

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 SECRET OF THE SAINTS.

To play through life a perfect part,
Unnoticed and unknown;
To seek no rest in any heart,
Save only God's alone;
In little things to own no will,
To have no share in great;
To find the labor ready still,
And for the crown to wait.
Upon the brow to bear no trace
Of more than common care,
To write no secret in the face,
For men to read it there.
The daily cross to clasp and bless,
With such familiar zeal
As hides from all that not the less
The daily weight you feel.
In toils that praise will never pay
To see your life go past:
To meet in every coming day
Twin sister of the last.
To hear of high, heroic things,
And yield them reverence due,
But feel life's daily offerings
Are far more fit for you;
To woo no secret soft disguise
To which self-love is prone,
Unnoticed by all other eyes,
Unworthy in your own;
To yield with such a happy art
That no one thinks you care,
And say to your poor bleeding heart:
"How little can you bear."
Oh, 'tis a pathway hard to choose,
A struggle hard to share,
For human pride would still refuse
The nameless trials there;
But since we know the Gate is low
That leads to heavenly bliss,
What higher grace could God bestow
Than such a life as this?
"So may I live. Yet now, not I, but He,
In all His power, and love, henceforth
alive in me."

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

REV. B. CARRADINE.

The conscience is that attribute or power of the soul which pronounces judgment upon the moral quality, of our thoughts, words and actions. Some one has said that it has the fourfold office or work of watchman, witness, judge and executioner. It stands before the portal of the heart scrutinizing everything that passes in and out; testifies loudly against sin and wrong-doing; next leaves the witness stand and mounting into the judgment seat passes sentence of punishment; and then vacating the judicial throne gets a lash in its hand and goes to work on the victim.

Conscience has a smile as well as a frown, and a voice of approval as well as one of condemnation. Some people never feel the smile, and never hear its thrilling, melting voice of approbation.

When outraged and violated by sin and neglect of duty, the conscience until utterly calloused and dead, asserts its offended existence by a steady, gnawing pain in the heart. A dull, continuous headache or toothach can utterly unfit a man for business, pleasure, duty and everything; but the conscious presence of Christ in the soul will bring such a compensation as to make the time of trial endurable, and spiritually blissful and blessed.

A low, dull, aching conscience takes pleasure from every realm of our nature, and the load is felt to be general, and sorrow unmixed. Its pain darkens the very sunshine, embitters the natural sweets of life, and of course terminates the pleasures of the spiritual world as they stand related to the soul. The man with this endowment of pain, this endowment of inward restlessness and suffering is shut up from and out of both worlds.

He is blessed nowhere, and is a burdened, heart-sick man everywhere.

As we take note of the inward dislocation, and the outward unadjustment to life and its happening, we are compelled to admit that here is real loneliness, genuine bankruptcy and unquestionable failure.

There is some question as to what may be considered defeat and overthrow in this world. But we have not the slightest question in our mind but that we are speaking now of a disaster and failure that overtops and overlaps in its loss and suffering all the Black Fridays of Wall street, the pricking of Mississippi Bubble Schemes, and the wiping out at a blow of all the markets, and crops of the world.

A man may by some advantage or power he may possess, reach forth and hurt the interests of another; but he has lost more than his impoverished brother. He may with tongue or pen or influence stab and wound, the reputation, standing, influence and even character of a fellow-being, but he has wounded himself more than he has his bleeding victim. Better far a righteous though dead Abel than a living tormented Cain. Better a murdered Naboth than a becrovned but miserable Ahab. Better a David living in caves and in the wilderness with a smiling God, than a jealous, envious, easily angered Saul, who though King in the land, was filled with "a dark spirit," and admitted that God never spoke to him any more.

