

## FOUR PHASES OF MISSIONARY WORK

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done practically nothing to give the heathen the gospel?

We have consecration services where we ask the young people to consecrate their lives to the Lord, to promise Him that they will do whatever work He calls them to do. I think we need to have just a little different kind of consecration service, and it can include the old as well as the young. We need to consecrate our pocket books to the Lord and to His service.—Emmanuel.

## THE POWER OF STILLNESS . . .

By A. B. Simpson

"Be still, and know that I am God"

(Psalm 46:10)

Is there any note of music in all the chorus as mighty as the emphatic pause? Is there any word in all the Psalter more eloquent than the one word **Selah** (Pause?) Is there anything more thrilling and awful than the hush that comes before the bursting of the tempest, and the strange quiet that seems to fall upon all nature before some preternatural phenomenon or convulsion? Is there anything that can so touch our hearts as the power of stillness?

The sweetest blessing that Christ brings us is the Sabbath rest of soul, of which the Sabbath of creation was the type. There is, for the heart that will cease from itself, "the peace of God that passeth all understanding," a quietness and confidence which is the source of all strength; a sweet peace, "which nothing can offend." There is, in the deepest center of the believer's soul, a chamber of peace where God dwells, and where, if we will only enter in and hush every other sound, we can hear His "still voice."

A score of years ago a friend placed in my hands a little book, and it became one of the turning points of my life. It was called "True Peace," and was an old mediaeval message. It had but one thought, and it was this: that God was waiting in the depths of my being to talk to me if I would only get still enough to hear His voice.

I thought this would be a very easy matter, and so I began to get still. But I had no sooner commenced than a pandemonium of voices reached my ears; a thousand clamoring notes from without and within, until I could hear nothing but their noise and din. Some of them were my own questions, some of them were my own cares and some were my very prayers. Others were the suggestions of the tempter and the voices from the world's turmoil. Never before did there seem so many things to be done, to be said, to be thought. In every direction I was pushed and pulled and greeted with noisy acclamations and unspeakable unrest. It seemed necessary for me to listen to some of them, and to answer. But God said, "Be still, and know that I am God."

Then came the conflict of thoughts for the morrow, with its duties and cares. But God said: "Be still." And as I listened, and slowly learned to obey, and shut my ears to every sound, I found that after a while, when the other voices ceased, or I ceased to hear and heed them, there was a still, small voice in the depths of my being that began to speak with an inexpressible tenderness, power, and comfort. As I listened, it became to me the voice of prayer, and the voice of wisdom, and the voice of duty, and I did not need to think

so hard, but that "still small voice" of the Holy Spirit in my heart was God's prayer in my secret soul; was God's answer to all my questions; was God's life and strength for soul and body, and became the substance of all knowledge, and all prayer, and all blessing; for it was the living God himself as my life and my all.

We cannot go through life strong and fresh on constant express trains, with ten minutes for lunch; but we must have quiet hours, secret places of the Most High, times of waiting upon the Lord, when we renew our strength, and learn to mount up with wings as eagles, and then come back to run and not to be weary, and to walk and not faint.

The best thing about this stillness is that it gives God a chance to work. "He that is entered into his rest, he also hath ceased from his own works, even as God did from his." When we cease from our works, God works in us; when we cease from our thoughts, God's thoughts come into us; when we get still from our restless activities, God works in us "both to will and to do of his good pleasure," and we have but to work it out.

Beloved! let us take His stillness; let us dwell in "the secret place of the most High;" let us enter into God and His eternal rest; let us silence the other sounds, and then we can hear "the still small voice."

Then there is another kind of stillness: the stillness that lets God work for us, and we hold our peace; the stillness that ceases from controversy, and self-vindication; from expedients of wisdom and forethought, and lets God provide and answer the unkind word and the cruel blow, in His own unfailing, faithful love. How often we lose God's **interposition** by taking up our own cause and striking for our own defense.

