

## GUEST EDITORIAL

## HARVEST SECRETS

Mrs. Chas. B. Cowman, "Missionary Standard"  
 "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few." (Matt. 9:27).

The fields are white to harvest, see! the laborers are few—

Then here am I, O Lord; send me, Thy work to do.

And in that service to remain.  
 Until Thou comest soon again.

A young Christian lad stood one day looking at a painting which hung upon the walls of a beautiful art gallery in Chicago. He had recently returned from New York, where several years had been spent in studying music under world-famed masters. Already he had charmed large audiences in great concert halls, as he was gifted with a rare musical talent. In his early childhood he had attended a church where the needs of the mission fields were strongly emphasized. His heart was very tender and he felt a call to serve his Master out where the fight is strong. Well-meaning friends advised him not to waste his life and bury his unusual talent among an unappreciative heathen people. So the gentle voice that he seemed to hear was silenced, and now he was ready to begin a world career. A rosy future filled his vision.

The picture that he stood gazing at was a beautiful autumn scene. The artist had portrayed a large furrowed field. Standing in long rows were shocks of gathered grain. The golden glow of sunset and a hush as of peace after the toil of the day day fell like a mantle over all. The quiet scene held him in its spell. A young minister—one greatly tempted by the enemy to give up his profession, as he had seen no fruitage in his ministry—was sauntering through the art gallery at the moment, and discovered this young lad. Noting his deep interest he stole to his side, and together they stood entranced before the lovely scene. The minister said to him:

"What does the picture say to you? Has it some special message?" The lad thought for a moment, then made this reply:

"God must have wanted to produce a harvest and needed grains of wheat for that purpose. He called upon them to make a full surrender to Him, to lose their all, to let Him waste them; and lo, we behold this miracle—these lovely shocks of golden grain in autumn time!"

The minister was deeply moved by the lad's reply, and quoted the words of the Master: "He that loseth his life for my sake, shall find it"; and, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." "As dying and behold we live!" For a long time they stood together in silence, and it was there in the art gallery that they met the Master face to face, yielding to Him their all in supreme consecration, and went forth to become channels of blessing to a countless multitude. They had discovered the secret—life out of death!

Ofttimes God thus teaches! To one that asked him the secret of service, George Mueller replied: "There was a day when I died—utterly died to George Mueller" (and as he spoke he bent lower and lower, until he almost touched the floor), "to opinions, preferences, tastes, and will; died to the world, its approval

or censure; died to the approval or blame of even my brethren and friends. Since then I have studied to show myself approved unto God."

A Persian poet wrote these lines: "How shall my leaves fly singing in the wind unless my roots shall wither in the dark?"

A cry from the heart of black slaves reached the throne of God and dark Africa stretched forth her dusky hands, beseeching Him for help. God heard, but to answer their cry for help He needed a human voice. An angel could not carry to the black man the sweet story of Calvary love! A young Scotchman sat at his loom weaving when he heard a faint cry—a cry as of pain. He heard it in the night watches; he heard it in the day time. Would he leave home, friends, all—to bury his life amid Africa's wilds? The whole wide world has the answer, for David Livingstone was "ploughed under" on Africa's soil, and the harvest of his buried life is a multitude of blacks, redeemed by the precious Blood.

The Lord of the harvest wanted to sow a great field with living seeds in age-old China. He needed a sower. On a Sabbath morning in Brighton He found Hudson Taylor walking by the seashore. He spoke to him saying: "If you will let me I will walk all over China through you," and on that morn of all morns a grain of wheat fell into the ground and died. Multiplied thousands of living grains in the Land of Sinim is the result—and the end is not yet!

