

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

In the days of persecution under the power of Rome, when young and old, rich and poor, without regard to sex, were tortured and martyred for Christ's sake, a young girl was sentenced to die. The day arrived and a great crowd assembled to witness the death of this young Christian. All waited expectantly, and at last the doors opened, and the young martyr was led forth to die. The frail girl was tied to a stake, the faggots heaped around her.

Then, before the torch was applied, a priest appeared, and cried: "Wilt thou recant?" Her face was pale, but she firmly replied: "No." "Why," asked the priest. "Can you give an account of your faith?" Her face lighting up with heavenly radiance, she said: "I cannot argue for my Saviour, but I can die for Him!" A few moments more and the dear girl had gone to receive the martyr's crown.—Selected.

"LIKE AS A FATHER"

The Psalmist in one of the most beautiful of the inspired songs of old writes these comforting words: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him, for He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust." (Ps. 103:13, 14).

With these kindly words in mind cross over into the New Testament and here God appears as the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. What a gift, and what a proof of the loving heart of God! What earthly father would make such a gift, would send a beloved son on an errand of such humility and pain! The divinity of Jesus is a truth so great in its implications that it continually grows upon one with the passing years.

In the prayers and teachings of Jesus this great truth of God as the heavenly Father appears again and again. He rejoiced that His Father knew of His life and labors; He spent long seasons in prayer, talking with His heavenly Father. He rejoiced in times of stress that His Father knew and was watching His career. He said, "I came to do the will of Him that sent Me." And for all of His children here, Jesus proposed the prayer, "Our Father who art in heaven."—Wesleyan Methodist.

THE BOND OF UNITY

Duty is an old-fashioned word.

In successive generations it held mankind to a definite line of conduct and was thought to be good in general for the race.

Duty has held families together when inclination would have broken them. Duty has made heroes in the successive ages of the world, and duty is a product of all relationships of life.

As in every other act of the will, a free choice is given to each individual. He may voluntarily do his duty, or may voluntarily slink away from it. Once having made a choice, however, only the cowardly soul retreats before the demands of duty.

The great Christian object lesson of duty is found in the choice of the Son of God, who came to earth voluntarily to die for the sins of mankind. His career and His public utterances show He had full knowledge of His duty. Even the last night in the Garden of Gethsemane with its "Thy will be done" is ample proof of this great fact.

Duty is the bond which holds the Christian Church together, duty to lift up the Christ that thereby all men may be saved.—The Southern War Cry.

FACTS ABOUT TRACTS

Richard Gibbs wrote a tract entitled, *The Bruised Reed*. A tin peddler gave it to a man named Richard Baxter; through reading it he was brought to Christ. He wrote *A Call to the Unconverted*. Among the thousands saved by it was Philip Doddridge who wrote the *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*. It fell into the hands of William Wilberforce, the emancipator of the slaves in the British colonies, and led him to Christ. Wilberforce wrote *A Practical View of Christianity*, which fired the heart of Leigh Richmond. He wrote *The Dairyman's Daughter*. Before 1849 as many as 4,000,000 copies were circulated, and it has testified for Christ in over fifty different languages. Many years ago a lady gave some leaflets to two actors, accompanied by some earnest words about their personal salvation. One of the actors was led by the tract to attend church, and as a result was converted to Christ. He became Dr. George Lorimer, pastor of Tremont Temple, Boston. Through his influence Russel H. Conwell was led into the ministry, and thus the great Baptist Temple in Philadelphia, the Samaritan Hospital, and Temple College with its 6,000 students are all traceable to one little leaflet in the hands of an earnest, faithful woman.—*The Dawn*.

