

# 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

VOL. XV. (New Series.)

WOODSTOCK N. B., SEPTEMBER, 30, 1905.

(Semi-Monthly.) NO. 47.

## SHUT IN WITH GOD.

Shut out from life; shut in with God—  
No sound upon that silence fall,  
But with the inner spirit voice  
My soul looks up to him and calls:  
"All-Father, merciful and just,  
No human hand clasps mine tonight,  
Take thou myself and lead me on,  
Thy presence be my life and light."  
Oh, sweet the answer: "I will lead,  
Where man alone has never trod,  
And thou shalt yet triumphant sing,  
'Shut out from life, shut in with God!'"

## THE PASSING OF THE FAMILY ALTAR.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM J. HAMPTON.

Is the home life of today pervaded with the same Christian atmosphere as it once was, or has the commercial spirit of the twentieth century crowded out quite largely the church life in the home? We believe this is a serious question, and one which effects largely the spiritual tone of the church. We recall distinctly the home life several years ago. All the children knew father's wishes, and knew too, that he wanted them respected. Father wanted none of the children late at prayers, so all were downstairs early in the morning ready for the family devotions. What a familiar picture! Father seated in his armchair, the well-thumbed Bible open close by sits mother and the children. Reverently and tenderly the Holy Scriptures are read, then all kneel, while the father, the priest in the home, invokes God's blessing on home and children. After prayers are offered all are seated around the table, every head is bowed while the father asks the blessing on the food. How happy and cheerful everybody seems! Then come the separations for the day, each one to his work. Evening repeats the scene. The hours of the evening are enlivened by music, conversation, reading books and current literature. Then singing, prayers, and good nights, and the day was spent. This was church life in the home. But how different to-day! Home life to day is almost wholly with God. In the city it has become practically a fashionable boarding house; an apparent disposition on the part of husband and wife to agree to board together. Husband's thoughts engrossed in business, lodges and clubs, while the wife is immersed in dresses, social functions and club life. The care of the children is handed over to a paid nurse girl. The modern home is run something after this fashion—breakfast time: One by one the members of the household drop into the dining room, and seat themselves at the table. No family altar. No blessing at the table. No thought of God. It is rumored that it has become unpopular and unfashionable to have the blessing asked at the table in the up-to-date home. A writer says of a father: "I have no home any more; my children have turned it into a boarding house." Here apparently was a yearning on the part of the father for the return of that home life of which he had once had a taste.

We learn today that young men are drifting away from the church as never before. The non-Christian influence of home life may have something to do with it. A young man walled about with family prayers childhood will have a safeguard about him through which it will be difficult wholly to break. A thousand influences and sacred memories will hold back when sorely tempted, and will carry his thought Godward. We have in

this country today something like nineteen million Protestant church members, and, counting five persons to every home, some four million Christian homes. It is estimated that only one Christian home in eight has a family altar, and most of us will agree from observation that that estimate is sufficiently high. Place these Christian homes in a row, and we would pass through three million five hundred thousand homes before we would hear the sound of a father's voice at a family altar, and from these homes one hundred and fifty thousand young men, having reached twenty-one, go out annually, never having heard a parent's voice in prayer at a family altar.

But perhaps conditions are no worse than they used to be. We do not wish to pose as a pessimist. But we fear the commercial spirit of the city and the worldly atmosphere which predominates church life and chills our church altars have relegated real heartfelt piety and spiritual fervor to an inferior position.—Christian Advocate.

## THE DESTROYERS OF OUR CHURCHES.

C. H. SPURGEON.

The case is mournful. Certain ministers are making infidels. Avowed atheists are not a tenth as dangerous as those preachers who scatter doubt and stab at faith. A plain man told us the other day that two ministers had derided him because he thought we should pray for rain. A gracious woman benighted in my presence that a precious promise in Isaiah, which had comforted her, had been declared by her minister to be uninspired. It is a common thing to hear workmen excuse their wickedness by the statement that there is no hell, "The parson says so." But we need not prolong our mention of painful facts. Germany was made unbelieving by her preachers, and England is following in her track. Attendance at places of worship is declining, and reverence for holy things is vanishing; and we solemnly believe this to be largely attributable to the skepticism that is flashed from the pulpit, and spread among the people. Possibly the men who uttered the doubt never intended for it to go so far; but none the less they have done the ill, and cannot undo it. Their own observation ought to teach them better.

