

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. XV. (New Series.)

WOODSTOCK, N. B. SEPTEMBER 15, 1904.

(Semi-Monthly.) NO. 22.

GOD'S LOVE.

God's boundless love and arching sky
Above us when we wake or sleep,
Above us when we smile or weep,
Above us when we live or die.
God's reless love! Beside the cot
Of the sick child the mother sleeps.
The Heavenly Father ever keeps
Unweary watch—He slumbers not.
God's patient love—Misunderstood
By hearts that suffer in the night.
Doubted—yet waited till heaven's light
Shall show how all things work for good.
God's mighty love! On Calvary's height
Suffered to save us from our sin,
To bring the heavenly kingdom in,
And fill our lives with joy and light.

—Sel.

ONE LOOK FROM CHRIST.

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In Luke xxii. 62 we read—"Peter went out and wept bitterly." What made Peter cry? Women cry, and children cry, but what made Peter cry? If you read the sixty-first verse you will find out—"Jesus turned and looked upon Peter."

THAT LOOK!

I believe I got that look one night. I was sitting on a whiskey-barrel in a saloon at the corner of 125th Street and Third Avenue. I had been in that place for five weeks, and I had drunk whiskey for twenty-two years. It was the end of an awful spree; everything was gone—my mind, my money, and my friends, and all—and I was wondering how I could get another drink, when in the midst Jesus came. I saw that look. I wasn't looking for Christ at all; I was looking for whiskey and wondering where I could get a drink. I hadn't the courage any more to steal, I was too near lead, and the minute I got that look, I saw my sins, and I supposed I was dying, and I said, "Boys, listen to me. I am dying; I will drink no more whiskey."

NOT REPRESSION, BUT ERADICATION.

[He goes on to tell how he got the police to lock him up that night so that he could not get another drink of whiskey. In the cell he thought he was dying. He thought he would have to fight the dreadful appetite to his dying day. But he heard Jerry Mauley, that wonderful apostle of the cross, declare that Jesus could take that craving out of a man so that he wouldn't want the stuff any more. "Twenty-one years have gone."]

OLD TASTES UPROOTED.

The restoration of my life is that I have never wanted a drop of whiskey since. Oh, you metaphysicians, tell me how it is that I was cured so completely of my longing for drink.

One day I was holding a meeting, and some drunken fellows came, and I said to them, "Jesus can save you from wanting another drop of whiskey."

A young lady, a physician, came to me and said, "You said they would never want another drink; how could you deceive them?" And she said the stomach has a coating and cellular tissue in which alcohol makes great sores and it is impossible to cure a man entirely.

As I was listening I said, "Glory to God!" "She said, 'What are you saying 'Glory to God' for?'"

I said, "I knew God gave me a new heart but I never knew he gave me a new stomach!"

My dear friends, is it any wonder that I want sinners to come to Christ?

PREACHING OF THE PRESENT DAY.

Much of the preaching of the day would have suited Israel in the days of Isaiah when he wrote: "This is a rebellious people, lying children, children that will not hear the law of the Lord: which say to the seers, 'See not; and to the prophets, 'Prophecy not unto us right things, speak unto us smooth things, prophesy deceits.'"

There is a great cry against preaching the "terrors of the law," as they are called. "Smooth things" are much more acceptable, and characterize much of the preaching of the present time. "Preach Christ to us; tell us of His love and sympathy, of the joy of salvation and the glories of heaven: but say nothing about sin, and the certainty of its punishment. This is to appeal to our fears, and we do not want to be scared into heaven."

Appeals to fear are very common in the present life. Fire and life insurances are appeals to fear. On board an Atlantic steamer are found life-preservers, life-boats, and appliances for putting out a fire, and no one thinks them out of place; indeed were they not there, few persons would take passage on a steamer so badly prepared against danger.

The appeals to fear to save from death are all right; no objection is ever made to them. Why not appeal to fear to save from eternal death? "Oh, but we want you to preach Christ to us!" "Well, surely the apostle Paul would be a good example to follow. He writes to the Colossians: 'To whom God would make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles; which is Christ in you, the hope of glory: whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom; that we may present every man perfect in Christ.'"

