

CONSECRATED WOMANHOOD

A. W. Orwig

Verily there is a wide field of usefulness always open to women in the realm of service and sacrifice in behalf of sinful and suffering humanity. That is a beautiful story of love and consecration of the woman of whom Jesus said, "She hath done what she could." And it has doubtless been a stimulus to untold numbers of women to dedicate their lives to earnest and self denying toil for Jesus.

I think it was the Rev. Doctor Adam Clarke, the distinguished commentator on the holy scriptures, who said that, generally speaking, one woman was worth seven men for any moral or Christian enterprise.

Let us look at a few ways in which women seem more adapted for certain kinds of work. Dorcas, mentioned in the Bible, built an imperishable monument to her memory with her needle, and after whom many sewing societies are named.

Some years ago a sewing girl resolved to reduce her living to the smallest expense possible and give the surplus to build a church for the poor on the frontier. Another sewing girl herself sent out a missionary, and afterward supported him by her own work, which she did in an attic. Truly of these two consecrated women the Lord said: "They did what they could." Oh, who would not covet such a eulogy from the Divine Master?

Visiting the sick is another way in which good can be accomplished. Christ specially enjoins this. But he means that it shall be really profitable to the sick. And for this I think a truly consecrated woman is often better adapted than a man. But it needs wisdom or prudence as well as piety. Even some good people's visits to the sick are not very helpful. They do not take enough Christian sunshine with them. Sometimes their talk is too gloomy or too prolonged. Bright and cheery words will help soul and body. Do not be afraid to talk religion to the sick. A sick young man said, "All my callers inquire about my health, but none ask about the state of my soul."

Of another woman who went about doing what she could among the poor, relieving their wants and speaking words of love and kindness, a ragged little boy asked, "Be you God's wife?" Surely he thought her actions were very God-like.

And often a good book, a religious paper or a tract has been the means of leading people to Christ. A lady of wealth and worldly fashion has a pious working girl who put a track upon the lady's table in her bedroom. Going to her room to dress for the theatre, she saw and read the tract, and was induced to give her heart to God and her life to holy service for him. But it was the working girl doing what she could that led to all this.

A young lady saw a young man lying dead drunk on the sidewalk. It was a hot day and his face was covered with flies. Instead of turning away from him in disgust, she wiped his face with her handkerchief, and then laid it on his face and went her way. This thoughtful and kindly act led to his salvation. But it was a woman who was willing to do "what she could." People willing to do what they can are always in demand.

A truly consecrated young woman had gone to Africa from the United States as a missionary. On her arrival she was told of the great danger of a certain locality. Her heroic answer was, "They may kill me, but

they cannot drive me away." Like Paul and Silas, she was willing to hazard her life for the Lord's sake.

Oh, dear sisters in the Lord, are you fully consecrated to Him? If you are, you will surely do what you can to promote the spiritual welfare of others.—M. H. Herald and Vanguard.

"THY BROTHER'S BLOOD"

The tom-toms thumped straight on all night, and the darkness shuddered around me like a living, feeling thing. I could not go to sleep, so I lay awake and looked; and I saw, and it seemed like this:

That I stood on a grassy sward, and at my feet a precipice broke sheer down into infinite space, I looked, but saw no bottom; only cloud shapes, black and furiously coiled, and great shadow-shrouded hollows, and unfathomable depths. Back I drew, dizzy at the depths.

Then I saw forms moving single file along the grass. They were making for the edge. There was a woman with a baby in her arms and another little child holding on to her dress. She was on the very verge. Then I saw that she was blind. She lifted her foot for the next step—it trod air. She was over, and the children over with her. Oh! the cry as they went over!

Then I saw more streams of people flowing from all quarters. All were blind, stone blind; all made straight for the precipice edge. There were shrieks as they suddenly knew themselves falling and a tossing up of helpless arms, catching, clutching at the empty air. But some went over quietly and fell without a sound.

Then I wondered, with a wonder that was simply agony, why no one stopped them at the edge. I was glued to the ground, and I could not call, though I strained and tried, only a whisper would come.

Then I saw that along the edge there were sentries set at intervals. But the intervals were far too great, and there were wide, unguarded gaps between. And over these gaps the people fell in their blindness quite unwarned; and the green grass seemed blood-red to me, and the gulf yawned like the mouth of hell.

Then I saw, like a picture of peace, a group of people under some trees, with their backs turned toward the gulf. They were making daisy chains. Sometimes when a piercing shriek cut the air and reached them, it disturbed them, and they thought it rather a vulgar noise. And if someone of their number started up and wanted to do something to help them, then all the others would pull that one down. "Why should you get so excited about it? You must wait for a definite call to go. You have not finished your daisy chains, etc. It would be really selfish" they said, "to leave us to finish the work alone."

There was another group. It was made up of people whose great desire was to get some sentries out; but they found that very few wanted to go, and sometimes there were no sentries for miles and miles at the edge.

Once a girl stood alone in her place, waving the people back; but her mother and other relations called, and reminded her that her furlough was due; she must not break the rules. And being tired, and needing a change she had to go and rest awhile; but no one was sent to guard her gap, and over

and over the people fell, like a waterfall of souls.

Once a child caught at a turf of grass that grew at the very brink of the gulf; it clung convulsively and it called, but nobody seemed to hear. Then the roots of the grass gave way and with a cry the child went over, its two little hands still holding tight to the torn-off bunch of grass. And the girl who longed to be back in her gap, thought she heard the little one cry, and she sprang up and wanted to go; at which they reproved her, reminding her that no one is necessary anywhere; the gap would be well taken care of they knew. And they sang a hymn.

Then through the hymn came another sound like the pain of a million broken hearts wrung out in one drop—one sob. And a horror of great darkness was upon me, for I knew what it was—the cry of blood.

Then thundered a Voice—the Voice of the Lord, and He said: "What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground."—Anonymous.

MARRIED

Landers-Greene

A quiet and pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Heber Greene at New Tusket on Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, Jan. 1st, when Mr. Robert H. Landers, of Sandford, N. S., and Annie Mae Greene, of New Tusket, N. S., were united in marriage in the presence of the near relatives. After the ceremony a dainty luncheon was served. A reception was held on Saturday evening, Jan. 3rd. A number of friends were present. After spending an enjoyable evening refreshments were served. Many beautiful gifts were presented to the bride and groom, showing the high esteem in which they were held by their many friends, who join in wishing them a long and happy wedded life.

The ceremony was performed by the writer, assisted by Rev. Handley C. Mullen, of New Tusket.

REV. HARTLEY E. MULLEN

Lawson-Greer

A quiet wedding took place at the Reformed Baptist parsonage, Fredericton, on the evening of Dec. 23rd, when Miss Mildred Ester Greer, of New Maryland, and Bennett T. Lawson, of South Devon, were united in marriage by Rev. F. A. Watson. They were attended by Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Horncastle, of Fredericton. They will reside in Fredericton.

Beal-Grindle

At Blue Hill, Me., on Dec. 17th, 1930, by Rev. Mr. Hickland, Edmund M. Beal, of Beals, Me., was united in marriage to Miss Blanch Grindle, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Grindle. They will spend a few months in Portland, Me., after which they will reside at Beals, Me.

The Bible is God's chart for you to steer by, to keep you from the bottom of the sea and to show you where the harbor is, and how to reach it without running on rocks or bars.—H. W. Beecher.

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"I dare not go up to judgment till I have done the utmost God enables me to do to diffuse his glory through the world."—Ashel Grant.