In one of my meetings a young woman confessed that she obtained the first honor of her graduating class at college by stealing the written questions of the final examination from the portfolio of a professor. She received an ovation from her friends when the diploma and medal were given her. Her family gave a great social send-off. Compliments poured on her from college, and town, from friends and acquaintances, and all the time she was supremely miserable. From the well-known record of the faculty, she knew she did not deserve the academic honor, and the community laudation. She knew that it all belonged to another girl whom she had cheated and robbed. She had gained an outward honor, by inward dishonor. She had obtained a medal, some white ribbon and a number of bouquets, but she had also secured a worm of undying regret, an internal lash, a burdened breast, and a flame of mental suffering that has burned in her ever since. So it is evident that hers was the real failure of that day. She lost infinitely more than the young woman whom she had so contemptibly wronged.

Recently in a debate in a far-away Western State, a minister won the prize offered by the society. He enjoyed his fraudulent greatness only a week, when the newspapers came out, and with what is called "The Deadly Parallel," proved that he had stolen the ideas and even language of his oration from Senator Vance of North Carolina. Not to speak of the man's shame that has filled him since the discovery, what shall be said of the dull inward ache and pain of his conscience during the seven days he wore the peacock feathers that did not belong to him? What self-contempt, and inner loathing, coupled with anxiety and apprehension must have been his portion through all that oppressive interminable week.

Men who wrong other people in money matters; in settlement of wills; in trades; in getting off inferior goods; in stealing car rides; in taking and keeping books that do not belong to them; in originating and circulating reports and slanders about others that are simply founded on hearsay—all who do these things lose the priceless treasure of a good conscience. By such conduct and transactions, they have lost unspeakably more than they have gained. They have injured themselves far more deeply than they have their victims. They have given a mortal blow, and received in themselves an immortal wound. Men may forgive, and God pardon, but they themselves cannot forget, and have by their own action laid away in the storehouse of the mind a sorrowful memory and an eternal regret.

Evidently it is better that we lose property, position, office, friends, loved ones, and what is called earthly enjoyment and happiness, rather than part with a good conscience.

This is a different looking world to a man who has a dove of peace cooing in his heart instead of the flap and croak of the black raven of spiritual unrest. When filled with kindness to all men, and doing good not evil to all, he can, like Paul, not only appeal to God, but to the world of mankind how justly and holily and unblamably he had walked and worked in their midst.

Food itself tastes better to a man with an easy heart. The simple pleasures of home, the little ordinary duties of life take on a sweetness and preciousness, altogether unknown to the transgressor. And the drudgeries that look so common to many, sparkle and blaze like the bush did to Moses, when the breast is light, as the conscience follows faithfully after the will and word and call of God. Even the hardships of life drip sweetness as the trees in the wood streamed honey when Jonathan walked amid them after his victory over the Philistines.

The Sanhedrim with a bad conscience could not sleep the night they put the apostle in prison, but Peter, the wronged man, the abused and maltreated man, had with him not only the presence of the Lord, but in him a good conscience; and as a consequence slept so soundly, although condemned to death, that the angel had to strike him three times to awaken him from his slumber.

Paul in the midst of a large ecclesiastical assembly testified that he had lived in all good conscience until that day, and outweighed in happiness and character the whole crowd that was judging him, and the High Priest who had him struck on the mouth.

David speaks of compassing the altars of God. It means much, and it is made plain in the Word that it requires conscious integrity and faithfulness to know the remarkable adjustment and relation.

How a man expects to make a happy trip through life, and a safe entrance into heaven without this good conscience, is one of the strange and dreadful things of this life. John in his epistle sounds the funeral knell over every such vain expectation and false conception of the character world. He says, "If our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things." In other words, if we go down in con-

fusion and shame at times before the little judgment seat in our own spirits, what will we do, and what will become of us when we stand before the Great White Throne, and the Judge who sits thereon knows us thoroughly and altogether?

Evidently it is profitable for the life that now is, and that which is to come, to have a good conscience. Without it we are poor indeed, though clothed in fine linen and faring sumptuously every day. But with it we are rich beyond valuation, though we lacked for the necessities of life, had dogs to lick our sick and trembling bodies and died on an ash heap before the gate of some wealthy and arrogant man of the world.

ALONE.

It is human to stand with the crowd, it is divine to stand alone.

It is manlike to follow the people, to drift with the tide; it is Godlike to follow a principle, to stem the tide.

