

The World's Need For Christ

You remember Pharaoh's dream. Seven cows, which had escaped from the torturing heat into the comparative coolness of the water, came up on the banks and began feeding on the sedge. Shortly after, seven lean cows came up, and finding nothing left for them to eat, by one of those strange transformations common to dreams, swallowed up their predecessors. So the seven shriveled ears devoured those which were rank and good. This is a symbol of a fact that is always happening, and is happening now.

Our rulers, like Pharaoh, are having troublesome visions just now. In our land weak things are destroying the strong; hungry creatures are devouring the flourishing and the fat; the sterile is swallowing up the fruitful: and there is no visible improvement. Those who know how much we spend each year for drink and for our army; for extravagance and show -- will understand what I mean. Oh, it is grievous to see how much is being squandered to no purpose on all these things, when our toiling masses are sinking deeper and deeper into misery and need.

Where is the cure? It seems beyond our reach. Our wisdom, with its parliaments, its learned articles, its congresses, seems at its wits' end. At this very hour, for want of something better, millions of men are under arms to keep the hungry and the weak from further devouring the flourishing and fat. For God Himself is bringing Egypt to despair, that it may learn the need of what Jesus who -- like Joseph once -- is now hidden from its view. Then these Bibles shall be searched for guidance, and places of Christian worship shall be crowded; and the Rejected One shall reign, and His bride shall be given Him. Then shall earth rejoice; for He cometh to rule in equity, and His reign is goodwill to men!

It may be that seven years of famine have been passing over you, devouring all that you had accumulated in happy bygone times, and leaving you bare. Do you not guess the reason? There is a rejected Savior transferred to some obscure dungeon in your heart. There never can be prosperity or peace so long as He is there. Seek Him diligently. Cause thyself to run to Him. Ask Him to forgive years of shameful neglect. Reinstall Him on the throne. Give the reins of power into His hand and He shall restore to thee the years that the cankerworm has eaten.

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