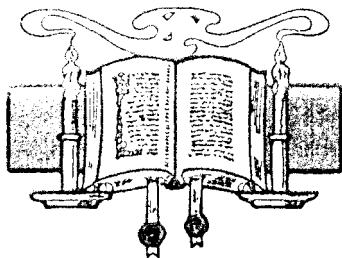


The Treasury of Truth

Almanac
and
Counselor



with
DAILY TEXTS
for
1932

Bring the Book

"And all the people gathered themselves together as one man into the broad place that was before the water gate; and they spake unto Ezra the scribe to bring the book. . . . And Ezra the scribe stood upon a pulpit of wood" (Nehemiah 8: 1, 4).

A minister standing in a pulpit of wood in the open air. Picturesque scene of long ago. By name—Ezra. City—Jerusalem. Location—"the broad place that was before the water gate." Occasion—the celebration of the restoration of the Holy City. Not all of the picture yet.

People crowding around the pulpit of wood and crying out to Ezra, "Bring the Book! Bring the Book!" The Book is brought, and Ezra opens it and reads. Reads on and on, from the light of early morning until midday. Never such reading. Never such listening. It is a new Book. They have found it all over again.

It is a good word to say—"Bring the Book." People want the Book. They need it. You Ezras in your pulpits, remember this. Bring the Book! You people round about the pulpit—bring the Book! If ministers and people together would do this, it would start a revival. To many it is a lost Book. It needs to be found again. There is vast ignorance of it. There is sparse reading of it.

It is the most interesting book in all the libraries. Nothing dull about it. The best seller all the time. This year and the next and the next. All about life. Authentic literature of the soul. Sweep, variety, color, comprehension, and that strange, compelling quality, assigned to sovereigns, but applicable also to books of distinction,

known as *royal prerogative*. It is good reading. History, stories, prophecy, poetry, wisdom, maxims, biography, parables, letters, vision. Convenient in structure. *Biblia*—meaning books. Sixty-six of them. A five-foot shelf all in one. Therefore—bring the Book!

It is a beautiful book and altogether lovable. Sweeter than droppings of the honeycomb. Lives on the ear like music. To read it is a liberal education. Language simple, uplifting. Teaches men to think and talk. Many parts far outdo Shakespeare's "purple passages." Unforgettable words and sentences. Easy in parts for children. Strong and enlivening for every age. A horizon-widening book, a heart-enlivening book. Men work better, love better, when they read it. Erects a Palace of Art for the soul out of the dust. Shapes the destinies of states. Builds a bridge for mankind into eternity. For these reasons—bring the Book!

It is the book for the deepest things in man, and the highest things. A book of great distances. Yet nigh unto us, even in our hearts. Belongs to the inner life. How winsome it is! Its familiar pathways how alluring! Its unfamiliar pathways how engaging! Always old, always new. Develops finer feelings, cultivates taste, good manners, courtesy, brotherliness, patience, love, expectation—character. Appeals to longings, aspirations, instincts. Ministers to fear and anxieties too—all the nightmares that sit upon souls. Most of all, summons faith, the finishing touch of souls, building a Kingdom it cannot see. Woos the spirit with a "rhythm more subtle than that of accent or measured feet." Deep calls unto deep. A book for the imagination. A book for heart, home and heaven. A book of infinite tenderness and power of control. A book of illimitable consolations. "Let not your heart be troubled." A book of insights, unfoldings, promises, wide implications. Yes! Yes! Bring the Book!

It is the book of humanity. Vast gallery of names and faces. Human interest everywhere. How familiar they seem. Our neighbors, living around the corner. So like us. Not a lonely book. Rich companionship. An ancient book, but modern and up-to-date. Old problems, but the same we know. Nothing new. No! Everything new. What are they doing? Doing the things we do. Being born, growing, working, loving, marrying, sinning, striving, praying, believing—dying! They are seeking after God. See! They are building altars, tabernacles, temples. Stumbling often, but reaching up. Their reach exceeding their grasp. Strange hopes blossoming in their hearts, buoying them up. Something singing “in the mud and scum of things.” Souls are valuable. Self-respect, faith, everlasting life coming on. All this by going to the bottom of things. The bottom of things is Sin. The Book never flatters. States facts. Points out the stairway leading up and out. By all means—bring the Book!

