

weeks ago, I saved my money and bought her a box of chocolates for Mother's day, and told her I loved her. I don't seem to be showing it today, do I? This old game isn't any fun anyway. I'm going home." Without bothering to say anything to the boys, he just slipped off his glove, put it onto his belt and started on a run for home.

When he arrived home, his mother was there to greet him with a cheery smile. "I've been thinking you'd be here any minute. Take that sandwich I have fixed for you in the pantry. You can pour yourself a glass of cold milk, too. When you've finished, come along up," she added as she started up the stairs.

Ralph stood leaning against the cupboard and ate. Again he was thinking. "What a great Mum I've got, and to think that I almost stayed and played ball. Wouldn't I have been a heel to let her down?"

He was so glad to think he was doing the right thing, that he took the steps two at a time. There was quite a pile of stuff up there, and some of the boxes were heavy, but he kept going back and forth with the loads mother helped him pick up, and finally the pile was nearly gone. As he looked out the attic window he saw his father drive into the yard. "Hey, Mum, what's Dad home for?"

"I don't know, but we'll probably know soon enough."

"Hello, hello — "Dad's voice came up the stairs.

"Mum and Ralph leaned over the railing:—"What's the matter, dear?" Mother called.

"A trip—an unexpected one — to Bridgetown. I can wait just fifteen minutes. Can you be ready that soon? We'll go right there and I can get my business done. Then, on the way back we'll stop and have a picnic lunch, and maybe we could get a chance to use our fishing poles, Ralph, if you'd get them together for us."

In the next fifteen minutes the three of them did some hurrying. And as he hurried, Ralph's mind did some work, too. "Just think, I would have missed all this if I'd stayed to play ball. I should be ashamed of myself for even staying a few minutes. What a wonderful Mum and Dad I have. I'm always going to try to do what they want me to do, so they can be proud of me!"

FRANCES MOSES.

THE DANGER OF COMPROMISE

By Rev. H. S. Dow

"For they have healed the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying, "peace, peace, when there is no peace." Jeremiah 6:14 and 8:11.

Jeremiah was one of God's great men. He was a devout follower of God, and faithful as a prophet, and preacher of righteousness, which brought him much suffering from persecution, and finally a martyr's death.

The expression the prophet uses here, "Daughter of my people" is very suggestive. His prophecy, like Isaiah's was not confined to his day alone, but reached down across the centuries to the gospel dispensation and may refer to a condition which exists in the church at the present time. A daughter of course means one who was born in a family and to follow out the analogy here the daughter represents those who are born again in the church.

So this daughter of his people had a hurt which naturally made her quite ill and weak, unfit for service of God. Now, without doing violence to the scriptures, we can call that hurt

inbred sin, which all of us are born with. Being born again into the family of God does not completely cure the hurt for it takes a deeper work of grace, the baptism with the Holy Ghost, to heal or to cleanse us from all sin.

It is interesting to note who the prophet is laying his charge against. Who were they, these quack doctors whose medicines only healed slightly, medicines, which did not reach the cause of the sick daughter's trouble? His charge is against the religious leaders, prophets and priests. He says they were given to covetousness which is a strong desire for something which they did not possess. We don't know what it was that the religious leaders coveted. It might have been money, or position, or popularity, or praise of men, the things which most men esteem highly.

It seems that in order to obtain their heart's desire they resorted to compromise, and did not apply the remedy or medicine that would completely cure the disease. What a malignant disease like leprosy is to the body of man, sin is to his soul. The scriptures use leprosy as a type of sin which natural medicines cannot cure.

