

# 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 CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

Through all the centuries, while there has been a waxing and waning of Christian testimony, God has never left Himself without some witnesses to the experience of full salvation. Like as the living stream, meandering through the desert, can be traced by the perpetual green grass always to be found on its banks, so all through the ages, there have been living witnesses, testifying to the reality of "the days of heaven upon earth." Paul and John, Clement and Eckhart, Suso and Tauler, John of the Cross and Jacob Behmen, Madam Guyon, and Fenelon, Thomas A. Kempis and Marquis De Renty, John Fletcher and Hester Ann Rogers, Bishop McKendree and Phebe Palmer, constitute a perpetual stream of living witnesses who have kept alive the testimony, that the precious "blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin," and "we may serve the Lord without fear in holiness and righteousness before him, all the days of our life." Luke 1:75.

Lovick Pierce in the South and Bishop Hamlin, in the North, gave ringing testimony to the possibility and blessedness of Holiness of heart and life, and they have been followed by a great multitude of witnesses which will be enlarging till Jesus comes. Dr. Asa Mahan, in his book, "Out of Darkness into Light," written in 1874, tells how he entered into this richer experience, and its effect upon his subsequent ministry. He says, "as a means of attaining this end, I read—Eph. 3:14-20. "There then opened upon my mind a direct apprehension, an open vision, as it were, of the infinite and ineffable love and glory of Christ, a love and glory which filled and occupied the entire compass of my being, and warmed, and quickened, and vitalized all the powers and activities of my mental nature. The rock of the heart was struck with the rod of love divine, and from the cleft thus made there issued forth rivers of living water, which have ever since been springing up into everlasting life. As I arose from my knees in my study, I sat still in my chair, to behold the glory of the Lord. The fulness of God seemed to enter in, and possess and occupy my whole inner being. There I sat, wondering with unutterable wonder that this vision of glory—infinite had never opened on my mind before."

In the same year and month that Dr. Mahan wrote the Introduction to his book, the writer of these lines sought and obtained this pearl of greatest price. For three weeks the blessing was sought definitely, with all-absorbing desire. On November 24, 1874, the Comforter came, and cleansed and filled and thrilled my whole being, and for three days and nights the pressure of divine glory was so great, that the physical being could scarcely endure the rapture. The thrilling emotional sensation passed away; but the Comforter with his rest and joy and sweetness abides.

Alfred Cookman says: "The evidence in my case was as direct and indubitable as the witness of sonship. Need I say that sanctification inaugurated a new epoch in my religious life. Some of the characteristics of this higher life were blessed rest in Jesus, a clearer and more abiding experience of purity through the blood of the Lamb. What a conscious union and communion with God! What illumination and joy in the perusal of the blessed Word. What increased unction and power in the pulpit."

Dr. Daniel Steele says: "Suddenly I

became conscious of a mysterious power exerting itself upon my sensibilities. My physical sensations, were like those of electric sparks passing through my bosom with slight, but painless shocks, melting my hard heart into a fiery scream of love. Christ became so unspeakably precious that I instantly dropped all earthly good—reputation, friends, family, everything—in the twinkling of an eye, my soul crying out:

"None but Christ to me be given,  
None but Christ in earth or heaven."  
He stood forth as my Saviour, all radiant in his loveliness; chiefest among ten thousand."

Dr. B. Carradine says: "I was alone in my room in the spirit of prayer, in profound peace and love, and in the full expectancy of faith. When suddenly I felt that the blessing was coming. By some delicate instinct or intuition of soul, I recognized the approach and descent of the Holy Ghost. My faith arose to meet the blessing. In another minute I was literally prostrated by the power of God. I called out again and again: 'O my God! My God and glory to God!' while billows of fire and glory rolled in upon my soul with steady, increasing force. The experience was one of fire. I recognized it all the while as the baptism of fire. I felt that I was being consumed. For several minutes I thought I would certainly die. I knew it was sanctification."

We could fill this paper with testimonies as definite and clear and rich and full, as those already given in this article, but we forbear.

Just at present we are enjoying some of the clearest teaching on Holiness that we have ever heard. We have had Rev. W. H. Huff during the past three weeks pouring forth the truth in all its preciousness and power, and we are now enjoying the feast of the Holiness Union Convention, a full report of which will be given in our next issue.

