

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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"THE OLD MAN."

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Sin as a principle has several different appellations having their origin in the Bible; such as "The carnal mind," "The flesh," "The body of death," "The body of sin," "The old man," "Iniquity," etc. There are also a number of names given to this abominable nature, which are not recorded in the Bible, such as "Inherited depravity," "Original Sin," "The Adamic nature," "The sin principle," etc.

We see by reading Rom. 6:6; Eph. 4:22, and Col. 3:9, that "The old man" is a Bible term. This term indicates not only an influence, but a being, an organized being, a person comprising attributes, traits of character, and innate principles. He is an "old" man: How long he existed in his pure angelic state is unknown, but it is about 5910 years since he fell; so you see he is an old man. His many years of experience in his contemptible career, and the advantage of enjoying the fellowship, and approbation of God, made him twofold dangerous.

Another reason for recognizing him as an "old" man may be inferred from the fact that we inherited this same principle from Adam. And as Adam was the very first one of our forefathers, therefore he surely is an "old" man. While it is possible that some of the more noble characteristics of Adam have been struggling for existence all of these succeeding years, yet this one nature so rules and predominates in the unregenerated heart, that it is properly termed "The" old man.

Another sense in which he is "the old man" or rather "Our" old man (Rom. 6:6), is implied in the fact that this nature of which Satan is the originator and Adam the mediator, is the very first and oldest nature of which we were possessed. It is the oldest part of us.

This principle was not only the first to be planted within us, but the first to be cultivated by us and the first to be carried out in our lives; therefore, "Our" old man. The first part of me, therefore, "My" old man. The first part of you, therefore, "Your" old man. The first part of every man, woman and child, therefore, "Everybody's" old man.

If you want to know something about "the old man," examine the nature and conduct of Satan. How preposterous for him to forfeit his claims in heaven just for a little notoriety and pride. He wanted to be the leader in heaven, and because God objected to that idea and refused to let him be a church-boss, he organized an army among the angels who adhered to his erroneous ideas, fought against Michael, and the loyal angels, was defeated and cast out of heaven, into the earth, where he has been the instigator of all sin, crime, misery and death, in the world. What do you think of "the old man?"

If you want to know more about him, let us go and visit our father Adam. See how convenient he has everything—a heaven on earth—has his own way about everything except one. And "Satan," "that old serpent," "the old man," knowing all about this restriction, and holding a grudge against God for expelling him from heaven, succeeded, by some plausible lies, in getting Adam to disobey God as he had done. So Adam became a partner with Satan in propagating

the awful work of sin, sorrow, sickness, pain and death. What do you think of him by this time?

If you want to know more about "the old man," come a little nearer home. You declare with indignation that Satan is a rascal, and Adam a traitor. But what are you? If you are a partner with Adam and Apollyon in their heinous crimes, and hellish plans, are you not as bad as they? The same old man that turned heaven into a battlefield and the garden of Eden into a patch of weeds and thistles, has turned the heart of man, which God intended to be his holy domain, into a world of iniquity. He has taken full possession and will not evacuate until literally expelled by the same God who drove him out of heaven.

While "the old man" controls the unregenerated heart, he also lives in the unsanctified Christian's heart. In conversion he is bound and brought under subjection, but not cast out. Would you go to bed tonight if I informed you that there was a robber under your bed? Never! But I tell you he is bound good and tight with strong cords. Still you insist that you will not even enter the house while he is there. You could not be prevailed upon to sleep in that bed even if he were dead, and you knew it. Yet you go to sleep night after night, and work day after day with "the old man" crouching down in some remote corner of your heart, just awaiting a chance to destroy your hopes and rob you of your spirituality. He is a regular outlaw. You say he is bound and you can manage him, but if God could not manage him in heaven, neither can you manage him in your heart.

