise of cannon will be found shaking in his boots. He who has fought and won is not filled with dismay at the brandishing of the sword of the enemy, nor does he turn on his heel at the whizzing of bullets. His faith holds him as he pushes steadily on in the conquest unto victory. In the darkest hour his faith is most conspicuous, and when in danger he is most courageous. The Goliath of sin does not intimidate him, nor tumult turn him from his course. Like the path of the just, his faith shines more and more unto the perfect day. Though earth and hell unite to oppose his way, he perseveres till death, and claims the starry crown.

*"A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed."*

The faith that shines is that through which others are made to shine. Those in the darkened places are brought into light, the faint-hearted are encouraged, and the weak in the way made strong. Spoils are won, trophies are gained, souls which are of more value than rubies or diamonds are brought into the kingdom of God. The Lamb of God is proclaimed as the Saviour of men and ruined humanity on the borders of eternal night, looking unto Him, are lightened "and their faces are not ashamed." The dark cloud of guilt and condemnation is lifted and the soul is enraptured with the smile of God's countenance. "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." If we would possess the faith that shines, we must overcome for others as well as for ourselves. We must persuade and turn men from their sinful ways unto the Sun of Righteousness.

This faith is a special faith, not ordinary. It is a faith for which the saints have contended in all ages; therefore we must contend for it. It is more than saving faith. It is a faith that compasses all the will and purposes of God concerning the individual, embraces every privilege and opportunity to do good, and apprehends a glorious deliverance which is to come. A faith that antedates the day of His appearing. Hails with joy the coming of Him whose province it is to raise the dead, translate the living, and make these vile bodies like unto His own glorious body. "I shall be satisfied when I awake in His likeness." Beloved, let us "have faith in God."

*"Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, what e'er may come,
We'll taste e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home."*

—Free Methodist.

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Why copy so much? 1st, Lazy, it saves time, thought, and work. 2nd, because others are lazy—who have a right to help the editor and don't. 3rd, others write better than we can.

LIQUOR NOT A CURE FOR "FLU."

One of the long persistent errors, designedly and persistently propagated by the liquor trade, is that liquor is really a valuable medicine, and its healing virtue is efficacious in everything from the bite of a rattlesnake to typhoid fever, and especially is it a specific for the much-dreaded "flu." And only the other day a good lady, writing to a city paper, laid the blame of her daughter's death at the door of the temperance fanatics who had made it impossible for her to get liquor except on a doctor's certificate. We would just like to say here that any woman who presumes to doctor her own daughter for the "flu" is running a terrible risk either with or without whiskey. And moreover, it does seem strange, if the good sister had such faith in the curative power of whiskey, that she had not a bottle laid by for emergencies. Whiskey will keep for years—if the bottle is not disturbed.

But no matter how honest our belief, nor how firm, there are facts that jolt it very roughly. For instance, while Toronto lost 2,059 cases of "flu," Montreal lost 3,341, which was certainly a heavier death-rate in comparison with its larger population. And the Academy of Medicine, Toronto, and the American Association of Physicians, and the Toronto Board of Health, and even the New York Board of Health, declare against the use of alcohol either as a preventive or cure of the "flu." This belief in alcohol as a cure for disease is common in Canada, especially amongst our foreign population, but it has no backing in scientific circles, and carefully ascertained facts are all against it.—The Christian Guardian.

THE BOY WANTED.

Wanted, a boy who stands straight, sits straight, acts straight, and talks straight.

A boy whose finger nails are not in mourning whose ears are clean, whose shoes are polished, whose clothes are brushed, whose hair is combed, and whose teeth are well cared for.

A boy who listens carefully when he is spoken to, who asks questions when he does not understand and does not ask questions about things that are none of his business.

A boy who moves quickly and makes as little noise about it as possible.

A boy who looks cheerful, has a ready smile for everybody, and never sulks.

A boy who is polite to every man and respectful to every woman and girl.

A boy who, when he does not know a thing, says, "I don't know," and when he has made a mistake says "I am sorry" and when he is asked to do a thing says, "I'll try."

A boy who whistles in the street, but does not whistle where he ought to keep still.

A boy who does not smoke cigarettes and has no desire to learn how.

A boy who is more eager to know how to speak good English than to talk slang.

A boy who never bullies other boys nor allows other boys to bully him.

A boy who looks you right in the eye and tells you the truth every time.—Sel.