

## THE REVIVAL WAVE.

"The history of the church flows on from one time of revival to another," writes Principal Lindsay, and so it would seem. The history of revivals is the history of the Church of God. Revivals have kept the church from extinction. Anyone who has read Mr. Henry Johnson's "Stories of Great Revivals," will need no further proof of this fact than that which Johnson's prolific pen has accumulated. What memories a reading of such a book recalls! What soul-thrilling scenes it suggests! The names of the Wesleys, Whitefield, Grimsha, Berridge, Fletcher of Madelay, the Countess of Huntingdon and many more in the century before last, and of Weaver, Finney, W. C. Burns, D. L. Moody and others of recent years, make a panorama of Revival work.

But the wise of the earth persist in telling us that revivals of the old-fashioned sort have gone out of date, and that no longer need we look for them to come along distinctly spiritual lines. The revivals of the future must come through ethical and social reforms; the revivals of the past are antiquated; they have had their day and have forever ceased. They belonged to an age when culture and education were less prevalent and when people were more easily carried away on the waves of emotion than they are now. Such language is not new and we need not be afraid of it. We have heard it often during the last twenty-five years, and while men have been thus airing their views, God has been sovereignly moving "in the midst of the golden candlesticks," kindling into a holy glow the lukewarm, anointing the blind with eye salve and quickening into life those "who having a name to live" were dead. Just as the solemn requiem is being sung over the revivalism of the past, and men are congratulating themselves upon the accuracy of their assertions, God once more appears in the midst, demonstrating His willingness and power to work a saving and sanctifying work.

Not for years has Scotland been so stirred with spiritual activity as at present, and certainly not for two decades has the spirit of expectancy been more keen and widespread. The north east coast of the stern land has yielded to the gracious influence of the Spirit as the plastic clay to the potters fingers. Fishing towns and villages have been cleansed of their moral filth and whole communities have leapt to a new life by power of the vitalizing breath. Blasphemy has been silenced, drunkards sobered, bad debts paid, families reunited; and from at least one centre comes the report that a gang of communists who were riotous and disorderly on Armistice Day have been savingly converted to God. We may fight shy of revivalism and quarrel with its irregularities, but tell me where we can find a city or town that would not be bettered by such a baptism!

In England, too, the wave of revival is spreading. The great question which has been agitating the hearts of many—"Is London too hard for the Lord?"—Evangelical Christian, Sel. by N. R.

## "A NEW CREATURE."

Dr. George Pentecost, whom we have all heard about, was converted one night at a revival meeting; he was a clerk in an office at the time, and was a most profane man. After giving his heart to the Lord that night in that revival service, he went to the office next morning, and things went rather crooked, as they are apt to do; the devil is apt to try people when they make a start. Some man came in on business, and in his hurry getting out some paper, he knocked a bottle of ink over his book. Now the day before there would have been a lively time all around and some very sharp words, but he remembered whose he was, and bit his lips and kept still, quietly fixing up the book and blotting the leaves, and then attending to the man. The man looked at him a moment and then said, "Were you down to such a place last night?" Mr. Pentecost said, "Yes, that is where I was or you would have heard from me just now."

Now, if we are dwelling in the Lord's land, it will be peace and quietness. It will be as it was with the man who had two boys. Father became converted; and the boys could not believe that father was a Christian; but they said, "We will see when father comes to milk the cow tonight." Night came, and father went to milk the cow, and, as usual, the bucket went over, but father never said a word; he tried again, and the second time the bucket went over, without a word; and then the boys said, "Father is converted." They saw it in his life, and then they believed it.—The Armory.

## GOD'S MINORITY.

It is a great thing to belong to the majority. There is an immense inspiration in numbers. Most people go with the multitude; they float with the tide; they are drawn by the crowd. No one likes to be in the minority on any question, in any conflict or in any movement. One of the most trying tests of our faith and of our Christian discipleship is that of belonging to God's minority. The children of the world are a vast majority. We must move among them, but we can not be one of them. There are pleasures and comforts and employments that we may share with them; but we, as followers of our Lord, are children of another kingdom, we serve another master. To wear our badge and show our colors and live a holy life in the midst of the great throng about us who care nothing for the kingdom to which we hold or the Master whom we serve is to belong to God's minority.

There is evermore a strong tendency to go over to the majority. The most alarming thing in this great hour of moral and spiritual conflict is the fact that the line of separation between the children of the kingdom and the children of the world is growing exceedingly faint. Church membership does not mean sainthood as it should. The hope of the church at this moment of eminent peril is not in our increasing numbers, but it is in the little inner circle of believers who are truly spiritual—the little minority whose

love for Christ is their joyful and beautiful and thoughtful, but keyed to the divine ideals of noble, self-sacrificing Christian duty.

Even in the darkest hours of human history God has always had a few saints who have kept faith alive in the world. So at this time when the floodtide of worldliness is sweeping over the church and the splendors or mere religious conventionalism are mistaken for godliness there is a blessed minority who are living close to God. They are the hope of Christ's kingdom on the earth.—Selected.

## THE DARK PATH.

When people lose their temper  
It doesn't always stay  
In just the place they lost it,  
But travels miles away;  
And when they find and bind it  
It may be it has done  
A mischief never to be healed  
Unto the farthest sun.

When the people lose their temper  
It runs and rages far.  
It strikes at friends as well as foes,  
Not caring who they are;  
And when its cruel force is spent,  
Its words and deeds go on  
Down many ways, through many days,  
Unreckoned and unknown.

When people lose their temper  
It still may come again,  
After the past is forgotten,  
Bringing a load of pain  
That never can be lifted,  
That breaks the heart with woe—  
Oh, far the road and ill the path  
Where pride and anger go.

The world did not recognize their Saviour when He was on earth; nor believe in the Holy Ghost when the day of Pentecost witnessed His coming. They called the disciples drunk. And at the present time the majority of professing Christians are not less blind. Let a man or a woman be really filled with the Holy Ghost, and they will be called "extremists" and "fanatics." "He came to his own and his own received Him not," and they keep on rejecting Him to this day. When those (perhaps holiness professors) who have opposed the work of the Holy Ghost, find that they have been fighting against God, what an awful and horrifying revelation it will be, and it will come at the judgment, if not sooner.—Sel.

In sinning let us remember that we are punishing ourselves as well as incurring divine punishment. The man in hell is in everlasting punishment not only from hell fire but by his own everlasting self condemnation.

Just in the proportion in which we believe that God will do just what He has said is our faith strong or weak. Faith has nothing to do with feelings or with impressions. If we desire to couple them with faith, then we are no longer resting on the Word of God, because faith needs nothing of the kind.—George Muller.