

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. XIII. (New Series.)

WOODSTOCK, N. B. SEPTEMBER 30, 1908.

(Semi-Monthly.)

NO. 42.

Ashamed of Christ's Words.

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There are some utterances of Christ which produce a mental tremor whenever I read them. One of these is this: "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed when he cometh in his own glory, and the glory of his Father, and of the holy angels." Jesus identifies himself with his message because he is the Truth. Cut his words, and he bleeds. It is not enough to eulogize him. We must honor his doctrines, which every one fails to do who does not so believe them as to influence his life and transform his character. The preacher is ashamed of Christ's words when he either neglects them in his sermons entirely, or puts them so far in the background as to render them ineffective.

The doctrine of retribution was emphasized by Jesus; the word "Gehenna" was often on his lips. He says more about hell as a place of punishment than all the other preachers, teachers, prophets, and apostles put together. The decline of this doctrine in the evangelical pulpit is an unfavorable sign of the times. Few of the present generation have heard a sermon on the Day of Judgment, except possibly from the lips of an audacious evangelist. It is the tendency of refined culture to ignore retribution, regarding it as suitable only for the degraded and criminal classes. They regard fear of punishment as not adapted to produce a genuine and permanent type of piety. In so doing they impeach the model Preacher, and degrade the scholarly Hebrews whom he addressed, the high-toned Pharisees, and the liberalistic Sadducees, pouring out against them within the walls of the Temple his heaviest broadside of woes. These erudite men needed to hear the thunders of Mt. Sinai to awaken them to repentance.

Another class of words uttered by Christ of which we are prone to be ashamed, comprises those which have been soiled by association with errors. He often spoke of his coming again to raise the dead and to judge the world. This doctrine has been brought into ill repute by those who have set the time of his second advent, as did William Miller, whom I heard in 1843 prove to his own satisfaction and to that of many other students of prophecy that the world would end in that year. Another reason for the present silence on this topic is its association with the establishment of a visible kingdom with the King enthroned in Jerusalem on a material throne with hundreds of eminent saints as viceroys, such as the great Persian emperor had who ruled the world through his 127 satraps from India to Ethiopia. This materializing of Christ's spiritual reign over the heart of the individual is so offensive as to waken a disgust which effects the second advent itself unfavorably. Even the law of God has been so often spoken of as impracticable, its high claims being beyond the power of man to meet, that it has fallen into neglect in our pulpits, even when mediated by the Son of God and presented as the law of love. This is not wholly due to the Antinomians, or law opposers, for there is in the atmosphere even of the evangelical church a sudden chill when the preacher points to Mt. Sinai, smoking,

quaking, and thundering beneath the presence of the Divine Lawgiver—a chill which produces an aversion to the schoolmaster whom God has ordained to lead men to Christ. To be ashamed of the Law is next to being ashamed of the Lawgiver.

The wrath of God is also liable to fall into neglect because it is an unpalatable theme. Whether the preacher shuns it through shame, or fear of man, the culpability is the same and the penalty also: "Of him will the Son of Man be ashamed when he cometh in his glory." The Law is mentioned about three hundred times in the Bible, the universal Fatherhood not once. Fatherhood is not a scriptural term. God is spoken of as the Father of individual believers only in the New Testament. The "fear of God" is an unusual phrase in these days.

A full-orbed God is what men need his benevolence, holiness, justice and truth pouring their light and heat upon the sinful heart to purify it. A fragmentary God, whether the fragment be love or fear, produces no saints. To do this Sinai must be portrayed first, and then Calvary, in the same sermon. Said Wesley to one of his preachers: "Is it not most pleasing to me, as well as to you, to be always preaching of the love of God? Without doubt so it is. But yet it would be utterly wrong and unscriptural to preach of nothing else. Let the law always prepare for the gospel." We are not commissioned to preach what we like, but what God likes.

There is another set of terms of which we are in danger of being ashamed because they have been bestowed by fanatics. One of these is "perfection." This precious New Testament word has been terribly defiled by a sect of self-styled American Perfectionists teaching a community of property and of wives, every man becoming brother and husband of every woman, and every woman the sister and wife of every man, in their organization at Oneida. Will Christ for this reason excuse us for abandoning the use of a term which connotes a heart filled to the brim with love shed abroad by the Holy Spirit? No, we ought to rescue this pearl of great price from these deluded professors of allegiance to Christ captured by Satan and led about at his will.

