

them, they would rise with a shout of victory and shake off the powers of darkness.

Here is the key: take the victory of Calvary and bind the "strong man" by prayer, so that he cannot stop the supplies for God's work. There is plenty of money for propagating lies, and God's work is languishing. This ought to go to the hearts of all. What is the matter? Satan is manifestly holding the money, and God's children do not know how to deal with the situation. We ought to have more money for God's work than the devil has for his, but the Church will not get it until she recognizes that Satan is holding it back.

What shall we do? If you have even a glimpse of the fact that Satan was conquered at Calvary, and that Christ says to you, "Bind the strong man in My name," and if you believe His Word, Luke 10:19, R. V., "Behold, I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy; and nothing shall by any means hurt you," then "the spirits are subject unto you" in His name. It is not your experience; it is not your joy; it is not your education or knowledge; it is the name, the name, the name — "in MY NAME!" Bind the enemy in the name of Jesus. Ask that the missionary work go forward. It is an awful thing to fail to send the gospel to the heathen because there is no money. May God have mercy on the Church at home. Satan, the "strong man," is the cause of this condition; "Bind him, in the name of Jesus!"

RADIO—THE NEW MISSIONARY

On a long, wearying trudge back to the compound, we paused for a few minutes at another little village which had suddenly opened onto the muddy jungle trail. The wizened chief came forward to shake our hands. I couldn't speak his tongue, yet I could tell that he was pressing us to stay. But Tom patted the old fellow's shoulder and shook his head.

"Why couldn't we have stayed for a while? Surely a man who is seeking has the right to hear the way of salvation," I demanded, as we left the village behind and began the laborious ascent of the trail.

Tom smiled wanly. "The Lord knows it breaks my heart to turn away opportunities like this. But as it is, we won't make the compound before dark, and I must be back to teach the class that will be waiting. Eventually, these native students will be able to help preach the gospel to these villages."

"Amen!" I said. "But even they will be so few among so many. And meanwhile the people perish."

"I know! But what more can I do? Every moment of my time is taken up now as it is." Tom paused to adjust the strain of his haversack. "Our society has neither the funds nor the personnel to send out any more help; and you have seen only a fraction of our field today. There are scores of villages scattered scattered throughout this region. Some of these nearer the mission have heard the gospel quite often—in fact, many natives have professed conversion. But the majority of the settlements are too inaccessible for me to contact regularly, and I know that there are some I have never touched at all."

"Haven't you ever thought of using radio?" I asked him.

He laughed as we renewed our steps.

"Seriously," I said, warming to my favorite subject, "just think what it would mean to you and your work. Place some sort of community receiver in each of those villages out there, and reach them from a studio right in your mis-

sion compound. These people could hear the Word of God every day, and we know that 'faith cometh by hearing'."

We stopped again, dropping our haversacks to ease our tired shoulders. Tom rubbed his chin reflectively. "It all sounds very wonderful, but it also sounds frightfully expensive," he commented.

I agreed with him. "Certainly the initial outlay would be large, and would call for real sacrifice on the part of all those who love the Lord and their fellow men. But, taking an over-all view, radio proves one of the most economical means of propagating the gospel, both as regards time, man power and money."

Tom slung his haversack over his shoulder and adjusted its weight. "Come on!" he said. "Let's see what we can do. It is later than we think!"—Free Methodist.

WEDDINGS

Thomas-Richardson

At the Reformed Baptist parsonage, Seal Cove, N. B., on February 11th, 1949, Doris Mabel, daughter of Mrs. Elvie Richardson and the late Percy Richardson, of Woodward's Cove, N. B., was united in marriage to Cameron Manson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Thomas, of Seal Cove, N. B., by Rev. R. T. Sabine. They were attended by Miss Christine Harvey and Mr. Gerald Anderson, both of Seal Cove, N. B. Their many friends wish them much happiness.

