

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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HUNTING FOXES.

Among my tender vines I spy
A little fox named—Bye-and-bye.
Then set upon him quick, I say,
The swift young hunter, Right-away.
Around each tender vine I plant,
I find the little fox—I can't.
Then, fast as ever hunter ran,
Chase him with bold and brave—I can.
No use in trying—lags and whines
This fox among my tender vines.
Then drive him low, and drive him high,
With this good hunter, named—I'll try.
Among the vines in my small lot
Creeps in the young fox—I forgot.
Then hunt him out and to his pen
With—I will not forget-again.
A little fox is hidden there
Among my vines, named, I don't care.
Then let, I'm sorry—hunter true—
Chase him afar from vines and you.
—Selected

"A MATTER OF TASTE."

BY DUDLEY KIDD.

So say the members of that tribe
in Central Africa who delight in eating mud. When an Englishman told them that it was a very degraded habit, they only answered that "it was purely a matter of taste." But degraded taste shows a degraded nature. And this is just the proof that those who find their joys apart from Jesus Christ have degraded tastes, which indicate degraded natures.

They say that once upon a time a swan and a stork were feeding in the same lake, and the swan determined to fly away to heaven. After many days this animal returned and saluted the stork. "And where have you been?" said the stork. "O, I have been to heaven on a trip," said the swan. "And what sort of a place is heaven?" asked the stork. "O, it is a lovely place, with white lilies and clear water, and all things clean." "But are there no snails there?" asked the stork. When the swan assured the stork that there was nothing unclean up there, the stork replied, "Then you can keep heaven all to yourself, and I will have the snails." It was purely a matter of taste!

"There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie." Would this be a place in harmony with your tastes? If not, heaven would be a very hell to you. O, it need not take you five minutes to find out whether you are bound for that pure and holy land. Tell me what you are like, and I will tell you where you are going. You think it uncommonly burdensome to have your pleasure curtailed by "the restraints of religion," as you call them! You prefer the company of those who avoid the mention of the Name which is the very center of heaven! If any one tells you the conditions of receiving the blessing of God you complain that they are asking you to give up too much! To spend an hour with God is irksome—you prefer a rubber of whist! You look for a small coin to give to God's work; it is really too much to expect that He should have the hundredth part of what you spend on yourself! You look on the Bible—His message to His own—as dull and uninteresting! To let Him take control of your business seems to you preposterous! To love him more than father or mother or wife is out of all proportion! And yet you wonder if you will not somehow get into heaven. No, no—there

are no snails there. Why, to spend a solid week in the same way as do they in heaven would sicken you of religion for life. Alas! it is indeed all a matter of taste, and you have not got the right sort.

It is to have a new disposition with entirely new tastes. A man must be born an artist or he will never have artistic tastes. You must be born a Christian if you would have the tastes of one. "This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil"—again a matter of taste, of what men love. Birds of a feather flock together, and the difference between heaven and hell is all found in the difference of tastes possessed by the saved and lost. Judas "went to his own place," and where was that? It was the place where he would be most at home in. Yes, terrible thought—the lost would be more at home in hell than they would be in heaven! We shall go to "our own place." Our tastes will decide our destinies. True.

It is possible for you to be "born again" with new tastes: you may yet know the meaning of the words "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature (with new tastes therefore); old things have passed away, behold all things have become new." If anyone were to ask me why I did not live like the world and act like the world, and go to theaters and drink and smoke, I would simply answer, "Why do you not eat the mud in the streets instead of bread and butter—mud is very nice?" You would probably say that is a matter of taste. That is just what I say.

What do we want with the turbid rivers of pleasure that issue from the world, when Jesus has given us the living water which is springing up in us to everlasting life? What do we want with the idols that men fall down to—the idols of gold, fame, pleasure, vanity, lust, greed? We have no hankering after these. We avoid them, not because we must, but because we have no taste for them. What have we any more to do with idols? We have seen Him, we love Him.

What has stripped the seeming beauty From the idols of the earth? Not the sense of right or duty. But the sight of peerless worth.

Not the crushing of those idols,
With its bitter void and smart,
But the beaming of His beauty,
The unveiling of His heart.

