

THE WONDERFUL POWER OF THE BOOK

An American ship was sailing over the Pacific Ocean, when it suddenly struck a sunken rock, and was soon a wreck. The captain and crew, twenty-two in number, took to their boats, hoping to reach an island, or see the sail of some friendly ship which might take them in. For fourteen weary days they were exposed in the open boats, and were beginning to lose all hope of saving their lives when, on the morning of the fifteenth day, they saw that they were approaching an unknown island, guarded by its coral reef, over which the white surf was dashing.

The natives on the island saw the boats, and thronged the beach. It was an anxious time for the poor sailors. Exhausted as they were by fatigue and hunger, they scarcely knew whether to rejoice or not at the sight of land, for if these natives were heathen, and perhaps cannibals, a worse fate might await them than being swallowed up by the waves.

While the sailors watched with trembling anxiety every movement on the shore, they saw one of the natives coming toward them through the surf, holding in his hand a Book, while he cried with a loud voice: "Missionary! Missionary!"

What a joyful sound to the ears of the shipwrecked sailors! The missionaries had been on the island—they had given the natives "The Book"—there was nothing for them to fear now.

With a glad shout the sailors replied to the natives, beckoning at the same time for help. In a few minutes a number of the natives rushed to their aid, helped them through the surf, carried them on shore in their arms, supplied them generously with food, and cared for them with true Christian kindness.

To the great joy of the captain, he found that all this was owing, under the blessing of God, to the labors of his own brother, for the captain's brother it was who had been the means of bringing the Bible to these once heathen natives. He had been honored not only to bring the light and blessings of Christianity to the poor islanders, but in doing so he had also been the means of saving the lives of his brother and his countrymen—Assembly Annals.

THE BOOK THAT SPEAKS TO EVERY MAN

Bishop Alfred Quayle

You cannot feel of the Bible that it is a miscellaneous book. It is so personal it calls you by your name. It is like somebody in a crowded thoroughfare or through the jangle of the traffic of a crowd, when his name rings out and he knows not any one knew he was there at all, but O the beautiful Book that comes and calls you by your name and me by mine! O the beautiful Book of the beautiful voice of the beautiful Christ that comes and calls us, like Christ does His own sheep, by name!

I have heard the cry of death in the dark with no star to lighten the way and only the muttering thunder as an accompaniment to the rustle of the sable wings of the angel of death. I have held the Book at the dying pillow, and the dying eyes shone out and saw a great light. Thank God! And it is good to have a book like that around. You are never

alone when you have that Book of books with you.

I was a farmer boy, and I kept the New Testament in my trousers' pocket. And the farmer lad, knowing nothing but the west and south wind in his face and the blowing to and fro of the tasseling corn and the growing of the corn and reading God's Book out of doors—that is how I became matriculated to literature and history and nature and astronomy and the wide world and the world to come—just because I had a Bible. If we would read commentaries less and trust in His word more, and use our imagination, such as we have, and dream and live over it and pray over it and hope over it, we would have more sense and better theology. Now that is the truth.

O no, we have to have the Bible yet. So long as people have to learn, so long as people have to have strength, so long as people have to die, we have to have the Bible. O blessed Book! I lift my love to thee. If any deny whatsoever, still thou art the language of God. And the wayfaring man, though he were blind and dumb and deaf, can hear thy voice, can see thy shining way, and have a lamp to light him into everlasting life.—Sel.

MY NEIGHBOR'S BIBLE

I am my neighbor's Bible
He reads me when we meet
Today he reads me in my home —
Tomorrow in the street,
He may be relative or friend
Or slight acquaintance be;
He may not even know my name,
Yet he is reading me.
And pray, who is this neighbour
Who reads me day by day
To learn if I am living right
And walking as I pray?

O, He is with me always
To criticize or blame;
So worldly-wise in his own eyes
And "sinner" is his name.
Dear Christian friends and brothers
If we could only know
How faithfully the world records
Just what we say and do;
Oh we would write our record plain
And come in time to see
Our worldly neighbor won to Christ
While reading you and me.

—Revival Echoes

THE BIBLE IN JAPAN

The Bible has become the book of Japan, according to a Tokyo radio broadcast reported by the Office of War Information. A translation of the Old Testament is well under way, and the Japan Bible Society is confronted with a problem in meeting the ever-increasing demand for the new Bible. Copies are sold out as soon as they are printed.

The revision of the Old Testament is undoubtedly the response to the desire of the Japanese Church for an Old Testament translation up to date with the New Testament, according to Dr. North of the American Bible Society. The standard version of the Japanese Bible was issued in 1887, but a revised version of the New Testament was published in 1917. A better translation of the Old Testament long has been desired.—Pentecostal Evangel.

THE BIBLE STANDS

Despised and torn to pieces,
By infidels descried;
The thunderbolts of hatred,
The haughty cynic's pride;
All these have railed against it,
In this and other lands;
Yet dynasties have fallen,
And still the Bible stands!

To paradise a highway,
The Bible! There it stands!
Its promises unfailing,
Nor grievous its commands;
It points man to the Saviour,
The lover of his soul;
Salvation is its watchword—
Eternity its goal.

Whence but from highest heaven
Could men, unskilled in arts
In several ages born, in several parts,
Weave such agreeing truths?
And how and why should they conspire
To cheat us with a lie?
Unasked—their pains;
Ungrateful—their advice;
Starving—their gain;
And martyrdom—their price!
—The Missionary Tidings

DR. CARVER'S TESTIMONY

Dr. Carver, the great negro scientist of Tuskegee Institute, has gone to be with Christ after spending his life for others. For years he urged his people in the South to plant crops besides cotton, for if that crop failed all was lost. He finally persuaded them to plant peanuts. However, they raised more peanuts than they knew what to do with. Carver then prayed for wisdom whereby the peanut might be put to new uses. His prayer was answered, and he discovered how to make oils, varnishes, colorings, medicine, and a hundred other things from peanuts.

He was invited to testify before a Senate Committee, and there he was asked: "Dr. Carver, how did you learn all these things?" He replied: "From an old Book." The chairman asked: "What book?" He said: "The Bible." He was asked: "Does the Bible tell about peanuts?" He answered, "No, Mr. Senator, but it tells about the God who made the peanut. I asked Him to show me what to do with the peanut, and He did."—Pentecostal Evangel.

WHAT MAKES A NATION GREAT

Not serried ranks with flags unfurled,
Not armored ships that gird the world,
Not hoarded wealth nor busy mills,
Not cattle on a thousand hills,
Not sages wise, nor schools, nor laws,
Not boasted deeds in freedom's cause—
All these may be, and yet the state
In the eye of God be far from great.

That land is great which knows the Lord,
Whose songs are guided by His word;
Where justice rules 'twixt man and man,
Where love controls in art and plan;
Where, breathing in his native air,
Each soul finds joy in praise and prayer—
Thus may our country, good and great,
Be God's delight—man's best estate.

—Alexander Blackburn

No. 121

esses that
appiness
stitution
lo God's
ife It is
idy to do

elieve in
with her
t i real
are who
cha they
w ship
at some?
e n t q:
would at
a n their
n o have
n crested
the same
t in one's

: In the
n institu-
which He
nstitution
ost force-
ons since
to whose
best, the
ages have
on which,
lures and
as stood
the high-
all rices

ne reason
leeper re-
ing God?
work of
ou, be ye
eness for
develop-
confess a
His help
The lifer
el e ser-
l. fo to
year
r ad t-
to m a
of Jesus
hearts of

points of
practices
he Living
failing to
greement
quot
in "One
ught, the
en. One
od which
of trust,