

## A MAN OF PRAYER.

In passing through Northampton, I went into an old cemetery, swept off the snow that lay on the slab, and I read these simple words, "Sacred to the memory of David Brainerd, the faithful and devoted missionary to the Susquehanna, Delaware and Stockbridge Indians of America, who died in this town, aged 34 years, October 8th, 1847."

That was all there was. He did his greatest work in prayer. He was in the depths of those forests alone, unable to speak the language of the Indians, but he spent whole days literally in prayer. What was he praying for? He knew he could not reach those savages, for he did not understand their language. If he wanted to speak at all, he must find some one who could vaguely interpret his thought; therefore he knew that anything he should do must be absolutely dependent upon the power of God. So he spent whole days praying, simply that the power of the Holy Ghost might come upon him so unmistakably that the people should not be able to stand before him. What was the answer? Once he preached through a drunken interpreter, a man so intoxicated that he could hardly stand up. This was the best he could do. Yet scores were converted through that sermon. We can not account for it only that it was the tremendous power of God behind it.

Now this man prayed in secret in the forests. A little while after, William Carey read his life, and he was so moved by it that he went to India. Payson read it as a young man of twenty years, and he said he had never been so impressed by anything in his life as by this story. Murray McChesney read it and was powerfully impressed by it.

But all I care is simply to enforce this thought, that the hidden life whose days are spent in communion with God, in trying to reach the source of power, is the life that moves the world. Those living such lives may soon be forgotten. There may be no one to speak a eulogy over them when they are dead. The great world may take no account of them. But by and by, the great moving current of these lives will begin as did that of David Brainerd, who died at about thirty years of age. The great missionary revival of this nineteenth century is due more to the prayer and consecration of that one man than of any other.

Jonathan Edwards was watching over him those months while he was dying of consumption; and he said, "I praise God that it was His providence that he should die in my house, that I might hear his prayers, and that I might witness his consecration, and that I might be inspired by his great example."

When Jonathan Edwards wrote that great appeal to Christendom to unite in prayer for the conversion of the world, which has been the trumpet call of modern missions undoubtedly he was inspired by this dying man.

Life is a mission,  
The aim is service,  
The law sacrifice,  
The Strength Fellowship with God.

—A. J. Gordon.

## FOR THE CLERGY.

John D. Rockefeller has given \$2,000,000 for the assistance of indigent Baptist ministers. The gift should not be limited sectionally but should be applied to the entire country. The oil man by his donation is aiding heroic men, who are confronted with poverty and bodily ailments after they have gone over life's top and are approaching the other side. **They constitute a force of inestimable value, enduring in many instances privations and discouragement without regard to the remuneration, in hundreds of cases so small that they find it impossible to make both ends meet.**

The hardships of the clergy are more in evidence in the smaller communities where men fired by religious fervor go on with their work despite all obstacles. There can be no question that these zealous men are underpaid. **They do not strike, complain or desert. Their case is one for men who have millions to distribute to consider, not as a charity, but as a personal obligation. Our ministers, regardless of denominational affiliations, constitute a bulwark of safety to society, and it is time to awake to a realization of conditions as they exist and give assurances that these men may "carry on" with confidence, that what they do will be remembered and rewarded while they are still with us.**

## THE PATH OF OBEDIENCE.

I said, "Let me walk in the fields."  
He said, "No, walk in the town."  
I said, "There are no flowers there."  
"No flowers," He said, "but a crown."  
I said, "But the skies are black;  
There is nothing but noise and din."  
And He wept as He sent me back:  
"There is more," He said, "there is sin."  
I said, "But the air is thick,  
And fogs are veiling the sun."  
He answered, "Yet souls are sick,  
And souls in the dark undone."  
I said, "I shall miss the light,  
And friends will miss me, they say."  
He answered, "Choose tonight  
If I am to miss you, or they."  
I pleaded for time to be given.  
He said, "Is it hard to decide?  
It will not seem hard, in heaven,  
To have followed the steps of your Guide."  
I cast one look to the field,  
Then set my face to the town.  
He said, "My child, do you yield?  
Will you give the flowers for the crown?"  
Then into His hand went mine,  
And into my heart came He,  
And I walk in the light divine  
The path I had feared to see.

—George MacDonald.

The rummies do not get much cheer out of the recent announcement made by Attorney General Palmer that although the demobilization of troops had virtually been completed, a state of war still existed and would continue to exist until the peace treaties had been ratified, and that the war prohibition enactment still held good. The President concurred in this decision.

## "A RIGHT PROMISER."

A little friend and neighbor aged five years came in to see me the other day, shadows in his eyes and rosebud mouth drooping. I love the little chap for himself; I love him because for two years mother-love has been to him but a memory. So I welcomed him with a smile and a "What's the matter with you, Billy-boy?" But there was no answering smile, just a doleful:

"I got somefin' drefel to tell you, Mrs. Mason."

Something too "drefel" to be said aloud evidently, for he climbed into my lap, put drooping mouth close to my ear and whispered:

"Mrs. Mason, my papa isn't a right promiser."

The helpless, despairing tone made the confession tragic.

"Why, Billy-boy, what do you mean?"

"He promised to bring me some candy and he didn't do it."

"Oh, but he is such a busy man, dear. He just forgot it."

"Yes," he answered soberly, "I thought about that. He promised to make me a swing, and he didn't do it."

I struggled to hold his faith.

"Billy, he probably didn't have the things ready to make a swing."

"Yes, I thought about that, too, but he promised to take me up town last night, and he didn't do it, and," in a tone of sorrowful finality, "I know he isn't a right promiser."

His voice broke on the last word and his blue eyes filled; but, too manly to shed tears, he whistled to his dog and hurried away before I could make further excuses for his father, who I also knew was not a right promiser.—Elizabeth Palmer Milbank in Christian Herald.

## THE OLD-TIME PULPIT.

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will work in you all the good pleasure of His goodness, and all the work of faith with power. Cleave to Christ, till His blood have cleansed you from all pride, all anger, all evil desire. Let Christ do all. Let Him that has done all for you, do all in you. Exalt Christ as a Prince to give repentance; a Saviour both to give remissions of sins, and to create in you a clean heart, to renew a right spirit within you. This is Gospel, the pure, genuine Gospel; glad things of great salvation. Not the new, but the old, the everlasting Gospel, the Gospel not of Simon Magus, but of Jesus Christ. The God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ give you, "according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man, that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that, being rooted and grounded in love, ye may be able to comprehend with all saints, what is the length and breadth, and depth and height; and to know that love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye may be filled with all the fulness of God!—Christian Witness.

"The real test of stewardship is found in the way a man uses money, for it is an embodiment of both material and spiritual values."