

THE CHIEF SIN OF THE WORLD

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6. This is the chief sin because it fatally endorses all other sin, and utterly baffles all God's efforts to save. The other sins might be forgiven, if only Christ were received in penitent faith, and were trusted and loved. But when one deliberately turns Christ down, he rejects all mercy and with suicidal hand shuts forever the door of hope against his own soul. Such is the awful sin of unbelief that rejects Christ as a Saviour.

III. Believers commit a similar sin when they accept Christ for justification, but refuse to believe on Him..... for sanctification. It is perfectly plain from Scripture that God has set His heart upon it.

Jesus died for it (Eph. 5:25, 26; Heb. 13:12).

Jesus commanded it: "Be perfect" (Matt. 5:48).

Jesus calls to it (Thess. 4:7; 2 Thess. 2:14). It is the will of God (I. Thess. 4.3).

St. Paul has seventy passages on the subject, including nine prayers, fourteen commands, sixteen times the verb "sanctify," nine times the noun "sanctification," eight times "righteousness," seven times "perfect," five times "holiness," four times "holy," two times "righteously," "cleanse," "without blemish," "unblameable," one "holily," "godliness," "without spot," "without reproach," "a pure heart," "complete," "save to the uttermost." Yet Christians remain blind to the teaching, and disbelieve the sanctifying Saviour.

We close with a few remarks:

1. Christians, teachers and preachers, who would co-operate with the Holy Spirit in saving souls, should press this truth. We are living in a self-indulgent, easy-going, luxurious age. People have but a feeble sense of sin. They divide the claims of Jesus and pour their contempt on Calvary; and then, because they have not figured in a police court or served a term in state's prison, they think they are quite prepared for heaven. No notion can be farther from the truth.

It is hard for a preacher to look a refined, respectable congregation of church-going Christ rejectors in the face and say these things. But they would better hear this truth now than at the bar of God—when it is forever too late.

It is harder still for a Christian parent to teach this truth, however tenderly, to a class of young lads or lassies. But it may serve them from going over the brink into an abyss of ruin.

It is harder still for a Christian parent to make the child of her love understand it. But her sympathetic affection for her child must be subordinate to the claim of Christ. The mother of Spurgeon was praying with him one day. She solemnly rose from her knees and looked him in the eyes and said, "Charles if you do not cease your rebellion and give your heart to Jesus, I will go to the bar of God and be a swift witness against you." What wonder that such a faithful mother had such a son.

2. The chief sin is not what it is generally supposed to be. A man drinks and is branded as a drunkard. A man steals and they put him in prison. A man murders, and they hang him. But when he contemptuously rejects his Saviour, the people may make him mayor, or send him to the United States senate.

But what does God think about it? "He that despised Moses' law (the ten command-

ments) died without mercy under two or three witnesses: of how much sorer punishment suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, and unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace?" (Hebrews 10:28, 29).

3. Unless many change their course they are doomed to an awful surprise. They are travelling on to eternity thinking it is a small matter whether they accept God or not. A red-handed murderer, if afterward he forsakes his sins and trusts in Christ for salvation, is better prepared for judgment and to meet God than the most moral man in the world who wilfully rejects the atoning Saviour. We would rather have his prospects of heaven! Oh, these Christ-rejectors!

One touch of death, one moment of eternity, will undeceive them. Oh, now, now, may the Holy Spirit break the spell of this infatuation!

"AN AFRICAN CHIEF"

By Grace Crawford

Try to picture an old chief who has lived all his days among the far-off hills, where never a whisper of the love divine has ever been heard! A question of his chieftain rights, raised by lesser chiefs, obliged him to visit the nearest government post. Here bodily illness brought him in contact with Dr. Tilsley, who caused him to come to Luanza. Now leave him for a while receiving a course of treatment here, and attending all the services for the sick!

