

The King's Highway

AN ADVOCATE OF SCRIPTURAL HOLINESS

VOL. XLI

MONCTON, N. B., MARCH 14, 1964

No. 5

YARMOUTH, N. S.
HOWARD COGSWELL
19 Beacon St. Sept. 64

LORD, DO IT AGAIN

From DECISION magazine

The Billy Graham Evangelistic Association

Minneapolis, Minnesota

Used by permission

Each passing day brings mounting evidence that we have entered a new era of world history. The attitudes of many people on long-standing issues are changing. New influences, new developments, are being pelted at us from a dozen different directions: thermonuclear energy, automation, existentialism, Cosa Nostra, Sino-Russian hostility, population explosion, psycho-cybernetics, *nouvelle vague*, "worldly Christianity," electrical stimulation of the brain, space travel—no wonder we are bewildered! We adjust to one twentieth-century innovation only to find seven others buzzing about threatening to displace it.

How does an ordinary sort of man, who loves God and knows he is loved by him, bear himself in such an environment? Does he renounce the world and retire to the nineteenth century? Does he wrap himself in a polyethylene theology that insulates him from all the confusion? Does he put his hands behind his back, and mumble and shake his head at every fresh turn of events?

What is it Christ wants us to do in 1964?

Here we are, with moral philosophers recommending immorality, ethics professors defending the unethical and theologians denying the existence of God (one of the more remarkable statements being, "There is no God, and Jesus is his son!"). We are informed that the greatest wickedness in modern society is the "old, ineffectual individualistic pietism that has been characteristic of American Protestantism for a century." We are told that the problem is not to convert the world to the church, but to convert the church to the world; that the bar on the corner (which is honest) is more holy than the church across the street (which is ecclesiastical sham).

Lord, help us! Where do we stand? What can we say that will not be twisted by sophisticates and flung back at us? We are simple people. We know Thee and believe in Thee. We want to see thousands of other people brought into the radiance of divine love. . . .

Perhaps we can just say, "Thank you, God." For what? For his mercy and long-suffering compassion toward the children of men. The heavenly Father has been enduring this kind of intellectual biceps-flexing since the days of Babel's tower, yet we are still on the planet. There were nihilists and sophisticates in the days of Belshazzar and Jezebel and Herodias and Agrippa—and God outlasted them.

The French tell us, "*Ca passe*"—it will pass. Little human upstarts strut across the stage carrying their banners and announcing that they are altering the course of history for a thousand years. Then they dissolve and vanish and leave not a rack behind. Only Christ remains, in whom all things cohere.

Our "mossy individualistic pietism" is not, of course, a product of the nineteenth century. It is a product of Mount Sinai, of the Mount of Beatitudes, of Mount Cal-

The King's Highway

A FAITHFUL PASTOR

He held the lamp each Sabbath day
So low that none could miss the way,
And yet so high to keep in sight
The picture fair of Christ the light;
The handle coming thus between,
The hand that held it was not seen.

He held the pitcher stooping low
To the lips of little ones below,
Then lifted to the weary saint,
And bade him drink when sick and faint;
The pitcher coming thus between,
The hand that held it was not seen.

He blew the trumpet loud and bold.
To storm the fort of Satan's hold,
Then with a tender note and clear
That trembling sinners need not fear;
The trumpet coming thus between,
The hand that held it was not seen.

But when the Master said, "Well done,
Thou good and faithful servant, come,
Lay down the trumpet, leave the camp,"
Thy hand is now most clearly seen,
Clasped in His pierced one, naught between.

"The Free Methodist"

vary. For 2,000 years it has formed the cement of Western civilization and has blessed the East beyond all calculating. Such piety is not natural to man; it is super-natural. Morality, conscience, love for neighbor—these are gifts of the Holy Spirit. They did not come with the original package. Jesus Christ, the Man from Nazareth, is responsible for the artesian wells of freedom and justice and love that have sent missionaries flowing to the remotest ends of the earth.

No matter what the era, there is no way on earth or in outer space by which a man can make himself better. Before he can make a permanent contribution to society, he must be converted, he must be born again as an individual. Else he becomes just one more straw drifting in the prevailing wind of cultural fashion. And winds change. So the present wind will shift, and people will wonder what folks were so excited about back in the 1960's. *Ca passe*. Only God's truth is unchanging and eternal. Only Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever.

Our prayer is that the next change to grip the minds and hearts of men will be God's; that it will be started by his own riffling of the waters; that it will be a spiritual revival wholly under his direction and control. We yearn to understand these new influences of our time from God's perspective. And we pray that the piety that is so mocked today will bless men's hearts in the future in greater measure than ever, and will bring forth fruit worthy of the Master before the final culmination of history.

Lord, do it again!