It is the Book of God. From God and back to God. Law and penalty. This is not all. Outline of gospel and salvation. How dim the light! Stained glass windows. Yet the light comes through. Eden is almost impenetrable. But God is in the shadow. The Promise begins, the dawn is starting. Precepts, promises, prophecies, poems, histories, even genealogies, lead on. Great teachers of the spirit posted along the way. Lessons of these days, reverence, desire, expectation, hope. Hope deferred, but the light is growing. Wonderful to see and believe when the light is dim. They endure as seeing Him who is invisible. A thrilling, up-looking, onward-pressing Old Testament. Do not wait—bring the Book!

The crown of it all is the New Testament. Old things have passed away; all things have become new. The Light is here. It is HE! Four pictures of Him. How lovely they are! Those who

know Him write letters giving testimonials, instruction. A transfigured band whom the world cannot tame forming the Church of the Burning Bush. Finally the Cross and the Open Tomb. Good news everywhere—Gospel! Salvation! The Spirit of God still leading on from victory to victory. The heavens opened—angels of God ascending and descending. The Kingdom of God here and now—and much more beyond. Bring the Book. *Bring the Book! Bring the Book!*

—EDGAR WHITAKER WORK.

In His Own Language

Six hundred and thirty-six is the number of languages and dialects into which the *whole Bible* has been translated, and *portions* of the Bible have been translated into more than eight hundred different tongues. Right here in the city and harbor of New York, Scriptures in seventy-one of these languages were necessary last year to supply the Word of Life in their native tongues to the people in need of it who were met by the colporteurs of the New York Bible Society.

The ends of the earth are met together right here. Singapore may be the crossroads of the Orient, but the crowded ways of New York City and Harbor are the crossroads of the World. At the intersection the sons and daughters of other lands receive a Bible or some portion of it “each in his own language.” These precious volumes travel back with the sailors to their homes in distant parts across the sea, and they travel on with the immigrants to their new homes in widely scattered parts of our own country. By the use of many languages the Book of books becomes available around the world.

It is received joyously. Everybody needs to use his own language when he wants to pray. A stranger in a strange land grasps the Bible as something through which he can express the yearning of his soul, and something moreover that adds a sense of security in his new environment. His joy is complete when he receives in hand a Gospel Portion in two languages in parallel columns, one of which is his own and the other English. Here is the means of a liberal education as well as the inspired teachings of God's Holy Word.

By the gift of tongues at Pentecost the preaching of the Divine truth by the disciples was heard and understood by the cosmopolitan crowds,—“Every man in his own language.” One Divine truth, but many languages! We pray for a better international understanding among the nations, that war may be abolished and that the reign of peace may be established. What better or surer way is open to bring this about than to have the truth of God in this Holy Bible understood and practised by all mankind. To this end we dedicate the contributions of God's people and all the resources at our command.

—From “*The Bible in New York*,” May, 1931.



Read your Bible. Don't worry about it and debate about it—**READ IT.** Reading your Bible, once you have begun it, will fill up many a fine hour, finer than you know. Not reading introductions to it, or defences of it, and articles on it, *but itself*. The Psalms, the Gospels, the Revelation, read these for the fiftieth time . . . open your Bible every night according to God's providence and your circumstances. Always say as you open the blessed Book: “Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth,” and He will speak. Mind that, He will speak.

—PRINCIPAL WHYTE.

The Sand-mound Removed

There is an illustration which helps in understanding the power of the salvation which is in Christ Jesus.

It is said that a woman who was troubled concerning her sins came to a preacher with a mass of wet sand in her hands, and the following conversation was held:

"Do you see what this is, sir?" she asked.

"Yes, it is wet sand."

"But do you know what it means?"

"No, I cannot say that I do. What does it mean?"

"That is myself and the multitude of my sins which cannot be numbered," she replied with strong emotion.

"Where did you get the sand?"

"Down on the beach."

"Go down to the beach, and take a spade with you, and heap up a mound of sand as high as you can. Then stand back on the shore and watch what happens when the tide comes in."

You know what would happen; do you not? The rush of the waters would soon blot out the sand-mound so that no trace of it would remain.

