

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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How Jim Filled The Meeting.

Robert E. Speer tells this incident of the Southern Appalachian Mountains:

"A friend called my attention to a neighborhood of over 700 people without a church or a Sunday-school. I asked him if there were any Christians. He said: 'No—O, yes. There is one man down there who makes enough profession for a whole township.'

"Looking around, I saw a boy on horseback. I asked, 'Who is that boy?' The man gave me his name, saying: 'He is the meanest boy in all this country.'

"By this time the boy rode up. I reached out my hand and said: 'Hello Jim! Come up here; I want to shake hand with you.' I gave him a good hearty shake, told him I was going to have a meeting at the schoolhouse, and asked him if he knew where I could get a boy to go around and tell the people. He said: 'Will I do?' 'First rate, if you will go.' 'All right; I am the boy you need.'

"We hardly concluded our bargain, before the boy put his hands upon his hips, turned to the old man who had been standing by, and said: 'I might as well commence now. Going to be a meeting at the schoolhouse next Sunday. Bring the old woman and all the kids along.'

"Sunday morning I drove to the schoolhouse a little early. To my surprise it was crowded, and a number of boys stood around the door. I said: 'Boys, I would like to get in.' One of them spoke up, saying: 'So'd we.' 'Let me in, and you can follow me.' 'No, we can't; it's chuck full clear up.' 'Nothing can be done until I get in.' 'You can't get in here.'

"I was obliged to go around and crawl in through the window. There sat my Jim on the front seat. He looked up with a smile, and said: 'Fetched 'em.' After my address we organized a Sunday school. We went to a house near by for dinner. When we were seated, the lady began to laugh. She was thinking about Jim. I asked what about him. 'Well, he rode into our yard, never looked to see if anyone was around, and began to yell; "Goin' to be a meeting down to the school house next Sunday morning at ten o'clock, funniest fellow you ever see in your life will be thar! If you don't come you'll miss the biggest thing ever come to this part of the country!"'—Selected.

Do Our Church Services Pay?

The boy who is turning the grindstone to sharpen the axe, never convinces his aching back that it pays to spend so much on that narrow edge of steel. But the man who swings the axe all day never has a doubt. The boy's momentary pains are not wasted, because they save the man from hours of backache.

Those who bear the burden of church activities sometimes feel like asking, "Does it all pay? Is it worth while to strain so to keep up a church in this community?" Yes, the harder it is, the better it pays. No labor is so likely to be thrown away as that which costs us little. No one gets so little return out of church as those who put little into it. Mr. Rockefeller, in his report talks in his son's Sabbath-school class, reminds his hearers that the church is like a stock company in which each one draws dividends in

proportion to the number of shares in which he invests.

That is very true. But apart from this reflex action, which in that physiological realm gives the man who walks rapidly, or exerts himself generously, a genial glow that niggardly or torpid action never brings, it pays to keep up our church services, even when it goes hard with a few to do so, because the church is preparing a new generation of Christians and Christian workers—sharpening axes.

"Why don't you abandon that suburban street car line?" a gentleman asked of the president of a railway company. "It pays you nothing and is a strain on your system."

"We don't shut it down," replied the president "for two reasons: because our charter calls for hourly service on that line, and because we are developing that section of the city until by and by, it will give us traffic that will pay." The church must be as careful to respect the conditions of its charter: "Be not weary in well doing." "Occupy until I come." And the church must look as keenly to the next generation as the business corporation.—Dr. John F. Cowan.

A Better Training.

It is worthy of careful consideration that no minister who has been ten years in the active service and who has attained to a decent success is ever heard to deplore or depreciate such training as he was able to secure before he entered the work and afterwards. The only persons among ministers we ever hear running down education are the dead failures who have been crowded down and out because they were failures, and among laymen the people who of all people on earth are the best competent to express an opinion on this subject those who have no training of any kind. If the world's encroachments upon the Church are to be resisted better trained men must be found; if fanaticism of all kinds is to be kept out, ministers must be found who do not take the door to their minds off its hinges and throw it away and thus every avenue open to the entrance of all the bats and birds and insects the evil one may send along. If the deep and mighty truths we are commissioned to proclaim are to be heralded to a dying perishing world we must have men who know the truth. If the opposition to holiness is to be met and overcome we must have men who know holiness and cannot be deceived. A part of the qualifications for doing all of this work is the clearest possible teaching of God's Word and all that will shed light upon it.—Wesleyan Methodist.

