

# The King's Highway.

Andian 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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## Wesley on Dress.

If you could be as humble as when you choose plain apparel (which I flatly deny), yet you could not be as beneficent as plentiful in good works. Every shilling which you save from your own apparel you may expend in clothing the naked and relieving the various necessities of the poor, whom ye have always with you. Therefore every shilling which you needlessly spend on your apparel is, in effect, stolen from God and the poor.

For what end did you buy these ornaments? To please God? No, but to please your own or to gain the admiration and applause of those that were no wiser than yourself. If so, what you put on yourself you are, in effect tearing from the back of the naked; as the costly and delicate food which you eat you are snatching from the mouth of the hungry. For mercy, for pity, for Christ's sake, for the honor of His Gospel, stay your hand! Do not throw this money away. Do not lay out on nothing, yea, worse than nothing, what may clothe your poor, naked, shivering fellow creature!

Many years ago, when I was at Oxford, on a cold winter's day a young maid (one of those we kept at school), called on me. I said, "You seem half starved. Have you nothing to cover you but that thin gown?" "Sir, this is all I have." I put my hand in my pocket, but found no money left, having just paid away all I had. It struck me, will thy Master say, "Well done good and faithful steward! Thou hast adorned thy wall with the money which might have screened this poor creature from the cold." O justice! O mercy! Are not these pictures the blood of the poor maid? See thy expensive apparel in the same light; thy gown, hat, head-dress! Everything about thee which cost more than Christian duty required thee to lay out is the blood of the poor. Oh, be wise for the time to come! Be more merciful, more faithful to God and man, more abundantly adorned (like men and women, professing godliness) with marked good works!

It is staring nonsense to say, "Oh, I can afford this or that!" If you have regard to common sense, let that silly word never come into your mouth. No man living can afford to throw away any part of that food or raiment into the sea which was lodged with him on purpose to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. And it is far worse than waste to spend any part of it in costly apparel. Nor this is no less than to turn wholesome food into deadly poison. It is giving so much money to poison both yourself and others, as far as your example spreads, with pride, vanity, anger, lust, love of the world, and a thousand foolish and hurtful desires which tend to "pierce them through with many sorrows." O God, arise and maintain Thine own cause! Let not men and devils any longer put out our eyes and lead us blind-fold into the pit of destruction.

"Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." Matt. 1:21.

Men today as in the days of Jesus are unwilling to accept God's plan of salvation. They parley over the why's and wherefore's and fritter away their precious lives, while every

day brings them nearer and nearer to the great day of accounts.

Oh! sinner, backslider do you not see where you are standing? You are far from God and on the road to endless death and despair, unless you turn from your sins and toward God.

The holy spirit is striving with you, and pleading, lovingly, endearingly. Oh! Oh! child come home, come home, and yet you go on resisting his entreaties, and doing despite to God's will, and treading upon the precious blood that was shed for you. Driving the nails still harder into the hands and feet of the blessed son of God, and pressing the thorny crown still closer on the already suffering brow.

Will you not heed the call; "turn ye, turn ye for why will you die?"

Yes, I see you are turning, the message has reached your heart, and you see where you are standing. What is the picture that presents itself to you. There hanging on the cruel tree on yonder hilltop is the blessed Jesus you see the thorn crowned brow, the spear pierced side.

Those hands, which, when here in the flesh, ministered to the needs of loved ones, now pierced by the cruel nails his head bowed in death.

Why all this suffering? That atonement might be made for your sins and mine. 'Twas sin that slew the blessed Lord, and you, brother sinner, are dead in trespasses and in sin, and no hope but in Jesus.

But, say you, I cannot see where the hope comes in if Jesus is dead. Where's the virtue in a dead man.

But see, look once more at the picture, the scene is changing. I see the form of an angel in white. What is that beside him? Why, it looks like an open tomb. Yes, and there are others there. What is it they are saying? They are asking where Jesus is who was placed in the tomb. They are told by the angel: "He is not here He is risen," and, "because He lives we shall live also," and, "He ever liveth to make intercession for us."

