

this except a belief in the unwillingness of God to cleanse the heart. Do we believe that God could cleanse the hearts of His children if He wished, but that He had rather have them go through this world polluted by sin? Can any one believe that a holy God loves to have His children polluted by sin when He might save them from it, if He would? This is more reasonable than to believe He is unable to cleanse the heart.

If God has not provided for salvation from sin in the plan of salvation, then He has provided for sin. How does that sound! How would it do to preach that God has made arrangements for His people to go on in sin and be defiled by it? He has a plan whereby He permits sin. In other words He sanctions sin in certain cases, especially those who are called by His name and live in this world to represent Him. His representatives must have sin in them. To be sure sin is the work of the devil, but God has made provision in the atonement to allow those who represent Him to be defiled by sin! How would it sound to hear such preaching! Such a position is a libel on God. Yet there are people who seem to think God has employed sin as a means of grace, and that we have to have it, to make us humble. God never takes sin—the work of the devil—to produce the grace of humility.

As some one remarks, if sin would make people humble, there is enough sin in the world to make the human race humble, which is far from the fact.

Away with these theories that dishonor God! If he can not and will not save us from sin in this life, there is no encouragement to believe He can or will save us from the consequences of it in the world to come. A physician who can not save his patients from disease until they are dead can not save them at all.

When people say, "It is not for me," "my circumstances," "my disposition," it is not humility. It is rank unbelief. It is a discounting of the power, promises and goodness of God. David just before he prayed, "Create in me a clean heart, O God," said, "Purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean, wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." He had seen or heard of the ceremony when the leper went before the priest, and had been sprinkled with the branch of hyssop, dipped in the blood of the slain victim. And he knew it typified the cleansing away of sin from the heart, and he prays for an application of the divine power thus symbolized.

He believed that it was possible because it was divine power that performed the work. He knew that when the leper was clean that the leprosy actually departed; that it was not suppressed or kept down, but removed. David was not a suppressionist, nor is any one who honestly interprets the Bible types of the cleansing of sin.

Reader, let me ask you if you believe that God is able to cleanse that little heart of thine? If not, then you reflect on His power and make Him a little weakling like yourself.

Do you believe He is able but not willing? Then you reflect on His holiness and goodness. Will you take the ground that a holy God wants you to be defiled by sin, notwithstanding all He has said against sin, and notwithstanding the many commands He gives you to be holy? Will you reflect on Him?

Usually the reason that people refuse to believe that God can save them from sin is because they estimate divine power by their own little feeble strength. They have tried to keep themselves from sin and have failed, and they seem to think that God would fail, too, because they did. We ask the question that Paul asked King

Agrippa, "Why should it be thought, a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead? Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should cleanse the heart?"—*The Free Methodist.*

TO KNOW CHRIST: Phil. 3:10

By Rev. C. Ray Hagerman

Some have pride, and boast of their knowledge,
As though it was born in their day;
And they by virtue of their power,
Like a scepter could hold it in sway.

They give names to the heavenly bodies,
As though they were a conception of thought;
They speak and discuss their origin,
As if by some accident they were wrought.

They speak of our world in its forming,
Being conceived and born in a mist;
And out from that fiery vapor,
The stars, planets and earth did subsist.

The sea locked and confined in its prison,
Its ebb and flow marking of time;
Should not need to worry or perplex us,
Or cause a distress of mind.

For knowledge has unlocked her secret,
Her depth is no longer concealed;
Man travels her forbidden pathways,
With a ship even of keel.

They have measured the path to the planets,
They tell us just how they are stayed;
The cause of their perpetual motion,
And the law in which they obey.

They discovered the secret of lightning,
They make it our servant by night;
It expels darkness from home and from city,
It bears forth our message in flight.

The earth that has mothered all living,
And held us close by that right;
Can boast of that power no longer,
As man soars upward in flight.

Yet man may have all knowledge,
And the deepest of mysteries unfold;
If he has not the knowledge of Jesus,
His knowledge is like dross purged from gold.