Have these advanced thinkers filled their own chapels? Have they, after all, prospered through discarding the old methods? Possibly, in a few cases, genius and tact have carried these gentry over the destructive results of their ministry; but in many cases their pretty new theology has scattered their congregations. In meeting-houses holding a thousand, or twelve hundred, or fifteen hundred, places once packed to the ceiling with ardent hearers, how small are the numbers now! We could mention instances, but we forbear. The places which the gospel filled, the new nonsense has emptied, and will keep empty.

This fact will have little influence with "The cultured;" for, as a rule, they have cultivated a fine development of conceit. "Yes," said one, whose pews held only here and there a worshiper, "It will always be found that in proportion as the preacher's mind enlarges his congregation diminishes." These destroyers of our

churches appear to be as content with their work as monkeys with their mischief. That which their fathers would have lamented they rejoice in: the alienation of the poor and simple-minded from their ministry they accept as a compliment, and the grief of the spiritually minded they regard as an evidence of their power. Truly, unless the Lord had kept His own, we would long before this have seen our Zion ploughed as a field.

The other day we were asked to mention the name of some person who might be a suitable pastor for a vacant church, and the deacon who wrote said: "Let him be a converted man, and let him be one who believes in what he preaches for there are those around us who give us the idea that they have neither part nor lot in the matter." This remark is more commonly made than we like to remember, and there is alas! too much need for it. A student from a certain college preached to a congregation we sometimes visit, such a sermon that the deacon said to him in the vestry: "Sir do you believe in the Holy Ghost?" The youth replied, "I suppose I do." To which the deacon answered, "I suppose you do not, or you would not have insulted us with such false doctrine."

A little plain speaking would do a world of good just now. These gentlemen desire to be let alone. They want no voice raised. Of course thieves hate watch-dogs and love darkness. It is time that somebody should spring his rattle and call attention to the way in which God is being robbed of His glory, and man of his hope.—Sel.

## TWO WORKS OF GRACE.

In one of our camp-meetings we were having a very fine testimony meeting, the saints were shouting and praising God and telling of the great joy and peace that had come into their hearts, when they were baptized with the Holy Ghost, and their faces were shining and they were clapping their hands, and an old man got up and said: "I want you people to know that when God converted me He did a perfect work in my soul. It was a clean work and a big work, and I don't believe in half way work as some of you talk about getting half of it at one time and the other half at another time." Just then the leader of the testimony meeting turned to the old brother and said in a kind way, "My brother, have you ever had any uprising in your heart since you were converted?" "Oh, yes," said the old brother, "we all have them and will have them till we die." Just then the leader called the people to prayer, and called on somebody to break out in prayer, and the old brother that had last made the speech on getting a perfect work done when he was converted, led the first prayer, and he said, "O, Lord, we are in great need here and we must have help. We all want a deeper work of grace in our hearts. We can't live any longer in our way, and we want our hearts cleansed from all sin and we must have it. Now, I don't think it had been ten minutes since he had declared that God did a perfect work in conversion, and a clean work, and no half way work. The reader will notice on his feet a perfect work in conversion, but on his knees a deeper work of grace and a clean heart was wanted

How much like the old man this all seemed, that is, the old man described in Romans 6:6. One minute a perfect work, the next a deeper work wanted. It is a fact, men on their feet and with their pen have said and written things that they took back when they got on their knees. That proves that men are honest when they get on their knees and begin to talk with God. I have had men say things in conversation with me that they would not dare to say on their knees in conversation with God.

It is very common for men to say, I don't need anything but the new birth and to grow in grace, but get down on their knees and pray to be cleansed from the last and least remains of sin.