Meanwhile watch the wonder-workings of God the Holy Ghost in the heart of a poor slave woman, preparing her long years before for this visit of the old chief. In her youth she had passed from owner to owner, finally arriving here, her City of Refuge. Freed from slavery, but claimed by disease, she passed through a time of terrible depression, with horrible ulcers on her legs, making her a helpless cripple. But, thank God, into her little mud hut the Saviour came, turning that sad hovel into an abode resounding with His praises. Unable to attend services, every passing Christian was sure to be hailed by the sick one, with "Tell me more about Jesus!" Not knowing how to read, hungrily she stored up stories of the life of Christ and memorized much of the Scriptures, till verily the Word of God dwelt in her richly.

Then came that unforgotten day, as she would tell you, "When God, regarding His sick handmaiden, sent the doctor to pray with me for blessing on his treatment. And I? Yea, indeed, I knew I should be healed!" And she was, quickly and completely. Relatives who had long forsaken her now appeared and urged a tempting marriage, but no, she would have none of it.

"Begone, both ye and your tribes!" she exclaimed. "Hath God thus healed His slave for nought? These now sound legs shall know no service but His." Rolling up her grass sleeping mat and tying on to it her little cooking pot, away she sped on a long gospel tour. Not a soul passed her in the narrow trail, but was told of Christ's dying love. For said she, "Doth not my Master say, 'Today is the day of salvation?' Who dares then to await tomorrow?"

At last back she came, aglow with gospel

triumphs over sin and Satan. See now how she has come into her own! 'Tis the special work of caring for the souls of the sick, who crowd into Luanza in such numbers. A cough-coughing outside my door (native way of tapping) means it is our "Chaplain." Come in the dark, after conducting evening prayers with the patients, to tell of one or more who have turned to the Lord. "Would it not be shame-begetting should I sleep ere sharing this joy with you?" is her apology for this thrice blessed disturbance.

This brings me back to the old Chief Muhanga. In him she found a long-lost uncle. Never doubting but that God had sent him here to learn of His ways, she set her whole soul to win him for Christ's kingdom.

Last night, later than usual, and the cough-coughing more vigorous, I called her in, to see her eyes shining with tears of joy, acclaiming the while: "O joy inexpressible! Muhanga is saved. Ere I could finish prayers he arose, and stretching his hands up to God exultantly, said, 'I believe! I believe! I render thanks!'"

And now he leaves us, thrilled to be taking back to his people something of which they know nothing. Back to his tribe, where for centuries and centuries they have known only their fetishes and witchcrafts. Back with the "wonder tidings," the gift of God's love. Rejoice with a great joy: but stop a moment and send up a prayer! Think of this old chief setting out thus bravely to face his heathen customs! Picture him plodding along the winding trail, with his retainer behind him, who has also believed while in Luanza. Can't you hear his puzzled questions how best to retain the goodwill of his people whilst firmly renouncing all tribal evils, his whole soul going out in agonized perplexity how to avoid aught that would close the ears of his tribe whilst faithfully proclaiming the "words of God" so startling new to all?

Join your prayers with his for several teacher-evangelists to be raised up of God for the crying needs of his untouched lands! Pray earnestly also that quickly we may be enabled to build little Bible schools in several strategic positions in which to teach his people to read, and rear the children on God's word alone! Ever remember the Bible does it all! "I have given them Thy word," said our Master. Think how it behooves us to pass it on!

Oh, that we may ever be found faithful to our trust, each doing our utmost to make His saving name known!—Record of Christian Work.

COLONEL LINDBERGH AND OLD SCHOOL MATES

According to the Friends' Intelligence (U.S.A.), when the father of Colonel Charles Lindbergh was a member of the House of Representatives at Washington, the son was a student at the Friends' school there. A group of 30 Friends of Philadelphia addressed to Lindbergh a letter of congratulation acknowledging particularly his modesty and self-control amid all the wild welcome he had received at home and abroad. They added: "Not the least of your victories was your refusal—without offence to your hosts, trained in other customs and practices—the firmness of your refusal to poison with nicotine or alcohol your body selected by destiny to transmit the spirit of St. Louis, the Crusader."