

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGE

"Let no man despise thy youth"—I. Timothy 4-12

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EDITORIAL

THE MAGNETISM OF BEULAH CAMP

On the western bank of the beautiful Saint John River, about twenty-five miles from its mouth, there is a secluded, scenic, and sanctified spot that has become a Bethel to many people. Those who were inspired with the idea of securing this "parcel of ground" for a holiness campmeeting centre, must have visualized its present beauty when they chose the name that is most befitting and appropriate to the place, the name that is familiarly dear to a host of the sanctified, "Beulah Camp."

Each year about this time this trysting place begins to exert a magnetic influence toward those who have formerly visited it. Young and old, preacher and laity, those at school and those at home, begin to think, talk, and plan for "Beulah." Some count the weeks, then the days, and finally the hours intervening before the opening of the great annual campmeeting. From other sections of the Dominion, from various points in the United States, from nearly every locality in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and the State of Maine, where our churches are located, hundreds of people, crowds that increase with each passing year, are strangely drawn to this place of annual visitation.

What is the cause of this stir? Why the keen interest in, and the intense place that may be equalled in scenic beauty by many other camps and resorts of the country? Perhaps from our experience we may suggest some reasons:

First, the sacredness of the place. Beulah is not just another summer resort that was planned and established for the purpose of profit and pleasure. It is beautiful, delightfully so, but its greatest attractiveness is not physical but spiritual. It marks the location where many a battle has been fought and many a glorious victory won! It is to many, the hallowed spot where the Lord issued a call to personal salvation or service, where He saved, sanctified, and fitted for usefulness many a precious life. Many a time the glory of God has settled like a thick cloud over this hilltop until those present were lifted into the heaven of heavens to enjoy memorable communion with their Lord. A monument to the glory of the Lord Jehovah, existing for the single and most glorious purpose of "spreading Scriptural holiness over these lands," Beulah Camp is enshrouded with sacredness.

Second, the privilege of fellowship with the redeemed family of God. Not all the attractiveness of Beulah emerges from the past. Every year presents another opportunity of renewing and making new friends in Christ. No friendship can be compared with that of the children of God and we are sure that the harmony of such spiritual contact is nowhere more beautiful and refreshing than at this annual reunion. How the soul is strengthened and encouraged with the victorious testimonies of those who through another year have kept the faith. Yes, the privilege of fellowship that Beulah affords is a "pull" to the heart.

Third, the ministry of the Word. The Word of the Lord is precious at Beulah. Each year our campmeeting workers committee secures a man of God for the specific purpose of ministering unto us in holy things, and how our souls have been enriched under the Spirit-inspired messages of truth that have been delivered from the Tabernacle pulpit. Perhaps if an older person were writing this editorial they would refer back many years, but since my privilege in this respect has covered only the recent years I can only speak of them. But I am sure that all agree that we received invaluable help through the ministry of the Word these past few years by such godly and capable men as Dr. Butler, Dr. Wiseman, Revs. John Owen and E. W. Tokley.

Yes, there is a magnetism about Beulah Camp and at this season it is drawing us very strongly. We feel the pull of its influence; we hear the call of its invitation, and we eagerly await the time when "all roads lead to Beulah." Let us come in the fullness of the blessing.—From The Highway of May 31, 1937.

THE OPEN DOOR

By Bishop Leslie R. Marston

Youth craves life. The days as they pass in schoolroom and at play or work are not enough, and for this reason young men see visions, compounding life through fantasy to youth's own liking.

Some few rest easily content with fantasy—mere dreamers, these. But others fare forth to build life according to the vision they have glimpsed through the open door.

But so many find that life pays off, not in happy realization of youth's open-door vision, but in bitter disillusionment. How unlike the vision which beckoned youth through life's open door is that empty despair with which aging cynicism scans life's denouncement! Varying phrases resound the same doleful note: "Life is one long process of getting tired" (Butler); "a long headache in a noisy street" (Masefield); "a tumble-about thing of ups and downs" (Disraeli); "a progress from want to want" (Samuel Johnson); "a blunder and a shame" (Henley); "a lighted window and a closed door" (Wood); "a dusty corridor . . . shut at both ends" (Roy Campbell); "a loom weaving illusion" (Lindsay); "a bridge of groans across a stream of tears" (P. J. Bailey); "a dream in death's eternal sleep" (James Thomson).

Why this weariness of life? It is not that life has short-changed such sad men to whom in youth it beckoned through an open door. Life never short-changed any man! But some men "bargain with life for a penny" and later find to their lasting grief that "life will pay no more." If we bargain with life for pleasure, pleasure is what we get—a flash! a fire! an intense flame for a brief moment, quickly subsiding to a cold, dead cinder of darkness and regret!

There is in us a fundamental principle according to which we shun pain and death and seek happiness and life. But happiness and life come not in grasping pleasure, but in losing self as a corn of wheat falls into the ground and dies that it may live a thousandfold in a glorious harvest.

Youth may know an increasing beauty and glory of life by entering that open door which none can shut. That door is Jesus Christ through whom we have life more abundantly. Entering the door youth finds itself, not at life's happiest climax to which old age is a dismal postlude of declining splendor, but "on the verge of great discoveries" which end not with death itself but urge onward to the very goal of eternity which is "the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

WHAT ONE YOUNG RECRUIT IS DOING

"Each night, according to an item in the Protestant Voice, members of a certain platoon of the Naval Operating Base in Norfolk, Va., gather around a serious-minded, intent young man, Bill Wilson, for scripture reading and prayer. Bill Wilson is not a chaplain, though his ambition is to become a minister of the gospel. But Bill postponed his future theological education when he enlisted in the navy while still a nineteen-year-old student in Wesleyan Methodist College at Central, S. C. However, he still believes it is possible for him to be a servant of Christ in the uniform of an apprentice seaman. He launched his evening prayer service during his first week of training with the platoon. Each night after the long military day is over, and their time is their own, all the members of his platoon gather together in their barracks for Bible reading and prayer, under Bill Wilson's leadership. Naval authorities point to the work Wilson is doing as an example of what spiritually-minded young men with energy and initiative can do to render Christian service while under arms."—Selected.

THOSE MINISTERS' SONS

Dorothy Thompson, in her column, March 4th, 1942, referring to Mount Gilead, Ohio, wrote of one of its residents: "Fred Sweet, local newspaper editor, and the son of a long line of preachers—these preachers' sons have played a remarkable role in the history of America."

The editor of Time, the general manager, the religious editor, one of the managing editors, and the publisher are all the sons of ministers.

Dr. Herbert F. Stillwell was pastor of the old First Baptist Church, Cleveland. This was the church of Ambrose Swasey, the famous industrialist. Two of Dr. Stillwell's boys went to work in the plant. Charles J. became president of the firm and also president of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce. Clifford S. became executive vice-president of the firm, and also president of the National Machine Tool Builders' Association.

Arthur S. Barrows was appointed president of Sears, Roebuck & Co., in 1942. His father, Dr. John Henry Barrows, for many years was pastor of a large church in Chicago. He organized the World Congress of Religions in connection with the World's Fair in 1893. Later he became president of Oberlin College.—Church Management.