

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 Profound Philippic.

The entire literature of temperance has not produced any more overpowering protest than Governor Hanley's speech at that Republican State Convention. As a spontaneous out-pour of impassioned eloquence it will rank with Patrick Henry's challenge and appeals. No school reader or work of elocution or compend of the cause of Prohibition will be complete without that classic. He said:

"Personally, I have seen so much of the evils of the traffic in the last four years, so much of its economic waste, so much of its physical ruin, so much of its mental blight, so much of its tears and heartache, that I have come to regard the business as one that must be held and controlled by strong and effective laws. I bear no malice toward those engaged in the business, but I hate the traffic. I hate its every phase. I hate it for its intolerance, for its arrogance. I hate it for its hypocrisy, for its cant and craft and false pretenses. I hate it for its commercialism, for its greed and avarice. I hate it for its sordid love of gain at any price.

"I hate it for its domination in politics, for its corrupting influence in civic affairs. I hate it for its incessant effort to debase the sufferage of the country, for the cowards it makes of public men. I hate it for its utter disregard of law, for its ruthless trampling of the solemn compacts of State constitutions.

"I hate it for the load it straps to labor's back, for the palsied hands it gives to toil, for its wounds to genius, for the tragedies of its might-have-beens.

"I hate it for the human wrecks it has caused, for the almshouses it peoples, for the prisons it fills, for the insanity it begets, for the countless graves in potter's fields.

"I hate it for the mental ruin it imposes upon its victims, for its spiritual blight, for its moral degradation, for the crimes it has committed, for the homes it has destroyed, for the hearts it has broken.

"I hate it for the malice it has planted in the hearts of men, for its poison, for its bitterness, for the dead sea fruit, with which it starves their souls.

"I hate it for the grief it causes womanhood—the scalding tears, the hopes deferred, the strangled aspirations, its burdens of want and care; for its heartless cruelty to the aged, the infirm and the helpless; for the shadow it throws upon the lives of children; for its monstrous injustice to blameless little ones.

"I hate it as virtue hates vice, as truth hates error, as righteousness hates sin, as justice hates wrong, as liberty hates tyranny, as freedom hates oppression.

"I hate it as Abraham Lincoln hated slavery. And as he sometimes saw in prophetic vision the end of slavery and the coming of the time when the sun should shine and the rain should fall upon no slave in all the Republic, so I sometimes seem to see the end of this unholy traffic, the coming of the time when, if it does not wholly cease to be, it shall find no safe habitation anywhere beneath Old Glory's stainless stars."

Who would have thought that any prominent politician was capable of such a fiery and defiant indictment of the rum power. Pass it along and let it arouse and animate the com-

mon people until they sweep the fiendish traffic at a stroke from the nation and the world.

C. W. Sherman.

Editor of the Vanguard.

The Hidden Fountain.

One summer day, a traveler strolling for rest and pleasure near the mouth of the Columbia river, where there was a large rise and fall of the tide, came at low tide, upon a splendid spring of pure, fresh water, clear as crystal, gushing up from the rocks that two hours before had formed the river's bed. Twice a day the salt tide rises above the beautiful fountain and covers it over; but there it is, down deep under the salt tide, and when the tide has spent its force and gone back again to the ocean's depths it sends out its pure waters fresh and clear as before. So if the human heart be really a fountain of love to Christ it will send out its streams of fresh, sweet water even into the salt tides of politics or business. And the man who carries such a fountain into the day's worry and struggle will come out again at night, when the world's tide has spent its force, with clean hands, sweet spirit, and conscience void of offence toward God and man.

"Whoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

H. L. Hastings.

What is Giving?

REV. S. E. QUIMBY.

Giving, what is giving, proceeds from a warm heart. Real giving reacts upon the heart and enriches its religious emotions. There is no warming of the heart in raising funds by entertainments, charity balls, whist parties, or other indirect means, however innocent they may be regarded. No blessing accompanying the schemes, nor does any enrichment of the soul result to the participant.

All worthy giving springs from love. Love forgets self. Love counts not the cost. Love sacrifices, yet is not conscious of the sacrifice.

Love for Jesus begets love for who belong to Jesus, and produces compassionate, tender affection for all who need Jesus. Real giving brings us into touch with the Master. In indirect methods there is no vital union with him. And if there be no vital union with him there is no vital helpfulness to those who need him. He gives best who with his substance gives himself.

