

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.

Vol. VIII. (New Series.)

ST. JOHN, N. B., JUNE 15, 1897.

(Semi-Monthly.) No. 22

THE REST OF GOD.

S. H. BOLTON.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."—Heb. 4: 9.
Oh rest in the Lord my beloved,
The battle of faith hath been won;
Just honor the Lord in his message
Into your bought privilege now come.

Oh, rest in the Lord, my beloved,
A rest remains truly for you;
In perfect obedience abiding,
To all his commands be thou true.

Oh, rest in the Lord my beloved,
From labor and self just now cease:
And as you live yielded to Jesus,
Your heart shall know his perfect peace.

Oh rest in the Lord, my beloved,
This rest in the Lord may you know
Surrender your all to the Saviour,
Your peace like a river shall flow.

Oh, rest in the Lord, my beloved,
His vessel with love he will fill;
Oh wait thou in patience before him,
Know nothing but his holy will.

Oh rest in the Lord, my beloved,
No beauty or strength of your own;
Live moment by moment in Jesus,
Your heart it shall be his own throne.

PRAYSE.

BY DR. LEVY.

The Scripture which attracted my attention this morning in my closet, and which thrilled my heart, contained but three words. It is found in Psalm 115—"Praise the Lord." It is a call to praise. The bible is full of such exhortations. It is as though there is much reluctance in the performance of this—shall I call it duty? No, rather to this blissful privilege. Prayer is good, but praise is better. In prayer we ask God to give us something; in praise we give something to God,—"and it is more blessed to give than to receive."

But does anyone ask, What is praise? Praise has been defined as an outward expression of an inward emotion. Praise, however, may exist where there is no outward expression. In Psalm 63, where it is said, "Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion," the literal translation of the Hebrew text would be, "To thee is the silence of praise." And thus we may praise God, when confessing by our rapturous silence that he is above the ability of language to express his glorious praise. And yet a praising heart will seek expression. Emotions of admiration, of gratitude, of love, cannot always be suppressed. If the soul finds obstructions to praise, it will turn to praying—"Open thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy praise." It will challenge also its own powers, and cry, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name."

Praise is native to heaven. It is a flower that has always bloomed in paradise. It is an exotic in this world. The sinner pardoned, praises God for forgiving mercy, for salvation from condemnation and hell. The sanctified believer praises God for what he is, for what he has done, and what he will do through all the ages of eternity. This is the language of his heart.

"O, thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin,
I will praise Thee:
Where shall I thy praise begin!"

"Praise the Lord!" I wonder, brethren whether we are fully awake to the blessedness of praise. Are we really lost in admiration, in adoration, and in praise? How much there is in God to praise! How much in his works, his ways, his dealings with our souls, his wondrous salvation to call forth songs of praise! That he should make us his sons and daughters is a matter of praise. That he should save us from sin, that he should dwell in our hearts by faith, that he should keep us from the evil one, that he should enable us to walk before him without blame,

that he should cheer in times of trial, comfort us when bereaved, heal us when sick carry us in his bosom, and promise us that he will never leave nor forsake us—all, are sufficient to excite every emotion of the soul. And shall this holy tumult find no outlet? God forbid! Let the mouth be their channel; let the tongue—the best member we have—the interpreter of these inward feelings, and let the interpretation thereof be praise.

A PROTEST.

REV. M. D. COLLINS.

"The Holy Ghost heals diseases, all manner of diseases, cancers, tumors, complaints, laziness, lying, consumption, indulgence, lameness and levity."

In the name of sincerity and honesty of interpretation, I wish to enter my protest against such teaching as the above. Sin and sickness are different in their genesis, development and remedy, and are so differently under the Gospel.

"Laziness, lying, indifference and levity," are sins for which the Holy Ghost offers no cure save upon condition of repentance, renunciation and accordant faith.

Now, does the author of the above extract mean to say that we are to be healed of "cancer, tumors, consumption, lameness," by the same process of repentance, renunciation and faith? Such would seem to be his teaching, and such confounding of saving faith and the faith of miraculous healing of the body is misleading and perverting the Scripture. One may have healing gifts and miracle-working faith and not know Jesus by saving faith at all. See Matt. 7:22, 23: "Many shall say unto me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name have cast out devils, and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity." When such teaching as this is put forth under the banner of Bible holiness, I must protest, and while perfect love "suffers long and is kind," it is not blind to perversion of the blessed truth of God's Word.—*Christian Standard.*

SHALL NEVER THIRST.

