

# The King's Highway.

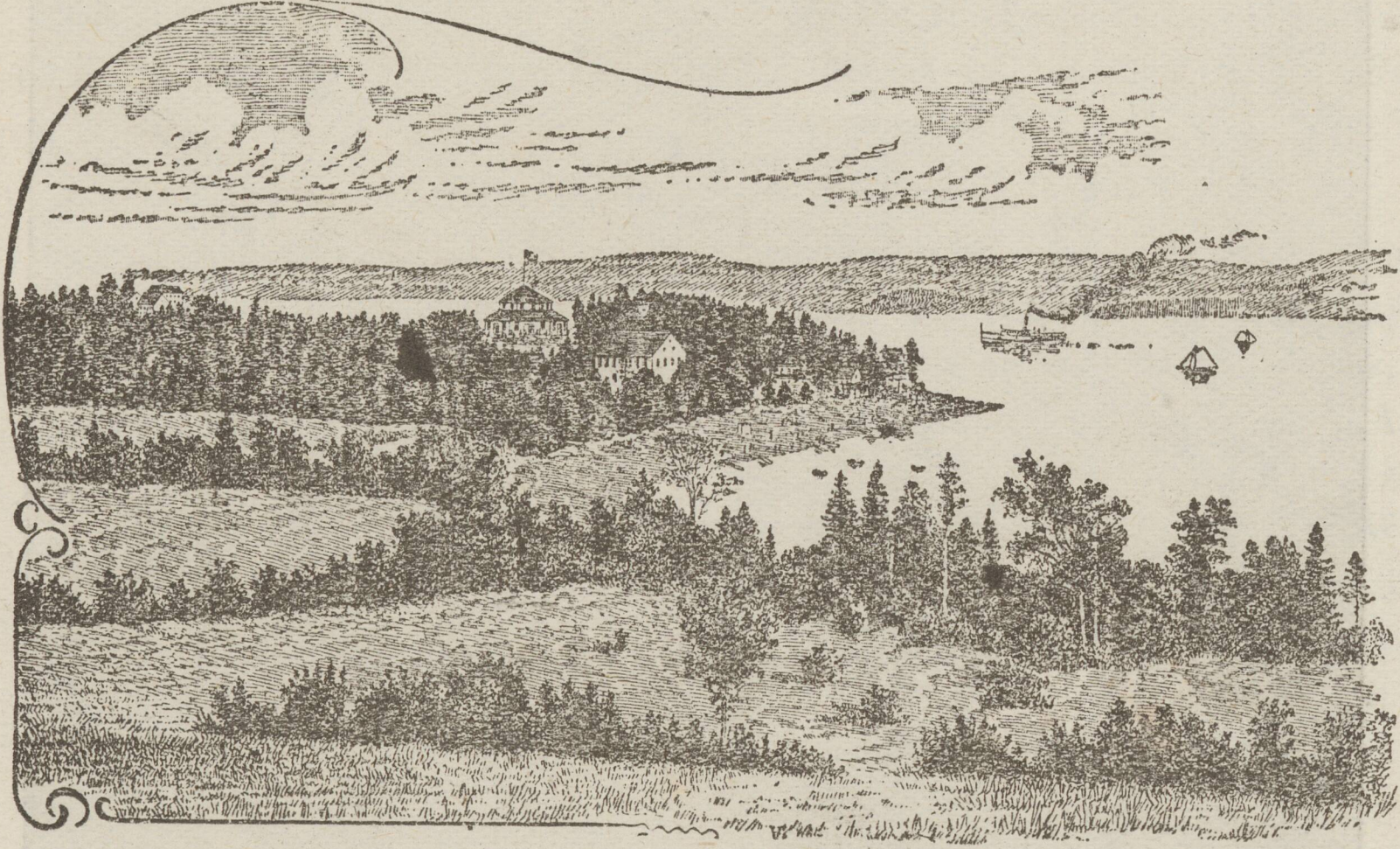
And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The Way of Holiness:

The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. Isaiah 35:8

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## BEULAH CAMP MEETING.

