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Day of Good Tidings

C. B. KEENLEYSIDE



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A DAY OF GOOD TIDINGS

BY

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Author of "On the Banks of the Besor," "What is Your Life?" "Enoch
Walked with God," etc.

With Introduction by the Reverend A. CARMAN, D.D., General
Superintendent of the Methodist Church of Canada.



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F. C. Stephenson, Secretary

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INTRODUCTION

THE author of this book has evidently thought, and prayed, and studied, and worked on the Missionary Problem till its nature and essence have burned into his soul as a consuming passion, and flamed out in his words a revealing, enkindling fire. I am glad he draws much inspiration from the Old Testament. His latest book, "A Day of Good Tidings," is both intense and comprehensive. It will quicken the faith of earnest disciples, and wake up slumbering Christians as with a great shaking, if they be only honest readers. The covenanted and all-essential dependence of genuine missionary zeal upon the consecrated and spirit-filled heart and life must, when duly considered, arouse individual Christians to renewed and vastly increased activities, and lead the Church itself to humility, simplicity, purity, stronger faith and mightier achievement. I trust multitudes will read and study the book.

A. CARMAN.

TORONTO, 1st January, 1906.



CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. THE FOUR LEPERS AT THE GATE - -	7
II. WHAT ANSWER WILL YOU GIVE? - -	11
III. GOING UP TO BE JUDGED - - -	29
IV. THE CALL - - - - -	35
V. THE MISSIONARY PROBLEM - - -	43
VI. HOW TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM - - -	65
VII. IF WE TARRY - - - - -	105
VIII. GOD'S LAST CHALLENGE - - - -	112

A Day of Good Tidings

2 Kings 7. 9.

CHAPTER I.

The Four Lepers at the Gate.

“Thou say'st, ‘Take up thy cross,
O man, and follow me ;’
The night is black, the feet are slack,
Yet we would follow thee.

“Within our heart of hearts
In nearest nearness be ;
Set up thy throne within thine own ;—
Go, Lord ; we follow thee.”

—*Francis Turner Palgrave.*

ISRAEL fell upon evil times. Benhadad, the King of Syria, gathered his host and laid siege to Samaria. So rigid was the siege and so severe the famine that an ass's head was a luxury, and the women of Israel, to satisfy the pangs of hunger, killed and ate their little ones.

A Day of Good Tidings.

This was the condition within the walls of the city, while in the tents of Syria, beyond the gates, there was abundance.

“ Now there were four leprous men at the entrance of the gate; and they said one to another, Why sit we here until we die? If we say, We will enter into the city, then the famine is in the city, and we shall die there; and if we sit still here, we die also. Now therefore come, and let us fall unto the hosts of the Syrians; and if they save us alive, we shall live; and if they kill us, we shall but die. And they rose up in the twilight, to go unto the camp of the Syrians; and when they were come to the outermost part of the camp, behold there was no man there. For the Lord had made the hosts of the Syrians to hear a noise of chariots, and a noise of horses, even the noise of a great host; and they said one to another, Lo, the King of Israel hath hired against us the kings of the Hittites, and the kings of the Egyptians, to come upon us. Wherefore they arose and fled into the twilight, and left their tents, and their horses, and their asses, even the camp as it was, and fled for their lives.

“ And when the lepers came to the outermost part of the camp, they went into one tent and

The Four Lepers at the Gate.

did eat and drink, and carried thence silver, and gold, and raiment, and went and hid it, and they came back and entered into another tent and carried thence also, and went and hid it.

“Then they said one to another, We do not well; this day is a day of good tidings, and we hold our peace; if we tarry till the morning light, punishment will overtake us; now therefore come, let us go and tell the king’s household.

“And they went to the city and told it.”

The lepers, through no merit or labor of their own, came suddenly into possession of the great wealth of the Syrians, and we of Anglo-Saxondom, through no merit or labor of ours, have come into possession of an unspeakable gift, the “unsearchable riches of Christ.”

Alongside the camp, with its abundance, was the starving city. Alongside Anglo-Saxondom, with its wealth, at its very doors, lie the Christless millions. We have the bread, they have the hunger. But the bread, which is the Bread of Life, is for them as well as for us.

The lepers saw at a glance their duty, and they did it. That day was to the famishing people within the gates indeed a day of good

A Day of Good Tidings.

tidings, but just as eternity is longer than time, and heaven is higher than hell, so are the Good Tidings with which we are charged of infinitely greater moment to the famine-stricken millions who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death.

How these lepers would have been loathed all down the years had they been content to eat, drink, and gather to themselves the Syrian treasures, while the people of the city starved!

“To lie by the river of Life, and see it run to waste ;
To eat of the tree of Life, while the nations go unfed ;
To taste the full salvation, the only one to taste ;
To live while the rest are lost—oh, better far be
dead !”

CHAPTER II.

What Answer Will You Give?

“Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world.”—Matt. 28. 19, 20. (*Christ's last message to the Church.*)

How can we meet the men of our generation at the judgment throne of God, and how can we explain to them why we did not take or send them the Gospel?

And how can we meet Jesus, and how can we explain to Him why we did not go or send when He so plainly bade us?

Perhaps to the first part of this question we have a ready answer. We did not take the Gospel to the regions beyond because we did not have a “call.” This reply may satisfy our fellows or it may not, but we will see later on how it will satisfy the Master.

A Day of Good Tidings.

If we plead with our fellows that we were not called to go to them, they, of course, will have to accept our word, for manifestly they cannot disprove it. But it will naturally turn them back to Christ to know why He did not call us to go, and that question will bring you and me, my brother, face to face with Jesus.

But now as to why we did not send them the Gospel.

1. We cannot say the doors were shut. Our forefathers can honestly make this plea, but we cannot. In answer to prayer God has swung wide the doors, and we of the twentieth century stand face to face with the greatest responsibility ever borne by the sons of men. The whole world is open, and the nations challenging us to send them anything we have that is better than theirs. Incomparably, yea infinitely, the best thing we have is the Gospel. We are sending by the shipload our guns and our explosives, our liquors and our bad habits, and then we Christians send the Gospel at a cost of about fifty cents a head per year.

2. We cannot plead ignorance, for this is an age of intelligence. Missionary books and missionary knowledge is widespread. Half a century ago this knowledge was scant. There

What Answer Will You Give?

were few books and fewer returned missionaries. But we, in this year of grace, know the needs and have heard the call. There lie the fields, there stands the ripened harvest. With us is the power, to us has come the command to thrust in the sickle. What then wait we for?

3. We cannot say that we did not think it worth while. All that we have that makes life bright and the future anything but lowering comes to us from the Good Tidings. The greatest day in the history of our blood was not that day of happy memory, June 19th, A.D. 1215, when the barons at Runnymede forced King John to sign the Great Charter; neither was it that day when the joy-bells rang and the bonfires blazed from Land's End to John O'Groat's, telling out the tale that the pride of Spain had gone to its doom; nor yet was it that day in June, A.D. 1815, whose setting sun heard the Iron Duke's command, "Let the whole line advance!" and saw scattered, like dust before the hurricane, the flower of the great Napoleon's troops; nor was it that day in which was signed that historic document which laid the foundation of the greatest republic in the records of man, a document which begins thus: "When in the course of



“ From cruel and degraded pagans, blind worshippers of Odin and
See opposite page.



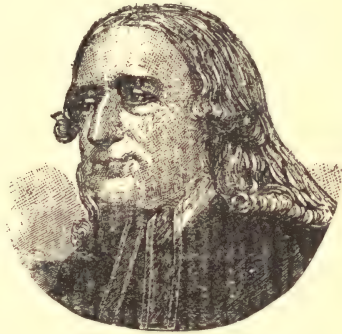
WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.



THOMAS CARLYLE.



EGERTON RYERSON.



JOHN WESLEY.

Thor, the gospel of Jesus Christ has raised the Anglo-Saxons into world leadership." *See page 16.*

A Day of Good Tidings.

human events." No! Important as these days were, they fade into utter insignificance alongside of that other day—less known in history—when a little monk, with soul aglow with holy fire, landed on British soil with the eternal Good Tidings. Britain's day dawned when Augustine—a foreign missionary—arrived on her shores.

Out of that day has sprung all that is great and strong and bright and glorious in the Anglo-Saxon race. From cruel and degraded pagans, blind worshippers of Odin and Thor, the gospel of Jesus Christ has raised the Anglo-Saxons into world leadership. Had Christianity gone east instead of west, then the so-called heathen races would to-day be the civilized and Christian ones, and we would be the superstitious and degraded idol worshippers.

We of all men have reason to know the priceless worth of the Good Tidings. But have we not received in gold and paid in copper? Our ships have come to harbor freighted with diamonds, and gone out loaded with cobble stones.

Yes, and besides this, from a purely financial standpoint, missions are the best paying invest-

What Answer Will You Give?

ment in the world. They have opened many a rich field to commerce which would otherwise have been permanently and hermetically sealed.

Lord Lawrence, when Viceroy of India, said: "Whatever benefit the English people have conferred upon India, the missionaries have accomplished more than all other influences whatever." In this sentiment Sir W. Mackworth Young, late Lieutenant-Governor of Punjab, and Lord Curzon, the late Governor-General of India, concur.

What was it that transformed Aniewa, and is rapidly transforming Tanna, Erromanga, and the other islands of the New Hebrides? What changed Fiji from Satan's fortress to the happy, God-fearing islands of to-day? What was it changed the face of Uganda? What abolished slavery from the land and opened it up to commerce? How came the marvellous change in Korea and in Manchuria, and what say you of the Telugu?

What did it all? The Good Tidings, simply that.

Is it worth while? If all the money spent to carry the Gospel to the regions beyond, if all the lives lost in the mission field, if all the pain and suffering, all the separation and loneliness,

A Day of Good Tidings.

all the heart-aches and sadness of all the missionaries of all the ages since Christ had resulted in the salvation of but one human soul—*even that would be well worth it all.*

“ Behold the midnight glory,
Worlds on worlds, amazing pomp !
Redouble this amaze ! ten thousand add,
Add twice ten thousand more—
Then weigh the soul. One soul
Outweighs them all.”

4. What shall we say, then? Shall we say that we did our best, and that we had not the money to do more?

Let us see what we do.

Four large Protestant bodies in Canada, with a total membership of 587,000, gave last year to foreign missions \$300,000, or about 52 cents per head per member. That is an average of 1 cent per week.

Now, pray bear these figures in mind for a moment, and then consider the following facts.

Canada's liquor bill per year is upwards of \$40,000,000 direct and \$100,000,000 indirect, and her cigar and tobacco bill over \$20,000,000, or a total for liquor and tobacco of more than \$160,000,000 per year. This means fully

What Answer Will You Give?

\$30 a head—men, women and children—for the entire population, while our expenditure for Protestant foreign missions is not over 52 cents a head for the church members, or less than 8 cents a head for the entire population, men, women and children.

That is thirty dollars for ruin, shame and filth; eight cents for the Good Tidings.

But someone may fairly object that the \$160,000,000 spent for liquor and cigars, and their resulting evils, do not come from the church members, and so the comparison is unfair. It is not the same people who give up \$30 a year per head for liquor and only 8 cents for Jesus. Very well, let it be granted that the non-church members are the ones who pay the \$160,000,000—would God it were so—and see the light in which it places us. In order to make the comparison as favorable as possible, let us assume that the two great camps of church and non-church goers are about of equal force.

NOTE.—That there may be no confusion when these figures are subsequently used, let it be made clear: the contributions from the church members in Canada average 52 cents per head per year; from the entire population of Canada, men, women and children, the average is 8 cents; from the church-goers, men, women and children, 16 cents per year; from the Christians the world over the average is about 40 cents per year.

A Day of Good Tidings.