PAGAN MARRIAGE CEREMONIES IN GERMANY

Marriage ceremonies in which Christian elements have been replaced by Teutonic symbolism have been devised and published by the German Faith Movement, which purposes to transmute faith in Christ into faith in the Fatherland. According to one ritual the bridal couple come into the room to the accompaniment of secular music. They take their places before a fire, a pagan substitute for the altar of the Church. Torchbearers light the fire, as verses of a poem, "Earth Creates Anew," are recited. A bridesmaid takes off the bride's garland of flowers, throws it into the "sacred" fire, and crowns the bride with a chaplet of evergreen leaves. A section of Nietzsche's "Thus Spake Zarathustra," dealing with the responsibilities of marriage, is read. Two German national anthems are sung. In the midst of another ritual may be found these lines: "United in National Socialist Weltanschauung (outlook on life), you have found your way to each other. Your German blood could not be still until it recognized Christianity as a foreign doctrine. . . . The ties of blood bind more tightly than the blessing of the priest—our kingdom is of this world." In all the services that are held indoors a picture or a bust of Hitler is the centre of interest, and a "sacrificial" fire burns before it. In outdoor services the "divine revelation" that is *Der Fuehrer* is represented by a tree, symbol of life and vitality. The hooked cross everywhere replaces the Cross of Christ. The new marriage ceremonies, in spite of propaganda in their favor, are not expected to be popular. The cult of paganism has a strong following in Mecklenburg and Wurtemberg and elsewhere among the Blackshirt disciples of the late General Ludendorff. But the whole Reich is not affected.—T. Otto Nall in the *Christian Advocate*.

Without courage there cannot be truth, and without truth there can be no other virtue.—Sir Walter Scott.

"IF I ONLY HAD!"

By D. L. Moody

Cries echoed through the corridor of a large lunatic asylum in America: "Oh, if I only had." A doctor was taking a friend around, and he had passed through several of the wards when he came to one in which there was an unfortunate madman who seemed in terrible distress. The poor man was occupied in walking up and down his cell, wringing his hands in agony, and wailing out over and over again: "Oh, if I only had! Oh, if I only had!" "What is his history?" asked the doctor.

"Well, sir," said the nurse, "it's a strange story, and I will tell it to you. He was the keeper of a railway bridge over one of the great rivers down south. His business was to open it for ships to pass, and then to close it before the train came in. One day a heavy excursion train was scheduled for the afternoon, and strict orders were given not to open the bridge for any one between the hours of three and four as a precaution against any accident. Several people came to him, asking him to let their boats down channel, but he refused. One man offered him five pounds if he would do it, but he wouldn't. At last, a few minutes before four, the train hadn't been signalled, and he began to think perhaps it wasn't coming after all. Just then a friend of his came up and implored him to open the bridge. He told him half his fortune depended on his being able to catch the tide that evening; and at last the keeper, who had resisted the bribe, gave way to his friend's entreaties. He let the vessel through, and was just going to close the bridge when he heard the shriek of the engine right ahead of him. He threw up his hands in the hope of signalling the driver to stop, but of course it wasn't any good. The train ran right on, down into the river with an awful crash. When they went to look for the bridge-keeper they found him wringing his hands and shrieking, 'Oh, if I only had!' just as he is doing now, sir; that is eight years ago next September."

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow. . . . If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land; BUT if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured with the sword." (Isa. 1:18-20). Through endless ages, as you sink deeper in despair, you will echo the cry, "If I only had accepted Christ and been saved!" E'er it is too late, accept Him NOW.—Selected.

CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE

O ye, whose hearts in secret bleed
O'er transient hope, like morning dew,
O'er friendships faithless in your need,
Or love to all its vows untrue;
Who shrink from persecution's rod,
Or slander's fang, or treachery's tone,
Look meekly to the Son of God
And in His griefs forget your own.
Forsaken are ye?—so was He;
Reviled?—yet check the 'vengeful word;
Rejected?—should the servant be
Exalted o'er his suffering Lord?
Nor deem that Heaven's omniscient eye
Is e'er regardless of your lot;
Deluded man from God may fly,
But when was man by God forgot?

—Mrs. L. H. Sigourney

Utter abandonment to God is the only way to blessing.