

The King's Highway

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness

And an Highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The Way of Holiness—Isa. 40:3

VOL. XXXVII.

MONCTON, N. B., FEB. 28, 1938

NO. 41

A MAN AN HIDING PLACE

"And a Man shall be an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the storm." Isa. 32:2.

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In this metaphor the prophet sets forth the excellencies of Christ. He speaks of Him as a "hiding place" from the wind and a "covert" from the storm. This language, if applied to anyone but Christ, could only be absurd and ridiculous; but when applied to Him it becomes most beautiful and fitting.

We find in these words of Isaiah two great truths, namely: Man's need and man's safety.

Take as optimistic a view of man as you will: assign to him every accomplishment, every grand feat, every virtue of which he is worthy, and yet we are forced to admit that to one and all there comes those seasons when the strong winds of adversity or the blinding storms of a strange and mysterious providence break down all self-reliance and force upon us inward admissions that are, to say the least, very distressing. The language of man has ever been, "Woe is me for I am undone!" when caught in the simoons of life's harder experience or brought face to face with the Divine requirements.

To deny that man is related to an order which is too strong for him is to deny what neither sense nor experience will permit.

Doubtless, some will read this article who find themselves in the grip of circumstances as real and uncontrollable as a sandstorm in an Arabian desert. Some are broken in health; some are wasted with age; and some are suffering the consequent ills of their own wrong doings, yet to all such there is an "hiding place" a "covert."

Isaiah does not say, there shall be a dying out of the wind nor a quieting of the storm, but in the midst of both, "there shall be an hiding place, a refuge." We behold with feelings of wonderment and praise as the Son of God touches the eyes of the blind, heals the leper, raises the dead, but after all we must remember that these are special manifestations of His deity.

In the main, storms continue, death comes, diseases abound, and the sorely afflicted are often found among the chosen of God. We have no authority to say that it shall ever be otherwise while time lasts, but we may affirm with assurance the blessed promise of Christ: "My grace is sufficient for thee," and the best of all is, the promises of God have been put to the test in human experiences and have never failed.

One of the great preachers of America visited the home of a saintly but sorely afflicted man. Evidences of poverty presented themselves everywhere. The house was old and delapidated, the furnishings were worn and rickety. The sick man reached out his feeble hand to the minister and greeted him thus: "My brother, I suppose as you came into my humble home this morning you thought you were about to meet a very poor man, but I want to tell you that you are talking to one of God's millionaires. I don't need to in-

form you that I am a very great sufferer. These long hands and distorted joints declare that. But for the past six months this room of mine has been ablaze with the presence of Jesus. If my sufferings have helped to make this possible the price paid has been but little." The minister commenting on this visit said, "I felt as I heard Him speak, that I was standing on holy ground."

During my own pastorate in a certain community, there lived a woman of my parish who was a great sufferer. The wealth of an Empire would have been almost valueless to her during those seasons of intense suffering—and they became almost continuous. Her faith in God grew under those testings and when she talked of Jesus her face would light up with a glory that can only come from a joy within.

The last time I saw her she was in "the storm." It seemed merciless, even cruel. I stood at her bed-side for a moment and wondered. Then I heard her speak and the words that she spoke were enough—I knew Christ was there.

At Beulah Camp, three summers ago, I sat in one of those never-to-be-forgotten prayer and praise services on a Sunday morning. To say that I was happy would be saying very little, but when I say, that the person who seemed the happiest in all that great crowd was a man who had spent fifty or fifty-five years in total blindness, I know that I am saying a great deal. When I say that after this brother had testified to the marvelous grace of God that had saved him from sin and had kept him unspeakably happy for years, I turned to a sea captain and said, "What but the grace of God could make a blind man as happy as that?" And he answered, "There isn't anything." Ah! my friends, this "hiding place" has been tested over and over again by the neediest of earth's millions and has never, never, failed.

But, if I stopped here I would be saying only a part of what ought to be said. There are ills that are not physical. There are storms that sweep the soul. Our greater troubles are deep buried within our hearts. The heaviest burden we carry is the burden of guilt. The deepest sorrows of life are those born in the hour of moral defeat. The storms of adversity are hard but the storms of uncontrollable passions break and ruin the man. Yet the Man, the God-Man, that Isaiah saw, comes, and meeting man in the tempests and typhoons of life's experiences offers Himself as an "hiding place" from the wind and a "covert" from the storm.

He met a woman one day who, victimized by sin's fiery temptations, had lost her place in society. Trembling and weeping she fell at His feet. Her neighbors said, "If Jesus knew the kind of woman she is He would rebuke her." "If Jesus knew!" There were none knew better than He, but the Christ who came to be an "hiding place from the wind," and a "covert from the tempest," threw the mantle of His own righteousness over her soul and lifting her spirit, cleansed and uncondemned, sent her forth into a new life of beauty and saintliness.

In the weakest moment of Christ's life (if I may speak thus) He met a man—a felon, a criminal. He met him on the cross of suffering, of shame, of death. The storm clouds of a wronged society had broken upon his head, and oh, my friends, the more fearful storms of a hopeless eternity were fast gathering about his soul. But in that hour—that last hour, the Man of whom Isaiah spoke, revealed Himself. One cry for mercy from that dying thief and out of the blackness of the storm rang out those words that none but an infinite God could speak. "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." In Paradise? Yes. Lifting him on the strong arms of an uttermost salvation He placed him holy and free—pardoned, to the bosom of God.

Reader, have you met this Jesus? Does He mean anything to you in life's storms? His invitation still holds good for you, for me, for all. "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of Me for I am meek and lowly in heart and ye shall find rest to your souls."

FRASER DUNLOP.

BUILDING THE CHURCH

"I will build My Church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," Jesus said of His task of bringing together as His Church material, the men and women whom He saved. The great leaders of His nation conspired against Him, and sent spies to gather evidence for His death trial, and determined to put Him out of the way, but Jesus continued to lay the foundations and to build the Church of the New Testament times. The Romans, also, when the work of Jesus was finally brought to an issue laid the strong hand of the law upon Him and executed the sentence of death, yet Jesus persevered, and in the course of time the small group of believers whom He would call His Church spread over the entire realm of the Roman Empire.

Our Lord's example is good for us in these troubled days. Whatever may be our social or civic duties let us meet them courageously, but stay steadily in the task of the building up of the body of Christ. "By all means save some," may well be our motto, in the measuring out of life's day and in its passing opportunities.

—Wesleyan Methodist.

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS

"While the word is yet unspoken, you are the master of it; when once it is spoken, it is the master of you."—Sel.

The Appian Way, part of which Paul traveled on his journey to Rome, was sixteen feet wide with two foot curbs eighteen inches high, and had a pavement of solid stone and masonry from three to four and one-half feet thick.—War Cry.