J. HUDSON TAYLOR IN A RECENT ADDRESS TO STUDENTS.

It may seem a very simple thing to say, but it has been a great revelation to me that shall means *shall*, and never means *never* and thirst means *thirst*. It carries me back to an afternoon in a Chinese city where alone I was reading this chapter, oh, so hungry, so disappointed with my own life, my own service, wishing I could throw it all up, feeling it was hardly honest of me to go on preaching Christ to these poor heathen, while I felt myself not fully saved, while I knew that, if temptation came in certain directions, I should inevitably fall. How could I go on telling the Chinese that Christ was a perfect Savior and could help them at all times, when I knew that there was scarcely a day when I was not betrayed into irritability of temper, or in some other ways that my heart told me were displeasing to God? I knew a good many flood tides, but the ebb tides came too, and the ebb was often greater than the flood. That day the Holy Spirit showed me in a fresh light that shall means "shall," and never means "never," and thirst means "thirst"; and went on to say further, not only "shall never thirst," but "the water that I shall give him shall be in him—shall abide in him, 'be in him, a well,' a spring, springing up, overflowing. How long? 'Unto everlasting life.'"

I just accepted the Master's word, and with a joy that I can never, never tell (and that I can never think of without gratitude as I go back to that time in my study in China in the winter of '69, I

sprang from my chair, Oh, how I did praise God!

"Praise the Lord, my thirsty days are all over! They are behind! They will never come again!" I cried aloud in my joy. I accepted His word that "shall never thirst," meant *shall never thirst*, and I did not expect to be thirsty again.

"Praise the Lord!" I said "there will be no more going over the flower-beds with an empty water-can. No more pumping! no more pumping!" And I do praise God that the experience I have had since has not disappointed me. He keeps His word. "Shall never thirst" means what it says to-day; and twenty thousand years hence it will be as true. And I want you all to take it home to you and go wherever the Lord sends you. It does not matter where it is, "shall never thirst" means "shall never thirst." The woman came to the well with a pot for water, she went away with a well in her bosom, and it overflowed all over the city. That is just what the Lord wants us everywhere to be. Nothing is so easy, nothing so mighty as an overflow. No one can dam a river.

"Out of him that believeth on Me shall flow rivers of living water;" not mere brooks, not a river even, but rivers of living water. Brethren get this overflow, and then seek the arid and dry parts of earth and there let the rivers out!—*Regions Beyond.*

HOLINESS PRAYER LEAGUE.

The *Christian Standard*, the *Christian Witness* and THE KING'S HIGHWAY have joined to keep standing the following call:

Universal Holiness Prayer League.

International—Interdenominational.
We desire to unite all the holiness people everywhere, of every name and nation, individually and collectively, in one accord in mutual intercession.

We would be glad if each of our readers would invite all they can influence, publicly and privately, to join with

THEMSELVES,
and with
OURSELVES,
and with the
NATIONAL HOLINESS ASSOCIATION
in our
NINE O'CLOCK PRAYER LEAGUE SERVICE,
using our
"HOLINESS TEXT BOOK."

Any one can carry the Holiness Text Book, and at home, or on the street, or in the office or shop, can read the text for the day, think over the comment prepared on the text and lift the heart in prayer. If two or more can get together for a brief service so much the better.

At a glance anyone can see that this will unite all the holiness people—and all who will join with them in reading each day the same Scripture text on holiness, in dwelling on the same theme of holy meditation, and in mutual intercession. Can we not belt this world with a Holiness Prayer League? Will you do what you can to bring about a "consumation so devoutly to be wished!"

The unmitigated wickedness of those who would corrupt the young manhood of a nation is only matched by the enormity of the corrupters of the young womanhood of the people. The presence of the liquor traffic in the nation is accomplishing both of these awful evils, and with the consent of not a few who bear outwardly the name of Christ's followers. They are not good citizens much less good christians.—*Sel.*

Licensing the dealer gives him the legal right and the personal power to make drunkards of our sons, and worthless vagabonds of the only material we have for future leaders in the Church and State.—*Standard.*

Holiness is love perfect in quantity.

PENTECOST A CURE FOR COMPROMISE.

SETH C. REES.

The unity that is needed in these times is a combined force of men and women "who love nothing but God, and hate nothing but sin," and who are not only able to resist the artillery of hell, but who are not afraid to bombard the very gates of pitted evil. Hell is filling at an alarming rate, all for the want of an uncompromising, faithful ministry. The spirit of compromise is manifest, we regret to say, in many of our ministers who are in such bondage to men of means, or of supposed superior intelligence, that they dare not preach a full Gospel. They are afraid they will lose their "bread and butter."

We say a great deal about popery and priestcraft, about the American pew being in bondage to the American pulpit; but our immediate danger is that the pulpit is getting in bondage to the pew. Oh, that we might let the Lord strike off every shackle and set us scot-free, that we may preach the Word and declare the whole truth. Before the simple but fiery preaching of the cross of Christ, worldliness, cowardice and compromise will melt away, legions of devils will turn pale and gnash their teeth in impotent rage, and the Church will shine with celestial lustre.