Yes, it is all a matter of taste—but woe to those whose tastes are depraved, unless they flee to Him who alone has power to charm them into harmony with Himself. Come then with your depraved nature and let him deal with it. He can give you a new disposition. He has said, "A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you, and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and will give you an heart of flesh." "I will write my law in your heart." This means a disposition which will love and delight in His good and perfect and acceptable will.—Selected.

Of all the memorials in Westminster Abbey there is not one that gives a nobler thought than the life lesson from the monument to Lord Lawrence—simply his name, the date of his death and these words—"He feared God so much." Here is one great secret of victory. Walk ever in the fear of God. Let our prayer be like that of a Rugby boy: "Oh, God, give me courage that I may fear none but thee!"—F. E. Marsh.

STEADFAST HOLINESS.

The person who has the most perfect control of himself under all circumstances is the one who oftenest succeeds. The only way to have this is to have the experience of holiness. A cool head and a self-possessed tongue always have the advantage over the mind that is heated by the carnal mind (Rom. 8: 7). People who are not wholly sanctified keep sweet only in spells. It is the steadfast holiness that runs day and night, at all times and circumstances, that counts for God and true holiness. There is a holiness that is not true, a generation that prepared not their heart aright, and whose spirit was not steadfast with God (Ps. 78: 8). The God of Daniel is the living God, and steadfast forever this God is the author of holiness, and He wants the steadfast kind in His disciples (Dan. 6: 8.) They must hold on steadfast to the end (Heb. 3: 14). Their hope is steadfast (Heb. 6: 19). To be a steadfast, true holiness man will show itself in many ways. The tests will come on all lines and the fight will be daily. The devil never lets up and we are to resist him steadfast in the faith (1st Pet. 5: 9). Many think their lot is harder than others, because they are out in the front fight; others at home are having a little easier time, but this is a mistake, and many a battle fought out on a sick bed will show a harder conflict than was fought by others in the tent of slum work.

When Napoleon instituted the order of the Legion of Honor, it was meant for those who had shown valor in war. But the great emperor, soldier though he was, soon recognized that just as much bravery was shown by those who lived for the nation as those who died for it, and he gave fourteen hundred of the the crosses of the order to civilians. It is well to remember this fact, and to realize that courage, pure and deathless, is found as often under an humble household roof as out on the battlefield. Where we are is where we must fight out our battles, and win our cross of honor by bearing the cross daily.

Twenty-seven attacks of fever, innumerable assaults from savages, the lonely journey in the jungles, which brought Livingstone many times to the verge of the grave and reduced him to a skeleton, never in the least degree affected his dogged determination. When his men rebelled, refused to accompany him further, and threatened to leave him in the desert, he said: "After using all my powers of persuasion, I declared that if they returned, I should go on alone, and returning to my little tent I lifted up my heart to Him who hears the sighs of the soul. Promptly the head man came in. 'Do not be disheartened,' he said, 'we will never leave you. Wherever you lead, we will follow.'"

Harriet Beecher Stowe said: "When you get into a tight place and everything goes against you until it seems that you cannot hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that is just the place and the time that the tide will turn."

Many a failure would have been a success had he held on just a little longer. Thousands of people have lain down and given up the struggle just this side of success. A little more sticktoitiveness, a little more hanging-on quality and bull dog tenacity, would have brought them to

the goal.

The mining industry of this country has furnished some remarkable examples of staying power. Often, when owners of a mine have lost heart and abandoned their claim, and everybody else has left the mine, some dogged, determined miner has remained on the ground, and in spite of almost unbearable hardships and deprivations, has found the lost leads and made his fortune.

One night, two miner sat discouraged and disconsolate on a Battle Mountain claim, which they had leased. They had worked hard for weeks, without striking "pay ore," and their money was about exhausted. Their supplies, too, were nearly used up, and their courage also. Finally, after they had discussed the situation and decided to give up working the claim, one of them noticed some verses in a newspaper that was wrapped around their last piece of bacon. He read the few lines mechanically, and got interested. Then he carefully smoothed the paper and read the poem through. It was written by James Barton Adams, and was entitled, "Keep a Comin'." The last two verses read as follows:

'Tisn't allus to the strongest
That the battles goes, my friend;
'Tis the man who holds out longest
That'll git there in the end.

