

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., JULY 15, 1905.

(Semi-Monthly.) NO. 42.

"COME UNTO ME"

These are among the most beautiful words in Scripture. Their very utterance carries with it the conviction that they are from God. The word "come" and is the key-note of the Bible. Man had no sooner turned away from God than God began calling him back, and He has been calling after him ever since. His words of invitation were on the lips of Moses centuries ago; they were voiced anew in sacred song; the prophet Isaiah caught up the echo, and thundered it down to ages until Jesus came and gave them new force in a life which was one constant, gentle, persuasive influence over men to draw them to Himself. From that time on reformers, saints, martyrs have been saying "Come"; the Spirit is saying "Come"; the bride, the living Church, is saying "Come"; and he that heareth it saying "Come", and these voices will continue to sound aloud this blessed word of invitation until every wandering child has been asked to come back to his Father's house and his eternal home.

These are these words? The social or official position of one issuing an invitation often determines the value of the invitation. These words of invitation do not come from any human being of any rank or station, however high, but from no less a personage than the Creator of this world, the King of kings, the eternal Son of God, who is pleased to be known to men as Jesus Christ, the Saviour of mankind. No other person about whom the world has ever had knowledge could have said to all men everywhere, "Come to me." The most that the greatest heroes of any race or of any time could do is to point men away from themselves to the divine Man. No higher honor can ever come to any man than that the risen, ascended, and glorified Christ should invite him to come to Him. He asks for our confidence, our faith, and our love. Shall we not treat Him as civilly as we would any earthly potentate, and accept of us when He shall gather all the redeemed of the earth unto Himself?

To what are we invited? It is not to some famous cathedral, celebrated for its exhibition of glory and power, nor to go on a pilgrimage to some sacred shrine, but to a personality—to "Me." Not to a being that was and is not, but to a living, personal Being who was and is and ever shall be. In this respect how infinite is the distance between Christ and the other so-called saviours of humanity! Buddha is never represented as saying "Come!" to any of his followers, and if he had so bidden them it would only be to invite them to annihilation for Buddha in the end must be swallowed up in Nirvana, an eternity of death and sleep. Allah is everywhere represented as a tyrant, and as saying "Go!" and whenever the followers of his prophet wish to increase the ranks of "the faithful" they essay to do it at the point of the sword. Who would wish to launch out on the dreary, voidless waste to which agnosticism, materialism and pantheism invite? How poor and miserable are the deities of this world, of whatever name and character, and how they all pale in the light of Jesus, the divine Saviour! His character in its every aspect is most winning. When there was no eye to pity and no arm to save, His heart overflowed with com-

passion, and no condescension was too great to give proof of His love. No mother's arms were ever so lovingly extended, and no mother's heart was ever so full of pity as were the arms and heart of Jesus for those who turn to Him.

But whom does the invitation include? The invitation is as broad as humanity and takes in every living soul. In specific terms it is extended to "all that labor and are heavy laden" and that comprehends the whole family, for who is there that is not weary and does not carry some kind of burden? But however numerous our burdens may be, and however sorely they may press down upon us, even to crushing out the very life, they are not sufficient to justify one soul in thinking that the invitation is not intended for him. And of this also we may be just as sure, that Jesus will not lift off from anyone his burden or force anyone to accept His invitation unless the burdened at first signifies his willingness that He should do so. He never forces anyone into His kingdom, nor compels anyone to enroll himself as one of His followers. When we come to Him with a willing mind and a trusting heart, then He becomes our strength—strength for every day and every burden.—The Examiner.

CEASELESS LOVE.

Mrs. Bottome, of New York city, had a friend in her girlhood of whom she lost sight for eighteen years. Going back to New York she was passing along a street, and up in the second story window she saw her friend's face, surrounded by premature gray hair. She ran up to the door of the house into the room, and into her friend's arms. "What has become of you for all these years?" asked Mrs. Bottome. The answer was, "Come into the other room, and I will show you." In a room magnificently fitted up sat an idiot boy of seventeen years of age, scarcely able to talk—a driving idiot. His mother said, "My duty lies here, with my darling boy." Mrs. Bottome says that in a moment of thoughtlessness she asked, "How can you endure it? I do not wonder you are prematurely gray." "I knew you would not understand my love for my sweet boy," said her indignant friend. "It is no burden, no care, to live and serve my boy; and if some day he will only give one sign that he recognizes me as his mother, I will feel repaid for all the years of love I have lavished upon him." This is a faint image of the love of God. What are you going to do with this love of God? That boy did not repay his mother's love; for he was an idiot and did not know any better. You are not idiots. You know God's love. How are you going to repay it.