Then one-half the men of Canada who do not acknowledge the leadership of Christ pay \$160,000,000 a year for liquor and tobacco, or \$60 a head, men, women and children, for their half of the people, while we, the other half, pay to spread the Good Tidings to the regions beyond, the sum of 16 cents per head, men, women and children, for our half of the nation. As sixty dollars is to sixteen cents, so is their expenditure to ours.

They sacrifice to their idols, liquor and tobacco, \$60 a head, or \$160,000,000 a year, while we lay upon the altar of the Living God for foreign missions 16 cents a head, or about one-third of a million dollars all told. Canada's liquor and tobacco bill for one day would pay her foreign mission givings for an entire year, and what she pays out for these evils in a year would furnish her foreign missionary money for nearly four centuries.

Again, our annual bill for chewing gum is over \$1,500,000, or four times what we give to foreign missions.

An annual circus trails its slimy way through Canada, leaving disease and tainted morals in its train. The city of London is, in circus language, a "one-day stand," and poor indeed is

What Answer Will You Give?

the circus which cannot, after paying for food, fodder and fixings, go off with \$10,000 in its coffers. Ten thousand dollars for one day's indecency—more than all the Christians of the city give to foreign missions in three years.

The people of Canada consumed last year 75 pounds of sugar a head at a cost of at least \$3.50 each, and gave less than 8 cents a head to foreign missions. A saving of 10 per cent. on the sugar we use would multiply four-fold our foreign missionary money—and save large doctor's bills. Think of it! We spend forty times as much on sugar as we do to spread the story of Jesus.

The people of Canada paid last year for life, fire, and marine insurance, \$37,500,000, or over \$7 a head, nearly one hundred times what we paid for foreign missions. As \$7 is to 8 cents, so is the tax we pay to insure our goods and our lives as compared to our free-will offering to send salvation to the world for which Christ died.

The people of Canada paid last year \$100,219,000 to the Canadian railways to carry their earthly treasures and themselves from place to place. That is an average of \$20 a head, men, women and children, for all in

A Day of Good Tidings.

Canada, while we, the children of the King, the heirs of God, the stewards of His manifold grace, paid 8 cents a head to carry the Gospel to a dying world.

Dr. Duff once told an Edinburgh audience that if the ladies of that city would give him the cost of only that portion of their silk dresses which swept the streets as they walked, he would support all his mission schools in India. All the foreign missionary money raised in Canada could be provided in exchange for these same disease and microbe trailers which sweep our streets, and health and morals and the Kingdom of God advanced thereby.

Let the Christians of Canada coin their silver spoons and turn their sash curtains into gold, and the proceeds would provide the foreign missionary money for years to come, and no one suffer.

The fact is that we live better than the kings of England did in the days gone by; we wear better clothing, eat better food, live in better houses, and spend more on luxury, display and folly.

It is plain, then, that the paltry sum we give, unlike the widow's mite, is not given out of our

What Answer Will You Give?

want, nor is it like the great gifts cast into the treasury by the rich in Christ's day, for it has no element of greatness about it, although given out of overflowing abundance. It is but a mite given from abounding superfluity.

A mere fragment of the vast sums spent by the Christians of Canada in personal and domestic vanities, which serve no good purpose and tend but to overburden life, would double our present missionary staff in the field and be a present and an eternal blessing to the givers. For these same foolish and useless vanities—inartistic over-ornamentation of house and person—have so laden the women of our generation with burdens hard to bear, that to many of them life is a pendulum which swings between drudgery and vain display, leaving neither time nor desire for mental development, and too often leading to neglect of God-given duties towards home and children. Let us beware lest these things become the tomb in which we bury our Lord's talent.

Nothing so tends to destroy the manliness, comfort, individuality, and happiness of life as the slavish doing of things because, forsooth, others with wealth and leisure and *ennui* have done them. And worse than all else, these

A Day of Good Tidings.

burdensome vanities deny to the Christless multitudes the eternal Good Tidings.

When you and I have told our tale of days, and lie down to sleep under the flowers and the evergreens in God's-acre, whither the busy tribes have gone; when our lives lie all behind us, when every chance is passed, every door is shut, even the door to the tomb, ah! what then will these things profit us? What then will it be to us that we had this luxury or that, this comfort or that; what will all the world be to us, so long as we have won Christ, so long as we know Him and the power of His resurrection?

Doing our best? Oh, no. We have been only playing with the problem. As well hope to melt the Arctic ice-floes with a penny taper.

We sing:

“All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown Him *Lord of All.*”

Beautiful sentiment, rapturous vision, entrancing hope, Jesus Lord of All! Prophecy proclaims it. God avouches it. Faith claims it.

But do we make Him Lord of All?

What Answer Will You Give?

Can it be that He is Lord of our pocket-books and of our personal expenditure and of our lives, when all the foregoing and following statements are correct?

The people of Canada have \$600,000,000 put away on deposit in the banks and savings societies of the country. Not to mention all other forms of wealth, they have this sum in loose change, always at call. It is safe to say that the bulk of this vast sum is owned by Protestant church members. Ordinary bank interest on this \$600,000,000 would amount to \$18,000,000 a year, which is forty-five times more than all the Protestants of Canada give to spread abroad the Gospel. In other words, one year's bank interest on our hoardings would supply our foreign mission money for nearly half a century. That is, we do not give the one-forty-fifth part of the bank interest on our hoarded savings to that object which Jesus deemed worthy of His great sacrifice.

The people of Canada sheared from God's sheep last year \$2,000,000 in wool; they drew from His waters \$22,000,000 in fish; they gathered from His fowls \$10,000,000 in eggs; they dug from His mountains \$71,000,000 in minerals; they reaped from His fields and

A Day of Good Tidings.

orchards, thanks to His dewdrops, rain and sunbeams, \$350,000,000 in crops. And they gave back for the spread of the gospel less than half a million dollars.

The people of Canada added last year fifty millions to their hoarded wealth in the savings banks. That is \$10 a head. And they gave 8 cents a head to foreign missions. And yet Jesus said: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." This is how we do it—\$10 on earth, 8 cents in heaven.

Doing all we can? There are scores of individual churches in Canada, Methodist, Presbyterian, and Anglican, any one of which could annually pay the entire sum given by all the Christians of Canada to foreign missions, and not a single member lack one comfort or luxury thereby.

Canada is wealthy enough to undertake, alone and unaided, the evangelization of the entire world. The Christians of this country, depending upon God, regardless of all others, could in this generation tell every Christless soul on earth the message of the Good Tidings.

The writer made this assertion at a missionary gathering in a Canadian city some months

What Answer Will You Give?

ago, and there were those who looked incredulous. And yet it is true. In the city referred to is a small church of eighty members, and not a single member of that church occupies a position in finance higher than that of a mechanic. Yet that church supports its pastor, paying him a married man's salary, and at the same time has a foreign missionary in China, giving over \$800 a year, all told, to foreign missions, or an average of \$10 a head per member.

If all the church members of Canada gave at this rate per head, our foreign missionary money would be upwards of \$7,000,000 per year, instead of a beggarly \$400,000. But on the other hand, if all the church members in Canada gave the same proportion of their revenue as do the members of this little church, then, indeed, would the Dayspring arise; for the amount so given would treble the world's offerings and provide enough funds to send the Gospel to every creature the world over in our generation.

Evade it we may. Nevertheless, upon the men of Canada is the burden—nay, the glory—of evangelizing the world in this generation.

“ We can do it, we will.”

A Day of Good Tidings.

“ When our ever-living Saviour passed away from earthly eyes,
Sounded forth this great commandment from the eager,
opening skies :

‘ Go ye, go ye, teach all nations, boldly teach them and baptize.’

“ So they went, those men anointed with a power from on high—

So they went, to sneers and hunger, to the mob’s vindictive cry ;

Went to suffer wracking tortures and triumphantly to die. ✕

“ All their life was but one purpose, that the life of Christ should be

Spread abroad among earth’s millions, as the waters fill the sea.

So the heroes died, and dying left their task for you and me.

“ Children of the saints and martyrs, with all peace and plenty blest,

What obedience are we giving to the Saviour’s last behest ?

What desire, what self-denial, thought and prayer and eager zest ?”

CHAPTER III.

Going Up to be Judged.

“For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ.”—2 Cor. 5. 10.

SUPPOSE you passed over the river together, and on your way from the dark waters to God’s white throne you should fall in with a band from the regions beyond, also going up to be judged. One of them says to you:

“Brother, whence art thou?”

You tell him, with pardonable pride, “From Canada—Christian Canada.”

“Christian Canada! Why, what does Christian mean?”

You reply: “We call it Christian Canada because we follow Christ, who gave up the glory of Heaven and died to save us from our sins.”

At that they all draw near and say as one man: “Christ, who died to save us from our

A Day of Good Tidings.

sins! Why, we never heard of Him; tell us all about it."

And so you tell of the Christ who died, who rose, who ascended, who sits at God's right hand, and who is to be our Judge, and who said, "Go ye."

When you finish, they say with bated breath: "How long have you known about Christ?"

"Why, I always knew about Christ. My mother told me of Him when I was a little child at her knee, and taught me to pray, 'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild.'"

"And you say Jesus told you to go and tell everybody about Him. Then I suppose you went to other places?"

"Well, no, to tell you the truth, I stayed at home."

"Then no doubt you were sickly and could not come?"

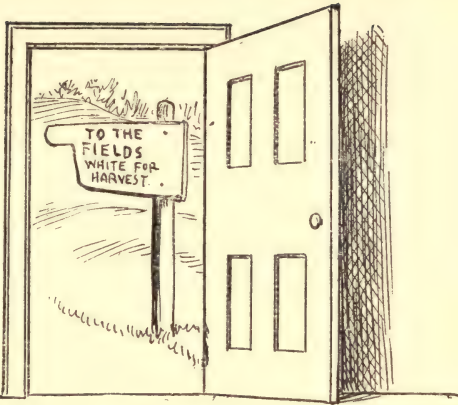
"Oh, no, I was always strong; but, you see, I was busy with other things, and besides, you know, I did not feel a call."

"Then of course you sent someone else, who did feel a call?"

"Well, no, I did not."

"Ah, then, you were very poor and could not?"

We
cannot
say the
Door
was not
Open;



Nor that we Did not
Know



See pages 12 and 13.

A Day of Good Tidings.

“ No, I was not very poor ; at least, I could have supported a native teacher I suppose, or perhaps a foreigner.”

“ Not poor, and did not send to tell us about Jesus?” they all exclaim with amazement.

“ Well, you see, I always gave my share to missions.”

“ And what would a fair share be?” asks one of a mathematical turn of mind.

“ Forty cents a head per year is more than the average given by the Protestant church members of the world,” you reluctantly confess.

And so you journey on for a while in silence, each one turning over in his mind the problems raised, until one of a very inquisitive turn asks :

“ What do you spend on liquor in your country?”

“ Eight dollars a head, men, women and children, direct expenditure, and over twenty dollars a head more indirect loss, per year.”

“ And how much on cigars and tobacco?” he persists.

“ Four dollars per head, men, women and children.”

“ And on tea?”

Going Up to be Judged.

“About a dollar a head, or six million dollars yearly.”

“And on chewing gum?”

“Four times what we spend for missions.”

“And on sugar?”

“Nearly four dollars a head.”

“And on neckties?”

“Many times more than on missions.”

“And on millinery?”

“Oh.”

“And did Jesus command all these things too?”

“No; but, you see, they were our customs.”

“Were they needful?”

“Well, we could have done without most of them, and greatly reduced the expenditure on all.”

“Why, then, did you not do it, and send us the Gospel?” they all exclaim vehemently.

“Well, you don't understand the conditions.” And as you try to frame a reason why you failed to go or send, you arrive with your escort at the throne of Him who said: “Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel.”

Give to Him your answer. He will require it of you.

A Day of Good Tidings.

