

# The King's Highway

## An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness

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### Saints in Caesar's Household

By Oliver G. Wilson

Our Lord meant for sainthood to be practical. It was to be developed in everyday surroundings. The Lord Jesus prayed: "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world but thou shouldst keep them from the evil." We need not give up the interest and concern of this life in order to be saints. In spite of the grinding wear of monotonous commonplace duties, sainthood is possible for all.

We reject mediaeval theology, yet we cling to the mediaeval idea of sainthood. We think of a saint as a thin, pale individual with a dour face, transparent hands and a sepulchral voice.

God's saints are men, ordinary men who, amid the grime and sweat of everyday activities, live holy lives and light a signal of truth for all who follow.

With all the forces of Egypt pitted against him, and three million souls depending upon him, Moses maintained his trust in God—a picture of God's saint.

Paul witnessing, enduring, denouncing, and demanding his right as a Roman citizen, but joyously triumphant and filled with happy content—this is God's saint.

Sainthood is activity. Sainthood is service for others. Sainthood is not out of this world, but in this world, superior to it. It is a light for darkness, a voice of certainty in the midst of a sea of confusion, a helping hand held out to broken frustrated humanity.

"Saints in Caesar's household" (Phil. 4:22). The Caesar at this time was Nero, the most unscrupulous monster that ever swayed the destinies of a nation; but there were saints in spite of such a surrounding. Saints, yes saints, in Nero's household. Think of it. This is God's saint.

The power of the gospel of Christ is able to produce saints anywhere, in any age. It will build manhood superior to all the combined strength of wickedness.

Saints in the stained glass windows will do little to control the vicious wickedness of our generation. But saints working behind show windows will be an impelling force for righteousness.

The dealer in art glass can accurately compute the worth of the saint in a stained glass window, but no one can measure the value of a saint in a factory, in a shop, on a farm.

Sainthood is salt, light, antitoxin. It is God manifesting Himself through men redeemed by the blood of Christ Jesus and sustained by the power of the Living Christ.

Sainthood is not produced in the hothouses or sheltered nooks of pampered self-indul-

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### A Pastor's Tact

Dr. W. A. Robinson, after paying a glowing tribute of personal affection for Dr. Fee, who, at a critical period of his spiritual life, was a great help to him, spoke especially of Dr. Fee's tact in his work which he illustrated by the following incident which the doctor had given him: "On going to one of my charges, I was told that a certain farmer belonging to the Church was greatly addicted to faultfinding, and that when I visited him he would be sure to take that occasion to serve up to me the foibles of all his brethren.

I had not been there long until he invited me to come out to his farm and take dinner with him. As I had been foretold he would, sure enough, he did bring out with great apparent relish the faults of all the membership. 'So and so was all right, but unfortunately he was so and so;' and thus he gave a stab in the back to each of the members as they passed in review before him. I heard him without comment, or attempting any defense, or bringing any railing accusation against him as an 'accuser of the brethren'; but I watched my time before leaving him to lodge my impression with him in an inoffensive way, which might yet do its own work. He had a large apple-orchard, loaded with choice ripefruit. Just before starting for home he gave me a basket and said, 'Brother Fee, go into the orchard and fill you a basket of apples to take home with you.'

Accepting the basket, I went to the orchard and filled it with speckled and half-rotten apples. When I returned, he said: 'Why, man alive, what did you fill your basket with that worthless lot for, when the ground is covered with fine, large, sound ones?' And he threw them away with disgust, and brought me the basket filled with the best. Then was my opportunity, and I said to him as gently as I could, 'Brother, all the afternoon you have been filling me up with the speckled members of the Church, when I am sure there are multitudes of good ones.' He took my rebuke with the best of good nature, and he said, 'Brother Fee, you are right, and I have been wrong; and I'll never do it again.'—American Holiness Journal.

gence, but it is hammered out on the anvils of hardship and self-forgetfulness. It is not bestowed by ecclesiastical vote, but is builded into the hearts of men and women whose lives are abandoned to Christ.—Wesleyan Methodist.

### Praying Through

By Oscar Hudson

Prevailing prayer, or the prayer that goes clear through, is the touchstone to success in every phase of Christian work; the cable that ties a lost world and Omnipotence together; the lubrication, without which the wheels of ecclesiasticism lock and drag. To be able to pray through is more honorable than to be a Cicero or Demosthenes; more to be desired than wealth, knowledge, or eloquence. They in whom this quality is lacking are fruitless and fireless.

Three things are necessary to praying through:

First, a burden. He who has no burden for souls will never pray through. In fact, they who feel no burden are in danger. "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion." An awful calamity overshadows professors who are not exercised over the fearful conditions that exist about us. The spirit of John Knox when he cried, "Give me Scotland or I die," always precedes prevailing prayer. Prayer without a burden is like a sail without a breeze. The Syrophenician woman felt it when she cried, "Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou Son of David, for my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil."

Second, persistence. They who prevail go in to win. They do not take "no" for an answer. They are the crowd who shout in the face of discouragement, "I will not let thee go unless Thou bless me, Lord." They are the descendants of him who made his sacrifice, and while the somber hues of nightfall hung a curtain of dreariness about it, beat back the jackels of doubt with a club of confidence until the fire of God came upon it. Persistence led blind Bartimaeus forward through sightless night and ranting opposition until he broke into the noonday of unobstructed vision.

Third, the witness of faith. "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." This simple analysis of faith has been rendered by one scholar thus: "Faith is the ground of things hoped for, the assurance of things not seen." This is prevailing prayer in a nutshell. He who would pray through must first familiarize himself with the Word of God. He must have a foundation on which to stand. He must learn to plead the promises of God. If we study the Bible and store our minds with its many promises, we will have something to support our confidence in every hour of conflict.

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