

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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Not A Word.

STEPHEN MERRITT.

Not railing for railing, not a word. How much is lost by a word! Be still; keep quiet; if they smite on one cheek, turn the other also. Never retort. Hush—Not a word. Never mind your reputation nor character—they are in His hands, and you mar them by trying to retain them.

Do not strive, nor try, nor cry. Open not your mouth. Silence. A word will grieve, disturb, frighten away the gentle dove. Hush—not a word! Are you misunderstood? Never mind! Will it hurt your influence and weaken your power for good? Leave it to Him. His to take care and charge. Are you wronged, and your good name tarnished? All right. Be it yours to be meek and lowly, simple and gentle—not a word. Let Him keep you in perfect peace; stay your mind on Him; trust in Him. Hush! Be quiet before the world and rest in Him. Not a word of argument, debate or controversy. Mind your own business, be still.

Never judge nor condemn, never arraign nor censure. Not a word! Never an unclean or an unkind expression. Never a doubt or a fear. Never a disparaging remark of another. As you would others should do to the world, so do ye.

Pause! Be still! Selah! Not a word, emphatically; not even a look, that will mar the sweet serenity of soul. Get still. Know God. Keep silent before Him. Stillness is better than noise.

Not a word of murmuring nor complaining in supplication; not a word of nagging nor persuading. Let language be simple, gentle, quiet; you utter not a word, but give Him opportunity to speak. Harken to hear His voice.

This is the way to honor and to know Him. Not a word—Not the last word! Listen to obey. Words make trouble. Be still. This is the voice of the Spirit. Take no thought for to-morrow; worry not about home, church or business cares. Cast all on Him, and not a word. We think so hard, pray so hard, and trust so hard, that we become unrestful and disquieted and noisy, and thus drive Him away.

Restlessness, fret and worry make the place of His abiding unpleasant, and He leaves. Not a word to anyone of your worries, nor of desire to know what to do. Take it not out of His hands. He is to keep in perfect peace; but do not go to another for wisdom or direction.

Not a word. I had a severe trial, long continued. I rode with a dear brother in the cars, and I opened to him my heart, and poured out my weighty burdens in his ears; I took his earnest advice to my heart. His voice was not the mind of the Spirit, and when I returned to my seat in the car, this Spirit gently said to me, "So you went to him? You could not trust Me?" It broke my heart. I apologized, was forgiven, restored and determined never to take my case out of His hands again, and to take as my motto for my spiritual life: Not a word.

Cease, beloved, from yourself; from your own things and works. Let the Holy Ghost have play. Get still from restless activity, and give Him a chance to speak and to do.

Not a word. Witness in love.

Just a word for Jesus. "Ye are My witnesses." But that is all.

Surrender self to Him. Let your conquered spirit keep quiet. Let your lips be closed, your tongue be tied, your voice be hushed, your look be love. Let Him control, and a sound of gentle stillness will permeate your being, spreading the sweet aroma of peace and delight upon all around. And while your heart is hushed and your mouth closed—in the sweet, small voice, like the dew of the morning, the gentle light of sunshine, or the sweet breeze of eventide, you will be quickly blessed, by hearing Him in the hush of His presence and the joy of His delight, and you will be so glad that you uttered—not a word!—As a Witness.

Boston

At a meeting of ministers in Boston, a brother who has been one of the greatest optimists told a sad tale. He said that in conversation with a very intelligent policeman a sad state of things was made known. This instrument of law and order said: "If the morals of this city degenerate during the next ten years as they have in the past, the police force will be utterly unable to cope with the situation." When asked if these law-breakers were not foreigners, the reply came quick and sharp: "There is not a family within my beat that is not American born, and it is their children that are going to the bow wows." "Where are their mothers?" asked our ministerial friend. "In the afternoon at card parties, in the evening at the theater or at the dance, and in the morning sleeping off the dissipation so as to be ready for another tussle with the world, the flesh and the devil." What a comment upon the simplicity and piety of by gone days! What brutal ingratitude for this free country, for the honor it bestows upon womanhood, for the wealth it yields to industry, for the benedictions that come to it through "the one Mediator between God and man—the man Christ Jesus." There will be a day of reckoning for this sowing of tares, thistles and thorns.—Ex.