“There comes a time in the future near,
When this life has passed away,
When these needy ones will stand with me
In the light of the Judgment Day.
When the angel reads from the Book of Life
My deeds for that great review,
If the Lord should speak and accuse me there,
I wonder what I should do?”

“The Son of man, with His angels fair,
Shall sit on the great white throne ;
And out of the millions gathered there
He will know and claim His own.
If He says to me those words I've read
In that Book so old and true,
'Inasmuch as ye did it not to these,'
I wonder what I should do.”

And now we stand before the throne upon which is seated One like unto a lamb that was slain.

We have said to the men of our generation, as we journeyed to the bar of God, that we were not called. Now they throw the question back to Jesus and ask Him why He did not call us to go, and this brings you and me, my brother, face to face with the Master and with our records—incomparably the most solemn moment in all eternity.

CHAPTER IV.

The Call.

“I should not like it, were you fitted to be a missionary, that you should drivel down into a king.”

—*C. H. Spurgeon to his son.*

“There’s a call from the dark to-night
(May it haunt your lighted room)
From His ‘other sheep,’ on the broken steep,
At the edge of eternal doom.”

No call. Why, my brother, your salvation is a call. You were saved to serve.

No call. The expecting, unsatisfied Christ is a call of pathos and sweetness.

No call. The billion Christless ones are a call—a call from a thousand million throats. Do you not hear them? The open door, the divine opportunity, is a call.

The man whose call startled the sleeping Apostle from Tarsus, was not only the Macedonian who then was—but the Macedonian who might be, who ought to be, and who

A Day of Good Tidings.

surely should be under God's transforming touch.

And so the call from the dark to-night is not so much from the men who are, but from the men who ought to be—from the men who *are to be* when Jesus meets them and gives to them the life more abundant.

Let us look at this matter of a call a little closer. Before we can say to the Master that we were not called to go with the Good Tidings we must answer these questions to ourselves, as we would be willing to answer them in the white light of God's great judgment throne.

1. *Are we listening for a call?* We have all known absent-minded people to whom we may speak and our words fall as though upon deaf ears. Absorbed in their own thoughts or wandering fancies they do not hear. Their eyes tell the tale that they do not comprehend.

Just so our souls tend to become absent-minded. Absorbed in our own plans, or castle building, the voice of the Master awakens no response in our souls, or we catch but broken fragments of His message, and so lose its divine import. Are we listening, or are we absent-minded, bent upon our own plans or fancies?

The Call.

Are we in the attitude of the writer of the eighty-fifth Psalm, who says (verse 8), "I will hear what God the Lord will speak"?

"I heard Him call,
'Come, follow,' that was all,
My gold grew dim ;
My soul went after Him ;
I rose and followed, that was all ;
Who would not follow if they heard His call?"

2. *Are we willing to be called?* In a general way we should all like to be great missionary heroes, but the reason we are not is that we are not willing to pay the price. If the Master through His Holy Spirit bore in upon your soul just now the certainty that He was calling to China—are you willing to go?

God will coerce no man. He never owned a slave nor bribed a man. The world is full of men who have refused God's call. Some of them started and turned back, and many refused point blank to go when called. The writer knows two old men who were both called but refused, and now as they sit in the shadows of their fourscore years, while not unmindful of God's many mercies, their hearts are burdened with the thought that they refused when called. Are you willing?

A Day of Good Tidings.

3. *Are we within calling distance?* God rarely speaks to men in the tornado or the thunder, but in the quiet of their own souls. If you are waiting for some great outward token of God's call, wait no longer, but draw close to Jesus, closer still, and still closer. Ask Him to be your all in all. Make David Livingstone's great dedicatory prayer yours, "My Jesus, my King, my Life, my All, I again dedicate my entire being to Thee," and then ask the Master to show you His plan for your life. Tell Him you want to stay at home or go abroad, be rich or poor, strong or weak, busy or idle, as best you can glorify Him. Make the dedication complete.

This is the way it runs. First, dedication or surrender complete and unconditional, then the fulness of the Spirit, and then the revelation of God's will, and then, oh, the rapture of it! service and ministration—fellowship in His sufferings—and then, and then, the crown of glory and Heaven.

My brother, my sister, get within calling distance. Love always speaks in low and gentle tones—Jesus whispers His call. Do you not hear Him?



"Ruin, shame and filth vs. the Good Tidings." See page 18.

A Day of Good Tidings.

It may be these words are your call. Ask Him.

4. *Have we a call to stay at home?* Jesus will take infinite pains to make His willing followers know His plans, though we be never so dull of understanding. Our very dulness adds incentive to the Master's patience. His honor is at stake, for He said, "He that wills to do my will shall know." His love demands it.

Now, assuming that you are willing to offer Livingstone's prayer, then propose to yourself these questions: "Have I a call to stay home? Am I needed more in the homeland than I am in foreign lands? Am I physically unfit to go? Am I disqualified or barred by obstacles that cannot be surmounted? Can I glorify Christ more by staying than going?"

If not, then why not assume that it was to you Christ said, "Go ye." If not called to stay home you are most assuredly called to go. The burden of proof is on you. Did you ever ask the Master to tell you where He wanted you to work? Did you ever ask Him for orders? Did you ever say: "Dear Master, Thy command was, 'Go ye.' Do you mean me?" Or

The Call.

have you just taken it for granted that you were to stay at home?

Besides, the command still stands, "Go ye."

Well, why don't you go?

Settle with God whether your reason for not going is strong enough to override a positive command. If you really wish to know God's will towards you in the matter of foreign missions, submit to this test. Obey Christ's command (Luke 10. 2), which runs thus: "The harvest indeed is plenteous, but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He send forth laborers unto His harvest." Drop for the time being your own thoughts as to whether you have a call or not, and pray—and oh, pray as though your soul depended on it—that the Lord of the harvest will send forth laborers. Go on praying, remembering always that the eternal life of multitudes may depend upon your prayers. Do not let a day pass without prolonged and earnest beseeching of the Almighty to send forth laborers.

Meanwhile, keep listening, keep within calling distance, keep willing, and if you do not hear the Master's next command (Luke 10. 3), "Go your ways, behold I send you forth," you

A Day of Good Tidings.

may fairly conclude that you have not been called to this special work.

But whether called to stay or go, never give up the prayer to the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth laborers.

And if called to go, then go not with drooping head and reluctant feet, but with the joyfulness of the King's ambassador charged with a royal message of eternal Good Tidings.

“The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain,
His blood-red banner streams afar :
Who follows in His train ?

“Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His cross below,
He follows in His train.”

“If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him.” (2 Tim. 2. 12.)

“Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it.” (Luke 17. 33.)

CHAPTER V.

The Missionary Problem.

IT is well to look facts in the face. It was our Master who said that a man should not begin to build until he had counted the cost, and that a king should not go forth to war until he should "first sit down and take counsel," whether with ten thousand he is able to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand. It is well, then, to know just how great the task is that we are bidden to accomplish and alongside of our task to place, by way of comparison, our resources.

I.

A Billion Perishing

"I know of a land that is sunk in shame,
Of hearts that faint and tire ;
And I know of a name, a name, a name,
Can set this land on fire."

First, then, there are in round numbers, one billion yet to evangelize—that is, given the

A Day of Good Tidings.

same choice of accepting eternal life in Jesus that you have had—whoever you are, saved or lost—whose eyes now rest upon these words. A thousand million have not heard of Jesus Christ and His eternal Good Tidings.

This is appalling, but true, and sixty generations have gone out on the unreturning tide of time since Jesus ordered the whole line to advance. This means that many billions have gone to Christless graves. What a waste of human life! What a blot on the escutcheon of the church He died to save!

A billion is too large a number to be comprehended in the bulk, so we shall break it up a bit.

A generation passes every thirty-three years. That means the Christless multitude die at the rate of 30,000,000 a year; 80,000 a day, 3,000 an hour, 50 a minute, almost 1 a second—each tick of your watch is the drum-beat above a Christless grave. Every breath you draw marks the last breath of at least three who never heard of Christ.

But let us see if we can gain some idea of the size of a billion. The largest hall in Ontario is the Massey Memorial, seating, say, 5,000 people. Now, if the billion Christless

The Missionary Problem.

ones were lined up at its door thirteen abreast, allowing only standing room between the ranks, the great line would circle the globe. If they were admitted to the hall 5,000 at a time, night and day, and kept for an hour listening for the first and last time to the Gospel, nearly twenty-three years would elapse before the end of that great procession would enter the hall; and by that time a new generation would be up to man's estate and awaiting its turn to hear the Good Tidings. Or if simultaneous meetings were held of 5,000 each, then 200,000 gatherings would be needed that all might hear. Or if the Christless ones were divided in parishes of 5,000 each, then 200,000 men would be needed that each parish might have a man.

And now let us look closer at this billion.

There are over a million lepers in China, Japan and India. Think of that as you settle back on your cushions or sink to rest upon your feathers to-night. A million are outcasts, spurned by their friends, shunned and maltreated by passers-by, ill-clad, half-starved, unprotected, with none of the comforts and few of the necessaries of life; scorched by the heat, chilled by the cold, with no hope in this

A Day of Good Tidings.

life and no knowledge of the life to come. Their days are spent in pain, weariness and hunger, and their nights in misery. So they live and so they die. And yet no class of sufferers in Christ's day were surer of the Master's love and help, and can we fancy that Jesus has changed because He has ascended to the Father? No, no, "this same Jesus" would have us tell them that there is a balm in Gilead and a physician there, a cure for the leprous soul, and a land where the foul and leprous body—sown in corruption—shall be raised in incorruption, "for this corruptible must put on incorruption and this mortal must put on immortality, and death be swallowed up in victory."

And what are we doing about it? Next to nothing. Only 7,000 out of nearly 1,500,000 are in any way touched by the missionaries. That is one out of every 214.

The children of India number 117,000,000, and are a host great enough to girdle the globe in single file. Only one out of every 500 has ever been inside of a Sunday School. If the same ratio obtained in Canada the 500,000 Methodist and Presbyterian Sunday School children would shrink to 1,000.

The Missionary Problem.

Jesus said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for to such belong the Kingdom of Heaven." How can they come unless they are told about Christ and invited to come? And how can they be told and invited unless messengers go with the message? And if we do not send a messenger, do you not see that we are really forbidding them to come, and Christ said, "Forbid them not." Jesus also said, "Feed my lambs." They are His lambs and He loves them. Why do we not feed them?

The women and girls of India alone number 145,000,000, and to most of them this world is a hell. Child marriages are the rule, when little tots of eight and nine are wedded to men sixty and seventy years of age. Nearly 100,000 little girls under ten are widows, and widowhood is a curse from which there is no escape but death. It is held to be the result of some ghastly deed done in a prior life, and as a punishment she is widowed by inexorable fate. She wears rough clothes, eats coarse and scanty food, is shunned by her friends and cursed by her husband's relatives.

Then there is great dumb Africa—the backyard of creation—with its 150,000,000 immor-

A Day of Good Tidings.

tal souls, still the dark continent, filled with vice, degradation and horrors, waiting for the Gospel, and yet not waiting—for nothing waits in this world—but marching with steady tread to Christless graves. Now Jesus wants every one of these poor creatures told at once of Him and of His love, and yet there are more in Africa to-day who have not heard the Good Tidings than there were when Livingstone made his great journey from Capetown to Loanda, and from Loanda to Quilimane.

Then there is the vast neglected continent of South America, with its 40,000,000 unevangelized, adding its quota to the problem.

There is Japan with its nearly fifty millions, startling the world with its progress in the arts of war and its marvellous power to adapt itself to new conditions, emerging in a day from obscurity to the front rank amongst the great world nations. There it is—not a dream but a reality—and it must be won for Jesus; for the old religions are losing their hold, and the new must be given now or the nation will drift into atheism.