Thank God for the old paths, the good way, the high way, the way of holiness. Amid the coldness, the apathy, the decline, the criticism, the unbelief, the apostasy, there are still a few thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal, or lowered the standard of holiness one iota. They know they possess the richest thing that heaven can bestow on earth, and they intend to prize and protect and cherish and press it upon others until Jesus comes.—Way Of Faith.

## "SIT STILL—UNTIL,"

Ruth 4:18.)

It is one of the most difficult, as it is one of the most profitable, lessons in the spiritual life to learn to "sit still." Just how to keep our hands off, our tongues quiet, and our minds at rest, regarding the problems that perplex us, the people who vex us, and the circumstances that try us, is a priceless secret of the saintly life.

It is not an attitude of body, but an attitude of mind and spirit, that is suggested by Naomi's motherly advice to Ruth. "Sit still, my daughter, until thou knowest how the matter will fall; for the man will not rest until he hath finished the thing this day."

It is comparatively easy to "sit still" bodily. We may fold our arms and lie back in our easy-chairs with all the semblance of an attitude of "stillness;" but, alas! there is no real "sitting still" if the mind is troubled, the heart harassed, and the spirit grieved. The suggestion is not the place or stillness of bodily idleness. It is the rest of spirit in the midst of

physical and necessary activity.

Perhaps the attitude of "sitting still" is best expressed by the verse of Scripture which has been so often a harbour of refuge and sweetest rest to countless tempest driven souls: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." Isa. 26:31.

Behind the experience of this STILLNESS must ever be the secret of a satisfied life—satisfied with HIM. It is only the satisfied soul that can truly "sit still." The one who can roll the CARE, the CROSS, the CRISIS, over upon the Lord, and be released of IT in the contemplation of HIM into whose keeping it has been committed, is one who is satisfied that "He is able to keep that which has been committed unto Him"—satisfied with Him.

To be SATISFIED, however, presupposes another condition of soul—obedience. It is only obedience to Him that can bring us to the state of satisfaction with Him. There can be no true satisfaction in any life that is not in agreement with, and obedient to, the will of God. When we move in accordance with His word and will, then we are satisfied with Him, and in Him, and can, with confidence, cast all our care upon Him, and SIT STILL!

Thus it was in the case of Ruth. From start to finish, her life story is a record of loving obedience to Naomi and Boaz. With sweet submissiveness, she yielded to their counsel and their care. Through obedience she reaped that satisfaction of spirit which enabled her in trustful patience to SIT STILL.

That boy of yours who is breaking your heart by his thoughtless, careless, sinful life—commit him to HIM. That sore misunderstanding that has arisen to cloud your sky and clog your feet; that ungrateful treatment which is torturing and embittering your life; that loss of earthly possession and the spoiling of your plans—whatever it may be, put it over into His all-powerful hands, and with a mind released from IT, and stayed upon HIM, "sit still . . . until."

"Sit still . . . until"—Until when? "Until you know."

It is our lack of knowledge that largely creates and stimulates our unrest of mind and prevents us from SITTING STILL. If we knew just how it is going on; how it is working out; what the result will be! But we don't know, and it is because we don't know we are beset with the temptations to waste our energies, and weary our brain, and unnerve our bodies by anxiety and needless thoughts. We do not know, we cannot know just how the details of our case may be proceeding, but we do know enough to enable us to SIT STILL concerning it. It is in HIS HANDS, and we know HIM and we are assured of His ability to carry our matter through. So we may sorely leave it there and rest.

It is not idleness to wait on God's working—SIT STILL. Do not hurry Him. Hurry will only hinder Him and you—"sit still until He hath finished the thing."—Sel.

## TITHES OF ALL-I POSSESS.

"Of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee."—Gen. 28:22.

A lady sat in her quiet, beautiful room. In the early morning she had read the words of the Pharisee, "I give tithes of all I possess," and now, in thought, she was reviewing the busy day's work; but all through the crowded hours the words had followed her

persistently, and she found herself continually repeating, "I give tithes of all I possess." Shopping in the crowded stores, poring over the wealth of new books, choosing the exquisite roses for her sick friend and the beautiful picture for her young daughter, sitting in her sunny home with fingers moving swiftly over beautiful fancy work, continually the refrain ran on: "I give tithes of all I possess."

It annoyed her as she had often been annoyed by a strain of a foolish song caught up by the memory and reiterated mechanically.

"It was a miserable old Pharisee who said it," she reflected, "and I don't know why I should be haunted by it. Tithing one's money is much the easier way to keep the peace between conscience and so many conflicting claims. When I've laid aside my tenth I feel perfectly comfortable over the rest of the dollar."

