

great confidence: They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint." Praise the Lord! This beautiful text is one the truth of which all God's people need to prove over and over again and again all through the journey of life.

We may be saved and truly sanctified, which is the need of everyone; but in the daily life we live we shall need to "wait upon the Lord" and thus be strengthened many times along the way. The strong affirmation is that "they that wait upon the Lord shall"—yes they shall. This is an absolutely sure recipe. They shall renew their strength. Don't go to folks so often when in need. Instead, "wait upon the Lord!" Seek Him and let Him speak to you through His word. Read, pray, meditate, wait, commune. Your strength will surely be renewed.

Such strength will be given that you shall run and not be weary; you shall walk, and not faint. Thank God, for He is able for every situation. This waiting upon the Lord needs to become and may become a soul habit. Let us prove this habit for ourselves, that we may find new strength for every duty, ability for victory in every test. Our personal relation to God, and our entire dependence upon Him, is the secret of our power to endure and to serve. This privilege is open to all: "Wait, I say, on the Lord!"

Yours in Him,

LIC. RAY PARKS

#### GOD'S MINORITIES

During the time Noah was building the ark, he was very much in the minority—but he won!

When Joseph was sold in Egypt by his brothers, he was in a decided minority—but he won!

When Gideon and his followers, with their broken pitchers and lamps, put the Midianites to flight, they were in an insignificant minority—but they won.

When Elijah prayed down fire from heaven and put the prophets of Baal to shame, he was in a notable minority—but he won!

When David, ridiculed by his brothers, went out to meet Goliath, in size he was in a decided minority—but they won.

When Martin Luther nailed his theses on the door of the cathedral, he was a lonesome minority—but he won!

When Jesus Christ was crucified by the Roman soldiers, He was a conspicuous minority—but HE won!—Selected.

#### CHRIST AND THE NEW ORDER

Fundamentally, the world has no need of a New Order or a New Plan, but only of the honest and courageous application of the historical Christian era. Our Christian civilization is based on eternal order—an endless plan in the message of Christ. Many new messages and messengers will appear in these times of great tribulation. Let us hold on to the Eternal Message.

In the twilight of today, I see on the horizon—not the man of Moscow, not the man of Munich, not the man of Rome, but the Man of Galilee. I see Him going around villages and districts, teaching and spreading His message of a new kingdom, healing the sick and suffering. And His message is: "Cherish in love your fellow man irrespective of race

## Temperance Column

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

O YES, I HATE IT!

Chas. V. Fairbairn

I hate the liquor traffic. I hate it in every form. I hate it whatever way the thing is licensed. I hate it in whatever way the liquor damnation is sold. If it is sold over the bar, I hate it. If it be sold by Government control (?), I hate it. Let them call the selling place a saloon, I hate it. Let them call it a beer parlor, I hate it. Fix it up as they choose, call it by what fancy name they please, I hate it. And I have a reason for hating it.

I had a brother who left home years before I did, and, in leaving dropped all communication with home. When my turn came, it seemed I had ventured forth into a very large and very lonely world. Why should two brothers, both out in the big, lonely, old world, be out of touch with each other? Securing his address from a sister who had some line on his whereabouts, I wrote to Jim. Glad to hear from me, he replied promptly and we struck up a somewhat intermittent correspondence.

When I was teaching school about six miles north and west from Preeceville, Saskatchewan, Canada, Jim wrote me under date of June 2nd, 1912. "While, no doubt, it may get lonesome sometimes," said he, "you will get to like it, and I hope you will be contented at least, which is the greatest word of all, or the finest state of mind."

"Contented—the finest state of mind!" At the time I did not catch the hidden meaning as I did something more than a year later. Unknown to any of us, my brother, working as a hardware salesman and meeting the boys of the glad hand, had started to play with drink. Boys, that is a snake that can not be played with; the man soon becomes the play-toy of the snake. Of my brother Jim's bitter struggle against the over-mastery of this terrible habit, we knew nothing.

July 6th, 1913, I entered the pulpit on my first circuit for the first time. In September, the official board voted me a holiday to visit my parents and the old home.

The mid-autumn splendor of Canadian weather is most wonderful. We were mutually enjoying those days at home.

Came a dark day. Came a telegram: JAMES S. FAIRBAIRN SICK IN HOSPITAL. JOHNSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA." With blanched faces we looked at each other. What should we do? Should father entrain for Ogdensburg, N. Y., from there to accompany my sister Maud on to Johnstown? Should sister proceed at once alone? We debated. What should we do? Came another telegram, hard on the heels of the first: "JAMES S. FAIRBAIRN DIED IN HOSPITAL, JOHNSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA." It was almost paralyzing.

Jim was brought back to his old home in a sealed casket. The family was still in complete ignorance of the cause of his passing. They brought him home, down over the

or language; cherish and keep the divine idea in your heart as the highest good! This is the message also for the Church of today and for mankind milling around like frightened sheep without a shepherd.

The Men of Galilee is and remains, our one and only leader. And the church as the carrier of this message should follow Him alone.—Field Marshal Jan Christian Smuts.

bridge across the Nation River, down past the old, now unused carriage shop of his grandfather, down past the high-steeped old church which he had attended as a laddie, to the right and up by the old home garden, past the new carriage shop of his father—his father and mine, on up over Adams' long hill to the south, and on out the old road running through the white pines, black spruces, and white cedars, to a pause. Came the creaking of rusty hinges, a left hand turn, and the carriages stood still. All got down. The pallbearers took their places, the great metal casket rolled heavily out over wooden rollers, the march, bearing brother Jim to a spot beside his uncle and his grandmother, began and proceeded in silence, save as many feet passing through rustled the autumn-killed grass.

Rev. Albert S. Cleland held the open ritual in his hand. A nod of a head and he began: "Man that is born of woman . . ." Soon came: "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust. . . ." I still hear the thudding of the cruel clods as they dropped in sympathetic harmony with the words of the ancient ritual. My oldest sister turned away and over to where I was standing. Throwing herself on my breast and her arms about my neck, she began with tear-filled eyes and pleading lips to beg. "Charlie, promise me that you will not let this drive you from the ministry."

"What is it, Maud?" I enquired, still ignorant of the bitterness of her soul, the disgrace she felt, and the cause of it all.

"Promise me!" she repeated.

"I promise!"

Then broke from her heart and lips: "O Charlie, Jim died a drunkard!"

The horrible import of the cruel words slowly sank home in my heart. The doctor's certificate was cruelly ambiguous: "Died of acute alcoholism."

There, in that country cemetery, with the sound of falling grave-clods echoing in my very soul, I looked my sister in the eyes and replied: "No, Maud; I shall not let this drive me from the ministry, but as long as God lends me breath, I shall fight the accursed thing."

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"Brother Fairbairn, are you a Liberal or a Conservative?"

"I am neither."

"Have you turned Republican? Or Democrat?"

"No! Thank God! I have not!"

"I am a Christian, first, last, and always."

Let a whiskey-soak become a premier by popular ballot—you may depend upon this: My vote never helped elect him. Let a party leader cater to brewers, distillers and whiskey-sousers, and by popular ballot ride through to power—It will never be with the aid of my ballot. I hate the liquor traffic. I hate it in every way it shows itself, every shape, every form, and I have a reason for hating it. And a right to hate it. O yes, I hate it!

#### BE FAITHFUL

Fret not because thy place is small,  
Thy service need not be,  
For thou canst make it all there is  
Of joy and ministry.

The dewdrops, as the boundless sea,  
In God's great plan has part;  
And this is all He asks of thee:  
Be faithful where thou art.

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