How meager our gifts look to us when we think of them as placed directly into Jesus' hands! How utterly unworthy our best seems! How inadequate appears anything that we can offer to him! All self-congratulatory spirit vanishes and we humbly wonder how he can accept anything from our hands.

We who tithe have need to be careful lest we become formal, mechanical and ritualistic in our tithing. Tithing is the least that we can do. But is tithing giving? Do we actually give until we exceed the tithe and also bring thank offerings from hearts overflowing with love?

Mary's rich anointing represented the full value of the possible accumulation of years of toil, yet she forgets its cost in the abundance of her love.

Derry, N. H.

—Christian Standard.

A Man In The Pulpit.

Give us a man in the pulpit free from the love of money, and free from the fear of man.

No man is fit to preach Christ's message to his fellowmen, who cringes before ecclesiastics, or fawns before the rich.

The times in which we live demand a terrific gospel, from a ministry of spotless character, fearless souls and loving hearts.

We need in our pulpits to-day men so full of faith and the Holy Ghost that they will be a terror to men who do not fear God, who hate His government, and violate His commandments.

The tame, goody-goody preacher, who jokes and mingles in a hap hazard, familiar way with wicked men, may get their familiar slap on his shoulder, but he will not be able to stir their hearts with fear of God, and break them with sorrow for their sins.

Bad as the world is, there are multitudes of people now living who love a devout, brave minister of the gospel, who has strong convictions, clear ideas and who does not hesitate to express them in plain, unequivocal language, without bitterness on the one hand, or apology on the other.—Rev. H. C. Morrison, Pentecostal Herald.

Hurling The Harpoon.

A sailor who had just returned from a whaling voyage was taken by a friend to hear an eloquent preacher.

When they came out of church the friend said:

"Jack, wasn't that a fine sermon?"

"Yas, it was ship shape; the water lines were graceful; the masts raked just high enough; the sails and rigging were alright, but I didn't see any harpoons. When a vessel goes on a whaling voyage the main thing is to get the whales. But they don't come to you because you have a fine ship. You must go after them and harpoon them. Now, it seems to me that a preacher is a whaleman. He is sent, not to interest or amuse the fish by sailing among them, but to catch them. Jesus said to his disciples 'I will make you fishers of men.' Now how many sermons like that do you think it would take to convict a sinner and make him cry out, 'What must I do to be saved?'"

The friend said: "But, Jack, people nowadays don't like to be harpooned. They like to listen to such expositions. Surely it is a grand thing to attract such an audience to hear the Gospel."

"To hear about the Gospel, you mean? I don't object to the doctor's exposition (and illustration. As I said before, they were all ship shape. But the trouble was when he sailed to the fishing ground and the whales had all gracefully come to the surface, instead of manning the boats and striking for a haul, he made a polite bow and appeared to say; 'I am very glad to see so many whales. I must not do anything to hurt or frighten them; hope they will all admire my ship and come again on my next voyage.' Do you think the ship owner would send such a captain to Behring Straits a second time? Read in Acts the report of Peter's first Gospel sermon. He begins with an able exposition of Old Testament prophecies in regard to the incarnation and resurrection of Christ and the outpouring of the Spirit, and then

when he had gained the attention of the crowd, he charged home upon them with the words of 'Jesus, whom ye have crucified.' That was hurling a harpoon."—Sel.

From "A More Excellent Way."

When each girl had given her pledge for what she thought she could give, Alice opened her Bible and began to read at the last verse of the twelfth chapter of first Corinthians.

"But covet earnestly the best gifts, and yet show I unto you a more excellent way.

"1. Though I work with the earnestness of men and of angels, and have not the spirit of giving, I am become as sounding brass or tinkling cymbal.

"2. And though I have the gift of music and understand all church socials all entertainments, and though I have all elocution so that I could move audiences, and have not the spirit of giving, I am nothing.

"3rd. And though I bestow all my talents to help the heathen and all my services for the raising of money, and have not the spirit of giving, it profiteth me nothing.

4th. Giving extendeth far and is kind, giving wearie not, vaunted not itself, and is not puffed up.

5th. Doth not behave itself unwisely, seeketh not her own, is not easily discouraged thinketh no selfishness.

6th. Rejoiceth not in stinginess, but rejoiceth in self-denial.

7th. Giving never faileth, but whether there be socials, they shall fail; whether there be tableaux, they shall cease; whether there be entertainments, they shall be done away.