Surely, there is still need for "warning" the people against the insidious snares of sin. Corruption in politics, the demoralization of the home as it witnessed in the family and the divorce courts, and organized robbery of the nation in high places would seem to call for more of this apostolic "warning" of every man as the best way of "presenting him perfect in Christ," and as the great need of this nation to-day.—New York Observer.

FILIAL FAITH.

On reaching home one evening, tired and somewhat dispirited my little girl brought me her copy book, which she had just completed. It was her first and the young face reddened with a beautiful and honest flush, for she knew as she turned over the pages some little word of praise and cheer would reward her hard attempt. The pages were very neatly written, and I told her what a pleasure it was to see how careful she had been. Presently we came to one on which were two small blots. As she turned the page the little hand was laid upon them, and, looking up into my face with an artlessness that was so beautifully, she said; "Papa, don't see the blots!" Of course I did not see them, but I bent down and kissed the little forehead and was thankful for the lesson I had learned. How precious it would be if, amid all the nameless strifes and discords that so fret and chafe us, we could just lay the finger on the sullied page of human lives, and not "see the blots!" When littlenesses and meannesses and petty

oppositions annoy and vex us, if we could only look away from these to some brighter page! In all our bleared and blotted books there are some "leaves of healing." And when on bended knee we bring the day's poor purposes and poorer performances to the great Father and say, "Forgive us our trespasses," let it be with the soft undertone of the child's filial faith: "Father, do not see the blots."

THE SECRET OF WINNING MEN.

God could not have used Phillip in the city of Samaria if there had not been a putting down of self that made him ready at a moment's notice to be off to the desert.

I watched an old man trout fishing the other day, pulling them out one after another, briskly. "You manage it cleverly, old friend," I said. "I have passed a good many below who don't seem to be doing anything."

The old man lifted himself up and stuck his rod in the ground. "Well, you see, sir, there be three rules for fishing, and 'tis no good trying it if you don't mind them. The first is keep yourself out of sight; and the second is, keep yourself further out of sight; and the third is, keep yourself further out of sight still. Then you'll do it." "Good for catching men, too," I thought, as I went on my way.—Mark Guy Pearse,

THE SECRET.

All attempts to make a missionary spirit predominant or powerful in the Church which do not begin with the individual drawing nearer to Jesus Christ for himself, are as vain and foolish as it is to move on the hands of a clock with your finger instead of increasing the tension of the spring; you will only spoil the works, and as soon as the outward pressure is removed, there will be the cessation of the motion. I have the profoundest distrust of all attempts to work up Christian emotion or Christian conduct in any single direction, apart from the deepening and the increasing of that which is in the foundation of all—a deeper and closer communion with Jesus Christ. It is at Christ's feet that we learn to read our duty. It is there that duty becomes delight; and it is there that obedience becomes possible.—Sel.

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

The price of a Bible, fairly written, with a commentary, was, in the year 1274, from \$150 to \$250, though in 1240, money was so valuable and labor so cheap that two arches of London bridge were built for \$125. In the year 1272, the wages of a laboring man were less than four cents a day, while the price of a Bible at the same period was about \$180. A common laborer in those days must toil on industriously for thirteen long years if he would possess a copy of the Word of God. Now, the earnings of a portion of a day will pay the cost of a beautifully printed copy of the Sacred Oracles. What a contrast! What an illustration of the power of the press!—Book Record.

Zeal is a grand, good, indispensable virtue; but when it is not according to knowledge, when it is ignorant of God's righteousness, it is like steam on the "wild engine," heading for "the misplaced switch."—Sel.

I am sanctified and unified and electrified and happyfied and expect to be glorified bye and bye.—Sel.

COMING SHORT.

Neglect in pressing believers to seek the experience of holiness is one great cause of prevailing spiritual dearth among professed Christians. Carnality blights. "Let us therefore fear, lest, a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it." (Heb. 4:1.) This scripture indicates that there is great danger to the soul if there is a coming short of the experience of holiness. Why? Without holiness "no man shall see the Lord." How is this? is asked. The Bible declares it as a fearful fact. One may ask, "Why is it when I have the witness that I am saved, that I am not ready for heaven and prepared to meet God?" That is an all important question. It is because sin is in the nature, and sin can never enter heaven.