China, too, calls with three hundred million voices, "Come over and save us. Save us from our misery and our hopelessness. Life

"GIVING"



See pages 19 and 20.

A Day of Good Tidings.

is dark and cheerless—death and the future the very blackness of despair.”

What more shall we say? Time would fail to tell of Tibet and of Siam, of Korea and Manchuria, of Turkey and the Islands of the Sea, waiting in their weariness and their sorrow, while we linger, loath to give up our luxuries and folly.

II.

The Church Sleeping.

“What, could ye not watch with me one hour?”—
Jesus in the garden.

Staggering as the figures are, they do not make up the most difficult part of the problem. Incomparably the hardest element in the question is the deadly apathy of the Christian Church.

We swing at ease in our spiritual hammocks in our luxuriant Gospel gardens, listening to rapturous music. The sweet tones of the charmer tell us what good people we are and what wonderful things we do for the heathen. So we swing and so we batten. The rich fruits of the garden, bought with the blood of Jesus

The Missionary Problem.

the Christ, we deem our own. Outside of the garden are a billion souls, perishing for that on which we feast. Now and then a cry more heartrending than the rest strikes our ears, and, stirring impatiently, we say, "My, my, how many calls there are, and how they do drain us!" and we toss across the wall a core or two of the fruit we cannot use, "giving of our superfluity," and then, self-satisfied, fall back upon our pillows and drop asleep. And so for twenty centuries have the Christians been doing, and so for twenty centuries have the millions outside the garden been perishing. How long, O Lord, how long!

The apathy spreads to all classes—even the pulpit shares it. Said a prominent clergyman to the writer not long ago: "Are the Christian churches not carrying all the burden they ought to carry, without giving more to missions?" Many times since the thought has come that surely one church at least carries all the burden it ought to carry.

After speaking on missions to a well-to-do congregation a short time ago a man in rich apparel said to the writer by way of apology for the small attendance: "Well, you see, there are so many calls, that if people know there is

A Day of Good Tidings.

to be a special appeal, they stay away rather than 'face the music.' ”

Face the music!

This is the music they face. This is the tune to which they march :

“ Instead of what the martyrs bore through many a conflict dread ;
Instead of bitter fightings, homeless wandering, cruel fear,
Ah, the shame, we modern Christians give just forty cents a year.

“ Forty cents a year to open all the eyes of all the blind ;
Forty cents a year to gather all the lost whom Christ would find :
Forty cents a year to carry hope and joy to all mankind.

“ Worthy followers of the Prophets, we who held our gold so dear ;
True descendants of the martyrs, Christ held far and coin held near,
Bold co-workers with the Almighty with our forty cents a year.

“ See the few, our saints, our heroes, battling bravely,
hand to hand
Where the myriad-headed horrors of the pit possess the land,
Striving one against a million to obey the Lord's command.

The Missionary Problem.

“Mighty is the host infernal, richly stored its ranging tents,
Strong its age-encrusted armor, and its fortresses immense,
And to meet this regnant evil we are sending forty cents.

“Christians, have you heard the story how the basest man of men
Flung his foul, accursed silver in abhorrence back again?
Thirty pieces was the purchase of the world's Redeemer then.

“Now it's forty cents in coppers, for the Saviour has grown cheap ;
Now to sell our Lord and Master we need only stay asleep ;
Now the accursed Judas' money is the money that we keep.”

—*Amos R. Wells.*

This deadly apathy, which has its outcome in an offering of forty cents a year per member, spreads to all parts of Christendom, with the possible exception of the Moravian Church, which has a foreign missionary in the field for every fifty-eight communicants in the home church, and more than two members gathered out of heathendom for every member in the home churches.

A Day of Good Tidings.

Now, the commands of the Master are no more binding on the Moravians than they are on the Canadians, or the Americans, or the English, and yet we do not average more than one foreign missionary for every 2,500 communicants, as compared with their one for every fifty-eight communicants. If the leading churches of Canada were as much in earnest about the matter as the Moravians are, the Methodists would have 4,310 foreign missionaries, the Presbyterians would have 4,100, and the Episcopalians would have 1,724, or a total of over 10,000, as against a paltry 200 now in the field—that is, a fifty-fold increase.

Then, unless the Moravians are overdoing it and far exceeding God's commands, it follows as surely as the demonstrations of Euclid that we are negligent and apathetic to an appalling degree. If they are only doing their duty, and if we to equal them would have to do fifty times more than we are now doing, then it is clear that we are only doing the one-fiftieth part of our duty.

We may well ask ourselves how we can face our Master and our fellows in the Great Day that is coming.

Great Britain in 1902 gave less than two

The Missionary Problem.

million pounds to foreign missions, and the same year spent ten times that sum on the gorgeous trappings of the King's coronation. Ten times more to crown one man an earthly king than to save a billion perishing souls into kingship with Jesus. The sadness of it! And this is Christian England.

Now, why did the people of England spend many times more on the King's coronation than they spent on spreading the Good Tidings to the regions beyond? Manifestly because they were more interested. There is never a shortage of money for that in which the people are interested.

Some years ago King Theodore of Abyssinia laid hands on Mr. Stein, a messenger of the Cross, and a British subject, and imprisoned him in a fortress amongst the Abyssinian hills. The British Government heard of it and demanded his release. It was refused, and soon 10,000 men wearing the Queen's uniform were on the march. They pounded to ruins Magdala, the king's capital, and carried away the missionary at a cost of \$45,000,000. For this all men admire the British. But here is another picture. A billion souls are in prison; their captor is vastly more cruel than King

A Day of Good Tidings.

Theodore was, and their state horrible beyond words, and a nation with \$45,000,000 to spend freeing one man, can only spare one cent to save each of the Christless billion, or less than \$10,000,000 a year. Why did the British spend so much to save Mr. Stein? Clearly because they were interested in him, and their national honor was at stake. There was no apathy or indifference to overcome.

All the Protestant Christians of all the world gave last year—1904—for foreign mission work, \$18,509,013, while Canada consumed on cigars and tobacco in the same time over \$20,000,000, or \$1,500,000 more than all the Christians of all the world gave to spread the Gospel to foreign lands. And still we hear the cry of a “burdened church,” and leading clergymen wonder if it would be fair to expect the church to do more than it is now doing.

It is not alone in our gifts that this apathy shows itself. From every quarter the call comes for men; it is the demand of the hour; fields are ripe, will soon be over-ripe; insistent and imperative is the cry, “Come over and help us.” The leading missionary societies are asking for hundreds of volunteers, with as yet but poor response.

The Missionary Problem.

Now, the Master's command was, "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest, that He will thrust forth laborers into His harvest." It would be of interest to know how many minutes a day the Christian church members spend in obeying.

Reader, how long do you spend each morning and evening pleading for the spread of the Gospel and the sending forth of laborers?

Every sun that sets, crimson with shame at the sights it beholds, bears in each darting ray a call for help. Every sun that rises, glowing with hope and enthusiasm, speaks of fields white and nodding to the harvest, awaiting the reaper's sickle. Then pray ye, pray ye, pray ye the Lord of the harvest, that He thrust forth laborers.

Not only in our material gifts and in our prayers do we withhold, but many a bright young life is turned aside from the service of the King by the opposition of Christian parents.

In Japan, when the news spreads that a man has lost a son at the front, his friends congratulate him. But the writer has known one Christian mother to commiserate with another, because, forsooth, her daughter had gone down

A Day of Good Tidings.

to the front under the banner of the Christ, to carry the Good Tidings to those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death.

“ If I have eaten my morsel alone—”
The patriarch spoke in scorn ;
What would he think of the Church were he shown
Heathendom huge, forlorn,
Godless, Christless, with soul unfed,
While the Church’s ailment is fulness of bread,
Eating her morsel alone ?

“ I am debtor alike to the Jew and the Greek,”
The mighty Apostle cried,
Traversing continents, souls to seek,
For the love of the Crucified.
Centuries, centuries since have sped ;
Millions are famishing ; we have bread ;
But we eat our morsel alone.

Ever of them who have largest dower
Shall heaven require the more ;
Ours is affluence, knowledge, power,
Ocean from shore to shore ;
And East and West in our ears have said,
“ Give us, give us your living Bread ;”
Yet we eat our morsel alone.

“ Freely as ye have received, so give,”
He bade, who hath given us all ;
How shall the soul in us longer live,
Deaf to their starving call,
For whom the Blood of the Lord was shed,
And His Body broken to give them Bread,
If we eat our morsel alone ?

—*Job 31. 17.*

The Missionary Problem.

III.

Jesus Expecting.

“The restless millions wait
The light whose dawning maketh all things new ;
Christ also waits ; but men are slow and late ;
Have we done what we could ?
Have I ? Have you ?”

Dreadful as are the tales and unspeakably horrible as the condition must be under which the heathen live, especially the little ones and the women, these things after all are not the true incentive to the Christian missionary. They appeal to the heart of the natural man, the infidel, the agnostic, and the worldling, as well as to the Christian.

The true incentive is found in Isaiah 53. 10-12, where the Spirit through the prophet says: “When thou shalt make His soul an offering for sin . . . He shall see of the travail of His soul and be *satisfied*.” And again, in Hebrews 10. 12, 13, the record is: “He, when He had offered one sacrifice for sins forever, sat down on the right hand of God ; henceforth *expecting*, until His enemies be made the footstool of His feet.”

A Day of Good Tidings.

How to satisfy the expecting Christ is the third great element in the problem. He expects to be satisfied. He expects to see of the travail of His soul. He expects you and me to be like minded. He expects that we, who are the stewards of the manifold grace of God, shall be true. He expects us to obey His command to go into all the world and preach. He expects to have the nations for His inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession. There he sits, the world's immortal Saviour, at God's right hand, expecting. And it is ours to satisfy the expecting Christ.

IV.

The Nations Misrepresenting.

“More gospel and less rum.”—*Vgalla*.

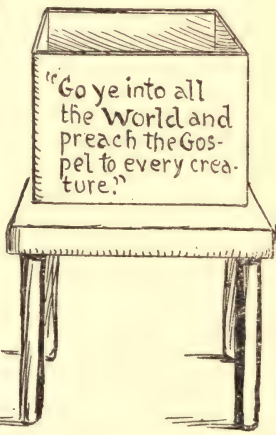
One other thing which enters the problem is the fact that Christ has been so sadly misrepresented by Christian nations in politics and commerce.

This is well summed up by the Hindu Vivekananda, who says: “You come to us with your religion of yesterday—to us who were taught thousands of years ago by our Rishis

She of her want did cast
in all that she had...



Our Mite
is given out of
abounding
Superfluity.



J.W. Burroughs

See page 20, last paragraph, and page 23.

A Day of Good Tidings.

precepts as noble as your Christ's; you trample on us and treat us as the dust beneath your feet; you destroy life in our animals; you degrade our people with drink; you scorn our religion, in many points like your own; and then you wonder why Christianity makes such slow progress in India. I tell you it is because you are not like your Christ. Do you think if you came to our doors like Him, meek and lowly, with a message of love, living and working and suffering for others as He did, we should turn a deaf ear? Oh, no, we should receive Him and listen to Him."

This is the trouble. Christian nations have not taken Christ; they have taken opium, rum, gunpowder, war, disease, vanity and deviltry, and the missionaries find these the hardest things to explain to the non-Christian people.

By the treaty of Peking, signed in the fall of 1860, at the close of the brutal three years' war, England forced the opium traffic upon China, and by the same treaty provided for the toleration of the work of Christian missions. Is it any wonder, then, that a country which sees millions of its brightest sons and daughters going yearly to opium suicides'

The Missionary Problem.

graves, has for years cried out vehemently: "Take away your opium and your Jesus."

On this subject Tong Kwoh Onn, a Christian Chinaman, says: "The upper and official classes in China have so far been almost entirely unaffected by the preaching of Christianity, and the reason is not far to seek."