Everything is in readiness at Beulah Camp Ground which was never so beautiful as now. Several of the brethren are already there. The Alliance will begin on Wednesday next, July 3rd; the Camp Meeting will begin on the 6th. Dr. Carradine is engaged to begin on the 8th and continue until the 17th. We have had some great meetings at Beulah. Let us all look to God in faith asking him to make this season the greatest season of blessing Beulah has ever known.

The room Committee requests that

all persons wishing to secure rooms for the Alliance and Camp Meeting at Beulah, to apply to Brother E. Cosman, Wentworth Hall, Elliott Row, St. John, N. B.

The price of board will be the same as last year, viz 60c. per day or \$3.00 per week. Rooms 25, 40 and 50 cents per day according to location. People going should take their sheets, pillows, pillow cases and extra blankets when possible to do so.

We expect to get reduced rates on the Railroads and Steamboats as in the past.

### A BETTER LIFE.

REV. B. CARRADINE.

Martha and Mary were sisters. About their religious lives there can be no doubt. Their home open to Christ, their hospitality, their message to him in time of trouble, their spiritual conversation with Jesus at the grave of their brother, and the statement of Christ himself that he loved them, show what the sisters were.

But while this is granted, immediately on closer examination we see a great difference. The road forks. The likeness changes suddenly into two dissimilar religious lives.

Martha illustrates one life. We notice with pleasure that her house is open for the Lord, and that she is busy for him. But the Scripture brings out curious facts that will find a strange response and recognition by regenerated people.

"She was cumbered with much serving." O that much serving, and that heavy feeling that arises often as a consequence, in the Christian life! The wrinkles and careworn expression on many Christian faces spell the sentence "cumbered with much serving."

Then her eye was on her sister. One of the hardest things in the world for a regenerated person to do is to keep his eyes off his brother. "What shall this man do? What is this man doing compared to myself?"

Then her grief was in "serving alone." This is a great trial to the soul that has not passed into the experience and life of the sanctified. Regenerated people like to work in a crowd. It is hard to stand and serve alone. Indeed, one will not do it willingly, much less successfully. There is a grace that qualifies one to serve God in utter loneliness and at the same time be happy. Martha did not possess it; neither do a good many of God's children.

Again, she was careful and troubled about many things. Does the reader know such Christian people; full of anxiety about different things, troubled about the past, the present, and the future? You see the apprehension in the uneasy glance, and hear it

in the querulous and fretting tone. Troubled about many things.

Mary illustrates the sanctified life. The things said about her bring out the holy experience in a vivid and most agreeable way.

"She heard his word." Not all do that. There are some words that Christ has uttered that regenerated people will not listen to or receive. The emphasis should be thrown on the word "his"—"his word." Christ had peculiar words. His word was to declare his own special work. What was his work? Malachi said, to "purify the sons of Levi;" John the Baptist said, to "baptize with the Holy Ghost and with fire;" the angel said to "save his people from their sins;" and Paul said to "sanctify the church." All agreed that he had a peculiar work, and that work to be the holiness of his people. So he spoke of that work very naturally and freely. It was this he was speaking of to the woman at the well in Samaria, as we will show in another chapter. This work constantly appeared in his words. Most men are listening to-day to Moses' word, and to John the Baptist's word; but Mary, and others like her, are listening to "his word."

She sat at his feet. What a picture of absorbed attention and deep satisfaction! This does not represent the ordinary Christian life; there are many who love Christ, but few sit at feet. "Mary sat still in the house," so another chapter says, when she was placed in trying circumstances. It is another picture of spiritual quietness and restfulness. There is a beautiful grace that enables the possessor to sit still. It is not related to indolence, and is nothing in the world like it. It is the marvelous calm and repose of a holy heart.

Besides this, she could withstand misjudgment and abuse. "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister has left me to serve alone?" The sharp, querulous tone of Martha penetrates her ear, but utterly fails to disturb the serenity of her spirit. Mary answers not a word. Here is the glory of holiness. It can be found fault with, sharply and unkindly accused, and

yet keep undisturbed. This is the spirit of the Saviour come in, and producing again what was once seen in himself when, although oppressed, afflicted, and reviled, he opened not his mouth.

