

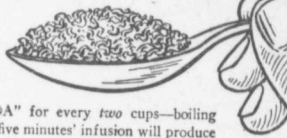
One Tea-spoon-ful

of "SALADA" for every two cups—boiling water—and five minutes' infusion will produce a most delicious and invigorating beverage.



SEND FOR A TRIAL PACKET

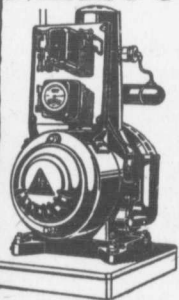
Mail us a postal saying how much you now pay for ordinary tea, and the blend you prefer—Black, Mixed or Green. "SALADA," TORONTO.



B191

DELCO-LIGHT

**ELECTRIC
Light and
Power on
Every Farm**



The last—the greatest—advantage of civilization is within your grasp—electricity has come to the farm. Delco-Light brings you electric light and power in a compact, economical, easily-used and easily-carried form.

Delco-Light is Simplicity Itself

Delco-Light is a single compact unit. A gasoline motor—a generator—storage batteries. The engine starts automatically on the pressing of a lever. The batteries are charged—the engine and generator stop of themselves—no trouble—no mechanics. Sufficient power is generated to run all the lights required—to run small motors. And all this at the low cost of less than five cents a day.

Like a City Home

'Tis farm house need no longer take second place to the city home—Delco-Light will give you clean, brilliant, safe electric light at the touch of a switch. It will supply power for pumping water, running cream separator, churn, sewing machines and electric fan.

An Easier Life on the Farm

An easier life for all—far less work and drudgery in the house—less work in doing chores with the barns and out-buildings lit by electricity—and a happier, healthier life for all.

The Domestic Engineering Co., Dayton, Ohio
Delco-Light was developed by the 'same company making the world-famous Delco-motors, lightings, and ignition parts for automobiles.

Complete Literature FREE

You should know all about Delco-Light. Write for books describing it in detail—showing how it works and how small is its cost—sent free from any of our Canadian offices.

C. H. ROOKE

Delco-Light Distributor.
168 Bay St. Toronto, Ont.

PRICES NOW

No. 208 \$375

No. 216 \$400

PRICES AFTER MAR. 1st

No. 208 \$390

No. 216 \$465

Agents Wanted Everywhere—Write at once for open territory.

have power from Christ; I mean something very much better than power. And I do not mean that a man shall be saved from his sins and kept from sinning; I mean something better than that.

To explain what I do mean, I must simply tell you a very personal and recent experience of my own. I think I am correct when I say that I have known more than most men know about failure, about betrayal and dishonorings of Christ, about disobedience to heavenly visions, about conscious failings short of that which I saw other men attain and which I knew Christ was expecting of me. Not a great while ago I should have had to stop just there, and only say I hoped that some day I would be led out of all that into something better. If you had asked me how, I would have had to say I did not know. But, thanks be to Him, long-suffering patience and infinite love and mercy, I do not have to stop there, but I can go on to speak of something more than a miserable story of personal failure and disappointment.

The conscious needs of my life, before there came the new experience of Christ of which I would tell you, were definite enough. Three in particular stand out:

1. There were great fluctuations in my spiritual life, in my conscious closeness of fellowship with God. Sometimes I would be on the heights spiritually; sometimes I would be in the depths. A strong, arousing convention; a stirring, searching address from some consecrated, victorious Christian leader of men; searching, Spirit-filled book, or the obligation to do a difficult piece of Christian service myself, with the preparation in prayer that it involved, would lift me up; and I would stay up—for a while—and God would seem very close and my spiritual life deep. But it wouldn't last. Sometimes by some single failure before temptation, sometimes by a gradual downhill process, my best experiences would be lost, and I would find myself back on the lower levels. And a lower level is a perilous place for a man who calls himself a Christian, as the Devil showed me over and over again.