The Chinese official sees that while the English missionary offers his Bible and its moral teachings, the English merchant still more eagerly offers his opium to demoralize and destroy the Chinese race. He most reasonably enquires of the missionary, "If Christianity is the religion in your country, how can your king and your people be guilty of the awful crime of forcing the opium traffic upon us? So long as England continues this iniquitous trade, so long will the Chinese population look askance at Christianity."

Referring to the general attitude of the Christian nations towards China, a Chinese official of wide experience and keen observation lately wrote: "It is we who do not accept the Gospel of peace, yet practice it; it is you who accept it, yet trample it under foot. Irony of ironies! it is the nations of Christendom who have come to us to teach us by sword and

A Day of Good Tidings.

fire that right in this world is powerless unless it be supported by might."

To-day, in the year of grace 1905, there are brutalities on the Congo in Africa, with the consent of the Christian King of Belgium, rivalling the most horrible tales of the Dark Ages. And what the rifle, the cap-gun and the whip cannot do by way of extermination, is being rapidly done by the Christian's rum in darkest Africa. The following letter was written to the Archbishop of Canterbury by a native of the Congo: "Great and good chief of the tribe of Christ, greeting: The humblest of your servants kisses the hem of your garment and begs you to send his fellow-servants more Gospel and less rum. In the bonds of Christ. Vgalla."

Here, then, is the problem:

1. A billion perishing.
2. The Church sleeping.
3. Jesus expecting.
4. The nations misrepresenting.

CHAPTER VI.

How to Solve the Problem.

Personal Consecration.

“Find your place in the world and then burn to the socket.”—*Principal Hastings to his graduating class.*

“Up, it is Jehovah’s rally!
God’s own arm hath need of thine.”

—*Bishop Cox.*

THE campaign will yet be won, and Jesus crowned as King from the rivers to the ends of the earth. But victory lingers. The King tarries. The eastern skies are not yet aglow with the dawn. Nay, midnight is upon us. Heavy are the burdens and dim grow the eyes of the watchers.

And why? As the Lord liveth, before whom we stand, ours is the blame. We have forsaken the commandments of Jehovah.

The orders are: “Seek ye first His kingdom.” And we disobey. We seek our own kingdom first. If we have any strength, or

A Day of Good Tidings.

time, or loose change left, and it is quite convenient, that goes to His Kingdom. And this is God's truth.

It ought not so to be. Every soul redeemed by His blood, saved by His sacrifice, enrolled in His army by the second birth, ought to be out-and-out, body, soul and baggage, in the campaign for the coming of the Kingdom.

The idle and self-seeking camp-followers do more damage to the army than the enemy's quick-firing or long-range guns. Only the soldier who holds himself ready to go down to the firing line, garrison the forts, work in the trenches, or guard the supplies, as the leader may command, is of value to the flag. All others bring ruin to the army and shame to its banners.

And in the army of Jehovah the conditions in no wise differ. Every soldier ought to be willing to go or stay, to be or to do, as He commands.

When that time comes then you may lift up your eyes to the East, for lo, the skies will be lurid with the coming dawn.

Thus, and thus alone, can the world be evangelized in our generation. Let every Christian, yes, or every second Christian, hearken to

How to Solve the Problem.

God's command given through His servant Paul (Phil. 2. 5): "Have this mind in you that was also in Christ Jesus, who existing in the form of God, counted the being on an equality with God not a thing to be grasped, but emptied Himself."

Let us do this. It is Jehovah's will, for we were fore-ordained to be conformed to the image of His Son. Let us do it, and oh, what a tale this new century will tell of victory for the Cross.

The first and greatest of Christ's missionaries, who had much of the mind of the Master, said (Phil. 3. 7): "What things were gain to me, those have I counted loss for Christ. Yea, I count all things to be loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord, for whom I suffer the loss of all things, and do count them but refuse that I may gain Christ."

Before God, my brother, you and I bear as great a responsibility to spread the Gospel as did St. Paul. He was responsible to the limit of his powers, and so are we. If we but had the spirit and zeal of that immortal man, the record of shame and unfaithfulness now being written by the Christian Church would end in

A Day of Good Tidings.

one grand burst of victory and one eternal hallelujah.

Jesus said (Luke 14. 33): "Whosoever he be of you that renounceth not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple."

"Whosoever," of a certainty, includes you and me.

We cannot too strongly emphasize this. For our failure during 1,900 years may be traced to the fact that the individual Christian has not felt his personal responsibility, to be out-and-out in the campaign. Too many of us, it is to be feared, are like one or the other of two children well known to the writer.

There is a little maiden—barely five—to whom the writer was talking about missions. He told her how Jesus commanded His followers, just before He went to heaven, to go all over the world and tell all the men and women everywhere, and the little boys and girls, about Him, and about the heaven He was preparing so that they might love Him and go with Him to heaven. "And do you know," said he, "they haven't done it, and to-day there are millions of little boys and girls who have never heard of Jesus."

And then to interest her still more he said:

How to Solve the Problem.

“ And we are trying to get a number of good men and women to go and tell these little boys and girls and their fathers and mothers about Jesus, so that when you and your little brother and sister and father and mother get to heaven, all these little boys and girls and their fathers and mothers will be there too. Won't that be splendid?”

And she raised herself on her elbow, with her eyes fairly dancing with joy at the prospect, and said: “ Oh, yes. But father, why don't you send them all a ticket through the post?”

How like that is to the plan we adopt. We do not send them a ticket through the post, but we Christians, who have received eternal life at the pierced hand of Jesus, we give barely the price of one concert ticket each to save a billion heathen. And the strange part of it is we are content so to do; nay, we are rather proud of our givings, and seem actually to think that we are generous.

There is a little boy who came into the possession of a few coppers not long ago, and at once set off with a business-like air down the street. To his mother's question as to where he was going, he replied:

A Day of Good Tidings.

“To the grocery store for candy.”

“But, George,” said his mother, “hadn’t you better save the money for the missionaries?”

Now, he had been well taught, and therefore sympathized with the missionaries, and did not want them to suffer, but he was only a boy, and he did want that candy, and wanted it badly.

He was puzzled. His face showed that. But a bright idea struck him, and he looked up with a winsome smile, and said:

“Oh, that will be all right, mother; I’ll fix it so they won’t suffer. I’ll tell Mr. Van Luven, the grocery man, to give the money to the missionaries.”

And so we wish the heathen well, and would like to see them saved, and we are in favor of foreign missions and want more missionaries sent out, and all that sort of thing, and yet we do so want the sugar-sticks that are so dear to maturer years.

“What did it cost?” asked one Christian lady of another not long ago, after admiring a handsome new gown.

“Seventy-five dollars, and do you know, I thought it real cheap,” was the answer.

And that set the writer figuring, and this is the way the figures ran: \$75 would keep a

How to Solve the Problem.

foreign missionary in China for two months. In two months he could speak to 30,000 souls, and if only one out of every 15,000 who heard the truth accepted Jesus, then two souls would be saved to Christ-likeness.

These two would in turn become centres of spiritual influence. Streams of living waters would flow, first in rivulets, then in ever-growing currents, sweeping on and on forever, gaining power and usefulness as they flow until absorbed in the great ocean of eternity. No man could forecast the outcome.

The gown, therefore, really cost \$75, plus immortal souls, plus rivers of living waters, and—God's richest blessing.

What a price to pay! And that, too, for a gown to add to a wardrobe already full of gowns for vain display. Every time we spend a needless dollar we are to that extent denying somebody the Gospel, and hence eternal life in Christ. We sacrifice to our vanity their eternity.

When talking this way the writer has met with this objection, that the spending of money for expensive ornaments, clothing, etc., helps trade and gives employment, and therefore is a right and proper thing.

A Day of Good Tidings.

So far, so good.

One cannot, however, go far in this world without learning that the path of life to the child of God is not the choosing of the good and the rejection of the bad. It is rather the picking of the best from the good. In fact, the good is often the enemy of the best. Granting that helping trade and giving employment is in itself a proper thing, nevertheless here is a test to apply: "Which is more important, that we should help trade or send the Gospel to the perishing?" As the soul is greater than the body, as eternity is longer than time, as heaven is higher than hell, so the needs of the perishing millions overtop all other needs the round world over. We ought to choose the best, even if in so doing we must reject the good.

Besides this, surely a divine command ought to have the right of way, as against a matter of human expediency, and so long as Christ has not cancelled or recalled His orders to "go into all the world and preach the Gospel," then no man-made expediency should be allowed to turn us aside from obeying.

He said, "Go and preach." He did not say, "Go and help trade."

So far we have been assuming that there

How to Solve the Problem.

was some foundation in fact for the claim that extravagant living does more to furnish employment than giving to missions, but let us look a little closer. It is safe to say that not over twenty cents out of every dollar paid by the consumer for any article grown or produced in this or any other country goes toward furnishing employment. That is to say, labor gets not over one-fifth of the retail price of the goods sold.

Now, if you so desire, you can put your missionary money where the full, round hundred cents in every dollar will give employment, and such employment as will bring joy to God and the angels, and to your own soul through the ages of eternity.

Let us see a concrete example. Here are five families who spend each \$100 a year on the vanities of life. Five hundred good dollars are spent thus, and the spenders say: "Oh, well, we have the money and we help to give employment." Of this \$500 labor gets about 20 per cent., or \$100, and a large part of the balance goes to swell the bank accounts of wealthy merchants and manufacturers, and to help ruin their children. Now the \$500 would keep a missionary for a full year in China, and

A Day of Good Tidings.

every cent of it would give employment. Both heaven and earth would be the richer.

A young man known to the writer sent \$30 last year to keep a native teacher in India. Every cent of the \$30 gave employment. Had he spent it, as first intended, on clothing, only about \$6 would have gone to labor.

And still the one great test is: "Do I need it as badly as my brother in India, China or Africa needs the Gospel?" Yes, and the King's business requires haste, for

"The work that centuries might have done,
Must crowd the hour of setting sun."

Ah, my brother, this is your day of visitation. This is your opportunity. Not since the days of Peter and John have young men and women faced such a glorious call. No other generation since Christ has stood under such priceless burdens, or had opening before it such vistas of wondrous glory.

You have only one life. Make the most of it. Make it tell for the Kingdom.

How to Solve the Problem.

I.

Prayer.

“China has no sorrow that Christ’s message cannot cure ; India has no problem it cannot solve ; Japan no question that it cannot answer ; Africa no darkness that it cannot expel.”—*Judson Smith.*

“Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He send forth laborers into His harvest.”—Matt. 9. 38. *R.V.*

This life of perfect consecration and surrender of the individual to the will of the Master must be rooted in, and have its blossoms and fruitage, too, in the place of hidden prayer.

Prayer is, has been, and is to be, our greatest weapon against the kingdom of darkness. The most urgent need of the day is a renaissance of prayer. Given that, and all things follow. A praying church is a believing, a humble, a fighting, a triumphant church. Prayer has paved the way for every victory won by church or human soul since God made man in His image. Prayer links the human to the divine, the church militant to the church triumphant. By it we lose our weakness in God’s strength, our folly in His wisdom, our vileness in His purity, our defeats in His victory. He says,

A Day of Good Tidings.

“If ye ask . . . I will do.” (John 14. 14.)

Prior to Christ's command, “Go ye,” came His command, “Pray ye.” In Luke 10. 2 He says: “Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He send forth laborers into His harvest.”

