

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.

VOL. XX. (New Series.)

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SEPTEMBER 30, 1909.

(Semi-Monthly.)

NO 20.

How To Stem Apostasy.

Let preachers sincerely and profoundly believe the Bible to be the Word of God and the only infallible rule of faith and practice.

Let them study it constantly before all other writings.

Let them preach it fearlessly, condemning popular sins and warning sinners of Hell, whatever opposition or loss they may incur.

Let them live holy lives and pray effectually for Power from on High.

Let all church members be alike faithful, studious, prayerful and holy.

Let all together keep out yokes with unbelievers in secret lodges, worldly clubs and trumpery societies.

Let them keep out of the "Amusement Heresy and Cooking Stove Apostasy."

Let them furnish no useless monks for the cloister nor monkies for the playhouse.

Let them present an uncompromising contrast in the world and not conformity.

Let them not try to win worldlings by being a little worldly.

Let them stay at home when their pastor advises a secular, sensational or unscriptural theme.

Finally let all christians make a business of wise and persistent personal evangelism. Do this and we shall not long have "a passionless church and an indifferent world."

O, Church of Christ, redeemed by precious blood.

Break this alliance, glorify your God! Forsake the Christless world that lures to ill;

Thou mayest be blest and prove a blessing still.

Away with ease and dalance and play,

The Great Commission now in haste obey;

In holiness and zeal thou canst excel, and save the perishing from sin and hell.

Gird on thy robes with purity impearled,

And keep thyself unspotted from the world.

Humbled in dust and ashes, sin no more;

Repent while Christ stands knocking at the door.

O, let thy heart be true to him alone, For how the Heavenly Bridegroom cometh soon!

—Sel.

A Covenant-Keeping God

Not long since I asked a mother who had been left a widow when her three boys were small, how she managed to raise such fine sons without a father to help her. She replied:

"My husband died when Alex was ten years old and Tom three. Just before his death through the breaking of a bank, we had lost all we had saved, and I now I must support the family by teaching, although in very frail health. I am ashamed to say that while I had carefully taught my boys the Scriptures from their very babyhood, I had never prayed aloud with them. I left this for their father to do at family worship. I just felt that I could never summon courage to pray aloud. Nevertheless, the night after the dear one was laid to rest, I called the boys around me and said, 'Now, Alex, you are the oldest and must be the head of the family, now that papa is gone. You will have to conduct family worship.'

"He said, 'But, mama, I do not know how to pray aloud.'

"I said, 'Neither do I; but you can read a chapter, and then I will pray the best I can. Tom and George will each make a petition, and then you can close with the Lords Prayer and any petition you can think of.' This program was carried out, and soon we were all able to pray without embarrassment. And such a comfort this precious hour of prayer was to us! At a certain hour every evening we gathered for it, and no matter how much company or what excitement was on hand, nothing was allowed to interfere.

"The boys were required to read the Bible for themselves daily as soon as they could read well in the Second Reader, and the habit went with them to college. I prayed a great deal for them and wrote them very earnest letters. Now two of my boys are ministers and one an officer in the church at the age of twenty-three.

"My success was not due to myself for I was frail and had to work very hard. I was conscious of my insufficiency and just trusted to a covenant-keeping God to bless even my mistakes and then did my very best."

I meditated on what this mother told me and wondered if it was selfishness or ignorance that led so many Christian mothers to neglect that which makes for the temporal and eternal peace of their children. Teach them daily the Scriptures, and to really pray, and this alone will do much to neutralize the power of the tempter. David says, "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee."—Christian Observer.

Learning The Bible

"Mother, I don't see why you have me learn a psalm every month," said Eva Preston; "none of the other girls do, and I can always read them."