He Leadeth Me.

I have found in my career that when we have been brought almost to a standstill by difficulty it means that very soon we are going to make a great leap forward, and I follow the secret of it, I think. Difficulties bring us to our knees, and when we are in that attitude God leads us forward, the difficulties are either removed or we are upborne and carried past them. After we have come through the fire and the water we generally come out into a wealthy place. Anything that brings us nearer to God must be good. I have seen flood and fire distress us; but when I have seen how they bring us nearer to God, I can afford to see

some churches in flames if it makes hearts burn brighter. We can rebuild the material edifice, and in the sacrifice to be made to do it the soul is built up likewise. So we having to face difficulties, face them with this conviction, that God would lead us through them, and make us more fit as instruments in fulfilling the purposes of his dear love. You remember that when the apostles entered the cloud they feared. I have entered many a cloud with fear; but the cloud was lighted up because Jesus was near, and it passed away and Jesus was dearer than ever and His face more glorious. But we must get up into the mountain, and it is hard climbing, but it leads us into purer air and finds us more vigorous.—Bishop of Caledonia.

The Evil of Fretting.

Fretting ourselves because of evils doers will very likely soon lead us into doing evil ourselves; yea, when the fretting commences the evil commences, and we are fretting not very distant relatives of those whom we are fretting about. Notwithstanding it is forbidden in God's word, and we are warned against its evil, how prevalent it is even among professing Christians. It surely leaves its deadly mark upon every one who is guilty of it, for it is a joy-snapper and a peace destroyer. It unfits its victim for any good in the world, and surely no sensible person would desire them as a social companion. A "fretter" is a pessimist of the deepest dye, and knows not the victories of faith, nor the joy of trusting God. If fretting would only stop the evil-doer doing evil, there might be use for him; but the evil-doer goes on unmoved by the fretting. Oh, the anguish of having to live with one of this class! My brother, my sister, what kind of a time are those having who eat at the same table with you?—Nazarene Messenger.

Sanctification.

If we might speak in order of time we would say that the first thing that the baptism with Holy Ghost does is to cleanse the heart. This is the primal work. I will sprinkle clean water upon you and ye shall be clean. The gift of the Holy Ghost is first of all purifying. Peter affirms in the Acts 15:8, 9 that this gift bestowed upon the apostles and on the household of Cornelius was in both cases cleansing in its effects. The cleansing is not antecedent but coincident with the indwelling of the Holy Ghost as its source. We are the more particular to note this for we find some writing and speaking as if the sanctification of the Spirit and the filling of the Holy Ghost were different things, in effect making the indwelling of the Spirit a third blessing, whereas cleansing, like renewing and empowering, is a result of a personal in coming of the Holy Ghost to the soul believer. He Himself is the clean water that cleanses. He is the refining fire that sanctifies the whole.—Dr. S. A. Keen.

"Could we with ink the ocean fill,
And were the sky a parchment made;
Were every stick on earth a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade;
To write the love of God above,
Would drain the ocean dry;
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky."

—Sel.

The Eternity Of Hell.

The very work "Hell" should startle every sinner that hears it and arouse every believer that thinks about it. Clear, definite, awful is the Bible teaching in reference to it as an eternal fact. Every sinner stands on a trap-door to the eternal pit the bolts of which may be shot back at any time and he be dropped into it with a wail that would be lost in the "weeping and wailing" that eternally goes on there. Spurgeon has said:

"In hell that is no hope. They have not even the hope of dying—the hope of being annihilated. They are forever—forever—forever lost! On every chain in hell there is written 'forever.' In the fires there blazes out word 'forever.' Up above their heads they read the word 'forever.' Their eyes are galled, their hearts are pained with the thought that it is 'forever.' Oh! if I could tell you tonight that hell would one day be burned out, and that those who were lost might be saved, there would be jubilee in hell at the very thought of it. But it cannot be—it is 'forever' they are cast into outer darkness."

O, my unsaved friend, who may read these lines, quick to your knees, and plead with God for forgiveness, and so escape this awful eternity.—Nazarene Messenger.