The only possible cure for compromise is Pentecost. Fire from heaven will burn out all fear and make us good soldiers, ready for a dreary march through the desert, heavy work in the trenches, live on scant rations, or anything God may order. If need be the Pentecostal soldier will make a bridge of his dead body, over which his comrades may march to victory. *Ideal Pentecostal Church.*

A minister relates this incident about a sailor. "There came into our meeting, one day a grand looking fellow. I had not asked whether he did business on the water, for the sea breeze had kissed his brow so often that it had left its mark there. I said 'where did you find the Lord?'"

"In a moment he answered, 'Latitude 25, longitude 54,'

"I confess that rather puzzled me. I had heard of people finding Jesus Christ in these galleries and down these aisles, but here was something quite different.

"Latitude 25, longitude 54! What do you mean?"

"He said: 'I was sitting on deck, and out of a bundle of papers before me I pulled one of Spurgeon's sermons. I began to read it. As I read it I saw the truth, and I received Jesus into my heart. I jumped off the coils of rope, saved. I thought if I were on shore I would know where I was saved, and why should I not on the sea? And so I took my latitude and longitude.'"—*Selected.*

A traveller once visiting the lighthouse at Calais said to the keeper, "But what if one of your lights should go out at night?" "Never—impossible!" he cried. "Sir, yonder ships are sailing to all parts of the world. If to-night one of my burners were out in six months I should hear from America, or India, saying that on such a night the lights at Calais lighthouse gave no warning, and some vessel had been wrecked. Ah, sir! sometimes I feel, when I look upon my lights, as if the eyes of the whole world were fixed upon me. Go out! burn dim! Never! impossible!"

With how much dignity can enthusiasm invest the humblest occupation! Yet what a lesson to the Christian! It is no romance which makes the Christian a spiritual lighthouse for the world, with the eyes of the world upon him. Let, then his light be full, and bright, and clear. The moment he neglects it, and leave his lamps untrimmed, some poor soul, struggling amid the waves of temptation, for the lack of it may be dashed upon the rocks of destruction.—*Selected.*

THE CURSE OF DRINK.

(INSCRIBED TO FRANCIS MURPHY.)

I never pass a grog-shop door,
But I think of the spider's web,
And the little fly
Who has got to die
Who is tangled in that web.
And so the man who is in the toils
Of the demon that lurks in rum,
He is like the fly,
And has got to die,
And gives his life for rum.

Woe for the sad ones who await
The drunkard's coming home!
With anxious dread
They await the tread
Of the drunkard reeling home.
He is not a man they turn to meet
He is not their loved, their own,
He has left his sense
Where he left his pence:
He's a demon, and not their own.

My God! there is not an ill like this
That blasts and blots mankind:
No wars that kill,
Nor plague so ill,
So direful to mankind.
No slavery so cruel as this,
No tyranny so dread,
No depth of hate,
No ill of fate
That can be half so dread.

Ah Dear Good Christ, Who died for men,
If one there be who prays
This day that he
From this be free,
Oh, hear him when he prays.
Forget if need be, for the time,
Who prays for aught beside:
But such as these
Who bend their knees—
Pity them, Christ, who died,

Give back the strength that they have
sold,
The purpose and the will
The tender heart,
The better part,
The wisdom and the skill;
The love, the goodness—every charm
That rightly should be known;
Work by Thy will
This miracle,
And be Thy mercy shown.

HIS OWN BUSINESS.

"If a man wants to drink whiskey, that is his business," says the saloon apologist.

Let's see. When Bob Poland and Coon Carter were drinking in Hefin, Ala., last Saturday night, and in their spree ran a car of the Southern Railroad off the switch and out on the main track down the grade, till it stopped on a high trestle it became the Southern Railroad's "business."

And when a loaded freight train came along and rushed into the car, causing a \$100,000 wreck, destroying much valuable merchandise, it became the business of a great many merchants and shippers, as well as the railroad.

And when three dead bodies were dug out from under the wreck, it became the business of some wives and orphans.

And when the tax-payers are called upon to support the families whose natural providers have thus been suddenly taken away, it will become the business of several other people.

One man's drinking often becomes the business of several hundreds or thousands of people, and the man who cannot perceive this fact ought to be sent at once to an institution for the education of the feeble-minded.—*Motive.*

There are not two kinds of love, but two degrees.

There is nothing more empty than a profession of Holiness by those who have no bride on their tongues.—*Selected.*

It is not true that Christian men sin in thought, word and deed every day. The man who sins every day is a sinner and not a Christian. Men must cease to sin to find the converting grace of God.—*Selected.*