

THE REMNANT GOD.

"And the remnant thereof he maketh a god, even his graven image."—Isaiah 44:17.

It is a striking portrayal which Isaiah gives us, in the passage from which our text is taken, of the ancient process of idol-making. He pictures a man going out into the forest and cutting down a great cedar and bringing the fallen tree to his home. Most of the wood is speedily chopped up and used in the fire, but a small residue is put aside, to be fashioned into an idol and set up and worshipped. The man "burneth a part in the fire," says the prophet; "with a part he heateth flesh, he roasteth meat and is satisfied; yea, he warmeth himself and saith, Aha, I am warm. And the remnant thereof he maketh a god, even his graven image."

It is obvious from this statement of the prophet that the people of primitive times took religion about as seriously and gave to it about as much of their lives as the people of our day. Human nature, and not merely history, repeats itself. The deity of the idol-maker was a remnant god. He was fashioned only after the tree had yielded all the timber that was desirable for cooking food and warming the house—and of, probably in a good majority of cases, out of wood that would not burn very well anyhow! And so with us today! Our religion, when we have any at all in this age, is a remnant religion, largely made up of the scraps of time, shreds of energy and odds and ends of devotion, which seem to be unsuitable in any other direction. We give to religion the hour or two on Sunday morning for which no other engagement seems to call. We contribute to its work the few dollars which may be left when we have satisfied every desire for food, dress, travel and entertainment. We practice its precepts only when such practice does not seriously interfere with the excitements of pleasure and conditions of business. We serve its emancipating causes only so long as such service does not threaten our physical comfort or shake our reputation for sanity, respectability and good taste. Our religious life, in other words, is not the whole of our lives, but a remnant of the whole. As the idol-maker fashioned his image out of that piece of wood which was left after he had built as big a fire as was necessary to warm his limbs and roast the roasts, so we give unto God only that part of our lives which is left after we have given as much of ourselves to the world as is necessary in order to win and hold the prizes of the world. It would be as strange to most of us to give ourselves wholly to God and sacrifice everything in His behalf as it would have been strange to the idol-maker to use the whole tree for his god. And yet it is just this, and not one whit less, which constitutes religion in the true sense of the word. The religious life can rightly be no remnant thing. It is all or nothing! Moses and Jesus are in specific agreement when they say: "The first of all the commandments is this: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and all thy soul, and all thy mind, and all thy strength."—John Haynes Holmes.

JOHN WESLEY'S ADVICE.

To a Methodist preacher who said he had no taste for reading, John Wesley said, "You should either contract a taste for it or return to your trade."

It is perfectly pathetic how many preachers there are who are readers of only the newspapers and current journals, etc., with no stiff programme of heavy reading. There is no real excuse nor justification for this. Every preacher must be a student as well as a saint, and the preacher who tries to substitute sainthood for student habits will find his ministry losing its weight and his hearers will become less in number, and he will die before his time. We are making no plea for the neglecting of any of the elements of a genuine sainthood in a minister of the Gospel, but we do wish to draw a big black line underneath these words from John Wesley and print them where preachers will read them. Many young men think because they are poor, or they are dominated by so many demands for their time, or because their bent is more to action than to study, that they can excuse themselves—this is a serious mistake. Then there are older men who cease their reading and do little or no creative work and excuse themselves by saying that they have read so much and they are surfeited. This is a sad confession. The more one reads the more there is to read. There seems to be no place where one can sag in his reading of good literature and keep growing in mind or spirit. We know many useful and sweet old men, and women too, who even in old age are reading new books and are studying portions of the sacred Scriptures and whose personalities never become dull and whose interests in the world and in the work of God has never slumped. This writer finds it profitable to keep abreast of the times in his reading, but great profit comes to us as we re-read the standards of days that are past. Not a year has gone by, for more than a decade, that we have not re-read some or all of Dr. Daniel Steele's books. The younger preacher will make progress if he will read and read, in spite of every hindrance. Lift up your eyes and re-read the quotation from John Wesley that heads this paragraph.—C. W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Brother Baker:

Enclosed please find my renewal for the Highway. I always get blessed in reading its pages, especially from our dear missionaries and all the church workers, and I can say Jesus is very precious to me; not feeling very well in body but he brings me through afflictions.

"He leaves me not alone;

He's with me in temptation,

He keeps me for his own."

So I can say its truly wonderful what the Lord has done. Glory to his name!

MRS. FRANK CLARKE.

Hartland, N. B.

Dear Highway:

I feel like writing a few lines for your valued pages. I often think what I would do if it was not for the Highway for I like

to hear from different workers in different parts.

And also it seems to encourage me. I feel to praise God tonight for salvation. My heart is still open to receive all God has for me, and I mean to. Let God have his way with me. I just feel to praise God for keeping me these days, although sometimes the devil tries to defeat, but bless God he has promised never to leave me alone, nor forsake me. "I am standing on the promise of God." He is my refuge, my helper, my sanctifier, my all, O glory! Hallelujah for victory.

Your sister in Christ,

MRS. SIDNEY MORAN.

Presque Isle, Me.

Dear Highway:

Just a few lines to say that our Quarterly Meeting at Sandford held on June 15-18 extending to Monday night was a great meeting. Brothers C. S. Hilyard and P. W. Briggs, also Licentiates Leslie Sears and Roy Hagerman were with us. The Lord's blessing was on the service from the beginning, and it proved a time of victory. Every altar service saw seekers for pardon or purity. Many, if not all, got what they sought after, for the preaching was accompanied with deep conviction and "the power of the Lord was present to heal." The church was greatly refreshed and strengthened, resulting in a strong and earnest purpose to carry the battle for a full and complete salvation on to victory. Glory. We trust that at our next quarter we may have another meeting of even greater results.

On Wednesday evening last we held an interesting missionary meeting here, and on Thursday evening the church at Sandford held the best local missionary meeting I ever attended. It was as it should be with conviction of the need of missionary enterprise in every number of the program. It seemed quite impossible to have any other kind after so successful a quarterly meeting.

The field gave us practically a unanimous call to remain for the seventh year, but we declined to accept. We are now asked to reconsider our decision and continue their pastor for another year. We are considering.

Our only purpose in staying would be that God would take us on to a great and gracious victory in the salvation of souls and sanctification of believers. Let us all as readers of the Highway and lovers of second blessing holiness pray earnestly for wonderful meetings at the Camps this year.

Yours in perfect love,

L. T. SABINE.

AMEN.

Some preachers say amen to every few sentences, seemingly because somebody else don't say it. Well, perhaps they know somebody else said that before he did. Generally when a man says amen he means he is through talking but this amener keeps right on amening until folks get tired and feel like saying: If you mean a-men! why don't you shut down and quit? And everybody in the audience will say A—men!!!