

what he did. The army has been on the march; doubtless they are hungry and thirsty. Before them is a stream of water, and it was here that God tried and divided them for the last time. The Lord said to Gideon, watch these men as they cross the brook. "Every one that lappeth the water with his tongue as a dog lappeth, him shalt thou set by himself; likewise every one that boweth down upon his knees to drink."

The way those men acted showed what they were most interested in. If they stopped, looked for a nice place, took time to kneel down, it showed they were careless, because just in front of them was the enemy. In the second place it showed they were more interested in quenching their thirst and satisfying their own appetites than pushing on and fighting the battle of the Lord. It seems surprising, but 9,700 knelt down to drink; only three hundred lapped the water like a dog.

The test showed plainly that out of 32,000 men, only 300 thought more of the Lord and his cause than they thought of their own interest, really their own lives. Here are 9,700 men, not bad men; they are sons of Abraham, but God could not trust them in this name. The army had now been sifted down to 300 and God said, "By the three hundred men that lapped will I save Israel and deliver the Midianites into thine hand." We see in the 9,700 a type of a great army of nominal professors of religion. They don't want to go to hell, and they would like to go to heaven, but they are not willing to sacrifice the pleasures and treasures of this world. Many have started and refused to make the sacrifice and pay the price, so they have gone back. The Master said, "He that shall lose his life for my sake shall find it." Furthermore, any man that refuses to do this is not worthy of me.

God now takes charge, orders Gideon to procure a few rams-horns, earthen pitchers and torches and to arm each man with a trumpet, pitcher and torch. Strange weapons, indeed, with which to fight the mighty Midianitish host. The pitchers are symbols or types of our bodies; torches types of the Holy Spirit within us, and the trumpets a type of our testimony. It is very evident that this battle was not fought scientifically, not by man's wisdom, but by the wisdom and power of God.

We read in chapter seven that "every man stood in his place round about the camp; and all the host ran, and cried, and fled." The three hundred stood, broke their pitchers, lifted their torches, and blew their trumpets while God sent confusion among their enemies who fell upon each other in the darkness and slaughtered each other. All God's faithful soldiers had to do was to shout and let their light shine. This three hundred are typical of the fully consecrated, Spirit-filled children of God in the churches today. The martyrs counted it a glorious privilege to die at the stake, if need be. Oh, God of Gideon, and all the saints of the past, help those of us who love thy truth to consecrate our all, tarry for our pentecost, and then go forth to live, pray, preach and work for the salvation of the world. Amen.—Pentecostal Herald.

"Let not the stream of your life be a murmuring stream."—Aughey.

"Hatred, like mercury, always goes to the bottom of man's soul."

STEPS TO A DOWN-FALL.

By Rev. E. Shelhammer

"Looking diligently lest any man fall, (fall from) the grace of God."

No one falls into open sin all at once. Long before a man is known as a rascal, long before a woman is known as a loose character—they have allowed their thoughts and eyes, little by little, to wander and dwell upon the thing presented to their minds. No doubt Satan finds as much satisfaction when one listens to his suggestion, as later, when this same party falls into open sin; for, that disgraceful thing down the road ten miles distant cannot take place until the thought and suggestion is first entertained.

We saw, on one occasion, a beautiful butterfly alight for a second on a cabbage leaf, and then on another. We thought, "That butterfly does not remain long enough to get any nectar or food. Why, then, all this activity?" Upon close investigation, I found that every time she lit upon a leaf she deposited a tiny nit or egg. Nature did the rest and it was only a little while until the tiny egg had hatched out into a tiny worm. Immediately, this little worm began to feed upon the plant, and it was not long until it had become a large worm. Then, in turn, this large worm became another butterfly, and thus reproduced its kind a thousand-fold.

