

HIDDEN TREASURES

GOD'S HUMAN POEM

By J. A. Huffman, D. D.

Not many of us are poets or poetesses, much less poems. There are some would-be poets and poetesses who afflict editors and the reading public with something which they produce which fails much of real poetry. This writer experienced this affliction for a number of years as an editor of a religious weekly.

At our best we may not appear or feel very poetical, and are startled at the suggestion of poetry or poems.

In Ephesians 2:10 is found a line, translated in the King James Version: "We are his workmanship," and so it is here translated in the American Standard Version. The Greek word here translated "workmanship" is *poiama*, which means, according to the Greek lexicons, that which has been made. It is the noun or substantive form of the Greek verb *poieo*, to make or do.

But this word is also one of the interesting little Greek words which we have transliterated into our language, by which we mean that we have not translated the word but spelled it out into English. In this way we get from the Greek word *poiama* our English word poem. We have also spelled out the kindred Greek word *poiatas*, and get from it our English word poet. A similarity of sounds is in evidence when these Greek and English words are carefully and properly articulated. Accordingly, we may read Ephesians 2:10: "We are his (God's) poem."

Let us analyze a little, in an attempt to see how a Christian resembles a poem.

In the first place he, like a poem, is made such, and represents the workmanship of a master hand. He did not bring himself into anything of a poetic form, whatever we may find such to be. He is the result of God's skill.

In the next place, every poem worthy of being so called has a theme. Lives outside of Christ are aimless and themeless. It requires God's saving touch to give to life a definite, positive, worth-while, attractive theme. An indifferent, unsaved young man was once asked by this writer, as he looked into his face, the straightforward question: "What really, then, are you living for?" Here was the answer: "I guess you've got me now." No object, no purpose, no theme in life!

Then every good poem has unity in it. It speaks of the same message from the first to the last line, including all measures between. There are no detours, or irrelevant passages. So is also God's poem.

Still more, every worthy poem is marked by progress. A poetic parallelism—the uttering of the same truth in corresponding lines—is permissible, but the poem must register progress in the delivery of its message. Here is another characteristic of God's poem: there is progress in such a life.

In good poetry there is, unmistakably, a symmetry. Words and lines must be carefully measured and balanced. This may be called rhythm. A lack of symmetry in the lives of professing Christians belies the hand of God, whose workmanship, whose poem, they profess to be. Bulges of various kinds which throw us out of symmetrical living, even though they may be bulges in good directions, destroy the symmetry of God's poem. An emotional bulge, a formality bulge, an intellectual bulge, a sectarian bulge—any one of these, and many others, may destroy the symmetry of the poem God is intending that we should

be.

Lastly, but by no means least, good poetry has rhyme. But by this it is not meant that it must merely jingle at the end of the lines. Together with rhythm, rhyme in poetry is that which gives grace, beauty, music and ornamentation. Of course these are the outward trappings of the lofty thought which characterizes all good poetry, which is the result of the theme. But they are desirable. Even so, God's poem is characterized by the rhythm and rhyme of right relation with God and fellow man, as God the Great Poet weaves into our lives His theme with its symmetry and progress.

Summarizing briefly it might be said: Man was originally God's workmanship, His poem, so made in creation. Marred and wrecked as man is by sin, God sets His hand again and man becomes workmanship, God's poem of redemption!—(All Rights Reserved).

LETTERS FROM OUR PASTORS

Port Maitland, N. S.

Dear Highway Friends:

Jesus still saves and sanctifies and the Holy Ghost abides. Hallelujah!

Our revival campaign at Sandford closed last night (Jan. 25th). We consider Rev. N. E. Trafton and Brother Randolph Nicholson a great team for the Lord. We found them to be just ideal to work with and are just longing to have them with us again.

Brother Trafton preached with the blessing of God upon his soul. He is an ideal evangelist. They are surely both in their right place. We had good crowds in spite of wind, rain, snow and bad roads. God did bless and several found their way to the altar of prayer to be saved, reclaimed or sanctified. We wonder what it is going to take to get some people saved, when they could sit in such services and make no move toward God.

We will still labour on, pray, work and do our best to cause the seed that has been sown to bring forth to the glory of God.

Our revival here at Port Maitland, with Rev. N. M. Israelson as evangelist, begins Feb. 22nd to continue over March 14th. We covet your prayers for this campaign. May God bless all who read these lines. Let us mind the Lord and be ready when He calls.

Yours, all for Christ,

H. S. and MRS. MULLEN

North Head, N. B.

Dear Highway Friends:

We are rather late with our New Year's greetings, but we wish to take this opportunity to wish The Highway family a very Happy and Prosperous New Year, both materially and spiritually.

God has been so good to us as a family. All have kept well during the cold weather so far, and we enjoy His presence and blessing. Our church members and friends remembered us in a substantial way at Christmas, and we would thank one and all for the lovely greeting cards received from new and old friends. Makes one feel that life is really worth living. God bless you all.

We are being kept busy in the service of the King. Besides our regular service here in North Head, we have a weekly meeting at Ingalls Head, and have been having a Sunday service at Woodward's Cove, also a prayer meeting. We have enjoyed calling in the homes of these communities, and trust the good seed of full salvation sown will eventually bring forth much fruit. Pray for us. We

are looking forward to a revival campaign in March, here in North Head, with Brothers Trafton and Nicholson as our co-workers.

Please pray for us, as we launch the battle against the forces of evil. The need is great here.

May God visit all our churches with special manifestations of His Holy Spirit.

Yours in His work,

ATHUR and HAZEL OWENS

Dear Highway Friends:

We would like to give a brief account of the progress of the Presque Isle Church.

On the evening of my birthday the friends and members of the church gathered at the parsonage to have a service and present me with gifts and a purse of money, amounting to approximately eighty dollars. Again at Christmas we were well remembered with many lovely gifts.

The community Sunday School of Spragueville, three and one half miles from Presque Isle, is doing a splendid work in spreading the gospel. Several have united with the church. We have had two baptisms since last writing, eleven candidates at the first baptism and seven at the second. Four united with the church three weeks ago. Ten children have been dedicated.

We have held our first missionary meeting since we were organized. It was a fine service, with Rev. G. R. Symonds as special speaker, bringing a message on the need of a missionary vision. Our people have caught the vision and realize the need of prayer. We have a special prayer meeting on Saturday evening for the service on Sunday and since we started this special prayer service, our meetings are charged with spiritual dynamite, and souls are feeling the power and presence of the Holy Ghost. One man met me on the street and said: "Mr. McGeorge," (commenting on a Sunday evening service) "I haven't felt such conviction for years." (Praise God!

Fine preaching is needed. Preaching on the blood, denouncing sin, and the Holy Spirit's power to cleanse from all sin. But most of all, we need the presence of the Spirit in our midst. Our altars will be barren as long as we try to do the work of the Holy Spirit.

Remember us in prayer.

In His service,

H. O. McGEORGE

TO MY PASTOR

How carefully he watches o'er my soul!

His eyes detect a trace of sin within my life.

He does not blame.

How oft he battled with his own.

And when he sees my faith take flight,

He does not chide.

His own tugged hard at string so slender

That he knows not how it held.

The sorrows, pains, frustrations in my life

Have made me weep.

His eyes are wet.

He, too, has drunk the bitter, healing dregs of misery.

And so his words pluck at my quivering heart.

He never says,

"Dare not do this—'tis sin and death!"

But this—

"I only know this way is right.

Will you walk in it?"

How tenderly he watches o'er my soul!

—Selected.