

## SUPPORTING THE MINISTRY

O. L. Huffman

Rev. Chas. G. Finney says, "Preaching will bear its legitimate fruits. If immorality prevails in the land, the fault is the preacher in a degree. If there is a decay of conscience; if the public press lacks moral discrimination; if the church is degenerated and worldly; if the world loses its interest in religion; if Satan rules in our halls of legislation; if our politics become so corrupt that the foundations of our government are ready to fall away—then the pulpit is responsible for it."

What a tremendous responsibility. Yes, the work of the ministry is the greatest business in the world. No time there for a drone, a lazy person, or a parasite.

Rev. W. A. Sellow, in speaking of true ministers, says, "they give up secular employment with the distinct pledge that they will be faithful and diligent in God's business. Their time and effort to their full limit belongs to God."

Do we expect the physician to earn his living by being a mechanic, or a farmer, or a salesman? No; he earns his living by being a physician. He administers to the physical needs but the spiritual needs are of greater importance. The true minister administers to both. Full time is required. Why, then, handicap him by failing to support him? "The scripture saith, Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn. And, The labourer is worthy of his reward."—I. Tim. 5:18.

Do we expect the physician to do secular work and be at his best? Of course not. Then why expect the pastor to work in secular employment six days a week and be at his best in pastoral visiting and in his preaching on Sundays? If you expect thus I would suggest that you stay up after doing your day's work and pray and study as long as our pastor or the evangelist does.

No pastor should live above his congregation; neither should the congregation live above its pastor. If the congregation as a whole lives on corn bread, the pastor and his household should be satisfied with the same. But if chicken is in abundance, then the pastor and his household are entitled to some. If patched clothing is general, amen, the pastor can wear such; but if new clothing is prominent, the pastor and household are entitled to a new suit or dress once in a while. Praise the Lord.

Yes, the Apostle Paul preached and worked, but he did so as a corrective measure, proving that he was not lazy. He did it only when necessity arose and did not do it to set forth an iron-clad continuous general rule. "Even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the gospel shall live of the gospel."—I. Cor. 9:14.

The conditions of which Rev. Finney spoke are here. The responsibility rests with the pulpit and with whomever shall hinder. Remove the muzzle from the ox by supporting the ministry so that full time can be given; conditions will change, unnecessary approaches will be removed, the Bride will be completed, and the King will come. Praise His name!—The Pilgrim Holiness Advocate.

God always answers his people's prayers. He does not always do what we ask him to do, fortunately. Some times he sees best to give us "no" for an answer. To the teachable soul there is at least a lesson in this answer.

THE SMILE THAT ENCOURAGED  
LIVINGSTONE

By Wouter Van Garrett

A smile is such a simple thing, and yet nobody can measure its real worth. It may be much like a pebble that is idly cast into a millpond; it starts a series of circles that keep on moving until they reach the farthest shore. It may shine into one life, give it new hope and courage, and then pass on to others.

That's just what happened to the boy, David Livingstone, when he was fifteen. He had met a thousand and one smiles, but they had not affected his life to any great extent, and then he met one that changed his life, and that changed life touched other thousands before he died.

David had dreamed of being a missionary ever since he was a mere lad, but he needed some encouragement to fan that spark of desire into a great flame of pure passion; and he met that encouragement in the form of a smile. It happened one cold night in November when his father and he went to the Music Hall in Aberdeen to hear a group of men from the London Missionary Society.

The men from London had two reasons for coming to that meeting in Aberdeen. They wanted people to become more interested in foreign missions, and they needed money to carry on the work. They tried to interest young people to prepare themselves for personal service on the great missionary frontiers, and they also tried to interest older people in giving money so that men and women could be sent out with the gospel.

David listened with great interest to everything that was said. How he wished he had lots of money to give so that dozens of missionaries could be sent into heathen lands, and how he yearned to be old enough to offer himself. But nobody seemed to think that he had any possibilities as a missionary.

At the close of the meeting he stationed himself near the door so as to get a closer view of the men who had spoken. He watched them rather wistfully as they prepared to leave. No one seemed to notice the youth who was standing there with an eager look in his eyes, but, finally, one of the men did notice him. It was a minister, Rev. Mr. Arthur, and he saw what was in the boy's heart. He smiled warmly as he approached David, and asked.

"Well, my boy, would you like to be a missionary?"

He said it in a tone that carried far more than the mere meaning of the words, and the smile that went with it fired that youthful heart with courage. David Livingstone never quite forgot that moment. It was the smile that he recalled, and it helped to make him a great missionary-explorer. Years later, after his strenuous life had left its marks of privation on his body, he still recalled that smile. And to his closest friends he often made the remark that it was Rev. Arthur's smile that had given him the courage to become a missionary.—Youth.—The Wesleyan Methodist.

## THE ETERNAL

Over the triple doors of the Milan Cathedral there are three inscriptions spanning the splendid arches. Over one is carved a wreath of roses: "All that which pleases is but for a moment." Over the other there is a sculptured cross, and underneath are the words: "All that which troubles is but for a moment." While underneath the great central entrance to the main aisle is the inscription: "That only is important which is eternal."—Sel.

## MY MOTHER

By Jesse M. Jones

I call to mind this Mother's Day,  
A dear one whom God called away,  
Whose memory lives with me today—  
My mother.

When but a child she taught me how,  
Before my Savior's cross to bow,  
And seek His gracious will to know—  
My mother.

She prayed for me both day and night,  
That God would guide my steps aright,  
And ever lead me in the light—  
My mother.

But she has gone to heaven's dome,  
For God has called her to His home,  
Where sin and sorrow never come—  
To mother.

And when at last my work is done,  
When I shall come to the setting sun,  
My life in heaven will be begun—  
With mother.

But if on earth I still remain  
When Jesus comes His bride to claim,  
I'll see her radiant face again—  
My mother.

## FOR THESE

I thank Thee, God, for whispering grass  
That smiles its gladness as I pass;  
And for the rain's cool finger-tips  
Brushed tenderly across my lips;  
For drenched and dripping apple-tree  
That sends its orchard breath to me;  
For silvery springtime, autumn gold,  
For secrets that the leaves unfold;  
And for the reapers as they come  
With joyous songs of harvest home;  
For hiding-place from wintry wind—  
Blest anchoring Rock in Thee I find—  
For fellowship with saintly friend;  
For life Thou givest without end;  
For rainbow circling darkest sky—  
Emblem of hope that cannot die;  
For fragrant path that marks Thy way  
Through cool, sweet eve of every day;  
For whirl of guardian angel's wing—  
I thank Thee, God, for everything!

—Clara M. Brooks

## WORKING IN THE LIGHT

Michael Angelo, we are told, carried a lighted candle in the front of his cap when at work on his matchless pieces of sculpture that his work might not be hindered even by his own shadow. His work in marble endures, but not eternally. The humblest life at work in carving out its present and future has a task even more difficult than Angelo's creations, for we must stand or fall with it throughout eternity. Have we the true light bearing down upon the work? The light of God's Word has illuminated millions of human lives as they toiled away in the making of a life, and we cannot do better than to bring it daily into use in our tasks.

God's Spirit within the heart brings a special satisfaction in this matter of illumination. It brings a piercing quality to the understanding that serves well in the complex conditions of life and steadies the hand in performing duty.—Selected.