

# The King's Highway

Rev. L. K. Mullen, Nov. 58

## AN ADVOCATE OF SCRIPTURAL HOLINESS

VOL. XXXVIII MONCTON, N. B., NOVEMBER 30TH, 1957 No. 425

### Trust In The Lord

A Sermon by Rev. Seth C. Rees in "Pilgrim Holiness Advocate"

The riches of Christ are untold, unfading, and unailing. God is a great mathematician, he is a master accountant. He has figured accurately, and his columns always tally. He has numbered our days and counted the hairs of our heads. He has weighed the mountains in scales, and meted out the heavens with a span.

In numbering our days, he has made plain our mortality. He has announced that life is short at the longest. It would seem that it is time to meditate. This is a frivolous, chaffy age. It is no wonder that Helen Hunt Jackson said, "And lighter grows the nation."

Botanists tell us that there is no soil in which a plant thrives so well as that which is formed by the decay of its own leaves. Not many things are as helpful to spiritual progress as meditation on our own mortality. Meditation not only will affect your character and conduct but also your countenance. Astronomers are usually of a tranquil temperament and wear a thoughtful face. This comes from gazing into the quiet, starry heavens. If gazing into the quiet, starry heavens will affect their countenance and temperament, how much more shall we be affected by gazing into the tranquil, glorified and eternal face of Jesus?

If we could have a revival of meditation, we would have a return of the fear of God. If we could have a revival of the fear of God, we would have a revival of regeneration and New Testament piety.

We are all affected by the company we keep. As the man from the barn bears the odor of the horse, and the chimney-sweep smells of smoke, so you bear with you something that reveals the company that you keep. Men have tarried in the presence of Jesus until the fragrance of heaven lingered in the folds of their garments.

There is a valley in California where they grow nothing but roses. The perfume is wafted for miles. You may drive through the valley, and when you get home at night your family can tell where you have been. I have lingered among the orange blossoms until I carried the perfume home in the folds of my clothing. How much more shall be the fragrance if you linger long enough or go far enough into the garden?

There is something controlling the laws of electricity. If two wires are parallel near each other, although not touching, and a current of electricity is sent through one wire, the other wire will feel a throb. This is what they call an induced current. When iron comes close to a magnet, the iron is magnetized. Close contact with Jesus will so magnetize you that you will act similar to him. If you tarry too long with this old world, you will smell of brimstone.

Mortal—Oh, who knows how mortal we are? Mutability is written all over us, and its dark chilling thread runs all through us. The flame of human life burns so feebly that it may be put out by a single jar. The veil between

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding." (Prov. 3:5).

us and the unseen world is as thin as a bubble and is as easily pierced. Have you ever been sitting alone in a room when the clock stopped? It was rather a sensational feeling. Your clock may stop any time. It may be at midday or at eventide. You do not know how nearly your clock may be run down. Our days are numbered. It is time to think, not like a fool, but to think soberly.

All is temporal. All is passing. The fragrance dies; the flower fades; the grass withers; the rocks crumble. I held meetings in San Francisco soon after the great earthquake. I was greatly impressed with the frailty of man's structures when I saw how easily God could shake them into pieces; there was nothing stable, nothing secure. I reached Baltimore just after the fire had melted miles of steel and concrete skyscrapers. Nothing was fireproof in the path of those flames. They raged and roared like the fires of damnation.

Christ, though the child of eternity, felt the temporality in things of this life. He says, "I must work . . . while it is day." When he feeds five thousand, he says, "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." The Bible declares, "From everlasting to everlasting, thou art God." Yet he counts the moments. When Daniel Webster made his last visit to John Adams, the aged president of the United States, he said, "I am as well as a man of ninety years could expect to be. You see I am afflicted with an incurable disease, old age. My house is getting very shaky, and so far as I can see, the landlord is not going to make any more repairs." When you think of all the money spent in travel and medicine to try to keep the body out of the grave, it is evident that with all the effort put forth, we utterly fail at last—"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust."

But since our times are in His hands, they are in the best of hands. For the rebel, it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of a living God; but for the blood-washed, it is glorious. It is a great delight to fall into his hands here and hereafter; for when I am in his hands I am not in the hands of the devil.

With Christ, apparent failure is victory. Falling is flying; sinking is soaring; prostration is promotion. To the sanctified wholly, slipping is only falling into his arms. A frightened passenger in a storm at sea said to the Christian captain, "Is there really any danger?" He answered, "No, if we go down, we only go into the hollow of his hand."

William Watson, the noted infidel, calls man, "the child of a thousand chances 'neath an indifferent sky." That is the consolation of infidelity, heartless, and hopeless as well. Whatever comes to a real saint there are no accidents. "All things work together for good to them that love God." Suppose there are afflictions. To be sure

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