

# HE STOPPED PRAYING

It has been well written by James Montgomery, "Prayer is the Christian's vital breath, the Christian's native air," and William Cowper wrote, "Restraining prayer, we cease to fight; prayer keeps the Christian's armor bright." It is always a calamity when a praying man allows anything to interfere with his prayer habit. The enemy is specially interested in getting Christians so busy with other matters, legitimate in themselves, that they do not seem to have time to pray. He well knows that this is an entering wedge to splitting their experience asunder. Many a noble character has been shorn of his strength and made a failure of life in this way. The Herald of Gospel Liberty tells of such a person in the following language:

Some years ago he was looked upon as one of the brainiest and most capable men in our ministry. When he was a young fellow, he was once of the most promising in the church. He made a marked success of everything which he undertook. He was a great favorite, a power in the pulpit, a pastor of fascinating influence over his people, and a man who was rapidly coming into prominence both in the community where he lived and in the brotherhood. But presently he seemed to be at a standstill for a little while, and then to lose his pulpit power and his hold on folks out of the church as well as in it. Gradually he lost his leadership, and for a long time before his death held no place of importance. In spite of his great ability and striking personality, his life was as unsatisfying to himself as it was unserviceable to the world.

What was the trouble?

Well, the writer at one time heard a little group of the man's friends discussing the question, and a wonderful old Scotchman with a surpassing understanding of the ways of God and men, said: "He stopped praying many years ago!"

Later this was proved to be true. In his youth-time, he had been a man of unusual prayer. He sought God daily, and constantly, not in any formal way nor out of a sense of duty; but because he hungered for the fellowship of Christ. There was then the deepest and keenest enjoyment for him in "talking things over" with the Father; and in every matter of consequence he sought the Father's counsel and partnership. Continually there was this enrichment and renewal of his life by the most intimate touch of the Infinite. In those days, he was never willing to go into the pulpit, nor to write a sermon, nor to go out into personal work among his people, without having sought and received the conscious assurance that God would be with him. But as time went on he became busier and busier, as the circle of his work became larger and his duties more manifold; and much of the time he was too physically weary to really pray. For a while he drove his tired body to its knees—but it was only formal and heartless prayer. And after a while he ceased praying altogether, except in public, in a home now and then where the occasion demanded it. The change had come so gradually that he did not realize what was taking place—but coin-

cident with it came the loss of his power with folks and his leadership for God.

Such a thing is a tragedy. And yet it is the life story of many men and women of forty or fifty years of age! Has it been yours?—Free Methodist.

## WHITER THAN SNOW.

Snow is the symbol of purity. There is nothing so beautiful as the newly fallen snow when the sun makes it bright like gold-dust and diamonds. Yet our hearts and lives are to be more pure white and beautiful than the clear, spotless snow-fields. A teacher asked, "How can the Lord wash our hearts so that they will be whiter than snow?" "I know," was the quick answer of a little boy taught of God. "When you look through a microscope at the flakes of snow there is a dark spot in the center of each flake. When God washes our hearts he does not leave any dark spots on them."

In a school in North Carolina the children were asked, "What is whiter than snow?" One said, "Cotton," another, "Chalk," another, "Milk;" but one little one said, "A heart that is washed in the Blood of the Lamb."

A little five-year-old boy looked up at his mother one morning, and said, "Mama, ain't I whiter than snow?" The mother did not answer him, and the child's lips quivered and his eyes filled with tears as he cried out, "Why, mama, didn't I give my heart to Jesus that day in the tent, and now ain't I whiter than snow?" Dear little fellow, of course he was. When we give our hearts to Jesus and ask him to make us whiter than snow, he just loves to do it for us.

A poor little black girl, with bare head and bare feet, came into a large Sunday School where the children in their cool, white gowns, were singing, "Whiter than snow." She sat still, with eyes and mouth wide open, pleased and satisfied. No one took any notice of her, and during the lesson she lay down upon one of the seats and fell fast asleep. At the close, the superintendent, who was a physician, upon going to awaken her, found she was ill with a fever. The poor child had suffered for days without any attention, and, attracted by the singing, had crept into the church because she could go no farther. She was taken into the hospital and cared for. One of the teachers visited her. She was always pleased when she saw anything white, and in her ravings was always saying "white" and "snow." One day when the teacher took her some flowers, with her little black hand, she picked out a white rose, and laid away all the rest. At last she became quiet and ceased to rave, and said to the nurse, "Sing lady." "What shall I sing?" "Whiter than snow." The nurse began singing softly. The little one interrupted her, "Missus, does that mean me?" "Yes, my child." "Me, a nigger?" "Yes, my child." "Den sing it some more." The nurse sang it again, and then told her how Jesus could wash away all our sins, and, though her skin was black, her soul could be whiter than snow. She grew weaker and one day at twilight she whispered, "Once more." "What, my child?" "Sing." And while the nurse sang, the redeemed spirit of the little

black waif, who had no home and no mother, went up to live with Jesus, and be happy forever. He had made her "whiter than snow."—Selected.

## "GOD IS ALL IN ALL."

God dwells in every bush and tree,  
In every flower, bird and bee;  
And in each rock and hill and vine;  
These things are His and yours and mine.

He's in the dewdrops, every one,  
That sparkle in the rising sun.  
He's in each field of wheat and corn,  
Each day, and night and early morn.

He's in each cloud, and in the sky;  
"That's not for us to question why."  
He's in the rain, and snow and sleet  
That makes the grass more fresh and sweet.

He says the thunder is His voice,  
So in each peel we should rejoice.  
He's in the moon, the stars and sun,  
And in His children, every one.

He's in each spring and lake and brook,  
And we can see Him if we look.  
Our hearts should be so true and strong,  
So full of joy, and mirth and song.

That we could see Him everywhere,  
In mountain, woods and desert bare.  
We all should seek our blessed Lord,  
And each one search His holy Word.

That we might see our Saviour's face  
When He returns unto this place,  
And then we might all surely know  
That where He wishes we shall go.

God made his children, one and all,  
So why not listen to His call?

—Selected.

## A LOUD CALL.

We have been insisting that the Holiness people should boycott the miserable movie picture show business. Crimes among young people and children are fearfully increasing. The latest is from New Jersey, where an eleven-year-old boy has murdered several young children. He is known as "The Terror Boy." He has confessed to the killings, and confessed that he has "bloodthirsty spells" and wants to see blood flowing. Closely questioned, he says that he got his idea from a moving picture in a movie show. The day will come when the movie will be tabooed by the Christian Church as the old theater was prohibited, and as a modern serious menace to spiritual Christianity. The Holiness Movement has always taken the lead against the threatening dangers of vital Christian religion. Here is another loud call and opportunity to lead the Christian world. Shall we not be loyal to Jesus and keep our leadership?—E. S. Dunham.

Many times we have sung, "Oh! to grace how great a debtor," "All to Thee my Blessed Jesus I surrender all," and many more hymns. But do we yet fully realize their meaning?