

# The King's Highway

Rev. L. K. Mullen, Nov. 60

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### OBJECTIVES

David P. Denton

Soon after we started in the ministry, an elderly preacher said to us, "David, always remember that a preacher or a church that does not know where it wants to go, never goes anywhere but down."

We have never forgotten this, and as the years have marched relentlessly past us in the work of God, we have seen first-hand a little of what the man of God meant by that early warning.

He who blunders along through life without some definite objectives does nothing but blunder. He who wishes to do something that really counts must set for himself a definite goal, and sacrifice everything that is necessary for the achieving of that goal.

This same is true of churches. I have found that the best way to get something on the move for God is to know that it is God's will, and then to constantly work toward that goal. As a pastor, keep it always before the church and soon others will be helping you pull toward the goal. No one wants to go along with a fellow who isn't sure where he wants to go.

Pastors, if your people should suddenly face you with this question, "What are we trying to accomplish this year?" would you have a clear, definite answer for them? If not, better get one before they ask you.

Our first objective, of course, should be the deepening of our own spiritual life, and that of each member of the church. But we must do more than simply deepen—for he who is always getting deeper, and never is going higher in his aims or wider in his service, soon finds himself "sunk." We are obligated by the very nature of the Gospel to think of more than our own needs.

Another objective should be to have an old fashioned revival—not just a meeting—in our church, and we should pay the price in prayer, fasting, and witnessing to have it. The salvation of souls is our business, and we should not allow ourselves to be satisfied with anything less.

Along with this, there should be a real desire for an increase in numbers in all the departments of the church—not just for the sake of a report, but because each number represents a human soul that is destined to live forever either in Heaven or Hell. We should get them in the services and under the influence of the gospel ministry.

I believe that each church should set as its goal in attendance, at least a ten percent gain over the average of last year. This should be the very minimum. I believe that less than this would reflect a lack of faith in God, and display our unwillingness to work.

One other objective that I feel each one of our churches should have is this — and it is prompted by a terrible fear of what the Lord is going to say to some in the day of judgment—to contact each home within the surroundings of our church. It is amazing to me how we can go on professing to be saved and sanctified, and yet not have any interest in reaching the people who are all around our

(Continued on Page 6)

### LOOKING UNTO JESUS

C. H. Spurgeon

I had been about five years in the most fearful distress of mind, as a lad. If any human being felt more of the terror of God's law, I can indeed pity and sympathize with him. Bunyan's *Grace Abounding* contains in the main, my history. Some abysses he went into I never trod; but some into which I plunged he seems to have never known.

I thought the sun was blotted out of my sky—that I had sinned so against God that there was no hope for me. I prayed—the Lord knoweth how I prayed; but I never had a glimpse of an answer that I knew of. I searched the Word of God; the promises were more alarming than the threatenings. I read of the privileges of the people of God, but with the fullest persuasion that they were not for me. The secret of my distress was this: I did not know the Gospel. I was in a Christian land, I had Christian parents, but I did not fully understand the freeness and simplicity of the Gospel.

I sometimes think I might have been in darkness and despair now, had it not been for the goodness of God in sending a snowstorm one Sunday morning when I was going to a place of worship. When I could go no farther, I turned down a court and came to a little Primitive Methodist chapel. In the chapel there might have been a dozen or fifteen people. The minister did not come that morning; snowed up, I suppose. A poor man, a shoemaker, a tailor, or something of that sort, went up into the pulpit to preach.

Now, it is well that ministers should be instructed, but this man was really stupid, as you would say. He was obliged to stick to his text, for the simple reason that he had nothing else to say. The text was, "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." He did not even pronounce the words right, but that did not matter.

There was, I thought, a gleam of hope for me in the text. He began thus: "My dear friends, this is a very simple text indeed. It says, 'Look.' Now that does not take a deal of effort. It ain't lifting your foot or your finger, it is just 'look.' Well, a man need not go to a college to learn to look. You may be the biggest fool and yet you can look. A man need not be worth a thousand a year to look. Anyone can look; a child can look. But this is what the text says.

"Then it says, 'Look unto me.' Ay," said he, in broad Essex, "many of ye are looking there. You'll never find comfort in yourselves. Some look to God the Father. No, look to Him by-and-by. Jesus Christ says, 'Look unto me.' Some of you say, 'I must wait the Spirit's working.' You have no business with that just now. Look to Christ. It runs: 'Look unto me.'"

Then the good man followed up his text in this way: "Look unto Me; I am sweating great drops of blood. Look unto Me; I am hanging on the cross. Look! I am dead and buried. Look unto Me; I rise again. Look unto Me; I ascend. I am sitting at the Father's right hand. Oh, look

(Continued on Page 2)