She gave her richest possessions to Christ. Here is the woman of the alabaster box and the costly ointment. Her eyes shine with love, her fingers gladly pour the costly spikenard upon the feet of her Lord, and with her hair she wipes them dry. Here is manifested the life of holiness. Many Christians keep back the costliest things; they withhold their reputation, their time, personal ease, and money; but the sanctified soul feels there is nothing too good for Christ. All things are dross compared to him. Gladly they would suffer the loss of all things that they may win him, and enjoy his unclouded and blessed approval. There is no alabaster box of temporal or spiritual treasure, but they gladly break and empty at his feet. They now say to him what he once said to them: "All things are yours—whether life or death, or things present or things to come—all are yours."

"Mary hath chosen that good part." The single word "chosen" in the above quotation answers the objection made by some that the difference between the sisters were a purely natural one, a mere question of temperament. But how can this be, when Christ said Mary had "chosen" what she had. No person can choose his temperament. Moreover, God never made a temperament that would militate against possessor coming into the full enjoyment of religious privilege. This would make God unjust, and give an unanswerable argument to the sinner and the lowplane Christian at the last day. Not a few think their temperaments prevent them from shouting and rejoicing openly. The Saviour in the last few years has taught many of us better. The temperament dodge is very popular. It is as much sought after as fig-leaves were on a certain occasion in the garden, and as poorly hides spiritual nakedness. The difference between Mary and Martha now appears, and is shown in the word "chosen." Mary hath chosen the good part or experience. Remember that persons cannot choose their temperaments. Many people, with this world and God to choose between, take the Lord; and some, with two kinds of religious experience and life to select from, take the better of the two. Paul writes of the same thing when he says we may "covet earnestly" the one, and yet there is a "more excellent way."

Thank God we can choose this higher, holier life, in which the soul sits always at the feet of the saviour! If we desire and prefer it above all things, it can and will be ours.

She had the independent blessing. There is such a grace, and when it is in the heart it is marvelous how little the mutations of time and the losses of earth affect us. Christ here described it in the words "one thing is needful." If there be but one thing needful, then all other things and beings are not needful. They can come or go, can smile or frown, can be for us or against us, and all the time the soul, in the enjoyment of the perpetual love and presence of Christ, is amazingly lifted above the force and influence of them all. The noisy house has become still; the

"trouble about many things" is gone, the cumbered feeling from much serving is a thing of the past. Let the earth be removed, and let the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea. A great contentment, an indescribable satisfaction, reigns within in full view of the removing world, while the mountains thrown upon us by Satan and evil men are flung at once into a great sea of love and peace in our souls, which swallows them up and melts them into nothing in its pure crystalline depths.

She had the undeparted blessing. Thank God there is such an experience, a grace that never leaves us! The saviour speaks of it here in these words: "Which shall not be taken away from her."

Many of us have had sweet blessings that came like angels, and were as swiftly gone. A blessing of an hour or a day is a precious memory. A blessing that remained in the soul a week or month was regarded and spoken of in experience-meetings as a wonder. "There were giants in those days!" Men lived to be nine hundred years old. You paid a visit to that land stayed a month. How you talk about it! Men forget that they are living in the latter days; in the dispensation of the Spirit; when a little one shall chase a thousand, when a child shall be an hundred years old; and when we shall be able to obtain a blessing that will last, not only a month, but a year, ten years, a thousand years, ten thousand years, and indeed, for ever. Christ has a blessing for us that shall never be taken from us. We die with it in the soul, enter heaven with it, and go through eternity with it. No one can take it away from us without our consent; neither the world nor a formal church, nor time, old age, Satan, poverty, trouble, delirium, nor death. It abides in us evermore.

The writer has had it unbrokenly for years, he has known of others who have enjoyed it steadily for ten, some for twenty, and one for fifty years. There are some in heaven who have had it thousands of years, and all of us who follow on will also, with them, enjoy it forever.—Christian Witness.