Young William Borden, only son of a multimillionaire, an honor graduate of Yale University, the world at his feet—fortune, fame, life just beginning—heard the same sweet Voice that spoke in the long ago to the Rich Young Ruler—"If thou would be perfect sell what thou hast and come, follow me!" He stood at the crossroads. "Which way shall I take?" was the prayer upon his lips. Esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of earth, he chose to follow, and distributing his vast fortune among needy missionary societies and Bible training institutes in the homeland, bade farewell to friends, loved ones, and started off alone to bury his life among the Mohammedans of Central China. In an old cemetery outside the City of Cairo, Egypt, he rests in mother earth, awaiting the resurrection morning. Why this waste? Was it a vast mistake? Hundreds of student volunteers are today in mission fields to "fill up the gap," and the procession will continue until the cross of Christ is lifted against all skies.

"The creation of a thousand forests is in one acorn!"

Not all are commissioned literally to go forth to the fields afar. A great company must stand in the homeland as the rear-guards! But all must become buried grains, their consecration and surrender just as real and deep as that of those called to the forefront.

Let us yield up our grains of wheat unto the death, and then our glorious Lord will cause us to know the power of His resurrection! Life abundant will be ours, and an undreamed of fruitage. Will we allow Him to waste our lives?

"Come ill, come well, the cross, the crown,  
 The rainbow or the thunder—  
 I fling my soul and body down  
 For God to plough them under."

BE THOU GOD'S GRAIN OF WHEAT!

## THE FANATICISM OF REFINED CAUTION

By David Anderson

There are always those who conclude that they are divinely called to warn fiery, adventurous souls lest they suffer shipwreck on the treacherous rocks of fanaticism. We should analyze this proffered advice very carefully. It usually emanates from the faint-hearted, over-cautious type of soul who never ventures beyond the knee-deep waters.

Every man or woman who has ever amounted to anything for God has found it necessary to go forth and blaze a trail in advance of the thinking and practice of the timid and fearful. All God's people who are filled with the dynamic power of the Holy Spirit possess a holy discontent with living the low, spiritual plane of the ordinary church member. They dare to venture in unexplored territory, and must bear the stigma of being called eccentric, peculiar, fanatical, if not really dangerous.

We have no sympathy whatsoever with the fanaticism, wild-fire and fleshly demonstration of the supposed presence of divine power. Such ridiculous nonsense is abhorred by the truly Spirit-filled follower of Christ. On the other hand, the fanaticism of refined caution may be equally as dangerous. It makes a person barren; the heavenly vision is blurred, if not lost altogether; relish for the deep things of God has given place to a mediocre, formal, phlegmatic manner of religious living.

## Special Anointings of the Spirit are Necessary

No true child of God who desires to excel in spirituality should hesitate to seek and obtain special anointings of the Holy Ghost. In its final analysis, the hunger of the soul yearns for this very thing. The Spirit-inspired petitions of God's sanctified people attest this fact.

For instance, if the preacher of the hour calls upon someone to lead in prayer before the delivery of the service, almost invariably the person will petition God to empower the speaker with a special anointing of the Holy Ghost for the occasion. What is the burden of such a prayer? Is it for sanctification of the preacher? Decidedly not. He is already enjoying the sanctified life.

Call it what you may: we, as ministers of the mighty Gospel of Jesus, need these special anointings from time to time. Never mind whether it is the third blessing, twenty-third, or ninety-third; we surely need it. Any preacher knows that he can preach infinitely better when the anointing of God is upon him. It often produces streams of unpremeditated truth that are as new to him as to his congregation. It is infinitely more important than a dry re-hash of former sermonizing.

These anointings make a poor preacher a good one. The congregation will behold the anointing oil and forget the messenger. This is as it should be. This holy anointing begins to force rivers of living water through the preacher's soul. An Amazon and a Mississippi at flood tide. Hallelujah!

## There are no Substitutes for This Anointing

It is not to be confused with human eloquence, earnestness, emotion, resourcefulness of thought, intellectual brilliance, human demonstration, genius, talent, or liberty of speech. A man may have all of these, and yet not have the anointing of the Holy Spirit. It

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