

## "WIND OF DOCTRINE"

In the fourth chapter of Paul's letter to the Ephesians appears a very useful exhortation in regard to erratic doctrines of religion. In connection with an urgent appeal for maturity and strength in Christian Experience he wrote: "That we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro and carried about with every wind of doctrine by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness whereby they lie in wait to deceive" What revealing words these are: "wind of doctrine," "the sleight of men," and "cunning craftiness whereby they lie in wait to deceive!"

A "flaming evangelist" came to town some weeks ago. He rented a theater building and advertised extensively. Pictures revealed the great evangelist in a "striking pose." He was supposed to be one of America's most eloquent men, and now the city would hear who the Anti-Christ is, and the answer of other deep and profound questions. Money was freely spent in popular advertising. People asked, "Who is sponsoring this meeting?" "What Church does he represent?" and in time the answer bobbed up out of the troubled waters, namely, just a little Seventh Day Adventist man trying to get up some excitement about keeping Saturday for the Sabbath. How strangely these wise warnings of the apostle come to mind concerning winds of doctrine and cunning craftiness whereby they lie in wait to deceive! And it would not be difficult to look at other religious by-paths about us and find them in equal measure fitting into this ancient warning.

A traveller who has crossed the grazing lands of our western plains thus describes a familiar sight that fits into this warning. He says:

"The Russian thistle is scattered all over a half dozen western States. Its branches grow outward, then curve upward, then inward again, and they are almost in the shape of a ball. The wind breaks them off, and they roll, and roll, and roll—till they strike against a fence. Others lodge against them and more against the others, till they reach back a quarter of a mile. A second layer is formed, and a third, and so on till the accumulation is as high as the fence. Then, they roll over into the next field, and line up against the next fence; which they do until the wind changes, when they all roll back to the opposite side of the field. And they keep on rolling back and forth, 'carried about with every wind.' Never yet have I seen them rolling against the wind! This tumbling weed is a good illustration of Paul's Christian that has not developed. He has lost his mooring. He is not rooted and grounded in love, and is not devoted to service. He has no power in himself to go this way or that, and moves only as he is moved. He has no power of self-control and self-direction. He is carried about."

Doubtless these "winds of doctrine" will continue to blow, since this is a land of religious liberty, but the point surely is plain to all who will read the apostles' warning exhorting us to develop strong and mature Christian characters, able to withstand these crafty winds of doctrine.—Sel.

Symmetrical life is not the product of chance or of wealth, or of influence. It is the result of symmetrical building processes. Nothing can be substituted for them. They only have such life who have done such building.—H. O. F.

## COULD YOU?

The editor visited some very dear school-day friends in a distant city, and unexpectedly found them in deepest trouble, for their son, a fine lad of some twelve or thirteen years, had been playing with a little girl playmate and while examining a 32 calibre, old revolver, he had attempted to break it across his knee, when it accidentally went off, hitting the little girl in the head, blowing her brains out. My friends were stricken with grief. When time for the funeral approached, the little boy felt he could not see the little playmate. The little girl's mother, who had not uttered one word of criticism or harshness to make the tragedy more unbearable to those who could not help themselves, came to the little boy and with a heart steadied with grace, comforted him, and urged him to go to see the little girl, saying that the last sight he had of his playmate was while she was lying on the floor with a pool of blood, and she didn't want him to take that remembrance of her down through his life. She told him of how beautiful the little girl was now—not a sign of blood, or tragedy, there in a beautiful room laden with the most beautiful flowers. This gracious mother took the little boy and his grief stricken mother and comforted them through the funeral of her own child. Religion is the most wonderful thing in the world.

—Selected

## OUR GIFTS AND GOD'S

"What can I spare?" we say.

"Ah, this and this

From mine array I am not like to miss;  
And here are crumbs to feed some hungry one;

They are but in the way on the shelf."

And yet, one reads, our Father gave His Son!

Our Master gave Himself! —Selected

## SHALL THE POOR GIVE?

There was a widow in a city in this country who put into the collection box an amount so large that her pastor called to remonstrate. He found her in one room of her little flat in a tenement, and said: "Madam, you surely never meant to give eight hundred dollars to foreign missions." She said: "Why, my son supports me; I have everything I need, and of this thousand dollars I had, if I had kept for myself eight hundred dollars and only given two hundred of it I would have been ashamed to look my Master in the face. Two hundred dollars is all I need, and I gladly give the eight. It is not mine, it is not yours. You must take it; it is His." With shining face and with joyous sacrifice she gave it. How much have we kept? How much have we given?—George Sherwood Eddy.

## WHAT KIND ARE YOU?

There are two kinds of people in the world. One class goes about calling it a vale of tears; they call themselves poor worms of the dust and talk about living at "this poor dying rate," as if there were some virtue in crawling around like a worm, and make a Dismal Swamp of the world. The other class bring sunshine where they go. Even if they have to pass through the Valley of Bacca, or bitterness, they stop to make a well so those who come after them may be refreshed.—A. L. Rouse.

## CORRESPONDENCE

Saint John, N. B.

Dear Highway:

A few words from this part of the Vineyard would be in order at the present time.

We have just closed a series of revival services with the Grey's Mills folk.

Sister Miriam Sanders was our Evangelist and preached **under** the anointing of the Spirit.

Her ministry was much appreciated by Pastor and people alike.

We believe that much good was accomplished and some received definite help. Finances were good.

Let us as pastors and people see that Sister Sanders is kept busy. She has the message for this day.

We expect D. V. to begin revival services here this Sunday, with Rev. F. A. Anderson, of Woodstock, as our evangelist. Join with us in prayer as we seek to lift up the standard of holiness in this city.

Sister William Stanley has not been in the best of health of late, but we trust the Lord will raise her up again.

Let us keep pressing on in this great work and trust God for the results.

Faith is the victory. Praise His Name.

REV. AND MRS. J. A. OWENS

## ANCIENT WISDOM

To talk with God no breath is lost;

Talk on!

To walk with God no strength is lost;

Walk on!

To toil with God no time is lost;

Toil on!

Little is much if God is in it.

Man's busiest day not worth

God's minute.

Much is little everywhere

If God the business doth not share.

So work with God, then nothing's lost;

Who works with Him doth best and most.

—Author Unknown

## THE SIX REQUIREMENTS

William H. Leach says it takes six things to make a great preacher. Here they are:

1. A divine call which will not be evaded.
2. A consciousness that he has a message for hungry souls.
3. A well-grounded knowledge of God's revelation to men.
4. The passion for souls which will not let him rest.
5. An enthusiasm for work which makes his task joyous.
6. Praying laymen to hold up his hands.

Given these six conditions, even the one-talented man will challenge the attention of the world.—The Church Press.

## IS DAVID DRIVING?

A fine Southern Christian woman lay dying, and in her delirium she imagined she was driving in her carriage with her faithful servant on the driver's seat. "Is David driving?" she asked. There is no danger if David is driving."

"No, no, Missus," replied the weeping negro servant at her side. "Poor Dave can't drive now. De Lord hol' of de line." What a wonderful truth. The Lord guides and directs His children, even through the gates of death and on into the Paradise of God.