Thus God in His grace removes every sin from His sight and memory. In virtue of the work of His beloved Son He can righteously cover all our sins, and in His infinite mercy He does this for every one who believes on His beloved Son.

"My sins are many as the stars,
Or sands upon the shore,
But yet Thy mercies, O my God,
Are infinitely *more*."

—INGLIS FLEMING.

Spoiling the Picture

Two painters were busy painting on the walls of a cathedral from a scaffold over thirty feet from the floor. One of them was putting the finishing strokes on his work, and was stepping back in order to get a better view of it, forgetting for the moment where he was. His companion, seeing what he was about to do, quickly threw his brush, dipped in paint, over on the picture, thus spoiling it. The painter sprang forward, angrily reproaching his friend for what he had done, but when he saw the serious look on his face, and looking down, realized his peril, his countenance changed to one of gratitude to his friend for having saved him from a fall which might have cost him his life.

Is there not something for us to learn from the above incident, fellow-Christian? The Lord's way with us may sometimes seem very strange. Perhaps we planned something for the future, and everything was going according to our wishes for some time, when something unexpectedly happened—our picture was spoiled.

It is always well for us to remember that not only are we in a hostile world, having to face the enemy without, but we have that within us which is only too ready to respond to suggestions from without and betray us at every opportunity into paths leading away from the Lord. The enemy knows the things which appeal the most to us, things which may look very innocent, and may even appear as a duty, but which rob us of our portion of Christ. Do we ever plan without Him? Is there a picture before our eyes that we want to finish before we fully surrender to Him to do His will? If so, He may spoil it to bring us back in communion with Himself, and to save us from serious injury spiritually.

Business claims our attention (we cannot live without it), only

let us guard against it robbing us of our joy in Him, and taking a place in our life which He never intended. The desire for more money, a better position, more comfort, luxury, pleasure, in order to get through this world as easily as possible, is blighting the lives of many Christians, and often making them positive stumbling-blocks to those who would go forward in His service. We often say, or hear said, that the coming of the Lord is near, but do we live daily as though we believed it?

It is sad, very sad, to see people around us refusing the gospel, but what shall we say of those who are children of God walking as those who are of this world? "Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments, and oliveyards, and vineyards, and sheep, and oxen, and bondmen, and bondwomen?" (2 Kings 5: 26). Is there not an awful hankering after these things even among believers? As we see in the case of Gehazi, so is it true now: not blessing is found there, but sorrow, bitter sorrow, and a curse. But seeking God's things first we are happy, and can with a carefree heart leave all temporal needs with Him (Matt. 6: 33).

Beloved, let there be no reserve toward Him. Let us take Him into our confidence in everything, small and great. Let us honor Him by trusting Him in all circumstances, favorable or adverse. "But we *do* know that all things work together for good to those who love God, to those who are called according to purpose" (Rom. 8: 28, *New Trans.*). So, though we may not understand why our Father does this or that, yet we can, and should, trust Him, knowing it is for our good, and becomes our salvation from something we do not see *now*. In a coming day,

"We'll bless the hand that guided, we'll bless the heart that planned," and know why some of our pictures were spoiled.

—JAMES F. PAULSEN.

A Fatal Mistake

It is very refreshing to read of the good reign of Josiah, king of Judah. The kings of Israel and Judah were notorious for their wickedness, so that, after reading the hectic career of the many kings in Israel, and how invariably they followed the footsteps of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin, it is a relief to the heart to read that Josiah "did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, and walked in the ways of David his father, and declined neither to the right hand, nor to the left" (2 Chron. 34:2).

He began to reign when he was eight years old, and at the age of sixteen he began to seek after God. When he was twenty, he began to destroy all the high places—the places on the hills where altars were erected to the gods of the land—the groves and idols. Many years after it was uttered, according to the prophecy of the "man of God" (1 Kings 13: 1-3), he burnt the bones of the priests of Baalim upon their altars. Then having cleansed the land of idolatry, he began to repair the Temple of Jehovah in the eighteenth year of his reign.

During the renovation of the House of the Lord, Hilkiah, the priest, found a copy of the Law which had evidently been lost. The reading of that "Law" urged the king to assemble the people at the Temple, where the words of the Book were read in their hearing, and a solemn covenant was made to "walk after the Lord, to keep His commandment and His testimonies and His statutes with all his heart and with all his soul, to perform the words of the covenant which are written in this Book" (2 Chron. 34: 29, 30).

