

SPRING

Rev. S. G. Hilyard

Spring is that season of the year when plant life begins to sprout and grow whether that plant be in the darkest cellar or in the sunlight.

What would the world amount to if it were not for spring time? Life would soon become extinct. Who can contemplate all that spring means to nature and the earth? 'Twas but a few months ago that we say the leaves turn crimson and fall, the herbs and grasses of the field withered and died. We felt the chilling wind as it bespoke the approach of another winter with the blanket of snow and frosted window-panes.

Now that season is past, and we are ushered into the spring-time of nature. All nature feels the change and begins to pulsate with renewed life and vigor. The birds appear from the south; the sap quietly but surely courses to the tip ends of branch and twig, causing the buds to burst and the trees to dress themselves in finery. The snow has hardly melted before we see the flower pushing its way toward the sun and with both beauty and fragrance announces its presence. This fragrance mingled with the voice of the songsters tell us that spring is here.

This is not only true in nature, but is also true in our spiritual life. Spring means infinitely more when it dawns in our souls. For some the winter has lasted longer than for others, but all have experienced the chilling blast, the frigid atmosphere and hopeless condition of the sin ridden soul.

Spring begins when the Holy Spirit stirs within a desire for life. When the Sun of Righteousness arises in our hearts a change takes place. That which has lain dormant feels the warmth and responds in the confession of a need of God and salvation. The fragrance of the flower is sweet, but the incense that ascends from a godly life exceeds it and finds favor with God. A new life born of the Spirit of Grace is constantly seeking an outlet. Therefore if spring has come to your soul and mine we will see it manifested by a ripening of the fruits of the Spirit.

Jesus says, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

SELF DENIAL

William Carey did a great work which reached to the ends of the earth. A widow unknown to fame in whose home he began his work helped to make possible a work which she could have in no wise done herself.

A woman who never sat foot in Africa made possible much of the work done by David Livingstone, by handing him a cash gift as he was going out to his work. With this gift, Livingstone employed the native man who cared for him in many ways, who conserved the strength of his master by attending to details of his work, and who actually saved the life of that greatest of all missionaries to the Dark Continent in an encounter with a lion.

A business man proposed to assume the salary of one of the great missionary leaders of this country, making it possible for this most convincing speaker to go all over the country giving his message. He has stirred the hearts of men everywhere, and secured multiplied thousands for missions, and many

missionaries for the field. The business man could not have done the work, but he made it possible for another man to do it.

In the plan of God for our lives and His church, He does not expect all Christians to go to foreign mission fields. Neither does He expect all Christians to devote all their time in giving the gospel to the unevangelized in mission lands. Some are called to give all their time to this work, others to invest their funds and prayers. Those called to go cannot obey the call unless others who are called to give are obedient.

Our self-denial gifts will supplement our tithes in sending forth missionaries and supporting native preachers and teachers. Thus we can share in the great work done by others whom our money helps to support.

Recently 56 were baptized in one service in Africa. During 1932 nearly 250 received Christian baptism. Who will share in the reward of gathering these trophies for the Saviour? Those who are investing their time and talents, their life and prayers and their money.

Forever the sun is pouring its gold

On a hundred worlds that beg and borrow;

His warmth he squanders on summits cold,
His wealth on the homes of want and sorrow;

To withhold his largeness of precious light

Is to bury himself in eternal night.

To give

Is to live."

—The Wesleyan Methodist

THE BARS ARE DOWN

A. E. Fox

"How came all these sheep in another pasture?" asked a farmer. "The bars are down," answered the servant. Yes indeed! Why, of course the sheep will go out into another pasture just as soon as the bars are let down. Are not the sheep of God's pasture likened unto the sheep of the meadow? For when one goes out, the rest will follow on. Just so it is in the fold of God, or in God's Church. Are we as ministers of the Gospel of Jesus Christ letting down the bars? Are we guilty before God and in the face of the oncoming judgment,—guilty of lowering the standard which God has set for His people to live by down here in this present evil world? Are we preaching a compromising Gospel for the sake of filthy lucre? Are we removing the old landmarks which our fathers have set in ancient times when the Church of God shone forth in her pristine beauty and when her ministers hewed to the line, and not only one line, but on all lines?

Have we, for the sake of filthy lucre and social prestige, let down the bar of sanctification? Have we ceased to stress this important doctrine which when put into practice will purge the heart of the believer from all sin, and preserve our lives, keeping us intact from sin?

Have we let down the bars on the dress question, whether God's sheep follow the Lamb, —the Great Shepherd, or whether they follow the vain fashions of a sin-cursed and hell-bound world.

Oh, my sister, why are you so careful and painstaking about your physical body? Why do you powder and paint and wear drug-store complexion instead of your natural color which God has given you? Do you not know that you are passing this way but once and that your days

are drawing to a close? Your life is even a vapor, and your breath is even in your nostrils and the time and place that knows you now shall soon know you no more. In a few days the worms of the earth may be feeding on that fair form and you will be numbered with the dead.

Have we, as ambassadors of the Lord Jesus Christ, been silent and have we held our peace when we should have lifted our voice like a trumpet and cried out against the very sins which were stealthily creeping into the fold of God and the very things which are contaminating the children and poisoning their minds and hearts by injecting the spirit of worldliness into the hearts of the saints. Shall we not, in these closing days of this dispensation, preach a pure religion and impartial Gospel without fear or favor and thus save our own souls and them that hear us, and thus clear our skirts of the blood of all men, and that the following generation may rise up to call us the true and faithful servants of the Lord.—*Church Herald and Gospel Banner.*

THE FATHER AND MOTHER OF ME
(A Daughter's Tribute)

My father's a live oak, strong and true,
My mother's a pepper tree;
Together they've made a sheltering shade,
And this they have given me.

My mother's a light-hearted humming bird,
My father's a busy bee;
Together, their hours among the flowers
Have ended with sweets for me.

My father's a deep, calm, quiet lake,
My mother's a restless sea;
Together they've borne from shore to shore
The ships that have carried me.

My mother's a rainbow, my father's a sun,
His rays are steady and free;
Together they shine till a light divine
Has flooded the soul of me.

My mother's a lighthouse, wise and brave,
My father a life-boat he;
Together they spend their lives to lend
All possible life to me.

My father's a Horeb a desert strength,
My mother—a Hermon she;
Together they raise their heads in praise
To God, who is lifting me.

My mother's incarnate truth and grace,
My father's pure honesty;
Do you wonder I weep when I go to sleep
To think what they are to me?

—Esther Carson, Heart and Life.

BIBLE AND FINGER PRINTS

Recently an inquest was held in the city of Portsmouth, England, on a man who was found dead under some bushes. There were no marks of identification upon him, but his identity was discovered by his finger prints. Detective Sergeant Garratt of Scotland Yard, Great Britain's crime investigation Bureau, declared at the inquest that the Bible stated the infallibility of identification by finger prints and quoted from Job 37:7, "He sealeth up the hand of every man; that all men may know His work." This detective stated that since 1901 Scotland Yard had discovered more than 300,000 persons by means of their finger prints who otherwise would never have been traced.—*The Pentecostal Evangel.*