

— Guest Editorial —

CAN WE WEEP?

by George E. Failing

Jesus could. He wept in compassion at the grave of Lazarus. He wept in an agony of loneliness and sin-bearing in Gethsemane. He wept in loud lament over a short-sighted Jerusalem who would not let Him bring it salvation.

Jeremiah could. In fact, Jeremiah prayed that he might weep. Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people. Jeremiah knew that there must be not only a fountain of blood for atonement but a fountain of tears for intercession. Jeremiah's reproofs of the sins of his people were liberally sprinkled with tears of concern.

Paul could. He spoke of serving the Lord with many tears. When exposing his enemies he wrote with deep compassion: Many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ. Paul's revelations and rivals were not disassociated from his power to weep.

A Methodist bishop, many years ago, gave sound advice to a young pastor. "Pray yourself into tenderness and tears every day," he admonished. That is, daily be renewed in the fear of God and in the love of God. Many churches today are seeking pastors who can weep.

Some associate weeping with intellectual weakness or with the lack of emotional restraint. Some weeping indeed may give evidence of these "escape" routes from life. There is a weeping, however, characteristic only of those of strong heart and mind.

There is need for a revival of weeping among Christians. An unconcerned Christian does not weep, over the church or over the lost. A resentful and bitter Christian may fight back, but he does not weep. It is a costly matter to earnestly weep over wrongs.

The Spirit of the Lord is a tender spirit. He can be grieved. A Christian can hardly be like his Lord if he is not grieved rather than angered by failures in the church.

It may not be an overstatement to observe that there has never been a revival without tears. He that goeth forth and weepeth . . . shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

The Lord said to Hezekiah, I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears. Has he seen my tears?

—The Wesleyan Methodist—

Sincerity Is Not Enough!

Recently in a New York hospital carbon dioxide instead of oxygen was administered to a patient. The tragedy occurred while the patient was being prepared for a minor operation. A trained anaesthetist was administering a controlled mixture of oxygen and gas. When one tank was exhausted he switched to another labeled "Oxygen," and death followed immediately.

Hospital officials suspected some kind of accident and called the coroner. Autopsy revealed carbon dioxide poisoning. The tank labeled "Oxygen" had been mislabeled. The manufacturer was sincere, the hospital authorities were sincere, the anaesthetist was sincere, the surgeon was sincere, and certainly the patient was sincere. But the patient died just the same.

In another New York hospital recently, salt instead of sugar was mixed in the prepared formula for the babies in the nursery. The tragic result was that seven of the babies died. Who can question the sincerity of the hospital nurse who said that she was sure that the container was

filled with sugar—but it wasn't.

Too many people are sincerely mistaken in regard to what true religion and salvation really is. They say: "As long as I am sincere in what I believe, I'll be all right in the end." Not so! Regardless of doctrines and creeds, any profession of religion that does not bring a transformation of life and victory over sin is not salvation. The proof of being a "born again" Christian is not perfunctory and formal obedience to outward rites and rituals, but is evidenced by a life of love and devotion to God, of friendly fellowship with other Christians, and a concern for the lost. Are you saved, or merely sincerely mistaken?

—The Wesleyan Methodist

THE FABLE OF THE OAK AND THE VIOLET

In a large garden there grew a fine oak tree with its wide-spreading branches; and at its foot there grew a sweet and modest violet. The oak one day looked down in scorn upon the violet and said, "You, poor little thing, will soon be dead and withered; for you have no strength, no size, and are of no good to any one. But I am large and strong; I shall still live for ages, and then I shall be made into a large ship to sail on the ocean, or into a palace where kings and queens dwell. I shall have a place of honour in this world for years and years and years."

"Yes," answered the violet in its humility, "God has given you strength and me sweetness. I offer Him back my fragrance, and am thankful. I hope to die fragrantly as I have lived fragrantly, but we are both only what God made us, and both of us are where God placed us. He knows best, and He will not expect me to be strong, like you are, but He wishes me to be small, but sweet."

Not long afterward the oak was struck by lightning and shivered to splinters. Its end was to be burned. But the violet was gently gathered by the hand of a Christian lady, who carefully pressed it, and kept it for years in the leaves of her Bible to refresh herself with its fragrance. Here was seen the difference between pride and humility. How foolish it is for any one to boast! Let us all humbly and joyfully do what the Lord wishes us to do.—Selected.

OUR TRIALS

Perhaps nothing tends so much to discover what we are, as trials, either from men or devils.—Clarke.

The King's Highway

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness

— THE ORGAN OF THE —
REFORMED BAPTIST ALLIANCE

Published Semi-Monthly at Moncton, N. B.

L. K. Mullen, Editor and Business Manager
W. E. Green, Editor Y. P. Page

All subscriptions and renewals should be sent to Rev. L. K. Mullen, Box 723, Woodstock, N. B.

All material, except notices, must reach the editor by the 15th and the 30th of each month.

— SUBSCRIPTION PRICE —

Per year, in advance \$3.00
United States Subscribers 3.00

Printed by Moncton Publishing Co., Ltd.

Printers and Publishers, Moncton, N. B.

AUTHORIZED AS SECOND CLASS MAIL
BY THE POST OFFICE DEPT. OTTAWA
AND FOR PAYMENT OF POSTAGE IN CASH

Moncton, N. B., June 29, 1963

The King's Highway