We must be cleansed from inbred sin, by a second work of grace, or the soul can never see God. This truth does not rest as it should upon the hearts of Christians, to press them to the experience of holiness. They think of heaven as a place of bliss, but do not realize that they have the elements of hell in their hearts. As unbelief kept the children of Israel out of the promised land, so it will keep believers out of the Canaan experience of perfect love. Simply to neglect seeking and obtaining the experience of holiness is to "come short" perhaps never to enter in and so lose heaven at last.—Ex.

SOMEBODY FORGETS.

A little boy living in the most poverty stricken section of a great city, found his way into a mission Sabbath-school, and became a Christian.

One day, not long after, some one tried to shake the child's faith, by asking him some puzzling questions. "If God really loves you, why doesn't He tell somebody to send you a pair of shoes or else coal enough so that you can keep warm this winter?"

The boy thought a moment, and then said, as the tears rushed down his eyes: "I guess He does tell somebody, and somebody forgets."

Many a minister of the gospel and Mission Worker might give the same answer that this little boy gave. How often we "forget" to do what God wants us to do, and in that way someone else must do without the thing God wants them to have, and the other person who forgets loses a blessing God intended to give him. Brother, sister, don't forget to take that basket of apples or that roll of butter, or that bag of potatoes, or that load of hay that God told you to take to the minister. If the Lord tells you to send something to any mission worker, or to some poor family, don't forget, for they are likely in need just at that time. O for a listening ear to the voice of God in these things! What showers of blessings might we not bring down upon ourselves and others.—Don't Forget.—Sel.

Perfect love brings out more fully and clearly the evidences of our conversion, detaches the affections from all forbidden objects, destroys all relish for carnal things, and is distinguished by the character of its enjoyments, craving only the spiritual, the holy, and the Divine.—J. A. Wood.

SEVERE BUT TRUE.

We are living in a new era, physically, politically, socially and spiritually. Things are not like they used to be. The church is facing the powers of hell as never before, and for many the spiritual is so unreal that it has almost ceased to have any existence. The pernicious influence of latter day fiction has done its work. We are apologizing for sin; man is no longer a thief, he is a kleptomaniac; he is no longer a drunken bum, he is a dipsomaniac. Shoot bicloride of gold into him and he has a through ticket to heaven. Destructive criticism of the word of God has had its influence. Many a preacher preaches that bastard theory of evolution, or stakes out a claim on Jupiter, or deals in glittering generalities and rhetorical niceties. Nobody seems afraid of God now.

"The true vision of the living God is fading out of sight. God has become a figure of speech for past ages, the Bible an obsolete book and out of date. The darkness of sin like an eternal night has settled over this sin-cursed world as she has flown off on a tangent from God and Christ. The great need of the world is a revival of the preaching of old truths of sin—hell—heaven—salvation by faith in the atoning blood of a crucified Christ.—Sel.

NOTHING TOO PRECIOUS FOR JESUS.

A dear girl in this country some years ago was called of God to China. She was the only child whom her father had at home and was precious to him beyond any expression. After a tremendous struggle with his own heart, that father gave up his daughter to go to China. And there came the night when she was bidding farewell to the church and friends in that town, and the father was asked to come on the platform and say a few words to the people about his daughters going to China, and he did so. At first he could not speak when he looked at her and thought of losing her, and then he said: "Friends, you all know me, and you all know my Susie, and you all know what she has been to me all her life, the very light of my eyes the joy of my heart. Jesus Christ wants my Susie in China, and she is going, and all that I can say about it is just this—I have nothing, nothing too precious for my Jesus; I have nothing too precious for my Jesus." Have you?—Missionary Record.

CAMP MEETING DON'T'S.

Don't come late.
Don't let the devil keep you away.
Don't believe his old lie, that you can't afford it.
Don't fail to pray much.
Don't testify to something you do not have.
Don't be afraid of the altar, if you feel that it is the best place for you.
Don't come to argue for or against holiness.
Don't fail to bring your Bible and song books, and to leave your dogs at home.
Don't fail to help the women folks with the work about the camp. They like to go to services probably as well as you do.
Don't expect to lounge around, eat, and sleep, and have a good lazy time.
Don't come to advertise some secular business.
Don't fail to walk in all light that God shows you.—Sel.