

ALL CAN BE FAITHFUL

Not all Christians are endowed with talents that will take them to positions of prominence, but all can be faithful to the trust involved in the Christian's devotion to His God. As an illustration we are reminded of the Roman guard whose body was found in the excavating of the city of Pompeii, the Italian city overwhelmed in the eruption of Mount Vesuvius early in the Christian era. He was stationed near the gate, where he might have been among the first to escape, if he had been so minded, but being a true soldier he stood at his post and was slowly overwhelmed with the fiery death that fell from the skies.

The ruins of this buried city reveal strange incidents of the ruling passions of life still strong in the hour of death. Many were overtaken in a flight for life, which is natural to mankind as a matter of personal safety and a love of life. Others made their way into the vaults where treasures were kept; some perished in places of amusements; some in places of business and many in their homes where they clung to their loved ones, but the soldier stood at his post and there met his death. We may not know when and how we are to be called out of this life, but in some way, if it please God, we would keep to the end the spirit of the true soldier of the cross.

It was David Livingstone's habit every birthday to write a prayer. On the next to the last birthday of all, this was his prayer: "O Divine One! I have not loved Thee earnestly, deeply, sincerely enough. Grant, I pray Thee, that before this year is ended I may have finished my task." David Livingstone died alone in his hut in Central Africa and while on his knees in prayer; thus the great pathfinder did "finish his task" of breaking roads for the gospel to enter the Dark Continent.—Wesleyan Methodist.

"I WOULD TAKE MY BIBLE"

The Chicago Daily News has recently asked its readers the question: "Away from Civilization What Does One Need Most?"

The following answer was published recently with the comment: "This is one of the best of the hundred of letters received."

"If I were to be away from civilization for a long period of time I know that I would have to depend entirely upon my environment for food, shelter and many other things. Checking over a long list of desirable things that I would like to take, I find no one thing that didn't in some way or other have its major or minor dependents; foods spoil, fires burn out, weather interferences cut off radio connections and even phonograph springs can break.

"Therefore, I would take my Bible, because it is the smallest packet I could take that would contain the maximum in comfort returns. I shall need those words of comfort which the pages of my Bible give forth to help me meet the future difficulties, trials and tribulations—and too—that same God my Bible speaks of will certainly provide for my physical being and protect me from all harm. If I should not return, there is still that God to care for me in eternity."—Christianity Today.

Happy those who here on earth have dreamt of a higher vision! They will the sooner be able to endure the glories of the world to come.—Novalis.

FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT AS EVIDENCE OF HOLINESS

Mr. Wesley was once asked: "By what fruit of the Spirit may we know that we are of God, even in the highest sense?" His answer was, "By love, by joy, and peace abiding; by long-suffering, patience, resignation; by gentleness triumphing over all provocation; by goodness, mildness, sweetness, tenderness of spirit; by fidelity, simplicity, godly sincerity, meekness, calmness, evenness of spirit; by temperance, not only in food and sleep but in all things, natural and spiritual.

"This involves further total resignation to the will of God without any mixture of self-will; gentleness without any touch of anger, even the moment we are provoked; love to God without the least love to the creature but in and for God, excluding all pride and all envy, all jealousy and rash judging; meekness, keeping the whole soul inviolably calm, and temperance in all things."—Wesleyan Methodist.

DON'TS FOR THE PULPIT

Don't imitate others. Better be a poor original than a fine copy.

Don't mumble your words. Chew your food but not your language.

Don't preach too long. Better leave the people longing than loathing.

Don't preach old sermons without revision. Grown men look awkward in boys' clothes.

Don't indulge in mannerisms. Simplicity is desirable in high places—the pulpit especially.

Don't speak in a monotone. The voice has numerous keys; play on as many as possible.

Don't catch the pulpit twang. Talk to men in as natural tone as you talk with them. Don't indulge in long pulpit prayers. Always remember the stranger.

Don't introduce politics into the pulpit.

Don't neglect closet prayer. The finest pipes can give forth no music till filled with the divine breath.

Don't scold your congregation. Attack measures and his people only when they stand between you and the devil.

Don't harp too much on one string. Variety is pleasing, and God's Word has given ample choice of themes.

Don't drop your voice at the close of a sentence. Men have as much need to hear the end as the beginning.—From The Mennonite.

THE LIFE OF PRAISE

Fill Thou my life, O Lord my God,
In every part with praise:
That my whole being may proclaim
Thy being and Thy ways.

Not for the lip of praise alone,
Not e'en the praising heart
I ask, but for a life made up
Of praise in every part.

So shall no part of day or night
From sacredness be free;
But all my life, in every step,
Be fellowship with Thee.

—Horatius Bonar.

Let me remember that I shall come forth out of the grave, just as I go in; either the object of God's mercy, or of His wrath, to all eternity.—Thomas Wilson.

Temperance Column

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging. Whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. 1:20.

WORSE THAN THE OLD SALOON

Too much cannot be said in warning of the demoralized condition of the liquor places in the country since the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, the following for example, which is quoted from The Presbyterian:

"One million, three hundred and fifty thousand girl 'hostesses' in repeal taverns are hired as 'barroom bait' to stimulate male customers buying liquor, say competent observers. Some are fresh young girls in their middle teens, others are women whose faces show the marks of hectic adventure, according to the daily press.

"The murder of two hostesses, Audrey Vallette and Florence Thompson Castle, and the death of Anna Cigenas after drinking a pint of whiskey on a bet, has stirred Chicago and brought about the arrest of half a dozen tavern keepers and the threatened arrest of more than two hundred others, charged with employing girls under sixteen. Many of these girls take the jobs under pressure of economic necessity. New York faces similar conditions. In Philadelphia, a veteran was robbed of his \$1,400 World War bonus. Investigations in Minneapolis, Cleveland, Cincinnati and a number of other cities reveal the connection between the 'hostess' game and the white slave traffic, the peddling of narcotics, and gangster activity."—Wesleyan Methodist.

ALCOHOL SPEAKS

I am the greatest criminal in history.

I have killed more men than have fallen in all the wars of the world.

I have turned men into brutes.

I have made millions of homes unhappy.

I have transformed many ambitious youths into hopeless parasites.

I make smooth the downward path for countless of millions.

I destroy the weak and weaken the strong.

I make the wise man a fool and trample the fool into his folly.

I ensnare the innocent.

The abandoned wife knows me; the hungry children know me.

The parents whose child has bowed their gray heads in sorrow know me.

I have ruined millions and shall try to ruin millions more.

I am alcohol.—Selected.

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

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carnal but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds.

Would to God that He would lay it upon hearts—the hearts of some of you who know how to use the weapons of our warfare—this very night to do some mighty pulling down of strongholds, to pray for these very souls. Six today are reported ill, some at death's door. Three have died within the week and death is stalking through our land. For many it will so soon be too late. Oh, how we long to see them saved!

Friends let us pray.

Yours, not to meet Him empty handed,

FAITH MacDONALD