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### THE DEVOTIONAL USE OF THE BIBLE

By S. C. Chadwick

The Word of God is like God's world. It is all interesting and all wonderful, but there are places to which we go often in thought and affection if not in actual visits: beauty spots of which we never tire, and sacred places of hallowed association. So there are pages of the Bible that wear thin with use, and some that are stained with tears. There is no Psalter like the Book of Psalms. There are favorite Psalms that register the pilgrimage of the soul. I love the 37th, the 46th, the 80th, and the 116th, and many more besides. Usually I read through the Psalm, and then return for meditation to a few verses that have appealed to me. How often I have countered "fret" with "trust" in Psalm 37, committed my way unto the Lord, and hummed and prayed through the matchless words, "O rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him;" and my soul rejoices in the assurance that if I delight myself in the Lord, He will give me the desires of my heart. It is great to take the Lord's own words, and speak them in praise and plead them in prayer.

There are Scriptures that I read at stated seasons. One of my earliest attempts at real Bible study was to try and write out in order the doings and sayings of our Lord in the week of His Passion. The first thing I do with a new Bible is to mark the passages in John in which our Lord makes His promise of the Paraclete, and those I read always between Easter and Pentecost, and then I find my inner chamber becomes my Lord's Upper Room.

There are three Scriptures that I have read on fixed days of the week for more than forty years. Every Sunday morning I read the fifth chapter of Revelation, and every Sunday night the seventh chapter from verse 9. Why do I do this? Sunday is the great day of my week. I preach other days, but there is only one day in seven that is specially the Lord's Day. It is a day devoted to worship and the ministry of the Word. To me is given the responsibility of intercessor and prophet, teacher and evangelist. I have to represent Christ, preach Christ, plead for Christ. For all this I need the vision of Christ, and nowhere do I find the vision as He is there revealed in the midst of the Throne, in the midst of the Redeemed, in the midst of the Angels, and in the midst of Creation. I can face the day when I have beheld His glory, and said Amen, Hallelujah! in His presence. At night I come back to the vision of His ultimate triumph and commit the day unto Him and rest my heart within the veil.

On Monday morning I invariably read Isaiah 41 from verse eight. Monday morning is a

difficult time for the Prophet-Evangelist. Sunday looks somber on Monday. A blue Monday is the devil's chance, so I resolved at the beginning of my ministry that if I had to have a blue Monday I would have it in the middle of the week, and God gave me this Scripture as a protection against the "blues." Perhaps you would like to know how He did it. It was in my first month out of college. I was in my room on a Monday morning, wrapped in a rug, for I had a cold and the room was cold. It rained pitilessly all the morning. Just before noon a cab stopped at the door, and H. S. B. Yates, the minister of Leith, was announced. We had only met twice. When I asked how he was, he answered, "I'm a worm, and no man." He had the Blue Monday so badly that he had taken a cab and come to see me for a change. His church had been crowded the night before for the first time, and Satan taunted and tormented him into sheer terror. I listened with amused amazement. I am not made that way. He asked me what I did when I felt myself a creeping, crawling, contemptible worm? I had just read the forty-first of Isaiah, and I said: "Here is the very chapter for you. It is God's promise to a worm." We read it. We prayed through it, and he went away greatly comforted. Since then I have read it every Monday morning, and I have found it a rare defense against depression, with the result that Monday has been one of my busiest and happiest days.

I have written these things that I may make you partners in the deepest things. I go through the Bible, as I have gone through these passages of Scripture. Do you wonder that to me the Word of the Lord is precious? I have no more doubt of its Inspiration than of my own existence. In conclusion let me give you a few of the glorious Doxologies: Romans 8:31-39; 11:33-36; Ephesians 3:20-21; 1 Timothy 6:14-16; Jude 1:24-25, and all the songs of the Apocalypse—and what of the great prayers of the Bible?—The Wonderful Word.

A pastor was passing a large department store, when he followed a sudden impression to speak to the proprietor.

He said, "I've talked carpets and beds but never my business with you. Will you give me a few minutes?"

Being led to the private office, the pastor took out his Testament and directed his attention to passage after passage, urging the man to become a Christian.

Finally the tears began to roll down the proprietor's cheeks as he said, "I'm seventy years of age. I was born in this city, and more than a hundred ministers and five hundred officers of the church have known me in a business way. You are the only man who ever spoke to me about my soul."—Selected.

### THE POWER OF ACCUMULATIVE PRAYER

Dr. A. B. Simpson gives a wonderful example of the power of accumulative prayer, in *The Alliance Weekly*.

The writer saw a very striking illustration of this in the city of Rangoon, where the largest and finest bell in the East is the peculiar pride of the great Buddhist Temple, Shweda-gone.

This bell had been sunk in the river during one of the Anglo-Burman wars, and unavailing efforts had been made by various engineers to raise it. At last a clever native priest asked permission to make the attempt on the condition that the bell be given to his temple. He then had his assistants gather an immense number of bamboo rods. These hollow, light rods can scarcely be kept from floating on the water. These bamboo rods were taken down one by one by divers, and fastened to the bell at the bottom of the river. After many thousands of them had been securely fastened, it was noticed that the bell began to move; and when the last bamboo rod had been added, the buoyance of the accumulated rods was so great that they actually lifted the enormous mass of bronze from the soot and mire of the river bottom, and bore it to the surface of the stream.

So faith can lift the heaviest burdens and the highest mountains. Every whisper of believing prayer is like one of the little bamboo rods. For a time they seem to be in vain, but there comes a last breath of believing supplication, and lo, the walls of Jericho fall, the mountain becomes a plain, the host of Amalek is defeated. It is the hand upon the throne.

We have a scriptural right to take this bold position.

First—We have His promises: "With God all things are possible;" "All things are possible to him that believeth." "Behold, I am the Lord, the God of all flesh: is there anything too hard for me?"—Jeremiah 32:27.

He is raised up far above all things, "the head over all things of the Church;" the head of all principality and power." Angels and principalities and powers are subject unto Him. The Father hears Him always. His one business is to represent us and secure for us all the purchased rights of His Atonement.

Third—We have His intercession. "He ever liveth to make intercession for us." He has been appointed by the Father for one purpose of acting as our Mediator and channel all needed blessings.

Finally—we are identified with Him. He is our head, and we are His body. He is our representative and we are entitled to His representation. He has given us His Name; and "whatsoever we shall ask in prayer, be-

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