In this year the Passover was kept and the Holy Ark of the Covenant was restored to its place in the Temple, from which it

evidently had been removed and carried about upon the shoulders of the Levites. The record says: "There was no Passover like to that kept in Israel from the days of Samuel the prophet; neither did all the kings of Israel keep such a Passover as Josiah kept." Blessed work of the Spirit of God!

Then we read: "*After all this*," in the thirty-first year of his reign, Josiah went out against Necho, king of Egypt, and opposed him. Though warned "from the mouth of God" (vs. 22), he persisted in his course and fell mortally wounded from an arrow shot by an Egyptian archer.

The lesson is obvious. As part of the sacred Scriptures given for our instruction in righteousness, let us ever remember that "the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds" (2 Cor. 10: 4).

In His faithfulness, God has given us, not only the bright shining of "God's lamp in Judah," but the defection of that godly and good king in the heyday of his power.

The query of the king of Egypt, "What have I to do with thee, thou king of Judah?" might profitably be reversed. What has the child of God to do with the politics and affairs of this world? "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world," the Lord Jesus declared, and the Spirit of God, through Paul, urges the believer in Christ, by the *mercies of God*, not to be conformed to this world, for "the friendship of the world," we read elsewhere, "is enmity with God; whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world, is the enemy of God" (Jas. 4: 4). "All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world" (1 John 2: 16).

Let the world fight its own battles, arrange its own affairs, and carry out its own schemes. The Christian's position, though *in* it, is

not of it, and he will prove that the greatest power in testimony is in maintaining a pilgrim character, while he looks, not for world betterment, but for the coming Deliverer. —F. B. TOMKINSON.



PRAYER

"In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known to God"—Phil. 4: 6.

Hast thou within a care so deep,
It chases from thine eyelids sleep?
To thy Redeemer take thy care,
And change anxiety to prayer.

Hast thou a hope with which thy heart
Would feel it almost death to part?
Entreat thy God that hope to crown,
Or give thee strength to lay it down.

Hast thou a friend whose image dear
May prove an idol worshiped here?
Implore thy God that naught may be
A shadow between heaven and thee.

Whate'er the care that breaks thy rest,
Whate'er the wish that swells thy breast,
Spread before God that wish and care,
And change anxiety to prayer.

—S. O'M. C.

Not Offended in Me

“Blessed is he that is not offended in Me.” Remember the setting of those unrealized words. John the Baptist, great-hearted, zealous, wonderful John, was eating out his heart in prison, his mission interrupted, his witness silenced, his very life in jeopardy. And the One he had preached, announced, foretold, He who was predicted to “bind up the broken-hearted,” seemed to have never a thought for his breaking heart. He who was to “proclaim the opening of the prison to them that are bound,” never came near his prison, nor loosed the chains from off his feet. Could this be the One who was to fulfil all prophecy? And so John’s plaintive, pathetic message: “Art Thou He that should come?”

And the tender Shepherd, did He at once hasten to the relief of His own? Did He open “the iron gate?” Even if He would not liberate, did He not at least “appear” to John to comfort and explain, as, in Acts 27: 23, He “stood by” His servant Paul? Ah, no. The test was far deeper, more searching, more precious than that.

Indeed, the more we ponder it, the stranger, the more unlike the Saviour, seems His treatment of John. As far as we know, He never went to comfort him in prison, nor ever saw him again in the flesh. Stranger still, He did not even send an explanation of His apparent change of programme, that the Kingdom was postponed, and He, the King, was to be crucified. He merely gave John simple proofs of His Deity in the works He was doing, and then ended with this strange, difficult benediction: “Blessed is he that is not offended in Me!” and so left him to work out the problem in prison.

But that message has been a legacy, a tender warning, a

peculiar benediction to the whole world of believers ever since. Many indeed in chains and in burnings, in perils of the heathen, in mockings and scourgings, in weariness and sickness, have had to face the same problem of a silent, unheeding Heaven, and have come forth "more than conquerors," by a triumphant faith, and have so entered in to the great inheritance of the "unoffended." . . .

