

There is one thing above all others of which I am conscious when I think of myself as a citizen of the world, and that is the fact expressed in the words of the Apostle Paul, "I am debtor." I am debtor not only to my friends and neighbors, but I am debtor to every man and woman who is hungry, who is thirsty, who is naked, who is in peril, or who is groping in heathen darkness. I am debtor to the world with its aching, bleeding heart.

We are living in an age when knowledge is increased, an age of intellectual attainment and of scientific research; an age of marvelous invention. But on the other hand, we are living in "perilous times." It is a day of false liberalism, a day of impatience of old restraints and established boundaries, a day in which the grasp on truth is nerveless. Since the world courted at the list of Roman scepters, Christianity has not been so relentlessly assailed by open and insidious foes as now. *Men are forsaking the old paths that their fathers trod. They are seeking gods of silver and of gold and are forgetting the true and living God. The family altar is in many instances broken down. There are but few strong men of faith walking with God amid the scoffs and jeers of the world.*

The world—our world—is sin-sick and soul-sick. There are many physicians abroad in the land, but they are "physicians of no value." *There is no remedy for the world except the blood of Jesus Christ.* It is sin in the hearts of men that causes war and hatred among nations. Oh yes, men are crying "Peace, Peace"; but there is no peace, because they have failed to invite the Prince of Peace to preside at their council tables. There will be no permanent peace until Christ reigns supreme in the hearts of men. The Macedonian call is going forth: Come over into Europe and help us; and Europe is looking to America for leaders to save her from chaos.

But we must turn from these so-called Christian nations to the heathen world. Perhaps you say that you are tired of hearing the same old story of the need of missions, over and over again. But this morning I want to tell you a story that gripped my heart the first time I read it.

At one time, in one of our southern cities a great plague broke out and seemed beyond control. All day long, carts were busy carrying away the bodies of the dead. The plague entered the home of a poor working man. The father and the children had died, until, at the end of my story, there were only two left, the mother and her baby boy, perhaps five years old. He crept up into his mother's lap and put his arms about her neck and with his baby eyes close to hers said, "Mother, father's dead and brother and sisters are dead, and if you die, what'll I do?" The mother had been thinking of this, but what could she say. She tried to control her voice as she answered, "If I die, Jesus will come for you." This satisfied the child, for he had been taught about Jesus. So he went about his play.

Before evening the mother had died and was carried away by strange hands. In the distress of the time the boy was forgotten. When night came, he crept away in the darkness to his bed, but he could not sleep. Late in the night he got up, found his way out along the street and down the road to where he had seen the men take his mother. Throwing himself on her grave, he sobbed until he fell asleep.

Very early the next morning a man coming down the road on some errand of mercy looked over the fence and saw the little fellow lying there. Suspecting some sad story, he called out, "My boy, what are you doing there all alone?" The child awakened, rubbed his sleepy eyes and said, "Father's dead and brother and sister's dead, and now mother's dead. And she said if she died Jesus would come for me. And oh, He hasn't come and I'm so tired waiting." The man swallowed something in his throat and in a voice not very clear said, "My boy, I have come for you." And the little fellow waking up with his baby eyes so big said, "I think you have been a long time coming."

From this picture I wish to turn to another. It is a picture of a multitude, a sea of faces, that no man can number. They seem to come from hoary old China, from India with its millions of god sfrom Africa, with its darkness and

superstition, and yes, to our shame, from our own sister continent, South America. And they are rubbing their eyes and speaking with "lives so pitifully barren, with lips so mutely eloquent, from the soreness of their hunger," and they are saying "You've been a long time coming."

Surely they have a right to say so. They have waited so long. It was over nineteen hundred years ago that Jesus stood on a hilltop overlooking Jerusalem. His brow was thorn-torn and His face scarred and marred from His pilgrimage to this old earth. He is saying, "Go ye and teach all nations." And today the world is getting heathen faster than it is getting Christian.

*If there is one cry above another that reaches us as citizens of the world, it is the cry of heathendom.* "We wait for the light, but we walk in darkness." Need we ask our duty? Surely we should pray, we should give, and if God calls we should go preach His gospel to every creature, that His kingdom may soon come, and that His will may be done in earth as it is in heaven."—*Louise Gifford in Wesleyan Methodist.*

#### THE MISSIONARY CALL.

Though friends may weep and bid you stay,  
And point to you an easier way,  
Heed not their plea; your way pursue,  
For God, your Father, calleth you.