It is natural to compromise conscience and follow the social and religious fashion for the sake of gain or pleasure; it is divine to sacrifice both on the altar of truth and duty.

"No man stood with me, but all men forsook me," wrote the battle-scarred apostle in describing his first appearance before Nero to answer for his life for believing and teaching contrary to the Roman world.

Truth has been out of fashion since man changed his robe of fadeless light for a garment of fig leaves.

Noah built and voyaged alone. His neighbors laughed at his strangeness and perished in style.

Abraham wandered and worshiped alone. The Sodomites smiled at the simple shepherd, followed the fashion and fed the flames.

Daniel dined and prayed alone. Elijah sacrificed and witnessed alone. Jeremiah prophesied and wept alone. Jesus loved and died alone.

And of the lonely way His disciples should walk He said, "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

Of their treatment by the many who walk in the broad way He said, "If ye were of the world the world would love his own; but because ye are not of the world, therefore the world hateth you."

The church in the wilderness praised Abraham and persecuted Moses. The church of the kings praised Moses and persecuted the prophets. The church of Caiphas praised the prophets and persecuted Jesus. The church of the popes praised the Savior and persecuted the saints. And multitudes now, both in the church and the world, applaud the courage and fortitude of the patriarchs and prophets, the apostles and martyrs, but condemn as stubbornness or foolishness like faithfulness to truth today.

Wanted, today, men and women, young and old, who will obey their convictions of truth and duty at the cost of fortune and friends and life itself.—Selected.

PRAYER—ITS VALUE.

Madame Guyon, that devout, consecrated saint, said: If the value of prayer were but known, everyone would be assiduous about it. It is a stronghold into which the enemy cannot enter. He may attack it, besiege it, but while we are faithful, he cannot hurt us. Let the dull or hard hearts

which can retain nothing, come to the practice of prayer, and they shall become wise. Come to the foundation of all good without complaining to weak and impotent creatures who cannot help you. Oh, how much compassion has this sad experience given me for sinners, as it taught me why so few of them emerge from the miserable state into which they have fallen. The devil is outrageous against prayer and those that exercise it because he knows it is the means of taking his prey from him. No sooner does one enter into a spiritual life, a life of prayer, but he must prepare for strange crosses.

THE POWER OF LIVING CHRIST.

There can be no abiding power until that day comes when we keep our conduct abreast of our profession. There must be something back of our profession. That something is a consistent life. It is a beautiful thing to hear one who is gifted in speech and in prayer in the prayer meeting, but I am persuaded that there is something far more beautiful, and that is, for one to be able from Monday morning until Sabbath night to live Christ. Here is a power infidelity cannot assail nor unbelief deny. If you are travelling through an orange country, you are sensible all the time of the fact that the orange blossoms are about you. The fragrance is wafted to you the last thing at night, the first thing in the morning, and it makes you sleep the sweeter. And there is a sweetness like that about the life that is truly "hid with Christ in God."—Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman.

NUGGETS OF TRUTH.

It is true that love cannot be forced that it cannot be made to order, that we cannot love because we ought or even because we want. But we can bring ourselves into the presence of the lovable. We can enter into friendship through the door of discipleship. We can learn love through service.—Hugh Black.

Not in husbanding our strength, but in yielding our service; not in burying our talents, but in administering them; not in hoarding our seed in the barn, but in scattering it: Not in following an earthly human policy, but in surrendering ourselves to the will of God, do we find the safe and blessed path.—F. B. Meyer.

The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptations from within and without who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully, who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menace and frowns, whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God is most unflinching.—W. E. Channing.

ON BOTH KNEES.

William Dawson once told this story to illustrate how humble the soul must be before it can find peace. He said that at a revival meeting a little lad who was used to Methodist ways went home to his mother and said: "Mother John So-and-So is under conviction and seeking for peace, but he will not find it to-night mother." "Why, William?" said she, "Because he is only down on one knee, mother and he will never get peace until he is down on both knees." Until conviction of sin brings us down on both knees, until we are completely humbled, until we have no hope in ourselves left, we cannot find the Saviour.—Selected.