Now, the process of temptation, and finally a down-fall, is on the same principle: Satan, through the eye or ear, deposits the nit, or germ, in the form of a suggestion. If we dare to harbor and nestle this for a moment, it will be only a little while before we will have a serpentine brood on hand. Hence, the wise thing to do is to crush, as we would a viper or an ugly worm, the first intimation to do wrong. Let us notice carefully four steps to a down-fall.

I. ATTENTION: Here is where the tempter succeeded with Eve. He called her attention to the beautiful and luscious fruit. Having gained this vantage ground he quickly caught on to her natural weakness—loquacity. Had she only kept a closed mind and a closed mouth all would have been well. It is the same with every holy soul today. Such an one can not be tempted except along natural and legitimate lines. "When the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took." It is the first look that makes it possible to think, then forget all former resolutions. Job realized this when he said, "I make a covenant with mine eyes why then should I think upon a maid?"

Notice Achan's sin: He "saw" the goodly Babylonish garment and shekels of silver; then "coveted," then "took" then "hid," then died in disgrace. No one can fall until he first looks or listens, then lingers, then longs, then lunges. It is simply impossible to be overcome on any line so long as the mind is closed the thought of yielding and the question is UNDEBATABLE. Remember this, you are invincible so long as you do not let down the first bar and throw open the subject to debate. But if you dare to do this for a moment the floods will pour in and sweep you off your feet.

II. CONSIDERATION. This is the second step. If Satan can get one to ponder, then wonder, the battle is likely to be lost. One man said, "If I were tempted along a certain

line I do not know what I would do." This man was defeated already. How unlike Joseph, who, no doubt, had it settled in his mind beforehand, that come what would he could not sin. He was fortified and as unmovable as Gibraltar, when temptation came. "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?" He put God first rather than please the flesh.

III. GRATIFICATION. Is it not strange how one can go stone blind in a moment in view of present profit or pleasure, rather than wait for joys and comforts more enduring? David "saw," then "inquired," (considered), then, like a mad animal, broke down the fence and ruthlessly trampled under foot all sense of honor and righteousness. After he had gotten through with his seeing and sending, then God began sending strife, sedition and sorrow which never ended. Reader, beware!

IV. HUMILIATION. If one could only stop long enough to look around and behold the many ship-wrecks he might take warning. Some of these were once mighty in sailing the high seas and doing commerce for God. But they trifled, ventured too near the rocks, and are now out of commission—stranded on the shore of time. Others are dismantled and though pretending to be in service, are like floating derelicts without mast or rudder—more dangerous than old hulks, high and dry on the beach.

Precious reader, remember there are souls now in hell and others on their way there, who at one time roamed on plains of spiritual light grander than you or I ever experienced. To your knees! To your knees!!—Heart and Life.

WOLVES

Wolves, cunning, cowardly, playing safe,
Prefer not antlered stags;
Wolves pursue a solitary, frightened fawn,
And ruthless leap to tear its flanks,
Then pause to masticate and gorge
Strips of quivering flesh, yet alive.
Awhile the mutilated prey
Plunges in disabled flight!
Again they leap and tear
Until the fawn, frantic,
Drags a last shattered limb,
Agonizing to escape inevitable doom!
Thus miles of wilderness trails
Are spattered with blood-marks
Of dismembered innocence!
Today, in America, human wolves,
Cowardly, ruthless, ravaging,
Preferring fawn-like prey,
Are keen to pursue and rend
The finest of the human herd!
Wolf-pack distillers, brewers,
Blar with anticipative lust,
Howling for nullification and repeal,
Would fain distend their paunches
With profits from the poor, and
Lick their jowls, dripping with dividends.
License these? Great God forbid!
Has America gone mad?
Strategy! Maintain the Constitutional corral,
Lone refuge for unsuspecting youth!
America must fight!
Find a Marshal Foch to lead the
Allied Ranks of National Righteousness:
Drive wolf-distillers and mongrel
Coyotte-brewers back
To cover of timber-swamp and night,
And let America be free!

—Joseph Dutton, in Christian Advocate.