

CHRISTIAN PERFECTION. WHAT IS IT?

(Continued from Page One)

things: 1. Aaron's rod that budded. It was a crooked stick, but God touched it and put life into it and it blossomed and budded "and yielded almonds." (Num. 17:8). It was, therefore, a type of the abundant life and increased fruitfulness found in the holy place. 2. Again, the ark contained the pot of manna. Here, in the holy of holies we taste the sweetness of Christ. He is the bread that came down from heaven that a man may eat thereof and never die. (John 6:50). 3. Again, the ark contained the ten commandments written on tables of stone. In the holy place, or in Christian perfection, perfect love is now written in our hearts. Praise God! Perfect love to God and perfect love to man. 4. Again, they heard the voice of God speaking to them in the holy place. Here we are able to so adjust our lives that we hear the still small voice of God speaking to us. In this fuller manifestation of God our joy is intensified and our fellowship with God is more real and blessed.

How clearly the two works of grace are taught in Israel's deliverance from Egypt. The crossing of the Red Sea represents their deliverance and salvation. The inspired writer states that "God having saved a people out of the land of Egypt, afterwards destroyed them that believed not. (Jude 5). After they were saved they were called to cross over Jordan and enter the promised land. They failed to enter their promised inheritance through unbelief. "Let us fear therefore, lest haply, a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it." (Heb. 4:1)—The Wesleyan Methodist.

HOW GOD ANSWERED

In these hard, materialistic times, we are so liable to grow incredulous concerning the ability and tender oversight of our heavenly Father, that it is well to gain strength for our faith from well-accredited events which show Him to be wonderfully near. The following account, lately given me by the lady who was the principal person in the story, is a very striking illustration of this truth, says a writer in the *Living Epistle*, and it is vouched for by the man whose dog was God's agent in her hour of need:

"One winter we lived on a lonely New Hampshire country road, only one large farmhouse being near. One morning, the weather promising to be fair, my husband and little son left me to go to a neighboring town ten miles away, expecting to return at night. I did not mind being alone, as I was busy about the house, but toward noon I noticed dark clouds rapidly rising, and the wind began to blow, and soon snowflakes covered the ground. Still I did not feel anxious, but kept a watchful eye down the mountain road, although I knew it was hardly time to expect my loved ones to return. The darkness came on swiftly, and the storm increased in violence until it seemed as if the roof of the house would be torn off—every old shingle seeming to vie with its neighbor in its hurry to be gone.

"Hardly daring to breathe, but longing to scream, I lighted a fire in the great fireplace, and the flames threw their ruddy glow over the room. As I began to realize that I was all alone I grew more frightened, and I thought, 'I can not stay here all this night alone.' Not only was the storm to be dreaded, but early in the day I had seen two most vicious-looking men go by on their way to the village. I knew that they lived in an old shanty below us. They had called once to seek shelter from a slight shower;

and I thought they would surely think we would give them shelter from such a storm as this. I did not know what to do, for they were never known to come away sober from the village.

"I made up my mind to go to my neighbor's house. When I opened the door the wind nearly took me off my feet, and, blinded by the snow and sleet, I hastily shut the door and went back into the lighted room. But I could not rest. I wandered from room to room, and it seemed as I should be insane from fright, for never before had I experienced a mountain storm. I have passed through many storms since then, but that stands out with a prominence which will not allow it to be ever forgotten.

"Going to the window and peering out into the darkness, I suddenly felt prompted to pray—not for my family's return, for I hoped they were sheltered from the storm—but I prayed, 'Give me strength, O Lord, to overcome this fear,' and before I finished my prayer it was answered. Above the roar of the storm I heard, under my window, the barking of my neighbor's huge dog. I let him in, all covered as he was with snow, and he walked over to the fire and lay down, and looked up into my face with an almost human intelligence, as if he would say, 'You needn't be afraid; I'll take care of you.' With a thankful heart I lay down and slept sweetly all night.