There is no spectacle in all the Bible so sublime as the silent Saviour answering not a word to the men that were maligning Him, and whom He could have laid prostrate at His feet by one look of Divine Power, or one word of fiery rebuke. But He let them do their worst and He stood in the power of stillness—God's holy Lamb.

God give to us the silent power, this mighty self-surrender, this conquered spirit, which will make us "more than conquerors through him that loved us." Let our voice and our life speak like "the still small voice" of Horeb, and as the "sound of a gentle stillness." Then after the heat and strife of earth are over, men will remember the morning dew, the mellow light and sunshine, the Lamb of Calvary, the evening breeze, and the gentle, holy, heavenly Dove.

## SOME OPINIONS OF CIGARETTES

Nicotine is one of the most violent poisons known. All animals succumb to its effect in whatever way it might be administered. They die in excessively severe convulsions. One drop of nicotine taken internally is enough to kill the average individual.

Thomas A. Edison said: "It has a violent action upon the nerve centers, producing degeneration of the cells of the brain. I employ no person who smokes **cigarettes.**"

Luther Burbank said: "A cigarette in a boy is the same as a grain of sand in a watch."

A young cigarette-smoker watching monkeys in the zoo asked the keeper: "Will it do any harm to offer one of them a cigarette?" "Not a bit," replied the keeper. "He wouldn't

touch it. A monkey isn't as big a fool as he looks."

Dr. Alvin Davidson of Lafayette College says: "Tobacco hinders the brain cells, and results in a slower, duller mind."

Gruenberg in *Biology and Human Life* says: "Among students of high rank, ninety-five per cent are non-smokers, leaving only five per cent as smokers. Of students of ordinary rank, forty percent are non-smokers and sixty per cent are smokers."

Dr. Herbert F. Fisk in addressing Northwestern University said: "It is rarely the case that a student who makes use of tobacco attains to superior scholarship."

How about the athletic coaches? What do they say? "We do everything within our power to discourage the use of cigarettes among our baseball players. Boys who continue smoking cigarettes do not as a rule make good or go to the top. They are unfitted in every way for any kind of work where brains are needed."

Madame Schumann-Heink said: "Listen, girls, I have something very important to tell you. It will do you far more good than another song. It's about cigarettes. I have never smoked and I never will. It's a crime to poison the body with tobacco."

"The girl or woman who goes about with a cigarette in her mouth thinks she is a smoker, but she is mistaken. It is not she that smokes; it is the thing in her mouth that smokes. She is only a sucker."—Norman Quillman.

Dr. John H. Kellogg, superintendent of the famous Battle Creek Sanitarium, said: "Tobacco is a poison. It weakens men physically, mentally, and morally. All life processes are impaired by it. Science condemns it. The coming man will discard it."

Out of 148,000 registered medical doctors in the country, only 28,000 approved of smoking; nearly 100,000 disapproved of it for physical reasons.

It is claimed by medical authorities that sixty per cent of all children born of mothers who are habitual smokers die before they are two years old.

Dr. David Starr Jordan, late chancellor of Stanford University, said: "The cigarette ruins many boys with good stuff in them. It retards development and prevents maturity. They fall like wormy apples."—Selected.

## A MOTHER'S PRAYER

Father, our children keep.

We know not what is coming on the earth;  
Beneath the shadow of Thy heavenly wings,  
Oh, keep them, keep them, Thou who gav'st  
them birth.

Father, draw nearer us!

Draw firmer round us Thy protecting arm;  
Oh, clasp our children closer to Thy side,  
Uninjured in the day of earth's alarm.

Them in Thy chambers hide!

Oh, hide them and preserve them calm and  
safe,  
When sin abounds, and error flows abroad,  
And Satan tempts, and human passions chafe.

Oh, keep them undefiled!

Unspotted from a tempting world of sin;  
That, clothed in white, through the bright  
city gates,  
They may with us in triumph enter in.

—Horatius Bonar