

The King's Highway

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness

And an Highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The Way of Holiness—Isa.

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THE GREATEST MOMENT I EVER LIVED

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Dr. Fletcher is a Congregational minister whom God has mightily used to the salvation of souls. During his seven years' ministry at Wood Street, Cardiff, Wales, his church grew in membership from 236 to 1,200. The Baptism with the Holy Spirit transformed him and made him a flaming evangelist.

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I was once asked, "After your conversion what is the greatest experience you have ever had?" I did not hesitate for one moment to answer that the greatest moment that I ever lived was when I suddenly realized that the mighty gift of the Holy Ghost was not only for the men of the New Testament days, but was available for men today.

On arriving in the city after my conversion I had joined a church which was like many other churches, in that it just pursued the even tenor of its way and seemed to think that everything was quite as it should be. Nothing ever happened that was not usual, and no one seemed to expect anything unusual to happen. The population around the Church had quadrupled since the building had been erected, but the population within the Church remained the same, the same confessions of God's Almighty power to save were piously repeated, but no one ever seemed to get saved. I came into that Church with all the ardour of a youth who had seen a blinding vision of the Christ, and with a passionate conviction that even as Christ had saved me He could save others, but I soon found that either I was mistaken or that the Church did not believe it with the same burning conviction that I did. I do not criticize that Church. It contained delightful and earnest people, but it was just an ordinary church living an ordinary—instead of an extraordinary—life.

In that Church I found a chum, who today is one of the leading educationalists in Australia. He had recently been converted, and he had a saintly sister who during her short life led many into the realization of the wonder of the love and power of God. She passed into the fuller life with such radiant triumph that he and I walked in awe, and the reality of the spiritual life took possession of us.

Just at that time he invited me to attend the Christian conference which was being held in Petersham, a suburb of Sydney. I was able to go only to the closing meeting, but at that meeting I heard Archdeacon Tress tell how his own life had been revolutionized when he laid hold of the truth that he would be filled with the Holy Ghost as soon as he yielded his whole life to God. "God can fill us to the extent that we yield ourselves to Him", he said, and then he added, "If you yield yourself without reserve to God, you have the right to know that God gives Himself without reserve to you, and by faith you may claim the filling of the Holy Ghost."

My chum and I stood up in the after-meeting

as a token that we wanted to give ourselves without reserve to God. My life was never the same again, and every blessing I have received since, every soul won, and every Church revived in my ministry, is the result of that night.

I want to bear that testimony here and now, so that anything I may write about my life may be connected with this, the moment when I discovered that the Christian's birthright is the Power of the Holy Ghost. From that moment my chum and I threw ourselves into the work of God with a passion that caused some of the sober Church members to remonstrate with us. But soon the Church was in a state of revival, and today there are preachers and religious workers in all parts of the world who were converted or revived then, or who were members of the Christian Endeavour societies which were formed out of the converts of those days.

There can be no mightier moment than when a man or woman, realizing that an Almighty Power is at their disposal, lays hold of that power and goes out to do the impossible. Such is the power of the Holy Ghost which so few Christians care even to speak about, lest they should be thought cranks: and yet, without the Holy Ghost, there is no spiritual power either for individuals or churches.—Heart and Life.

OUR MOTHERS

It is with an anxious heart that I write a few lines on the above subject. My own dear mother sits at home almost helpless from a stroke of paralysis. While we have always been very considerate of her, I have been made to wonder if I appreciated her as I should.

It has been said "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world". How true! If the motherhood of our country fails to fill their place in training our sons and daughters for God, it will be but a few short years until America will close her church doors, persecute the Christians, and forbid them to worship the true God.

Many things have come and passed away in my early boyhood life; they are forgotten, and will never return to my mind; but there are some things that took place when I was but a child I can never get away from. Mother taught us that honesty was the best policy; that we should be honest above everything else; that if we had to be dishonest to obtain things in this life, we had better not have them. From my earliest remembrance she taught us there was a God in heaven whom we should love and serve, and that there was a hell to shun and a heaven to gain.

After I was converted, she said to me one day when I asked for a certain privilege, "Yes, if you will truly live what you profess." It was there I promised her I would do my best to live for God, who had already forgiven my sins.

"Live what you profess"—those words have never died out; they still ring in my ears, though they were spoken over twenty years ago in our little home on the plains of Alberta, Canada.

Her whole desire was that her boys—for her

eight children were all boys—should grow up to be honorable men who would not use tobacco nor drink liquor. Into the hours of the night she would sew and work to make her children comfortable, and time and again I have heard her say, "I want to live to raise my boys." This she has done. The youngest will be twenty-one the last of this month. By sacrifice and toil she has raised her boys as best she knew, and though she lives in a far-away, unnoticed spot, sitting alone, bearing her cross of being helpless,—for this she always dreaded, and it is indeed a cross to her,—she shall receive her reward if she but keeps her faith in the all-cleansing blood of our Christ.

What a difference in our old-fashioned mothers and so many of the mothers today! Our mothers were modest, and lived and dressed modestly. Their hearts' cry was for their children and home. Today, many mothers are a disgrace. They have no modesty: they dress and live according to an ungodly world; most of their time is spent in worldly pleasure, keeping up with society so-called, and being popular in the community in which they live.

America needs more mothers who know how to pray with their children, teaching them the ways of salvation and truth,—mothers who are not just church members, but true Christians, who live what they profess. God bless our faithful mothers!—The Church Herald.

STEERING BY MOTHER'S LIGHT

A very beautiful story is related of a boat at sea carrying in it a father and his little daughter. As they were steering for the shore they were overtaken by a violent storm, which threatened to destroy them. The coast was dangerous. The mother lighted a lamp and started up the worn stairway to the attic window.

"It won't do any good, mother", the son called after her. But the mother went up, put the light in the window, knelt beside it and prayed.

Out in the storm the daughter saw a glimpse of gold on the water's edge. "Steer for that", the father said. Slowly, but steadily, they came toward the light, and at last were anchored in the little harbor.

"Thank God!" cried the mother, as she heard their glad voices, and came down the stairway with a lamp in her hand. "How did you get here?" she said.

"We steered by mother's light", answered the daughter, "although we did not know what it was out there."

"Ah!" thought the boy, a wayward youth, "it is time I was steering by my mother's light." And ere he slept he surrendered himself to God, and asked Him to guide him over life's rough sea. Months went by, and disease smote him. "He can't live long", was the verdict of the doctor, and one stormy night he lay dying. "Do not be afraid for me", he said, as they wept: "I shall make the harbor, for I am steering by my mother's light."—The Evangelical Companion.

Mrs Hartshorn Mullen,
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