

# The King's Highway

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness

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IN THE WORLD TRIBULATION \* \* \*  
IN ME, PEACE

"And the peace of God, which passeth understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." (Phil. 4:7).

Paul wrote these marvelous words of encouragement during his imprisonment in Rome. It was a time of severe trial, when we should rather have expected him to speak of a very troubled mind, of his fears and anxieties. But, instead, we hear him speaking of peace that passeth all understanding, and praying that we, too, may enjoy the same peace that kept his heart and mind in that darkest dungeon and bitter trial.

Peace! What a precious gift! What a treasure we have in this wonderful peace coming down from the Father above! How often it sweeps over our soul in fathomless billows of love! It is to be sought after more than jewels of silver and gold.

An artist painted a picture illustrating peace. He painted on his canvas a thundering waterfall like that of Niagara, with a birch tree bending over the foam. At the fork of a branch, almost wet with the cataract's spray, a robin sat on her nest, calm and undisturbed by the raging elements. That is peace—rest. So the soul that leans on Jesus has this sweet repose—"His peace."

In our Lord's farewell discourse to His disciples in the upper room, He gave them His legacy of peace, in these words, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; \* \* \* let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

Five years ago we were in the heart of the worst storm off the Finnish coast (the Gulf of Bothnia) that the oldest seaman had encountered in thirty-seven years. It was much more than just a wild storm at sea, the usual—a typhoon of terrific force struck us and continued for four days and nights with unabated fury. Everything in the path of the mighty waters was swept before it. The nights were pitch dark. Not a star shone out of the inky blackness. Our small empty cargo boat tossed up and down on the mountain-high waves like a child's toy ship. A grave in the briny deep awaited us! The captain, the officers, the crew—all gave up the bitter fight, saying, "We are lost! All hope is gone!" The faces of the old seamen were lined with anxiety and pain. They were thinking of their loved ones whom they would never see again, but no panic reigned. All were calm, awaiting their fate.

It was during those terrible hours that a light shone in my soul's sky, and with it came the assurance that we were hidden in the hollow of His blessed Hand, where naught could harm us. Blessed hiding place!

The Voice that stilled the wild billows in the long ago spoke again, "Be of good cheer; it is I: be not afraid." Oft had I heard that gentle Voice, but never with such sweetness

as on that night out on the raging billows, when we walked with our Lord over moonless seas! He came walking across the water to us in the fourth watch of the night, and we were delivered by a mighty miracle. The peace of God which passeth understanding kept our hearts and minds during those terrible hours. It baffles all attempts to explain.

During the past months, since our beloved nation has been caught in an awful storm, yea, when the whole world is plunged into a time of dreadful bloodshed, it would be the most natural thing for our hearts to be filled with anxiety and dread, wondering what is coming. In this darkest night in earth's history, a star will shine in to light our way—a Voice will speak, "Be still, and know that I am God." In a world which knows no peace, hold this little poem, written by Edwin Markham, close to your heart:

• "At the heart of the cyclone  
Tearing the sky,  
Flinging the clouds  
And towers by,  
Is a place of central calm.  
So, here in the roar  
Of mortal things  
I have a place  
Where my spirit sings—  
In the hollow of God's hand."

Where is this peace to be found? There is but one place—it is to be found in the heart of God. A sentence in a letter from one greatly bereaved has touched a very deep chord of sympathy in my heart. It sent me to my secret place for some word with which to "speak comfortably" to the troubled one. "How am I to live through these awful days?" was the sentence. Two sons had fallen in battle; the home had been bombed and utterly destroyed; every earthly possession had been swept away—nothing was left but desolation. The reply written to this brother was:

"Let God supernaturally lift you above it."

Would you make your way of escape from the windy tempest? God's way is up and out. It is our unutterable privilege at this time to live "in heavenly places in Christ Jesus" and be kept in perfect peace. God still has lifting power.

An officer in the American Flying Corps says:

"I was out over the ocean alone, and I saw in the distance, coming rapidly toward me, a storm that was blacker than midnight; the black, inky clouds seemed to be coming on with lightning rapidity. I knew I could not reach the shore ahead of the storm. I looked down to the ocean to see if I could go under the storm, and perhaps alight on the sea, but the ocean was already boiling in fury. Knowing that the only thing to do was to rise above it, I turned my frail craft straight up

toward the sky, and I let her mount 1,000, 2,000, 2,500, 3,000, 3,500 feet, and then the storm struck me. It was a hurricane, a cyclone and a typhoon all in one. The sky became black as night. I never saw blackness like that. I could not see a thing. Rain came in torrents; snow began to fly, and the hail struck like bullets. I was 4,000 feet up in the air, and I knew there was only one thing to do—and that was to keep on climbing. So I climbed on up to 6,500 feet and suddenly I swept out into sunlight and glory such as I never saw in this world before. The clouds were all below me. The sapphire sky was bending low above me in amazing splendor. It seemed the glory of another world, and I immediately began to repeat Scripture to myself, and in the heavens above the clouds I worshipped my God." The way out was up!

Earth's troubled millions ask, "Oh, when will peace come to this war-torn world?" It will come when the Lord Jesus returns to take up His reign. His coming is as certain as the dawn. It is earth's last hour—our King is on His way. Look up! Look up! And may the peace of God, which passeth all understanding keep your hearts and minds"—occupying until!

"I stand upon the mount of God  
With sunlight in my soul;  
I hear the storms in vales beneath—  
I hear the thunders roll.

"But I am calm with Thee, my God,  
Beneath these glorious skies;  
And to the height on which I stand  
No storms, nor clouds, can rise.

"Oh, THIS is life! Oh, THIS is joy!  
My God, to find Thee so!  
Thy face to see, Thy vice to hear,  
And all Thy love to know."

—Selected

## RUSSIAN YOUTH

State-controlled youth movements in Russia are definitely anti-religious. Smoking, drunkenness, debauchery, and idleness are charges laid against Russian children even by the Soviet Press. Because of the hordes of abandoned children who live by their wits and crime, the government has tightened considerably procedure for divorce. The cost for divorce and alimony is increased. For one child a man must give one-third of his earnings; for two children, one-half, and for three, sixty per cent. World Survey Service states, however, that the future of Russian youth is not without hope. Commissaire Yaroslavsky admits failing to uproot Christianity after ten years of effort. In many rural districts seventy per cent of Russian peasants and fifty per cent of Russian youth still cling to the Christian faith.—The Alliance Weekly.