

Then I reflected on the brilliant men with whom I had worked. They had for years been treading the intellectual treadmill but garnering only husks. Two of them while quite young committed suicide. These men had creature-comfort, well-stocked brains, confident philosophies, but with all their scorn of religion, they were crippled with immoral living.

Once and for all I settled the issue. "Life will work only one way — God's way." So I took my Bible to my workshop and read it. Some sneered, others enquired, a few commended. I found that Christ could and did change my life! And He could change other lives! Often I have been ashamed of the Church. Sometimes I've been ashamed of those who profess Christ's name. But never have I been ashamed of Christ!

Christianity has been weighed in the balances and found difficult, but not wanting. In the main, it has been rejected. But for my part, I'm tired of clever men. The simple Gospel believed — works!

—Emmanuel

THERE'S A LACK OF LOVE

"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." "Christ also loved the church, and gave Himself for it."

Salvation is a product of divine love. 'Twas love that moved the heart of God to devise redemption's plan.

'Twas love that caused Christ to pay the great price of ransom necessary to free a sin-enslaved race.

"Oh 'twas love, love,

Love that moved the mighty God:

Love love,

'Twas love found me."

The love of God is the mainspring of missionary endeavour. Every movement launched with soul-saving objectives is born of the spirit of compassion which brought the plan of salvation into being.

Only as we share in the spirit of Calvary can the message of Calvary be kept alive. "The love of Christ constraineth us," said the apostle Paul. Love kept the missionary spirit aglow, made the spiritual needs of his fellow men of supreme importance, and stirred him to tearful vigils over the ungodly Ephesians and unenlightened Macedonians.

This is at once our greatest lack and our most urgent need. "The world is dying for a little bit of love." We are too cold and factual about the world's need. We are surrounded by wicked and ungodly people who are moving swiftly toward the dark despair of eternal lostness and we seem all but insensible to the horror of it. We say that we believe sinners are doomed to the lostness of hell, but our obvious lack of concern proves that the truth has never gripped us.

I doubt whether any sincere and honest believer will argue the point of this brief message. It is neither a sermon nor a sermonette, but a simple statement of truth which moves the heart of the writer. Is it not true that the indifference of the church to the world's need must be displaced by a soul burden before we can expect sinners to be aroused?

Here is a point where we may well and truly pray: "Lord, forgive," Humble and outright confession of spiritual coldness would be the first step toward a recovery of the spirit of compassion which we so greatly need. At this point I am prepared to lead the way to the place of prayer. In fact, I have already been there. But I must go again and again. The Lord has granted the word of pardon in response to the confession of my lack of heart concern, but I must return to the mercy seat and tarry

DEATHS

Mr. David Deplissey, age 79, of Bristol, N. B. passed away March 11th after a brief illness. Bro. Deplissey was a member of our R.B. Church, Gordonsville.

Survivors are his wife, three daughters, and three sons. Rev. Lawrence W. Corey conducted the funeral service, held in the Free Baptist Church in Bristol, assisted by Revs. J. Arthur Owens and H. O. McGeorge.

We extend our sympathy to the sorrowing ones.

there, that in the presence of the Master I may come to share in the spirit of compassion which moves to tears, prayers, and sacrificial labour.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

by C. H. Spurgeon

"The precious blood of Christ" — I Peter 1:19.

Standing at the foot of the cross, we see hands, and feet, and side, all distilling crimson streams of precious blood. It is "precious" because of its redeeming and atoning efficacy. By it the sins of Christ's people are atoned for; they are redeemed from under the Law; they are reconciled to God, made one with Him. Christ's blood is also "precious" in its cleansing power; it "cleanseth from all sin." "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." Through Jesus' blood there is not a spot left upon any believer; no wrinkle nor any such thing remains. O precious blood, which makes us clean, removing the stains of abundant iniquity, and permitting us to stand accepted in the Beloved, notwithstanding the many ways in which we have rebelled against our God!

The blood of Christ is likewise "precious" in its preserving power. We are safe from the destroying angel under the precious blood. Remember, it is God's seeing the blood which is the true reason for our being spared. Here is comfort for us when the eye of faith is dim, for God's eye is still the same. The blood of Christ is precious also in the sanctifying influence. The same blood which justifies by taking away sin, does, in after action, quicken the new nature, and lead it onward to subdue sin, and to follow out the commands of God. There is no motive for holiness so great as that which streams from the veins of Jesus. And "precious," unspeakably precious, is this blood, because it has an overcoming power. It is written, "They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb." How could they do otherwise? He who fights with the precious blood of Jesus fights with a weapon which cannot know defeat. The blood of Jesus! Sin dies at its presence; death ceases to be death; Heaven's gates are opened. The blood of Jesus! We shall march on, conquering and to conquer, so long as we can trust its power!

Precious, precious blood of Jesus,

Shed on Calvary;

Shed for rebels, shed for sinners,

Shed for thee.

Precious precious blood of Jesus,

Let it make thee whole;

Let it flow in mighty cleansing

O'er thy soul.

Though thy sins are red like crimson,

Deep in scarlet glow,

Jesus' blood shall wash thee

White as snow.

Precious blood whose full atonement

Makes us nigh to God:

Precious blood, our way of glory,

Praise and laud.

—F. R. Havergal