

THE PROMISE OF CLEANSING

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is simply a mistaken emphasis. There is a failure on the part of those who deny complete cleansing to recognize the difference between our humanity and our depravity, our natural human self and our sin self. If we identify sin with our human selfhood as inseparable from the same, teaching, as one great leader in the fundamentalist movement is quoted as teaching, that sin is a physical entity, that it is in our bloodstream, and that we cannot therefore be freed from it until natural death, we must, of course, agree with the conclusion. The trouble in this teaching is with the premise that sin is a physical entity, or that it is an actual part of our God-created selfhood. The truth is that sin is not a physical entity; it is a moral condition. It is further true that sin may be purged from our natural selfhood, in our every temper, desire, and appetite, as truly as a cinder may be removed from our eye, or as that soil may be removed from the fibre of a linen garment. We may restore the linen to cleanliness and purity in its every fibre and destroy only the soil and retain the linen.

Dr. Jowett, in one of his meditations on the subject of "The Clean Heart," states it thus:

"What will the Lord do with my sin, if in true humility I come unto His Presence? Let me hear the music of the evangel.

"He will 'blot out my transgression.' He will so erase it that even His own holy eyes can see no stain or shame. He will blot it out, as I have seen a gloomy cloudlet blotted out, and there has been nothing left but radiant sky.

"And He will 'wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity.' Yes, and that not like the washing of the hands, but like the washing of clothes, not like the washing of a surface, but the removal of uncleanness from a fabric, the ousting of every germ lurking in the innermost cells of the stuff. When the Lord washes a soul it is 'thoroughly' done, and every strand is white in holiness.

"So will He give me 'a clean heart;' so will He 'renew a right spirit within me.' The very atmosphere of my life shall be as the air after deluges of cleansing rain. It shall be sweet, and clean, and clear! I shall walk in a new inspiration, and I shall 'behold the land that is very far off.'"

He says that God's cleansing is like the removing of uncleanness from a fabric, the ousting of every germ lurking in the innermost cells of the stuff. When the Lord washes the soul, it is "thoroughly" done, and "every strand is white in holiness." I want no better standard of Christian holiness than is taught by Dr. Jowett in this lesson. If this isn't the eradication of sin, I do not know how language could express the truth.

However short anyone of us may come of it, let us keep the standard where God has put it. He has made no provision for any one of His children to continue in sin nor has He made any provision for sin to continue in anyone of His children. The exact opposite of this is His standard. We are not quarrelling with those who differ with us, but we are insisting upon a difference that is so vital that we cannot yield the point of complete cleansing from sin as a definite present tense experience in grace without forfeiting our loyalty to the authority of God's Word, and to the provision of the atoning death of our Lord Jesus Christ.

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A MEDITATION OF PRAISE

Rev. W. Edmund Smith

Not in the trailing shadows of dead days my life is spent, nor in the caverns a gloomy past where haunting specters rise to torture me. I live in the pure sunlight of a new-born day, fresh from the hand of God, who maketh all things new, and hangs on memory's wall pictures more beautiful than artist ever traced on canvas—the recollections of His mercy and His love, not merely in salvation or in general providence but in extra good. He maketh provision for my every need. He adds great good unto His daily benefits.

I am a child of light. He maketh light to shine upon the path I take. He goes before and He is light. His music drowns all discordant sounds and fills my soul with music not of earth. An orchestra tuned to the key of gratitude and praise He puts within. His love sweeps out all envy of the rich and bondage to the things of time and earth and puts me on the stretch for more of God. It gives a firmer hold on things eternal and invisible. This truly is life.

His presence means sweet companionship, the blending of my thoughts and mind with Christ. My soul cries, "This is life! life that needs nothing else to satisfy. All carnal fear is gone. I feel the glory of a united heart, with spirit holding rule and passion tempered to the will of God."

"To live is Christ!" Paul could shout in lonely prison cell. But in that cell there shone a light ne'er seen on land or sea—a light that made dark walls to shine with heavenly splendor, and his manacles appear more beautiful than jeweled bracelets flashed by a devotee of fashion. Paul's great soul took in so much of grace and glory, and poured it forth in words immortal as God Himself. My soul can hold so little, but it can be full to overflow. I can feel real kinship with good Abram as he fared forth obedient to the pull of God upon his soul, content to follow when God led the way. My little soul has something of eternity within, is held in its course by heaven's gravitation. My heart has secrets my poor head can never understand. In rapture I can listen to the Psalmist tune his harp to vie with Gabriel with his notes almost divine. Yea! I can catch the tune and keep in harmony. Good David frowns not on my limping tones. He cries, "Join the song!" "Oh, magnify the Lord with me and let us exalt His name together!" "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord." And Isaiah seems to look right straight at me as he sings, "Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion, for great is the holy one of Israel in the midst of thee." And so my song swells to a shout—the music of the soul of God upon Creation's morn. 'Tis God's own Spirit playing on my heart, and He will take the blame when some would criticise as did the Pharisees when Christ's disciples strawed their garments in the way, and brake the branches from the willing trees, to make a pathway for the Son of God, while from their lips poured sweet and loud hosannahs to David's greater son.

In Revelation many things seems strange and obscure. I read of angels trumpeting, of horses with their riders going forth, of vials of wrath poured out on land and sea. I feel the spirit of a judgment day and my soul is filled with awe and wonder. But, too, I read: "They sang a new song, saying, Thou art

worthy to take this book and to open the seals thereof, for Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, people, tongue, and nation, and hast made us unto God kings and priests and we shall reign upon the earth. And I beheld and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne and the beast and the elders and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands saying with loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches and honor and wisdom and strength and glory and blessing." "And every creature that is in heaven and on earth and under the earth, and such as are in the sea and all that are in them heard I saying, Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever."

I read these words and all my soul responds to the glory that belongs to Christ our Lord. This heart of mine must have the vent of praise that passes through the lips and makes a joyful noise unto our God. Faith links my soul to God and makes me feel the power of omnipotence that cries, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." I fight by faith; I walk by faith that makes me shout when feelings run low, and makes me feel secure when things hedge up my way. But time will come when faith shall be lost in sight, when we shall see "face to face." How wonderful to hope! It cheers me when things are at their lowest. It is a star that ever shines to lead the way. Hope is well-founded expectation. We hope for things we see not. But time will come when our fondest hopes shall be realized. They shall come to a fruition beyond our grandest dreams, and thus shall we need no more to hope. But praise belongs to the eternities. The morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy when God spake worlds into being. Praise shall be our occupation throughout all eternity. Well has the poet sung: "Our days of praise shall ne'er be past, while life and thought or being last, or immortality endures." Praise will be the atmosphere and music of heaven. Tune up your harp then, brother. With a heart of praise we shall always feel at home with Christ our Lord.

Some time ago a gentleman as he passed along the street was offered a tract. He somewhat curtly refused, saying he did not want to be bothered with any of their evangelistic nonsense; but as the worker pressed him to take it, he did so, though he assured him he would burn it as soon as he got home; and he kept his word, throwing it into the fire and watching it burn. As the thin paper curled up with the heat, his eye caught the sentence: "The Word of the Lord liveth forever," and do what he could he could not rid himself of the words. They buzzed in his ear, they stood out boldly on the white pages of the ledger. Wherever he was, that passage of Scripture haunted him and made him miserable, until unable to bear it any longer, he went to the mission hall, and there finding peace, pardon and salvation, he learned to rejoice that the Word of the Lord did live forever. A little importunity is sometimes a good thing; if that open air worker had not pressed the tract on that gentleman, then, humanly speaking, that immortal soul would not have been saved.—Christian Herald.