

friends or loved ones, but the record we have left behind, that will either condemn us to death, or commend us to God and everlasting life. Brother, according to God's Book "Where art thou" Have you confessed it all out? Did you take back the things you stole? Did you straighten up the things you told around over the country about that preacher that you didn't like very well? Or are you just covering it up and acting friendly toward him now? Oh, brother, there's but one way we can be in the clear. We may cover it up now, but some day we'll face it, and answer for it before God. Are you saved or lost? Are you for God, or against Him?

Isa. 59:1, "Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither his ear heavy, that it cannot hear; but your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you, that he will not hear: for your hands are defiled with blood, and your fingers with iniquity; your lips have spoken lies, your tongue hath muttered perverseness." God has not changed, but still answers prayer for men and women who trust and obey Him. There's a reason why you no longer enjoy the presence of the Lord in your life. The Lord still hears and answers prayer, but the Psalmist said, "The Lord will not hear me if I regard iniquity in my heart." Brother, God will not hear your cry if you have sin hidden away in your life. Sin separates us from God and only as we confess it out and get it under the blood can you expect to hear from heaven. Now let us search our own hearts, not our neighbor's, or some of our brothers', but our own. Have we lived right? Do I live right? Have I shown the right spirit when in trouble? It is so easy for us to lay the blame on wife, husband, the children, the preacher, or some of the church folk. But you and I will have to answer for our lives, and the question will not be, who was to blame. God has made provision for us, and we can please Him regardless of our circumstances if we will. We hold our destiny in our own hands. We must answer for our lives, and that before a just Judge who knows all about our heart life. "Where art thou?"—*The Church Herald and Holiness Banner.*

THE STORY OF AN OLD BIBLE

In a certain New England home, among the treasures that have been handed down from generation to generation from the Mayflower days, is a leatherbound Bible which far antedates the historic Mayflower period.

This is the story of the Bible

In the year of 1555 Queen Mary sat upon the English throne with her Spanish husband by her side. You remember how she won the title of "Bloody Mary" because of her cruel persecution of all who were not of Roman Catholic faith.

There lived during "Bloody Mary's" reign a blacksmith in the village of Harrant whose small house adjoined his shop, with a fine garden in the rear. The blacksmith's most precious possession was a leather bound copy of the Protestant Bible, even though Queen Mary had forbidden any one to read that book anywhere in her kingdom on penalty of death.

The blacksmith's wife was dead, and his little blue-eyed daughter spent many hours that would otherwise have been very lonely, playing about her father's shop—watching the bright sparks fly upward from the great forge and making believe they were jewels.

This little girl's name was Elsie.

One morning when she went into the shop after her tasks were done, she found her father

standing behind the door with his previous Bible in his hands reading the sacred page with bent head. So intent was he in this that he did not hear her as she entered. So Elsie, not wishing to disturb him, kept very quiet.

She was greatly surprised to see that when her father had finished reading he picked up a stick that stood behind the door and touched the heavy beam above the door with it. As he did this, a block of wood fitted on hinges fell forward, disclosing an opening in the beam just large enough to hold the Bible.

The blacksmith thrust the book in the space and pushed the block into place, leaving no sign of the opening. Then he turned and saw Elsie staring at him with wide eyes of surprise.

"Little daughter," he said sternly, "how dare you spy upon me!"

Elsie's blue eyes filled with tears and she said with sobs in her voice: "I was not spying, father, but you did not hear me come in and I could not help seeing you hide the holy book. That is such a good place that I am sure that all of the Queen's soldiers could never find it."

"See that you tell no one where it is," said the blacksmith, still sternly

"Have no fear, father," returned the child. "I love the good Book as you do and I would guard it if necessary even with my life."

"At the same time," responded the father, "I'd feel safer if you know not its place of concealment. These are dark days for us. The Queen has ordered that it is certain death to be found with one in my possession. At the same time I cannot find it in my heart to part with my Bible. It is the only copy left between Harrant and the sea. Let me warn you again, tell no one of its whereabouts."