If you're hankerin' to gobble
Up the vict'ry, jest grin
When you meet reverse an' trouble
Up your fists an' come agin!

The spirit of the verses caught the men's imagination. Why not try again! The poem had given them courage, and on the following morning, instead of quitting the claim, as they had intended to do, they returned to work, and within twenty-four hours had struck a rich "pocket." During the next ten days they took out more than \$25,000 worth of gold ore.—Way of Faith.

J. HUDSON TAYLOR.

Not many missionaries commence their life work as they enter manhood's years, but at the age of 21 Mr. Taylor sailed for his far-off field, and after a tedious voyage of six months set foot in China. It was in March of 1854 that he landed in Shanghai, at a time when the city was occupied by rebels and surrounded by imperial troops. He found much difficulty in finding a place in the European settlement, and the native city was entirely unsafe for residence. However the difficulties of those early days overcome in faith and were evidently a providential school for after service. For nearly seven years Mr. Taylor pursued his labors under the Chinese Evangelization Society at Shanghai, Swatow and Ningpo, but at the end of this time he was compelled to return to the home land, completely broken down in health.

For five years he was detained at home, but this enforced rest was to prove of untold blessing to the people he had learned to love.

While in China the intense needs that presented themselves before him on every hand had given him, as to other missionaries, too much of a local interest. But during those years at home, when he could only gaze up at the map of China and pray, the Spirit of God spread out the pressing needs of Swatow, Shanghai at Ningpo, until the cry of their need seemed to rise from every Chinese province and city and town.

Up to that time the only work that had been commenced by missionaries in the interior of China was Dr. Griffith John's station at Hankow. Gradually God seemed to impress Mr. Taylor with need of a special agency having for its object the carrying of the Gospel to all the interior provinces of China. At first the responsibility of such an undertaking seemed to great, but he walked out by the seashore one quiet Sunday morning, and in a lonely spot was led to surrender himself fully to the Lord, throwing upon God the responsibility of all that might be the outcome of divine leading.

Soon after this, matters took a distinct form, and the China Inland Mission was brought forth. Desiring to enlist workers from every branch of the church, the Mission was from the first interdenominational in character. At the same time Mr. Taylor felt it imperative that existing work should not be weakened by its formation and determined that no appeal should be made for funds, but that they would trust the Lord of the harvest, who trust forth the workers to supply their needs by moving the hearts of his servants apart from personal appeals to minister to their temporal wants.

It is now nearly forty years since Mr. Taylor returned with the first party, consisting of some fifteen missionaries, in their first effort to to carry the Gospel to inland China. None but a prophet could have foreseen the wonderful outcome of that act of consecration on the sands of Brighton. In the intervening years 500 stations and out-stations have been opened in every interior province of China, and hundreds of missionaries have been sent forth, ten thousand of the Chinese have been brought into the communion of the Church, while doubtless thousands of others have been led to saving faith in Christ.

Moreover to the Christian church has been given the testimony to God's faithfulness in the object lesson of nearly 800 missionaries being sustained in China at one time and the work being carried on continuously for forty years without one single appeal for financial help, and without the pledged support of any ecclesiastical body at home.

Recently through failing health it became necessary for him to relinquish the active direction of the Mission and retire. With patriarchal interest, however, he lately returned to China to view the field, and now the cable brings news that he has been called to higher service, leaving behind a work which will make his name beloved by the whole Chinese church, and honored by the whole of Christendom. No doubt the Mission will continue to prosper under his successor, Mr. Hoste.—Missionary Witness, Toronto.

Send me to the hearts without a home, to the lives without a love, to the crowds without a compass, to the ranks without a refuge! Send me to the children whom none have blessed, to the famished whom none have fed, to the sick whom none have visited, to the demoniac, whom none have calmed, to the fallen whom none have lifted, to the leper whom none have touched, to the bereaved whom none have comforted! Then shall I have the birthright of the firstborn; then shall I have the blessing of the mighty God of Jacob.—George Matheson.