

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."

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NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS

W. Edmund Smith

A couple of weeks ago I had the privilege of attending the "Youth for Christ" rally in Park St. Church, Boston. The subject for the evening was, "The God of the Atom," which was illustrated by a talkie moving picture on a large screen. It was not only interesting, it was awe-inspiring. The pictures were most realistic, made more so by a handsome young man who in very fluent speech tried to describe a little of the mystery of atomic energy.

He explained that all energy is in a sense atomic energy. The heat and light from the sun, from coal and gas is atomic energy. But they have split the atom and have been able to release power thousands of times greater than we had been acquainted with. He showed the working of most intricate machinery and the flash that came in the splitting of the atom, that has in it a core or nucleus, consisting of electrons, protons and neutrons. I heard a learned professor once say that if we could take an ordinary water-glass full of atoms and blend those atoms perfectly with the water in all the oceans, seas, rivers and lakes of the universe, and then go to the faucet and draw off a glass of water, there would be several hundred of those atoms in one glass. Again, if every atom were represented by a grain of sand, that sand could cover the entire U.S.A. with a covering several inches deep. Does not this stagger the imagination! Yet they have split the atom and produced a bomb in its initial stage, that can burn up a city, as it did the cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki in Japan.

That night we saw the planes take off the carrier and fly to drop their bombs. We heard the roar of the explosion and saw the vessels sinking or blasted to ruin by the awful power. In this power we see the wonderful possibilities for usefulness as well as for destruction.

This God of the atom is the God Peter spoke of who will eventually burn up this old world, thoroughly renovate it and make it a world wherein dwelleth righteousness.

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The air is full of the Gospel message, especially on Sunday. You may hear it from morning till late at night. Most of these messages honor the Bible and the blood of Jesus. We may not agree with all their interpretations, but we say thank God there is truth to make men remember that God still lives and that there is a judgment beyond the grave.

Dr. Maier of the Lutheran hour is great. He always blesses my soul. Brother Fuller is strong for eternal security; does not believe in the second work of grace, and twists scripture to suit his views. But he reaches millions

in his rambling messages, and no doubt does much good. Do you listen to the Nazarene message at 2.00 p.m. E.S.T.? That touches holiness at times.

We hear a broadcast by a local church that I have enjoyed. The singing is inspiring and the pastor's message has been helpfully spiritual. I had been wondering where he stood on this second work of grace, for all the messages I had heard, while magnifying the saving power of Jesus, did it in a general way. But last Sunday night the pastor spoke directly on sanctification. He called it a beautiful doctrine, but deplored that it has been greatly abused by an exaggerated interpretation. He then proceeded to make plain what sanctification is to him.

He said "When you are converted you become a child of God. But God does not intend that you remain an infant. You must grow up in Christ by reading the word, by prayer and faithful attendance on the means of grace. If you do this, you are sanctified."

Of course we believe the young convert is sanctified in part, but we insist the Bible teaches a going on and getting a second benefit of grace.

Think of a mother with a babe that is poor and weak, going to a doctor and he on examination finds a little abscess on the child's body that is throwing poison all through the child's system. And he says to the mother, "I will eliminate that diseased part and then your child can grow and develop." But she protests and asks: "Can't you grow this thing out?" "No", he replies, "there must be a surgical operation."

The Bible speaks of sin as being inborn pollution, the "carnal mind", the "old man", "the body of sin and death". These all indicate a disease that remains after conversion. And millions of the best Christian people down through the ages have been convinced and convicted of its presence and power, and have sought for this cure by the Baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire, and have found deliverance, understanding and faith. This to our dear brother is our exaggerated statement. But the best of all, it works, and multitudes of honest witnesses rise up to declare its reality. I imagine the logic of that brother would be like this: 1st you get it all at conversion; 2nd you grow into it; 3rd you get it at death and 4th there is no such thing anyway. The carnal mind halts and rebels at the crucifixion of the old man. Here is where the battle has raged and will continue just so long as the blinding power of Inbred Sin is what it is.

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I was greatly blessed by the front-page article by Bro. Milans, whom I know not, ap-

pearing in the last issue of the Highway—86 years old! What a remarkable dissertation! If I ever get to be old I hope to have a little of that discriminating mental power. Think of that dear old man almost helpless yet triumphant and rejoicing and giving an interpretation of scripture at once original instructive and inspiring. Thank God for something that lasts. The Comforter abides. Alone! but never alone! Let me grow old like that. It means real success, for there can be no regrets in having taken the way of holiness.

Years ago I wrote a little rhyme called "Optimism" and to it put a tune. I sang that song to four E.N.C. boys, with whom I came by auto, from Beulah Camp. It sort of intrigued them, and they learned the tune. The song began: It ain't no use complainin' when it's rainin'. On New's Year's Eve I attended a Watch-Night service in the Cambridge Nazarene Church. After the service a young preacher from Ottawa, Kansas, came up to me and asked, aren't you Mr. Smith? I assented, and he began my poem or rhyme. I sang that song to-day—a bleak, sloppy, rainy day, to an old brother, 88 from whom I am going to send a contribution to the Highway. I am going to give the rhyme to the Highway readers for it blesses me as I sing it when I am feeling below par and the weather is the worst.

OPTIMISM

It ain't no use complainin' when it's rainin',
And when it's snowin' snow upon the ground;
For when the wind is blowin' there's always
something growin',
And after wind and storm the fruits abound.

Chorus:

Stop complainin, when it's rainin'! *
When it's snowin' and it's blowin' don't be
blue;
For all of these together make what we call
the "weather"—
Mixed with a lot of sunshine too.

We all complain together 'bout the weather,
In spring and summer, fall and winter time;
But birds are always singin' and flowers are
always springin',
Above the clouds the sun does ever shine.

It's true that we're praisin' and a raisin'
Our voice in glad thanksgiving to our King,
For He doth rule the weather and sees us alto-
gether,
Complainin' never brought you anything.

So drive away your sorrow till tomorrow,
And seize the blessings of the present day;
Your sighin' and your poutin' will surely turn
to shoutin'

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