There followed dark days for the blacksmith of Harrant and all those who believed as he did. Emissaries of the Queen were sure that there was a Bible hidden somewhere in Harrant and the town was searched again and again. The people of the village stoutly refused to accept the Queen's religion and since the blacksmith was the only one among them who could read he was thrown into prison.

Elsie's heart was very sad and she spent lonely days in spite of the kindness of her neighbors. Her rosy cheeks grew paler and paler when she remembered the hidden Bible and what her knowledge of it and her promise to her father might mean.

One day the soldiers came again to Harrant and searched every house. "We'll burn the house and shop of the blacksmith," Elsie heard them say. "In case a Bible is hidden there it will surely be destroyed."

As the soldiers approached the house, the girl fled swiftly down the garden path and out upon the moor where she lay flat upon her face trembling amid the furze bushes.

She was terrified lest the soldiers might find her and by torturing her make her reveal the hiding place of her father's treasure which he said was of far more value than the "crown jewels."

She began to breathe more freely as she heard the soldiers marching away. Then the smell of burning wood struck fresh terror to her heart. She looked up to see that the thatched roof of both cottage and shop were already in a blaze.

Then Elsie became a heroine indeed. She forgot all about herself. She remembered only that her father had said that his Bible was the only one between Harrant and the sea and must be protected even at the risk of her life, and she was ready to obey.

Swift and sure as an eagle in its flight, she sped homeward past the departing soldiers, who

in the approaching dark did not see the little figure who darted past them, and entered the burning shop.

The angry flames scorched her clothing and blistered her face and hands, before she reached the beam above the door where the Bible was hidden. She seized it in a firm clasp and in a few moments staggered out the door. When she reached the garden again she sank to her knees suffering with keen pain and choking with the smoke that filled her lungs, but with a prayer of thanksgiving on her lips.

Then to make sure that the Book would be safe she slipped off her woolen skirt, wrapped it in it and digging in the garden soil with her blistered hands buried it from sight. Then she crawled to the spring at the foot of the garden and tried to lave her face and hands in the cool water.

There an hour later the villagers found her unconscious from the awful ordeal through which she had passed.

You may be sure that they comforted and praised her, and that they went with her to the place where she had buried the Bible and each man swore to guard it with his life. You may be sure also that as long as they lived they told Elsie's story to their children and continued to praise her bravery.

Of course you know that times grew better in England and that the people gradually achieved more religious freedom. But perhaps you do not know that many years afterward when Elsie's great-granddaughter followed her Puritan husband across the ocean to make her home on the lonely New England shores that she carried the Bible of the Blacksmith of Harrant with her as a talisman for her new home.—Selected.

ATHEISM'S FIVE YEAR PLAN.

"God must be out of Russia in five years." So reports the "Literary Digest," adding that the decree has been signed by Stalin. Quoting from the London Morning Post, the account tells us that "on May 1, 1937, there must not remain on the territory of the U. S. S. R. (Union of Socialist Soviet Republics) a single house of prayer to God, and the very conception 'God' will be banished. . . . as a revival of the Middle Ages which has served as an instrument for the oppression of the working masses." The Digest notes that the Soviet Government has destroyed unnumbered churches in its struggle against God, yet "apparently the battle is far from won." They now propose to "suppress all religious schools and deprive all the 'servitors of religious cults' of allowances of food and the necessities of life." Here is a foregleam of the time, coming soon, when "no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name" (Rev. 13:17). In the capitals of Russia all churches and prayer-houses must be closed by May 1, 1934. The great cathedral of St. Isaac in Leningrad, built in the shape of a cross, has been converted into an atheist theater. "Reasonable unbelief" will be inculcated among the masses. It is all a startling fulfillment of the Second Psalm, predicting that "the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his anointed, saying, Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us." Yes, "the battle is far from won!" It never will be won. The Lord is coming soon, to "break them with a rod of iron." But now, and forever, "Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him."—Sunday School Times.