

# The King's Highway

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness

VOL. XXXVIII.

MONCTON, N. B., FEBRUARY 15th, 1942

No. 62

## WE NEED A REVIVAL

Rev. J. L. Brasher, D. D.

The sky is overcast with thick clouds where this scribe sits by his writing table, but I have confidence that the sun is still up there in the heavens, and sooner or later he will drive the clouds away and stand forth in majesty and power.

But these are days when the moral and spiritual sky is overcast with clouds of war, of sin and rebellion against God; and his light-bearer, the Church, has let her light become dim, so that millions in our land, not to speak of pagan lands, walk in darkness and plod their weary way, or their dissipated way, to hell, while we fumble at the job of so-called evangelism scarcely affecting the surface of our so-called Christian public, much less stirring the depths of sin, and depravity around us.

The President has called a day of prayer for this date. I wonder will the Church pray, to say nothing of the Nation? or will the day be largely taken up with talk and song? Can the multitudes who last night drank and caroused and committed abominable sins fall into the mood of prayer this morning, or will they not rather be fighting a headache after their night's debauch? The Word of God says, "If my people which are called by name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sins, and heal their land."

"Dwell deep," the Lord has said, but where are the depths of our devotion and piety? Where is the soul-consuming passion for the salvation of the lost who form the major portion of our population? If America died today, aside from the infants, not one in five would be saved, if the Bible standards mean anything. We are surrounded by friendly people who, by the grace of God bestowed without their seeking, have many amiable qualities, but who are as lost to any inward sense of the reality of God, as if God could not reveal himself to human hearts. Dead while they live. Living for gain, or pleasure, or the approval of godless society. Thus living, "they are dead while they live."

We pass ringing resolutions on Evangelism, and then depend on our man-made plans, instead of the Baptism with the Holy Spirit, and the equipment provided in the atonement and the outpoured Holy Ghost which made the apostolic Church triumphant over principalities and powers, both infernal and terrestrial, over a bigoted ecclesiasticism and an imperial government. We want to do big things in a highly-honored way. "If the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it?" But oh, this humbling business of dipping in Jordan. We can go to the King with gold, and silver, and raiment; but healing was not up there at the palace, but down at the log cabin of the old holiness prophet Elisha in his little Bible school for young prophets.

The carnal mind looks for the applause of the upper crust. Early Methodism did not fawn upon the rich and socially prominent, but proclaimed salvation, immediate and free, full and complete, to all who would repent and believe, and what victory they saw, and what agony of soul they suffered, mostly at the hands of those who were leaders in religion. People who profess the name of God, we must have a revival. Men and women must be stirred up to pray. Men must be made afraid of sin. The Church must be stung out of its complacency and content. Something must be done beside "bring up the claims in full." We appoint conference evangelists and say, "depart in peace; be thou clothed and fed," but refuse to use them. We must have a revival. Our nation is being punished now and shall be more fearfully tested still, because having more light and privilege, and means we have largely lost the missionary zeal and evangelistic passion that made us a nation, and have become soft and lovers of ease and comfort, and are not pressing on to the regions beyond that are to be found in a block of where we reside. A few days' convention can be highly useful to the saints, but we need to lay siege to Satan's strongholds. We must sacrifice. The government will demand of us a very large part of our income and earnings for this awful situation in which we have been plunged, but we must not forget that our Saviour and King should have our deepest devotion and most splendid sacrifice.

There will be a tendency to say, "Well, we can't have revivals now, the war is on." That is the time of all time when we must have them. In the Union and Confederate armies the revival and work of salvation was carried on, and many of the soldiers were saved. The revival that preceded the Civil War made possible the survival of the nation and our free institutions. Our men are going to the front to suffer and many to die. They need God more than all else. Let a few devout souls band together and pray, and get a meeting started if it has to be in a schoolhouse or barn, anywhere. Let the work go on. The Nation's life is at stake. The closer we draw to God the less of loss and sorrow we shall have. We are not sufficient in ourselves. Too long, in Church and State, have we depended upon our own resources, ability and strength. They will fail us without God. Brother Preacher, Watchman upon the walls, let your faithfulness to warn and teach deliver you from the blood of this lustful, drunken, empty, unspiritual generation. Stir up your devout souls among your membership to seek their personal pentecost. Oh, the pity and the tragedy of it, if you have not been endued yourself. Cry aloud in love and earnestness until sinners both in and out of the Church are awakened. God will help you if you wait on him in soul travail and faith. I have set thee a watchman on the walls. If thou warn the people, their blood will be upon their heads, but if thou warn them not, their blood will I require at

thy hands. Let us go to our knees until emptied and filled, then to our people with an earnestness and a fervency worthy of these awful times. "Preach the word. Be instant in season, out of season, reprove, rebuke, exhort with all longsuffering and doctrine." We must have a revival.

## THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD

When the famous missionary to the South Sea cannibals, John G. Paton, was on the island of Tanna, he once lost all his belongings and the natives were bent on taking his life as well. He writes of that experience: "I climbed into a tree, and was left there alone in the bush. The hours I spent there live before me as if it were but yesterday. I heard the frequent discharge of muskets and the yells of the savages. Yet I sat there among the branches, as safe in the arms of Jesus. Never, in all my sorrows, did my Lord draw nearer to me, and speak more soothingly in my soul, than when the moonlight flickered among these chestnut leaves, and the night air played on my throbbing brow, as I told all my heart to Jesus. Alone, yet not alone! If it be to glorify my God, I will not grudge many nights alone in such a tree, to feel again my Savior's fellowship. If thus thrown back upon your own soul, all, all alone, in the midnight, in the bush in the very embrace of death itself, have you a Friend that will not fail you then?"—Publisher Unknown.

## THE DESTINY OF MEN

"There is a time, we know not when,  
A point we know not where,  
That marks the destiny of men,  
To glory or despair.

"There is a line by us unseen,  
That crosses every path;  
The hidden boundary between  
God's patience and His wrath.

"To pass that limit, is to die;  
To die as if by stealth;  
It does not quench the beaming eye,  
Or pale the glow of health.

"The conscience may be still at ease,  
The spirit light and gay,  
That which is pleasing still may please  
And care be thrust away.

"Oh! where is this mysterious bourne  
By which our path is crossed,  
Beyond which God Himself hath sworn  
That he who goes is lost?

"How far may we go on in sin?  
How long will God forbear?  
Where doth hope end? and where begin  
The confines of despair?

"An answer from the skies is sent:  
'Ye that from God depart!  
While it is called today, repent  
And harden not your heart.'"