

## SILVERY LININGS

Messages of Hope and Cheer  
By Basil W. Miller

Holiness in the volume of the Book! Holiness is the voice of the volume of the Book. The mighty testimony of God's Word is holiness. This is a holy Bible, founded on glorious purity, softly beaming rays of wondrous holiness throughout a sinful world. It is a holy revelation of a holy God, definitely declaring the possibility of a holy life, for a holy, purified people, who are completely saved through the shed blood of a holy Saviour, sanctified wholly through the constant, ever-abiding fiery presence of the Holy Spirit. It affirms, declares with silver, siren tones, tones of divine authority, for the uttermost holiness of thought, hidden and remote, ultimate holiness of overt deeds, revealed and seen, eternal holiness of soul principles, and everlasting holiness of daily practices. It offers a holy reward to a consecrated, holy people, a heaven where abide holy personages, the redeemed, blood-ransomed of the ages, whose lives were holy, and whose glorious songs through the undying ages of eternity shall be holy.

Throughout its voice is holiness! Through the entire inspired Scriptures, from the first glow of light at the breaking dawn of the morn of creation to the final note of the departing rays of the setting sun of time, the golden thread joyously winding in and out of the true history and the godly precepts, ultimately binding together unctonized prophecies and holy admonitions, sanctified commandments and consecrated examples, exaltedly weaving through the lives of the noble patriarchs, the God-sent apostles, is God, His holy character, the beam of His shekinah glory, the glimmering light of His blessed smile, the shekinah of His holy presence, the quintessence of His majestic being, the consummation and infinitudes of His attributes—holiness, purity, soul-refinement, heart paradises of sanctification, spiritual Beulahs, mountain heights of holy afflatus and divine exhilaration, heavenly enchantment and celestial enthrallment. Hast thou, O soul, e'er thought that such divine, glorious enchantment of the life is for thee? Hast thou caught the tones of the Master's voice calling thee to a life of purity? Hast thou yet learned the simple lesson of consecration to the leading of the Spirit, the cleansing power of the Lord, so that thou wouldst be made holy? Such an experience is for thee—it is the purchase of the blood of the Redeemer for thy heart—it is the passport to the glory world for thy life, when time's voice is stilled, and the eternities sweep this way.

Sinai thundered and blazed with heavenly fire and Calvary ran red with the dripping, oozing blood of the Redeemer that we might be made holy. Eden, a physical paradise, and Canaan, a paradisiacal home for the theocracy of God, existed and were promised as a type, a fore-gleam, a foreshadowment, a glimmer of promise, of that better paradise of the soul, where bloom the perennial flowers of holy activities and divine, abiding presence. Every mountain, sentinels of heaven, of the infallible Bible, raising their lofty peaks to the glory world, is a foretype of the mountain top life of holiness, where all is the heavenly light of the twinkling stars of the firmament of the soul—where the air is purely cleansed—where the eternal wells of living water are life to the soul and refreshing evermore. Every rapidly flowing stream and trickling rivulet, rip-

pling rill and mountain brook is a prophecy, an omen, of that flowing fountain filled with Immanuel's blood, that stream coming from Calvary, cleansing the sinner from his vileness and purifying with its sweeping torrent whiter than the snow, and making holy by its divine efficacy. When one plunges under this flowing water of salvation, he can sing,

*"There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains."*

*"Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,  
Lies silent in the grave."*

Dead to sin! What a glorious possibility this is for the child of God! It is unchangeable decree of the Almighty that if we shall accept the provisions of divine grace, we shall be dead to sin. In another place the same thought is expressed by being dead with Christ. This means that sin's power in the body is broken—that sin's sting is destroyed—that sin's blighting touch is gone—that the pollutions of sin are wiped out of the heart and life. Where once the power of sin dragged one to transgression, now that chain of evil exists no more. Where once the master of the life was iniquity, now this master has lost his sway in the soul. Where formerly one was a slave to impurity, now he is the bond-slave to holiness and to Christ. This is a death that is glorious—an open grave that welcomes every person. It is not only a death but it is a life. As death opens for the saint on the portals of the land of bliss and of grandeur, so this death to sin opens on the glorious life of freedom for the soul—freedom from the enthrallment of iniquity, freedom from bondage of Satan, freedom from the galling yoke of sin. The siren voice of the world may call as sweetly as before, but as was the case with the noble Grecian of old, the music on board the vessel sounds more wondrous than that of the sirens. The allurements of the tinsel of time may be as powerful as before, but now there are enticements heavenly, and drawings eternal, that lead from those of the world, to those of the Spirit and of God. The pathway may be as beset with pitfalls as before, but the uplifting, the up-bearing hands of the Lord are underneath "to bear thee up lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." This is a life dead to passions that may rend the soul—to lusts that may burn the fire of manhood from the being—to the anger that drags the self-respect in the dust—to hatred that makes of one an enemy to all that are worth while—to jealousy that blinds one's eyes to the better elements in life. Soul that is tempest-tossed, herein is thy anchor, thou canst be dead to sin—that is torn with passions, herein is peace and tranquility—that is overshadowed by the gloom of habits, herein is a freedom unknown before. Are thy burdens too heavy? Then die out to sin. Are thy nights too long? Then die to the god of this world, and thy nights will be filled with holy melody.