WAITING ON THE BANK.

"When I was a little fellow I was a trifle inclined to hold back and wait to be coaxed," said uncle Eben. "I remember sitting beside the brook one day, while the other children were building a dam. They were wading, carrying stones, splashing the mud, and shouting orders, but none of them paying any attention to me. I began to feel abused and lonely, and was blubbering over my neglected condition when Aunt Nancy came down the road.

"What's the matter, sonny? Why ain't you playing with the rest?"

"They don't want me," I said, digging my fists into my eyes. 'They never asked me to come.'

"I expected sympathy, but she gave me an impatient shake and push. 'Is that all, you little ninny? Nobody wants folks that'll sit around on a bank and wait to be asked!' she cried. 'Run along in with the rest and make yourself wanted.'

"That shake and push did the work. Before I had time to recover from my indignant surprise, I was in the middle of the stream, and soon as busy as the others.

"I often feel that I'd like to try the same plan on some of the strangers who come into our churches! Some make friends at once. They go into the prayer-meetings, the mission work the Sunday-school—wherever there is work—and they are at home at once. But here are many others who wait to be noticed and invited here and there. They complain of coldness an lack of attention, and, maybe, decide that their coming is not desired. They need Aunt Nancy's advice, 'Stop sitting round on the bank, and go in and make yourself wanted.'—Forward.

PRAYER AND PREACHING.

"We will give ourselves continually to prayer, and to the ministry of the Word. Acts 6:4.

Prayer and preaching alternate or simultaneous, are the right and left side of a living ministry. The preaching work may be laboriously and conscientiously performed without comfort or success, if the other side be from any cause paralyzed.

I watched, once the operation of a brick-maker in a field of clay. There was a great agility in his movements. He wrought by piece, and the more he turned out the higher was his pay. His body moved like a machine. His task for the time was simply to raise a quantity of clay from a lower to a higher level by means of a spade. He threw up one spadeful, and then he dipped his tool in a pail of water that stood by.

After every spadeful of clay there was a dip in the water. The operation of dipping occupied as much time as raising. My first thought was, if he should dispense with these apparently useless baptisms, he might perform almost double the amount of work.

My second thought was wiser; on reflections, I saw that if he should continue to work without these alternate washings, the clay would have stuck to the spade, and progress would have been altogether arrested.

I said to myself, Go thou and do likewise. Prayer is the baptism which makes progress quick—W Arnot.

KEEP YOUR CHARACTER.

It is strange how easily some professed Christians can put off their profession, and be and do exactly what is expected of those who know not God. Especially when absent from home, among strangers, in large cities, or at crowded resorts, the tendency is great to forget Christian character, and shove along in a free-go-easy way.

This is wrong. Our Lord never compromised his character at any time or under any circumstances. Even at a marriage feast, where all were blithe and gay, he "manifested forth his glory" and won disciples to believe on him. But there are church

members who at the door of worldly festivity can drop their character and conduct themselves with as little discrimination as though they had never experienced a "godly sorrow," or taken a solemn vow to follow and serve Christ.

It is this careless habit that hurts religion so much. When sinners perceive that church members are not really different from themselves, they conclude that religion is a sham and the Christian name a mockery. No amount of church going can atone for the lack of character which is ever and always as true to God as the needle toward the pole.—Nashville Advocate.

THE RELIGION OF USEFULNESS.

It is told of the great Cromwell that when one said to him, "Sir, you well know the unselfishness of piety." He promptly replied: "I know something better—the piety of usefulness."

The piety usefulness is the kind that the world needs. The piety that sits apart in caves or monasteries while there are wrongs to be righted and work to be done; the piety that is concerned about phylacteries and ceremonials while the Christ is being crucified out side the city gates; the piety that occupies its pew only on Sunday and feels a comfortable security in "belonging to the church," while it allows others to bear the burdens and make all the sacrifices, is not the sort that is bringing the millennium nearer.

