

## Beulah Land

To Abraham God promised the inheritance of the land of Canaan. In the fullness of time the devious paths of the Almighty led Israel to their possessions. In surpassing loveliness Canaan is described as flowing with abundant milk and honey, a country of sweet peacefulness, and of swelling magnitudes of glories.

Throughout the centuries Canaan has typified the experience of holiness. Holiness has been known as "dwelling in Beulah." In this life of holiness are found all the fulfillments of the occurrences and realities of Canaan.

Dwelling in Beulah is inhabiting the land of Canaan spiritualized, celestialized. The experiences of Canaan find their completion in the holy activities of Beulah. The personages of Canaan, with its fellowship and blessedness, have their antitypes in this Beulah land of heart purity and holiness.

Beulah Land! Who can fathom the glories of thy boundaries? Who can measure the possibilities of thy joy and peace and holy contentment? They are unfathomable, beyond the ken of the mind, outreaching the possibilities of the dreams of the most fantastic imagination, outstretching the chimeras of our cloudland fancies.

Beulah Land! Wondrous in personages; mighty in occurrences; glorious in conquests and triumphs and victories; thrilling and electric in spiritual possibilities!

Beulah Land! Attractive for communications with God—alluring for the attainable "heights of holiness"; enchanting for the hum of the soul nightingales, and the carols of God's mockingbirds!

Beulah Land! Fascinating for the depths of divine resources discoverable, for the hidden springs of living waters, for the shadows of protecting rocks higher than man! Bewitching with mountain peaks of transcendent and transfiguration Shekinah glory!

Beulah Land! How comforting it is in those paths by the still waters, and out into the green pastures! How refreshing by the rippling rills of holy delight, and luxurious with the grapes of Eschol! How fragrant with the roses of Sharon—majestic for the cedars of Lebanon—and melodious with those heavenly strains of angelic hosannas!

On Carmel when the prophet Elijah prayed, the divine fire fell. So in the soul of the holy one in Beulah, flames burn and glow. Spiritual blazes warm and light the heart. The soul is fervid and fiery with zeal, and glowing and ablaze with divine courage. Here the graces of the spirit are raised to white heat through the fires of God. Every grace is aflame. Patience is a light of sacredness. Humility is a glow of divinity. Love becomes a flame, which glimmers and sheds divine radiance and holy blessings everywhere.

With divine fire burning in the soul, the sanctified becomes a man of vision, who sees not a cloud of doubt frown on the horizon. As with Elijah, the hills become filled with the fiery horsemen of the Lord. All former ambitions are swept by Time's ruthless hand into oblivion. This man courts not the favors of the Naaman of the world. For him God's smile and heavenly blessings are of greater worth than all the empires of the centuries.

Dwell in Beulah, where the morbid exaggerations of worldly wisdom are swept away, where the eyes burn with divine fire, where the hills of God are clad in the rose and amethyst of eternal blessings.

The dweller in this Beulah of divine love is acquainted with its mountain scenery, the activities of the past-flown ages, the conquests of prayer and faith, and the bat-

ties of other days. He stands on Moriah with Abraham and God. He sees the fairer land from Nebo's heights. On Tabor where Deborah gained her victories he is at home. The hilltops of Gilboa, the heights of Carmel, where the divine fire fell, are scenes of grandeur for the soul.

The citizen of Beulah has a castle, a palace of prayer, a mansion of abode on Mount Zion, the mountain of God, where once David sang his sweetest psalms of adoration. On the mount of blessings, he catches the smile of the Saviour as He delivers His matchless discourses. Here he is fired by His voice to conquests and victories in this land of blessedness and benedictions.

Even over the hills of Beulah the sanctified see the sun laying a golden, soft mantle of sleep at the falling eventide. On the Mount of Transfiguration the soul catches a glimpse of the halo of divine light, the glow of the presence of Jesus, made glamorous with the brilliance of God's Shekinah. Olivet of the Ascension—magnificent, elegant, and beauteous for the sanctified soul—is a sacred place of devotion and daily pilgrimage.

With Jesus the saint spends the night in prayer under the Syrian stars. He stands on the mountain of victory and conquest with the Saviour. Time's vast and shadowy stream flows on, but the sanctified one is secure in the heights of the mountains of God, round about the Holy City.

(Selected & Abridged)

## SPIRITUAL LACK AND LOSS

By Eloise Ingalls

"Every temper contrary to love is contrary to Christianity. A peevish, fretful, vindictive man, may be the child of Satan; he is not the child of God." (Clark's Commentary). Most people are quick to agree with this while the victim is the other person, but can find all manner of excuses when they are the accused. We tend to hide our unchristlikeness behind a cloak of "tired nerves", "righteous indignation," or our "besetting sin". The truth is, we are known only as negative Christians. We are known by what we do not do, rather than the spirit we display in our daily living.

Many of us can remember the time when Christ reached down into the pit of sin and unrighteousness, took us by the hand, and led us to the Fountain flowing for uncleanness. There He cleansed us in His own precious blood. A new day dawned, guilt was gone, joy filled our being, and Heaven seemed less than ceiling high. One felt that one could have reached the latch and opened the gate, had not one been so busy communing with Christ and telling others of the escape for them through Him who had planned and effected so great salvation. Restitutions were made, old habits cast aside, and old hangouts forsaken. A Christlikeness permeated our spirit. No one needed to ask, "Are you a Christian?", people found it out.

When spite and indifference were hurled at us, when disappointments and heartaches and sickness came, we had a retreat within our own soul, a place Christ had made for us where we could enter in with Him and close the door. "Christ in you the hope of Glory", we had that Christ, that Hope. Where Christ is, there is love and serenity, although above and about are troublous storms.

No, never has Christ been a disappointment. But where now, is the full cup, where our passion for souls and where our resemblance to Him? Can it be that there are seep holes in our Christian experience? Has there

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