

The King's Highway.

And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The Way of Holiness: . . . The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. Isaiah 35:8

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THE PLAN OF REDEMPTION.

I love to dwell upon the theme
Of God's eternal plan,
And meditate upon the grace
That saved rebellious man.

How wretched was our ruined state
Beyond the reach of man,
But God in wisdom love and grace
Devised redemption's plan.

How great and precious was the gift,
Of God to sinful man,
In giving up His only Son,
To fill redemption's plan.

The law was weak, did not provide
Atonement for our Sins;
There's nothing but the blood of Christ
Can make the Sinner clean.

That blood on Calvary's cross was spilt,
And full Atonement made.
On Christ was laid our sin and guilt;
Redemption price He paid.

There all God's claims and first demand
Was met on Calvary's tree,
And in the person of His Son
The Sinner now is free.

Complete redemption now have we,
Through Christ our risen Lord.
We'll raise our hearts in thankfulness
With praises to our God.

—Written by A. T. TANNER.

A MAN'S FOES.

REV. B. CARRADINE.

A foe is defined in the dictionaries as an opponent, ill-wisher, and personal enemy. It is one of the sorrows and afflictions of life that no man can escape. All of us will have foes no matter what we do or do not do. We may be false or true, right or wrong, active or passive, firm or weak, and yet we will have a company of adversaries who not only see no beauty in us that they should desire us, but positively dislike us, and wish us ill.

No amount of goodness can deliver the life from enemies. No spirit of love or practice of kindness can remove us from that most undesirable experience of being cordially despised or hated by a number of our fellow creatures.

The Saviour was fairly surrounded by them; and the Bible says they hated him without a cause. Paul had them on his hands and has much to say of their ill treatment. David takes up much of his Psalms with telling God about his foes who hated him with "cruel hatred."

Elijah was driven to the wilderness by his enemies; John the Baptist was imprisoned and beheaded by his; Luther had to fly to escape his adversaries, while with Wesley scarcely a day passed that he was not arrested, mobbed, cursed, slandered or traduced in some way.

The Bible declares that if we live godly in Christ Jesus we will suffer at the hands of men; and warn us against the foes we are certain to have as we press on our heavenward way.

As it seems a settled fact that we are bound to have enemies no matter how true we are to God and faithful to men; the question is, what shall we do with them; and how can we so adjust ourselves in relation to them, as to make them a blessing to us.

The first thing to discover is the character of people who hate you.

There is much in this, in the way of locating ourselves. For just as a man may be known by his friends, so may he also be declared by the class of people who are his enemies. So to ask who were the opposers and adversaries of the Saviour, of Paul, and Luther, and Wesley, is to receive

a flood of light as soon as the eye falls upon the men who tried to hedge up and block their way.

If good people are out against us, and down upon us, we may well be alarmed. But if our assailers are people of the world, or the backslidden, or fanatics, or those whose lives have been notoriously inconsistent and grossly sinful, we can all take a good breath and say with the Eastern King, "I shall live and not die." The character of our condemners fills the mind with a sense of quiet and reassurance.

A second thing to do, is to see if there be any grounds for the criticism, harsh judgment and opposition heaped upon us. If so there is an immediate call for repentance and amendment.

In this respect of pointing out our faults of mind and objectionable features of life, our enemies outstrip our friends. Those who love us are slow to call attention to the character weakness or blemish, the unwise methods, the hurtful mannerisms and other things that offend. But those who hate us are not so tender, and are not sparing of the ripping pen and slashing tongue to bring us into the dust and show us just how weak and unworthy we are.

Hence it is that we stand indebted to our adversaries for most needful rebuke and most important information that we could not well get along without possessing.

The writer has been specially obligated to his opponents for needed correction. Speaking after the manner of the Apostle he can say for himself and others. Many times have I been beaten with rods and scourged and stoned. And like him of yore, we can say that after the scourging we sang in prison, and after the stoning we arose and went to other places preaching the gospel of the Son of God. But with each flagellation of tongue and pen, we have studied the heart and life to see if there were grounds for the sentence of judgment, and the punishment that had been inflicted. And wherever we have seen the propriety and reasonableness of the rebuke, we have avoided the repetition of statements, dropped expressions and discontinued an illustration or mannerism that was likely to be misunderstood, and so was not wise and best. Of course this in itself will bring out new adversaries with the sentence of "lost liberty" and "lost power;" but this in turn need only drive a man more to his knees, and so good will arise from the latest combination of unfriendly forces.