Her mother was silent for a few minutes, and then she said gently: "You don't see the use of learning them now, dear but you will when you are a little older." The next day was sabbath. A stranger talked to the Sunday-school. He said: 'I work among the poor children in a big city. I have many friends among the newsboys. One day one of them was run over by a horse and waggon. He was carried to a drugstore near by, to wait for the ambulance to carry him to the hospital. The doctor and I were with him, and a crowd was in the store. The boy was a brave little fellow, but he did suffer terribly. All at once he said, 'If I could hear about my Shepherd I could bear it better.' I knew what he meant, for I had told them about King David's beautiful psalm. I said it now over and over and I wish you could have seen the look in his face as he listened. That little rough newsboy said after me, "And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever." Before the ambulance came he had gone to live with the tender Shepherd forever. I tell you this, dear children, because nowadays so few of us love to learn the Scriptures by heart. We don't think it necessary. But I know it is. I wonder, now, if any child here can repeat the Twenty-third Psalm for me?"

There was a long pause, but no one stirred. Then Eva Preston stood up and repeated it very clearly and correctly.

As she finished, the children—and even her teacher—forgetting the place, softly clapped their hands.

The minister said to Eva, "Thank you, my dear, you have a gift no one can take from you, and which God may some day use to help some lamb to find the Good Shepherd."—Ex.

The Need of Prayer

Our one need in the Church and in the Mission field is the power of the Holy Spirit. Our one hope is a prayer-hearing God. In the faith of this, our one resource is prayer, prayer, prayer. And alas, what a lack there is of the spirit of prayer, of the power of prayer, of delight in prayer. This lack of prayer is the great index of a lack in the spiritual life. To speak to a father, to walk with him, to work for him, is a joy and a delight to the healthy child; it is a burden and an impossibility in the feebleness of disease, however willing the child may be. To the healthy spiritual life, prayer, as intercourse with a loving father, is our joy and strength. The lack of prayer is the proof that our spiritual life and its power to bring forth fruit.

What a call to prayer! Prayer for the churches at home, many of whose members so little realize what the object is for which the Church exists, and the mark of being well-pleasing to God. Prayer for the ministers, who are to rouse and lead the people to rejoice in the glory of the kingdom, and the privilege of laboring and praying for it. Prayer for the missionaries, who depend on our aid and suffer for it when we are unfaithful. Prayer for all our mission work and mission churches, that by the power of the Holy Spirit they may be lifted into the power of a new life, and like the first Christians, be ready to testify everywhere to what Christ has done for them.

May Christ the Great Intercessor, at whose request the Holy Spirit was sent, teach us to pray. Oh! the blessedness of asking the Father in child-like confidence in the name of Jesus. Oh the privilege of being made one of his Privy Council, to whom he entrusts, His plan, and at whose urgent petition He does what he asks. Oh! the blessed certainty of the word: "How much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to those that ask him!"

Deceiving Souls.

Some time last year I preached two sermons from the text, Jeremiah 48:10, "Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully." I cannot recall what I said, nor do I know where the notes of these sermons are; but the subject certainly suggests some serious thoughts and reflections upon the way the work of the Lord or of the church is being done nowadays.

I had a case in point once. At the close of a morning service a young man approached me and asked for his church letter. I put my hand upon his shoulder and looked him square in the face and said, "Do you profess religion?" He looked at me and honestly admitted that he didn't and never had. The fact was, I really did not know he was enrolled as a member of my church, but I believe he had been some years back. I asked him what he wanted his letter for. Well, he didn't propose just then to join my particular church, I told

him if I should give him a letter and he should join some other church by means of it he would be sailing under false colors, as the church receiving him would take it for granted that he was professing religion. He saw the point and had the moral honesty to admit it, and then he made the frank admission that when he joined the church he was never satisfied that he was doing the right thing, as he had never experienced religion, and then he stated that his ultimate reason for asking for his church letter was that he knew he was not living up to the rules of the church and wanted his letter not so much to join another church as to be absolved from obligations which he knew he wasn't keeping.

Now there was something about that young fellow I admired. He knew he had been fooled into joining church when he never had one spark of salvation and he did not want to be known as a church member when he lived the life of the sinner. Oh, that a whole crowd of present day church members may get to feel the same way! The fact is that lots of churches and clergymen are just fooling people and deceiving them by getting them to join church without a fragment of a religious experience, and now that our Methodist Episcopal church has removed the probationary relation we may expect nothing else than that our churches will become filled up with a lot of half-baked professionals. Lord, have pity and spare us! Oh, the calamity of a church designed to spread scriptural holiness, filled up, managed, controlled, financed, run by a carnal, worldly, unsaved membership.

