

Canadian Missionary Link

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SOMETHING MORE

"No longer a mere slave, but something more than a slave—a beloved brother." Phil. 16. (Moffatt's translation.)

Onesimus

You know the story—how the slave had run away from his master, Philemon. He fell in with Paul, "the prisoner of Christ Jesus" who introduced him to his great Master, and He made Onesimus into a new creature so that now he was no longer a "mere slave" to Philemon, but "something more"—oh, much more!—a "beloved brother." It changed everything to meet Paul—it meant meeting Christ. Paul was like that. For Christ Jesus flamed up in him with a warmth that renewed and revived, and a splendour that could not be hid. You remember that he said "Life means Christ to me." And Christ it was who, through His prisoner, Paul, changed life for Onesimus and Philemon. Onesimus had to go back, of course, and that was hard, but the tender-hearted warrior-prisoner wrote this charming letter to smooth the way.

What a wonderful sight Paul had, to see in the "mere slave" a "beloved brother"! Of course he got it from his Master, for just so had Jesus seen "something more" in him that day he went raging hot-foot up to Damascus "breathing threats of murder against the disciples of the Lord"—now (oh wonder of wonders!) his Lord.

And then there were the fishermen on the lake. Jesus, watching on the shore, had seen "something more" in them and called them to come follow Him, and He made them into fishers of men, men who gave Jesus to the world in their writings.

The woman at the well, too. He saw "something more" in her than all her friends and neighbors had ever seen in

all the years they had known her. He probed—and He found what He sought, and she left His presence with her newfound Messiah, "something more."

And there were so many others! Whatever did He see in us, for instance, that He should come to live and die for us, when "none eye pitied us?"

But the Sight—Michelangelo had it for his art. In the quarries of Carrara there lay a great shapeless block of marble that some blundering sculptor had spoiled. There it lay, for a century it is said, until the master came that way one day. His artist eye fell upon it and saw its possibilities—"something more"—even Michelangelo's great "David."

That missionary teacher in the school down south had it—for souls. A little negro boy came to her one day, saying he wanted to come to her school. (Oh yes, he was a "mere negro," you and I would have said, and truly that is all we would have seen I suppose). But when she looked at him she saw "something more," and she took him into her school, and taught and trained and turned out—Booker Washington.

Missionaries have to have it. There's the little woman who comes to the Missionary over in India, and says she wants to be a Bible Woman. A Biblewoman! Does she know what she is talking about? She cannot read nor write a word. She doesn't know enough to answer your questions properly. She is only a "mere slave," a coolly woman, worth exactly 4 cents a day to the farmer she works for. That is what he sees in her—somebody who will transplant his rice for 4 cents a day.

What do you see in her?

Nay, what does Christ see in her? He died for her? The missionary came to India for her, and she is trying to see with Christ's eyes, "something more." So