A Holy Life Possible.

The end of all the grand manifestations of God's love and power is just this—to make men like unto Himself. What is all revelation for? Not that men should know about God, or feel devout emotions toward Him. Would a holy and a just God call His creatures to do the impossible? "Like as he which calleth you is holy."—is a high standard, but is not a visionary one. A dew drop is rounded by the same law which shapes the planet. The nature of light is the same, whether we see it in the candle or in the sun. The moral standard in which God can find pleasure is the same whether prescribed for himself or for His creature man; He cannot look upon sin with the least degree of leniency. In the commonest things, in the petty affairs of life we can bring mighty principles to bear. The only way to make life great is to apply great principles to small duties. It is impossible to live right anywhere. Religion is not a thing of times or places. Jesus must have known all about the corruption of the great cities of his time, Alexandria, Corinth, Antioch, Rome. Never was it easier to do wrong than in those intoxicating cities, the civilization that surrounded the Mediterranean. Still He expected men and women to go into all these seductions and be firm Christians, that is, to live holy lives. And more, He expected them to make disciples there. Christ evidently believed a man's or woman's holiness of life should not be a creature of circumstances. His grace working in them was to conquer circumstances.—F. A. B.—Sel.

How Old Major Preached a Sermon.

A cold northeast storm swept against the kitchen window and Mr. Leeds, who was in the act of shaving, paused long enough to inspect the elements critically, then returned to his former task.

"Terrible bad weather, this," he said. "It would hardly be merciful to take old Major out this morning.

I calculate we would better stay home from service to-day."

Mrs. Leeds stopped in her preparations and looked at her husband. "We ain't never been in the habit of staying at home from church on account of the weather, father," she said. "It don't hardly seem the proper thing to do, but it's for you to say. I don't wish to question you authority."

John came in the kitchen, banging the door after him.

"It's getting worse every minute, father, he said. "We shall need plenty of blankets. Old Major is rough shod. I don't think it will hurt him."

"We'll spent the day at home, John it hardly seems fair to take Major out in such weather. A righteous man considers the life of his beast, is Scriptural doctrine, I believe."

"I suppose the doctor and Mrs. De Yoe will be there," said Mrs. Leeds mildly, as she seated herself by the window with open Bible in hand.

"Well, yes," said Mr. Leeds, regretfully, "and I calculate that is about as far as the numbers go to-day. Grandfather Strouble may be there, but he has only to step out of his back door into the side entrance of the church. It is too bad, but it seems the proper thing to do."

So Mr. Leeds seated himself with the last number of the Christian Intelligencer and John sat pouring over the Youth's Evangelist until the clock struck twelve when Mrs. Leeds rose to make preparations for dinner.

"I'll run out and feed Major," said John; "it ain't storming quite so hard as it was."

"Give him plenty of oats. You know he always has extra on Sunday," said Mr. Leeds, folding the Intelligencer as he spoke.

"Father," cried John, as he came bounding into the kitchen, forgetting to close the door in his excitement, "Old Major has slipped his halter and I can not find him anywhere."

"Here he comes," said Mrs. Leeds, "trotting along down the road as sedately as you please. I do believe he has been to church after all."

Sure enough, just as Dr. and Mrs. DeYoe were entering the churchyard, struggling between them to hold up an umbrella, old Major walked up the church drive, paused a moment at the church-porch, then—sought the shed where he had been sheltered every Sunday morning for eleven years. "I never heard a sermon which touched me to the quick like that preached by old Major," said Mr. Leeds in recounting the incident later.

Mrs. Leeds was busy at the kitchen sink, but she looked over her shoulder in the direction of Mr. Leeds and smiled. "We ain't going to mind the weather next time, are we father?" she said.—Selected.

A father and mother who were going to send their son as an apprentice to a place that was right in the midst of temptation, called a few friends together to have prayer-meeting on his behalf. One after another engaged in prayer asking the Lord to bless the boy and keep him in the hour of temptation, and one of them in closing prayed, "O Lord, after having put their son's head in the lion's mouth, we have come to ask Thee not to let him bite it off." How many are there like these foolish parents who go right into sin and expect the Lord to keep them.—Gospel Banner.