OBITUARY

Mrs. Linnie Griffin, wife of Frank Griffin, formerly of Wood Island, N. B., passed away at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Ashley Zwicker, of North Head. She was 68 years old. She is survived by her husband, of Portland, Maine; seven daughters: Mrs. Alton Green, of Seal Cove, N. B.; Mrs. Jesse Stevens, of Boston, Mass.; Mrs. A. Thompson, of Black's Harbour, N. B.; Mrs. Donald Maker, of Wood Island, N. B.; Mrs. Ashley Zwicker, of North Head, N. B.; Mrs. Earle Leavitt, of Black's Harbour, N. B.; and Mrs. Percy White, of Vancouver, B. C.; one son, Leemon, of Stonington, Mass. One son, Sherman, predeceased her, being lost at sea. Besides the grandchildren, one sister survives, Miss Mary Wilcox, of Burlington, N. S.

Funeral services were held at the Reformed Baptist Church, Wood Island, of which she was a member. Rev. R. T. Sabine, the pastor, conducted the service, assisted by Rev. J. A. Owens, of North Head. A quartette from the Seal Cove Reformed Baptist Church, rendered the music. The pallbearers were Donald, Francis and Mariner Griffin, and Merlin Green.

Interment was made in the adjoining cemetery.

To the bereaved we extend sympathy.

Mrs. Jennie Joy, widow of William Joy, of Seal Cove, N. B., passed away at the Grand Manan Hospital, North Head, N. B., on March 10th, after a lingering illness of nearly two years.

She is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Gordon Foster, of Grand Harbour, N. B., and several grandchildren, one of whom, Mrs. Bernard Deveau, made her home with Mrs. Joy.

Sister Joy was a member of the Seal Cove Reformed Baptist Church. The funeral service

was conducted from her late residence by the pastor, Rev. R. T. Sabine, assisted by Rev. J. C. Albright. The two hymns, "Just Inside the Eastern Gate," and "God Will Take Care of You," requests of the deceased, were sung by a mixed quartette of the Church.

Interment was made in the local cemetery.

Sympathy is extended to those who are left to mourn.

THE PLEA OF THE PERMANENT

J. B. Chapman

In his study of Christian mass movements in India, Bishop Waskom Pickett discovered that such movements were found only in localities where the gospel had been faithfully preached. He found that schools and hospitals started with the hope that they would be evangelizing agencies have produced surprisingly few converts. He found that even building church houses as means for establishing Christian communities has been a disappointing experiment. During a personal interview in Bombay, the bishop said to me, "There is just no way except the apostolic way. We must preach the gospel to the people until the Holy Spirit is poured out upon them in revival power, and the people become Christians by repenting and believing the gospel. After that we may build buildings for the Christians to worship in, we may build schools for the educating of children of Christians, and we may found hospitals for the healing and care of the bodies of those who have believed on Christ. But institutions cannot substitute for the preaching of the gospel, and for the primitive, apostolic way of promoting the work of evangelism."

And I think it is much the same everywhere. The appeal must be to things that are permanent. They are wrong who say, "Every man has his price," if they mean by that all men will sell out for money and material advantage. Some will sell on this plane, it is true, but some men are not all men. In this instance it is doubtful if some mean the majority. Men want gold that will not perish. They want houses that have foundations. They want wealth that can defy death. They want intrinsic wealth to which they can hold even when they are compelled to eat crumbs as the beggar's share. They want companionship that will bring them into the circle of the immortals when dust shall return to dust. They want a right to expect these things in religion, but they need to be assured that they can have them there.

There is permanent heritage in Jesus Christ. Christ's plea is the plea of the permanent. O listen to that plea today, my friend, and come and lay claim to your heritage in Christ. Be wise and disregard the glitter of the transient, and count that as true value which will not perish with the using or vanish by reason of the passing of time. "Let others seek a home below where flames devour and floods o'erflow; be mine a happier lot to own, a heavenly mansion near the throne. I'm going home to die no more." Come today and choose that good part from which neither friends nor foes can separate you. Choose this, and you shall be rich forever!

He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed.—Isaiah 53:5.