

Revival efforts are discarded, aggressive movements are halted, and great opportunities are defeated by the plea, they might not succeed. As though God had sent us out to fail, when he has said: "Your labor shall not be in vain in the Lord. Whatsoever ye do shall prosper." Never until the soul is baptized with the Holy Ghost does this word of the Lord come in assurance to relieve us, in the work, in its battles and in its plans for God, from the fear of failure. When this comes, the soul is willing to fail even for God. It is just when this sweet consent to fail begins, that we succeed for God. Fear of failure blinds the soul to God's promises and provisions for success. It obscures the re-enforcing providences that are to work together for victory. When presiding elder, we urged a pastor in our district, whose quarterly meeting we had come to hold, to make the occasion the opening of a revival campaign. He thought it would not succeed; the winter was far spent; prevailing sickness had intercepted earlier services, and to make an effort and fail would make things worse. We saw that he was so much the victim of a dread of failure that his courage could not be rallied to the work. So we asked the Lord to send revival power upon the quarterly meeting. We preached that night. Eight seekers came to the altar; several were saved. The Sabbath-morning love feast rang with new notes of salvation and reviving. At 3 p. m., a pentecostal service was held. Some found full salvation. The altar was full following the night service. A revival was on. Fear had fled from the heart of the pastor. He continued the meeting. More than one hundred souls were converted within two weeks. He found truly he had had nothing to fear. The fear of failure is the only thing that can bring failure in God's work. To fear is to fail. Fear gone, success comes. Emancipation from fear comes by the gift of the Holy Ghost. Glory! "God hath not given us the spirit of fear." Receive the Holy Ghost, and the bondage of fear is broken forever.—Pilgrim Holiness Advocate.

MIND MADE UP

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religionists do! If these things, your work, is not purposed in the heart, it shall come to eventual vanity and nothing. Recall that striking word of the Lord: "without Me ye can do nothing" (John 15:5); there must be that close "heart-to-heart" communion with Himself, if there is to be the mark of spiritual prosperity and fruit for His praise.

This purpose-of-heart must be both negative and positive. We must purpose in our heart to resist the temptations of the enemy . . . and also to incline the more completely to the overtures of the Lord. We find it easy to sing, "More Love To Thee O Christ," but after all, there is the heart of the matter, and the indication of our present spiritual condition. Let us "take it from there" and before Himself that He may speak that "heart word" which shall correct and draw back once again to the way of the former blessings. This is our greatest need, in the face of that work that needs to be done, lest we forget the vital centre of the whole matter.—American Holiness Journal.

JANUARY IS HIGHWAY SUBSCRIPTION MONTH

WE NEED THE HELP OF ALL OUR PASTORS AND PEOPLE IN OUR DRIVE FOR RENEWALS AND NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS. LET ALL COOPERATE.

THE SPIRIT OF ILLUMINATION

(Cont'd from Page One)

of this world. It belongs to the depths known only to the Spirit and to those enlightened and instructed by Him. The depths of Christ are unsearchable. The love of God passeth knowledge. The grace of Christ is immeasurable. The glory of Christ is unfathomable. There are depths beyond depths, and glory unto glory.

When Lincoln had been assassinated, and word of the tragedy came to New York, "the people were in a state of mind which urges to violence." A man appeared on the balcony of one of the newspaper offices, waving a small flag, and a clear voice rang through the air: "Fellow citizens! clouds and darkness are round about Him! His pavilion is dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies! Justice and judgment are the habitation of His throne! Fellow citizens, God reigns!" It was the voice of General Garfield.

That voice proclaimed the divine sovereignty, even when the heavens were black with the menace of destruction. Lincoln had been assassinated, but God lived! Human confusion does not annihilate His throne. God lives! "The firm foundation standeth sure." This is the only rock to stand upon when the clouds have gathered, and the waters are out, and the great deeps are broken up. God's scepter does not fall from His grasp, nor is it snatched by alien hands. The throne abides. Joy will rise from chaos as springs are unsealed by the earthquake. He will bring fortune out of misfortune the darkness shall be the hiding-place of His grace.—Sel.

THE EASE ERA

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Furthermore, we are taking it too easy with the respect to the responsibilities we should carry in advancing the Lord's work on earth. If we are asked to accept some religious responsibility or render some Christian service, it must suit our convenience or appeal to our fancy, and if it does not, we ask to be excused.

We are taking it too easy in our effort to make Christian disciples out of those we meet who have never received Him as their Saviour, never committed themselves to His service.

In a dozen different ways—by the giving of a tract, a book, the extending of an invitation to attend church services, the making of an appointment to lunch or dinner, the offering of sympathy in time of sorrow—we could throw out the challenge. The sad fact is that if we are doing anything about it at all—the attempts are few and feeble.

"CAREFUL FOR NOTHING"

Lord, let me never fret; it is a mark of servitude. To chafe at galling little chains that one day will be gone is but to fix their marks upon me. Ten years from now, a hundred—than the lateness of an hour, the crying of a child, or other circumstance will matter not. A narrowed soul will matter.

Fretting is not trust. It cultivates a puckered, scowling heart that withers those about me. It makes me think that Things, and Time, the plannings of my own mind dictate the set or rise of next day's sun. It shackles every foot that runs with me.

Oh God, who made the day before the sundial, who stretched Eternity before I ever knew, or thought, or hoped, teach me to stretch my soul beyond the clocking of this moment, to live beyond myself, my unrelaxed possessions. Teach me to live unbound by tension, fear or fret. Teach me to live like Thee.

Arvilla McKenzie
The King's Highway