

RIVERSIDE, A FLOODTIDE OF BLESSING

Milton W. Bagley

God has given another great Camp Meeting at Riverside. To His name be all the glory!

As one approached the grounds, he could see that considerable preparation had been made for this year's camp. The freshly painted exterior of the tabernacle and the underbrushing of the groves made one conscious of new life and the natural beauty of that historic spot.

Attendance at this year's Camp showed a noticeable increase over the last few years. Both Sundays the spacious tabernacle was filled and many listened from outside with the aid of loud speakers. Each evening of the week the crowd superceded the night before, until on Friday night practically every chair was occupied.

The variation in the services this year also contributed much to the spiritual tone of the camp. The day began with prayer at 6.30 a. m., Bible study at 10.30 a. m., prayer meeting in the early afternoon and Young People's service at 3 o'clock. The day closed with the regular evangelistic service in the evening.

Our evangelist, Dr. O. G. Wilson, is an able expounder of the Word. The morning Bible studies in the book of Ephesians revealed also that he is a capable teacher. The spirit of the Lord was graciously upon our brother as he ministered in the Word. There were some definite victories around the altar as the Lord came to save and to sanctify those who sought Him. The saints were greatly blessed and edified.

The general outlook for Riverside Camp seems to be that it is a Holiness Camp with the blessing of the Lord upon it and that it is growing in its power and influence. Praise the Lord for such a flood-tide of blessing at Riverside this year!

WORTHY OF THOUGHT

Did you ever stop to think how very largely your own happiness depends upon the way in which other people bear themselves toward you?

The looks and tones at your breakfast table, the conduct and manner of your fellow-workers or employers, the faithfulness or unreliability of the men with whom you deal, what people say to you on the street or in the shops, the way in which your cook or house maid do their work, the letters you get, the friends you meet—these things go far toward making up the pleasure of misery of your day.

Now turn the idea around, and remember that just so much are you contributing to the pleasure or misery of the days of other people. And this is the half of the matter which you can control.

Whether any particular day shall bring to you more of happiness or of suffering is largely beyond your power to determine; but whether each day of your life shall give happiness or suffering, rests entirely with yourself.
—Selected

The Bible is a well of living water. You will need to draw daily out of this well of salvation; you can never drink it dry. The Bible is your chart and compass, and you will have occasion to examine it daily. — J. A. Wood.

MY STUBBORN CONFIDENCE

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"Had I meant to utter this aloud," he says, "I had been faithless to thy family" (v. 15). At any rate, he had not plagued and poisoned other minds with his dark musings.

"GOD'S SECRET"

Then he makes this acknowledgment: "Sorely did it trouble me, till I found out God's secret, viewing their latter end." There had come an hour when God hushed his troubled mind and said to him: "You are looking only at the present prosperity of wicked men. Why don't you look ahead? See how quickly the trouble of wealth and gaiety bursts."

Then this momentarily-confused man comes out of the fog. He sees with new eyes. He takes the long view. He declares his new-found vision: "Thou plantest them on slippery ground, thou hurlest them to ruin—laid low in a single moment, scared away, swept away, like a dream when one awakens, like phantoms despised by the day (vv. 18-20).

"HITLER SEEMS SO BIG"

When Adolph Hitler was reaching the dizzy apex of his power and glory in Germany, a troubled German father expressed fear over the growing religious indifference of his son, who was all aglow over the Youth Movement the Fuehrer had started. "But, father," said the young man, "Adolph Hitler seems so big, and Jesus Christ seems so little." What would that young man say today—only a decade later—about the relative size and place of Hitler and Jesus? The strutting bossman of Naziland defeated, disgraced and dead!

When God reminded the psalmist of this side of history and of life, the man of puzzled mind and faltering heart took the rebuke and was softened by it. "When my heart was sour, when I felt sore, I was a dull, stupid creature, no better than a brute before thee" (vv. 21:22).

Still, God knew the poor man's heart was not wrong. Only correction and chastening were needed to renew the feeble faith and steady the slipping feet. "Nevertheless"—even though it meant reproof and humbling from God—"I am continually with thee; thou hast holden me by my right hand."

"EXPERIENCE AND EXPECTATION"

I would like to have us tune our ears to the music of a magnificently-stubborn confidence, such as the psalmist had ringing in his soul. It has two notes: the note of experience and the note of expectation. One sings the past, the other the future. Put a circle around these two words in verse 23: "thou hast!" Now put a circle around these two in verse 24: "thou wilt."

"Thou hast holden me by my right hand." I can see it, looking back—this amazing faithfulness of God. When the dust has cleared away from the troubles that were the most unbearable at the moment, I can see the un-failing signs of a purpose which was then too obscure to recognize.

But what of tomorrow? To some people the dread of the future is worse than the distress of the past. Not to the child of stubborn faith! "Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and

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SHOULD I FORCE MY CHILD TO GO TO SUNDAY SCHOOL?

By J. Edgar Hoover of the F. B. I.

Shall I make my child go to Sunday School and church? Yes! And with no further discussion about the matter. Startled? Why? How do you answer Junior when he comes to breakfast on Monday morning and announces to you that he is not going to school anymore? You know! Junior goes. How do you answer when Junior comes in very much besmudged and says, "I'm not going to take a bath." Junior bathes doesn't he?

Why all this timidity then, in the realm of his Spiritual guidance and growth? Going to let him wait and decide what church he'll go to when he's old enough? Quit your kidding! You didn't wait until you were old enough! You don't wait until he's old enough to decide whether he wants to go to school or not—to start his education. You don't wait until he's old enough to decide whether he wishes to be clean or dirty do you? Do you wait until he's old enough to decide if he wants to take his medicine when he is sick? Do you?

What shall we say when Junior announces he doesn't like to go to Sunday School and church? That's an easy one to answer. Just be consistent. Tell him, "Junior, in our house we all go to church and Sunday School and that includes you." Your firmness and example will furnish a bridge over which youthful rebellion may travel into rich and satisfying experience in personal religious living.

The parents of America can strike a telling blow against the forces which contribute to our juvenile delinquency, if our mothers and fathers will take their children to Sunday School and church regularly.

JUST TIRED

Tired so soon?
And really must you leave us, dear?
We love your laughter and your cheer.
The dew still lingers far and near—
'Tis not yet noon.

Our hearts seem filled with vast surprise
There is a radiance in your eyes
Reflected from beyond the skies
Tired so soon?

Why must you go?
Too weary grown to romp or play?
Too languid to be bright and gay?
Just tired. Then why go away
And leave us so?
We cannot hear the surges roar,
The tide that sweeps the twilight shore,
Nor see the boatman ply his oar,
Why must you go?

A clear voice calls
And you are gone; and lo, somewhere
The Master plants a flower rare
In Paradise, beyond compare.
The curtain falls.
Hope is not vain, nor yet our tears,
We'll meet again, hope conquers fears.
When for us, too, far down the years
A clear voice calls.

In memory of Rosamond Dow
by Judson Sanders.