

# The King's Highway

Belknap Bible College  
Belknap, N. B., Feb. 23

## An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness

VOL. XXXVIII.

MONCTON, N. B., JULY 30, 1955

No. 369

### "The Lord is at Hand"

I do not know how it may be with others, but I feel that when I can say, "The coming of the Lord draweth near," I have a weapon in my hand of no uncommon edge and temper. I can go to the struggling saint against whom the battle seems to go hardly, and say, "Faint not! The Lord is at hand, and He will bruise Satan under your feet shortly!" To the saint wearied with a vexing world, fretted with its vanities, and troubled with the ever thickening darkness of its midnight, I can say, "Be of good cheer! The Lord is at hand; but a little while and the world shall cease to vex, and sooner than you think, the morn will break!" To the suffering saint, I can say, "Weep not; the Lord is at hand. The torn heart shall be bound up, and the bitterness of bereavement will be forgotten in the joy of reunion forever." To the flagging saint, heavy and slothful in his walk, I can say, "Up, for the Lord is at hand. Work while it is day. Look at the dying world, all ready for its Judge. Cast off your selfishness and your love of ease." To the covetous professor I can say, "The Lord is coming! It is no time for hoarding now! Heap not up treasures for the last days."

Next to our own salvation must come the duty of sending the Gospel to all. We begin at the inner circle, but woe unto us if we stop there! Woe be unto us if we preach not the Gospel to every creature! For but little time remaineth. The night is falling. The storm is beginning to burst. We cannot tarry—we must go forth! We cannot heap up treasures for the last days. We must give liberally as long as time allows. Those who look for a calm, long day may sit down listlessly—but we dare not. We feel that there is not a moment to be lost, and that few or many may be saved, it matters not to us. We must fulfill our ministry, not counting even our lives dear unto us, that we may do the will of Him who sends us, and testify to the Gospel of the grace of God.—Bonar.

I watched an old man trout-fishing once, pulling them out one after another busily. "You manage it cleverly, old friend," I said. "I have passed a good many below who do not seem to be doing anything." The old man lifted himself up and stuck his rod into the ground. "Well, you see, sir, there are three rules for trout-fishing, and it's no use trying if you do not mind them. First, keep yourself out of sight; second, use the right kind of bait; third, have patience." "Good for catching men, too," I thought, as I went my way.—Mark Guy Pearse

The King's Highway

### It Takes Zeal!

Some years ago a church began to experience a mighty work of God. Ministers of other denominations were stirred by this work and upon inquiry as to how it started were told the following story:

"Ours was a church that did not have a summer slump. Ours was a year-around slump. How we worked for that church! But despite all our efforts the services continued to dwindle Sunday after Sunday until it seemed we would have to close.

"We blamed the minister. He was a godly man and would have given his life for the Gospel. We blamed the young people. Some almost blamed God Himself.

#### Prayer Avails When All Else Fails

"About this time a quiet, middle-aged woman moved into town. Her faith was boundless. She knew the Bible from cover to cover. Her quiet and trusting manner in quoting God's promises put us to shame. The sight of our unfilled pews, our almost empty Sunday school, left her dismayed. 'God wants His house filled,' she said. 'He wants the young people saved and the older ones reclaimed. He wants men and women delivered from Satan's power. We must take ourselves to prayer for them.'

"Encouraged by her insistent, unflinching faith, we got ourselves to praying. We began, a little band of eight earnest souls. Every day at eleven and again at four, we gave ourselves to prayer for the minister, for the ingathering of souls in the community, for our loved ones, for those in authority in our nation, for all saints, for all men, and for the mission fields. As God laid it on our hearts, so we prayed.

#### Make Prayer the Business of Our Lives

"Every evening for one hour before services we prayed, unitedly, earnestly. All talking was forbidden. We tiptoed to our place of prayer and stayed there as long as our hearts were burdened. Prayer became our business. We gave ourselves to it and all that was in us. And how God did help us! We did not proclaim what we were doing abroad, but others, attracted by our earnestness, began to join us in prayer.

"Soon the attendance in church and Sunday school began to increase. By God's help, we built an altar of prayer in our church, and built all other things around it. We held with an iron grasp the hours we had pledged to prayer. The leadership of the Holy Spirit was acknowledged. Human leadership and self-assertion were not encouraged in our midst. All self was humbled. Our spirits were contrite and broken

### The Big Indian Chief

Late one afternoon in the early days of the West, a Christian missionary came into a little Indian village. As the word was spread around that a missionary had come, the people gradually assembled to hear him preach. A large number of braves were present that afternoon. The chief himself, a tall, handsome, stalwart young man, was present, also.

The missionary began his message. He told in simple yet powerful language the message of man's sin and God's redeeming grace through Jesus Christ. The people listened with remarkable attention. The truth of the Word of God was reaching many of their hearts. Presently, the Indian chief arose and walked up in front of the missionary. Looking him square in the eyes, he said,

"Big Chief give his tomahawk to Jesus Christ."

The message had reached his heart. Jesus was a man of peace, and the surrender of his tomahawk was a symbol that he would make war no more. The Indian chief then sat down in the circle of warriors.

The missionary continued to speak. The audience was eagerly listening to every word. Their souls yearned for more light, as they drank in this new and unique message. As the missionary continued to speak, he noticed that the Indian chief was deeply impressed. A struggle was going on in his soul. Presently, the chief again walked up to the missionary, and this time he laid at his feet a very valuable robe. He said,

"Big Chief give his robe to Jesus Christ."

The missionary continued his message. In a few minutes, the Indian chief rose again. This time, the evident struggle in his soul had ended. He came forward and with deep emotion said,

"Big Chief give himself to Jesus Christ!"

Sometimes we are like that Indian chief: we are ready to give God our things—a little time, a little money, or some small service in the Kingdom, but we withhold from God ourselves and our lives. He wants US—our love, our devotion, our ALL. A complete surrender of our lives, and only that, will satisfy our Lord and Master. —Christian Digest.

under the burden of prayer for lost souls.

"Our minister caught the fire. Our church became holy ground. Before the town realized it, the church services were crowded. The picture houses and dance halls were almost deserted and the spirit of a Heaven-born revival pervaded the whole town and countryside."

—"Herald of His Coming"