



SPIRITUAL LACK AND LOSS

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been a slipping away of the virtues of Christ, a careless indifference and conformity to the world creeping in, until our identity is indistinguishable? If so, there must be a reason.

Our outward life manifests the spirit within. The Spirit of Christ is love, and love does radiate and permeate. It can also be lost. Christ is a Spirit. We are partakers of His Spirit. When His Spirit is gone, so is our experience.

We have been commissioned to watch and pray. Watch lest ye enter into temptation (Mark 14:38), Pray lest a promise being left to us of entering into that rest, we seem to come short. Watch for signs of decay and disease. Pray, for prayer is the price of building and repair. Watch, I say, watch and listen for checks sent to us for our admonition. Refrain from that unkind word, that petty theft, that joke that belittles another. The dykes in the Netherlands are watched carefully, they tell me, for tiny breaks in their structure. If unchecked, a tiny seep hole can become a riverlet within a few hours.

We ought to be alert. What about the call to prayer that came to us while we were reading the news or finishing up the noon dishes? We meant to go, but in the moment we tarried, someone came in and our minds were averted. We were speaking of our neighbour when the check came, but it was the truth, so we continued. We were asked to take that Sunday School class but we looked about on the faces of clay and trembled. Someone misinterpreted something we had said, we were about to give them a piece of our mind, the check came but we had not been disciplined, so we kept on giving until that which we retained became a small portion. When we turned to our retreat for comfort and protection against the storm, behold, we found ourselves alone with our own accusing conscience. The spirit of grace had seeped away. We found our soul resources at a low ebb and open to the impact of satanic forces.

But we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus

SWIFT FELL THE TWILIGHT

By Judson A. Sanders

IN MEMORY OF MRS. H. S. MULLEN

How could we know her day was spent?
She was so busy, glad and well;
Yet in the golden afternoon,
Swift twilight fell.

Some of us travel a long, long road,
Far to the gleaming sunset sea;
Long are the hours of crimson dusk—
Thus it must be.

Some of our loved ones weary grow,
Tired of play when day is new—
Little feet pressing the great Divide,
Still wet with dew.

How could we know her tasks were done—
Tired hands folded upon her breast;
In the full tide of life and strength,
Called to her rest?

It must be fair, so very fair,
That land just yonder where she has gone—
There where the angels sing their praise
Before the throne.

We must not feel her voice is stilled,
(Here where the sunsets glow and dim,)
Sweeter than we can know she sings,
Up there with Him.

Here in the shadow and the gloom,
Out of our heartache we question why—
God knows all answers beyond our ken,
Up there on high.

Swift was the twilight, swift farewell
Fell on those ears that could not hear;
Nor could she see the hot tears fall
From hearts held dear.

How many hearts were touched and blest,
By the rich gift God did bestow;
How many spirits were made strong—
No man can know.

Circles are broken, sweet hopes fade
Here where our hearts know grief and pain—
And we can know their perfect glow
No more again.

How oft we saw her stand and sing,
Sweet songs of Zion she loved so well;
How far those joyful songs will soar—
No man can tell.

Beyond all broken, shattered things—
Filled with a rapture nought can cloy
She who has left us knows and feels,
Fullness of joy.

How could we know her tasks were done—
That she must lay her armour by;
That she might take a robe and palm,
There in the sky?

Chastened with grief our hearts must say,
Sweet was her voice in song and praise,
Ever to linger and to bless,
All down the days.

Christ the righteous, we remember. With a brief prayer we are appeased and deceive ourselves into believing that all is well and Christ still indwells. Unless we have a genuine sorrow and have truly repented, it is a false supposition. We stand as a professor with no possession.

If we have been manifesting a spirit that is unchrist-like, if the experience we profess is inferior to that which we possess, then let's face the facts. There has been a soul seepage. We have lost Christ, the Holy Spirit, and the blessing of abiding. Let us repent and admit our defeat and build again, then call upon Christ, our Advocate, to purge and purify and come again to take up His abode with us.

Then Pray. Pray and draw nigh to God, seek His precepts and diligently fulfill them. A heart in communion with Christ takes on a Christlike nature. One cannot love Christ without loving the lost and finding means of reaching them. Nor can we live so near Heaven without radiating some of its glories. A Christian person is a victorious, happy person. To live with Christ is to live like Him. Pray, I say and watch.