8th. And now abideth working, soliciting, giving—these three—but the greatest of these is giving."—Ex.

The Blotting Out of Peter's Sin.

"As I was practicing getting a focus, with the camera, from my window, I had just got it arranged to take in a part of the next door neighbor's garden—a beautiful spot, with a trellis loaded with grapes in the center of the picture.

"While I had my head under the cloth at the back of the camera, I saw two figures come into that part of the garden and begin tearing down grapes from the trellis.

"I knew the family next door was out of town, and I quickly concluded that the figures were thieves, who were stealing the grapes; and if I could catch a photograph of them, I could identify them.

"So, without stopping to give another look at them, I quickly popped in a plate-holder, and in a wink I had 'em! And not a moment too soon, either; for they heard the slight noise I made with the camera, and ran away before I could get a good look at them. However, I felt sure I had a good picture of them; but before I developed it the white light got to it and blotted out the whole thing.

"Now, do you know, that little incident made clearer to me something in the Bible that used to be very hard for me to understand, so I think I will tell you about it.

"It seems to me an unforgiven sin in one's heart is just like the picture on the sensitized plate in the camera; it may not be apparent, but it is there, and unless we let the white light of Christ's forgiving love shine into our sinful hearts, and, as the Bible says, 'blot out our transgressions,' then that mysterious change which we call death, and which it seems to me, might be compared to that developing process you have watched to day, will develop and make 'fixed' to all eternity the sin in our hearts.

"You remember the verse, 'Every work

shall be made manifest; for the day shall declare it.' So that is the little sermon I get from the blurred plate, which I call 'a sin blotted out.'—Ellen Quincy Vane in the Sunday School Times.

Want to go Home.

I want to go home, I want to,
And enter the holy place,
Where the pure in heart forever
Shall behold the dear Saviour's face.

CHORUS.

I want to go home, I want to,
The King in His beauty to see,
And bask in the sunshine of glory,
Through all eternity.

I want to go home, O, I want to,
The journey will not be long;
Lord give me the real, true patience
Till I sing the Conquerer's song.

I want to go home, Oh, I want to,
To see the Sanctified Host
And the dear ones gone before us,
But the Saviour's face the most.

While I want to go home, how can I
Forget my dear children's love;
O, Jesus, my crucified Saviour
Prepare them for mansions above.

S. L. CHURCHILL.

February 12th, 1907.

By the kindness of his son, Mr. F. E. Churchill of Butte, Montana, we have a number of poems written by our late brother, S. L. Churchill. We printed the first in the issue of June 15th and will continue to print one in each issue, they will be worth preserving. This one was written shortly before his death, probably the last he wrote.—Ed.

It is sweet to have your friend, if only for one day. You will really have him always after that. For two persons to love each other at all, actually, deeply, worthily, is to have their lives knit together into one, indissoluble, two souls blended in one, inseparable. Death will not tear them apart. It is blessed to love, though we stay together but the briefest while. A baby comes and looks into the young mother's eyes, and in an hour is gone. Was that brief stay in vain? No; the mother always has a baby after that. The love for that sweet life will never die in her heart. She will always have on her soul the impression made by that short stay. Then in the eternal years she will have the beautiful life as her own, in love, fellowship, and joy.—J. R. Miller.

A Fatal Disease.

"A merchant learned that a favorite clerk had won a prize in a lottery. He called him up to the desk and discharged him, with the following remarks: 'I have been in business forty-three years, and have yet to see the first man who gambled and remained absolutely honest. Twenty years ago I would have tried to core you. I am too old now to take on new worries. Remember that I told you that the gambling habit, was a disease fatal to honesty and almost incurable.' The young man secured another position, from which he was discharged inside of two years for stealing."—Sel.

"Salvation differs from other things. The more you try to keep it to yourself, the less you have of it; while the more you try to keep it to yourself, the less you have of it; while the more of it you give away, the larger and larger becomes your own supply."

A hypocrite neither is what he seems, nor seems what he is. He is hated by the world for seeming a Christian, and by God for not being one. On earth he is the picture of a saint, but in eternity the paint shall all be washed off, and he shall appear at the judgment in his own colors and deformity.

Thus with divine accuracy did even the types foretell the two-fold provision for the Christian life, cleansing by the blood and hallowing by the oil—justification in Christ, sanctification in the Spirit.—A. J. Gordon. (Baptist.)