No Gain for Holiness Either Way.

On two sides holiness loses and gains nothing. First, on the side where men wish on certain occasions to be counted as holiness men, but at the same time reserve the right to ridicule holiness people and scoff at those who dare to differ from them, and in every way convenient cater to the world, the flesh, and the devil. Such men are no gain to the cause even though they do some times get themselves counted as holiness men. Second, the men who distort the doctrine of holiness and pervert it and abuse it by their unwise zeal and attachment of non-essentials to it are no held to the cause. Softness is a very great evil and so also is harshness. Compromise is a deadly danger and abounds, but extreme radicalism also does much to injure the cause. There is no gain for holiness in either extreme. The professor of holiness who is in no essential way different from the world is a standing reproach to the cause, and the professor of holiness who is morose and ugly and bitter and hateful and full of spite and envy and who is soured and out of fellowship with good men and angels and the Lord Himself never helps the real cause at all.—Wesleyan Methodist.

The Divine Message.

Have you ever toyed with the key of a telegraph instrument while the circuit was closed? If so, you have noted this fact. Every condition of expert operating may be fulfilled, but so long as the electric circuit is closed, all your efforts are simply sounding brass and clattering platinum. Not a single spark of electric life do you transmit; not a single message of good or ill, of bane or blessing is conveyed to the waiting listener at the other end of the line. Why? Because the battery is not working. And all your working is effort without result, activity without power. But now you open the little brass lever which connects your key to the battery hidden beneath the table. Immediately every letter you form thrills with life, every word you write flashes a living message into the mind and heart of the far away receiver. Through your work, dead and mechanical in itself, the electric battery is now pouring forth its vital stream, flooding with life and power every deft motion of your flying fingers.

The lesson is plain. It is in spiritual telegraphy as a material. If the battery is not working the message is mere clatter. We may do, but if God is not doing through us, then all our doing is naught. Prayer connects you with the divine battery of life and power. Prayer put you "In the Spirit," and "it is the Spirit that quickeneth." From the chamber of prayer you come forth to men with the unction, the subtle power, the thrill of God's own life upon you, and as you touch them in speech, deed or prayer, "virtue goes forth from you," for then it is not you but God that worketh in you. As you keep asking, God keeps doing. As you keep asking, God keeps doing. When you grow prayerless your deeds grow powerless.—Ex.

How To Get It.

The price of entire sanctification is a complete, actual, deep consecration of all to Jesus for all time and eternity. The consecration must be as deep as in the consecration of an angel in heaven. It must be real and actual. A consecration that brings the blessing is vastly more than a dream, a vague idea or a worked-up feeling. It is the actual presentation of the "body a living sacrifice."

The poet has expressed the sentiments of a seeking soul thus:

"Before Thy cross my soul I cast,
And dare to leave it there."

A perfect consecration and unwavering faith in Jesus' blood will always bring the cleansing and the power. There are three unmistakable proofs, providing all three are taken, which will show any person his position in regard to the possession of the blessing. 1. An entire consecration. 2. A clean heart. 3. The indwelling of the Holy Spirit. Unless a time can be looked back to when an entire consecration was made, subsequent to conversion, it is proof that sanctification is not yet enjoyed.

Let the consecration be (or seem to be) what it may, as long as there is the slightest manifestation of inward sin left in the heart, it (the heart) is yet un sanctified. Again, no soul can be certain of the blessing, until there is the indwelling and abiding of the Holy Ghost. With these three tests answering "yes" to the soul a person read the title clear to mansions in the

city of the blood-washed.

The impelling power in the sanctified heart is love. A heart full of love will take the irony from prayers and speeches, will smooth the corners from many a cutting remark and give sweetness to the disposition that nothing will mar. Blessed is the man who is sanctified.

Yes, happy is he who has said:
"I bring myself to Thee, dear Lord,
I bring my all to Thee;
I wish it were more, but all my store
I bring just now to Thee."

"Thou wilt, I feel, Thy promise seal
And give Thyself to me."
—Wesleyan Methodist.

A Quaker's Temperance Lecture.

Several persons, among them a Quaker, were crossing the Allegheny mountains in a stage.

A lively discussion arose over the subject of temperance and the liquor business and those engaged in it.