This being the case, we can truly say, who are in the Christian life, that whether we are in private walks or public service, that through the love of God, and the hate of our enemies; through the blessing of one and the cursing of the other; through the renewing, healing power of the first, and the sharp thrusts and cruel blows of the second, we will steadily grow in grace and knowledge, improve on every line, and be counted at last worthy to live with God and the angels in the skies forever.

A third fact is that through the existence of our foes we are made to realize the faithfulness of the divine promises.

There is no pledge on the part of heaven to the child of God, that is so frequently and emphatically made

than deliverance from enemies. The condition exacted from the servant of the Lord is that he be true himself to God, and leave all vengeance with the Judge of all the earth. Then comes statement after statement of deliverance from the will of our enemies; of the head being lifted above that of every foe; and other wonderful statements too numerous to mention.

The fulfillment of these promises one after another as the years roll by, proves a marvelous quickener of faith, and ever-increasing cause of steadiness and restfulness in the time of trial and trouble. The rescues, reliefs, and victories may differ in character, but the fact remains the same, that the heavenly word is verified and our foes are not made to rejoice over us.

The proof multiplies and faith increases in the conviction and assurance that an invisible benevolent power is at work in life in our behalf, greater than all agencies of the purely human kind. A band of Ishmaelites arrived just in time to save an innocent youth named Joseph. A child under sentence of death is discovered by a kindly heart, in the bulrushes. A doomed nation is rescued through the strange circumstance of a king's restlessness at night and calling for a book of Chronicles to be read to him.

The Bible is not more vivid and startling in the presentation of such particulars, than the history of the world itself. Escapes, rescues, deliverances of the most remarkable nature, affecting reputation, character and life itself, are continually taking place. And back of the protection and triumph is the unseen but all-powerful hand of the Infinite One who has put himself on record that he will do such things in behalf of those who love him.

This impotence of earthly foes to drag the true Christian down, is such a continued spectacle of the faithfulness of God, that God's children again stand indebted to their adversaries for lessons, proofs and thrilling experiences of gladness that otherwise they never could have known and enjoyed.

Finally our foes present us a wonderful opportunity of cultivating the Christian graces of forbearance and patience, and of exercising the divine spirit of forgiveness.

It is said that "It is human like to return good for good, animal like to return evil for evil; devil like to return evil for good; but God like to return good for evil."

The existence of foes gives us the chance to show unmistakably, to which one of the four classes, just mentioned, we belong in a moral or spiritual sense. What is the stripe and type of our religion. Is it human, animal, infernal or superhuman and divine. Are we simply kind to those who are good to us? Then are we in the first division. Do we return railing for abuse, and kick for blow? Then is our ethics like that of the flocks and herds and wild animals of the forest. Do we injure those who have been kind and good to us? Then are we devils incarnate. Do we pray for, and bless, and love, and show kindness to those who have spoken and done evil to us? Then do we belong to the family of God, and our religion is from the skies.—Christian Witness.

C. C. FINNEY'S SANTIFICATION.

All my feelings seemed to flow out; and the utterance of my heart was, "I want to pour my whole soul to God. The rising of my soul was so great that I rushed into the back room of the front office to pray. There was no fire and no light in the room; nevertheless it appeared to me as if it were perfectly light. As I went in and shut the door after me it seemed as if I met the Lord Jesus Christ face to face. It did not occur to me then, nor did it for some time afterward, that it was wholly a mental state. On the contrary, it seemed to me that I saw Him as I would see any other man. He said nothing, but looked at me in such a manner as to break me down at His feet. I have always since regarded this as a most remarkable state of mind; for it seemed to me a reality that he stood before me, and I fell down at His feet and poured out my soul to Him.