The term "holiness," and "sanctification" many preachers avoid because their association with schism and come-out-ism, and here and there an ill balanced and censorious professor of this grace. Will the Judge of all in the last day justify this treatment of his words? What, then, shall we do? Ascertain the meaning of all these unpopular terms, and bravely use them in teaching the doctrines they contain, whether men will hear or forbear.—Zion's Herald.

Liquor Arithmetic.

"Boy at the head of the class, what are we paying for liquor as a nation?"
"\$900,000,000 annually."
"Step to the blackboard, my boy. First, take a rule and measure this silver dollar. How thick is it?"
"Nearly an eighth of an inch."
"Well, sir, how many of them can you put in an inch?"
"Between eight and nine."
"Give the benefit of the doubt; call it nine. How many inches would it require to pile these \$900,000,000 in?"

"1 000,000,000."
"How many feet would that be?"
"8,333,333 feet."
"How many rods is that?"
"505,050 rods."
"How many miles is that?"
"1,578 miles."
"Miles of what?"
"1,578 miles of silver dollars, laid down, packed closely together, our national liquor bill would make. This is for one year."

Boys, if you need facts about this temperance question, nail that to a post and read it occasionally. It would take ten men with shovels to throw away money as fast as we are wasting it for grog.—Christian Observer.

The Awkward One-Eyed Preacher.

It was at one of those wonderful gatherings, an association meeting, held at Velinole, in Wales, in the immediate neighborhood of Llanely. A great concourse of people were assembled in the open air. There was some hitch in the arrangements. Two great men were expected, but still some one was wanted to break the ice, to prepare the way. On so short a notice, notwithstanding the abundant preaching power, no one was found willing to take the vacant place.

Christmas Evans was there, walking about the edge of the crowd—a tall, bony, haggard young man, uncouth and ill-dressed. The master of ceremonies for the occasion, the pastor of the district, was in an agony of perplexity to find his man, one who, if not equal to the mightiest, would yet be sufficient for the occasion. In his despair he went to our old friend, Timothy Thomas; but he, declining for himself, said abruptly: "Why not ask that one-eyed lad from the north? I hear that he preaches quite wonderfully." So the pastor went to him. He instantly consented. Many who were there afterwards expressed the surprise they felt at the conversation going on between the pastor and the odd-looking youth. "Surely," they said, "he can never ask that absurdity to preach!" They felt that an egregious mistake was being committed; and some went away to refresh themselves and others to rest beneath the hedges around, until the great men should come; and others who stayed comforted themselves with the assurance that "the one-eyed lad" would have the good sense to be very short.

But, for the young preacher, while he was musing the fire was burning; he was now, for the first time, to front one of those grand association audiences, and to be the preacher of an occasion which through all his life after was to be his constant work. Henceforth there was to be, perhaps, not an associated meeting of his denomination of which he would not be the most attractive preacher, but the most longed-for and brilliant star.

He took a grand text: "And you, that were sometimes alienated and enemies in your minds by wicked words, yet now hath he reconciled in the body of his flesh, through death, to present you holy and unblamable and unreprouvable in his sight." Old men used to describe afterwards how he justified their first fears by his stiff, awkward movements; but the organ was, in those first movements, building, and soon it began to play. He showed himself a master of the instrument of speech. Closer and closer the audience began to gather near him. They got up and came in from the hedges; the crowd grew more and

more dense with eager listeners; the sermon became alive with dramatic representation; the throng of preachers present confessed that they were dazzled with the brilliancy of the language and the imagery falling from the lips of this altogether unknown and unexpected prophet.

Presently, beneath some appalling stroke of words, numbers started to their feet, and in the pauses, if pauses were permitted in the paragraph, the question went, "Who is this? Whom have we here?" His words went rocking to and fro; he had caught the "hwy!" he had also caught the people in it; he went swelling along at full sail. The people began to cry, "Goog-naid!" "Bendigedig!" "Glory!" "Blessed!"

