

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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HUNTING FOXES.

Among my tender vines I spy
A little fox named—Bye-and-bye.
Then set upon him quick, I say,
The swift young hunter, Right-away.
Around each tender vine I plant,
I find the little fox—I can't.
Then, fast as ever hunter ran,
Chase him with bold and brave—I can.
No use in trying—lags and whines
This fox among my tender vines.
Then drive him low, and drive him high,
With this good hunter, named—I'll try.
Among the vines in my small lot
Creeps in the young fox—I forgot.
Then hunt him out and to his pen
With—I will not forget-again.
A little fox is hidden there
Among my vines, named, I don't care.
Then let, I'm sorry—hunter true—
Chase him afar from vines and you.
—Selected

"A MATTER OF TASTE."

BY DUDLEY KIDD.

So say the members of that tribe
in Central Africa who delight in eating
mud. When an Englishman told
them that it was a very degraded
habit, they only answered that "it
was purely a matter of taste." But
degraded taste shows a degraded
nature. And this is just the proof
that those who find their joys apart
from Jesus Christ have degraded
tastes, which indicate degraded
natures.

They say that once upon a time a
swan and a stork were feeding in the
same lake, and the swan determined
to fly away to heaven. After many
days this animal returned and saluted
the stork. "And where have you
been?" said the stork. "O, I have
been to heaven on a trip," said the
swan. "And what sort of a place is
heaven?" asked the stork. "O, it is
a lovely place, with white lilies and
clear water, and all things clean."
"But are there no snails there?"
asked the stork. When the swan assured
the stork that there was nothing un-
clean up there, the stork replied,
"Then you can keep heaven all to
yourself, and I will have the snails."
It was purely a matter of taste!

"There shall in no wise enter into
it anything that defileth, neither
whatsoever worketh abomination or
maketh a lie." Would this be a place
in harmony with your tastes? If not,
heaven would be a very hell to you.
O, it need not take you five minutes
to find out whether you are bound for
that pure and holy land. Tell me
what you are like, and I will tell you
where you are going. You think it
uncommonly burdensome to have
your pleasure curtailed by "the re-
straints of religion," as you call them!
You prefer the company of those who
avoid the mention of the Name which
is the very center of heaven! If any
one tells you the conditions of re-
ceiving the blessing of God you com-
plain that they are asking you to
give up too much! To spend an hour
with God is irksome—you prefer a
rubber of whist! You look for a
small coin to give to God's work; it
is really too much to expect that He
should have the hundredth part of
what you spend on yourself! You
look on the Bible—His message to
His own—as dull and uninteresting!
To let Him take control of your busi-
ness seems to you preposterous! To
love him more than father or mother
or wife is out of all proportion! And
yet you wonder if you will not some-
how get into heaven. No, no—there

are no snails there. Why, to spend a
solid week in the same way as do they
in heaven would sicken you of religion
for life. Alas! it is indeed all a
matter of taste, and you have not got
the right sort.

It is to have a new disposition
with entirely new tastes. A man
must be born an artist or he will
never have artistic tastes. You must
be born a Christian if you would
have the tastes of one. "This is the
condemnation, that light is come into
the world, and men love darkness
rather than light, because their deeds
are evil"—again a matter of taste, of
what men love. Birds of a feather
flock together, and the difference be-
tween heaven and hell is all found in
the difference of tastes possessed by
the saved and lost. Judas "went to
his own place," and where was that?
It was the place where he would be
most at home in. Yes, terrible thought
—the lost would be more at home in
hell than they would be in heaven!
We shall go to "our own place." Our
tastes will decide our destinies. True.

It is possible for you to be "born
again" with new tastes: you may yet
know the meaning of the words "If
any man be in Christ he is a new
creature (with new tastes therefore);
old things have passed away, behold
all things have become new." If
anyone were to ask me why I did not
live like the world and act like the
world, and go to theaters and drink
and smoke, I would simply answer,
"Why do you not eat the mud in the
streets instead of bread and butter—
mud is very nice?" You would prob-
ably say that is a matter of taste.
That is just what I say.

What do we want with the turbid
rivers of pleasure that issue from the
world, when Jesus has given us the
living water which is springing up in
us to everlasting life? What do we
want with the idols that men fall
down to—the idols of gold, fame,
pleasure, vanity, lust, greed? We
have no hankering after these. We
avoid them, not because we must, but
because we have no taste for them.
What have we any more to do with
idols? We have seen Him, we love
Him.

What has stripped the seeming beauty
From the idols of the earth?
Not the sense of right or duty,
But the sight of peerless worth.

Not the crushing of those idols,
With its bitter void and smart,
But the beaming of His beauty,
The unveiling of His heart.