And there are so many ways in which His acts may mystify us. We may be staggered by the loss of dear ones, of loved children. We may be perplexed that God does not do what we expect. (As with John the Baptist in regard to the Kingdom.) We may be troubled at the non-success of His Word and work among the heathen, as in Moslem lands. Poverty may cut to the bone and embitter. Long-lasting sickness and pain may tempt us to doubt His love and power. And remember, He calls for far more than a mere resignation to His will. "Thou sweet beloved will of God!" has got to be the refrain of our hearts, and, "Oh, how I love Thy law!"

Of course, all this is quite impossible except to the clear, calm grasp of faith. True, at times, we shall have to cast ourselves in blind, believing trust upon His love, counting that, "He is faithful who hath promised," and knowing that ever "He abideth faithful."

It is God's surprising, wonderful way, that often, though the heart may burn within us, yet our eyes may be deliberately "holden" by the way. It is only that there may be the gladder, the richer, the more rapturous recognition of Him when His time has come. Always, He is there, of course, yet suddenly the thrilling moment comes when:

"I hear His garments sweep, His seamless dress;
And close beside my work and weariness
Discern His gracious face."

—From "Seeing Greater Things," by J. Northcote Deck.

PERSIAN STORIES

Humility

A Persian shepherd, Ayaz, was very devoted and faithful to King Mahmood. He was at last honored by the King, who raised him to the exalted position of Prime Minister. This did not, as is often the case with men, make him proud and oppressive, but he felt greatly the King's goodness.

All the other officers of state resented the act of the King and were very angry that a shepherd should have this honor. They protested to His Majesty, "He is not of noble birth, and he is now above us." But the King gave the reply, "He is my most faithful and trustworthy servant, and that is why I honor him."

Their jealousy—cruel as the grave—sought every occasion against Ayaz but, as in the case of Joseph and Daniel, they found none. At last, they noticed that he went once a week to a little room which he kept locked, and shut himself in for an hour. At once their envious hearts surmised evil! How easy it is to allow our hearts to carry us away and suppose evil in another, instead of (as the Scripture enjoins) "thinking no evil" and "hoping all things." These Persian nobles at once repaired to the King and told him they were certain Ayaz was making a hoard of the King's jewels and precious things. The monarch did not believe it, but at last yielded to their request, and authorized them to break into the room and search.

Filled with animosity and expectation they at once carried out the King's command, but upon search all that they found was an old pair of shoes and a shepherd's garb. These they brought to the King, chagrined and puzzled at their discovery. The King called Ayaz, and asked him to explain why he visited the room once a week. He replied, "These are the shoes and dress I wore as a shepherd, and I open the bundle and look once a week, lest I forget what I once was, and how unworthy I am of all the honor and kindness the King has shown me."

"Before honor is humility," says the Scriptures, and the word of the Lord to Israel through Moses was, "Thou shalt remember."

What has any of us that he has not received? No one can take credit for anything possessed; all comes from the hand of a beneficent Giver, to whom be all the praise. And it was not for anything we were, or possessed, or had done, that the blessed God lavished His kindness upon us. We read, "God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. 5: 8). Salvation, we are told, is "not of works *lest any man should boast*" (Eph. 2: 9). And when saved, how unbecoming to exalt self! The One who by His own right could claim the *highest* place, took the *lowest*, and "being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, *even the death of the cross*" (Phil. 2: 8).

And shall we, for whom He died, vaunt ourselves, unmindful of the depths of degradation from which grace raised us? Nay, rather, let us ever, like the Persian Prime Minister Ayaz, continually remind ourselves that whatever we have or are, we owe to grace—the free grace of God!

"Forbid it, Lord, that we should boast,
Save in the Name of Christ, our Lord,
All the vain things that charm us most,
We'd sacrifice them to His blood."

Communion

In Persia there is a fabulous bird. The people believe that if the shadow of its wings comes over anyone, the King will honor that person. A story is told that the King was once out with his courtiers, when suddenly the fabulous bird was seen to fly a short distance ahead. All the nobles at once ran to try and get under the shadow, save the Shepherd-Premier Ayaz. The King at once asked, "Why do you not go with the others?" The reply of Ayaz was, "Why should I leave the shadow of the King to get under the shadow of a fabulous bird?" It is evident that Ayaz counted kingly honors and glory as of small moment compared with the privilege of companionship with the King.

