

heart of stone to hear God drilling Joshua on the lesson before us. "Moses My servant is now dead; now therefore, arise and go over this Jordan, into all the land that I shall give thee. As I was with Moses, so will I be with thee. There shall no man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life. Be strong and of a good courage." Never mind the giants and walled towns. Be thou strong and very courageous. I commit to thee, this day, my people, whom I have nourished these forty years in the wilderness—whose fathers were destroyed of faint-heartedness. I commit them to thee, to be led all the days of thy life: O, Joshua, be thou strong and very courageous!"

Three times, in four short verses, He repeats the pathetic charge, which is to be his battle-cry in war, and his motto in peace: "Be thou strong and very courageous!" This charge, too, is given to the very man who, thirty-eight years before, stood heroic, when all others, save Moses and Caleb, fainted with fear, and when all men sought to stone him for his heroism. The last warning in the Book against fear is enough to curdle the blood in our veins: "But the fearful, and the unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone." Do not ask me what I mean by such classification. Our Master did it, and we had better take the warning.

Joseph Parker says, "The Church is the most timid of all the influences of the world to-day." It would pay us well to study this charge, before we deny it. Backed by all the armies of the skies—leaning upon the arm of her omnipotent Redeemer—under His guidance and protection—with pledge of the heathen for an inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession—with "bond for title" to every foot of land on which the soles of her feet shall tread—the Church ought long ago to have stretched her line through all the earth, and wheeled her armies from pole to pole. There is no tree that spreads like that which came from the grain of mustard seed—if it has chance of soil and climate. There is no leaven that works like that which a woman hid in three measures of meal. What hinders this mighty Gospel? What makes her chariot wheels to drag? What could hinder? When Moses ascended up on high, God put Joshua in command of the host. Half of it, but our failures? And what failure half so fatal as our faint-heartedness?

Here is a gifted lawyer. He can plead before any court on earth with perfect ease and liberty. But he cannot pray in public—he cannot talk in prayer-meeting—he is too faint-hearted. That physician can discuss medical science by the hour, before his peers, or his superiors; but he cannot lead his wife and children in family devotions; he is too faint-hearted. That gifted woman can hold any group, of any society (except a religious one), spellbound with her tongue; she is never so happy as when she is the centre of some great throng; but she never can tell her experience in a love-feast; she never can talk with the lost about their souls; she is too faint-hearted. Millions of sinners, in hearing of church-bells, die unsaved, without one earnest, personal effort to save them, because hundreds of thousands of Christians are too faint-hearted to make the personal effort to save them. Here are promises by the hundred, that have never yielded their treasures to the touch of faith; the Church is too faint-hearted to lay hold on them.

"IS THERE NO BALM IN GILEAD?"

Is there no cure for faint-heartedness?" I know of but one. In all of the Book I have never read of another. "Perfect love" will cure it—will cure any case the world ever saw. Mere love cannot.

There are multitudes who love God, and are yet hampered and hindered by fear. And, it is not alone the fear of death. Thousands who have no fear of death, still have slavish fear of man. And, not alone the fear of bad men; the fear of good men—their criticism, their disapproval, their displeasure, is the last enemy to leave the heart. "He that feareth is not made perfect in love." "But perfect love casteth out fear." I know no cure but this. If any man on earth has learned of another—known to cure every case and form of it—I plead for the remedy. Thousands upon thousands will never take the prescription above—never from choice. If there be another, for the sake of a crippled Church and a dying world, let it be published to the ends of the earth. If there is no other, O Church of God, take the prescription of the Great Physician, and let the plague be stayed! Yet even this divine remedy will never reach some. *They are too faint-hearted to take the remedy for faint-heartedness. They have an uttermost salvation offered them, but they are too faint-hearted to lay hold on it.—Guide to Holiness.*