

FAITH IS OUR GREAT WEAPON

The weapons of this war are more numerous and more formidable than any used in any war before.

The race to build them has an ever increasing velocity and fury. Weapons meant for use on land, sea or air. Their cost is colossal, their cleverness diabolical. But the astonishing fact remains that one weapon (by no means a secret one) calculated to win the war for us is almost entirely ignored. It is the weapon of religious belief. Our contemporary, the Sunday Graphic has rendered many national services in its time. It has never conferred a greater benefit on the community than by raising the query as to how religion is faring in Britain today. It should have carried its question further and enquired how religion is faring in the world today.

Is not the present war almost entirely due to the definite defiance of all the Christian principles upon which humanity has always been able to rest in peace and brotherhood? Have not the people we are fighting assumed the likeness of the devil? Are they not saturated in his evils? There can only be one answer.

We cannot find salvation by occasional days of prayer. We need a thoroughly organized wave of religious effort and struggle amassed against Hitler and his doctrine of pagan power.

The truth is that the majority of the world's present population has ceased to have much belief in Divine power. They have lost faith. And of no country can this be said with greater truth than of Germany with its total substitution of Hitler worship for faith in God.

With his genius for arriving at the essential in a problem and his unrivalled power of combining eloquence with truth, General Smuts last week declared that our defeat would be a triumph of incarnate evil. For him the present struggle was one of the greatest religious wars of the world.

Why cannot we all see it in that light? Hitler's victory would mean a return to the Dark Ages. Surely it is possible to enroll the great forces of religion and use them to their fullest extent against German idolatry? Our Prime Minister is a man of outstanding force of character. He is a valiant champion of good as opposed to evil. Is he satisfied that he is making sufficient use of the mighty religious forces of the world? No religion, be it Christianity, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, or even Buchanism, sanctions the murder of hostages, the slaying of the innocents.

Have either President Roosevelt or Mr. Churchill invited the Pope to protest? Mr. Churchill spoke of the retribution for the crimes of the Germans as among the major purposes of the war, but "Vengeance is mine I will repay," saith the Lord. Why not remind the Germans of this? Let us pay no heed to the scoffs and sneers of atheists and unbelievers. This war can only be won by strict adherence to the Smuts idea that we are carrying on a Holy War.

According to the Sunday Times eleven political speeches of importance were made by prominent folk to the people of this country last Saturday. We search in vain in the reports of those speeches for any reference to religion. It is the holiest of wars upon which we are engaged, a war which makes the Crusades by comparison a series of backyard squabbles.

Can we not have a little less emphasis upon mathematical laws, a little less reliance upon strategical theories, a little less dependence upon political intrigues and the total trust in the power of religion? We need imperiously to strive for the unity of right-thinking religious people all

over the earth. Faith alone will secure a speedy and lasting victory. Let us revive our former motto: "Trust in God and keep your powder dry."

P. S.—The above appeared in a secular paper, recently in England. Extra copies were printed and circulated by the British Chaplain Services.—Holiness Era.

MUST WE LEARN THE HARD WAY

Here is an extract from a letter of a minister in Bournemouth, England. It has a point for people on this continent.

"We have been a pleasure-loving people, dishonouring God's day, picnicing and bathing—NOW, the seashores are barred, no picnicing or no bathing.

"We have preferred motor travel to church going.—NOW, there is a shortage of motor fuel.

"We have ignored the ringing of Church bells calling us to worship—NOW, the bells cannot ring except to warn of invasion.

"We have left the churches empty when they should have been filled with worshippers. NOW, they are in ruins.

"We would not listen to the way of Peace.—NOW, we are forced to listen to the way of War.

"The money we would not give to the Lord's work;—NOW, is taken from us in taxes and higher prices.

"The food for which we forgot to thank God;—NOW, is unobtainable.

"The service we refused to give to God;—NOW, is conscripted for the country.

"Lives that refused to live under God's control;—NOW, are under the nation's control.

