

guardian said, "Hands off." And to let him see the evil of interference, he took him to a world where he could try the experiment. There he killed the dog. Joseph reached home in safety his father rejoiced, his brothers were comforted. But when the famine came, there had been no Joseph to lay up the corn. Palestine and Egypt were starved. Great numbers died, and the rest were so weakened that they were destroyed by the savage Hittites. Civilization was destroyed. Egypt blotted out. Greece and Rome remained in a barbarous state. The whole history of the world was changed, and countless evils came because a man in his ignorant wisdom killed a dog and saved Joseph from present trouble to his future loss.—Pilgrim Holiness Advocate.

LOVE IS BLIND

Mayor George Barber, of Mineral Wells, Texas, returned a parking violation fine to Doak Walker and his bride because "a man just married a few hours and arriving in a city with his lovely bride could hardly be expected to see a 'No Parking' sign."

It may be that human love is blind to unpleasant objects; but such is not true of divine love. God proved "His love for us by this, that Christ died for us when we were still sinners." (Romans 5:8 Moffat).

God knew perfectly that we were sinners, and that instead of loving Him, we hated Him and desired not the knowledge of His ways; yet He loved us.

He loved us so much that He gave His beloved Son to die for us, that "whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." (John 3:16).

A mayor has the authority to return a parking fine; but God has the authority to forgive sins.

The Apostle Peter said of the Lord Jesus: "To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins." (Acts 10:43).

It goes without saying that the newly married couple expressed their hearty thanks to the mayor for refunding the fine.

Have you ever thanked God for the unspeakable gift of His love, and for the forgiveness of sins? "We love Him because He first loved us."

FOUR F'S EXAMINED

Everybody is religious whether he admits it or not. Most folk believe in God, especially when they are in trouble. The folk that don't believe in God are religious too; they worship something. They have their idols of pleasures,

power, possessions or politics. All religious folk may be catalogued under four classes with some variation and overlapping. They are Fundamentalists, Formalists, Fanatics, or Fools.

The Fundamentalist believes in the Word of God, and in redemption through Christ. He believes in the virgin birth, the essential deity of Christ Jesus, and the personality of the Holy Ghost. He believes in being born again, and he trusts in the blood of Christ to blot out his sins and cleanse his heart of sin's pollution. His is the Historical Faith of the fathers.

The Formalist may or may not believe in the creed of the Fundamentalist, but he puts his trust for salvation in forms, creeds, and ceremonies rather than in the Living Christ. His religion is neither real or vital. His is the Hypothetical Faith of a perverted theology.

The Fanatic is not much interested in what

he believes just so he feels. His trust is in the elusive stirrings of his emotions, the erratic sensations or uncontrolled affections. His is the Hysterical Faith of an undisciplined mind.

The Fool professes not to believe in anything religious. "The fool hath said in his heart, 'there is no God.'" He lives for the transitory things of time rather than for the true treasures of eternity. His trust is in his bank account and his insurance policy. He tears down his barns and builds bigger ones, and says to himself, "Soul take thine ease—eat, drink and be merry." But God says "Thou fool." His is the Hypnotic Faith of a devil deceived soul.

These are days that, "Try men's souls." Unprecedented problems meet us at every turn; things that our fathers knew not of challenge our strength and wisdom. Yet we share the promise with Moses, "As thy day so shall thy strength be." It is ours to contend for the faith once delivered unto the saints, trusting in Him who said, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth—low I am with you always even unto the end of the earth."

The God of revivals still lives and answers prayer. Brethren, let us take advantage of the present revival tide that is sweeping through some sections of our country. Get to your knees, O Church, and pray for an outpouring of His Spirit on your charge. Organize prayer bands even if only one or two respond. Souls are slipping into hell while we wait for the ideal time and situation. Prayer and faith, not big preaching and fancy singing, bring the results that are lasting. Let's get out of that rut and do something different. True in to Headquarters, and then obey orders. God will give you a revival on your charge. "Awake thou that sleepest." "It's later than you think."