Simple, homely usefulness, prompted by love to God and man makes beautiful saints, and they are welcome every-where. In the church, the home, the neighborhood, wherever their blessed presence goes, they awaken thanksgiving and quicken drooping faith.—Sel.

WORSE THAN AN UNBELIEVER.

There are impossible things which it is a duty to do; and there are impossible things which it is a sin to do. One of the latter sort is agreeing to pay for more than we have money to pay for—in other words, living beyond our income. The head of a household that is in chronic debt is like the engineer of a train running toward a bridge with a broken trestle. There can be only one end—a smash up. Many a family bases its expenditures on its apparent needs, instead of basing its expenditures on its known income. The latter basis is the only safe one; the former is a basis of quicksand. Every family can live on the means God has provided; to fail to do so is sin of the most glaring sort. The household are the responsible ones. To fail to keep the expenses within the income is to fail to provide. And "if any provideth not for his own, and especially his own household, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an unbeliever.—Sunday-school Times.

A FRIEND OF JESUS.

"No, I don't know Jesus," responded a young city Arab to the abrupt question of a zealous, if not overtactful, street missionary. Then, with a sudden illumination of memory he added "But I know a friend of his, and I like her." Some good woman had done more than she knew, for the Gospel of Christ in the life of his friends is the Gospel that shall reach all nations.

THE DISCHARGED NURSE.

In a recent address, Sam Jones said: "God save me and save you from the fatal mistake of thinking that I can do anything. The most severe tests and trials of an evangelist result from the fact that the people depend on him." Quit looking to me. Look to God. The good work of God is preceding any effort of yours. God is working ahead of us. Let us follow close after God and work in earnest.

"A few years ago, one morning in our family room, I was sitting reading just after breakfast. There was a little nurse girl there, about sixteen years of age, and I heard my wife say to her, 'Sally, you may go this morning, and tell your mother I don't want you any more.' I read along a minute or two and then I looked. The girl was standing with the big tears running down her cheeks. She looked at my wife and said, 'Mrs. Jones, please, ma'am, don't turn me off. I know I'm the poorest servant you ever had, but let me stay with you and I'll try and do better.' I got in to beg for the poor girl just as hard as I could, and I thought to myself, if the Lord should come down here and say, 'You may go; I don't want you any longer,' I would do just like that poor girl—I would fall down at his feet and say, 'Please, Lord don't turn me off; I know I'm the poorest servant you ever had; but please, Lord, I'll try to do better.' Let me live and die in God's service. But God won't turn you off. Go to work; let's do what we can for the glory of God and for the good of our fellowmen.—Common People.

ONE LIFE FOR MANY.

At a little German village a crowd of people were assembled one afternoon in the large room of the inn. There was only one door to the room, and that stood wide open, the village blacksmith, a good, brave-hearted man, seated near it. Suddenly, to the amazement and consternation of everybody, a huge dog, with blood-shot eyes, appeared in the doorway, and the inn-keeper cried out: "Back! back! The dog is mad!" There was no way of escape but by the door, and no one could hope to pass the frenzied creature a fatal bite.

"Stand back, friends!" cried the brave smith, "till I seize him; then hurry out. Better for one of us to perish than for all!"

Catching the huge creature by the throat, he attempted to throw him down, but was dreadfully bitten in the arms and legs. Unmindful of the excruciating pain, and of the horrible death which must follow, the noble, generous man, held fast to the snapping, howling brute until all his friends had escaped. Then, dashing the half-strangled dog against the wall, he quitted the room and locked the door.

As the weeping crowd stood around him, he said: "Don't weep for me; I've only done my duty. When I am dead, think of me with love!" And so he died, gloriously, for his friends.

Was it not much more glorious when the Good Shepherd laid down his life for his enemies?

"God commendeth his love to us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us."

RISEN WITH CHRIST.

We say it tenderly, reverently: "Risen with Christ!" and the words mean a blessed release from even the petty evils that once had power over us. "For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous," he reads the selfish motive, disguise it as we may each word and act is simply revealing the way we have chosen, and as this glorious Easter dawns, may we sing in truth:

"Risen with Christ! O holy thought! Lord, may it ever be,
That we, by thine atonement bought,
Shall ever live to thee!
May every heart be sweetly drawn,
And set on things above,
Where Jesus sits at God's right hand,
Pledge of the Father's love!"