Well if that be the case and salvation is assured, what have I to fear.

But brother, you have not seen all the picture. Look with me again. What is there between you and that scene? Do you not see that awful gulf separating you from that beautiful scene? And as we look into that rock walled gorge are those awful words in letters of fire, Lost! Lost! Lost!!!

We put our hands over our face to hide the scene, but we cannot blot it out, Lost! Lost!

But look brother, do not despair. There is something more.

What is it I see? There is something building on the farther side; yes, and from this side too.

What is it? What is it?

Let us draw nearer. It is taking shape. A bridge? Like the construction of a Cantelievier bridge. Yes it bears completion. And what else is it that I see? Looks like letters printed in the roadway. What are they? I can scarce make out. Looks like F. Yes that is F. then A. F—A. And here is a letter on this side, H. F—A—H. What can that be.

But see, other letters are forming. The bridge is most complete. Yes the two parts meet at last. The work is completed.

But the letters, F—A—I—T—H, faith. Faith in the all atoning

blood of a crucified but risen Lord. Is not the light dawning upon your beclouded vision? Do you not see the day breaking over the hilltops of your soul.

This is all for your brother. The atonement complete. Your salvation is assured, if you but forsake your sinful ways and steps out on this bridge of faith. Your past sins will roll from your back into that bottomless gorge, where they will be seen no more.

And on the other side the blessed saviour stands with open arms to receive you. Will you not now accept the terms of the Gospel. Simple faith in God to save, through the meritorious sacrifice of His blessed Son. Launch out on the boundless ocean of God's love and find a complete and perfect rest in the haven of his mercies.

S. B. CHARLTON.

Fort Fairfield, Me., Dec. 25, 1908.

## The Deputy's Tear.

For twenty years I was the chaplain of a state penitentiary. Many hard cases came before my eyes, but none harder than that of "Billy," as he was called. Years passed away. One day I was waiting in a railway station, when a spry and cheerful-looking man came in, satchel in hand, moving with the gait that bespeaks absolute

confidence and resolution. He was dressed in a blue suit, and a new carpet; and carrying home carrying his shoulder. He did not look about the lamp—

"Why, up there?"

This was a euphemism which the convict hid the past. An impressive gesture, gave emphasis to his words. His face and story came fresh to my mind, and I asked him what had wrought the change. He said that he had married, was in successful business, and better than all, a happy Christian. When questioned further, he said: "You remember the deputy, how I used to trouble him? Well, I acted so bad one time that he said he must lock me up in solitary confinement. He marched me off to the dark cell. As he walked along he said, 'Billy, I hate to lock you up there.' It seemed but a casual remark, and had little effect on me. As he unlocked the cell he repeated it still more earnestly, 'I hate to lock you in here, for I believe there is yet a man in you!' As I turned to look at him a tear coursed down the deputy's cheek, that told the depth of his feeling. It touched my soul. All night long I paced the floor of that narrow cell; saw, as it were, shapes of darkness about me, and heard still ringing in my ear, 'I believe there is yet a man in you.' When the morning broke, it found me on my knees praying, 'O God, if there be a man in me, help me to bring it out!' God heard that prayer, and set me free from sin."

Thus was Billy brought to himself and to his Saviour. The deputy had spoken just the right word, in the right way, and at the right time. But the silent influence of that tear of yearning sympathy, of Christlike love for the lost, won a heart that had long been steeled against everything good. He went forth weeping, but came again rejoicing, for he had "saved a soul from death and hid a multitude of sins."—"B." in the Saviour's guard.

## A Wife's Temper.

In a church I was working in, in Manchester, I frequently received requests for prayer for the conversion of husband, children, and friends from one woman. She was a Christian, but she had one besetting sin, which handicapped her. She used to bring request after request, "Please pray for my husband."

Well, we got him along, and when we got him nearly in, that woman would upset the whole thing. What do you think it was? It was her temper; and when she did let go—whew!—everybody in the house knew; and her husband used to say, "Well, Mary, if that is religion, I don't want it."

