

THE PASTOR'S MESSAGE

READY FOR HIS APPEARING
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Matthew 24:44: "Therefore, be ye also ready for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." Our text declares that there is a certain hour when the Son of man shall come, and in that hour a certain moment or twinkling of an eye when the trumpet shall sound, the dead shall be raised, and we which are alive and remain shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, to be ever with the Lord.

Now the great question is, who is ready? Someone will say "No man knows," and we admit that is so. But there is a source from which we may find out, for the Bible declares plainly who is not ready, and who is ready. The first person who is not ready is the sinner. He must repent of his sins: "For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." There were those who came to Jesus when He was on earth and told Him of the "Galileans whose blood Pilate had mingled with their sacrifices." They thought they must have been great sinners to have suffered such things, but Jesus said, "I tell you, nay, but except ye repent ye shall likewise perish." He mentioned the eighteen on whom the tower of Siloam fell and slew them, and said: "Do you think these were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem? No, but except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish."

Now, speaking of repentance it is more than asking forgiveness for our sins, or being sorry for them; it means the forsaking of all sin and turning to God with all our hearts. We can judge how thoroughly ground has been made ready for planting by the way in which it receives the seed. If it has been properly plowed and harrowed, the seed will readily find a lodging place in its depths, there to take root, spring up and bring forth fruit. We can judge of the depth and thoroughness of our repentance by the way we receive the Word of God into our hearts. Anyone who has genuinely repented will accept any truth that is found in the Word of God. How sad then to find many people who profess to be children of God, yea, even professing holiness, who have been rejecting the Word of God for years. What these people need is to thoroughly repent and get a foundation laid for truth in their hearts that will work out through all their living. Another class that is not ready is the unsanctified. Jesus said: "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God," and St. Paul declared: "Follow peace with all men and holiness without which no man shall see the Lord." Also, "Let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit perfecting holiness in the fear of God." And again, we have been "called unto holiness." So the only way to be ready for Christ's coming is to answer the call of God by making an entire consecration of our soul, body and spirit to God, thus placing ourselves where faith will operate, and the Holy Ghost will sanctify us wholly, cleansing us from all sin through the blood of Christ, making us meet for the Master's use, preparing us unto every good work, sealing us, and thus making us ready for His coming. The Apostle Paul said, "I am now ready . . . the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept

a crown of righteousness which the Lord will give me at that day," which is the day of Jesus' coming. * Havelock, N. S.

MEMORIES OF BEULAH

J. A. Sanders

A beautiful place, by a beautiful river, at a beautiful time of the year—that is Campmeeting time at Beulah-on-the-Saint John. What sacred memories cluster around the name! Down through the years the fairness of this spot has been but a setting to show forth the beauties of Holiness.

Between the trees of a little wooded knoll lovely cottages peep forth, to be mirrored by smooth water. Walks wind among the trees. A rustic bridge spans a tiny lake. Another stretches across a little ravine. Three dormitories and a hotel welcome the crowds, and the Tabernacle itself crowns the little hill with glory. In the June-July weather nature is intense, exuberant, starry-eyed with promise of fruitfulness.

The ozone-laden atmosphere increases the appetite, and zest for living. Strawberries, both wild and cultivated, are in season. Birds are singing, wild roses blooming. River, vale and hill are calling. Their mystic voices make the pulses leap and tingle.

In the hush of noontide the wide Saint John holds in its bosom fleecy cloudlets that match those in the arching sky above. In the breeze of twilight its wavelets lisp on the sandy shore, and in the velvet starlight it builds a molten path to the silver splendour of the moon. When birches sway, and pinetrees croon, its waves sweep and foam upon the rocky shoreline. It is a beautiful river, and like the sea, it has many moods. Dawnlight, sunlight, moonlight, starlight; it knows them all. There is no sweeter place on earth for young people to gather and sing of that throng that stands by the river that flows by the Throne of God, than on the shore at Beulah, by the River Saint John.

Memories—memories of Beulah—how they flock and gather—how they bless the soul! How many hallowed spots are there! But the Tabernacle transcends and crowns them all. Many sides—wide doors, chairs for seats, sawdust floors, upper circle of windows, the groined support of the hanging centre; the platform at the front, with piano, organ and pulpit. A real old-fashioned Tabernacle—a Bethel—a house of God. Here season by season, year by year, holy men, called by God, have poured out their messages and their souls, bringing to the people words of Life Eternal, of salvation, judgment to come, a clean heart, and a victorious Christian walk.

But the memory and object that has been burning itself into my consciousness ever since I started to pen these words is the altar. Those three thick planks, bored with auger, and with legs driven into the holes—three mourners' benches—silent, dramatic, potent. Here sinners have bowed and cried unto God, with the light of Eternity beating into their consciousness, and felt their intolerable burden of sin rolled away, to be lost for ever in the Sea of God's Forgetfulness. Here children of God, oppressed by the disturbing, defeating element of the carnal mind, have received the cleansing, eradicating fire, and the indwelling Presence of the Holy Spirit. Here prayer-warriors have travailed and fought through to

deluged to overflowing by the grace and glory of God, till shouts of victory and joy pealed forth over the grounds.

Three mourners' benches—altars of prayer—rough, rugged, voiceless; yet mighty in speech. Hewn from wood, made with hands of men; thus was made the Old Rugged Cross. What symbols are these benches of wood, what miracles of grace God has wrought as men and women—and children too—have knelt by them, and called upon the mighty name of God in prayer! Here confessions and consecrations have been made, lives have been altered, destinies set, chains have been broken, habits changed; the transforming power of God has wrought in the deeps of man's inmost being.

Truly, bowed low here at the mourners' bench, at the end of the sawdust trail, one is very near the Cross of Christ, its immutable austerity, its chill shadow, its glory and its power. Here is death, death indeed, death tasted for every man, by the atoning ministry of the Son of God. Here is life, Eternal life, power and glory. Here the ineffable splendour of the glory of the very throne of Almighty God meets the awful darkness that veiled the skies and blotted out the very sun when our blessed Lord was crucified. Here meets the glory of God and the blackness of sin. Oh that dark, steep road, that leads to the cross on Calvary! I must follow every step of the way! Here we must learn the mystery, the burden, the power, the triumph of intercession.

Memories of Beulah; how they throng and cluster and gleam, until the heart throbs and glows again with the passion of them! How beautiful the river, the shore, the sky! What memories of blessing gather around the Tabernacle, the joyous singing, the stalwart Holiness preaching. But if I were to limit myself tonight to but one memory, it would be of the mourners' bench standing there at the end of the sawdust trail, that old rugged, silent altar of prayer.

May Beulah Camp of 1944, like many of the past, be rich in blessing, transforming in influence!

WHY SOME PASTORS FAIL

Commenting on the Scripture passage, "Many pastors have spoiled my vineyard" (Jer. 12:10), an exchange offers the following pen portraits of some pastors who fail in their solemn trust as keepers of the Lord's vineyard:

1. The Professional Pastor who would not make a call except when solicited.
2. The Indolent Pastor, who didn't do any more than he just had to—his ambition was to "get by."
3. The Officious Pastor, who thought he could drive people instead of leading them.
4. The Egotistical Preacher, whose faith and high opinion of himself led his people to have a low opinion of him.
5. The Selfish Pastor, who thought more of his own personal interest and social standing than he did of the souls of men.
6. The Worldly-minded Pastor who let his people starve for want of the Bread of Life, while he participated in the follies of the day.
7. The Ultra-intellectual Pastor, who was wise above that which is written, and undermined the faith of his people by proclaiming his vagaries and doubts instead of the Word