

WHAT DO THE TOMORROWS HOLD?

J. A. Sanders

The last fifty years have been years of swift transition. Their passing has propelled us into a totally different era. Around us are strange winds and tides. The ancient landmarks are being swept away. The very foundations of society, as we have known it, are crumbling. Our old familiar liberties, that have been fought for in blood, sweat, and tears, are swaying, tottering, and disintegrating before our very eyes.

Dark clouds of evil omen thrust up from behind every horizon. Sinister thunders mutter and roll. The slaving dogs of war are straining at their leashes, and baying hoarsely through the gathering gloom. Sleek guided missiles crouch impatiently at their launching pads, panting to be off. Within them unholy fires of titanic destruction lie dormant. The world is a vast arena in which ideologies wage mortal combat, and trigger imponderable forces. A slow sinister fear without a name eats like some obscure acid into the very fibre of the inner security of man's being. He stops his ears and closes his eyes and walks the roads of pleasure, luxury and greed. Others, upon whom the red shadow has fallen, struggle under burdens too heavy to be born, or wield the lash of fear and stark terror over the quivering heart-strings of their fellow men.

Before the throne of God the sealed book is being opened, its seven seals are being broken one by one. The seven angels with the seven trumpets are preparing to sound, the seven accumulated vials are about to be outpoured, and in a strange and vibrant twilight here below one can almost hear the strumming hoofbeats of the four approaching horseman of the Apocalypse.

John the Revelator sleeps the sleep of the just, and ages ago Daniel has been gathered unto his fathers, but the visions of God which they received, slumber not; neither do they sleep. At the appointed time they will speak, and will not lie, and let him that readeth, prepare himself to run.

"Will God do anything at all upon the earth, and not first reveal it unto His servants, the prophets? A prophet is a seer, and a seer is a prophet. In his heart burns a flaming vision, and upon his lips a flaming message. A prophet is a man, but not like other men, and the path he treads is a long and a lonely one, and he claims the solitudes for his own. He is a voice of one crying in the wilderness, 'prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight paths for your feet; turn ye from your evil ways, and scorn, not the love of the God of the Heavens above, Who has come down to make His dwelling among the abodes of men.'"

The voice said, "Cry!" and I said, "What shall I cry?" and it said, "Cry that all man is grass. He is a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then he is gone, and will not appear again."

I looked and I saw a Man upon a scaffold, bearing the curse of all who hang upon a tree, and yet by being lifted up, He drew all men unto Him. His was a burden, so great that it broke His heart. He wrought a task, gigantic solitary and alone. He loved as none before Him had ever loved, and so none shall love hereafter. He faced the wrath of men and demons and God, and He faced it all alone, for all His friends in His hour of need, forsook Him and fled. He bowed Himself to the power and wicked venom of the serpent, He received death's dark sting, and descended into the pit. He passed through the awesome nether gates of Hell, but He could not be holden of them; He burst them asunder, snatched their keys, while the Lord of Hell, the Angel and Prince of Darkness, sank and wreathed cowering at His feet,

RIVERSIDE CAMP MEETING REPORT

by Rev. J. A. Moses*

It is with great pleasure and peace of soul that I find myself facing Mars Hill. I am not thinking of the past, but of the present and what God has been able to do for Riverside Camp and for all who had the privilege to attend. Friday Evening, August 13, our Camp opened with record attendance and God's presence was very near. In each service the attendance continued to swing higher and higher, with the tabernacle crowded to capacity both Sundays.

We had excellent service in singing and preaching from our evangelist, Rev. Ottis Smith. He proved himself a brother in Christ, with a real passion for souls.

A spirit of harmony and godly love prevailed throughout our encampment with many seekers at the altar to be saved, sanctified, or reclaimed.

Special services were featured. Tuesday evening an anointing service was held for those desiring God's healing touch. It was a time of blessing with His Spirit present in a very marked way.

Wednesday evening, Rev. A. D. Cann, president of our foreign mission board conducted the service. Rev. E. W. Tokley brought a challenging message, stirring our hearts to a new zeal for the souls of men abroad and at home.

A Young People's service was held on Thursday evening with our evangelist directing his message to the youth, for whom he had a great love and concern. At the close of the service 125 young people met at the hotel for a social hour.

The last week-end saw many more desiring rooms than we could accommodate. Our committees laboured faithfully and long with each of the brethren willing to do his best. I wish to express my sincere thanks to all who made such a wonderful Camp possible.

I also want to thank all those who have had part in the improvements of the Alliance property. Some additions to the hotel and a new coat of paint on the tabernacle make a considerable improvement. Some of the cottages are being repaired and painted, with many requests for lot leases.

We as a denomination should thank the Lord who has made "all things work together for good." We should also rejoice for this revival of Riverside and look forward to being there next year. I plan to be there, too? God needs you and your support at Riverside.

* Alliance President.

Triumphantly He ascended on high, beyond and above all authority and dominion, power and might, and took His seat at the right hand of the Father of Glory. And the old rugged cross, the badge and symbol of humiliation and shame, anguish and death, has become a monument and landmark, the supreme symbol of the triumph of unutterable love, towering over all the chaos and wreckage of time.

Man cowers before the shadow of things to come, the sinister signs and portends, in earth, and sea, and sky, his heart failing him because of fear. Man has no sanctuary, no refuge, no hiding place from the monsters spawned by his own rebellion, stubbornness and greed. Lost, and in torment in the lurid misty gloom, he cries out. But there is an answer. The answer is the voice of one crying in the wilderness. God is faithful. He still has His prophets, His messengers, to point poor cowering, shuddering man to that greatest monument of all time that riven rock, that sanctuary in the wilderness, the old rugged cross, its wisdom, its power, its mystery, and its Man, the Lord Jesus Christ.

The King's Highway