—By Donald E. Howard in The Wesleyan Messenger, Ohio Conference.

THE SERMON SPEAKS

By Amos N. Henry

I am the sermon, the subject of much discussion. May I now please speak for myself?

I move about the world by two means only; I walk the path of vocal expression, and I ride the chariot of the printed page. Riding frequently brings me into literary prison, and I am locked in a narrow cell under the watchful eye of the library guard. Walking is more difficult, but it brings me in touch with larger numbers of people, and so, I prefer to walk.

My appointment is from God who charged me to communicate "divine truth with a view to persuasion." He told me that earthly minded people would call me foolish, but that by me He had ordained to save some. If ever I forget my divine commission, I shall lose my distinctive self-hood.

I am not new to this world. Enoch, Noah and Moses were my servants. Many others from Joshua to Jesus have known my companionship. I was the inspiration of faithful Stephen and also the occasion of his death. I journeyed with the Apostle Paul over land and sea. Since the days of the apostles, I have lived in every century. My voice has been heard in many lands. Some times I have been very popular and at other times exceedingly unpopular; but neither popularity nor unpopularity is sufficient to destroy me. Give me only righteousness, consecration and the Holy Spirit and I will demonstrate the vigor, vitality and leadership of youth. Although as old as mankind, I still live on. I cannot die.

My attire, for the most part, is very plain. Although simple it must be clean and neat.

There have been times when my clothing was soiled with slang, or torn by intolerable grammar, or worn thin by a limited vocabulary. At other times I have been almost smothered in a heavy coat of verbiage. The responsibility which I bear for the souls of men demands that my garb be simple. Sometimes my garments have been adorned with needle work of fine rhetoric and felicitous phrases; but I favor good clothes only if they prepare the way for the divine message I bear. Men must not remember my apparel and forget my appeal.

Perhaps my size has evoked more criticism than any other thing about me. I am a man and desire a man's place in a man's world. Indeed I am a giant and desire opportunity to engage my strength. Why must I be dwarfed to the status of a pygmy? Do you not recall that at Troas Paul preached until midnight? My strength was unabated then. In the days of the Wesleyan Revival in England I remained in uninterrupted service for three, five or seven hours. Today the modern fad of reducing is being imposed upon me. Ministerial laziness has starved me and ecclesiastical surgery has severely pruned me until I am only the shadow of my former self. I am no longer expected to challenge the Goliaths of sin and evil; but rather to employ only a few minutes to palliate carnality. I am told the human mind cannot give itself to me longer than twenty or thirty minutes; but I see people everywhere giving their attention continuously to newspapers, scholastic pursuits and business matters. Men are also capable of sustained attention to the supreme interests which I represent. It is not really honest to take such a belittling attitude toward me. However, the sin-dwarfed minds and hearts of men insist upon having divine things capsuled for them.

A few words should be spoken of my strength and also of my tenderness. I have fought on many moral battle fields. My power has broken sin's bondage and purged away its corruption. I have freed slaves, ennobled men, exalted the position of women, and fought nicotine, alcohol and immorality. I have advanced the cause of truth and right wherever I have gone. Yet, I am tender and full of comfort. I have poured in oil and wine and bound up wounds. Wherever my banners have been lifted, new hope has crept into discouraged hearts; joy has displaced sorrow; comfort has spread her wings over the bereaved; and assurance has clothed, as with a garment, the dying. Thus strength and divine love are compounded in me as in no other except Christ.

In closing permit me to remind all that many devices are being offered as substitutes for me. Time allotted me is often shortened. My importance is frequently minimized. I appeal to men to preserve me, for nothing is capable of adequately taking my place. Spiritual life declines when I am displaced, reduced or neglected. Let me live, and I will bring you blessings. Harken, and I will lead you to Christ.

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WHAT WE NEED

We mutter and sputter,
We fume and we spurt;
We mumble and grumble,
Our feelings get hurt;
We can't understand things,
Our vision grows dim,
When all that we need is
A moment with Him!