The excitement was at its highest, when, amidst the weeping and rejoicing of the mighty multitude the preacher came to an end. Drawn together from all parts of Wales to the meeting, when they went their separate ways home they carried the memory of the "one-eyed lad" with them. Christmas Evans was, from that moment, one of the most famous preachers in the principality.—Paxton Hood in the Common People.

The Name In Gold Letters.

Not long ago, at a meeting in the east of London for the purpose of promoting the better observance of the Lord's Day, the Rev. William Tyler related the following remarkable instance which had come under his own notice, of the Sabbath day holy:

Some years ago, in one of the streets of Spitalfields, notorious for its open doors on the Lord's day, a young man with whom he was acquainted opened a cheese monger's shop. Mr. Tyler called on the new shopkeeper, on his first day of opening, to wish him success. In the course of a short conversation, Mr. Tyler said:

"Now, my friend, what about Sunday? I hope you do not intend to open your shop on the Lord's day."

The reply was, "You see, sir, all the people about here open on Sunday. I fear I shall be obliged to do the same."

"That is no reason why you should do so," rejoined the minister. "Don't let them be guides for you. Give me a pen and a large piece of paper, and I will show you what to do."

Upon his request being complied with, Mr. Tyler immediately wrote in clear, bold letters the following notice:

"This shop will not be open on Sunday."

"Now," said Mr. Tyler, "take my advice; put that up in a conspicuous place. Hoist your colours at the outset. God will not let you suffer for doing your duty."

At this moment the wife came in and seconded the appeal; upon which the shopkeeper took a hammer and a nail and stuck the announcement in a butter cask behind the counter near the window, so that it could be read by all who entered the shop.

About seven years after, Mr. Tyler was passing by this tradesman's shop, when he noticed the proprietor's name was being placed upon the front of shop in gold letters.

The shopkeeper presently appeared and said, "I have to thank you for that. I am the first member of my family whose name has ever appeared in gold letters! Nearly every tradesman who was in business in this street

when I commenced, and who opened on Sabbaths, has failed, while I have prospered."

Time passed on, but it only brought with it greater prosperity, and when Mr. Tyler last heard of the tradesman in whose welfare he had taken an interest, he found that God had so far blessed his industry and conscientiousness that he was enabled to retire upon a comfortable competency to a country residence; thus verifying again the promise, "Them that honor me I will honor." For although no man ought to be religious for the sake of what he can get out of it, it is also true that "godliness is profitable unto all things having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."—British Workman.

If I Were a Young Preacher.

I would remain at one of our schools until I was ready to preach, if it took half my life.

I would not think my school days ended until I had finished my course, in the theological department.

I would make elocution one of the important studies of my course, so I could express well what I knew in preaching.

I would hear the best evangelistic preachers preach I could possibly hear if it cost time and money to do so.

I would look after my health, so that I could work hard for my church and live long while I was doing it.

I would learn to do personal work for souls, if I had to be crucified to attain my purpose.

I would study to draw young men to my ministry, and would think my ministry a failure if I did not accomplish my end.

I would make myself a house-to-house pastor of my people, or know the reason why.

I would read the great up-to-date books written by good, sound-minded and true-hearted men about Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

I would seek, find and experience all that was in Christ Jesus for my poor soul.

I would hold my own revivals assisted by the members of my church, and tell God plainly that if he could not use me in my church in saving souls it may be he could use me in the lay department of the church.

I would appear among my people as their friend and helper, and they should see in me a man who is a preacher with a brother's heart for them.

I would make the Sunday-school work a study, and seek to know how to save the children.

I would cultivate a brotherly spirit toward my brethren in the ministry so they would be kind and helpful to me.

If an evangelist did help me at any time in my revival work, I would treat him as a man sent of God, and use him as such.

I would study the papers of my church, so I could canvass for subscribers intelligently among my people.

I would be diligent in my study spiritual in my pastorate, sensible in my official meetings, enthusiastic in my pulpit, never using notes or manuscript of any kind. I would fill myself full of my subject, and drive it home to the people; keep cheerful, sing, much, live happy, do all the good I could for all the people I could, impressing everybody I was a man sent of God.—Northwestern Christian Advocate.