

# The King's Highway

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## Uranium Isn't Everything

From "WAR CRY" (Chicago)

Recently at an international gem and mineral exposition, thousands of stones and rocks were on display. They were of every shape, color and size. Some were smoothly polished, others looked just as they had when they were removed from the earth. Quartz, agate, jasper, jade, emerald, moonstone, and scores of other minerals sparkled on the counters. Some had been shaped into exquisite jewelry, and other pieces were made to resemble animals, fish, birds, leaves, and persons.

The gem show was fascinating, and one could spend many hours looking at the displays. But there was one thing that seemed more significant than anything else. It was a sign put up by one company saying, "Uranium isn't everything." It went on to say in smaller print that it is possible to make a fortune in the discovery of many other minerals, too.

Uranium isn't everything! The world's largest emerald, encased in its folds of velvet, or the most famous opal in existence, the most precious diamond yet unearthed—none of these is "everything."

Yet how often we place a top premium on the wealth of this world. How we dream of being financially well off. With bated breath we read of people who draw tremendous salaries. Listening to tales of the fabulously rich, we become just a bit envious of the things they can do.

Some people place top value on health. Many magazine articles are devoted to discourses on physical and mental diseases. Who can say that good health is to be underrated? Yet even perfect health is not "everything." Persons without it have lived rich and satisfying lives, too.

Then there are those who pay highest esteem to power and prestige. The age in which we live seems to be characterized by the thought of limitless power. To command the respect of people is not anything to apologize for. But even great power is not "everything."

The goods of this world are not all that count. Far higher in rating are such things as integrity, strength of character, good judgment, mercy and understanding. Love of God and man is of more value than all of the precious minerals in the universe. Jesus put the whole idea into a nutshell when He said, "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

"The 'Fear-nots' of the Bible provide an all-sufficient guide for the timid and distressed."

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## Golden Opportunities

A Scotch botanist sallied forth to the hills one bright day to study his favourite flowers. Presently he plucked a heather bell and put it upon the glass of his microscope. He stretched himself at length upon the ground and began to scrutinize it through the microscope. Moment after moment passed and still he lay there gazing, entranced by the beauty of the little flower.

Suddenly a shadow fell upon the ground where he lay. Looking up he saw a tall, weather-beaten shepherd gazing down with a smile of half-concealed amusement at a man spending his time looking through a glass at so common a thing as a heather bell. Without a word the botanist reached up and handed the shepherd the microscope. He placed it to his eye and began to gaze. Moment after moment sped by while he gazed with enraptured silence.

When he handed back the glass, the botanist noticed that the tears were streaming down his bronzed cheeks and falling on the ground at his feet.

"What's the matter" said the botanist. "Isn't it beautiful?"

"Beautiful?" said the shepherd. "It is beautiful beyond all words. But I am thinking of how many thousands of them I have trodden under foot!"

How many opportunities to accept Christ have you trodden under foot in your lifetime? God's opportunity is now. "Now is the accepted time" (2 Cor. 6:2). He has no other. You have sixty **nows** every hour of your life. That means a thousand for the waking hours of each day.

Opportunity, with her millions of **nows**, will be against you in that last great assize! I fancy I hear her voice on the witness stand: "A thousand times a day I came to him. I was with him in the tender hours and influences of youth. I came to him in the pleading of his sainted mother. I drew near to him in the hours of bereavement and sorrow. I spoke to him in the tender solicitations of devoted friends. I touched him in the prayers and the pleadings of his dearest ones. I sounded the warning hundreds of times from the pulpit. I whispered to him in the night watches as he lay in the silence of his own thoughts and convictions of his own accusing conscience. Yet for all these years he has unceasingly trodden me underfoot."

There are souls in the awful place of the lost who would give a million worlds for just one more of the precious **nows** you are treading underfoot. And when you see these trampled **nows** in the light of eternity, you, too, will weep with unspeakable agony in the realization that not one of them will ever return.

—The Gospel Call

## A Friendly Church

Editor, "Free Methodist"

On a vacation one summer I dropped into church Sunday morning where I was unacquainted with anyone. The lawn bulletin board announced that here was "A Friendly Church." I learned that morning that it is one thing to put a sign on a church boasting of its friendship, but it is quite another thing to be friendly. I took my time leaving the church after the benediction, but no one spoke to me. The minister did shake hands with me at the door, but when he didn't recognize me, one quick look was enough—he had nothing to say. If I ever return to that town on Sunday, I shall probably worship in another church.

The Book of Proverbs says, "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly." If a church wants friends, it must be friendly. It costs something to be truly friendly. Just being around people isn't enough. "Our cities are deserts of loneliness," it has been said. For many, many people this is true also of our smaller communities.

One Monday evening we were eating dinner in the city parsonage when the doorbell rang. A lady wanted to know where the number "125" was. Our house number was "124." We asked her as to the name of the people who lived at "125." With tears in her eyes she confessed that she did not know their name, but she did know she had made a mistake in getting the house number, for there was no "125" across the street from us. Then she told us her story. The night before she had dropped into a church where she was a stranger. A lady had been friendly with her, ending a delightful visit with an account of how she had become a Christian, and what a wonderful life she had found it to be. She had invited our visitor to dinner this night so that they could finish the conversation. It was a matter of real concern to her that she could not find her new friend's house, for the lady sitting in our living room that evening wanted to become a Christian, and didn't know how.

The conclusion of the incident? After a little effort we found the right house. We could have told our new acquaintance the way to Christ, but it was a joy to let this "friendly Christian" take over the work which she had begun. She did her task well. Our visitor found Christ as Saviour and became a member of the church which her friend attended. It cost a little effort to look out for the stranger, to witness to the love and way of Christ, to buy extra food, to arrange a meal, but an immortal soul was saved.

"God has put a difference between His people and the people of the world."