

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 one 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, or 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 coincident 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.

MISSIONARY MEETING.

The monthly meeting for January of the Woodstock Missionary Society was held Jan. 13th, 1922.

Opening hymn, "O the unsearchable riches of Christ," after which a number of earnest prayers were offered.

The President, Mrs. C. O. Mutch, then read the first chapter of Judges.

After singing Gideon's Few, dues to the amount of \$4.60 were taken. An appropriate solo, beautifully rendered by Miss Merilla Colpitts, was given. There were interesting readings given by Mrs. Alley, Mrs. Estey and B. M. Colpitts. Meeting closed with prayer by Pastor Rev. L. J. Alley.

Yours in the work,  
MRS. ORISON R. ESTEY.

"Jesus Christ is not a convenience, but a necessity." Every life is so uncertain and momentous, so fraught with opportunities and responsibilities, so exposed to peril, both of body and soul, such a daily adventure into the unknown, and of such immortal worth, that only by divine grace and guidance can it journey safely.

Christ is indeed a physical and moral necessity—without regard to one's parentage, or country, or social circumstances.

He is a necessity more vital than the air to the lungs, or food and drink to the body, since this is only transient, but the soul is immortal; a necessity in man's relation to man and man's relation to God; a necessity now, and a necessity forever.

Only as He is known and accepted in individual, social, political and religious affairs, is life really tolerable, and its high purpose fulfilled.

Ignorance of Him is pathetic; and refusal of His leadership and grace is suicidal.

Would that He were everywhere revealed, received and regnant!—The Indian Witness.

There may be no difference in the fruit of two trees as to quality, but it will be found that the old tree will bear a much larger quantity of fruit. The young tree bears according to its capacity, but the greater age and maturer fibre and more copious flow of sap and broader limbs of the old tree enable it to bear a much more abundant yield of the very same apple as to quality borne by the younger tree. So a pure heart obtained by the sanctifying Spirit will bear a beautiful crop of the fruits of the Spirit, but the veteran saint after long practice in the things of God, with his matured powers and his seasoned and deepened and enlarged and varied experiences, will bear a much larger yield of fruit. —In Beauty for Ashes.

BE STRONG.

Genuine Bible holiness is the element that puts strength into the character of God's people. Holiness is not a weak, sentimental, vacillating sort of thing that some seem to think it to be. God's people are not putty or basswood, to be molded or broken at convenience, but are tough-fibered, like oak or steel. Paul exhorted Christians to "be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might." Their foes are not mere men of flesh and blood, but false doctrines and wicked spirits in high places.

He uses martial language such as one might hear in the military camp: "Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil." And again: "Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand." We must not be swept off our feet at the first rush of the enemy. We must learn that there is fighting to do if we would get to heaven. We might naturally prefer the tranquil and quiet places of habitation where the sound of battle and the blood of carnage never come. But soldiers for God must be made of sterner stuff. The poet has truthfully sung:

"Sure, I must fight if I would reign,  
Increase my courage Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy Word."

Let us then step up manfully to the quartermaster's pavillion and draw our equipment: "Having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; and above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God; praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints."

The battle is not ours, but God's, and He will give the victory if He has soldiers whom He can rule and depend upon. Will you be a soldier.—Wesleyan Methodist.

GREETING.

Stir me, Oh! Stir me, Lord—I care not how,  
But stir my heart in passion for the world:

Stir me to give, to go, but most to pray.  
Stir, till the Blood-red banner be unfurled  
O'er lands that still in heathen darkness lie,  
O'er deserts where no Cross is lifted high.  
Stir me, Oh! stir me, Lord, till prayer is pain,

Till prayer is joy—till prayer turns into praise;

Stir me, till heart and will and mind, yea, all

Is wholly Thine to use through all the days;  
Stir, till I learn to pray exceedingly,  
Stir, till I learn to wait expectantly.

Isaiah 64:7

—Selected  
—Dr. and Mrs. F. H. Sparling.

144 Huntington Avenue, Boston, Mass.  
Note.—Dr. Sparling, who was an active Christian worker, has recently passed suddenly to his heavenly reward.