But God has provided a complete cure for the disease of sin in the soul. The Psalmist cried out "Bless the Lord, oh my soul, who forgiveth all thy iniquities, and healeth all thy diseases." God heals all of the disease of sin who want to be healed, and who confess their sins and seek His pardoning grace. He not only forgives our acts of sin but he also goes to the root, the cause of our trouble, and cleanses, sanctifies and heals the soul of that awful malady which Paul also calls the carnal mind, the body of this death, etc., if we submit wholly to him and trust the merit of the blood of Jesus. This is an old story. Yes, and it is the substance of the Gospel story which Jesus commanded His disciples to preach when He sent them out to make disciples of all nations, and He still expects those whom He calls to the gospel ministry to preach the same old message, for it is still the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth, Rom. 1:16. There is no other remedy provided to heal the spiritual ills of all mankind, but that which is taught in the gospel.

"What can wash away my sin,
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus,
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus."

I am having opportunity to hear many preachers these days and I am shocked and grieved and disappointed to see how little gospel people are getting or hearing when they do go to church. History is surely being repeated. What Jeremiah said about the preachers in his day is surely applicable to the gospel preachers today. They are healing the hurt very slightly. They very rarely preach against sin of any kind, never mention evil habits such as drinking, smoking, swearing, etc. I heard one recently referring to something he saw in the movies. One would not expect him to preach much gospel.

Very few of them ever preach "ye must be born again." They had their special Easter services when many were baptized and large numbers were received into the membership of their churches and they depend upon those things to save them if they ever think of being saved. I talked with a young man today who told me he was lately baptized and joined the church. I asked him when he was converted. He seemed to have no idea at all what I meant, he had never heard it preached and did not know that any such teaching was men-

tioned in the Bible. Those preachers must know what the Word teaches about such subjects as sin, worldliness, hell, and the need of being saved.

Why don't they preach the gospel? They have compromised for fear of displeasing the people and are willing to let them go down to hell rather than to disturb them and lose their support. They are blind leaders of the blind and all will fall into the pit of hell except they repent and get saved.

Doubtless all of these societies called churches were one time a spiritual-minded people and preached the full gospel, and got men saved, but now they are just social centers where they gather to have a good social time. If this poor man has any spiritual vision at all, we believe many so-called holiness churches are heading in the same direction. The founders of the holiness churches went to towns, villages and country places without any promise of financial help whatever. They found a building to hold services in and preached on sin, hell and the judgment until sinners trembled, forsook their sins, called upon God and were saved. They preached against evil habits, sinful pleasures, and immodest dress until professing Christians in churches who wanted to be spiritual and go with God were so much changed in their manner of living and dress, etc., that people around them knew that they were Christians. They preached on second blessing holiness until many converted people got under conviction went forward, prayed through and got "The Blessing," and testified to it defiantly, and many shouted for great joy. The prayer-meetings were times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. The people of other churches admitted that the holiness people had something which they themselves did not possess.

The young people of those days prayed through and got definitely sanctified and enjoyed the prayer and testimony meetings also. Now note the contrast: few attend prayer meeting, not many pray. We must have much social life and entertainment for young people and sometimes worldly sports. Some of them in the choir on Sunday, with their worldly attire, lip-stick and rouge, look more like show girls than holy women. They play and sing jazz songs in their homes, and read very cheap fiction for past time, but they are grossly ignorant of the teachings of God's word. So I ask, which way are we heading? Are the so-called holiness preachers emphasizing the double cure for sin, that great Bible truth upon which the holiness cause was founded, and by which preaching alone it can live? Do the evangelists whom we employ ring true on the doctrines of holiness, or is there a tendency to compromise a little on this special phase of truth and thus use a weaker medicine that does not disturb the old man of sin, and also heals only slightly. God helps us to hold true to the old standard and to preach it in love, and with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. We won't be as popular perhaps, but we will have our fruit unto holiness and the end—everlasting life.

The death of Mrs. Mary J. Fenwick, of 253 Charlotte St., St. John, occurred on May 6, 1949. Deceased was 94 years of age, and had been in failing health for several years.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. P. H. Green of the Reformed Baptist Church, of which the deceased was a member, on May 9. Interment was at Hatfield's Point, N. B.