I wept aloud like a child, and made such confessions as I could with my choked utterance. It seemed to me that I bathed His feet with my tears; and yet I had no distinct impression that I touched Him, that I recollect. I must have continued in this state for a good while; but my mind was too much absorbed with the interview to recollect anything that I said. But I know, as soon as my mind became calm enough to break off from the interview, I returned to the office, and found that the fire that I had made of large wood was nearly burned out. But as I turned and was about to take a seat by the fire, I received a mighty baptism with the Holy Ghost. Without any expectation of it, without ever having the thought in my mind that there was any such thing for me, without any recollection that I had ever heard the thing mentioned by any person in the world, the Holy Spirit descended upon me in a manner that seemed to go through me, body and soul. I could feel the impression, like a wave of electricity, going through and through me. Indeed, it seemed to come in waves of liquid love; for I could not express it in any other way. It seemed like the very breath of God. I can recollect distinctly that it seemed to fan me like immense wings.

No words can express the wonderful love that was shed abroad in my heart. I wept aloud with joy and love; and I do not know but should say literally bellowed out the unutterable gushings of my heart. These waves came over me, and over me, and over me, one after another, until I recollect I cried out, "I shall die if these waves continue to pass over me." I said, "Lord, I can not bear any more;" yet I had no fear of death.

How long I continued in this state with this baptism continuing to roll over me and go through me, I do not know. But I know it was late in the evening when a member of my choir—for I was the leader of the choir—came into the office to see me. He was a member of the church. He found me in a state of loud weeping, and said to me, "Mr. Finney what ails you?" I could make him no answer for some time. He then said, "Are you in pain?" I gathered myself up as best I could, and replied, "No, but so happy that I cannot live."—Sel.

The religion that is good at home and in the workshop is the only one that is good in church.

GLEANINGS.

Some preachers are like the boy who would like preaching better, if he could do the "hollerin' "

Remember young men and women, that vessels of clay, filled with the Spirit, are more useful to God than vessels of gold filled with self.—A. J. Gordon.

We saw in the window of a tobacco shop a skull—a death's head—with cigarettes between the teeth. What could be more truly and horribly suggestive?

"No root"—no endurance; no depth—no dependence—no stamina—no long standing—shallow, sensitive, soon gone; no sap—soon scorched by God's sun or man's fires.

"Let patience have her perfect work," and bring forth celestial fruits. Trust to God to weave your little thread into a web, though the pattern show not yet.—George MacDonald.

Suffer, if you must; do not quarrel with the dear Lord's appointments for you. Only try, if you are to suffer, to do it splendidly. That's the only way to take up a pleasure or a pain.—Phillips Brooks.

An evangelist lamented: "My heart fainted when I heard a presiding elder defend tobacco, while his wife made a strong plea against it, saying that her own little boys were cigarette smokers as a result of somebody's example."

Kings, Emperors, Presidents, nations have made great preparations for the possibility of sudden war. At any moment a spark may kindle a world-wide conflagration that will burn to the lowest hell. And still more money is being spent, and still greater preparations are being made, and still more wealth is being diverted from the pursuits of peace and prosperity into the worse than useless arts of war. Nevertheless, "the horse is prepared against the day of battle; is of the Lord" (v. 31). If the Lord be for us, who can be against us? If the Lord be against us? Our preparations will only be so much tinder to increase the fires of war. What foolhardiness is this pomp and display and waste without God!—Christian Standard.

Do you show your love by your works? While you have time, as you have opportunity, do you in fact "do good to all men," neighbors or strangers, friends or enemies, good or bad? Do you do them all the good you can, endeavoring to supply all their wants, assisting them both in body and soul, to the uttermost of your power? If thou art thus minded—may every Christian say yes—if thou art but sincerely desirous of it, and following on till thou attain, then "thy heart is right as my heart."—John Wesley.

A God-fearing man was one day walking to church with a New Testament in his hand, when a friend who met him said:

"Good morning, Mr. Price."

"Ah, good morning," replied he. "I am reading my Father's will as I walk along."

"Well, what has He left you?" said his friend.

"Why, He has bequeathed me a hundredfold more in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting."—Sel.

Facts are the fingers of God. To know the facts of modern missions, is the necessary condition of intelligent interest.—Pierson.