Wesley well describes multitudes in our churches today in the following verses:

Oft did I with the assembly join,
And near thine altar drew,
A form of Godliness was mine,
The power I never knew.

I rested in the outward law,
Nor knew its deep design;
The length and breadth I never saw,
And height of love divine.

Then Wesley gets very severe on the formalistic religion:

O wouldst thou, Lord, reveal their sin,
And turn their joy to grief;
The world, the Christian world, convince
Of damning unbelief.

Christian Standard.

Playing "Fool"

One time an industrious shoemaker fell into the habit of spending much of his time in a saloon near his shop. When his wife would remonstrate with him, he would say, "Oh, I've just been down a little while playing pool." His two-year old boy heard him, and said "Is you going to play fool, papa?" He tried in vain to correct this word. Day by day he would ask his father, "Has you been playing fool?" This made a deep impression on the shoemaker, but his mind was weakened by drink, and he constantly yielded to the temptation. Finally his business was gone, and he found himself out of money, flour and work. Idle and despondent he exclaimed, "No work again today, what am I to do, I do not know!" "Why papa," prattled the baby, "can't you run down and play fool some?" "O hush, you poor child, that is just the trouble. Papa has played the fool too much already." Tampering with intoxicants and all the accompaniments of the saloon is playing fool in earnest.—Sel.

"When a man says, 'Everything is against me,' you may be sure he belongs to one of three classes: the ignorant, the indolent or the self-willed."

The Dirty Rope

Sometime about the year 1870, a goodly congregation assembled in a little church in L—in eastern Pennsylvania. They had gathered from the region round about to listen to an able minister, Isaac P—, who, though devoted to the work of the gospel, was also a man of business, and kept a country store, by which he supplied the varied wants of the surrounding population.

On this occasion, when the congregation had assembled, a sister of the preacher, Mrs. L—, a person of much intelligence, but subject to occasional mental disorder, came into the meeting house, bringing a long dirty rope. Walking down in front of the pulpit where her brother the preacher was, she laid the rope on the table before him, and turning to the congregation, said:

"Friends, this is a very dirty rope, but it is to hang a very dirty man. It is to hang Isaac P—who does not practice as he preaches. He preaches the gospel, but he sells tobacco. Now he has got to stop selling tobacco, or he does not preach here today."

We need not say that this address produced a sensation. The speaker had often expostulated with her brother on the tobacco question, but had never been able to persuade him to abandon the traffic; but this testimony did the work. Isaac P— left the house. He did not preach that day. He was sorely grieved at the publicity of the rebuke; but he stopped selling tobacco; and to the day of his death would not deal in the dirty stuff.

Which is the worse, to sell tobacco or to use it? Are there other ministers who deserve to be hung—just a little—with a dirty rope?—H. L. Hastings.

A Little More Than Half Way.

"I'm ready to go half way," said a girl who had had a little misunderstanding, to slight to be called a quarrel, with one of her dearest friends. "I'm ready to go half way, but that is all." And that is the mistake made by many a well-intentioned girl. Such are so particular not to do more than their share, that sometimes they do a little less. They are watching so carefully for the half-way mark that they lose sight of more important matters. It is a good thing for a girl to be ready to go half way. And it is a better thing when she is ready to go a little more than half way, to do rather more than her share.—Sel.

Ready Beforehand.

"What are you doing now? I never saw such a girl; you are always finding something to do!"

"I'm only going to sew a button on my glove."

"Why, you are not going out are you?"

"Oh, no! I like to get things ready beforehand; that's all."

And this little thing that had been persisted in by Rose Hammond until it had become a fixed habit, saved her more trouble than she herself ever had any idea of; more time, too.

Ready beforehand—try it, boys and girls.—Selected.

All I can say in my solitude is, May heaven's rich blessings come down on every one—America, English, Turk—who will help to heal this open sore of the world.—David Livingstone.