

ward the second time to be sanctified. We praise God for them all here—especially for those who were out to be sanctified, because the life of our holiness movement depends on our getting folk sanctified wholly, without this we will soon cease to be a holiness people. I pray God to help us as holiness preachers to ever keep before our people the absolute necessity of being sanctified wholly as a fitness for the glory world. Heb. 12:14.

We had great crowds all through, different nights. Extra chairs had to be brought in, in order to seat the people.

We begin at Millville the 8th inst. over the 26th. Please pray for us there. We have an open date April 2 to May 7. Write us at the above address or Millville, N. B.

Yours for souls,

THE MULLEN TRIO.

**GOD'S LIGHT ON DARK CLOUDS**

Today as I sit in my lonely room, this passage of God's Word flies in like a white dove through the window: "And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds; but the wind passeth and cleanseth [or clearth] them." To my weak vision, dimmed with tears, the cloud is exceeding dark, but through it stream some rays from the infinite love that fills the Throne with an exceeding and eternal brightness of glory. By and by we may get above and behind that cloud into the overwhelming light. We shall not need comfort then; we want it now. And for our present consolation God lets through the clouds some clear, strong, distinct rays of love and gladness.

One truth that beams in through the vapors is this: God not only reigns, but He governs His world by a most beautiful law of compensations. He setteth one thing over against another. Faith loves to study the illustrations of this law, notes them in her diary, and rears her pillars of praise for every fresh discovery. I have noticed that the deaf often have an unusual quickness of eyesight; the blind are often gifted with an increased capacity for hearing; and sometimes when the eye is darkened and the ear is closed, the sense of touch becomes so exquisite that we are able to converse with the sufferer through that sense alone. This law explains why God puts so many people under a sharp regimen of hardship and burden-bearing in order that they may be sinewed into strength; why a Joseph must be shut into a prison in order that he may be trained for a palace and for the premiership of the kingdom. Outside of the Damascus Gate I saw the spot where Stephen was stoned into a cruel death; but that martyr blood was not only the "seed of the Church," but the first germ of conviction in the heart of Saul of Tarsus. This law explains the reason why God often sweeps away a Christian's possessions in order that he may become rich in faith, and why He dashes many persons off the track of prosperity, where they were running at fifty miles the hour, in order that their pride might be crushed, and that they might seek the safer track of humility and holy living. What a wondrous compensation our bereaved nation is receiving for the loss of him who was laid the other day in the tomb by the lakeside! That cloud is already raining blessings, and richer showers may be yet to come. God's people are never so exalted as when they are brought low, never so enriched as when they are emptied, never so advanced

as when they are set back by adversity, never so near the crown as when under the cross. One of the sweetest enjoyments of heaven will be to review our own experiences under this law of compensations, and to see how often affliction worked out for us the exceeding weight of glory.

There is a great want in all God's people who have never had the education of sharp trial. There are so many graces that can only be pricked into us by the puncture of suffering, and so many lessons that can only be learned through tears, that when God leaves a Christian without any trials, He really leaves him to terrible dangers. His heart, unploughed by discipline, will be very apt to run to the tares of selfishness, and worldliness, and pride. In a musical instrument there are some keys that must be touched in order to evoke its fullest melodies; God is a wonderful organist, who knows just what heart-chord to strike. In the Black Forest of Germany a baron built a castle with two lofty towers. From one tower to the other he stretched several wires, which in calm weather were motionless and silent. When the wind began to blow, the wires began to play like an Aeolian harp in the window. As the wind rose into a fierce gale, the old baron sat in his castle and heard his mighty hurricane-harp playing grandly over the battlements. So, while the weather is calm and the skies clear, a great many of the emotions of a Christian's heart are silent. As soon as the wind of adversity smites the chords, the heart begins to play; and when God sends a hurricane of terrible trial you will hear strains of submission and faith, and even of sublime confidence and holy exaltation, which could never have been heard in the calm hours of prosperity. Oh, brethren, let the winds smite us, if they only make the spices flow; let us not shrink from the deepest trial, if at midnight we can only sing praises to God!

If we want to know what clouds of affliction mean and what they are sent for, we must not flee away from them in fright with closed ears and bandaged eyes. Fleeing from the cloud is fleeing from the Divine love that is behind the cloud. In one of the German picture-galleries is a painting called "Cloudland"; it hangs at the end of a long gallery, and at first sight it looks like a huge repulsive daub of confused color, without form or comeliness.

**WORTHY ADVICE**

If your cup of trial is sometimes bitter, put in more of the sugar of faith. If you feel chilly led by the disappointments of your plans or the unkindness of others, get into the sunshine of Christ's love. If income runs down, invest more in God's precious promises. A good, stout, healthy faith will sweeten the darkest hours that may lie between this and heaven. Adherence will bring assurance.

—Theodore L. Cuyler.

**OBITUARY**

At Newton, Mass., on Jan. 14, 1950, occurred the death of Mrs. Madah Stanley, widow of the late Harold Stanley, formerly of Saint John, N. B.

Funeral services were held at Saint John, N. B., on Jan. 18, 1950, conducted by Rev. P. H. Green. To those bereaved, we extend our sincere sympathy.

**THERE IS NO BACK FENCE**

By J. B. Chapman

All true Christians are evangelists by virtue of their obedience to the Great Commission of our Lord, found in the 28th chapter of Matthew. No matter how limited his activities the true Christian possesses the spirit of evangelism, and the spirit of evangelism is the spirit of missions. Christians are the lamp through which the light of the gospel is destined to shine, and it is impossible to dim the light so that it does not shine abroad without also dimming its shining close at hand. The same spirit that makes one neighbor to the man across the street makes him neighbor also to the man across the sea.

The gospel of Jesus Christ is an unlimited message, and is adapted to men of every age and race and clime and station and condition in life. Its doctrines are adapted to man's intellect. Its ethics appeal to the conscience. Its atoning blood of infinite worth meets man's sense of insufficiency by offering him efficacy or merit which is adequate. The Holy Spirit is an efficient agent and answers the requirements of man's heart by purifying it from all sin. The gospel's condition is faith, and faith is a condition that all men can meet. The assurances of the gospel are satisfying to man's innate demand for present and permanent safety. The hope of the gospel is the fullest and brightest possible and reaches out beyond all limits of space and time unto unbounded and unmeasured immortality.

Without the gospel men are without Christ, and without Christ men are lost. In and through the gospel men may be saved, and there is no other name under heaven given among men whereby any can be saved. And since the hopes of all are wrapped up in the gospel, and since the gospel is the heritage and responsibility of the Church, therefore the salvation of all men is laid in the lap of those who have themselves been made partakers of this priceless boon.

If some men are harder to reach, that is their responsibility—it is still our task to give them the gospel and reach them and bring them to Christ. If it is more expensive of men and money to reach some than others, then we must pay that larger price, for we must give the gospel to men. Christ's field is the whole round world, and on such a world there is no back fence. Let us place the gospel trumpet to our lips and sound forth so that all may hear the universal call, "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely."

**MY NEIGHBOR'S BIBLE**

"I am my neighbor's Bible,  
He reads me when we meet;  
Today he reads me in my home,  
Tomorrow in the street.  
He may be relative or friend,  
Or slight acquaintance be;  
He may not even know my name,  
Yet he is reading me.

Dear Christian friends and brothers,  
If we could only know  
How faithfully the world records  
Just what we say and do,  
Oh! we would make our record plain,  
And labor hard to see  
Our worldly neighbors won to Christ,  
While reading you and me."

—Selected.