Yes, it is all a matter of taste—but
woe to those whose tastes are de-
praved, unless they flee to Him who
alone has power to charm them into
harmony with Himself. Come then
with your depraved nature and let
him deal with it. He can give you a
new disposition. He has said, "A
new heart will I give you, and a new
spirit will I put within you, and I
will take away the stony heart out of
your flesh, and will give you an heart
of flesh." "I will write my law in
your heart." This means a disposi-
tion which will love and delight in
His good and perfect and acceptable
will.—Selected.

Of all the memorials in Westminster
Abbey there is not one that gives a
nobler thought than the life lesson from
the monument to Lord Lawrence—simply
his name, the date of his death and these
words: "He feared man so little because
he feared God so much." Here is one
great secret of victory. Walk ever in
the fear of God. Let our prayer be like
that of a Rugby boy: "Oh, God, give
me courage that I may fear none but
Thee!"—F. E. Marsh.

STEADFAST HOLINESS.

The person who has the most perfect
control of himself under all circum-
stances is the one who oftenest suc-
ceeds. The only way to have this is
to have the experience of holiness. A
cool head and a self-possessed tongue
always have the advantage over the
mind that is heated by the carnal
mind (Rom. 8: 7). People who are
not wholly sanctified keep sweet only
in spells. It is the steadfast holiness
that runs day and night, at all times
and circumstances, that counts for
God and true holiness. There is a
holiness that is not true, a generation
that prepared not their heart aright,
and whose spirit was not steadfast
with God (Ps. 78:8). The God of
Daniel is the living God, and stead-
fast forever this God is the author of
holiness, and He wants the steadfast
kind in His disciples (Dan. 6:8.) They
must hold on steadfast to the end
(Heb. 3: 14). Their hope is steadfast
(Heb. 6: 19). To be a steadfast, true
holiness man will show itself in many
ways. The tests will come on all
lines and the fight will be daily. The
devil never lets up and we are to
resist him steadfast in the faith (1st
Pet. 5: 9). Many think their lot is
harder than others, because they are
out in the front fight; others at home
are having a little easier time, but
this is a mistake, and many a battle
fought out on a sick bed will show a
harder conflict than was fought by
others in the tent of sin work.

When Napoleon instituted the order
of the Legion of Honor, it was meant
for those who had shown valor in
war. But the great emperor, soldier
though he was, soon recognized that
just as much bravery was shown by
those who lived for the nation as
those who died for it, and he gave
fourteen hundred of the the crosses
of the order to civilians. It is well
to remember this fact, and to realize
that courage, pure and deathless, is
found as often under an humble
household roof as out on the battlefield.
Where we are is where we must fight
out our battles, and win our cross of
honor by bearing the cross daily.

Twenty-seven attacks of fever,
innumerable assaults from savages,
the lonely journey in the jungles,
which brought Livingstone many
times to the verge of the grave and
reduced him to a skeleton, never in
the least degree affected his dogged
determination. When his men re-
beller, refused to accompany him fur-
ther, and threatened to leave him in
the desert, he said: "After using all
my powers of persuasion, I declared
that if they returned, I should go on
alone, and returning to my little tent
I lifted up my heart to Him who
hears the sighs of the soul. Promptly
the head man came in. 'Do not be
disheartened,' he said, 'we will never
leave you. Wherever you lead, we
will follow.'"

Harriet Beecher Stowe said: "When
you get into a tight place and every-
thing goes against you until it seems
that you cannot hold on a minute
longer, never give up then, for that
is just the place and the time that
the tide will turn."

Many a failure would have been a
success had he held on just a little
longer. Thousands of people have
lain down and given up the struggle
just this side of success. A little
more sticktoitiveness, a little more
hanging-on quality and bull dog
tenacity, would have brought them to

the goal.

The mining industry of this country
has furnished some remarkable ex-
amples of staying power. Often,
when owners of a mine have lost
heart and abandoned their claim, and
everybody else has left the mine, some
dogged, determined miner has re-
mained on the ground, and in spite
of almost unbearable hardships and
deprivations, has found the lost leads
and made his fortune.

One night, two miner sat discour-
aged and disconsolate on a Battle
Mountain claim, which they had
leased. They had worked hard for
weeks, without striking "pay ore,"
and their money was about exhausted.
Their supplies, too, were nearly used
up, and their courage also. Finally,
after they had discussed the situation
and decided to give up working the
claim, one of them noticed some
verses in a newspaper that was wrap-
ped around their last piece of bacon.
He read the few lines mechanically,
and got interested. Then he carefully
smoothed the paper and read the
poem through. It was written by
James Barton Adams, and was en-
titled, "Keep a Comin'." The last
two verses read as follows:

'Tisn't allus to the strongest
That the battles goes, my friend;
'Tis the man who holds out longest
That'll git there in the end.

