

THE MOURNERS

By Dr. P. Wiseman

(Continued from last Issue)

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted (Matt. 5:4). Luke says, "Blessed are ye that weep now."

To mourn means to grieve, lament, bemoan. The question is, How could such a person be blessed? Could a person be blessed, happy, favored, when his heart is broken, when he has grief, when he is bemoaning a situation or situations?

Not all grief or sorrow brings blessedness. There is a grief, a mourning, that has no hope of comfort; but according to the text, there is a grief, a mourning, that has hope; indeed, the promise is, "They shall be comforted."

The Person Described

They that mourn. There are different capacities for pain in living creatures. The oyster when taken from the shell is alive, but people eat it. The voice of the turtle does not disturb folk. Rise in the scale to the horse and the dog, and the difference is noticeable immediately; rise to the human, and the field widens. There is a mourning, a grief, that often may prove a blessing in disguise.

There is a mourning, a sorrow over sin; it is a "godly sorrow (that) worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of: but the sorrow of the world worketh death"—so said St. Paul. It is a sorrow that leads to God, for which sorrow we never are sorry; but the other sorrow leads to death. This latter sorrow arises from the fact that the individual is found out; his sorrow is not godly, but wordly.

There is a deeper sorrow, even a sorrow arising in the mind of a believer over the discovery of inbred sin, pollution remaining within. This is what the Rev. John Wesley calls "repentance of believers"; "a self knowledge," says Wesley.

There are mournings, sorrows, afflictions that come to devout Christians that work out to their good and the glory of God; for the Christian's hurt is God's hurt. "In all their affliction he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them." The Church of Christ has been a suffering institution; this is the story of her history. Many a song has been heard above the fires of the fagots.

There is a sacrifice necessary in view of sustaining and carrying forward the work of Christ that causes sorrow and heart burdens. When we forget this and turn to our own comforts, the tragedy is on us; Christians are sacrificial people.

The Promise Designated

For they shall be comforted. There is no merit in mourning for its own sake; only that which relates to God, leads to God, honors God, is worth while. All such means life; the opposite, death.

(1) Blessed are they that mourn, over their sins, for they shall be blessed with God's forgiveness.

(2) Blessed are they that mourn over inbred sin, for they shall be blessed with cleansing through the blood of God's Son (I John 1:7).

(3) Blessed are they that mourn over situations because of sin, for they shall be blessed with the presence of and ultimate victory with God. "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee." "When the burnt offering began, the song of the Lord began also..." When George Matheson's heart was broken, out of it came the glorious hymn, "O Love That Will Not Let Me Go." Don't for-

get that "Christ also suffered . . . leaving us an example" (I Peter 2:21).

(4) Blessed are they that mourn because of human sorrow and human need, for they shall be comforted. St. Paul in his second letter to the Corinthians said, "Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God. For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ. And whether we be afflicted, it is for your consolation and salvation, which is effectual in the enduring of the same sufferings which we also suffer: or whether we be comforted, it is for your consolation and salvation. And our hope of you is steadfast, knowing, that as ye are partakers of the sufferings, so shall ye be also of the consolation". (II Cor. 1:4-7).

The ancient Greeks had a legend: "A woman desired to be taken across the River Styx by a ferry-man—taken across to Hades, the place of departed spirits. She was informed that, if she would drink of the water of the River Styx, she would forget the whole of life she was leaving. 'I will forget,' she said, 'how I have suffered.' Charon, the ferryman replied, 'Remember, too, you will forget how you have rejoiced.' 'I will forget,' said the woman, 'my failures.' 'Also your victories,' added Charon. 'I will forget how I have been hated,' said the woman. Replied the old ferryman, 'And also how you have been loved.' The woman paused and decided not to drink of the River Styx."

If we would have God's consolation in life, in death, and in eternity, we must guard ourselves in our comforts, and use them to advance His Kingdom; guard ourselves as to our nice cars, our cushioned church seats, our easy chairs at home, our radios that may bring in filth, our plenty when millions are starving, our place in the church when duty calls!

"Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted" by God.

A MOTHER'S CREED

I believe in God.

I believe in the Word of God.

I believe in the family altar.

I believe in the sanctity of motherhood.

I believe the home to be a sphere of the mother's greatest influence.

I believe in a deep concern for the spiritual welfare of my children.

I believe in making the home the most attractive spot, so that my children will not be forced to seek enjoyment elsewhere.

I believe in an intimate companionship between myself and my children.

I believe in pointing out the moral dangers to which my children are exposed and not hiding behind a false modesty.

Blessed are the mothers of the earth, for they have combined the practical . . . and the spiritual . . . into one workable way of human life . . . They have darned . . . little stockings . . . mended little dresses, washed little faces and have pointed little eyes to the stars . . . and little souls to eternal things . . .
—William L. Stidger.

I hear the footfalls of God's mighty hosts, whom God is sending all the earth abroad; like them let me be busy for His cause, always and all for God.—A. B. Simpson.

I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST

By Claude A. Ries

The great gift of God, the Father, to the world was Jesus. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." Jesus' great gift to the world was the Holy Ghost whom Jesus said He would send when He Himself returned to heaven.

Mark Guy Pearce tells of a gardener who one day dug up a worthless briar. He transplanted it in a garden of beautiful roses. A little later he tenderly slit the stem of the worthless briar and grafted into it a shoot of a beautiful cultivated rose. The weeks went by and in time that once worthless briar bore roses fit to compare with any in the garden. Then the gardener was heard to say to the briar, "it is not what you had to give but what I put into you that makes the difference."

"Hail to the Spirit, the Spirit of God;
Heaven's high majesty linked to the sod;
Heaven's dear beauty reborn on the earth;
All things renewed with an infinite birth."

Yes, I believe in the Holy Spirit, the third person of the Trinity, because he makes Himself real to me. It was He who convinced me of sin, of my lack of righteousness and of the coming judgment. It was He who quickened me when dead in trespasses. It is He who makes Jesus real to me. It is He who as Comforter and Paraclete comforts and strengthens me against those who oppose. It is He who indwells my body which has become His earthly temple. It is He who purifies and cleanses my inner being and inflames with a holy passion to live to the praise of the glory of God.

During the revival which some years ago swept through the land of Wales and whose power that country still feels today, a friend went down from London to take part in some of the services. He got out at a country station and asked the policeman standing in the village square, "Where is the Welch revival?" The policeman drew himself up to his full height, patted his chest and said: "The Welch revival, sir, is under these buttons!"

Thank God for the reality of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit in the life of man today, quickening him, interceding for him and empowering him, though weak vessel of clay to do exploits for God.

"I worship thee, O Holy Ghost,

I love to worship thee;

With thee each day is Pentecost,

Each night Nativity."

Yes, I do believe in the Holy Ghost!

ASSURANCE

Esther P. Moore

When through the waters I must pass,
When darkness fills the sky,
When ill-foreboding clouds droop down,
I know that Thou art nigh.

When Life, the captor, takes away
What seemeth all that's mine,
'Tis then I sense that secret joy
Of being wholly Thine.

When fog and fire and shadows come,
With sudden, stinging shock,
I am unmoved, for this I know,
My feet are on THE ROCK.