

**HIGHEST MOTIVES IN SIMPLEST TASKS**

J. B. Chapman, D. D.

And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward (Matthew 10:42).

The recipient was but a little child, and an insignificant and ordinary cup of water was the gift, but oh how the giver was honored and rewarded! The child may have been too small to say "thank you," or he may have been untrained even as to the emotion of gratitude—that did not matter. Perhaps the cup was small, and it may be the water was not difficult to obtain. The action could scarcely have had less significance. It was such a deed as one might do without putting any particular thought into it. It was such a deed as one might himself soon forget. Ah, but it is the motive that counts. It was a Christian who did this little kindness to a little child, and he brought to bear the highest possible motive. He did it as a disciple. He did it to honor Christ. Christ was honored, and He noticed, remembered and rewarded.

My life as a Christian has been quite uniform—some might even say it has been monotonous. I have read of "the battle that made history." But I have not been a soldier, and have had no military glory. Some people have made princely gifts to charity. But I have had no silver or gold beyond the daily need. Others have rescued the drowning, brought the endangered down from burning buildings, or given instant aid to the victim of accident, thereby saving a life. But no opportunities like that have fallen to me, and if they had, I am not trained to do such work. Men of science have discovered serums and isolated and identified disease germs, and so have been used to stay epidemics and save multitudes from suffering and have prolonged many lives. But I have neither gifts nor training for such work as that. There have been few instances in which I have had "the opportunity of a lifetime." For the most part, my life has run along like a monotonous plain, rather than like an undulating mountain range. I have had as many ordinary days as any one of equal life-span, but those outstanding days on which a man, once and for all, proves himself a hero and does a deed so worthy that his life is justified whether he ever does anything more or not have not been mine to see. But this I can say: I love God with all my heart; I love God's people without regard to their race, nationality or station in life; and I love all the souls for whom Christ died. What shall I do to prove my love and my loyalty? This I will do: I will do all the myriad of little things with which God entrusts me, and I shall bring to bear upon these little deeds the highest possible motives. I shall do them as a Christian. I shall do them to honor Christ. I shall live my simple life inspired by a martyr's motive—then I shall wear a martyr's crown.

**PEACE FOR OUR TIME**

R. Barclay Warren

After the first great war and the framing of the League of Nations, many expressed hopes that wars would cease from the earth. After the second great war even the most optimistic refrain from any such cheerful predictions. But there is a "Peace for our time." It is "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding" which "shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." Philippians 4:7. This peace will help us to "rejoice in the Lord always." Our sweet reasonableness will

be manifest to all men. This peace will help us to have freedom from worry, and to pray effectively in the spirit of gratitude for past mercies received. It will help us to think upon things which are true, honest, just, pure, lovely and of good report. Instead of being malcontents we will say with Paul, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

Paul wrote this message from a prison. God's peace in his heart was so deep and so real that not only was he inwardly happy but he radiated confidence and hope. To his readers he said, "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." This is the "peace for our time," "Wars and rumours of wars" may come but each of us may have the peace of God which passeth all understanding.

**EVERY CHRISTIAN A SOUL-WINNER**

The Rev. Howard W. Pope insists every Christian can be a soul-winner if he will, and gives this striking illustration:

If you say that you don't have opportunities, just stop and count them for a single day and you will be surprised to see how many people you come in contact with to whom you might say a word.

A friend of mine was giving a Bible reading when a lady came up to her and said: "Mrs. Walker, I don't believe some things you said today. You said every Christian could win souls to Christ if they would. Look at me, for instance. I am a mother with several small children. I have to do my own work. I couldn't be here today, only my mother has come from the country and is taking care of the children. So, you see, there is one person who can't lead souls to Christ."

"I may be rather stupid," Mrs. Walker answered, "but I can't see it yet. Will you allow me to ask you a few questions?"

"Yes."

"Does the milkman ever come to your house?"

"Comes every morning."

"Is he a Christian?"

"Well, I never thought of it."

"Does the grocer ever come to your house?"

"Yes, he comes every day—generally twice a day."

"Is he a converted man?"

"Really, I don't know—I never asked him."

"Does the butcher ever come to your house?"

"Yes, he comes every morning."

"Is he a Christian?"

By that time her face began to color up, and she answered in a rough way: "I don't know anything about it." And away she went, leaving Mrs. Walker alone.

Two years after that a lady came up to Mrs. Walker in another city, and said, "Mrs. Walker, do you remember me?"

"No."

"Well, I have seen you." And then she went to recall this incident, and she said: "I went home pretty well disgusted with you, and with myself, too, if I confess the truth, and I lay awake that night, thinking the matter over, and asking myself if it really was true that God wanted me to talk to those people who were coming to my house every day. I didn't see how I could do it, but I came to this conclusion, that if the Lord wanted me to do it, He would show me the way; so I made up my mind to begin with the milkman. I went down the next morning and waited for him, and I had a nice little speech all ready. Soon he came in and poured out the milk, and out he went,

before I could begin my speech. I couldn't find either end of it before he was out of the door, so I dropped the speech and ran after him and called his name. He came back.

"Want another quart?" and he began to pull out his quart measure.

"No, sir, but I would like to ask you a question; I would like to ask you if you are a Christian." He looked at me a full moment, and then he said, "Madam, why didn't you ask me that question last winter? Last winter we were having special meetings in our church, and I was interested and wanted to become a Christian, but I was too proud to tell them down at the church, so I kept talking to you about those who had been converted, I kept telling you about other people, hoping you would turn the conversation and say something to me about becoming a Christian. Now, madam, you have lost your opportunity, for I don't care a snap for the whole business," and he picked up his can and went out. You can imagine how I felt. I just lay down on my face on that cold floor, and if ever I confessed my sins to God I did that morning. I promised Him I would try to live henceforth for Him. And that very day nine people came to my house to whom I had an opportunity of giving a gospel message, and today seven out of the nine are Christians. I believe what you said is true, that every Christian can if he will lead some soul to Jesus Christ."

**THE SALOON A NUISANCE**

The saloon is a nuisance. The evil can no more be confined to the building in which it exists than the odor of a slaughter house to the block in which it is located. I know, and you know, that they are in league with every form of evil in society. As a rule, if you let the liquor dealer have his way, he will have a disorderly house upstairs; he will have a gambling den in his back room, and his place will be the center of every sort of evil. The saloon is the bureau of information for every sort of crime. It is the first place that a policeman looks for crime, and the last place he would go to look for virtue.—William Jennings Bryan.

**WEDDINGS**

At the Reformed Baptist parsonage, St. John, N. B., Ronald Sewart Farquharson, of New River Station, N. B., and Glenville Maxine Wagg, of Lepreau, N. B., were united in marriage by Rev. P. H. Green, September 21, 1948.

**OBITUARY**

**Mr. Hurd M. Edwards**, of Meductic, N. B., died early Wednesday morning, Sept. 29th, at the age of 71, after a long illness. He leaves to mourn, his widow and one brother, Elijah, of Chelsea, Mass. The deceased was born in Meductic and resided there all his life. He was an energetic man, and was successful in business. He will be much missed in the community. During his illness he saw his need of divine help and gave himself up to the Lord and professed faith in the merits of the blood of Christ. The funeral was held from the residence on Friday and was largely attended. Rev. H. C. Mullen officiated and was assisted by Revs. E. R. Watson and P. J. Trafton. Interment was made in the cemetery at Dowville.