

SPIRITUAL HOPE

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"Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost." Rom. 15:13.

In these last days. These days of chaos, it behooves a child of God to grip some vital factor, thereby saving himself from this awful turmoil of existing conditions. To stay balanced on this great sea we must have an anchor. A level, so to speak, to keep our vision, our very soul and spirit steadily looking heavenward.

Man is a complex being. Hence his many desires must be kept in one straight channel, a channel to grip and hold regardless of surrounding conditions.

Hope is one thing every heart must have to exist. Hope springs in the heart of the child. The small newsboy hopes to become a millionaire. He grasps hope, he gets the vision, works and meditates day and night, eventually he realizes his dream. A young girl hopes to become a great artist, she never stops until her name flashes in brilliant letters. The humble mother hopes for her child, she works and strives, enjoying her sacrifices because her hope, her very life is centered in her boy or girl.

We are told that in the Sistene chapel in Rome, the great painting of the "Last Judgment" has never ceased to astonish man. Did not this great hope of painting this masterpiece fill the great Michael Angelo with hope that inspired and burned for four long years to express on this chapel dome what he felt living and burning in his very soul? In the world of music, as we thrill to the strains of Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann or other great composers, do we realize these gifted men felt a pungent hope preceding inspiration, enabling those sensitive fingers to hand their beautiful music on to us? Our fathers hoped for freedom, hence the tiresome, dangerous, daring journey to a strange land.

Hope is the dominant, compelling motive power that governs man. Without it life is a failure, the soul and spirit shrivels and dies. The loss of hope is greater than the power of fear.

Man is of a threefold nature. Body, soul and spirit.

How many live in a mere bodily hope? Just to satisfy the lusts and appetites of the flesh, existing day after day with a dormant, lax indifference, hoping to bet by some way, until reverse comes, leaving a complete wreck. No friends, no money, no God, no hope, they see nothing left but suicide, they are not capable of thinking of the hereafter. If you have been on the waterfront of some great city you have seen this picture.

The soul hopes. We have the great artists and musicians we spoke of, the men and women that make the world fit to live in, a hope that would not be denied throughout the world's history we find this hope. Then where should the hopes and aspirations of the Spirit be? What heights can a clean, consecrated, Holy Spirit-filled heart reach? Are we as God's children living where we should? Are we holding the blood-stained banner high enough so the world must see? Is my life so buoyant with eternal hope that other discouraged, burdened, saddened hearts will feel and know I've been with God?

The Holy Spirit has opened my eyes to the need of a living hope. A hope that cries "it

shall be done." It is not easy to live a real Christian these days. But if we are Christians let's be true to our name. The old translation was Christ-yan or Christ-one. Christ means anointed. Then we are the Anointed ones of Christ. Whom should we fear? Circumstances vanish in His majestic Presence.

Had it not been for the hope in dear old father Abraham's bosom, would we have had the story of his life, how he walked with God? How this same beautiful hope pulled the hearts of Isaac and Rebekah together. Was it not this eternal hope of Joseph that marks him as one of the most beautiful characters in Bible history? What could have inspired Moses but his hope in God and the Promised Land? We hear Jeremiah cry, "Be not a terror unto me, thou art my hope in the day of evil." (Jer. 17:17). A Christian's hope is the load-lifting, soul-sustaining hope that is spoken of in Heb. 6:18, 19. A refuge, a safeguard. Would we have the great book of books "Revelation" had it not been for the great swelling hope, something the isolation of Patmos failed to dim, even causing the light to shine the brighter, hence the vision of dear old St. John.

Child of God, let us stop living below our privilege, stop living in the present, create some brain paths of hope. Then and not until then can we have the faith (for faith is the substance of things hoped for) the inspiration and determination to live a life that magnifies, honors and glorifies the precious blood of our Saviour.

Can you doubt His power? How real He becomes to us, how our spiritual emotions are lifted, how we thrill when the precious Holy Spirit seems to whisper, "Behold my child, who can compete with this."