She knew she was wrong, and she was sorry afterwards, and would ask his forgiveness. He did forgive her, but, all the same, it hindered him.

One day I made up my mind that when she brought another request, I would talk with her and be very honest with her. She did come, and I told her that the fault was hers, and that she must overcome her temper—that the Lord could give her grace to enable her to curb her temper. She took the matter to the Lord and committed it to Him, and He gave her the victory.

The time for spring cleaning came around, and she trusted the Lord. She had a new lamp hung up and a new carpet; and carrying home carrying his shoulder. He did not look about the lamp—

"Never mind, husband! It is all right; we can get another lamp." And he looked up and said:

"Mary, what's the matter?"

"O, my dear," she said, "I have trusted Jesus to cure me of temper."

"Well," said John, "if He has cured you, come right down and pray for me, for that's what I want. If there's enough in religion to cure your temper, I want the same religion."

John was converted that day,—Gypsy Smith.

## Pierce's Poems.

After repeated requests from many of God's dear people, for several years, the Associate Editor of BEULAH CHRISTIAN, Rev. D. Rand Pierce, has at last decided to collect the cream of his poetical writings, covering a period of more than twenty years, and publish them in a tasty, cloth-bound volume some time during 1909. Probably August or September.

The first will be an "Author's Edition," containing a portrait of the author and other illustrations, and will be sold by him personally for at least one dollar per copy. It is the author's desire to receive at an early date the names of those who wish a copy, as he needs to secure several hundred advance orders before the date of publication. Orders are already reaching him. Drop him a card to Fitchburg, Mass. if you wish to be enrolled. The books are not to be paid for until delivery.

## Steward's Advice to the Passengers.

A worker, speaking at a Christian institute said: "When I was once going from Scotland to America, and we had got to the south of Ireland, a number of the passengers, myself among them, were very seasick; and as we sat looking at the great waves rising and falling, we became worse and worse, until the steward came along and shut the door, bidding us look the other way. We did so, and as our eyes had no longer the sea before them, we gradually recovered. I thought—that is just the way with many of us. We keep looking at our waves of trouble, and the more we fret about them, the worse we become; whereas, if we had simply looked away from them to Jesus we should have got on much more smoothly. If Christians would just let the Lord keep their troubles, they would find him a greater Savior and Keeper than they have any idea of."—Selected.

## God Answers Prayer.

Jehovah, the loving God, distinctly promises to answer the prayers of his children. He that gave parents a love for their children, will he not listen to the cries of his own sons and daughters? He has wonders in store for them. What they never heard of never saw or dreamed of, he will do for them. He will invent new blessings, if needful. He will ransack sea and land to feed them; he will send every angel out of heaven to succor them, if their distress requires it. He will astound them with his grace, and make them feel that it was never before done in this fashion. All he asks of them is that they call upon him.—Spurgeon.

## A Plea for Purity.

Albert Barnes the commentator wrote the following plea for purity: Are angels my attendants? Then I should walk worthy of my companionship. Am I so soon to go and dwell with angels? Then I should be pure. Are these feet so soon to tread the courts of Heaven? Is this tongue soon to unite with heavenly beings praising God? Are these eyes of mine so soon to look on the throne of eternal glory; and on the ascended Redeemer? Then these feet, and eyes and lips, should be pure and holy, and I should be dead to the world and live for Heaven.

Money is being hoarded for future imaginary benevolence, which ungodly relatives will get hold of, and God's cause be defrauded, because the owner has not wisdom to use it. It is amazing how few professors of holiness there are that use money for God, and when dead, the world, the flesh or the devil, carry off the spoils. This is rank fanaticism for present stinginess to be dreaming of future benevolence. The same waste applies to one's mind, or influence, or gifts, refusing to use the present opportunity, planning for a shadow.—Living Words.

If you doubt the existence of depravity, notice the bitterness with which some people oppose the kind of holiness preaching that calls for destruction of depravity.—Ex.

Divine love is a sacred flower which in its early bud is happiness, and in its full bloom is heaven.—Hervey.