

"RING OUT THE OLD, RING IN THE NEW"

The passing of a year into history brings to mind many things. Much happens in the course of a year in practically every field of human endeavour. We live in a changing world. How has the past year found us? Have we changed with the times? Are we bemoaning our loss of things undone? Have our spiritual eyes become dimmed during the glare of things temporal? All too often at the close of a year we have to look back upon failure and mistakes. The clean page we began with, has its usual blots upon it Twelve months after, in spite of resolutions made so definitely.

The bells that ring at 12 midnight throughout the world on Dec. the 31st, ring into our ears the seriousness and the sacredness of life, past and future. The past has gone yet left its mark, the future is coming and will demand with its coming that we make of it all that we can.

The most serious thing about living is that life so quickly speeds away. That which we so earnestly covet slips through our fingers and disappears from our view. James tells us, "Life is but a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." As much as we dislike the thought life is becoming shorter for us all. Soon the earthly house of this tabernacle will be folded up and laid away and most of us will be forgotten. Of course if this was the end of life in its fullest sense it would not be so serious, but we have the knowledge that this mortality will put on immortality. Life is IMMORTAL—never ceases for any of us. Earthly existence must come to an end. Spiritual existence never ends. The poet put it truthfully when he said, (speaking of heaven)

"When we've been there Ten Thousand
years
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun."

What is said of time after death of Christians, also applies to sinners except they are located in a different place with different surroundings. We go on. That's what makes LIFE serious. Where will we be 5 minutes after we die, is a mighty important question.

This brings us to the fact that life is Sacred. The very fact that we read in the Bible to, "Present our bodies a living sacrifice, unto God" reveals to us the hallowed responsibility that is ours as human beings. Only a body given to God makes life sacred. It is a wonderful thing to consecrate one's life to the service of God and to realize that God takes over the human vessel and makes it fit for His habitation. A life that is filled with God is LIFE in its fullest and truest sense.

1952 has gone. Life will come in periods of 24 hours per day. Shall we as we stand on the threshold of 1953, renew our covenant with God and endeavour by His Grace to let the bells ring into our ears the seriousness and sacredness of life as we take it from God's Hand in 1953.

SHALL THE POOR GIVE?

There was a widow in a city in this country who put into the collection box an amount so large that her pastor called to remonstrate. He found her in one room of her little flat in a tenement, and said: "Madam, you surely never meant to give eight hundred dollars to foreign missions." She said: "Why, my son supports me; I have everything I need, and of this thousand dollars I had, if I had kept for myself eight hundred dollars and only given two hundred of it I would have been ashamed to look my Master in the face. Two hundred dollars is all I need, and I gladly give the eight. It is not mine, it is His." With shining face and with joyous sacrifice she gave it. How much have we kept? How much have we given?—George Sherwood Eddy.

WITH THEE

**O Master, let me walk with Thee;
I fear to journey alone;
The night is dark, no star I see,
The path is steep and edged with stone.
Then, Master, let me hold Thy hand,
For like a child I halt in fear;
I dread the unknown path beyond,
I dread the step before me near.**

**O Master, let me walk with Thee
When sorrows deep my spirit rend,
When naught but empty grief I see,
Be Thou my never-failing Friend.
And Master, when temptations sweep
Like storms of night across my way,
My faith renew, my spirit keep,
Guide to a brighter, better day.**

**O Master, I would walk with Thee!
Though dark the way, what need I more?
Thy rod—Thy staff, they comfort me,
For Thou hast walked this path before.
Yea, Master, let me walk with Thee,
Then shall I reach the goal at length;
In Thee my confidence shall be,
In Thee my joy, my peace, my strength.**

—Kathryn Blackburn Peck.

DO WE WANT REVIVAL?

Yes, Oh yes,—I know full well that we talk much about the need of Revival and the very great benefits and blessings that would result therefrom. Yes, we exhort one another to pray for an outpouring of God's Spirit. But, do we really want a Revival? That is the question.

Are we willing to pay a reasonable price for a Revival?

Or are we simply in the attitude of being perfectly willing to see a Revival if God will send one?

Do we want a Revival more than we want anything else?

Do not fool yourself, brother, the devil will never forsake his guns long enough for us to get under the Revival Showers unless and until somebody or some several of us stir ourselves up—get desperately in earnest, and determine by God's grace that we WILL have a Revival.

WHAT SHALL OUR END BE?

**"Just One Life, 'twill soon be past,
Only what's done for Christ, will last."**

WHAT THEN?

When the great plants of our cities have turned out their last finished work, when our merchants have sold their last yard of silk and dismissed the last tired clerk; when our banks have raked in their last dollar and paid the last dividend; when the Judge of the earth says: "Close for the night," and asks for a balance—**WHAT THEN?**

When the choir has sung its last anthem, and the preacher has made his last prayer; when the people have heard their last sermon and the sound has died out on the air; when the Bible lies closed on the altar and the pews are all empty of men and each one stands facing his record — and the great Book is opened—**WHAT THEN?**

When the actors have played their last drama, and the mimic has made his last fun, when the film has flashed its last picture, and the billboard displayed its last run; when the crowds seeking pleasure have vanished, and gone out in the darkness again — when the trumpet of ages is sounded, and we stand up before him—**WHAT THEN?**

When the bugle's call sinks into silence and the long marching columns stand still, when the captain repeats his last orders and they've captured the last fort and hill, and the flag has been hauled from the mast head, and the wounded afield checked in, and a world that rejected its Saviour, is asked for a reason—**WHAT THEN?**

—J. Whitfield Green.

I GO TO PRAYER MEETING

BECAUSE the church is no stronger than its prayer meeting.

BECAUSE I want to see our church prosper.

BECAUSE I have covenanted before God and this church to be faithful.

BECAUSE of my influence upon others.

BECAUSE I want to so live that the unsaved will have faith in my profession as a Christian.

BECAUSE I want to live as I want to die.

BECAUSE when I neglect the prayer meeting I injure the good name of my church, discourage her members, and starve my own soul of the continual spiritual nourishment needed.

"Personal holiness is necessary in order to serve effectually. We must live Christ before we can give Him."

If we want God to come down—we must meet His conditions and ask (without fainting) for Him to come down. (Isa. 64:1-7).

We can have a Revival all right—but we must go after it and expect God to answer prayer—and we must keep at it until God answers and pours out His Spirit. Praise the Lord!—W. C. Moore.