### SHINING FOR JESUS.

Elsie Lyle took a journey by rail. As the train was starting her pastor said to her: "I am glad you have a holiday, and traveling gives a good opportunity to shine for Jesus." She wondered how in a railway carriage she could do anything for Jesus. In front of her was a poor woman, with three ragged, dirty children. They did not look very inviting, but she said, "I am one of Christ's disciples, and I must be careful how I treat one of his little ones." She read to them and gave them some of her lunch, and was so occupied in entertaining them that she came to the end of her journey before she realized it. When she reviewed the day's work she said to herself, "Mr. Wardwell said traveling gave good opportunity to shine for Jesus, and I have not spoken a word for Christ all day." A few days later, Mr. Wardwell said to her, "Mr. Smith, the lawyer, who sat on the opposite side of the carriage you traveled in the other day, says he wishes to become a Christian. He said, 'I traveled lately with Elsie Lyle, who had just confessed her love for Christ, and for a half day she proved an angel of mercy to a wornout

mother and three fretful children, and never appeared to think of herself for a moment. What the Spirit of Christ has done for her I want done for me.' And the best of it all is, Elsie, he is now a Christian, and your shining light led him to Christ."—Indian Witness.

### A GENUINE MAN.

There is nothing more refreshing in a world of sham and emptiness than a real, genuine man—a man who is what he seems to be, and who means what he says. People grow sick of the conventionality and hypocrisy of empty compliment and idle show. They weary of smiles which veil the restlessness of anxious hearts, and hide the bitterness of envious souls. They grow sick of language which is used to conceal ideas, of the utterance of men who clothe their indifference in courtly phrases, or their malice beneath buttered tongues. Parsons grow tired of men without opinions, convictions, feelings, or ideas, mere automatons, who are pulled and worked by other hands; they grow weary of women painted, padded and manufactured, with their simpering smiles, their frivolous giggles, their heartless compliments and their affected tones. The world is hungering and thirsting for reality, and it will excuse even a little wickedness, if it is combined with sincerity and honesty, rather than be forever surfeited with polite emptiness and pretentious goodness.

The choicest charm of humanity is seen in the simplicity and godly sincerity of persons who can afford to be honest, and who are willing to seem to be what they are, instead of pretending to be what they are not. The great need of the church and the world to-day is men who are sincere in heart, blameless in life, frank, honest and truth speaking; who have no secret plot or plans to carry out, but whose lives adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour, who speak as they mean, who do as they say, and who are more anxious to be right with God than they are to be respected by anybody else.

Just as the earth beneath one's feet feels the impress of his weight when he is all unconscious of the fact, so the world feels the impress of such men's lives, even when they are utterly unconscious of the influence which they are exercising. And in the great day when there shall be an end of emptiness and hypocrisy of men who walk in vain show, the humble man of sincere and honest and blameless character will be astonished at the result of the life which he has lived, and wonder at the work which the power of God has wrought through his simple and obedient fidelity to God.—The Christian.

### BUILDING HIGHER.

In one of his addresses, Mr. Moody, the evangelist, told this beautiful story of a "shut in." Week after week she lay wearily upon her couch, watching a little bird that used to perch outside her window and sing. After a while she saw it busily building its nest; but it built upon a low branch where evil would surely reach it. The lady said she would watch the work with sadness for she could foresee the ruin which must follow, and she would lean out and whisper, "Build higher, little bird, build higher." But the bird did not heed the loving cry, and still continued its home so very near the earth; and it was not long before the mother bird was cooing over her tiny nestlings, and the proud young father sang of his happiness to all the world around. How glad the little family! How secure they felt! One morning, as the lady looked out for her dainty friends, she saw only a few stray feathers mixed with bits of earth and straw. A cat had destroyed the nest and its inmates. How kind it would have been in the watcher who knew that ruin must surely come, if, as the bird had tried to build, she had put forth her hand and destroyed every vestige of the nest; then the discouraged birds would have built on higher grounds. We often wonder why our heavenly Father allows some hope to be so rudely crushed; some dream to know such sad awakenings.—Sel.