

Every Word True.

“WHEN church members are truly converted to God, and have a religion that goes pocket-deep, there will be no need of calling in the flirts and fops and loafers of the town to dicker over rag dolls and India-rubber babies, and other tomfooleries, to raise money “for the support of the gospel.” If churches cannot live without dishonoring the Lord, then let them die decently and speedily, and when such cumberers of the ground are cut down, there may be room for other trees that will bear good fruit. And if ministers of the gospel cannot be supported without resorting to such means to obtain a livelihood, let them go into worldly business with their backslidden churches, and leave their room for men whom God had really sent to preach His Word. The commissioned messengers of Almighty God, sent to warn a slumbering world of approaching judgment, will not be dependent upon such sources for their support. This whole system of supporting religious worship by the sale of gimcracks and the giving of entertainments is a fraud. A religion that cannot be sustained without such devices is not worth sustaining, and the ministry which is dependent for its support on this sort of “backsheesh,” begged from the votaries of the world, the flesh and the devil, is a disgrace to the gospel which it professes to proclaim. It is almost like sending Christ out begging bread of His enemies.

When the blood-bought Church of God, with all her store of wealth, resorts to such miserable shifts to get help from the world, what must worldlings, with their lavish outlay for the pleasures of sin, think of the value of our salvation? Rev. R. M. Patterson, D. D., of Philadelphia, a remarkably observant and intelligent pastor, says :

“One particularly disgraceful phase of that general inconsistency of the Christian life which is so harmful to the progress of Christ’s cause, may be noted—the growing disposition to administer churches as if it was a part of their mission to provide entertainment for the people. Fairs, concerts, comical lectures, oyster suppers, turning the dedicated house of worship into a place of hilarious amusement, are fearfully demoralizing to the religious life. They dispiritualize the people; merge the high sense of obligation into pleasure-seeking, blot out that line of demarcation between the Church and the world, which cannot be destroyed without debasing the one and affording high comfort to the other in its sins. The piety of congregations which tolerate such things has lost the high old Puritan type. They are full of weaklings, with itching ears and sensual stomachs, who measure a church by its amusement-producing capacity. In the end no congregation gains by having them.”

[The above is a selection from a pamphlet entitled “Counterfeit giving in Ecclesiastical Amusements,” by Rev. E. P. Marvin. We endorse every word of it, and wish it could be brought under the notice of church members.]

The Lord’s Leading in Jamaica.

Extracts of Letters received from

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THE one thing that strikes me more than anything else is, the mysterious but certain leading of the Lord; I am just lost in wonder as I think of it. The wondrous “cloud by day,” and the still more wonderful “pillar of fire by night,” has been so graciously manifest, so that I can truly sing as never before, “He leadeth me;” and it is so blessed! Another thing, the cloud keeps moving on, which means that I must follow. What a comfort to know “He goeth before His sheep.” Then mark the secret of following: “The sheep know His voice.” Oh, for more of *this* knowledge—HIS VOICE!

The Lord has been *so kind* in His providential dealings. Health never so good. This has been an unspeakable blessing. Away from home and the kind care of loved ones, sickness must be a great trial. Then, as to money matters, you know these dear people are *very, very* poor, yet somehow the Lord has moved them to supply every need; and as I look over the months of service, and think of their circumstances, it is a mystery to me how they have done it. It’s the old story of the widow’s “handful of meal” and a “little oil.” The other day, when on a visit to Brownstown, I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. C., of Brantford, Ont. Mr. C. asked me to go out for a walk. We had not gone over a hundred yards when he put into my hand a cheque for £5 (\$25). I was speechless for the moment, and then acknowledged to this dear servant of the Lord, our Father’s faithfulness in sending him at this time, for do you know I had come to the last shilling.

I was feeling somewhat anxious about the necessary amount to pay passage and expenses home. One day I had been making it a subject of prayer, and told the Lord, “there was the saddle that I had brought from New York, and if it was His will that I should sell it, to open up the way.” The same day the Presbyterian minister came and said he wanted to get a saddle that would be more easy than the one he had, so he tried mine, and was so pleased that he offered me £5 (\$25), which I gladly accepted as from the Lord. *No chance about all this!* “He is, and He is the rewarder of all who diligently seek Him.”

It is now quite clear to me that the Lord calls to go to China. You know from the day of my conversion this has been the longing desire of my heart; and after these years of prayer and waiting, it does rejoice one to see the way opening for this great field. I know I am young—perhaps too young; but young as I am, there is no time to be lost. “The time is shortened.” Now is the acceptable day. “*The fields are white to harvest.*” I think of the “millions of China” who know nothing of our blessed Lord! I must go to China. “The Lord calls and I must go,”