"The owner of the dog told me the next day, that in all the years he had owned him, never had he known him to leave his mat at night; but for two hours they had tried to keep him in, and at last, fearing they would not get to sleep if he stayed, they opened the door, and he bounded away into the storm toward our house."—*The Christian*.

NUGGETS

Keep well labove low desires.

Better formation than reformation.

Prayer is more than a meal ticket.

Anything minus love leaves nothing.

To reduce spiritually simply close your Bible. To have worthwhile friends, be worthy of them.

Form your habits wisely, for your habits form you.

When your train of thoughts are evil stop the train.

Religion lived with care makes others care to live it.

Keep step with Him who has planned every step of the way.

God bankrupt heaven to buy us a religion which should be the best thing on earth. If your religion is not the best thing you know it is in need of repairs.

A hard heart makes a tight fist.

The face is a preface to the character.

Praying to the Highest makes taller men.

He who rules himself is every inch a king.

The fear of God is the beginning of courage.

Real troubles are easier than imaginary ones.

Courtesies have double values when used at home.

The world is a mirror; smile at it and it smiles back.

The Bible is the world's best seller and its best "buy."

Life's highway needs more filling stations for empty souls.

Evil is wrought for want of thought as well as want of heart.

Any job is easy when you like it, and hard when you dislike it.

The bad in us sees the bad in others; the good in us sees the good in others. Hence we make a world like ourselves.

Friends are made, not found.

Courtesies are seldom wasted.

Don't make a bluff, make good.

Extravagance is mother of want.

When you've nothing to say, say nothing.

Old time styles were as strange as now.

That which costs nothing is worth nothing.

Women is most invincible when most a woman.

Learn to save and you'll not dread a rainy day.

The modern girl is what the modern man makes her.

A high ideal is a spiritual blue print for one's life.

No deal is ever right unless both parties are benefited.

Ignore the story which cannot be made funny without profanity or obscenity.—*Free Service Bureau*.**IT WAS I**

I thought my church was narrow; that in her service I was denied the joy of life. I thought that other folks more fully entered into time's rich gain and found great happiness of what I knew not. But then I stopped to think! Not narrow was my church, but my own selfish craved the things of fleshly ease. It was not my church; it was I.

I thought my church lacked sociability; that folks came and went and no one seemed to care in either case. I thought that other places offered so much more joy to strangers. But then I stopped to think! There was no unsociability about my church; it came to me that I had hurried home without a thought of the strange face. It was not my church; it was I.

I thought that my church was dead. I wept at that grave thought that she no longer faced a moving generation with a vital message. My face was wet with weeping! If we could but have a preacher come to raise the dead to life and fill the church, how gracious that would be! But I was startled as I stopped to think that I was weeping all alone by myself. I found that I had never lost the grave clothes, and the napkin still tightly bound my lips; that no word to lift the lost had ever issued from my heart; I found that I was dead! It was not my church; it was I!—*Wesleyan Methodist*.

WHY NOT SEEK AND OBTAIN IT?

The story is told of Thomas Harrison, "the boy evangelist," who was so successful about forty years ago that on his return home from the western field he was invited to address the Boston Preachers' Meeting. He spoke somewhat as follows: "I have been invited to speak today on The Baptism With the Holy Ghost. Now we are all saying that it is a necessity, that we ought to have it, to do the best work for God, and that it is the crying need of our churches. This being the fact, let us get right down here and seek it. The meeting went on its knees at this request. He might have discoursed as to its needs and explained and split theological hairs on points of doctrine and left the matter there. It is of more importance to seek and obtain it than to be talking about it and never getting any further. If all who believe in it would only seek it with all their hearts, what a difference it would make. We are in a day of intense argument and discussion about Modernism. We venture to say if all the Fundamentalists would get on their knees and stay there until they received the baptism they would accomplish more than by all their arguments and discussions. The way to defeat Modernism is to pull down fire from heaven by mighty prayer.—*Christian Witness*.