What a lesson the Christian may learn from this story! How many there are who in the activity of service *for* Christ, know little of His company! Rewards for service, however blessed, are of small importance compared with heart acquaintance with Himself. The "good part" which Mary chose was more grateful and acceptable to the Lord than all that Martha, in her loving devotion, did to serve Him.

We read (Mark 3: 14): "He ordained twelve, that they should be *with* Him, and that He might send them forth to preach." Communion *with Him* must be the spring of all service *to Him*, if our service is to be acceptable. The Lord values our company above all else, and would have our hearts abide in His presence. Do our hearts find rest there? The bride in the Song of Solomon says, "As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight. His fruit was sweet to my taste" (chap. 2: 3). Is His presence our delight? Do we sit down "under His shadow with great delight?" There we may reach "joy unspeakable and full of glory," and there He can communicate to us His thoughts, His secrets, so that our cup runs over.

"Abide in Thee, nor doubt, nor self, nor sin,
Can e'er prevail with Thy blest life within;
Joined to Thyself, communing deep, my soul
Knows nought beside its motions to control.

"Abide in Thee, 'tis thus I only know
The secrets of Thy mind e'en while below—
All joy and peace, all knowledge of Thy Word,
All power and fruit and service for the Lord."

May His presence ever be our abiding place, and thus learning of Him, our soul shall find rest, amidst the turmoil and upheaval of these closing days. "Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy and My burden is light" (Matt. 11: 29, 30).

Devotedness

Saadi, Persian poet, wrote of devotedness, and gave the story of two men who loved each other much. They were one day in a boat which overturned. This was seen from shore and at once a man went to the rescue. One of the drowning men besought the rescuer to save his friend *first*, for, said he, "He is dearer to me than life!" He did so, but on returning for the second man he was too late, the man had drowned.

There are several examples of devoted love in the Bible, and especially in the Old Testament, in the life of David.

That beautiful little story of Jonathan's devotedness and love to David (1 Sam. 18) never loses its charm! Though son of a king and heir to the throne, he stripped off his princely garments and laid them, with his sword and bow and girdle, at the feet of David, the deliverer, erstwhile the shepherd-lad. The person of David had won his heart; he loved him as his own soul.

When David, after coming to the throne, had been deposed by Absalom (2 Sam. 15), and everything seemed against him, as wearied and sorrowful he left Jerusalem, how the devotedness of Ittai the Gittite shines out! An alien and exile, David had no claim upon his devotion, but when the test came and David bade Ittai return with his brethren, his reply was: "As the Lord liveth, and as my Lord the King liveth, surely in what place my Lord the King shall be, whether in life or death, even there also will thy servant be." He desired nothing better than to share the rejection of the King.

Then again, devotion was blessedly exemplified by the three nameless men, chief of David's mighty warriors (2 Sam. 23: 14-18). David, wearied and sore pressed by the Philistines, longed for a drink of water from the well of Bethlehem! His devoted followers heard his expressed desire. There was no reasoning *why* their Master desired that particular water, no thought that some other water could be substituted! No, David desired it. That was enough for his devoted followers. He must have it, though life be in jeopardy. The three brake through the host of Philistines, and drew water out of the well by the gate of Bethlehem! Can we wonder that David

felt that such devotedness was worthy of God alone? He poured the water out upon the ground saying, "Be it far from me, O Lord, that I should do this. Is not this the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives?" (2 Sam. 23). But all this sinks into utter insignificance when we think of the deep devoted love of our Lord Jesus Christ! He who was rich for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich. Rich in eternal glory, before worlds were, in deep devotion to the will of God and devoted to us, He humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. What sorrow and anguish were His, what depth of suffering! And can we, the subjects of such devotion, withhold anything from Him! Far be it; rather, let our language be:

"Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee."

Service

A story is told of the Persian King on a journey accompanied by his courtiers, among whom was the Premier Ayaz, once a shepherd. In the train were many camels, bearing burdens. On the way, the path led between two rocks, very close to each other, consequently, the camels could not easily get through with their burdens. The burden of the first camel was crushed, and there fell out a quantity of jewels. It is said that, to test the courtiers, the King said that any who found them might keep them. At once all scrambled for the jewels except Ayaz who remained near the King.