If you're hankerin' to gobble
Up the vict'ry, jest grin
When you meet reverse an' trouble
Up your fists an' come agin!

The spirit of the verses caught the
men's imagination. Why not try
again! The poem had given them
courage, and on the following morn-
ing, instead of quitting the claim, as
they had intended to do, they return-
ed to work, and within twenty-four
hours had struck a rich "pocket."
During the next ten days they took
out more than \$25,000 worth of gold
ore.—Way of Faith.

J. HUDSON TAYLOR.

Not many missionaries commence
their life work as they enter man-
hood's years, but at the age of 21 Mr.
Taylor sailed for his far-off field, and
after a tedious voyage of six months
set foot in China. It was in March
of 1854 that he landed in Shanghai,
at a time when the city was occupied
by rebels and surrounded by imperial
troops. He found much difficulty in
finding a place in the European set-
tlement, and the native city was en-
tirely unsafe for residence. However
the difficulties of those early days
overcome in faith and were evidently
a providential school for after service.
For nearly seven years Mr. Taylor
pursued his labors under the Chinese
Evangelization Society at Shanghai,
Swatow and Ningpo, but at the end
of this time he was compelled to re-
turn to the home land, completely
broken down in health.

For five years he was detained at
home, but this enforced rest was to
prove of untold blessing to the people
he had learned to love.

While in China the intense needs
that presented themselves before him
on every hand had given him, as to
other missionaries, too much of a
local interest. But during those
years at home, when he could only
gaze up at the map of China and
pray, the Spirit of God spread out
the pressing needs of Swatow, Shang-
hi and Ningpo, until the cry of their
need seemed to rise from every
Chinese province and city and town.

Up to that time the only work
that had been commenced by mission-
aries in the interior of China was Dr.
Griffith John's station at Hankow.
Gradually God seemed to impress Mr.
Taylor with need of a special agency
having for its object the carrying of
the Gospel to all the interior provinces
of China. At first the responsibility
of such an undertaking seemed to
great, but he walked out by the sea-
shore one quiet Sunday morning, and
in a lonely spot was led to surrender
himself fully to the Lord, throwing
upon God the responsibility of all
that might be the outcome of divine
leading.

Soon after this, matters took a
distinct form, and the China Inland
Mission was brought forth. Desiring
to enlist workers from every branch
of the church, the Mission was from
the first interdenominational in char-
acter. At the same time Mr. Taylor
felt it imperative that existing work
should not be weakened by its for-
mation and determined that no appeal
should be made for funds, but that
they would trust the Lord of the
harvest, who trust forth the workers
to supply their needs by moving the
hearts of his servants apart from
personal appeals to minister to their
temporal wants.

It is now nearly forty years since
Mr. Taylor returned with the first
party, consisting of some fifteen
missionaries, in their first effort to
to carry the Gospel to inland China.
None but a prophet could have fore-
seen the wonderful outcome of that
act of consecration on the sands of
Brighton. In the intervening years
500 stations and out-stations have
been opened in every interior pro-
vince of China, and hundreds of mis-
sionaries have been sent forth, ten thou-
sand of the Chinese have been brought
into the communion of the Church,
while doubtless thousands of others
have been led to saving faith in Christ

Moreover to the Christian church
has been given the testimony to God's
faithfulness in the object lesson of
nearly 800 missionaries being sustain-
ed in China at one time and the work
being carried on continuously for
forty years without one single appeal
for financial help, and without the
pledged support of any ecclesiastical
body at home.

Recently through failing health it
became necessary for him to relin-
quish the active direction of the Mis-
sion and retire. With patriarchal
interest, however, he lately returned
to China to view the field, and now
the cable brings news that he has
been called to higher service, leaving
behind a work which will make his
name beloved by the whole Chinese
church, and honored by the whole of
Christendom. No doubt the Mission
will continue to prosper under his
successor, Mr. Hoste.—Missionary
Witness, Toronto.

Send me to the hearts without a
home, to the lives without a love, to
the crowds without a compass, to the
ranks without a refuge! Send me to
the children whom none have blessed,
to the famished whom none have fed,
to the sick whom none have visited,
to the domoniac, whom none have
calmed, to the fallen whom none
have lifted, to the leper whom none
have touched, to the bereaved whom
none have comforted! Then shall I
have the birthright of the firstborn;
then shall I have the blessing of the
mighty God of Jacob.—George Mathe-
son.