

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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A HYMN BY FABER.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways;
And of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

Oh! blest is he to whom is given,
The instinct that can tell,
That God is on the field when he
Is most invisible.

And blest is he who can divine,
Where real right doth lie;
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

Oh, learn to scorn the praise of men!
Oh, learn to lose with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

And right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

HOW SOME REVIVALS WERE BROUGHT ABOUT.

REV. CLEMENT C. CARY.

In the earlier years of a gray-haired minister he had charge of a church in a country district, in which religion had seriously declined. Every Friday night for fifteen months he gathered some people together in the chapel to pray for a revival, but the heavens seemed to be as brass above them, and no answer came.

When fall came he set apart a day for united prayer for the same thing. When the day arrived, his heart was rejoiced to see farmers with their families driving in, until the school-house immediately in the rear of the church was filled. He explained that they had gathered to pray for a revival, and after the meeting had been opened with singing and prayer, opportunity was given for any one who wished, to talk.

The very silence of death rested upon the audience, while every one waited. Presently a leading official arose and said, "Pastor, I don't think there is going to be a revival as long as Bro. Jones and I don't speak to each other."

He then left his pew, walked down the aisle, and finding Brother Jones, said to him, "Brother Jones, you and I have not spoken for five years; let's bury the hatchet. Here's my hand."

The old man returned to his pew, and a sob broke from the audience, then there was silence again.

Soon another official arose and said, "Pastor, I think there will be no revival while I say fair things to your face and mean things behind your back. I want you to forgive me."

The two shook hands, and again the audience relapsed into silence. Then such a scene occurred as possibly was never witnessed in a congregation. For fully ten minutes men and women crept noiselessly about the house, settling old scores and making friends. Then God began to visit them graciously.

The operatives in a factory nearby heard what was going on at the school-house, and at the lunch hour came over in great numbers, when the pastor preached to them the simple gospel, and within five minutes four of the ringleaders in sin were converted, and a revival broke out that swept throughout the district and lasted three years.

O, how such evils as these are hindering the work of the Lord in many of our churches! And if these old grudges were removed and misunderstandings were settled, how wonderfully would the Lord revive His work in our midst!

Rev. F. B. Meyer states that he related this story in a town in England once. Then, in London he told it again to a company of preachers, when one of them arose and said that it had been told in the town named, and a man who owed him \$25 took his hand and said, "Forgive my delay in settling that debt. You shall have the money tomorrow."

A certain pastor felt strangely moved to call upon a good sister to pray at the conclusion of the Sunday morning service, and the good sister, before she went to church, had a similar impression that she would be called upon at the service to pray. The time came, and sure enough, though the preacher did not understand it, nor could he get rid of the impression, he called upon the sister to lead in prayer, but she refused.

The service closed, and she went home to spend a month in great perplexity of mind, and could get no comfort out of prayer. At last she told the Lord she would pray the next time at church, and get back her peace of soul.

The regular appointment rolled around, and waiting for the close of the service very patiently, she expected again to be asked to pray, but to her astonishment, another was called upon to lead in prayer. Fearing if she left the house of God without praying she would pass through another very unhappy month, she arose in her seat and said she was under the painful necessity of asking to lead in prayer, and then told her impressions about being called on to pray, how she refused, and what a distressing experience she had for four weeks on account of it. Then the pastor told her to wait till he told his story, and he spoke of how he had been so strangely impressed to call upon her to pray, and how he sought to get rid of it without success.

Then the congregation knelt while the sister led in prayer. Again she stood up in her place and said to the congregation: "The same Spirit which moved me to pray, tells me that Sister A— over yonder and I have not been on the most friendly terms in the past," whereupon that sister arose and said, "That is truth, but from now on we will be." And as these good women embraced each other, the angels looked on approvingly, and the congregation was moved with joy.

The pastor took the hint and announced a protracted meeting to start that night. A revival resulted which brought nearly 300 souls into the kingdom of God, and in the end a beautiful frame church was erected to take the place of the old log house.

