

SALT AND LIGHT.

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social order became decent, palatable, preserved, and delivered in a large measure from poison, which coursed through the veins of her neighbors. Light illuminated her pathway and helped her to find, in a measure, the way to travel. That which had been dead, putrifying, stagnant, became regenerated, and England found her way, because God's message reached the people. The French Revolution was the inevitable concomitant of salt having lost its saltiness, and of light under a bushel.

Fifty years ago Germany lost God; the name of Luther was still remembered, but the impact of his voice giving out God's message was hushed. Bible truth and Bible faith had been smothered in the throne room of experience, and rationalism had been enthroned. The gospel was no longer God's message; the sacred altars of the church became bulletin boards for the worship of Thor. The whole world had to help pay the penalty for this leading nation losing her God. If Germany had been supplied with Salt and Light in her social life and in the citadels of learning, there would have been no World War.

Oh, the responsibility of being Salt and Light bearers. The earth—the world and every sacred institution—the home, the school, the marriage vow, the church, the commercial and political organizations—cannot weather the storm in a Godless, Christless atmosphere. We may rear our temples of learning; we may build libraries and courts for the establishment of law; we may build palaces and furnish them with things that delight the eye, and give comfort to every desire of the mind and body, but if there is no salt or light within, the laws of God and man will be ignored, the marriage vows will be forgotten, parental honor and filial obedience will be lost; society will rot in the palace as well as in the hovel without the sense of God.

We must not close this line of reckoning, without the mention of one more concrete example, the latest, Russia. Russia, the stupendous, the riddle of nations. For centuries her royal dynasties caused her subjects to suffer; she sowed to the wind. Little by little God was lost; the knowledge of him was confined to a dead, ritualistic, ecclesiastical interpretation. Like France, the center of power swung to the other extreme; the royal house of Romanoff went down in ignominious destruction. Power was lodged in hands that knew not God; there was neither salt nor light, and since the Armistice Russia has publicly murdered of her best blood and brain 1,700,000. The mind staggers under this appalling slaughter, but it has only one explanation—God has been lost; and what is happening now in Russia, will happen in America, if we allow the message of God to be lost.

We shall undertake to study the great Beacon Lights of Faith who are the true history builders of the past, and see how God has worked in the making of civilization through redeemed souls that have given salt and light to the world. But for these master builders of faith, our civilization would not be standing today. Like the great lighthouses along the rocky shores to guide the storm-tossed mariners, so these towering Light of Faith have guided weary travellers through the maze of centuries.

LITTLE ANNA'S PRAYER

A True Incident

Anna's papa was a minister, a highly educated, consecrated one. Everybody in the Church knew what a great sorrow he was bearing, for Anna's mamma was paralyzed.

One day a traveling evangelist held a meeting in a home, and Anna's papa was there. The evangelist talked about faith and prayer, and read many verses from the Bible showing that sick people could be healed in answer to prayer. Anna listened to every word he had to say; in fact she scarcely blinked her eyes, she was so fascinated. Presently she slipped up to her papa and whispered, "May I go home now?"

"Yes, dear; I shall remain here to talk with the evangelist. You run ahead and tell mamma I will come as soon as I can." And Anna slipped away.

When the evangelist finished, he asked papa to close the meeting. In his closing words Anna's papa reminded the people that we must always say, "Thy will be done;" that we should bow under the burden He places on us with a willing and grateful mind; that we should not be seeking signs and miracles. For, you see, Anna's papa did not believe Jesus would do miracles today like He did when He was on earth. Then when the meeting was over, Anna's papa and the evangelist began to talk, and Anna's papa rebuked the evangelist for what he had preached. He thought it was not right to tell the people to expect miracles of healing.

In the meantime Anna was speeding home. She ran most of the way, so when she reached her mamma's side she was quite out of breath. Mother kissed her, stroking her hair, and asked, "Did papa remain?"

