

## FAITH, A VITAL NECESSITY . . .

"Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

—Hebrews 11:1.

" \* \* \* But without faith it is impossible to please him; for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him."

—Hebrews 11:6.

FAITH is as vital to the Christian religion as the ignition spark is to the spark plug of your automobile. There is a great deal of power in that new car in the show window, but it is mere potential power—just theory. That machine would remain there harmless, helpless, and dead until it had rusted to the ground, without having blinked a light, if someone did not move the control which would complete the contact with the battery of stored-up energy. Regardless of the horsepower rating, the battery voltage, or the fuel octane, automotive power is mere theory until the tiny ignition spark of white-hot electrical energy leaps across the gap between the points of the spark plugs.

It is this bridging of the gap by the tiny, hot spark, to which I would liken faith. Faith is the connecting link between the arm of God reaching down to helpless man, and the arm of man reaching up to the omnipotent God of the universe.

We can talk until the tongue is stilled by death, of the wonderful promises of God, and of His great power, which indeed are beyond our comprehension, but unless that spark of faith bridges the gap between humanity and Divinity, all resources of the celestial domain are merely dry potentialities to us.

A story is told of a tight-wire walker who was about to push a wheel-barrow across a cable which had been stretched across a dangerous chasm. A stranger stepped up from the vast audience which had gathered to witness the daring stunt, and with great fervor declared that he knew beyond a doubt that the actor could do this thing, for he had seen his balancing technique before; whereupon the actor answered:

"Yes, here is a man who knows what I can do."

"Sir," said he, "you get into the wheel-barrow, and we will prove this thing."

With that, the bold witness disappeared into the crowd.

Oh, the need of the day is an active faith which proves itself by its works.

"Even so faith, if it hath not works is dead, being alone. Yea, a man may say, Thou hast faith and I have works: shew me thy faith without thy works, and I will shew thee my faith by my works," (Jas. 2:17, 18).

Many today are going down for the lack of pure faith in God, and some are void of understanding as to just what real faith is. It is not a **great quantity** of faith which we need, but a **pure quality** of faith—faith not mixed with unbelief, nor bound by circumstances, nor diluted by the existing conditions. The need of the day is unadulterated faith in God's power and in His willingness to bestow.

According to our text in Hebrews, faith is not faith until it becomes **substance** (Webster: reality itself), and **evidence** of the object anticipated.

There has never been a shortage of religion in the world, but a need for salvation by faith. A new day dawned, and the Reformation was

ignited when that spark of faith bridged the gap in the spiritual life of conscientious Martin Luther who, while he was treading the stairs doing penance, saw the potential power in the passage: "The just shall live by faith."

Faith is a prerequisite to every gesture of divine favor. It is the basis upon which we live our spiritual life. Faith promotes vision. We see the many needs about us, and with that, we see a God who is able to meet the need. Then comes the burden of prayer for those obvious needs and with intercessory prayer comes the spirit of sacrifice which will accomplish things for God.

It is sad to note the lack of faith in youth today. No wonder Jesus asked if He would find faith upon the earth when He returns. Hitler, in his youth program, taught the children of Nazi Germany to return thanks to him for the food they ate. Hirohito was worshiped as a god in Tojo's Japan; and now we are told that the Russians are wrecking the faith of youth there by using such diabolical schemes as having school children to pray to God for cookies, and when no cookies come from heaven, they are instructed to pray to Joseph Stalin for cookies, after which baskets of cookies are brought in by the waiting officers.

What are we doing here in our land to meet this universal wave of unbelief?

—The Church Herald.

## THAT BOY

He is a person who is going to carry on what you have started.

He is to sit right where you are sitting, and attend to those things which you think are so important, when you are gone.

You may adopt all the policies you please, but how they will be carried out depends upon him.

If you make leagues and treaties, he will have to manage them.

He is going to sit at your desk in the Senate, and occupy your place on the Supreme Court bench.

He will assume control of your cities, states, and nation; your prisons, churches, schools, universities and corporations.

All your work is for him. The fate of the nation and of humanity rests with him.—Boys' Club "News."

## HIS SMILE

He wasn't rich as dollars go,  
He didn't have a pile of dough,  
He didn't own a motor car,  
He couldn't often travel far,  
He couldn't dress in costly style,  
He just possessed a kindly smile.

He had a happy sort of way,  
Knew how to work and how to play,  
And he respected women fair,  
And dealt with men upon the square,  
And people thought him much worth while  
Because he had a kindly smile.

You do not need a store of gold  
The love of real friends to hold;  
Be honest, boy, and kind and true,  
And do the work you find to do;  
Win openly and not by guile,  
And folks will like you for your smile.

—Detroit Free Press

## THE CHURCH WALKING WITH THE WORLD

The Church and the World walked far apart,  
On the changing shores of time;  
The world was singing a giddy song,  
And the Church a hymn sublime.

"Come, give me your hand," cried the merry World,

"And walk with me this way;"

But the good Church hid her snowy hand,  
And solemnly answered "Nay,  
I will not give you my hand at all,  
And I will not walk with you;  
Your way is the way of endless death;  
Your words are all untrue."

"Nay, walk with me but a little space,"  
Said the world with a kindly air;

"The road I walk is a pleasant road,  
And the sun shines always there.  
Your path is thorny and rough and rude,  
And mine is broad and plain;  
My road is paved with flowers and gems,  
And yours with tears and pain.

The sky above me is always blue:  
No want, no toil, I know;

The sky above you is always dark;  
Your lot is a lot of woe.

My path, you see, is a broad, fair path,  
And my gate is high and wide—

There is room enough for you and me  
To travel side by side."

Half shyly the Church approached the World,  
And gave him her hand of snow:

The old World grasped it, and walked along,  
Saying, in accents low—

"Your dress is too simple to please my taste;  
I will give you pearls to wear,

Rich velvet and silks for your graceful form,  
And diamonds to deck your hair."

The Church looked down at her plain, white robes,

And then at the dazzling World,  
And blushed as she saw his handsome lip  
With a smile contemptuous curled.

"I will change my dress for a costlier one,"  
Said the Church with a smile of grace;

Then her pure garments drifted away,  
And the World gave, in their place,

Beautiful satins and shining silks,  
And roses and gems and pearls;

And over her forehead her bright hair fell  
Crisped in a thousand curls.

"Your house is too plain," said the proud old World,

"I'll build you one like mine—  
Carpets of Brussels, and curtains of lace,

And furniture ever so fine."  
So he built her a costly and beautiful house—  
Splendid it was to behold;

Her sons and her beautiful daughters dwelt there,  
Gleaming in purple and gold;

And fairs and shows in the halls were held,  
And the world and his children were there;

And laughter and music and feasts were heard  
In the place that was meant for prayer.

She had cushioned pews for the rich and the great  
To sit in their pomp and their pride,

While the poor folks, clad in their shabby suits,  
Sat meekly down outside.

The angel of mercy flew over the Church,  
And whispered, "I know thy sin."

The Church looked back with a sigh, and longed  
To gather her children in.

But some were off in the midnight ball,  
And some were off at the play,

And some were drinking in gay saloons;  
So she quietly went her way.

(Continued in Next Issue)

A great many gold bricks are used in the construction of air castles.

Dead men tell no tales, but lots of tales are told about them.