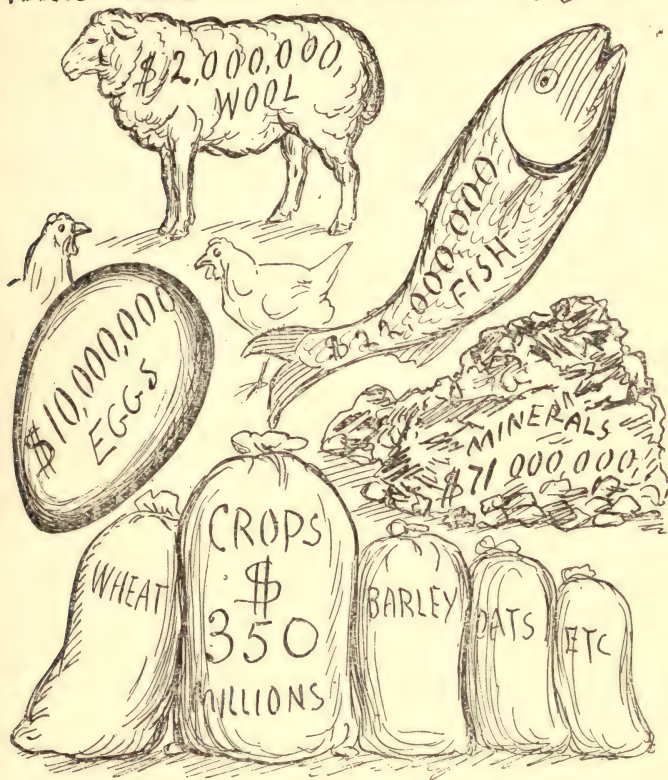
And then in the next verse we read, “Go your ways, behold I send you forth.”

There would be more going and more giving if there was more praying.

Are men needed? Pray for them. This was Christ's command, and whoever obeyed Him and failed? Ask Hudson Taylor how it was that in 1887 the C. I. M. sent out a hundred men to reinforce the two hundred then in the field, and he will quietly point out to an eight-day prayer-meeting held the year before by the men in the field, during which they asked the Lord of the harvest to send forth a hundred workers during the year. They closed the meeting with a prayer service, thanking the Lord for answering, and before the year was out six hundred had applied, and the desired one hundred were chosen and sent.

Is money needed? Pray for it. It is the safe ground to take that the Almighty will, in

WHAT GOD GAVE TO CANADA, 1905.



WHAT CANADA GAVE BACK FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS:

ONE CENT ONE CENT ONE CENT ONE CENT TWO CENTS ONE CENT ONE CENT = 8¢

PER HEAD OF POPULATION.

See pages 25 and 26.

A Day of Good Tidings.

calling and equipping laborers, also provide the means to send and maintain them. To refer again to the C. I. M. and its expansion in 1887, the increase of 50 per cent. at that time in the force meant a necessary increase in expenditure from \$100,000 to \$150,000, and Hudson Taylor asked the Lord for \$50,000 in large sums. Within the year the entire sum came to hand in eleven gifts ranging from \$2,500 to \$12,000. God is faithful. And He has His cupboards in strange and unexpected places. Let us do more looking up and less looking around, for God does answer prayer. You can get everything you ask for, while abiding in Christ, and the closer you abide the more you will ask for missions. "Call upon me and I will answer thee, and show thee great things and difficult, that thou knowest not." "Look not around thee, for I am thy God."

Now, men and money and Bibles are essential, but they are not the sum of all that is essential. The Spirit of God alone "convicts the world of sin and of righteousness and of judgment." Power is needed, power is absolutely indispensable, if men are to be saved. The men at the front feel this, and while their unceasing cry is for men, none the less their

How to Solve the Problem.

great heart hunger is for the prayers of the home church. In neglecting this we lessen the power of the men in the field. And we weaken our own spiritual life immeasurably. Cases by the score might be cited of remarkable outpourings of divine influence traceable to this wonderful God-given power, which we neglect at our peril. The greatest Telugu revival, during which 10,000 were baptized in less than a year, had its origin in the secret prayer of a few who took no rest and gave God no rest in their intercession. The conversion of Pastor Hsi, one of China's Christians whose life told mightily of Christ, is traceable to the prayers of David Hill. The revival in Doshisha, the leading Christian college in Japan, began the very night in 1883 when the students of some twenty colleges in America were praying that the threatened wave of rationalism and scepticism might be rolled back—and it was rolled back and many souls were saved. The great upheaval in Wales to-day is traced to the prayers of God's children.

Down in Glengarry, sometime in the fifties, special evangelistic services were held in the Baptist church. The meetings were a failure, they said, for only one old man was converted.

A Day of Good Tidings.

There were, to be sure, three little girls who also professed conversion, but they were not taken seriously into account. But the God who changes not had a different way of reckoning, and so these three girls, Annie Sinclair, Christy Campbell and Christy Anderson, aged from ten to twelve, under the leadership of the Holy Spirit, began a mid-day prayer-meeting in the woods back of the school-house.

From the first it was a meeting of power. Other children were attracted. Boys and girls were converted, the first convert being a lad of ten, now a professor in McMaster University. It grew in numbers and in power. The minister in charge of the church became interested. From the woods the meeting was taken to the parsonage, and then to the church. And now that building was overflowing with anxious seekers. Christians and enquirers drove for many miles to the gatherings, and there was a mighty turning to God. The influence swept north to the Congregational church, and services were begun there, and farther north still to the Presbyterian church, where the Rev. Mr. Gordon, "Ralph Connor's" father, was preaching, and he, too, opened his church for special services.

How to Solve the Problem.

And for nearly two years this wonderful manifestation of the presence of God continued, until hundreds were converted and the entire face of the county was changed. Out of it have come foreign missionaries, clergymen, college professors, Sunday school teachers and superintendents, and earnest church workers in all ranks of life. The earth has been girdled. Rivers of living waters are flowing. Heaven is richer, earth is happier, and Jesus is glorified. And it all came about, humanly speaking, in answer to the prayers of those three little girls in their mid-day meeting.

Prayer is the most universal power possessed by man. To have power in prayer one does not need either eloquence or learning. No gifts or graces of mind or person are in any way essential. Faith is the key. "When ye pray, believe." Remember the promise and Him who promised.

No other work that we can do from this moment to the judgment throne, equals prayer in power and helpfulness to God and to the sons of men. The great of the earth to-day are they who pray. Many a humble soul is reaching out beyond the seas, and making strong

A Day of Good Tidings.

and fresh the souls of the lonely pickets away off on God's frontiers. Yes, and they are laying up for themselves treasures in heaven, and adding stars to that crown of righteousness which one day shall be theirs. In this way, too, souls are won at home. In a certain well-known church some months had passed without a conversion taking place. In that church is a praying woman, stone blind. To hear her pray is a benediction. When she prays the heavens draw near. One Sunday evening, burdened with the thought of the long months without fruit, she remained home at the time of the evening service. And for the hour and a half of that meeting she was alone with the Master pleading for a blessing on the service then in progress. She asked for the Holy Spirit's power to accompany the Word, and to bring conviction. Before the lights were turned out in the church that night, a man and his wife and their two sons had accepted Christ as their Lord and Master, and they are to-day faithful workers in the vineyard.

If you cannot go, or speak, or write, you can pray. Then in God's name do it. God does answer prayer.

How to Solve the Problem.

II.

Going.

“Go YE into all the world.”—*Jesus Christ.*

And this entire personal consecration to the advancement of the Kingdom nourished by a life of prayer may result in our going to the front.

Of course the message must have a messenger. No other privilege on earth is so glorious, no other destiny so exalted, no other honor so high. The life of the man or woman marked by God for foreign missions should be one long hallelujah. Songs of praise and thanksgiving should mark every step from the call to the judgment throne, and then on and on and on, forever and forever.

“He hath sounded forth His trumpet that shall never
call retreat ;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judg-
ment seat ;
O be swift, my soul, to answer Him ; be jubilant, my
feet.

Our God is marching on.

“In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the
sea,

A Day of Good Tidings.

With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and
me ;
As He died to make men holy, let us live to make men
free,
While God is marching on."

Of course, we want to make the most of life. All do. None is worthy the name of a man who does not. How, then, is it to be done? Until we can find a better way, let us ponder deeply our Master's way: "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." (Matt. 10. 39.)

What kind of a life do you think he would find who lost it for Jesus' sake ?

Ask Brainard, who turned aside from a prosperous church on Long Island to give his life to work amongst scattered bands of Indians on the Western plains, and who wrote: "I cared not where or how I lived, or what hardships I went through, so that I could but gain souls for Christ."

Ask Baron Van Welz, who renounced his title to become a missionary—a living witness to a living Saviour.

Ask Williams, amongst the savages of the South Seas, evangelizing 300,000 of the lowest heathen, and then thrilling the people of England to their inmost souls.

How to Solve the Problem.

Ask Robert Moffatt, who gave his life to evangelize the degraded natives of Bechuanaland, South Africa; ask him, after his fifty years of toil, as he electrifies the people of the homeland with pen and tongue. Ask him if the life he found in Jesus repaid him for the horrors and sufferings, the squalor and the filth. His answer is a clarion call to the young men of Scotland to follow in his steps. For, said he, "What is there on earth worth living for except Christ and His Kingdom?"

Ask Judson what he gained by giving up his rich pastorate in Boston to meet imprisonment and fetters, fever, starvation and death in India, to found a church with many thousand converts?

Ask Duff, who was twice shipwrecked going to India, and was finally cast like sea-weed upon her shores.

Ask Zinzendorf, who wrote: "I would rather be despised and hated for the sake of Jesus Christ, than be loved for my own sake. I have but one passion, and it is He, He."

Ask William Carey, forty years a missionary to India, who wrote: "I never yet repented of any sacrifice which I have made for the Gospel, but find that consolation, which comes

A Day of Good Tidings.

from God alone. . . . I have God. . . . God's cause will triumph. To be devoted, like a sacrifice, to holy uses, is the great business of a Christian. I am not my own, nor would I choose for myself. Let God employ me where He thinks fit."

Ask Livingstone, torn by lions, racked by fever, worn, weary, but immortal—ask him as he kneels in his hut that last night on earth, while he prays his soul back into the hands of his Maker.

Ask these men, and like one of old they will reply, each man for himself, "For me to live is Christ," or they will say to you, in those words of David Brainerd's: "I declare, now that I am dying, I would not have spent my life otherwise for the whole world."

And by the way, did you ever hear of a man who lived only to get things, who could say, as he looked back over his years and forward to eternity and the Judgment, "I would not have spent my life otherwise for the whole world"?

How to Solve the Problem.

III.

Giving.

“He that supplieth seed to the sower and bread for food, shall supply and multiply your seed for sowing, and increase the fruit of your righteousness.”

—*Paul to the Corinthians.*

This entire personal consecration to the campaign may result in our going to the front, and it may not, but it certainly will result in our giving.

Jesus said (Acts 20. 35), “It is more blessed to give than to receive.” This being so, it naturally follows that God would not deny any of His children the greater blessing, so that no matter how poor one may be, a blessing greater than that of receiving is at hand as recompense even for the smallest gifts. If it be only the widow’s quarter-cent, it is sure of the Master’s blessing if given in the spirit of the widow.

Should you, whose eyes now read these words, wish to know God’s will about your missionary offering—and who can be a Christian who does not so wish—try this plan: Pray—day and night—earnestly, unceasingly, that the Lord of the harvest will send forth laborers; pray for the missionaries and for

A Day of Good Tidings.

the heathen. Do not *say* prayers, but *pray*. And when the time comes to contribute you will wish you had the vaults of a chartered bank at your disposal.

We speak of giving, but as a matter of fact it is not giving. Christian giving and Christian liberality are false terms.

How can a man be liberal with that which is not his, and how can he give to Christ that which is already Christ's? Admit it or deny it as we may, the silver and the gold are the Lord's, and we are but His stewards. "Whatsoever is under the whole heaven is mine."

Rev. H. T. Crossley, the well-known Canadian evangelist, sets aside three-fourths of his income each year for the Kingdom of God, because he has been taught by the Spirit that he is not an owner but a steward; and as one who knows that his Lord will return some day to reckon with His stewards, he desires above all things to be found faithful at his Lord's coming.