It is stated that the great revival in 1800, 1801 and 1802, in this country, which changed the moral face of it, and was wonderful in its lasting results, can be traced to the prayers of one man, who was an elder in the Presbyterian church in Western Pennsylvania, who for a year and a half had gone away in a little grove by himself and cried mightily unto God that He would revive His work in this wicked nation. The revival which shortly afterward spread throughout the settled portion of the country and caused the founding of some of the strongest churches, and almost all of the Christian colleges, it is said, can be traced to the earnest, persevering prayers of this one faithful man.

Mr. Moody gives the case of a remarkable revival which resulted from

a good woman's seeking and obtaining the baptism of the Holy Ghost. It was in Philadelphia, where a Christian woman came to him and asked him if this baptism of power of which he had been talking was for women as well as men. He speedily told her it was for both women and men. "Well," said she, "if I can have it, I want it. I have a husband who is not a Christian, and also a Sabbath school class." Mr. Moody did not see her for a week, when she came to him with a happy face, and said, "I have got it. The Lord has blessed me. My husband has been converted, and five of my Sabbath school class." It soon spread through the church of which she was a member, for the people soon saw she had something which they did not possess. As a result a gracious revival followed, and five hundred persons were added to the church.

The power of prayer still abides, and is mighty in pulling down conviction from heaven on sinners. The God who answers by fire still lives, and is not afar off.—Selected.

WAS IT WELL TO BE A TEETOTALER?

Use not your freedom for an occasion to the flesh (Gal. 5:13). A group of clergymen were discussing the subject as to whether it was ever right for ministers to drink wine. One said, "I am never asked to take a glass of wine without recalling an incident in my early ministry when I came very near yielding with, as I found out later, fatal results. When I left the seminary, I determined to be, not a temperance man, but a total abstainer. I had been at my first charge for only a few months when I was invited to celebrate the eightieth birthday of one of my most honored parishioners. As the champagne was passed around the table the thought came to me, 'Surely this is one place that I should break my resolution. Will it not look very churlish to refuse to drink the health of this noble woman?' But before the butler reached my plate, I determined to adhere to my usual custom, and simply turned down my glass. Imagine my joy, a few hours later, when one of the ladies present told me that her son, just about entering college, had told her that day: 'I haven't quite made up my mind about signing the pledge before I leave for Yale. I am just going to let it depend on what Mr. Brown does to-night. If such a good man as he takes it, there can be no harm in it.'" After a pause, the clergyman added: "Friends, do you wonder that I never touch it?"—J. M. B., Baltimore.

TRUTH.

Many men are false who never tell lies in the ordinary acceptance of that term. Their whole life may be a lie, they may never breathe anything but falsehood; and yet they could defy the judges of the land to convict them upon the charge of ever having told a lie.

Truth is a matter of the inward parts; truth relates to spirit, purpose, what we would do if we could; and no man knows what he would do if he could. We are the victims of our own ignorance; we cannot measure ourselves. A man shall say, "I know I should never do that." He may be talking the language of a fool; the adequate temptation has never assailed him, he has never been locked

within the environment which means failing in that particular direction. Truthfulness is a matter of tone as well as a matter of words; vocal color may tell a lie without the words themselves being false.

What is truth? That is the old and ever-present and deeply penetrating question. Men laugh lies, shrug lies, attitudinize lies, suggest lies. A man may tell lies to himself. Where is this perfect man who needs no gospel, no divinity of ministry, no appeal from heaven, no tragic cross?—Parker.

"DIRT ON THE TRACK."

Riding one evening in the electric cars in company with a friend, he inquired what was the reason that the brilliant electric lights at times died down, and faded out into darkness. The answer of the conductor was, "Dirt on the track." Of course in the travel of carriages in the street more or less earth would be thrown across the iron track; this would interrupt the electric current, and thus would extinguish the light. The moment the wheels passed over the earthly obstruction, and again struck the clean metallic surface of the rails, the light was as bright as ever.

The thought occurred that this illustrates the dimness of the light of many a child of God. He is cut off from connection with the great source of heavenly light; the current of the divine power does not flow readily and uninterruptedly; earthly thoughts and earthly things have separated his soul from God; and the clear current which makes his pathway "as the shining light that shineth more and more," no longer flows.

