

own finger the all-important, the eternally important moral law, not on parchment, but on stone, leaving the by-laws concerning ceremony and civil organization, local requirement, geographical extension and limitation to be written by Moses on parchment, thus giving a perpetual lesson on the difference between the great and the little in the service of God.

If the author of this manual had surrendered definitely to the Holy Spirit, taking Him as the sole and absolute ruler of his thoughts, as consistency demands of every one who professes to believe Christ's words, the defects we have noticed would not exist in this book. But perhaps the book, or one filling its place, would never have been written. For the making of stiff rules to guide Christian believers seems to take the guiding out of His hands. And the modelling of a Church after the shape of an organization, the meaning of whose existence is the destruction of human life is—is what? Jesus said, "I came not to destroy men's lives." Paul said, "Be not conformed to this world." Put these two together.

We rejoice in the great amount of good that has been done, is now doing, and will, no doubt for years to come, be done by the Army; and the great amount that has been done by the Churches under the stimulus received from it, and hope for the time when all Christian people shall go back, or go up, to the true Pentecostal and Pauline platform, enthroning and submitting to, the Holy Spirit. Then shall the Church of Christ be holy indeed, and healed of the paralysis of Antinomianism, and freed from the fetters of legality, she shall be "mighty through (indwelling) God to the pulling down" of every stronghold of sin, and soon win the world from its folly, by giving it the "light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." B. S.

"We complain of burdens when there is One ever near asking the privilege of helping us to bear them, and assuring us that thus our burdens shall be turned into delights."

DARKNESS VS. DAYBREAK.

BY ALICE M. BALL

Alone, dear Master, in the shade; apart
From much that's pleasing to the natural
heart,

I wait and watch. Sweet memories of the
past,

Of youthful days—too beautiful to last—

Steal in like zephyrs from some fairy clime,
And soothe, somewhat, this restlessness of
mine:

But memories rich—of earthy joys a part—
Fail, blessed Lord, to satisfy the heart.

I wait and watch, and watching oft doth
bring

Refreshing drafts from some deep hidden
spring

The world sees not; or, seeing, passes by
For things that lure but do not satisfy.

I mark their course, this eager surging
throng,

Which I had wished and prayed to be among;
And wait to prove which brings the greater
gain,

The path of pleasure or the path of pain.

Full well I know the pathway up to God;
A narrow road that oft winds 'neath the rod,
And fraught with much distasteful to that
soul

That maketh not the will of God its goal.

But soil is here wherein to scatter seeds,
Each day reveals some weary pilgrim's
needs;

And so I plant and scatter—oft in tears,
The harvest comes with God's eternal years.

If choice is mine, my God o'errules the
whole,

As He beholds the yearning of my soul
To reach, at length, though perilous the
way—

Eternal heights and grand eternal day.

The blessed freedom that, while seeking here,
Soon passed from view as I was drawing
near,

Have, blessed Master, with Thine own, Thy
way,

Thus day begins and darkness flees away.

A RAINBOW is nothing but a mist without the sun. In like manner, a Christian is dependent upon Jesus for every charming grace.