

PASTOR'S PAGE.

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The Power of Christ.

I KNEW a man in China who was about fifty years old when he first heard the name of Christ in a little chapel in Foochow. He sat about half way out toward the door, when Brother Binkley, who came to us from Indiana, was preaching and he heard him say this: "Jesus can save you from all your sins."

When the service was over he waited and said, "Did I hear you aright? Did you say that Jesus, whom I never heard of before, can save me from all my sins?"

"Yes, that is what I said."

"Well," he said, looking sad, "you don't know me, or you never would have said that. I have been a gambler, a sorcerer, a very unclean man in my life. I have been an opium smoker for twenty years, and no one who smokes that long can ever be saved from the habit—everyone knows that. If you had known this you would not have said what you did."

"Yes," said Brother Binkley, "I would, and I tell you that Jesus can save you from every one of your sins."

The poor man could not believe it that day, but he went home to think about it. And it was such a wondrous new thought to come into that heathen life, of some one who could possibly save him from all his sins, that he came next day to talk to Brother Binkley about it. And he came again for several weeks, and he talked about the Christian religion, and told about the troubles he had in accepting. But underneath I could see a sincere spirit and desire to find the truth and follow it when he found it. One day he came, threw open the door and rushed in, and finding Brother Binkley there he said, "I know it, I know that Jesus can save me, for He has done it."

Brother Binkley said, "How about that opium pipe?"

"Oh, I don't want it any more; I will never smoke opium again. I will never do any of the bad things I have been doing. But I want to go down to Honan to tell the people that Jesus can save them from their sins."

When his friends heard that they were very much alarmed, because Honan was in a state of anarchy, and they said, "If you go down there preaching this foreign doctrine they will take your head off."

"Oh, no," he said; "they need this gospel, and they are my people, and I must go and tell them about Jesus."

He went. Once they stoned him, and left him lying insensible on the street. But when he came to his senses, he stood right there saying, "Jesus can save you from all your sins, because He has saved me from mine."

Dear brethren, that is the preaching that is going to take the world for Christ, the preaching which says, "Jesus is going to save you from all your sins," and backs it with the personal testimony, "I know it, because He has saved me from mine." That old Honan district was not different from the rest of the world in that respect. Hundreds were brought to Christ by his labor. But one day his enemies caught him, and they had their false charges prepared; they had a magistrate who was ready to impose a severe sentence. They sentenced him to two thousand stripes, and the sentence was executed. I re-

member the sad day when he was brought to our compound, and Dr. Stewart said, as he shook his head sadly, "I don't think we can save him. I never saw such a terrible case of injury from beating in my life; but we will do all we can for him." I remember I thought, how shall I comfort him? And I remember, too, how, as my eyes met the glance of his from his couch I saw he did not need any comfort from me, for there was a smile on his face that told not simply of resignation, but of triumph. And he said to me before I framed any words to speak to him, "Teacher, this poor body is in great pain now, but this inside heart has perfect peace, Jesus is with me, He is taking care of me, and I think, perhaps, He will take me to heaven now, and I will be glad to go." Then I could see that another train of thought was in his mind, as he raised himself up with some effort and said, "But if I could get up, you will let me go back to Honan, won't you?" And before we thought he was hardly able to stand, he went, without waiting for our permission: he was off again preaching to the same men with such power that some of them were converted. And so he went on through his glorious career, winning souls for God, until a fatal illness seized him, and on Saturday night he said to his brethren around him, "Sing the Saturday night hymn." He tried to sing, but his voice failed, and he said, "To-morrow morning you will be singing in the chapel, but I will be singing with the angels in heaven." And in a short time his triumphant spirit took its flight. But there were at least six hundred souls won for God by this man's labors, and twenty preachers, among them two of his own sons. —*Rev. S. L. Baldwin, D.D., at Detroit S. F. Convention, 1694.*

Thirty Members, Twenty-Six Dollars for Missions.

The Sharon Epworth League is in a flourishing condition. The newly elected officers are as follows: Pres., R. L. Irwin; 1st Vice-Pres., J. H. Turner; 2nd Vice-Pres., Miss M. Barker; 3rd Vice-Pres., Miss M. Haines; 4th Vice Pres., Charlie Watson; Secretary, Miss Lena Kavanagh; Cor. Secy, J. H. Turner; Treasurer, Miss Lena Kavanagh. The membership is thirty at present. Every branch of the work is being well conducted, especially the Missionary Department, to which the members are contributing \$26 a year towards the support of Rev. D. Norman, B. A., in Japan.

On December 12th, the League held their second anniversary services, which were conducted by the Rev. W. K. Hagar, B. A., of Mount Albert.

Yours very sincerely,

J. H. TURNER, Cor., Secy.

If the rest of the Leagues on the Bradford District do as well as Sharon, the District Executive will be asking for another missionary to support. Will Mr. J. H. Turner please tell us how their League manage to reach this average of \$6½ cents per member. We feel sure the many of our Leagues want to know how it is done so that they can go and do likewise.

We would like to hear from other Leagues as to their success.