The King expressed astonishment that the Shepherd-Premier did not follow the example of the rest, when he replied: "*I do not like giving up service for jewels. I care nothing for them, as long as I can be with you and serve you.*"

To seek reward, or serve for a reward, may have for its incentive the glorification of self, and surely this is not praiseworthy! We may be so busy and occupied with *service*, that the One whom we seek to serve has not His place! To minister *to* Him is greater than to minister *for* Him. They only truly serve who stand and wait. "As

the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress, so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God" (Ps. 123: 2).

Much that is spectacular in service and gains the applause of men, will—it is to be feared—be "wood, hay and stubble" in the day when everyone's work shall be tested. It is an unspeakable privilege to serve *such* a Master, but infinitely more blessed is the privilege of His company. "Come ye yourselves apart" were His words to the disciples when "many were coming and going," and thus withdrawn from the crowds they were at leisure to hear His voice. Crowns will be given in the day of reward, but we read in Rev. 4: 10, 11, "The four and twenty elders fall down before Him that sat upon the throne, and worship Him that liveth for ever and ever, *and cast their crowns before the throne saying, Thou art worthy.*" Not to wear a crown, but to cast it at His feet owning He alone is worthy of honor and glory, is the desire of every true servant.

"And when in heavenly glory,
My ransomed soul shall be,
From sin and all pollution,
For ever, ever free,
I'll cast my crown before Him,
And loud His grace extol,
Thou hast Thyself redeemed me,
Yes, *Thou hast done it all.*"

—J. W. H. NICHOLS.

Superficial converts are like soles put on with short nails—they come off in the mud!

"Behold, there went out a Sower to sow, and . . . as He sowed . . . some fell among thorns, and the thorns grew up, and choked it, and it yielded no fruit . . . And these are they which are sown among thorns; such as hear the Word, and the *cares of this world*, and the *deceitfulness of riches*, and the *lusts of other things* entering in, choke the Word, and it becometh unfruitful" (Mk. 4: 3-19).

TRIUMPHANT FAITH

The Lord did not forget His promise, and He did keep the plant He had permitted His servant to set in His Name in the soil on Ashley Down. Faith that was tried, triumphed. On June 7, 1884, a legacy of over eleven thousand pounds reached him, the *largest single gift* ever yet received, the largest donations which had preceded being respectively one thousand, two thousand, three thousand, five thousand, eight thousand one hundred, and nine thousand and ninety-one pounds.

This last amount, eleven thousand, had been due for over six years from an estate, but had been kept back by the delays of the Chancery Court. Prayer had been made day by day that the bequest might be set free for its uses, and now the full answer had come; and God had singularly timed the supply to the need, for there was at that time only forty-one pounds ten shillings in hand, not one-half of the average daily expenses, and certain sanitary improvements were just about to be carried out which would require an outlay of over two thousand pounds.

As Mr. Muller closed the solemn and blessed records of 1884, he wrote:

"Thus ended the year 1884, during which we had been tried, greatly tried, in various ways, no doubt for the exercise of our faith, and to make us know God more fully; but during which we had also been helped and blessed, and *greatly* helped and blessed. Peacefully, then, we were able to enter upon the year 1885, fully assured that, as we had *God for us* and *with us*, *all, all* would be well." John Wesley had in the same spirit said a century before: "Best of all, God is with us."

—A. T. PIERSON in "*George Muller of Bristol*."

"For ye were once darkness, but now light in the Lord; walk as children of light"—Eph. 5: 8, New Trans.

HE SATISFIES

I've found in Thee, Lord Jesus,
The satisfying part,
That quiets every longing
And stills my troubled heart;
No more in chains and bondage,
Thy truth has made me free,
Once "dead in sins and trespasses,"
I'm now alive in Thee.

I've found in Thee, Lord Jesus,
The place of blessing sweet;
Not in my selfish doings,
But sitting at Thy feet;
And resting in Thy finished work,
I find such perfect peace,
That every care is ended
And all my labors cease.

Thine arms are underneath me,
My times are in Thy hand;
Thy strength sustains my weakness,
And by Thy grace I stand;
Thy smile lights up my pathway,
Thy voice dispels my fear,
And soon in clouds of glory,
For me Thou shalt appear.

—From the pen of a "Shut-in."