

The King's Highway.

And an Highway shall there be, 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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The Philosophy of Being on Time.

What pastor has not made a study of the "on time" question. Some people will, some will not some do, some do not come on time. What is the reason? Can the philosophy of promptness and hardiness be shown? Observations can be made, facts can be faced, and by process of induction principles and controlling conduct can be established.

Now for the observations and facts. The pastor is on time at the regular church services. It may be a case like that of the man delayed in going to his own hanging who calmed himself with the recollection that the event could not take place without him. The pastor simply must be on time. Yet this same pastoral paragon of promptness is often late to the young people's meeting and other church appointments. The Sunday-school superintendent will be on hand for the opening of the Sunday-school. Yet an "evil have I seen under the sun." This same superintendent comes late, frequently late, sometimes shamefully late, to the church services. The chorister is on hand always before the time for the voluntary. "Old Faithful" is he. But this same chorister has come late to prayer-meeting more times than he has arrived on time.

The president of the ladies' aid society is concerned about being on time and beginning on time. Next week the woman's mission circle meets. The president of the ladies' aid society is there, to be sure, but fifteen to twenty-five minutes late. The president of the mission circle is on hand and anxious about these who are tardy, yet last week this same prompt woman walked complacently into a meeting of the aid society twenty minutes late. These are observations from life. These facts are observable on every church field.

The philosophy of being on time is a simple philosophy. It is this: "I will be on time at my own meeting." Where there is personal interest, keen and alive, and where there is personal responsibility, real and acknowledged, there will be "on-time-ness." This is my service; and I have a personal interest in it and acknowledge a personal responsibility to it; I must be on hand, and that on time.

Why, then, are people late? Because they lack that personal interest and have not that personal responsibility. Tardiness is a tell-tale. Yes, and promptness is, too. One or the other is telling on us—telling out about us.

Principles underlie conduct. But chance people do not come late to church nor by chance do they come on time. There is a philosophy of being on time.—Philetus H. McDowell.

All Obey the Command

A bishop once asked a returned missionary, "How many missionaries have you now on your station?" "Three thousand," was the reply. "I did not ask you how many converts you had," said the bishop, "but how many missionaries." "I quite understood your lordship, and again I can reply three thousand, for all our converts are missionaries.—Selected.

Five minutes in hell will change the theological ideas of a whole lot of people.

One has no right to do as they please, unless they please to do right.

Good News From The Liquor War

The German ruler announces himself as having ceased drinking and henceforth a teetotaler. More, he issues his orders that there will be no liquors, including beer, at dinners on state occasions. He has provided a harmless effervescent drink to take the place of beer.

Hard on Germany's reputation for beer drinking! Lucy Haynes' spirit seems to be marching on in Germany.

President Elliot, of Harvard, has recently announced himself as having ceased drinking, and in strong terms denounces all moderate drinking.

Mississippi, dry state, has passed a stringent law prohibiting the sale of any drink containing the least degree of alcohol. This knocks out so called temperance (?) drinks, "near beer," and plays havoc with some soda fountain drinks. It takes a long time to filter truth into the brain and conscience of the mass; by and by they will believe that alcohol is rottenness. Neither food nor medicine, but death.

Kansas prohibits all sales of liquor in drug stores for any purpose. That is Sahara dryness sure.

The late Brewers' Convention at Atlantic City was much like a funeral. Its president confesses and deplores the falling off of millions of barrels of beer. Awful! He proposes a system of education for the people on the healthfulness (?) of malt drinks, as against distilled, and a severe reform of the business, by cutting out dives and lawless saloons. Of course "prohibition don't prohibit." The liquorites will have to invent a new slogan; that one is worn out.

John G. Wooley once said, "Reform the saloon? Yes, when you can reform hell!"—Church Standard.

Spurgeon on the Theater.

"Are there not many persons who find in the theatre precisely that kind of recreation and rest which is most useful for the discharge of their daily work?"