It seemed to me that it ought to be possible for me to live habitually on a high plane of close fellowship with God, as I saw certain other men doing, and as I was not doing. Those men were exceptional, to be sure; they were in the minority among the Christians whom I knew. But I wanted to be in that minority. Why shouldn't we all be, and turn it into a majority?

2. Another conscious lack of my life was in the matter of failure before betting sins. I was not fighting a winning fight in certain lines. Yet if Christ was not engaged in a winning fight, what were my Christian beliefs and professions good for? I did not look for sinlessness. But I did believe that I could be enabled to win in certain directions habitually, yes, always instead of uncertainly and interruptedly, the victories interspersed with crushing and humiliating defeats. Yet I had prayed, oh, so earnestly, for deliverance; and the habitual deliverance had not come.

3. A third conscious lack was in the matter of dynamic, convincing spiritual power that would work miracle changes in other men's lives. I was doing a lot of Christian work—had been at it ever since I was a boy of fifteen. I was going through the motions—oh, yes. So can anybody. Was even doing personal work—the hardest kind of all; talking with people, one by one, about giving themselves to my Saviour! But I wasn't seeing results. Once in a great while I would see a little in the way of result, of course; but not much. I didn't see lives made over by Christ, revolutionised, turned into firebrands for

work; and it seemed to me I ought to. Other men did, why not I? Comforted myself with the old assurance (so much used by the Devil) that it wasn't for me to see results; that I must safely leave that to the Lord if I did my part. But this didn't satisfy me, and I was sometimes heart-sick over the spiritual barrenness of my Christian service.

About a year before I had begun, in various ways, to get intimations that certain men to whom I looked up as conspicuously blessed in their Christian service actually had a conception or consciousness of Christ that I did not have—that was beyond, bigger, deeper than any thought of Christ I had ever had. I rebelled at the suggestion when it first came to me. How could any one have a better idea of Christ than I? (I am just laying bare to you the blind, self-satisfied workings of my sin-stained mind and heart.) Did I not believe in Christ and worship Him as the Son of God and one with God? Had I not accepted Him as my personal Saviour more than twelve years before? Did I not believe that in Him alone was eternal life, and was I not trying to live in His service, giving my whole life to Him? Did I not ask His help and guidance constantly, and believe that in Him was my only hope? Was I not championing the very cause of the highest, possible conception of Christ, by conducting in the columns of "The Sunday School Times" a symposium on the Deity of Christ, in which the leading Bible scholars of the world were testifying to their personal belief in Christ as God? All this I was doing; how could a higher or better conception of Christ than mine be possible? I knew that I needed to serve Him far better than I had ever done; but that I needed a new conception of Him I would not admit.

And yet it kept coming at me, from directions that I could not ignore. I heard from a preacher of power a sermon on Ephesians 4: 12, 13: "Unto the building up of the body of Christ; till we all attain unto the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a fullgrown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ"; and as I followed it I was amazed, bewildered. I couldn't follow him. He was beyond my depth. He was talking about Christ, unfolding Christ in a way that I admitted was utterly unknown to me. Whether he was right or wrong I wasn't quite ready to say that night; but if he was right, then I was wrong. And I came away realising that I had heard what was to me the most wonderful sermon I had ever listened to.

A little later I read another sermon by this same man on "Paul's Conception of the Lord Jesus Christ." As I read it, I was conscious of the same uneasy realization that he and Paul were talking about a Christ whom I simply did not know. Could they be right? If they were right, how could I get their knowledge?

(To be continued.)

[In next week's issue we hope to tell how Mr. Trumbull got it.—Ed.]

The Country Faith

By Norman Gale.

Here in the country's heart,
Where the grass is green,
Life is the same sweet life,
As it e'er hath been.

Trust in God still lives,
And the bell at morn,
Floats with a thought of God
O'er the rising corn.

God comes down in the rain,
And the crop grows tall—
This is the Country faith,
And the best of all!