"Nights we would not spend 'Watching unto Prayer';—NOW we spend in anxious Air Raid Precautions.

"The evils of modernism we would not fight;—NOW, see what Germany, the seat of this teaching, has produced. WATCH OUT CANADA."—Holiness Era.

TIM KING

Queer as you can imagine was the subject of this sketch. He may have been twenty and he may have been more, for the only way to get at it was by guessing. He had been born small and had never gotten over it. There was nothing large about him but his feet and his mouth. His hair was straight and his nose was crooked. He had lots of good points in the shape of bones, and they stuck out in all directions. His eyes were not bad-looking, only there was a scared look about them, as if he had been driven out a good deal more than he had been invited in. If he had ever had a good meal he had nothing to show for it, and there are good reasons for believing that his diet had largely consisted of fresh air and water. Both are good in their ways, but not always nourishing. His ragged coat fitted him too much, and his abbreviated trousers fitted him too little. He was of the earth earthy, and no one would have mistaken him for an angel. Bath-tubs and kindness had never been his portion, while hard knocks and hunger had been his daily companions. He probably had parents once, but who they were, or what, he never knew. He was the only evidence that they had ever existed, and his appearance and their disappearance seemed to have occurred at the same time.

From his own account he belonged every-

where, lived anywhere, and his home was nowhere. He began life with nothing, and had held his own. He was proud of the fact that whereas there was a time when he had not a rag on his back, now it was covered with them. He was as well up in spelling and reading as he was in Greek, and of the latter he had never heard. He had an old look, but a young way—in fact, he was a little child well along in years. Add to this the marks of drink, and you have his picture, and under it you may write Tim. That was his name—no prefixes or affixes—just plain Tim. Don't throw this picture away, for you will like it better as you study it more.

He came in at the mission door one night, and then stopped abruptly. It was all strange to him, and ere he proceeded farther he wanted first to learn if he had not gone too far. He gladly accepted the offer of a seat up near the front. The one thing that had drawn him in there now held him spellbound, and that was the singing. He listened—oh, how he listened!—and as he did so the scared look went out of his eyes and his dirty face shone with rapture. Unconsciously his large feet beat perfect time, and then suddenly from his large mouth came a sweet voice that all could distinguish. He had caught the melody and was on fire. He had made a discovery—he could sing! Rags, hunger, dirt, friendlessness—all were forgotten. He could sing!

The mission song had gone down into his very soul, unlocked the door, and let loose a songster that moved all hearts, melted all eyes, and stirred all natures. He could sing! Who is he? Where did he come from? What is his name? Where does he live? Be still with your questioning; time enough for that. Ah! he can cry as well as sing. His own voice in song has made him feel the need of God who gave him the voice. He found both almost at the time, for it doesn't take long for a waif to become a King's son when God opens that door singing! He belonged to some one now! He had a home now! He was somebody now! He made them repeat the words of the song until he had them by heart:

"I once was an outcast, a stranger on earth,
A sinner by practice, an alien by birth;
But I've been adopted, my name's written
down,
An heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown.
I'm a child of the King, a child of the King,
With Jesus, my Saviour, I'm a child of the
King."

No poetic fancy about that to Tim, but a glorious reality. Hear him sing! And the voice of the song has made him feel the need of God and none but the "child of a King" ever looked like that. He had found his Father, and henceforth he called himself Tim King.

A bath-tub soon absorbed his dirt, and a new suit of clothes covered his bony points, and a good meal soon filled his stomach, and a real bed the first time took him in that night. All these he needed, but only for a little while. He could sing and the King wanted that voice in His heavenly choir. His friends tried to keep him, but the cold and hunger and the bedless nights had been too much for the little fellow's strength, and he couldn't stay. He didn't want to, for he said he wanted to see his Father and sing in His choir. So one day just as the sun was going down in the west, "the gates ajar" were swung wide open, and through our tears we saw him, his face all aglow, enter the Eternal City, singing, "All Glory to God, I'm a child of the King."—Rev. Dr. C. H. Mead.