Weep not with them, save tears of joy,  
To think that God doth you employ  
To pluck the precious brands  
From Superstition's cruel hands.

Oh, linger not yourself to please,  
Or look around for place of ease;  
With soul aglow with holy zeal  
Rush forth into the harvest field.

Thrust in your sickle. Lo! the grain  
Doth perish on the unreaped plain.  
Oh haste thee quickly! Count the cost,  
Or precious sheaves will soon be lost.

Then haste thee on; obey the call;  
Though in the conflict you may fall,  
And sleep beneath a foreign soil,  
Behold to die or live to toil.

—Selected.

#### EVERY ONE'S TWO-FOLD DUTY.

"There are two short words which contain a volume of meaning for every individual. They are 'Come' and 'Go.' When considered in the way Christ used them, they are the Gospel in a nutshell. We are first to come to Christ for salvation; then we are to go out and invite others to the gospel feast. These two acts comprise the highest duties of every individual.

"Lord Shaftesbury was a devoted Christian and an earnest worker for the cause of Christianity. He has been called the evangelistic earl of England. He declared to his own church and generation that in a country where five hundred thousand persons were absolutely without any religious instruction the church that did not lead in evangelism would die of dry rot if not by divine judgment. He opened Exeter Hall in London, and held religious services there for thousands of people. When this great building could not accommodate the crowd, he opened the city theatres for Sunday evening meetings, often leading the service himself.

"Such work as this publishes the value of the gospel. If more Christians today would give themselves to such practical religious endeavor; Christianity would reveal her great strength and beauty, and soon sweep in triumph over all the world. Come to Jesus, then go after others for Him."—Selected.

A religion that does not take away guilt and purify our natures, is not the religion of the Bible.

#### FIFTY-FIFTH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

A very rare privilege was afforded Bro. and Sister C. N. Scott, of Woodstock, when on January 4th they reached the fifty-fifth milestone of a very happy married life. Brother Scott was born in Douglass, York County, in 1841, but has lived most of his life in Woodstock, being engaged as teacher in the schools, and also taking an active part in business. In 1869 he married Fannie M. Churchill, the fourth daughter of the late Deacon Israel and Eliza Churchill of this town, and is the only one of that family of ten now living. Although past 82, Bro. Scott is an active man, being blessed with good health, and is an active worker in the church here. In the early days of the holiness movement he got the blessing of full salvation and has since been an ardent supporter of that blessed truth. Sister Scott is past 76, and though being unable to walk for a number of years, is enjoying fairly good health. Of a family of six, two now survive, namely, Mrs. A. W. Clark and Miss Clara, both of Woodstock, the latter now making her home with her aged parents. May the blessing of God be upon this dear brother and sister, and may they prove the words of the poet, "When hoary hairs shall their temples adorn," like lambs they shall still on Thy bosom be borne."—L. J. A.

#### MY CREED.

Let me be a little kinder,  
Let me be a little blinder  
To the faults of those around me.

Let me praise a little more.  
Let me be, when I am weary,  
Just a little bit more cheery,  
Let me serve a little better  
Those whom I am striving for.

Let me be a little braver,  
When temptations bid me waver.  
Let me strive a little harder  
To be all that I should be.  
Let me be a little meeker  
With the brother who is weaker.  
Let me think more of my neighbor  
And a little less of me.

Let me be a little sweeter,  
Make my life a bit completer  
By doing what I should do,  
Every minute of the day.  
Let me toil without complaining,  
Not a humble task disdaining,  
Let me face the summons calmly  
When God beckons me away.  
—Unidentified.

Often a person poses meek and martyrlike in the persistent pressure of a heresy in a meeting where it has no right to come, and where he has been just as persistently requested not to bring it. This is first-class fanaticism. Often, too, this pressure of unwelcome heresies in a meeting is evidently in a spirit of stubbornness and intended annoyance. This is first-class diabolism. The person who thus presses his heresy, so far from being meek and martyrlike, is evidently "possessed with the devil." He claims liberty in the Holy Ghost, insists that nobody ought to interrupt him no matter where he speaks or what he says, and loudly protests that the Lord tells him to speak and act thus, while those who are leading the meeting feel led of the Lord to tell him to go somewhere else and get up a meeting of his own, where his business will be deemed orthodox.—Rev. E. I. D. Pepper.