Of old it was said, "The tenth is the Lord's," but later we read, "Ye are not your own." Then, if we are not our own, nothing is ours. The time is coming when God will have an army of faithful stewards who will

How to Solve the Problem.

hold themselves and their possessions at His disposal, while they camp upon the Besor for the glory of the Lord.

The time is coming—nay, thank God, it is here—when young men and women who have caught the vision and whose souls are lit by God's Holy Spirit, and who cannot go to the front, will place themselves as much in God's hands for the spread of the Good Tidings as they would be if they were out on the firing line. They will, perforce, stay home and give time and talent to accumulate the baggage for the use of the army at the front. And how God will bless them!

The time is coming when scores of business houses will have missionaries on their pay roll as a regular part of their expenditure.

The time is coming when churches will as soon think of doing without pastors, and Sunday schools without superintendents, and classes without teachers, as they would think of doing without their own foreign missionaries. And how God will bless and honor such churches, schools and classes!

The time is coming, as sure as God is true, when the knowledge of the glory of God will

A Day of Good Tidings.

cover the earth as the waters cover the sea, and the whole earth will shine with His glory.

Rev. Dr. Goucher, of Baltimore—a camper on the Besor—says: “I have detailed knowledge of a field where the investment of something over \$100,000, working through a score of years, has resulted in the conversion and edification of over 50,000 natives. They are a mighty reconstructive agency, and their influence is deepening and widening with geometrical progression. This is only a sample of what might be realized if the Lord’s money were put to exchangers as He requires.”

Some of you men with \$100,000, would you not like to have 50,000 diamonds in your crown, and each diamond producing other diamonds for the glory of Jesus?

The great and good Gordon, of Boston, in his last pastoral letter, said: “I warn you that it will go hard with you when your Lord comes to reckon with you, if He finds your wealth invested in superfluous luxuries or hoarded up in needless accumulations instead of being sacredly devoted to giving the Gospel to the lost.”

A few years ago the writer stood with bared head near a handsome marble statue in a public

RECORD OF THE MORAVIAN
CHURCH:

ONE FOREIGN MISSIONARY FOR
EVERY 58 COMMUNICANTS IN
THE HOME CHURCH.

RECORD OF THE PROTESTANT
CHURCHES OF CANADA:

ONE FOREIGN MISSIONARY FOR
EVERY 2,500 COMMUNICANTS.

TO EQUAL THE MORAVIANS THE THREE
LEADING CHURCHES OF CANADA MUST
INCREASE THEIR PRESENT 200 AS FOLLOWS:

METHODIST, 4310 MISSIONARIES.

PRESBYTERIAN, 4,100 DO.

ANGLICAN, 1,724 DO.

WANTED,
A
FIFTY-FOLD
INCREASE!



ASHAMED!

See pages 53 and 54.

A Day of Good Tidings.

square. On the marble were the words, "The Statue of Margaret of New Orleans." Her story reads like a romance from the land of Don Quixote. Left an orphan in early youth by the yellow fever, the scourge of the south land, and some years later a childless widow, poor, uneducated, hardly able to write her name, surely there was little she could do for her generation.

Being an orphan, her heart was tender towards the waifs, and so she gave her life for the little fatherless and motherless children of her city. She toiled early and late, with the one passion to help the homeless. When a new and handsome orphanage was built, Margaret and one of the sisters freed it from debt. She then opened a dairy and a bakery of her own, and gave the entire proceeds to the cause. Everybody knew her, and many patronized her milk and bread waggons. After a while the Master needed her elsewhere, and she went to be forever with the Lord.

In appearance she was plain, and in dress simple to severity. But beneath the visible homespun were the glorious robes of the King Immortal; and veiled, though not hidden, by the homely features of the physical, were the

How to Solve the Problem.

fadeless beauties of the Lord our God. New Orleans erected this striking monument as a tribute to her sweet, strong, and unselfish life, but a monument more enduring than brass or marble she herself had erected in the lives of those made better by her life—a monument which will endure while eternal ages roll.

Giving is the highest ideal of life. The triumph of life in the tree or vine is the giving of fruit. The getting of air, sunshine and water are but means to an end, and that end is giving. If the tree did nothing but get, it would be a freak of nature, an unsatisfied cumberer of the ground, fit only to be cut down and cast into the fire. What is true in nature is true in human life.

Not long ago an aged stranger from beyond the international boundary called upon the writer. He was clad in a quaint, old-fashioned garb, but something about the air of the man betokened a son of the King. Said he, after a few words of introduction: "I have been at Ziklag, but now I am on the Banks of the Besor, and I want to leave you some money for the war." With that he drew from his pocket a roll of bills, and said, as he handed it over: "I am a poor man—a failure—working

A Day of Good Tidings.

for day wages, but I'm the happiest man in all the world."

As the stranger, crowned with the snows of nearly eighty winters, sat and talked, with the radiance of the throne fairly glowing in his face, the writer, turning in his chair, caught a glimpse of the busy street below. It was thronged with anxious men hastening to be rich. Just then there drove by an old man who had attained his dream, and was rich in things of earthly sort. But his wealth was not all clean, so the burden of remorse, with the tyranny of avarice, and the pains of a lingering illness, had filled his years with gloom. There he sat, hugging his money and his misery, hat over his brow, head bent forward, with a weary, haggard, haunted look—yet the possessor of great wealth. One could almost hear him, as he passed, whisper to himself those last words of another millionaire, "I suppose I am the most miserable man on earth."

Turning again in his chair the writer looked back into the eyes of the man who had been at Ziklag, and had tasted all that Ziklag means of earthly failure. And as he did so, Browning's

How to Solve the Problem.

Easter prayer was in his heart, "Lord, I choose here."

There you have in a living picture the product of the two ways of life, "giving" and "getting." The "giver" could say, "Though poor I am the happiest man in the world," and the "getter" could draw his cheque for hundreds of thousands, but his wretchedness is a byword in the land. Surely the Master used no idle figure when He said: "Whosoever would save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the Gospel's shall save it."

IV.

The Power of the Holy Spirit.

"To you is the promise and to your children."—*Peter.*

"If the Holy Ghost can only have men and women who are willing to be used, there is nothing that cannot be accomplished."—*A. J. Gordon.*

Furthermore, this life of complete self-abandonment to Christ's glory must be lived in utter dependence on the Holy Ghost for power and guidance. Without this our best laid plans are vain, and our most lavish expenditure use-

A Day of Good Tidings.

less. It was Pentecost that made the Apostolic Church the greatest missionary force since Christ.

History records no other age like theirs. These men, mostly unlettered, swept through their generation with a power never known before nor since. They traversed land and sea, with neither purse nor scrip, mission boards nor stipends. Following Jesus was with them a passion. To see Him going on before, they would go rejoicing through fire and water, face earth and hell, dare stripes and imprisonment, shipwreck and torture, all the while glorying that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His sake. No wonder they had the power, for the Power had them.

The price they paid for Pentecost was high for anything less than Pentecost, but for Pentecost no price is high.

If the Christless millions are to be reached in our day, the twentieth century church must be baptized with the fire of Pentecost. The great world need is a world Pentecost. The forerunner said of Jesus, "He shall baptize you in the Holy Ghost and in fire."

Then, why are we moderns not on fire and filled with the Holy Ghost and with power?

How to Solve the Problem.

The church of the Living God is impotent, while the cynical world looks on with scorn. And well it may, for have we not said that we are possessed by an All-Powerful, All-Wise, All-Loving God? And yet the great dumb heathen world marches with unfaltering tread graveward without Christ. Why are these things so, when there is at our disposal a power as great as that which Christ had in His earthly life, yea, as great as that which He now possesses at God's right hand in glory, the power of the Almighty through the Holy Ghost, who—glory to God—has come?

The blame is surely ours.

Pentecost will come to the church when the church comes to Pentecost. When it meets the conditions and pays the price, it will be possessed by the power. God changes not, the Holy Ghost is in the world, Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. The race never needed a Spirit-filled church so much as now, and the Word stands true: "To you is the promise, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call unto Him."

To-day, as of old, weakness is the royal road to power; self-surrender is the Gethsemane to

A Day of Good Tidings.

self-realization; abandonment to the Spirit is the secret of Christ-likeness.

Then let us to our knees, in deep humility and complete surrender, every son of God, and pray, pray, pray until the fulness come.

“Ye shall receive power, the Holy Ghost coming upon you.”

“Oh, for a passionate passion for souls !

Oh, for a pity that yearns !

Oh, for the love that loves unto death !

Oh, for the fire that burns !

“Oh, for the power that prevails,

That pours itself out for the lost !

Victorious power, in the Conqueror's name,

The Lord of Pentecost.”

V.

Faith.

“Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do.”—*Jesus Christ.*

“The people that know their God, shall be strong and do.”—Daniel 11. 32.

And again this life of personal surrender, having its foundation in prayer, and controlled by the Holy Ghost, will, as surely as the flowers

How to Solve the Problem.

follow the spring, have its outcome in faith and action.

No great work was ever done by God for the race except through men of faith. Men who have dared to step out on the promises have ever been the men who were mighty in God's hands. That man is invincible who bases every action upon "Thus saith the Lord." Such a man was George Müller, who, being asked if he did not have giant faith when he began his work, replied, "No, but I had a giant God." "Looking unto the promises of God, he wavered not through unbelief."

One lovely summer morning in 1865, alone on the sands at Brighton, a returned missionary, broken in health, burdened almost to distraction with the thought of the perishing millions in China, did a very simple thing—simple, but divine—and thus he recorded it on the margin of his Bible: "Prayed for twenty-four willing, skilful laborers at Brighton, June 25, 1865."

Of course, he got them, and thus began the China Inland Mission, which, beginning there in that quiet, unostentatious manner, has grown to be the second largest missionary society in the world, with its eight hundred and odd

A Day of Good Tidings.

laborers in the field, and asking God for more—a society which, in its well-nigh forty years of life, has never asked for a dollar from a human soul. It rings no door-bells but Heaven's. It contracts no debts and pledges no salaries. And the good Lord who owns the silver and the gold has never allowed the army of consecrated men and women under its banner to want. It is essentially a mission of faith.

An official of the Church Missionary Society, the largest in the world, recently had this to say at a missionary convention: "In the year 1887 the Church Missionary Society, under special circumstances, came to this resolution, in the teeth of the Finance Board, to refuse no candidate on financial grounds who appeared to be God-called. This momentous decision was not based on excitement or gush, but on the plain, simple, business principle that if God calls a man, He will allow him to go, and will find the money. We have a right, then, if, as far as man can judge, this man or this woman is called of God to go, we have a right to say, "O Lord, we look to Thee to enable us to send this man or this woman."

"Now, if anyone had said to us on that memorable day, when we were all on our knees

How to Solve the Problem.

in prayer on this subject, 'You will treble your forces in thirteen years,' the answer would have been, 'Impossible.' And if anybody had gone on and said, 'Well, but you will,' then the answer would have been, 'There will be no money to send them; it is impossible.' But the impossible thing has been done, the staff has been trebled, and the money has been found. God sent it."

First, imagine it written in letters of fire across this hall, "With men this is impossible."

That is true.

Secondly, "With God all things are possible."

Isn't that true?

What is the third? "All things are possible to him that believeth."

This same society has recently issued a call for 500 more men for foreign mission work and an increase of \$500,000 annually to its income.

A striking example of what happens when Jesus is taken at His word may be seen in the history of the First Presbyterian Church, Wichita, Kansas. About eleven years ago the state and city were in the stress of stringent times, so that the soundest and oldest houses

A Day of Good Tidings.

were tottering. The church was practically bankrupt. In spite of this, or it may be because of this, the pastor, Rev. C. E. Bradt, on his knees before God, came to the solemn conviction that their salvation as a church depended upon obeying Jesus and going with Him to the uttermost parts of the earth with the Gospel. He thought they must share the handful of meal in the jar, and the few drops of oil in the cruse, with those who had neither meal nor oil, if they would keep the jar and cruse from failing.

