



# The King's Highway

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## Gathering with Him Or Scattering Abroad

Radio Address by Bishop Charles V. Fairbairn

In Matthew 26, verses 6 to 13, we read the story of the woman who broke her box of very costly ointment and anointed Jesus as He sat at meat. Then, in chapter 12, verse 20, we find this significant statement: "He that is not with Me is against Me; and he that gathereth not with Me, scattereth abroad. "I want my life to tell for Jesus." Don't you?

When I hear of death, I think of three things: (1) the spirit has returned to God who gave it; (2) the body will go back to the dust from whence it came; and (3) long after the spirit has gone and the body returned to kindred dust, ITS PERSONAL INFLUENCE UPON THE WORLD WILL BE LEFT BEHIND, that man will live on, and on. Hebrews 11:4 informs me, that Abel, dead by thousands of years, "yet speaketh." Romans 14:7 tells me, that "no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." "John Brown's body may lie mouldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on." Not the soul we mean when we speak of "getting saved", but the genius of him, the spirit of his life, his influence "goes marching on." And so with you when your turn comes. Not the smallest pebble thrown into the lake but breaks the calm surface with rings which spread out till the wavelets hit the farthest shore. You may pass on at eight or eighty-eight, but things can never be the same, just because you have passed this way. Abel "yet speaketh." Paul, Luther, Wesley, Moody, are all yet speaking to men. Voltaire, Payne, Ingersoll, Jesse James, all are yet speaking to men. Good and bad, great and small, we come, we pass, and yet we linger, speaking to living others in tongueless, yet telling tones.

Influence tells on CHOICE. In a meeting in Texas, a crowd of young men, night after night, resisted the Holy Spirit. One night, a mother, whose son stood in that group, went back, passed by her son, and going to the leader of the group, said: "Doc, you're standing in my Tommy's way!" Only that word was needed. Doc stepped past her and hurried to the mourner's bench, and one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine others

to be. We cannot disclaim the fact, nor can we prevent its working. WE ARE POWERFULLY SHAPING AND MOULDING THE LIVES OF OTHERS. We need to recognize this and determine "MY LIFE SHALL BE CHRIST'S, A LIFE SAFE FOR OTHERS TO FOLLOW."

And some day, YOU AND I shall meet Old Man Death; then for millions of years we shall be just what we are when we meet up with him. Life and character will become crystallized in ETERNAL DESTINY. And the destiny of hundreds of others may be settled by you, because they followed your influence and example.

I heard Joe——— tell it himself. "One time in a gospel tent-meeting" said he, "I got up and hurried out to get away from conviction. My brother followed me out. Several years later, as he lay dying of consumption, he told me that very night he had felt like going to the altar, but influenced by my move, had followed me out, and that he had never heard from the Holy Spirit again. I know I AM SAVED, I know MY HEART IS CLEAN," Joe declared, "but I carry the bitter consciousness that my brother is lost TO ALL ETERNITY because, back there I made the wrong choice." INFLUENCE, LIFE AND ITS DIRECTION, crystallized in ETERNAL DESTINY! I-N-F-L-U-E-N-C-E!

What is INFLUENCE anyway? It is the yeastiness of the inmost heart spreading to life's utmost rim, and sending out character waves in impressive impact upon souls around. What you are in heart determines all the rest. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." "As a man thinketh in his heart, SO IS HE." And Jesus said that, action, habit, and conduct "proceed from within, out of the heart of men." That is why the Lord pleads, "Son, daughter, give Me thine heart!"

That woman, who anointed the Master, had been saved by Christ from seven devils. Loving Him deeply for the deliverance, she brought her best, brought out the costly spike-nard and became immortal. Break your alabaster-box, your treasure-chest, your heart; pour it out, withholding nothing from the Master. You may lose your life, but you will save it to life eternal; and you will save others, for you cannot go to heaven alone.

"But I am too little, too insignificant; what I do does not matter; I don't count for anything!" says someone. It matters a great deal; influence is a factor so mighty that it makes the lives even of small people tremendously significant.

Professor Pellman, sociologist, Bonn University, conducted a study of the records of

one nameless profligate woman through six generations, finding 834 descendants and complete records of 709. There were 181 women who lived lives of shame, 100 illegitimates, 162 professional beggars, 64 who died in almshouses, 75 were convicted for crime, and 7 were executed for murder. In 100 years, that woman and her descendants cost the state \$1,200,000. Would you say that her life didn't count for anything?

Another woman, French by blood, Christian by second-birth, Presbyterian by membership, found time to pray nearly an hour a day for her seven sons and three daughters. She lived in an "out-of-the-way" place; she died at forty-eight; her name never appeared in WHO'S WHO; but five boys were Free Methodist preachers; two others died in early life, both saved of God; and her three girls became fine pilgrim Christians. It was Mother Zahniser. Would you say that her life didn't count for much?

An unknown Christian man handed the clerk in a shoe store a tract. The clerk read it, heard from the Spirit, obeyed, became a world famous evangelist. In Scotland, he faced a great congregation; a young medical student listened, gave heed, consecrated his life to Christ and Labrador, and the world mourned when Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell died. The shoe-clerk evangelist was D. L. Moody. But that unknown Christian man who gave the tract—would you say that his life didn't count for much?

A missionary asked a lad to give his heart to Jesus. He refused because he wanted to be a fine man like his father—the town doctor—and he had nothing to do with religion. The missionary did not argue, but called on the father and told him all. Startled, the doctor said, "Did my boy say that?" Two nights later, the doctor was in the meeting. Begging the privilege of speaking, he said: "I've been weighing up some matters and got one thing settled. If my boy respects me and is determined to follow me, I'm going to see that he has a father worth following. Will you all come and pray with me?" And down he went to the altar. Hardly had the doctor knelt at the mourner's bench, when, down the aisle, came the sobbing boy and knelt beside his father. The doctor did the right thing, the thing which you ought to do. If choice determines character, if character so impresses others that men may be lost for ever because of a wrong choice of mine, then "I'm going to see that men have an example worth following." And I will say—do say—My Jesus, I give Thee now, my heart, my life, my all!

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