

# RIVERSIDE CAMP MEETING

Robinson, Me., July 31st, Aug. 9th, 1925.

**Workers**—The Ministers of the Reformed Baptist Church and others.

**Rooms**—50 cents to 75 cents per day.

**Board**—\$1.00 per day. \$5.00 per week.

Good Singing—Songs of Perfect Love.

Come and enjoy the feast. No side issues.

Holiness unto the Lord is important.

## TWO GOLDEN DAYS

There are two days of the week upon which and about which I never worry. Two care-free days kept sacredly free from care and apprehension.

One of these days is yesterday. Yesterday, with all its cares and frets, with all its pains and aches, all its faults, its mistakes and blunders, has passed forever beyond the reach of my recall. I cannot undo any act that I wrought; I cannot unsay a word that I said on yesterday. All that it holds of my life, of wrongs, regret and sorrow, is in the hands of the Mighty Love that can bring honey out of the rock, and sweet waters out of the bitterest desert—the love that can make the wrong things right, that can turn weeping into laughter, that can give beauty for ashes, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, joy of the morning for the woe of the night.

tender, that linger like the perfume of roses in the heat of the day that is gone, I have nothing to do with yesterday. It was mine; it is God's.

And the other day that I do not worry about is tomorrow. Tomorrow with all its possible adversities, its burdens, its perils, its large promise and poor performance, its failures and mistakes, is as far beyond the reach of my mastery as its dead sister yesterday. It is a day of God's. Its sun will rise in roseate splendor, or behind a mask of weeping clouds. But it will rise. Until then, the same love and patience that held yesterday will hold tomorrow, shining with tender promise into the heart of today. I have no possession in that unborn day of grace. All else is in the safe keeping of the Infinite Love that holds for me the treasure of yesterday. The love that is higher than the stars, wider than the skies, deeper than the seas. Tomorrow—it is God's day. It will be mine.

There is left for myself, then, but one day of the week—today. Any man can fight the battles of today. Any woman can carry the burden of just one day. Any man can resist the temptation of today. O, friend, it is only when, to the burdens and cares of today, carefully measured out to us by the infinite Wisdom and Might, that gives with them the promise "As thy day, so shall thy strength be," we wilfully add the burden of those too awful eternities—yesterday and tomorrow—such burdens as only the mighty God can sustain—that we break down. It isn't the experience of today that drives men mad. It is the remorse for something that happened yesterday, the dread of what tomorrow may disclose.

These are God's days. Leave them with Him.

Therefore, I think, and I do, and I journey but one day at a time. That is the easy day. That is the man's day—God's and mine. And, while faithful, Nay. Rather, that is our day—God's and mine. And, while faithfully and dutifully I run my course, and work my appointed task on that day of ours, God the Almighty and the All-loving takes care of yesterday and tomorrow.—Robert J. Burdette, in the Home Evangel.

Daniel was a man who dared to do right. That sort of prowess is none too common. It is comparatively easy to dare to do wrong, and not so irksome to let the right take care of itself, but personally and perpetually to engage in the battles of virtue and probity requires courage of a high order. The great need in social and political life today is that these daring Daniels should come to judgment.—Wesleyan Methodist.

## THE WORTH OF A SOUL.

The worth of a soul! Who can count its value? Who can appraise its worth? An immortal soul is beyond all price.

In money, one soul is of more value than the wealth of the whole world.

In suffering, it is better that all the people of the world should suffer all their lives on earth, if by their suffering one soul could be saved.

In journeying, no foreign land is too distant or any portion of it too inaccessible, for all the people of the world to take a journey there, if by so doing one soul could be saved.

There is no trouble too great, no humiliation too deep, no suffering too severe, no love too strong, no labour too hard, no expense too large, but that it is worth it, if it is spent in the efforts to win a soul.

Of all creations in this world and in the world to come, the greatest, the most wonderful, the most priceless, the most enduring is a soul.

## THE MOST TERRIBLE LOOK-OUT

Rev. 3:20. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

That is the most terrible look-out, when we shut the door in the face of the Lord Jesus, and bolt and bar it, and He stands without waiting. One would assume, by the way we treat Him, that we regard Him as an enemy who has come to steal and kill and destroy, when His eager errand is that we might have life, and that we might have it more abundantly. Let us try to realize what really happens when we look

our Saviour out. What is there inside the house?

There is sin in the house. And sin is the great slave-driver, the most merciless of all brutes, and he lashes us with his tyrannies, driving us into ever deeper and more destructive servitude. We are bond-slaves to sin. And the Emancipator is standing at the door, waiting to come in, and give us perfect deliverance, but we keep the door shut, and we lock Him out, and His proffered deliverance is ignored or despised. Or there is sorrow in the house. We cannot quench our tears. Or worse still, perhaps the sorrow is dry, and hard, and hardening, and it holds our powers in spiritual petrification. We are imprisoned in our grief. And the great Comforter, who would destroy our sorrow or transfigure it, is just at the door, knocking to get admission, but we lock Him out.

Or it may be there is merriment in the house, and Jesus is kept outside. The joy is not full. And the great Fulfiller stands at the door, and if we would let Him in, He would add sunshine to daylight, and He would bring a wondrous warmth and geniality to the hapiest fellowship. But no, we lock the door and keep Him out.

And what is it that opens the door and lets the waiting Saviour in? It is the will. It is not some emotional outburst, some violent sentiment which flings the door ajar. It is a quiet act of the will. We just deliberately open the door of our life and let Him in to mix His Spirit with our spirit, and to mingle His Holy energies with all the movements of our life. By a thoughtful act of will, we open the door, and He comes in to sup with us.—J.H.J.

## THE SIN OF MURMURING.

To murmur is to complain and find fault. There is such a thing as indulging in this until it becomes a confirmed habit. We would not go as far as to say that no one is a Christian who has this habit, but we must say that it does not denote a high state of grace. A murmurer is a weak Christian, to say the least.

To murmur means to

### Criticize Divine Providence

It means that we find fault with the condition in which the Lord has placed us. It assumes that if we had had the ordering of things we could have improved upon the Divine plan.

To murmur means lack of faith in God. We think we are not going to be as well off as we ought to be, and are afraid of the outcome.

To murmur means

### Unthankfulness.

When we hear people grumble about the weather, for instance, we know they are complaining of the works of their best Friend. A man who is truly thankful for what God is giving, never grumbles about what He is not giving.

The thankful man gets through the disagreeable things of life much more easily than the grumbler. The one makes hard things easier, while the other makes them harder still.

Full salvation takes the grumbling spirit out of the nature. The "old man" is the prince of grumblers.