

CARNALITY

"But Saul and the people spared Agag"—
(1 Sam. 15-9.)

While there are several figures and characters used in the Holy Scriptures as types of Christ and the Holy Ghost, there are also two special characters used as symbols of carnality—the "old man." One is Ishmeal, the son of Hagar (Gen. 21:10; Gal. 4:23-30), and the next is Agag, the subject of our text. If we were permitted to modernize and spiritualize the language of the text it would read as follows: But Saul and the people excused and winked at carnality.

Here in this narrative we have a life-sized picture of carnality and also a brief synopsis of a superficial holiness seeker. We will not take time and space, however, to properly explain the subject, but will simply mention in brief some of the ways the modern holiness teachers and seekers are sparing Agag.

The first way of sparing him and easing up on carnality is seen in those who live on one side of Jordan and labor on the other. They are like the Reubenites, Gadites and half tribe of Manasseh. They are willing to fight in the land of Canaan, *i. e.*, sing, pray, preach and testify to and about holiness, but are not willing to pay the price to live there. There are hundreds who pray, "Thy kingdom come," who do not want scriptural holiness. There are multitudes who sing with great earnestness:

"Lett the water and the blood
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be: of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure."

who do not mean a word of it. They also sing "Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole," while at the same time they fight holiness and hate the word sanctification.

A second way of sparing Agag is seen in those who excuse and wink at the small uprisings of anger, impatience, jealousy, envy and pride in their hearts, and at the same time continue to profess when they are conscious of daily uprisings. A man who only feels a small ripple of carnality in his heart once a year is as much in need of a clean heart as the one who feels it every hour in the day.

Still another way of winking at carnality and passing it by is when people try to make religious acts and deeds of charity atone for the manifestations of a bad spirit. Sometimes a zealous brother gets his feelings ruffled at the preacher in the official board and manifests a bad spirit. But rather than confess, beg pardon and get carnality cleansed out of his heart, he will present the preacher with a suit of clothing or a new Bible. When wife has been having a touchy spell and saying some hard things to husband, rather than confess out, dig out, and get the "old man" cast out, she will bake for husband one of his favorite pies, roast a goose, or make some ice cream. But ah! this is only a unique way of sparing Agag.

A final way of sparing the life of this delicate king, is making allowance for carnality and branding it "infirmity." Some people seem to think they are justified in getting impatient, grumbling and fretting simply because they are suffering toothache.

There are others who seem to think because they are getting old and childish, it is sufficient excuse for carnality. Some people, rather than grow sweet and childish, are growing old and devilish. What they stand in need of is the first and second work of grace which will keep a person sweet and blessed in the fiery furnace, den of lions, igner prison and Isle of Patmos.—*Sel.*

A HUSBAND'S CHALLENGE

On the fourth anniversary of their wedding day, a young wife said to her husband: "I have been a very happy woman for four years; but if only one thing else could be true, I would be the happiest woman in the world."

"Well," he said, "what is it? I would do anything for you."

"If you were only a Christian," she replied.

"Are you a Christian?" said the young husband.

"Yes," came the answer.

"Well, I didn't know it," he remarked; and then after a pause, he put his astonished wife through a series of questions:

"Do you swear?"

"No."

"Neither do I," he responded.

"You don't steal," he queried.

"No, of course not."

"Neither do I."

"You don't gamble?"

"Of course I don't."

"Neither do I," said he.

"You don't get drunk?"

"Why do you ask such questions? Of course I don't."

"I don't either," he again responded.

"Now," he said, "You drink wine at receptions?"

"Yes, out of courtesy to the hostess."

"I do, too," he added.

"You go to the theatre?"

"Certainly."

"I do, too."

"You play cards, don't you?"

"Where's the harm in that? I play of course."

"I do, too."

"You dance, don't you?"

"Certainly!" she said, "there's no harm in dancing. I love it. I dance, of course I do."

"Well," said her husband. "I do, too."

"Now," said he, "if you will show me the difference between the kind of life that you are living, and the kind I am living, I have no objection to my becoming a Christian."

The young wife saw his point; and when her husband unexpectedly returned on an errand, he found her on her knees by the couch, her face buried in her hands, and she was weeping. He asked her to forgive him if he had hurt her feelings.

"No," she answered, "it is I who ought to ask your forgiveness, and with God's help, you shall have a different wife from this time on."

Fourteen months from that time this young man acknowledged in a large religious gathering: "For four months I have been a Christian man, won to God by the earnest, consistent, beautiful life of my devoted wife."

"My dear Christian wife," adds the narrator, W. E. Biederwolf, "if the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ doesn't make any difference between the life you are living, and the life your unconverted husband is living, it isn't worth recommending to him.

"My dear Christian sister, if the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ doesn't make any difference between the kind of life you are living and the kind of life your unconverted brother is living, it isn't worth having as a means of saving and purifying the soul."

As he concluded a public address concerning these hurtful entertainments, W. E. Biederwolf thus petitioned:

"O my Lord, smite tonight our selfishness and sin! If we have been in anybody's way

forgive us, and give us some conception of what it means to be a child of Thine.

"Leave the message for these young hearts, especially for whom self-denial may be hard, as a guide-post on the path of the best and highest and purest to which the grace of God can lead.

"Give us to know something of the expulsive power of a real affection for Jesus in the heart until the unworthy, and the indelicate and the suggestive shall have no more place and He who loved us and gave Himself for us shall be all in all."—From "The Christian and Amusements," by Biederwolf.

A FOUR-SQUARE GIRL

"There goes a pleasant-looking girl," said the visitor to the teacher. The classes were passing to another room and the visitor was interested in watching the faces of the pupils. "I saw that girl last week taking care of her little sister," the visitor added, as the bright-eyed, brown-haired girl went by with a smile for the teacher.

"That girl is foursquare," the teacher said emphatically. "She does well in her lessons, she is good to her family, she is helpful in church, and she is so sweet and jolly that everyone likes her. In fact, she is a foursquare girl."

The visitor thought it over, when often after that she met the girl on the streets or in the stores. She watched the faces light up as the girl came near; she saw the little sister happily clinging to her hand; she heard her play the piano * * she saw her with her Sunday School class every week, and always the girl was merry and willing, with a special bit of kindness towards older people.

"She is not beautiful, nor exceptionally talented," the visitor thought as she watched the girl in a crowd of laughing schoolmates, "but she is fair and square and 'always there' when she is needed or wanted. She is full of fun without being frivolous; she is kind to the little folks, and tender to older folks. She is just the right kind of a girl; the world needs more like her—a foursquare girl."—*The Girls' Weekly.*

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Brother Trafton: Millville, N. B.

Time has rolled its rounds and I find it is time for me to renew my Highway subscription for another year. I have got through the past winter very well by leaning on the everlasting arm of my God, and walking with him, which has kept me from the snares of the enemy.

My wife was very sick during the winter, but God has spared her, Praise His name.

Yours in Him

W. E. VESEY.

Calais Maine,

Dear Brother Trafton:

I am beginning to feel a little like myself again. I have not been able to do any work yet. I am planning on taking up my work Sunday. I will have to go a little easy for a while.

The work here is as good as one could expect, considering that they have been without a pastor for five months. Captain Chapman, Salvationist of St. Stephen, spoke in my church April 14th, and his wife spoke Sunday evening, April 21st. They were well liked.

I have decided to remain with the church here for another year. May the Lord bless you in all your labors.

Your brother in Christ

C. R. HAGERMAN