Alive unto Christ! The story is but half told! The silver lining of hope is just beginning to appear—the clouds are merely drifting apart, and the rifts are just barely letting in the first gleams of the heavenly sunlight, when we write of being dead unto sin. Dead to sin, but alive unto Christ! This is the completion of the pathway of death—this is the portal of the heavenly life—this is the dawning of the new day of holy beauty after the long night of death. Alive unto Christ—with Him dead in baptism—with Him raised in newness of holy life—with Him

ensphered—with Him blessed with all heavenly blessings unspeakable—with Him thrown in the tomb of death—with Him breaking the bonds of habits, erasing the pollution of sin. Alive unto Christ—alive unto the melody of angelic choirs—with Him surrounded with the halo of the Transfiguration Mount—alive unto the beauty of holiness, the moral tranquility of soul rest, the peace which is born of a soul filled with the fullness of the Godhead. To be alive unto Christ is to see the Spirit in His workings through every trial, the leading through every night, the plan through the dim outlines of fate. To be alive unto Him is to dwell with the beautiful in the world, to behold the beauty in God's nature, and in His divine revelation—it is to be filled with purity, touched with heavenly communications, moved by the dynamics of the Spirit. This experience is to live for the pure, to fight for the right, to seek after the divine, to long for the springs of salvation. It is to catch the still small voice of the Master—to doubt never, nor to ever be double-minded in soul, nor unstable in one's ways. Alive unto Christ—it is to be thrilled with His will for us—to seek through the gloom of life for His smile—to wait for His voice gently chiding, strongly commanding, tenderly pleading, lovingly wooing—to abide under the shadow of the Almighty—to wait on the Lord—to rest under the tender wings of the Jehovah of the ages—or in the storm on the strong wings to ride out to sunlight and safety—or on the speed of the quick wings to escape danger, to flee from the darts of the enemy of the soul. This too, oh, man of faith, is thine inheritance. Thou canst be alive unto Christ, and with Him reign forever more.

*"'Tis a good old world, though we sometimes say  
That its paths are rather hard,  
For the sunlight shines on the rockiest way,  
And never a soul is barred  
From the bright white road that leads to peace  
Through the valley and up the hill,  
Where the din is hushed and the clamors cease—  
'Tis a good old world, if we will."*

*"'Tis a good old world, though you and I  
Might make it better yet  
If we'd care for the woes of another and try  
Our own little woes to forget;  
If we'd straighten the lives that are rather askew,  
At sacrifice even of ease—  
But really, you know, there are many who do;  
'Tis a good old world, if you please."*

—Edgar S. Nye.

Holiness in the Book! Genesis is the beginning of holiness. Exodus thunders in coming out for holiness and for God. Leviticus is a story of lives adorned by holiness. Joshua speaks of holy conquests for righteousness. The Psalms are the hymnal of holiness. Isaiah stirs with the eloquence of holiness. The Sermon on the Mount is the keynote sermon on holiness. The Decalog and Romans are the laws of holiness. John's writings resound as the love books of holiness. James is holiness in action. While Revelation sweeps the centuries as the consummation, the ultimatum, the eternity of holiness. The celestial light—glowing, beaming, adorning, bedecking, begliting, glittering, shining and sparkling, like diamonds set in the star-studded heavens at night—is holiness, breaking forth from every God-girded page, each inspired life, and infallible precept of the Book of God. Holiness is the bedecking garnishment, the ornate surrounding and adornment of every burning truth, eternal precept, majestic line, thrilling example and electric statement.—*Herald of Holiness.*