We are ready to say that conversion is a perfect spiritual birth, but that it is a perfect spiritual cleansing we would not say, for the man that advocates this doctrine with pen and ink, desires it when he gets on his knees, for even the advocate of this theory knows that it is one thing to be born and another thing to be cleansed from all unrighteousness, and the old man's case was not something new under heaven, but very common nowadays, for in these days men deny total depravity with their pens, but confess it in their conduct and on their knees. And for men to deny the second work of grace don't blot out the trail of the servant, not by any means.—Bud Robinson in Soul Winner.

## GOD'S PROMISES.

A promise is like a cheque. If I have a cheque, what do I do with it? Suppose I carried it about in my pocket, and said, "I do not see the use of this bit of paper, I cannot buy anything with it," a person would say: "Have you been to the bank with it?" "No, I did not think of that." "But it is payable to your order. Have you written your name on the back of it?" "No, I have not." "And yet you are blaming the person who gave you the cheque! The whole blame lies with yourself. Put your name on the back of the cheque, go with it to the bank, and you will get what is promised to you." A prayer should be the presentation of God's promise endorsed by your personal faith. I hear of people praying for hours together. I am very pleased that they can; but it is very seldom that I can do so, and I see no need of it. It is like a person going into the bank and stopping an hour. The clerks would wonder. The common sense way is to go to the counter and show your cheque, and take your money and go about your business. There is a style of prayer which is of this fine, practical character. You so believe in God that you present the promise, obtain the blessing, and go about your Master's business. C. H. Spurgeon.

## FACE-TO-FACE WITH GOD.

We have too little praying face to face with God every day. Looking back at the end, I suspect there will be great grief for our sins of omission—omission to get from God what we might have got by praying.—Bomar.

It is well to "turn over a new leaf" once in a while, but the leaves of the Bible should be turned daily, and the eye should watch diligently for the jewels concealed in them.

## ALL'S WELL.

A traveller returning from Europe relates how, one beautiful Sunday evening in mid-ocean, a group of Welshmen sung beautifully, both in Welsh and English, the great old church hymns. The passengers all were listening with delight. Just at dark they sung "Jesus Lover of My Soul." After singing it in Welsh, they repeated it in English. As they finished the line, "Safe into the haven guide," the captain on the bridge tapped three bells. The watchman on the first lookout repeated the three taps loudly on his larger bell, and sent out over the decks and over the waves the cry, "All's well!" Far up in the crow's nest, nearly one hundred feet from the deck, the watchman in the second lookout caught up the cry and sent it out farther into the darkness: "All's well!" A gentleman on the deck remarked: "Would it not be fine if every soul on this great liner could, from the heart, and for himself echo it yet again and fling it up to the angels above: 'All's well!'"

## FAITH AND WORKS.

A little girl told a friend who was visiting her father that her brothers set traps to catch the birds. He asked her what she did. She replied: "I prayed that the traps might not catch the birds." "Anything else?" "Yes," she said; "I then prayed that God would prevent the birds getting into the traps," and, as if to illustrate the doctrine of faith and works, she continued, "I went and kicked the traps all to pieces."

This reminds us of the story of a boy who, when his father had prayed earnestly that God would feed the hungry, said, "Why don't you answer that prayer yourself? You've got enough wheat in the granary and potatoes in the cellar to feed all the poor people about here." Let us show our faith by our works.—Christian Leader.

There is nothing like the presence of Christ to make old age beautiful. Dr W J Dawson tells of an old man 84 years of age who came to his home. Taking his hand at parting the old man said: "I would like to say that everything is growing brighter and happier with me every day. My friends do not like to have me go out alone, because they are afraid I may drop dead. But if I drop dead here I shall be alive and happy up there." For him there was no shadow in the valley. Light ahead meant light around him in the aureol of the Father's presence. That presence gives serenity to any life.

## SPURGEON ON JEALOUSY.

You are not the first man who had his faults looked at through a microscope and his virtues through the wrong end of a telescope. If assailed by jealousy make no answer, take it as a compliment—for no one envies a failure.

There is plenty of room in this world for you to make a success, so waste no time envying those who have done so.

The sweetest blessings come through trouble; therefore despise not thou that which blesseth thee.—Sel.

He shall call upon Me and I will answer Him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and honor him.—Ps. 91:15.