Have you seen the rugged Rockies
With night's shadows drawing nigh?
Seen the glorious, golden sunset
Blending mountain, earth and sky?

Have you crossed the mighty desert,
Seen the miles and miles of sand?
Did you hear Him gently whisper
"This is just as I have planned?"

Hear the mighty roaring ocean,
Lo, my heart begins to thrill,
I can almost hear my Father
Speak those words of "Peace, be still."

Surely a God who made a world, created man, is able to care for his own creation. Let us hope in Him, put away childish things, live and act as becometh men and women. Hope must be greater than ourselves. Greater than conditions. A hope that will challenge the devil and all his power. The world is dying because of satisfied Christians.

Get a vision and don't stop until the glory falls. Like David we cry "And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in Thee." (Psalm 39:7)

Marion, Indiana.

Few persons have sufficient wisdom to prefer censure which is useful to them, to praise which deceiveth them.—La Rochefoucauld.

Worry is wrong; but there is such a thing as taking things too easy. Appearance is not our main motive; but if we have the blessing we owe it to all concerned to keep up appearances accordingly. Hebrews 3:1.

GOD SUPPLIES FINANCIAL NEEDS

In the early days of a pastorate in a mission field in one of the slum districts of Chicago, I became sorely in need of money. My salary was very small and irregularly paid. I had just married and was trying to set up housekeeping and furnish a home. I came to a place where I needed \$10 to meet a certain obligation coming due. My month's allowance was not due for several days and I needed money at once—that very day, in fact. While casting about for some avenue of help I remembered the liberal offer of a gentleman connected with the congregation supporting the church of which I was pastor, extending to me the privilege of calling upon him whenever I was in need. This was about the last thing I would ever think of doing, but in my emergency I was sorely tempted to apply to him for help.

Before calling on the gentleman, however, I made the matter a special subject of prayer, and not knowing what better to do I called at his office with the intention of asking him for the amount needed. I think I must have sat in his office for more than an hour. Several times I attempted to speak of my need, but was unable to do so. On my way home I upbraided myself for being a dunce and letting such a splendid opportunity for getting the help I needed go by without availing myself of it. While in this mood it occurred to me that I should call and see a man for whom I had performed a certain service and whom I had reasons to believe was interested in the subject of religion. It was just a pastoral call I had in mind, but when I was leaving he took out his pocketbook and, taking a five-dollar bill, gave it to me, saying: "I owe you something for the services you rendered me recently." I protested that he owed me nothing and tried to refuse the money, but he insisted that I should take it as he was quite able to give it and even more willing than able. Being thus urged, I took the money.

On leaving his home I congratulated myself that half the amount needed was in hand, and wondered how I was to get the other five dollars. From his home to where I was living was about five blocks and I was just about to walk into my front door when a friend encountered me and said: "I have something for you which I have been carrying in my pocket several days, hoping I might meet you." While he was saying this, he produced a five-dollar bill and handed it to me, saying: "This is for that little service you rendered my sister some weeks ago. She told me to hand it to you the first time I saw you." Again I protested that I did not wish any pay, for it was my custom not to make a charge for the kind of service I had rendered. However, he was urgent and pressed it upon me. I finally took it for I could see plainly that this was God's way of providing the \$10 I so much needed.

The coincidence was so remarkable that I was sure God was answering my prayer. I could have gone home another way and missed this man and at the same time would never have thought of visiting the other. As it was, had the second man been a moment later I should have been in the house and out of sight.

How true it is that all God's trains are on schedule time! He never fails to make connection with His trusting children.—C. P. M., in *I Cried, He Answered*.

A pure heart may not improve our eyes, but it helps our angle of vision. To see God is a great honor; but heaven distributes its honors on the basis of our separation from sin and not according to our talent or popularity with the voters. Matthew 5:8.—*Christian Witness*.