One of the company remained silent. After enduring it as long as he could he said:

"Gentleman, I want you to understand that I am a liquor dealer. I keep a public house of—; but I would have you know that I have a license and keep a decent house.

"I don't keep loafers and loungers about my place, and when a man has enough he can get no more at my bar. I sell to decent people and do a respectable business."

He thought he had put a quietus on the subject, and that no answer could be given. Not so. The Quaker said:

"Friend, that is the damnable part of the business. If thee would sell to drunkards and loafers, thee would help to kill off the race, and society would be rid of them.

"But thee takes the young, the poor, the innocent and the unsuspecting, making drunkards and loafers of them.

"When their character and money are all gone, thee kicks them out and turns them over to other shops to finish off and thee ensnares others and sends them on the same road to ruin."
—Sel.

An Incident.

Sitting back of me in a train the other day were a mother and her boy. The conductor had punched the mother's ticket; and, as a ticket had not been provided for the lad, the conductor, looking at the boy, politely said: "Is your boy under five, madam?" "Yes," was the prompt reply.

The conductor moved on, and then I heard the youngster say, "Why, mamma I am past six."

Instantly, with frowning face and a countenance blazing with wrath, the mother said: "Don't you ever contradict me again. I know what I am saying. If the conductor had heard you say that he would have made me pay half-fare for you. Don't you ever say a again on the train that you are past six. If you do, I'll whip you when we get home."

The boy was still thoughtful for a moment. Then I heard him say: "But mamma, I am past six." A slap followed; the child cried; the mother look like a tempest; and I fairly boiled with indignation.

It was just an incident on a railroad train, yet possibly one that will be more harmful to a boy morally than an ordinary railroad accident might have been to him physically. One such experience in a boy's life may

mar his whole career. Then think of the mother's personal sins. She lied to the conductor; she lied to her own boy; she cheated the railroad; she abused her child. And all that to save one dollar and twenty-five cents, the price of a half-fare ticket from New York to Philadelphia. May God pity the boy and forgive the mother.—J. Willis Baer, in Central Christian Advocate.

The Smile of Carnality.

Some one has thought that carnality never smiles but always scowls or frowns and says ugly hateful things, but carnality can smile and say sweet and pretty things and is far more dangerous while doing this than when scolding and acting ugly. We were sitting in a church some time ago when two unconverted women entered and sat in front of us. A devout, consecrated, consistent, and sacrificing woman filled with the Holy Ghost praised God, not boisterously, not with any demonstration more than to utter a soft, soul-thrilling praise to God, whereupon these women smiled at each other directing their eyes over towards this saintly woman. This is not at all unusual but we pondered it and felt moved to warn our readers that God never smiles back to the smiles of carnality. Worldlings may deride saints here but they will not do so in the world where prayer is lost in praise. We do not mind so very much the carnal smile when it flashes over the face of a sinner, but when it is a member of the church we feel deeply grieved.—Wesleyan Methodist.

Assaults Upon Faith.

Satan is not possessed of foreknowledge but he does know a good deal about what men may become capable of. Sometimes he weakens faith by subtle insinuations and again by sudden and terrible assaults. Watching unto prayer is God's method for sending us deliverance. The subtle insinuations can have no penetrating force while we are watching unto prayer, and the assault is withstood by the same spirit. Satan may glide along by our side like a vile snake, or he may roar at us like a terrible lion but as long as our life is hid with Christ in God he cannot touch us, nor alarm us. We saw some time ago a large rattlesnake shut up in a box several sides of which were enclosed with glass. We walked as close to the reptile as we wanted to, inspected him at as close range as was necessary all because we knew he was shut up and could not harm us, but we know very much better that God shuts Satan away from those who are hid with Christ.—Wes. Methodist.

Give me ten thousand pounds, and one reverse of fortune may scatter it all away; but let me have a spiritual hold of this divine assurance, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want," then I am all right, I am set up for life. I cannot break with such stock as this in hand. I never can be a bankrupt, for I hold this security, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want." Do not give me ready money now; give me a cheque book and let me draw what I like. This is what God does with the believer. He does not immediately transfer his inheritance to him, but lets him draw what he needs out of the riches of His fullness in Christ Jesus.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.