

## UNBLOWN TRUMPETS

By Rev. Robert Kerby

One of the most solemn and searching depictions of the duties and responsibilities of the prophetic office to be found in the entire Bible is contained in God's personal charge to the Prophet Ezekiel. In this charge God likens the prophet or minister to a watchman who takes his station aloft on the walls of the city and continually scans the distant horizon for the approach of invading armies. While the busy inhabitants of the city are pursuing the duties of the day or seeking the refreshment of the night this watchman must maintain his lonely vigil. A faint puff of dust where earth and sky seem to meet will enlist the watchman's closest attention and if, perchance, out of this cloud emerges the ever-growing-larger figures of horsemen, the watchman will reach for his long silver trumpet and blow a blast which will awaken and alarm every soul in the busy city below. If the people take not warning from their faithful watchman and perish at the hands of the cruel invader their blood is upon their own heads. If, on the contrary, the watchman sees the advancing and hostile hosts and blows not the trumpet he must answer for the blood of the slain. Thus God's charge to Ezeiel, and to all those who take hold of his Word, declares that the penalty for the "unblown trumpet" is death!

Christendom at the present hour is ringed round with maddened foes and great clouds of swirling dust at numerous points on the horizon each tell their own portentous story. Communism, Modernism and a thousand forms of subtle and all-pervading Earthiness fill the present scene with gravest peril. Danger piles upon danger and crisis looms upon crisis as the sands of opportunity quickly run out. Added to this lamentable state of affairs, the great majority of teachers and preachers in Christendom today either do not see the danger or have so mislaid their unblown trumpets that there seems to be no possibility of finding them before the city is sacked. Multitudes of churches are being turned into eating clubs, dancing parlors and moving picture houses while demons join hands and dance in hellish glee up darkened church aisles on Sunday evening. Old-fashioned repentance, restitution and a hearty and sincere separation from the world in both spirit and practice are either laughed off or smiled out of consideration while many things which have been under the ban of the true and the holy of all ages are brought into the sanctuary, baptized and declared to be the hope of reaching and winning the masses. Mixed swimming parties, Sabbath-desecrating mountain drives and hikes and the buffoonery of the silver (morally black) screen are indulged in under the holy name of "fellowship." Bang-up parties" where the pastor is not to make a too-early appearance lest he "cramp their style" are declared to be a wonderful way to bring folks into the church of a suffering Saviour.

Some of these things are making their cautious appearance today even in circles where holiness has been preached for generations. Persuasive and persistent attempts are made further to dim the line of demarcation between the church and the world and to put the stamp of approval on things which in other days were declared, by flaming ministers of the Cross, to be distinctly of the world. And all of this, too, while the international sky is darkening dreadfully, and the judgment of the sin-

hating God comes on apace. Trumpets which one day gave forth a clear and compelling sound now blow so uncertainly on certain issues that many are fatally failing to prepare themselves for the battle which is presently crowding our doors.

The prime need of the church and the gravest responsibility of the ministry today is not that of "program as usual" but the clear evaluation of the times and those clear notes of the bugle which will enable every earnest, believing soul to prepare for the battle which lies just ahead. If international relations continue to deteriorate as they have for several years past there will be multitudes of saddened firesides, innumerable broken ties and unutterable heartbreak on every side. Evil has now reached such a flood in the world that only a revival of such proportions as would make the Day of Pentecost look small by comparison will ever turn the tide back towards spiritual sanity. Radio commentators, world-famous military men and others in high places are declaring that the end of the present era is definitely in sight. What shame must attach to the watchmen in Zion who have "the more sure word of prophecy" before them and yet lag far behind these men in vision, insight and faithful warning.

God enjoined another of his faithful watchmen, Isaiah, to "cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins." It were well if we do not fail to follow this command for fear that some worldling church member will point the finger of scorn at us for being, in their unscriptural judgment, too negative. While it is true that it is hurtful to present the conditions of the Gospel in a flat, uninspired and driving spirit it is also just as true, and far more common, that it is deceptive to preach the promises continually and by silence give consent to things which are plainly and unequivocally condemned by equally authoritative portions of the Word. The desperate need of this fearful hour is for those clear, insistent, hill-stirring, valley-filling notes of the trumpet which will sound the alarm in Zion and bring men and women to the realization of the present situation, spiritually, nationally and internationally. The command of the Lord to Joel was, "Blow the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in my holy mountain: let all the inhabitants of the land tremble: for the day of the Lord cometh, for it is nigh at hand." He commanded Hosea to "set the trumpet to thy mouth" and this command is still binding upon all watchmen whether in pulpit or pew.

There is no surer sign of spiritual decay than the presence of unblown trumpets. These unused instruments of warning will attract the judgments of God as hardly anything else will. When the emoluments and honors of time loom higher than the fadeless approval of a stainless eternity the trumpet is laid aside in favor of the soothing flute and soon watchman and city-dweller alike drowse the languid hours away even though "the armies of the alien" are filling the skyline.

Let us all ponder well the command of our Lord "to hear the word at my mouth and warn them from me." May He not return and find us sleeping on our portion of the wall while our unblown trumpet, not only red with rust but with the blood of souls, lies neglected by our side!—Pilgrim Holiness Advocate.

## MEN—WHO PUT THE ARMIES OF ALIENS TO FLIGHT

By E. A. Kilbourne

God is looking for stalwart men these latter days who can put their shoulder to the wheel, men with iron shoes and with the tread of giants that shake the earth; men who do not fail or let down, but who go through the shrieking hosts of hell with their faces set like flint and their banners unsoiled by the grime of battle; men that demons do not know what to do with, who have such a sweep of victory in their lives and ministry that the battalions of hell are nonplussed to know where to look for the next move; men of Hebrews II faith who move mountains and uproot trees, subdue kingdoms and wax valiant in every fight, stopping the mouths of lions and turning to flight the armies of the devil; men who can face the missionary question and not turn tail, who can view the millions of heathendom and say, "Let us go up at once, and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it"; men who count not their lives dear unto themselves until every creature has heard the gospel; men of love, and men of tears.

Yes, God would find a few men who have died out to all personal interests, who have so launched out from self and all self desire that they are blind to everything but to do God's will and carry out His plan for the evangelization of a lost world; men of one aim and purpose in life, so subjugated to Christ, so subdued and controlled by the Holy Ghost, so conquered of God that all else is counted as refuse that we may know Christ and the power of His resurrection and be an instrument in the hand of God Almighty for any service at any time in any land under any circumstances.—Herald of His Coming.

## THE HEATHEN WORLD

Paint a starless sky; hang your picture with night; drape the mountains with long, far-reaching vistas of darkness; hang the curtains deep along every shore and landscape; darken all the past; let the future be draped in deeper and yet deeper night; fill the awful gloom with hungry, sad-faced men and sorrow-driven women and children. It is the heathen world—the people seen in vision by the prophet—who sit in the region and shadow of death, to whom no light has come; sitting there still through the long, long night, waiting and watching for the morning.—Bishop Foster.

"Lord when thou seest me in danger of nestling down put a thorn in tender pity under my nest . . . I am determined to go on until I drop, to die fighting though it be on my stumps."—Goodell.

## OBITUARY

Mrs. Sarah Wilcox passed away on Monday, 8th of January, 1951. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. W. L. Fernley from the Reformed Baptist Church. Sister Wilcox was a charter member of the church here at Black's Harbour. We shall miss her presence and her testimony, but we feel sure we shall meet her one day just across the River.

To the sorrowing ones we extend our sympathy. May the passing of a Christian mother be the means of saving those who are outside of the Kingdom of God.