

## "Be Ye Holy; For I Am Holy"

General Superintendent Williamson  
in "Herald of Holiness"

Holiness is an essential attribute of God. Therefore holiness is eternal as God is eternal. With God holiness is self-willed purity, unoriginated and underived. It is absolute holiness.

God, being holy, has required His created beings, possessed of the Godlike power of self-determination, to be holy as He is. God must, therefore, have made provision for them to reach that standard.

The holiness available to man flows from the fountain of God's holiness. Man has no ability to make himself holy. He was created in the image of God. He forfeited that likeness in the act of disobedience which resulted in the curse of sin upon the race. It is restored in Christ, who became the Head of a race redeemed and made partakers of the divine nature through the exceeding great and precious promises.

For those renewed in the image of God, there is one standard of holiness. God has fixed it. "I am holy." There can be no holiness apart from this standard. It is humbling, awful, terrifying to think of being judged in the light of the God who is "a consuming fire."

From this fundamental standard ideals of Christian conduct are derived. To approach holiness from the viewpoint of observing multiplied rules is confusing and legalistic. It results in unbalanced emphasis and a concept of salvation by self-effort.

To approach holiness from the viewpoint of mystical experience exclusively makes it vague, spurious, and fanatical. The right approach is with the standard of God's holiness in clear vision. In such light man sees his iniquity and cries, "Oh, make me clean." God's answer is purity through the blood of Jesus Christ and the active agency of the Holy Spirit. With the fountain of life thus cleansed, man becomes Godlike in character and Christlike in practice.

This scriptural concept of holiness causes the thousand and one points around which the quibblings of men center to appear as withered leaves whipped up by a whirlwind. In comparison, true holiness is like a living tree, strong, deep-rooted, adorned with beautiful foliage, fragrant bloom, and delicious fruit.

### GOD FIRST

R. G. LeTourneau, millionaire bulldozer man who gives away in perpetuity nine tenths of his income, tells the secret of his success through putting God first. Risking contract-penalties he decided one night to let God have the evening which his own "business" demanded. Quite a fight was involved. He writes:

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you (Matt. 6:33). "Our young people had been going regularly to a mission to hold a Gospel service, and I had been going with them. One night I had some special work to do, I was operating a small factory at the time, and machinery had to be built the next day for which I had to make the design that night in order that a crew of men on contract could build it the next morning. How could I do my work and attend the meeting at the mission? The Lord and I had quite a struggle while I was trying to decide what to do. Although I could not understand how I was going to get the plan drawn for the next morning, I went with the young people and we had a profitable time. I returned home about ten o'clock. Up to that time I had been unable to make a single plan. I sat down at the drafting board, and in about five minutes the outline and plan was as plain as it could be. What is more, the little piece of

## — Guest Editorial —

### THIS IS THE SEASON

Dr. Bois Shuler  
"Methodist Challenge"

This is the season! The season of the first frost! The season of falling leaves! The season of the yellow and brown and red and even scarlet, until the woodlands appear to be on fire! This is the season when the sap goes down! The season when the leaves scatter over the lawn! The season when the shrubs are dormant and hibernation is the fashion! It is autumn. Winter is on its way. It will not be too long and we will see the lakes clothed in solid ice. The boughs of the cedars will dangle with a thousand ice-gems. Even the sunlight will appear to be frozen on the eaves of the houses. It is nature's way. God ordained it!

And yet I get letters every week, reproving and chiding me for referring to the fact that I am old. Some of my friends appear to think that such a concession is shameful and a confession of weakness. Why? Why not grow old?

I read in the Bible that God has allotted us three score years and ten. He informs us that should we travel on for four score years, the labor, grief and sorrow that would attend would scarcely repay. I am in my 80th year and for some reason or another, I find myself proud of those figures. Just why God has granted me almost fourscore years, I can not say. I know I am not worthy. But I have learned that the autumn is as majestic as the springtime. It has suddenly dawned upon me that God can use and bless and crown each alike.

And so I do not apologize for growing old. I boast—possibly too much! I have discovered that old age has its draw-backs. But there is no juvenile delinquency at eighty. I am aware of arthritis and brittle bones and dimming eyes, and ears that are not very useful, though they still adorn. And yet I ask myself, why not? The gnarly old oak tells a like story. So does the "old house." Growing old is not disgraceful. It may be made as colorful as the Autumn. Few of us find it, but there is oftentimes a hidden treasure in old age.

All of which brings me to record a most hopeful fact. Autumn is sweet and good and beautiful when there is a spring ahead. The deadly winter, bitter with its cold, can not defeat the summer that shall bloom and fruit tomorrow. It's what's ahead that counts.

That's why I'm not afraid of old age. I have read the story of an eternal youth—with no arthritis, no balding heads, no wrinkles, no bunions, no cancers. My mountain mother used to sing about it. I gathered from her song that she was on her way to an eternal springtime. She did not dread today, much less yesterday. She was so sure of tomorrow.

There is a recompense—an eternal recompense. Hair may turn gray, and shaking, trembling limbs may scarcely support an ailing body. Life may even become a burden. The silver cord may be loosened, the golden bowl may topple and fall, the pitcher may be broken at the fountain, the wheel may become useless at the cistern, the dust may even return to the earth as it was. But, thank God, that is not all. The spirit of man will return to God who gave it. With that I am satisfied. In fact, of that I boast. That faith is my security!

I am not deserving of such an assurance, but I am very happy in it. I know that eternal youth and springtime are out ahead!

machinery designed that night has been the key machine in all that I have been building since. It pays to put God first." —Christian Railroader