There was silence for a few minutes, and then a little laugh, with the thought: "The Pharisee seems to have been perfectly comfortable about the rest of his dollar, or shekel. I suppose the great trouble with him was feeling too comfortable about his tithes—as if that ended the matter. I never felt so, I am sure. My tithes is a real thank offering, not a tax."

Again the needle sped on its way, but the face above it grew every minute graver and more thoughtful, until at last the hands lay idle in the lap, and the eyes were lifted to gaze slowly about the beautiful room, taking in its charm and harmony and comfort.

"Tithes of all I possess," said the mistress of the home. "I never thought before how much that meant, and what a very small part of my possessions the money was. It would mean a tithes of my time, and my thought, and my ingenuity, and my ability to make things go. I've always said, 'I will give; but I will not be on committees, and take responsibility, and get other people to work.' I've paid my fees, but I would not take time to go to the missionary meetings. I've subscribed for my missionary paper, but never had any interest in reading it. I cannot honestly say as much as the Pharisee did."

"All I possess"—that would mean love, human love, which makes me blessed among women. I am sure I never gave that. I never in my life gave any real love to those women whose lives are empty of it. I haven't taken time to love them. I have just let them be crushed out of my thoughts. I don't know just what good my love could have done them; but it might have done me good, made me more grateful, more generous, more eager to help, and that would have reached to them.

"All I possess" would mean opportunity and influence with others; it would mean the beauty and rest and delight of my home; but how could I tithes that except with those who can be brought in to share it?

"If I had plenty of money I should love to help in every other way, but I have no talent for personal giving. Yet that was the way Christ helped—who loved us, and gave Himself for us—first the love, and then the giving of Himself.

"Perhaps if I had the love, really, truly, in Christ's measure, the giving would be easier. I might even have to give, for Paul says, 'The love of Christ constraineth us.' Well, I'll never say again, 'I give tithes of all I possess.'"

She sighed and took up her needle, but it moved slowly now, and in place of the haunting words, a gentle, per-

suasive voice seemed to whisper "Freely ye have received, freely give." Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another, as Christ also received us." The tears began to fall, and in the quiet, beautiful room David's prayer of thanksgiving ascended again, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."—Sel.

## STERRING BY MOTHER'S LIGHT.

A very beautiful story is related of a boat out at sea carrying in it a father and his little daughter. As they were steering for the shore they were overtaken by a violent storm, which threatened to destroy them. The coast was dangerous. The mother lighted a lamp, and started up the worn stairway to the attic window. "It won't do any good, mother," the son called after her. But the mother went up, put the light in the window, knelt beside it and prayed. One in the storm the daughter saw a glimmer of gold on the water's edge. "Steer for that," the father said. Slowly but steadily, they came toward the light, and at last were anchored in the little sheltered harbor by the cottage.

"Thank God!" cried the mother, as she heard their glad voices and came down the stairway, with a lamp in her hand. "How did you get here?" she said.

"We steered by mother's light," answered the daughter, "although we did not know what it was out there."

"Ah!" thought the boy, a wayward boy, "it is time I was steering by my mother's light." And ere he slept he surrendered himself to God, and asked Him to guide him over life's rough sea. Months went by, and disease smote him. "He can't live long," was the verdict of the doctor; and one stormy night he lay dying. "Do not be afraid of me," he said, as they wept: "I shall make the harbor, for I am steering by mother's light.—Sent of God.

## THE NEXT GENERATION OF PREACHERS.

The next generation of preachers must be magnificently religious. Sin has decked itself in rich and superb costumes. Iniquity is jewelled and haughty. Nothing else can bear down upon the arrogant foe but a truly magnificent Christianity. This means that preachers should be girded and equipped as soldiers of the royal Christ. The pulpit has already made its failure when it has gone into competition with any factory for the production of pious essays, discussions of sociological scheme and even the maintenance of purely theological positions. The object of religion is God as revealed in Jesus Christ, commanding, wooing, warning, loving, saving.—Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus.

Faith is the backbone of the social and foundation of the commercial fabric; remove faith between man and man, and society and commerce fall to pieces. There is not a happy home on earth but stands by faith; our heads are pillowed on it; we sleep at night in its arms with greater security for the safety of our lives, peace, and prosperity than bolts and bars can give.—Guthrie.

"For the Churches in these days to pray, 'Thy Kingdom come,' and then spend more money on jewelry and cigars than in the enterprise of Foreign Mission looks almost like a solemn farce."