

## Aflame...!

By Rev. G. Arnold Hodgkin

It is said that the great David Livingstone during one of his very infrequent visits to the homeland, Scotland, was speaking to a small gathering of friends and neighbors. He was describing the great darkness, suffering, and need of the Africans. Especially pathetic was his recital of the terrible sin of the slave trade. That description of the awful abuses of human liberty, must have been both dramatic and impassioned, for among the listeners was a twelve-year-old boy, who, listening, was moved as few Scottish lads ever are. The story goes that when "Davy," as Livingstone was lovingly called by neighbors and friends, had finished his missionary message that day in the Blantyre home, the young lad stepped to the front, and taking off his jacket and rolling up his sleeves, said something like the following, "When I am no longer a wee boy and big enough to go down there, by the grace of God I will help put an end to that sinful business." That boy became the famous Arnot of Africa.

After the great explorer and missionary, Livingstone, had ceased from his labors, after his voice was no longer heard among his beloved Africans, and after his footsteps had ceased to tread those wide expanses and dreary wastes of Africa, in a quest for souls, Arnot took up the trail and carried on the noble work of his predecessor. That heart passion kindled in the breast of the twelve-year-old boy, burned and flamed until he, too, dropped in the holy war. When we were in Africa a few years ago, I was called to conduct a revival in a church pastored by the son of a missionary—Arnot, the man who had extended the trail of Livingstone to deepest jungle. Moreover, we were entertained in the home of the widowed mother of the young preacher. They were beautiful in their hospitality. It was a fine Christian home. But that is not the entire story. Every day we were there, we were entertained both by reminders through conversations with mother and son of the famous missionary, and by many tokens, books, and mementoes of the long strenuous life of a missionary. That passion was engendered in the heart of a boy, by a man of God who poured out his soul like water for lost and enslaved men. What soul-stirring recitals of exploits of Christ in the heart of Africa! What inspiring conversations with that Godly widow and son! It was benedictory.

That is the way it should ever be. Hearts burning and yearning for lost men, instead of being but a flickering and dying flame, should burn on every mission field and in every church in the homeland. With a thousand million waiting to hear the grandest story ever told, with great numbers of young, well-equipped volunteers waiting to go, is any Church that has no missionary program worth the name? We wonder.

Is it asking too much to say that missionary workers and missionaries who claim to have a divinely appointed task, should be flames of fire? Stammering lips may be forgiven, for any group that has any sympathetic cord at all will gladly overlook physical limitations, but mute lips call for no condolence. Incurable awkwardness on the part of any worker is no sin, but suave frigidity is soul criminality. If the heart is right, and the soul on fire, erroneous verbal accentuation is far better any day than

## "FIREPROOF FAITH"

(Continued from Page One)

around. God must be trusted just because He is God. He must be trusted with a healthy faith which knows that if its confidence is not proven to be well placed in time, it will be certainly proven in eternity. It is of this kind of faith that Isaiah speaks with bold comfort to all tested souls: 'Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God' (Isa. 50:10).

### The Dauntlessness of Faith

"How great and gallant a thing it is! Unforgettably portrayed in the young Hebrew exiles who submitted to the fiery furnace rather than break confidence with God and their God-implanted convictions! Whatever else their example tells us, surely we cannot miss this: that loyalty is always more important than safety! 'Our God is able to deliver us . . . But if not . . . we will not worship the golden image!' Dauntless! No other word will do when you attempt to describe such faith as that."

"I have prayed for thee that thy FAITH fail not," said Jesus to Peter. He is concerned about YOUR faith. Everything else may fail, but if faith holds the severity of circumstances is of minor importance.—Wesleyan Youth.

## MAKE ME THY FUEL

**From prayer that asks that I may be  
Sheltered from winds that beat on Thee,  
From fearing when I should aspire,  
From faltering when I would climb higher,  
From silken self, O Captain, free  
Thy soldier who would follow Thee.**

**From subtle love of softening things,  
From easy choices, weakenings,  
(Not thus are spirits fortified,  
Not this way went the Crucified).  
From all that dims Thy Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, deliver me!**

**Give me the love that leads the way,  
And faith that nothing can dismay.  
The hope no disappointments tire,  
The passion that will burn like fire.  
Let me not seek to be a clod:  
Make me Thy fuel, Flame of God!"**

—Selected

dead pan monotony. At any rate, if we have no soul passion, the hearers will never be moved. If we live, love, and yearn for the souls of men, there will be some sign that even sinners will see. If missionaries put the major emphasis on the winning of pagan men and women to Christ, there will be fruit. It is the way that Christ pointed out. It is the way to win men. If I were on the field, and had nothing in me in the way of burning to bring men into the kingdom, I would do one of two things. I would either pack my luggage and come home to escape the curse of pretending, or I would get on my knees and cry to the God Most High, until my soul blazed first with its own transformation, and then burned for the lost souls on my field. Dear friend, take your choice. But you had best be sure that you do not choose wrongly.—American Holiness Journal.

## The Idle Word

From The Methodist Recorder, London, Eng.

Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. — Matthew 12:36.

O grant that nothing in my soul  
May dwell but Thy pure love alone;  
O may Thy love possess me whole,  
My joy, my treasure, and my crown:  
Strange flames far from my heart remove;  
My every act, word, thought, be love.  
—P. Gerhardt, tr. by John Wesley.

Does it seem harsh and unfair that every idle word, every light and unconsidered word, should be laid up against us, that we should be judged, not by our carefully chosen but our casual words? Let me remember that it is by such words that the real man is revealed. Often in our studied and deliberate speech we are, consciously or unconsciously, using language to conceal rather than to express our thoughts. But the words that rise unbidden, the idle, unguarded words, these show what we truly are. As Jesus says here, out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. These light and casual words come from the heart's gathered treasure, and show of what sort that treasure is.

So the judgment of which Jesus speaks is not a judgment upon our words alone, but upon the character which those words reveal. That is our real self, not the outward pose we assume before the world, and not the fantasy in which we think we see ourselves, but the hidden man of the heart. It is that which is revealed by our idle words. It is that also which is revealed by our instinctive reaction to every unexpected event or circumstance. Hours of crisis, as we call them, are, as the word signifies, hours of judgment. They do not make the character; they pass judgment upon it. That character is something we have ourselves been making, and are making still.

How can we build up an inner life that in any sudden crisis shall reveal itself as only loyal and true? We cannot always be consciously on our guard. But how can we see to it that nothing within us can be taken advantage of in the unguarded hour? There are those who are never surprised into sin. In them, as in Joseph, any hour of sudden temptation brings an instinctive recoil. How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God? And did not the Lord Himself say, as He faced that last supreme struggle, The Prince of this world cometh and hath nothing in me? From whatever quarter He might be assailed, in that hour when darkness was putting forth all its power, He knew that there was nothing in Him that would yield, no door left open for the enemy, no potential traitor within His soul.

Far beyond us that may seem, and is indeed. Yet by God's grace there can be built up within our soul an inner fortress never to be surprised into surrender by any sudden assault. We can so fill heart and mind with whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are pure, lovely, and of good report, that there shall be no place where any evil thing can find a foothold. Most of all, we can live in continual recollection of Jesus our Lord, in the practice of His presence, in a daily renewed surrender of heart and will to His control. Then in no

(Continued on Page 8)