

GOD'S MOMENT

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There is a moment which is ripe for God's working. Any other moment may be premature, green fruit in the orchard of opportunity. Or it may be overripe, decayed, and worthless.

Those of us who have ever tried to hurry God's timetable have learned at our own expense. There is a point at which no human program, no intensity of struggle, can precipitate God's moment. Surely we must carry on His labors: we must plant, prune and cultivate. However, there are projects—perhaps a calling, perhaps a witness, or any number of pursuits that will not ripen any sooner for our frenzied fussing. If we struggle in human effort, if we hurry out of step with the Chief Gardener, we gather only sour apples.

Conversely, we may wait too long. When the chime of God's clock has long been with us, when we have been "busy here and there" and left our work untended, the reaping will be scanty, worm-eaten, spoiled. There will be quantities of fruit ungathered because the "labourers are few."

So let us work, not as man, but as God worketh, "for the night cometh when no man can work."

God has His moments in the lives of groups as well as individuals. What precipitated Pentecost? Surely it was not the beating of determined fists upon the altar at the prayer session, nor the oratory of Peter, nor the organization of the deacons. It was God and man—working together. God had prepared the background. He had sent His Son, had delivered Him, raised Him and taken Him into the heavenlies. Man had obeyed God's single command, "Wait". In the quiet of those waiting hours, the extension of those waiting days, God brooded over. The time exposure had been set, waiting, waiting. Then the camera clicked. God came down. The Holy Spirit was manifest.

We are waiting for revival. We are waiting for the promise of the Father, for a fresh anointing. In the quiet we are working God's works. Before long His moment will come—God's moment.

WHAT A SAVIOUR!

I was upon the seashore, and my heart filled with love, it knew not why. Its happiness went out over the wide waters, and upon the unfettered wind, and swelled up into the free dome of blue sky until it filled it.

The dawn lighted up the face of the ivory cliffs which the sun and sea had been blanching for centuries of God's undying love. The miles of noiseless sands seemed vast, as if they were the floor of eternity. Somehow the day-break was like eternity.

The idea came over me of that feeling of acceptance which so entrances the soul just judged and just admitted into heaven. To be saved! I said to myself, to be saved!

Then thoughts of all the things implied in salvation came in one thought upon me, and I said, "This is the one grand joy of life," and I clapped my hands like a child, and spoke to God aloud.

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The preacher said: "go out and satisfy your thirsty youth, but—**one other thing!**"

"There was just one thing about your sermon I did not like!" The words were blurted out by the defiant yet disturbed young man as he sat across the desk facing the preacher. "It was that text which you kept repeating over and over again as if I hadn't heard it the first time!"

The other smiled. "Oh yes, you mean that word, 'Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.' That's always a word worth repeating, and could it be that the sound of it troubles you?"

A moment of silence followed. Then the young man leaned across the desk and, looking at the preacher directly in the eye, said, "Look here, that is advice for old people. But I am a young man with a whole world of good things ahead of me. I don't see where this advice from the Bible applies to me at all."

"Good," said the preacher, "I'll tell you exactly what to do. Go out and satisfy your thirsty youth and forget all about this advice from the Scriptures!"

"Oh, thanks," replied the other. "Here I always thought you were a narrow minded old fundamentalist, but for once I am glad to have met a sensible preacher who has at least some understanding about the dreams and hopes of youth."

But there was something in the eye of the old preacher that caused the younger man to sink slowly back into the chair from which he had half arisen. "There is just one other thing that you will have to do if you would have a happy soul as well as a happy life," the preacher continued.

"And that . . . ?"

"You can carve your career and you can carry your pleasure as much as you like. But only remember this one thing . . . repent and turn to the Lord Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour on the day before you are going to die."

The young man's smile now turned to a frown. "What kind of talk is this? You say 'the day before you are going to die.' Who knows when that day will be? Mister, what are you really driving at?"

There was a deep pause of serious silence. Then a turning to the Bible at the side of the desk. Then a low voice reading the text: "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (II Cor. 6:2).

The young man was now staring out the window at the hurrying traffic on the street below. He turned only when he felt both shoulders strongly grasped by the big hands of the preacher. Looking up, he saw the deep welling tears in the loving eyes. "Oh, my boy, don't you see why I have spoken as I have, and the reason for my strange words? You can't dare, for the sake of your precious soul, to bank upon such utter nonsense and to chart your young life across the serious uncertainties of life without the anchor of the saving Lord Jesus Christ."

"Don't you see that there is really no other time for you than now? Oh, I know that you do see it. Well then, let this be the time and let this be the place, for Christ is the divine

WANTED—WORKERS

The lazy and idle seldom hear the call of God. It is often when intent on some useful work and while pursuing a helpful calling that God's voice is heard. Here are a few examples from the Bible:

MOSES was busy with his flock at Horeb.

GIDEON was busy threshing wheat by the wine press.

SAUL was busy searching for his father's lost beasts.

ELISHA was busy plowing with twelve yoke of oxen.

DAVID was busy caring for his father's sheep.

NEHEMIAH was busy bearing the king's wine-cup.

AMOS was busy caring for his sheep and sycamore fruit and attending the market.

PETER and ANDREW were busy casting their nets into the sea.

LYDA was busy preparing and selling her purple fabrics.

JAMES and JOHN were busy mending their nets.

MATTHEW was busy collecting customs duties.

MARY and ELIZABETH were busy making their home.

JESUS was busy probably in the carpenter shop and about his Father's business.—Anonymous.

One of Africa's most self-sacrificing missionaries emphatically declares,

"IT IS NO SACRIFICE"

People talk of the sacrifice I have made in spending so much of my life in Africa. Can that be called a sacrifice which is simply paid back as a small part of a great debt owing to our God, which we can never repay? Is that a sacrifice which brings its own best reward in healthful activity, the consciousness of doing good, peace of mind, and a bright hope of a glorious destiny hereafter?

Away with the word in such a view, and with such a thought! It is emphatically no sacrifice. Say rather it is a privilege. Anxiety, sickness, suffering or danger now and then with a foregoing of the common conveniences and charities of this life, may make us pause, and cause the spirit to waver; but let this only be for a moment. All these are nothing when compared with the glory which shall hereafter be revealed in and for us.

I never made a sacrifice. Of this we ought not to talk, when we remember the great sacrifice which He made who left His Father's throne on high to give Himself for us: "Who being the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high."

—David Livingstone

certainty. It was Jesus who said: 'Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me . . . I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me.'" (John 14:1-6).