"Yes—I should have remained too, but I asked papa for leave to come home. O mamma!—you can become well, if you wish. Jesus can make you well in your feet, mamma!"

"Oh, yes, my child, I know He can. But He wants—"

"Don't you believe that God wants to, mamma? He is so good. Shall we not ask Him to do it? Then you will be well in your feet and need not sit this way."

"Well, I have certainly asked Him about it many times, and for many years too. I have asked earnestly about it, because it is bad for me to be sitting this way. We had only been married three years, papa and I, and we were so happy. Then suddenly I became this way; and now I have sat here for years, long years, you may know, hard years. But God has been so good to me all the time anyhow, so I must not complain. And now both papa and I believe that this may be the best for us. For God is always so good, you see; His will is always best."

"But you do want to be well, don't you, mamma? Think how nice it would be for us if you were well. Oh, dear mamma, please be so kind as to will and wish it. Then you could go out to the barn and see my spotted calf; it is so beautiful, you know. Oh, mamma dear, sweet mamma, don't you want to?"

The mother wiped away the tears. She looked for a long time at her little daughter, but could not find an answer.

Then Anna said again, "Dear mamma, give me leave to pray for you, then. The kind preacher said that Jesus is willing to make sick people well. Think of it, mamma! Only

believe, and pray, as he said. And I ran home as fast as I could, for I got so glad. I thought that you eagerly wanted to get well, mamma. Can't you give me leave to pray, then? Just think how pleasant it would be if you walked about here on the floor when papa comes home. Think how glad he would be, mamma. I shall not command, for Jesus does not like that, but just pray nice, you see. Give me leave to, mamma."

"Yes, dear, pray," said the mother. She did not know what else to answer. She was entirely humiliated by the little daughter's faith. "Oh, how true," she thought, "that we must be as children."

Anna knelt by her mamma's chair and prayed: "Dear Jesus, the good preacher said You would make people well, if we only believe and ask You for it. Mamma has been very sick for so long, and she has wept many times. You may make me sick in my feet; but dear, sweet God, I shall not keep on to command You, but please make mamma well, entirely well in her feet. Amen!"

The mother sat still a little while and listened to her daughter, while streams of tears ran down her cheeks. Then all at once she felt something peculiar move itself in her feet, as if jerking in all her muscles; she trembled over the whole body, and almost got afraid. But as soon as Anna said Amen, she drew up herself to both of her feet, which had been laid helplessly on a footstool. She was healed! She cried out thus:

"But my God! O God! Dear God, I am surely healed! Little sweet Anna, I am well, Anna! Think of it, I am well in both feet!"

She leaped up and walked over the floor. She turned herself around. She wept, she laughed. Then she knelt by the sofa. Little Anna ran out into the hall, climbed on a chair, took down the maid's cape and ran in with it to her mother. "Now we will go out and meet papa," she said.

At the home where the meeting was held, the evangelist and Anna's papa were still discussing whether the Lord healed today as He did when He was on earth. Anna's papa did not believe so, and he was quite upset over the evangelist's preaching such a thing. In the midst of their discussion steps were heard in the hall, and a child's voice said, "Yes, that door there, mamma; I plainly heard papa talk in there. Rap on the door, for I am sure it was papa's voice. Oh, my! Think how glad he will be!"

Mamma rapped. "Come in," came the response. Anna and her mamma walked in. The minister jumped up. But what does this mean? But, mamma!

"It is the Lord's doing," she answered as calmly as she could, then fell on her husband's neck and wept aloud. The minister stood and held his wife in his arms. He was very pale, and was slowly repeating as to himself, "A—work—of the Lord."

Everybody had now gone down on their knees around the minister and his wife. Little Anna was on her knees beside the evangelist, who was offering up a fervent prayer of praise to God.—Full Gospel and Rescue Journal.

"Oh, grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell but Thy pure love alone!
Oh, may Thy love possess me whole—
My joy, my treasure and my crown;
Strange flames far from my heart remove,
My every act, word, thought, be love."