

NATIONAL SURVIVAL

by W. T. Purkiser

Historians claim that no nation has ever survived the decay of its religious faith. One great civilization after another has gone down into the dust of the centuries, and in every case the coming doom has been prefaced with a tragic decline of morals and religion.

While the cynic claims that nobody ever learns anything from history except the fact that nobody has ever learned anything from history, it is time for us to take a lesson from the record of the ages. The true source of national greatness is not the size of our armies, the magnitude of our national budget (and even larger national debt), or the vastness of untapped natural resources. The true source of national greatness is the moral fiber and religious faith of our people.

When we apply this standard to ourselves, we have real cause for uneasiness. The rising rate of crime and juvenile delinquency, the increasing flood of drunkenness and organized vice, the reckless disregard for public health in the tobacco industry, the diminishing capacity for indignation with public corruption—these are all signs of a sick society.

Nor is the religious picture any more favorable. Millions take their religious freedom to be freedom from religion in any way, shape, or form. Their vague faith in a God somewhere makes no difference in the way they live. While theoretical atheism cannot be ignored, the real threat today is the practical atheism which stops short of saying, "There is no God," but simply concludes, "If there is, He doesn't matter."

Within the church world itself, there is every reason to believe that the faith of multitudes is more nominal than real. There is no vitality or strength in the spiritual life—only a "make-believe of piety" without the reality, as Weymouth has translated II Timothy 3:5.

These are days when we can well remember in prayer, not only for ourselves but as a matter of national survival, God's great promise: "If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land" (II Chronicles 7:14).

—Herald of Holiness

CAN JESUS CHRIST FAIL ?

You may sit some melancholy day solitary and alone amid the smoldering ashes of a lost world because you discovered a way to frustrate the finest saving effort of Almighty God. Speak of the failures of Jesus Christ and people are shocked—but the shocking thing is that He does fail! Whoever coined the motto, "Jesus Never Fails," had failed to come across the Saviour of men as He sat on the gentle slopes of the Mount of Olives weeping and wailing out His defeat: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem . . . how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" Who among us would charge Him with doing less than His best—and His best was not enough!

In the opening chapters of the Bible there stands a verse, a very sad verse, a verse filled with woe, a verse pregnant with horrible implications, this is the way it reads, "My spirit shall not always strive with man!" God has a purpose and a goal in striving with man. If man can withstand God in the achievement of His purpose, that is success of the most damnable kind—and failure of the most solemn sort! So whatever this text means, it means

that God will surrender in the great struggle to change a man's course and will leave him to go his unhindered way to destruction.

God brings the great battering rams of conviction and persuasion to bear upon the soul and conscience of man—man hurls them aside—and God quits! On the day that God gives up, that day despair pitches her black pavilion over the soul and the nightmare of perdition sets in. There is nothing sadder in time or eternity than the soul adrift on remorseless currents sweeping on to horrible horizons where fire burns eternal and eternal night casts her ebon gloom!

You can resist the final and maximum effort of God to save. In the tenth chapter of Mark a young rich ruler came running to the Master seeking eternal life. After a personal interview with the greatest soul-winner, he walks slowly and sadly away—but not before he had escaped the net spread about him by the son of God and after he has slashed his way out of the mightiest magnetism thrown about the soul of a sinner! You possess the awful ability to cut all the towlines that God has cast about you—and when evening drops her sable wings, and night birds scream through stygian skies—you will drift forever beyond His saving mercy and His redeeming grace!

His very best may fail to win you!

— Pilgrim Holiness Advocate

THE PREACHER'S WIFE

A preacher's wife to be ideal

Must be a woman who is real;

Not too large and not too small,

Not too short and not too tall;

Her face and form must be just fair,

She must not be at all too rare;

In dress she must be very sane,

And yet not altogether plain.

Her house must be in perfect grace,

With everything in proper place;

Her family not too large or small,

'Tis wrong to have no child at all;

But six or eight would never do,

'Tis just as bad to have too few;

Her children—precious darling things,

Must each one have at least two wings.

She must lead in all women's work,

And from no task can ever shirk;

To the children's work, she's always true,

Although to her no pay is due.

Oh! the wedding fees are hers, perhaps,

If her husband's memory doesn't lapse;

But if her husband gives her all

Her salary—alas!—'twill be quite small.

If God in heaven has prepared a place

Above the average for the race,

A mansion built in heaven's center

Into which none else can ever enter,

It is for the devoted preacher's wife,

When she is done with this world's strife—

A place of quiet, helpful rest,

In a mansion that's the very best.

—Sent by Mrs. T. A. Pfund, Iowa.

OBITUARY

Mr. Edison Campbell, 64, of Havelock, N. B. passed away suddenly on November 4. Funeral service was held at the Havelock United Baptist Church conducted by Rev. Marvin Breininger, assisted by Rev. Gordon Beckett and Rev. J. A. Owens.

His wife survives, the former Nina Perry, and one son Arlington. Interment was in the Havelock Cemetery.

Rev. J. A. Owens

The King's Highway