



THEY ARE STILL OUTSIDE

R.H. Nicholson

Some years ago a dying man aroused from the sleep of death and spoke anxiously to his faithful wife who waited by his bedside: "Are the children all in?" was the question that hung on fevered lips and burned in the glazed eyes that seemed to have caught a glimpse of two worlds. It would have been a hard question to answer had circumstances been different from what they were, because this father of a large family, was not concerned about his children taking a physical rest, but it seemed that he could not depart from this life without being assured that his whole family were safe within the "Fold of Christ". Being satisfied by his companion's reply that all was well with those who had been committed to his care, this weary pilgrim slipped contentedly off the rim of time and on to his eternal rest because his work was done.

As a denomination, our responsibility extends beyond our family circles, our church circles, and I wonder how far beyond the sphere that we generally designate as our territory—the Maritimes and Maine? Are they all in? Are they still outside? It seems this question will never be satisfactorily answered while we have strength to pray, to preach—to plead with souls. They will always be out there. Those for whom Christ died. Those He told us to go and preach the Gospel to. To baptize and gather them into a church fellowship where they can be cared for and nourished. They are out there wandering incessantly in the darkness of sin; some blindfolded by the pleasures of this life are walking so near, on innocent feet, to the very crumbling edge, where purity and decency plunges into the slime pits of this world; others have already fallen and are lying there in their wretched state, hopelessly gazing from whence they were fallen, having had no one to warn them of the danger or no one to tell them of the Saviour who is able to save them from their present state. Yes, they are still outside—still waiting for those who have the message.

Part of this great responsibility rests upon the Home Mission Board: we are to supervise the support of the struggling works already in progress; we are to venture into new territory where the gospel is not preached; we are expected to make no mistakes and always come through with an established, or an organized church. But we don't. Did Jesus say we would? Truly this is our aim. This is what we pray and work for—but it does not always materialize. This is not a sign of failure or an indication that we did not have God's leading. There will be souls in heaven who were saved in places where Home Mission efforts were made and no organized church came of it. We may have to shake the dust off our feet against some, but some will hear.

Last summer we pitched a tent in Digby. When the wind blew, the rain poured, then mosquitoes whailed their blood-thirsty songs, or the fog hung like a damp blanket, the devil said: "You fellows were foolish to come here". There were times that it was hard to keep from believing him. I came back home to my church tired—I had taken my vacation in a tent meeting—my throat had been strained by preaching too hard without a P. A. system, the devil said: "You should have stayed home". After

The King's Highway

Christmas I was faced with a month of silence after a throat operation, the devil said: "This is all your fault". Just then I got a letter from a young couple in Annapolis Royal. They had been saved in the Digby Tent Meeting. They told me how much Jesus meant to them; how happy they were being real Christians; how much the singing of the gospel songs meant to them since they had been saved; how that only one storm was had enough to keep them from driving to Digby every Sunday to a holiness meeting; how they wished they were nearer so they could have more fellowship with the people of their choice. I felt like shouting—but I couldn't—I walked the floor with a song in my soul. I said: "Old devil I'm glad I went to Digby. If I never speak again, I'm glad I went. If we had not gone, this fine young couple and others, no doubt would be on the outside". I saw them with the marks of the world on them but God reached them with His word and they got in.

I had the privilege of being at the organization of the Reformed Baptist Church in Houlton, Maine, last Fall. Seventeen charter members took their vows to be faithful to the Church and to the Christ, the Head of the Church. My mind went back to that mid-winter meeting when the storm howled and the snow piled high. The devil said: "You came too late. It is the wrong time. It is too poorly organized to be a successful meeting. Then the times when with many voices the devil said, "The work in Houlton will have to close". But it didn't. There they stood, with a shine on their faces, binding themselves together in the fine church they had built themselves. There was their pastor and his wife with tears of joy on their cheeks and vision for the work in their eyes. How many of these would still be on the outside—how many more would not get in unless we had, as a Board, gone out? Many are still outside. Stand behind us with your prayers as you have never prayed before. Give until you get blessed—and they will get in!

NO TIME TO READ

We have all the time there is. Unlike money, talents, or good looks, kind Providence has seen fit to allot time to every man, woman and child in all the earth.

Although it is true that some are busier than others because of differing obligations, yet there is time for all to cultivate the mind and soul through reading, just as time is found for building up the body thru eating.

The average reader, so we are told, reads about three hundred words a minute. If one takes but fifteen minutes a day of the 1,440 available, one may read 4,000 words per day; 31,500 words in a week; 126,000 in a month; and 1,512,000 in a year.

Now the average book length is about 75,000 words. This means that in just fifteen minutes a day, one can read at least twenty books in a year. Not too bad, since it is perhaps four times as many books as the average read by the American public in a year.

In "The Wonderful World of Books", Louis Shores tells the story of how Sir William Osler, one of the greatest of all modern physicians, made it the rule of his life to spend the closing fifteen minutes of his waking day in purposeful reading. In his lifetime Dr. Osler read a significant library of books and became, in addition to the notable accomplishments in his profession, one of the best read men of his time.

It is a matter of the will to read. Today we have an abundance of pocket books which may even be carried about for quick use while waiting for meals, doctors, or busses, time usually wasted.

(Continued on Page 8)