Paul who had known worldly wisdom,
Knew the church and her dogmas combined;
Was willing to confess his ignorance,
When he bowed at Christ's immaculate shrine.

Paul with his miraculous conversion,
His power of a Spirit-filled man;
Was hungering to know more of Jesus,
And fulfil his every demand.

To know Christ's unselfish spirit,
That surrendered those glories above;
To make pilgrimage among poor mortals,
To reveal the Father of love.

To know Christ's spirit of compassion,
That would sacrifice all on the tree;
That man who had forfeited his inheritance,
Might again through that sacrifice go free.

To know Christ's filial tenderness,
And a love that was so strong,
Could forgive and pray for enemies,
That did him the greatest wrong.

To know Christ's unlimited patience,
When men sought him most for bread;
When men turned to things but transient,
When they twisted the words he said.

When men sought an earthly kingdom,
With temporal glory as their shrine;
When they scorned the words he'd spoken,
Because he claimed he was Divine.

It was when his works seemed shattered,
When his closest friends turned cold;
And his enemies stood to accuse him,
That his patience proved pure gold.

To know the Christ who was so humble,
So long suffering, and ever kind;
So unyielding, ever steadfast,
Yet so gentle and pure of mind.

To know Christ and his spirit of fidelity,
In the fires of temptation's tests;
Faithful in the tasks ere given,
Faithful amid life's numerous requests.

To know Christ and his spirit of courage,
When despised, rejected and forsaken by man;
Crowned with thorns, disrobed and smitten,
Such a noble courage that dared to stand.

Faithful in the midst of struggle,
When dropping beneath a galling cross;
Faithful amid the shouts of 'Hosanna,'
Faithful amid the ruins of loss.

To know Christ's power of intercession,
A prayer that always prevailed
For the sorrows and ills of other lives,
Whom the powers of hell did assail.

To know Christ's great heart of sympathy,
In this poor world of grief and pain;
In the home of a Martha or a Mary,
To comfort, cheer, and help sustain.

To know Christ and his true obedience,
Fulfilling those tasks one by one;
When facing life's most crucial hour,
Prayed, "Not my will, Father, but thine be done."

When your hair is turning silvery,
With the mile posts along life's way;
When your heart is beating faster,
From the things you've heard folk say;
When the friends you've dearly cherished,
Have proven to be worthless dross;
When the Castles you've built in dreamland,
Have faded like the autumn frost;
When forsaken by father and mother,
And few friends pause to hear your plea;
When like a ship without a rudder
Your seem drifting far out to sea;
When night's dark shroud is drawn about you,
With not one star to light your way;
Always groping, ever hoping
For that light that comes by day;
It is then, dear friend and comrade,
It's worth life and all beside;
To know Christ and his saving power,
Christ, Who will ever more abide.

OBITUARY

Mrs. Kenneth Northrup

At the tuberculosis hospital at East Saint John on Dec. 13th, 1931, Mrs. Winifred, wife of Kenneth Northrup entered into rest.

Sister Northrup was the daughter of Mrs. Lucy and the late Oscar Bradley, the mother surviving her.

Our sister had been a faithful member of the Reformed Baptist Church of Carleton Street, Saint John for a number of years, although she and her husband had been absent for some time before she was taken with her last illness, over two years ago, when she was obliged to come back from their place of residence in Springfield, Mass., to enter the hospital for treatment.

Most patiently did she bear her long illness, was ever cheerful and very appreciative of all doctors, nurses and friends did for her comfort. She will be much missed by the Church members who knew her best as also by her husband, mother, two sisters, Mrs. Millie Northrup, of Apohaqui and Mrs. Fannie Bell of Saint John, and her sons, Donald, age eleven years and Carl A. age nine. Brother H. S. Bradley of Grey's Mills, is an uncle.

The funeral service was held on the evening of the seventeenth and was conducted by the writer. Her husband arrived the next morning, in time to accompany the remains to the place of burial, on the belleisle.

We extend our heart felt sympathy and prayers to all the sorrowing ones. Pray especially for the boys.

I. F. K.