"It may be," said Mr. Spurgeon "but I don't know any of them. You see, I live in a world apart from all those things, and so do my people. We argue in this way. Granting it is perfectly safe and profitable for myself to go to the theatre, if I go, a great number of those will go to whom it will do positive harm. I will not be responsible for alluring by my example into a temptation, which, but for my self-indulgence, they would entirely escape.

"I will give you an instance of how this works out. When I go to Monaco, the grounds of the gambling hell there are the most beautiful in the world. I never go near them, and why? Not because I think there is any danger of my passing through the gardens to the gambling tables. No! But a friend of mine once related the following incident to me: One day M. Blanc met me and asked me how it was I never entered his grounds. 'Well, you see,' I said, 'I never play, and as I make no returns whatever to you, I hardly feel justified in availing myself of the advantages of your grounds.' 'You make a great mistake,' said M. Blanc. 'If it was not for you and other respectable persons like yourself who come to my grounds I should lose many of my customers who attend my gambling saloons. Do not imagine that because that you do not

play yourself that you do not by your presence in my grounds contribute very materially to my revenue. Numbers of persons who would not have thought of entering my establishment, feel themselves quite safe in following you into my garden; and from thence to the gambling-table the transition is easy.' "After I heard that," continued Mr. Spurgeon, "I never went near the gardens. And the same argument applies to the theater."—Pall Mall Gazette.

No Such Thing As Failure.

"Remember this," says the Lord Bishop of Thetford, "If that bit of work which you have undertaken is for the love of God—and it must be that—and for the glory of God, then it cannot fail. There is no such thing as failure in real Christian work. We may make mistakes, but it cannot, for it is God's work; and it is done for God, when we have done our best. He will take it and make use of it, perhaps so that we can see it; if not, we shall see it in the light of the world to come; He will take us as we are and our work as it is, and in the time to come perhaps make use of our very mistakes and build upon the work which we began in humble faith and quiet hope—the very work we wanted to do, but were too clumsy. There never has been yet a work for Him that failed."—Sel.

For Eternity and For Time.

For what are you living? Are your pursuits bounded by the narrow horizon of earth and limited to the fleeting moments of time? Are you constantly engaged in lining as warmly as possible the nest in which you hope to spend old age and die? Are you perpetually seeking to make the best of this world? I fear that these are the real aims of many professing Christians; and if so, it is simply useless for them to claim kinship with that stream of pilgrims which is constantly pouring through the earth, bound to the city which hath foundations, their home and mother city.—F. B. Meyer.

Speaking of George Fox, William Penn said, "But above all he excelled in prayer. The inwardness and weight of his spirit, the reverence and solemnity of his addresses and behavior, and the fewness and fulness of his words have often struck even strangers with admiration as they used others with consultation. The most awful, living reverend frame I have ever beheld, I must say was his prayer. And truly it was a testimony. He knew and lived nearer to the Lord than other men, for they that know Him most will see most reason to approach Him with reverence and fear.

The Human Touch.

"When did your reformation begin?" a gentleman asked a Christian man who had formerly been a great criminal.

"With my talk with the Earl." (Shoftesbury, noted for his devotion to discharged criminals).

"What did the Earl say?" "It was not so much anything he said, but he took my hand in his and said, 'Jack, you'll be a man yet.' It was the touch of his hand electrified by his soul of love."

There are living in your town, on your street, perhaps, men and women who are in despair. Yes, long ago they

went away from God. Down into the depths they plunged. Now all is lost. Purity is gone. Courage is gone. Faith is gone. Hope flickers but feebly. They could be saved if some one would only show them compassion. Stretch out your hand and rescue them by a touch of love!

A gentleman visiting a glass manufactory saw a man molding clay into the great pots which later were to be used in shaping the glass. Noticing that all the molding was done by hand, he said to the workman:

"Why do you not use a tool to aid you in shaping the clay?"

"There is no tool that can do this kind of work," replied the artisan.

"We have tried a number of tools, but somehow it needs the human touch."—Unknown.

One of the necessary things in surgery is something to benefit the senses and nerves, that the patient may undergo the operation without being conscious of the pain inflicted.

