

THE TRAGEDY OF DOUBT

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filled with errors and contradictions, it will linger forever as poison in the soul, and doubts will flood the mind like swarms of black vultures of the night, forever invading the citadel of the soul. We may overcome spiritual doubts; they are forever pressing in upon us, and may be swept aside by experience and prayer; but when questions arise doubting the *ipse dixit* of God, as the man of our counsel, there is an irreparable wrong.

The menace of the hour is facing us: Shall we have a Bible and believe it as from God? In schools and universities, many of them built and supported by consecrated believers in the Old Book, we must witness the faith of our boys and girls being insidiously destroyed by the question-marks of science, so-called. "My soul, be on thy guard; ten thousand foes arise"; but none is so dangerous as doubt, and no character of doubt is so soul-destroying in its last analysis as a shaken faith in the Record. Iago made no concrete charges against Desdemona—"Watch Cassio"—that was all. Neither do the religious Iagos openly make charges against our Bible truths. Oh, some of the bolder ones may openly scoff at the Garden-of-Eden story, the Incarnation of God's Son, miracles, and the Resurrection; but ninety-nine out of every one hundred religious Iagos do their work as the original Iago—"Watch Cassio."

Better a thousand times that our precious boys and girls never see inside the walls of college or university, than go out into the world with a diploma, and a spirit of contempt for God and His revelation. It means spiritual tragedy, which is infinitely worse than the breaking down of the home. Shun as you would the worst contagion, anywhere, everywhere, agencies or institutions that would weaken your absolute faith in God's inspired Record. Nothing else can bridge the chasm between time and eternity. There is no duplicate for the Bible—Old Testament and New—indivisible and inseparable.

We close with a paraphrase of Longfellow's line from "The Ship of State"—

*"Sail on, O Guide of human fate,
The Truth of God so rich and great;
Humanity with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate."*

"THEY STOOD EVERY MAN IN HIS PLACE."

Judges 7:21.

God has a place and a mission for every one of us, and He will make it possible for us to find our right place and to perform our mission if we are entirely willing to be and do just what He wants us to be and do.

The trouble is that we usually want to do something else. One man's proper mission is to make the mortar, and another man's mission is to make the bricks with which the Temple of God is to be built, but the mortar-maker wants to be the architect, and the brick-maker wants the job of putting on the roof.

And both are dissatisfied because their work seems to them so insignificant and instead of doing their appointed work joyously and to the very best of their ability, they slight it and think of it as almost useless drudgery.

The first lesson the soldier has to learn is that he is not the general, nor the colonel of

the regiment, but simply a private; and that his one and only duty is to obey orders. It is not for him to say where he will go, or how he will fight. But whether he is set to digging a trench or to standing guard in some lonely place he is an essential part of the army, and if he does his full duty he will have as good a right as any one to claim a share in the victory.

Gideon's 300 men may have thought the task assigned to them a very foolish one in view of the fact that they were in the presence of powerful foes, numbering perhaps 500 to 1 of themselves, but the 300 obeyed orders heartily, and the consequence was that they did not need to fight, but only to pursue a defeated enemy.

When Paul surrendered to Jesus, whom he had been persecuting, his first question was, "What shall I do, Lord?" That question should be constantly before our minds, and we should strive earnestly to find the answer to it, and to be willing to do with all our might any work, no matter what it is, that God requires of us.—Northern Messenger.

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Hartland,

Paulpietersburg,

Natal, So. Africa,

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Dear Friends:

The Easter meetings closed today with a church business meeting. They were the very best group of meetings, I think, we ever had.

Began Good Friday with fasting and prayer and many were at the altar for help; also Saturday quite a number forward for holiness.

Sunday was such a blessed day, not so large a crowd, about 200, I judge, but God's Spirit rested upon the people and one could feel the waves of praise for past blessings and hunger for real clean hearts sweep over the people.

The testimonies had weight and power, and were a refreshing to us missionaries, for they held the true ring of triumph and praise for victory amid tests and hard trials.

Five were baptized and taken in the Church, and five children brought to the Lord.

Two men among these new converts I wish to speak about. Javuso was a witch doctor and was saved under Paulina's ministry. A year ago when I went over there, at Bercu's, to strengthen her hands and see the place, this man got the witness his sins were forgiven while we visited him. I shall not soon forget his question, "Do you think God can forgive my witchcraft?" "Yes, if you forsake it and ask Him," was my reply. Now he gives such a beautiful testimony, has refused money to practice that black art and will have nothing to do with it, and is determined to go through with God. He is a sick man and, evidently, has but a short time to live but truly God has made a new creature out of him. His new name is Josiah.

Boboza, another man, is also from Bucu, is likewise a sick man, but now saved and knows it. Once, when so sick it looked like he would die, Paulina stopped at his hut, on her way to Bucu and prayed with him. That night he slept well, the first for many nights.

Both of these men sought to be filled with

the Holy Spirit and so far as they understood accepted Him and go home so happy.

We had some from long distances and there are always many opportunities of speaking personally to these or instructing them more perfectly in the ways of righteousness and having prayers with them.

Today—Well, I can't tell you how my heart praises God for such a day—and every question was discussed so quietly, thoroughly and with so little confusion that it was a simple joy to be there and hear them. Everything done in decency and in order that our second business meeting when we have tried to introduce "Parliamentary Rules, etc., etc., to these people, for controlling business meetings.

As I sat there and my mind travelled back fifteen or more years ago and remembered their ignorance, noisy debates when about ten or more all tried to talk at once and so difficult to get them to understand anything about how to run a Church as it should be—needless to say the contrast with today's meeting is as great as the difference between day and night.

Our Church is coming up in every way and though we have many perplexing problems peculiar to this place and people still they are going ahead.

One young man reported eleven seekers in his section. He is the preacher and also the school teacher—nights—and they have quite a number. Part of his time during the year, he must give service to the owner of the farm on which he lives. But God is blessing him and he is hungry to know more about God.

It was pathetic, to me, to see the babies brought. One woman had a twin on each arm, they had nothing on them, but Jostina sent over her coat to wrap up one, and another had another garment supplied as they came forward to be presented to the Lord.

The parents stand for the children, promise to see they are taught to pray and do what is right, etc.

One mother brought her two children. She has lost five and now brought a small baby which she feels has been given her in answer to prayer and, though it is sickly, she praised God for it. She herself is only a seeker—such things give us great joy as we rejoice with our women or men preachers over these trophies of their work.

A witch doctor spoke desiring the church to pray for his deliverance from the demon who possesses him for he really wants to be saved. Here is a case for your earnest prayers.

We have had a prospector with us for several days—a lonely old man of 77 years, single, and poor, at present, but with rosy dreams of again making good money.

We put him up, took him to meeting, etc., and it seems God has poured out a big blessing on him. It seems really wonderful how he was led here and all and we are so glad he got such help.

Our hearts are full of praise and we need your prayers for wisdom in guiding this so young a church. Also for the work of the coming winter when we can get among the people more.

Pray for our schools, school teachers and scholars for from these we shall have many church members of the future.

Yours in Jesus,

MRS. H. C. SANDERS