He who would be a light in the world must himself be filled with light, and have nothing to hinder the flow of grace and blessing which comes from God, abides within him, and passes through him, and making him a blessing to mankind. If we are to give light we must have a clear connection with the source of light; we must be in communication with the great fountain whence flows the light of life. We must have indwelling in us and passing through us, the power of him in whom "was light, and the light was the life of men." Whenever our union with him is interrupted, then our light grows dim, and if the light that is in us be darkness, how great that darkness shall be!—Christian Standard.

THE TRUE MINISTER.

It must be confessed in many instances the Christian ministry of our days lacks flaming enthusiasm, dynamic energy. Cardinal Newman attributes Chrysostom's marvellous power as an orator to three things: the singleness of his power, the fixed grasp of his aim and his noble earnestness. An American writer has described preaching as gathering material in his study and setting fire to it in the pulpit; and then he tells us that while a man may preach out of the head like Edwards or out of the cultivated imagination like Fenelon, or out of his human nature like Beecher, or out of his higher spiritual nature like Philip Brooks—in each case the truth of God must fill and thrill him, if he would move men.

And this dynamic power can never be ours unless we have as spiritual seers, a cultivated vision—vision of God and man and of duty to God and man—vision of the church in the in-

completeness of its redemption and of the world in the hardness of its impenitence. And back of all this let it be said in conclusion, the Christian minister must be a man of character, of splendid moral weight. The possession of this is worth all else. There may be the manly form and the manly intellect, but the crowning glory of manly worth is wanting, if the soul lacks those high, transcendent virtues which are the girdle of our strength and the garment of our beauty.—Sel.

THE BEST WAY.

Dr. F—, coming from B—to a new pastorate in N—, was after a time approached by a committee regarding the annual supper and fair. It was noticed that the new minister's brows began to knit, and finally he said, "Brethren, is the supper and fair necessary?" "Why, yes, we think so," said they; "it brings us in about five hundred dollars." "But is it necessary?" insisted the pastor. "Well, we need the money," they replied. "Very well; don't have the fair, but instead turn into cash what you would spend there and send it to me, and what is short of the five hundred I'll make up. I believe the Lord will see us through." In about two weeks the minister, with tears in his eyes, said from his pulpit, "How little we trust God! I am ashamed that I had not more confidence in Him. Instead of having to make up a deficiency, I have in my hand eleven hundred dollars." Fairs have not been mentioned since.—Anon.

"GO THROUGH THE GATES."

Isa. lxiii:10.

The Lord never builds a bridge of faith except under the feet of the faith-filled traveller. If he built the bridge a rod ahead, it wouldn't be a bridge of faith. That which is of sight is not of faith.

There is a self-opening gate which is sometimes used in country roads. It stands fast and firm across the road as a traveler approaches it. If he stops before he gets to it, it won't open. But if he will drive right at it, his wagon wheels press the springs below the roadway, and the gate swings back to let him through. He must push right on at the closed gate, or it will continue closed. This illustrates the way to pass every barrier on the road of duty. Whether it is a river, a gate, or a mountain, all the child of God has to do is to go for it. If it is a river, it will dry up when you put your feet in its waters. If it is a gate, it will fly open when you are near enough to it, and are still pushing on. If it is a mountain, it will be lifted up and cast into the sea—when you come squarely up without flinching, to where you thought it was. Is there a great barrier across your path of duty now? Just go for it, in the name of the Lord, and it won't be there!—Henry Clay Trumbull.

A missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. reports that one of the chief obstacles to the efficiency at Beira, Portuguese East Africa, is, not fever, but the liquor trade. Rum is sold to natives without conscience and without limit. A similar license exists in German Togoland, on the western coast of the continent. Imports of spirits in Togoland increased \$152,000 in 1904, raising the total liquor bill of the colony to about \$420,000 (1,750,000 marks.) The nations permitting this infamy are both 'Christian.'

Our South Africa Missionaries are doing excellent work. Encourage them by sending a nice box of useful articles for Christmas.