And surgical science has been directed to this end, and although there are many things used for that purpose, they are still trying to discover something better.

In religious thought theologians are endeavouring to discover some anaesthetic to quiet the nerves and dull the senses of the soul, that people may be tided over the period of dissolution, and pass out of this life with their consciences eased, even though it be but by a forlorn hope.

Administering either to a patient will not cure the disease, but the operation undergone, the patients may be restored to their wonted health again.

Neither will these religious anaesthetics cure the disease of sin. But the one to whom it is administered, although it may quiet the nerves during the ordeal of death, will awake with the awful cancer of sin still with them and find themselves on the shores of an endless Hell with no possible remedy for them.

As the ex-president of Harvard College prophesied, that in fifty years this old time religion founded on the Christ of Calvary, with a certainty of punishment for the wicked in the future world, will be a thing of past, so we as much lesser light will venture this prophesy.

Before this century closes, if this old world stands that long, there will be but two classes of religionists in the christian world.

The one will be out and out straight out for God and holiness, and the old time religion, where men will forsake their sins, and in agony and remorse for the life they have lived will cry to God for mercy and pardon.

Thank God this old time religion is gaining ground.

The other class will be the moralists and social liberals, thinkers, now by various names among which we find, Unitarians, Universalists, Christian Scientists etc. etc.

I do not say they will be under but two organized heads, for each (but not all) will be found in every Christian body.

Christians today may oppose holiness, but the day is not far distant, when those who have been made new creatures in Christ Jesus, and have spiritual life, and desire to please God will have to go among holiness people if they would find kindred spirits.

The spiritually minded will be drawn toward the holiness rank, while those

who wish to go hand in hand with the world, and prefer to hold to hold to their old creeds for salvation instead of the bible, and accept new theories that will allow them social privileges, will drift toward the religion of morals and culture.

There will always be those in the future as in the past who cannot be induced to take the modern religious morphine even in small doses.

Praise God there always was, and still is, and always will be a drawing power in the cross of Jesus, and an efficacy in his shed blood. Glory to His name.

A Load of Coal.

The dispatches tell of the death of a little 14-year-old girl who was very poor. At the funeral, six of her girl companions acted as pall-bearers, and while they bore the casket into the church, at the dead little girl's home, a wagon drove up and dumped off a load of coal.

This gift to the poor home was made by those little pallbearers, who had taken a collection among themselves to buy flowers for the funeral but they changed their minds and bought coal for the family. They no doubt thought their little friend might be looking down from somewhere, and if she saw her scanty home lighted up and her little brother and sister made comfortable and warm by this gift of coal, she would come down in some way and get into the hearts of the little givers and make them glad; and that is just what she did do.

For it made those girl companions very happy, happier than faded flowers on a lone grave out in the cold night could possibly make them. Such are really great events, for their very beauty drives off much of the sorrow and disappointment of life.—Ohio State Journal.

Living By The Moment.

S. A. B.

Two years ago last September, God, for Christ's sake, pardoned my sins. I had no great joy, but deep, abiding peace. Not long after, I was convinced, by reading "The Guide" and other works on holiness, that it was my privilege to drink deeper out of the Wells of Salvation. I sought earnestly for the blessing, and I can truly say, "Tears were my meat night and day." I would consecrate myself again and again to the Lord, but failed to believe that He accepted me. I wanted to feel that I was received before I would believe, and then, I also thought, there would be some great act of faith on my part before I could enter into rest.

Thus I continued month after month until I was lost in despair. Then I was advised by a dear friend to trust Jesus to save me from all sin just for one moment at a time, and see if He would not be true to His promise, and give me rest.

Well, I thought I could do nothing else, I had done all that I could, and yet I seemed to get no better. The way described seemed very simple, just trusting moment by moment, but I tried it. It was last October, and, thank God I have been trusting and living by the moment ever since.

O! it is a precious easy way of living, I do cast all my care on Jesus. I can say, by blessed experience, that perfect love casts out all fear.—Guide to Holiness.