



The King's Highway

Miss Viola Churchill
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An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness

"And an highway shall be there and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness."

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THE REGIONS BEYOND

By Rev. Seth C. Rees

The old Greeks were worldly wise and in their Olympic games they showed their sagacity. Three pillars stood in their ancient stadium, one at the starting point, one mid-way and one at the goal. On the first was inscribed Greek words, which, translated into English would be "Show yourself a man, do your best." On the mid-way pillar what would mean "Speed you, make haste" and on the third "Stop here."

A splendid philosophy is shown here. There is no greater risk than the risk of over-confidence when success is but partially obtained. A racer who at first out-ran the others and at the middle found himself ahead would be tempted to relax his efforts and some athlete who had reserved his strength for the supreme effort at the end of the race would pass him by and get first to the goal. Paul was a trained athlete in the spiritual realm and the law of his life was "forgetting those things that are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus."

Self-conceit and its consequent laziness is a real foe to progress. The great Apostle of the Gentiles had one motto ever before him: "This one thing I do." Self-confidence acts as a narcotic and brings on the sleep of the slothful and sluggish. Paul was never satisfied with present attainments, he yearned for other fields. All progress in spiritual experience will result in progress in holy activities. If you are not evangelistic and missionary in your activities it is because you are dead spiritually.

First, allow me to state that the great fact that the world's destitution and degradation should impress us all profoundly. For a saint to be really informed and believe the facts is to be impressed and oppressed with a great burden for souls.

This cloud of rose-colored talk about the march of the twentieth century and the world getting better and better has proved to be a colossal farce. When intelligent men confront the great facts which like mountain crags, lift their awful towering forms before them they must be affected. There are almost two billion human souls in the world today, enough if they were passing single file by your house, one every second to consume sixty-five years!

Now it must go without saying that there is something radically wrong. The church is failing to carry out the great commission. In these days of mechanical invention and transportation facilities, a man can do as much in one

year as an ancient did in fifty and yet the world goes on unevangelized, unchurched, sobbing its way down to hell!

This day is more augustly awful than any day in previous history. The rejected light of the evangelized nations is turning into an awful inky night, and heathenism is evangelizing civilization.

From the founding of the first missionary society in October, 1792 to 1858, the one cry of the praying people was that God would open the door of the heathen world to the gospel. For sixty-six long years that was the burden of prayer, at the end of this long cry God did more than He had in two hundred. In 1857 Japan was hermetically sealed and had been for two hundred years. China was a walled kingdom, fifteen hundred miles of solid barrier shutting out all "foreign devils." India was in the selfish clutch of the East India Company. Africa was not explored and the Islands of the sea were in the hands of cannibal tribes. But in 1858 Great Britain succeeded in her treaty with Japan, in that same year China by treaty threw open her port and interior as well. In that year India was transferred from the sordid East India Company to the British Crown. In that same year the revolution in Papal Europe laid the basis for a free Italy. In that same year David Livingstone sailed the second time to Africa to complete the pioneer trail for missionaries, it was in that same year that Central America was opened to protestant missionaries and before the end of that year Elizabeth Sale of Hillenburg, Scotland, successfully penetrated Hindustan and led that wonderful campaign in "Woman's work for Women." One by one the doors have been opened until practically the world has been opened to the Gospel. For almost another sixty-six years the saints have been crying to God for the evangelization of the world.

No where is progress more fundamentally important than in Christian experience. Progress here invariably gives an enlarged conception of things eternal, it further furnishes new ideas and a new vision of things the most important. Nothing gives me more concern in the so-called holiness movement than symptoms of arrested development. A smiling cooing baby in the cab or crib is beautiful and attracts attention of all observers but if a dozen years have passed and there is only the unintelligent or silly smile a great sorrow has come to that home. The doctors say that it is a case of arrested development. Arrested development in the spiritual realm furnishes symptoms as easily recognized as in the physical. If in one's prayers and testimonies there

is only the childish prattle of a dozen years ago, the same stock phrases are used, and the prayers are a mere repetition of the past, these symptoms must give great sorrow to our Heavenly Father. There is in the spiritual regions beyond untold wealth exhaustless resources, boundless provisions and nothing pleases the Lord more than for us to explore the land.

In a progressive experience you may feast your eyes upon the scenery of Canaan, amble over the hills of God and drink from the crystal tides of new and open fountains of great depth.

Let us rise up and with a heroic faith and undaunted courage press forward in our experience and we will find it easy to go forward in holy activities at home and abroad. Young woman, if you want a crown, abandon yourself to God and you may find it in the jungles of heathendom. Young man, if you are looking for something that will endure, throw yourself across God's altar and offer yourself to His service to the ends of the earth.

"SUCH AS I HAVE"

Peter stood at the temple gate, as the cripple begged outside,
"Give of your alms to a needy one," the helpless beggar cried;
But Peter was poor, as the world holds wealth,
no silver or gold had he,
While the crowd dropped coins with lavish show,
for their fellow men to see;
Yet Peter stretched for his empty hands to answer the pleading call
(And I think the cripple looked and knew his gift would excel them all)
"In the name of Jesus, rise and walk, henceforth in health to live,
Silver and gold have I none," he said, "but such as I have, I give."
Down the ages the call rings forth its message,
that all may heed,
Silver and gold, in this world of ours, is never the greatest need;
There are tears, and sorrows and troubled hearts abroad in the world today,
That all the silver and gold on earth never could drive away:
Every day we may give ourselves in friendship, to those we meet,
The clasp of our hands, the smiles of our lips, the service of willing feet;
However small it may seem to us, it may help some soul to live,
If we mould our lives on Peter's rule, "Such as I have, I give." —Selected.