And so he made to the people the most astonishing proposal, that this, the bankrupt church should undertake the support of a foreign missionary. And what is more astonishing still, the church agreed.

For the first time in ten years they closed that year with all expenses met and a large and heretofore growing floating debt paid in full.

Then they added yet another missionary to their pay roll, and closed the second year with all expenses met, a cash balance on hand, and a burdensome mortgage of \$18,000 liquidated.

Since then they have added two more foreign missionaries to their list, and about thirty native pastors, and have laid upon God's

How to Solve the Problem.

altar an equal amount for home missionary work.

In the meantime, what of the church itself? Jesus has stood true to His promise, and while the church has gone to the uttermost parts of the earth, He has been with them at home, and from a membership of 400 they have increased to 1,300. Many souls have been born into the Kingdom, and the church is a powerful centre of spiritual life at home and abroad.

Christ in His lifetime could do no mighty works without faith, and He changes not. So to-day, in the early dawn of the new century, He is calling, calling with such pathos for men of faith to arise, who will go with Him to the ends of the earth carrying the Good Tidings, or stay in the home lands, as He may choose, and supply to those who go the needed funds. He wants men and women to walk with Him in the same old sweet, daily fellowship as of yore; men and women whose lives He can control, whose souls He can purify and fill with His radiance, upon the throne of whose hearts He can reign with undisputed sway; men and women whom He can endue with power, because He dominates them, body, spirit, soul and baggage. He is looking for such, calling

A Day of Good Tidings.

for such, expecting them with every sun that rises. Who will answer, saying, "For time and for eternity, body, soul and baggage, Jesus, I am thine"?

The only hope of victory lies in the recognition by the individual Christian of his personal responsibility, leading him to a complete consecration of himself and his possessions to the advancement of the Kingdom, living a life based upon prayer, led by the Holy Ghost, resulting in faith and action, going if called, staying if needs must, but always, everywhere, at home or abroad, rich or poor, sick or well, prominent or obscure, always, everywhere, doing all things for the glory of God.

CHAPTER VII.

If We Tarry.

‘If we tarry . . . punishment will overtake us.’

THE four lepers at the gates of Samaria looked at one another in the twilight, and said: “We do not well; this is a day of Good Tidings, and we hold our peace; if we tarry till the morning light, punishment will overtake us.”

Napoleon’s famous dictum, “The army that remains in its entrenchments is beaten,” is equally true of the hosts of the Lord.

God’s army was called into being, its soldiers enlisted, its officers commissioned, its banners unfurled for one and only one great object, namely, the carrying of the Good Tidings to every creature. The equipment is complete, the plan of campaign is perfect, and victory rides on the wings of the morning. No defensive armor has been provided—all is offensive; no retreat calls have been taught its

A Day of Good Tidings.

buglers—the one note is forward. No provision has been made for camp, for barracks, or for winter-quarters. God's army never fails in a forward march, and never wins behind trenches or barricades. If, like Hannibal's army after Cannæ, it goes into winter-quarters, then so surely do ease, luxury and idleness, with internal dissensions, sap it of conquering power. The King is no longer with the hosts, and disasters, following disasters, bring shame and sorrow in their train.

The church without the missionary spirit is lacking in the Christian spirit. The whole mind, spirit and life of Christ was missionary. He was essentially the first foreign missionary, and He bids us follow. His great promise, "Behold I, even I, am with you," followed close upon the command, "Go ye and disciple all nations," and it was conditioned upon obedience to the command. The church that insults its Leader by refusing to obey the command has no right to look for the Leader's presence, and without His presence, the church, be it ever so wealthy, learned, or fashionable, withers and dies. This is the changeless record of history.

Even the churches founded by the mighty



“— and it cost God’s richest blessing on the buyer.” See pages 70 and 71.

A Day of Good Tidings.

apostles dwindled and died when they became self-centred. Africa is called the dark continent, and yet the time was when the greatest Christian churches were there, and the most brilliant of the church fathers lived, taught and preached within her borders. Africa was the home of Augustine, Cyprian, Tertullian, Clement, and others who are immortal in the annals of Christianity. They were great beacon lights whose light still shines, although their churches are blotted out.

They are not, because they sat idly by selfishly battenning upon their blessings, and did nothing to spread the Gospel. Then they fell upon theological squabbles. They had all grades of Biblical critics. They argued such questions as "How many souls can stand on the point of a needle?" while they allowed their fellows to stand in the way of death and hell. No wonder the Lord removed their candlestick out of its place, and they are to-day nothing but memories.

The land of Moab is a dreary example of this same inexorable law. Once full of the light and blessing of the Gospel, it is to-day the haunt of the buzzard and the home of the Bedouin. Their neighbors, the Saracens, whom

If We Tarry.

they neglected, swept down upon the land, and blotted out their civilization and their self-centred Christianity. Too selfish to spread the Gospel, they were unable to cope with their opponents, whose love they had failed to win, and to whom they had denied the Good Tidings.

From the days of the Fathers to this day, every period of spiritual decadence in the Church has been marked by partial, if not total neglect of Christ's command to preach the Gospel to every creature. Consider for a moment the days of, and before, the Wesleys. Of that period Bishop Butler says, "England had practically renounced Jesus Christ." The gross, brutal, godless England of the eighteenth century had abandoned utterly the effort to preach the Gospel to the regions beyond.

Carey was thought a dangerous, almost blasphemous, fanatic when he urged the claims of foreign missions. Said the Baptist Assembly in reply to his appeal, "Young man, when God wishes to convert the heathen, He will do it without you."

And in 1793, the Board of the East India Company said: "Sending out missionaries into our Eastern possessions is the maddest, most

A Day of Good Tidings.

extravagant, most indefensible project which has ever been suggested by a moon-struck fanatic."

When a proposal to evangelize the heathen was brought before the Assembly of the Scottish Church, in 1796, it was met by a resolution that "To spread abroad the knowledge of the Gospel amongst barbarous and heathen nations seems to be highly preposterous, in so far as philosophy and learning must in the nature of things take the precedence, and that while there remains at home a single individual without the means of religious knowledge, to propagate it abroad would be improper and absurd."

Need we wonder, then, when we read of a land upon which the very blackness of the nether regions had settled, with a drunken, sporting, licentious clergy, and a brutal and blasphemous people.

God's rivers of living waters cannot be dammed up for purely local purposes by individual, church, or nation, without turning the life-giving streams into stagnant pools. That church which is deaf to the cry of the unreached millions will spiritually wither and die, as sure as the severed branch from the living vine, while the church which is true to

If We Tarry.

the greatest work man ever undertook is always and everywhere a growing, spiritual, Christ-filled church.

What is true of the church is true of the human soul. Let any saved man sit down to bask in the light of the Gospel, and to feast upon its blessings, shutting up his sympathies to his own four walls, or even to his own church, denomination, or country, and that man will there and then begin to warp and wither.

He cannot thus become Christ-like. And growth in Christ-likeness is the mark of the healthy Christian, for we were "fore-ordained to be conformed to the image of God's Son."

"If we tarry, . . . punishment will overtake us."

CHAPTER VIII.

God's Last Challenge.

WHENEVER God would richly bless a man or a people, He, in His wisdom, makes the blessing contingent upon some great test or challenge.

Long centuries ago, in Ur of the Chaldees, He appeared to Abram, the idol worshipper, and called him to come out from his people and become a wanderer over the face of the earth. By way of recompense, his descendants were to outnumber the stars of heaven, and surpass in multitude the sands upon the shores of the eternal seas. And in them all nations were to be blessed. Abraham stood the test, and received the blessing. But Abraham had no Christ to glorify, and no world to evangelize.

When God would transform Abraham's grandson, the wily Jacob, into Israel, a Prince-with-God, He called him to leave Haran, the

God's Last Challenge.

home of Laban, his father-in-law, where he had grown rich, and return to the barren, rocky uplands of Bethel, where many years before the angel ladder appeared to the fleeing lad. And there, by the brook Jabbok, in the way as he returned, the angel of the Lord met him, and before the sun rose upon that memorable scene, the angel blessed Jacob and called him Israel, Prince-with-God. But Jacob had no Good Tidings of great joy to proclaim to a joyless, sin-stained, cheated and wandering world.

Later in the cycle of the ages, when the children of Israel had grown into a vast multitude, the Lord led them by a series of wonderful events up to the borders of the land of promise, and there, at Kadesh-Barnea, by the lips of the sturdy Caleb, who wholly followed the Lord, He said to them, "Go up at once and possess the land." But, and because, the tall sons of Anak were in the land, and the cities were great and fortified to the skies, they refused God's challenge, and murmured against Him, saying that their wives and little ones would be a prey.

Then came Jehovah's solemn words: "Tomorrow turn ye and get ye into the wilderness.

A Day of Good Tidings.

. . . But your little ones that ye said should be a prey, these will I bring in, and they shall know the land which ye have rejected.”

And they took their journey, as God had said.

Forty years of wandering in the great and terrible wilderness was a sad and dreary contrast to the rich things God had prepared for them.

There could have been no failure had God's people gone forward from Kadesh-Barnea. God would have given them the land. What are tall men and massive walls to El Shaddai—the God who is Almighty? Caleb was right. Time proved it. But they would not believe Him, and so history records the weary wilderness wanderings and the deaths in the desert. But even the mighty Moses had no commission to preach Christ to a dying world.

Centuries go by, and again God leads the children of Israel by a series of mighty events up to the borders of another land, fairer still and longer promised, where they are to receive the Good Tidings which are to bless all nations. He, in His infinite love, sent Jesus, His Son, into the world to be the world's Saviour, and there upon the summit of the Mount of Trans-

God's Last Challenge.

figuration three startled men hear God's voice from the heavens, saying, "This is my beloved son, hear ye Him."

What answer does the nation give to this, God's most wondrous challenge?

Gethsemane and grim Golgotha!

We have no record of an audible voice saying, "Turn ye and get ye into the wilderness," but the fiat went forth, and there have followed twenty centuries of such homeless wanderings through the great and terrible wilderness of the world as no other race endured since Eden.

The mind can but dimly picture the wonders God would have wrought had the Hebrews accepted Jesus Christ—wonders in the race and wonders in the world. They would have been the welcomed bringers of the Good Tidings, blessing the nations and ushering in the millennium.

But it was not to be. The race would not allow God to do the wonders. They declined His challenge, they rejected His Christ, and lo, two thousand years of wanderings.

Once again God is challenging. It is to us He speaks. He has led the men of our day by a series of unprecedented wonders to the borders of our great inheritance.

A Day of Good Tidings.

We need not strain our eyes to read the challenge. It is writ large in history and in Scripture.

Dull, indeed, are the ears and gross with the things of time and sense, if God's voice fails to pierce them. He speaks to us through a thousand million throats.

This is how the challenge runs: "All power hath been given to me in heaven and on earth. Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all nations. . . . And lo, I, even I, am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

These words are spoken to us in Canada in the year 1905, because for the first time in twenty centuries every door is open, and all nations are waiting, some of them calling for the Good Tidings.

Perhaps God has opened the doors, because He sees that for the first time in all these centuries His church is ready to respond to His call. And so the prepared fields await a prepared church.

However that may be, there are the facts. The doors are open. Jesus orders an advance. The order is to us. The heathen are waiting and Jesus expecting.

God's Last Challenge.

And so it comes about in God's great calendar of events that we, the men of the richest, most luxuriant, the happiest, and most God-favored age since Eden, are to-day facing a challenge from God, the outcome of which will be the most sublime triumph, or the direst tragedy ever recorded in the annals of man.

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