The only legal home he has is hell, and the very fact that he is in your heart at all is sufficient to prove to any candid mind that he is a criminal, but the human heart is so congenial to him, he is so intent on taking you with him to the infernal regions when he goes, that, until he is chained and locked up in hell, he will insist on living in the human heart.

He promises to reform but do not believe him. He has been saying that for nearly 6000 years. You can reform a drunkard easier. He tells you to train him, but you had better try cultivate thistles. He tells you to teach him, but he knows much more than you do now. He tells you to wash him, but you might as well wash a hog; it will still be a hog. He tells you to whitewash him, but that will not last long.

But is there no hope whatever? None at all. You must either keep him in your heart just as he is, the same mean, proud, deceitful, malicious, filthy, crabbed, troublesome, faultfinding "old man" or get him crucified and cast out. Which will it be?

Of course he dies hard, and makes a big fuss while he is dying, but let him die. Don't "heed the groans; the flesh may writhe and make its moans," but keep hands off and let him die. It is hard to die, but blessed after you are dead.

He spoils your babyhood; he controls you in your unsaved condition; he interrupts your happiness in your unsanctified state. But, praise the Lord, there is a remedy. Get him cast out and you will enjoy a sweet soul rest you never enjoyed before.—Gospel Banner.

CONSCERATED CULTURE.

A preacher had better work in the dark, with nothing but mother wit, a quickened conscience, and a Saxon Bible to teach him what to do and how to do it, than to vault into an aerial ministry, in which only the upper classes shall know or care anything about him. Make your ministry reach the people; in the forms of purest culture if you can, but reach the people; with elaborate doctrine, if possible; but reach the people; with classic speech, if it may be, but reach the people. The great problem of life to an educated ministry is, to make their culture a power instead of a luxury. Our temptations are all one way. Our mission is all the other way.

It is not, then, less education that our clergy need. It is inconceivable to me how any educated man can see relief from our present dangers or any dangers in that direction. Ignorance is a remedy for nothing. So imperfection of culture is always a misfortune. But we do need consecration of culture. This is a thing which the world is blindly craving.

Above all, we need faith in the Christian ideal of culture, which measures its value by its use. This was Christ's own ideal of culture. He respected no other. He denounced every other most fearfully. Not an act of His life nor a word from His lips gives any evidence that He would have tolerated the awful anomaly of clerical life in which a man ministers placidly in a palatial church, to none but elect and gilded hearers, with all the paraphernalia of elegance around him, and with culture expressed in the very fragrance of the atmosphere, while "Five Points" and "Broweries" and "Ann Streets" are growing up uncared for by any labors of his, within hearing of his organ and his quartet.

Our guard against the peril here indicated, then, is spiritual, as distinct from intellectual, in its nature. The cry should be, not "Less intellect! less study! less culture!" but simply, "More heart! more prayer! more godliness! more subjection of culture to the salvation of those who have little or none of it."—Professor Phelps.

Canon Rowsley, on Saint Martin's, after describing good Saint Martin, added:

"Some of you, my friends, followers of the gentle Christ, come to worship, nay, come to the Supper of our Lord, wearing 'egret' plumes or 'ospreys' in your hats and bonnets. Do you realize that this 'egret' plume grows on the bird's back only at the time of nesting, and that to obtain one such feather involves the cruel death not only of the beautiful white mother heron, but of the whole nestful of its nearly fledged off-spring? What a price to pay for the pleasure of an egret plume! What a travesty of religion to be able to come into church decked with an egret feather and sing in the words of the Benedicite: 'O all ye fowls of the air, bless ye the Lord! praise Him and magnify Him forever!' What a mockery to kneel at Holy Communion take the soldier's oath of allegiance unto the Lord—that gentle Lord of all compassion and mercy, that Lord who said 'Consider the fowls of the air' who told us that not a sparrow falls to the earth unregarded by their Heavenly Father!"

THE TEMPORAL AND THE ETERNAL.

If you and I let ourselves be absorbed and entangled by the affairs of this life, and permit our whole spirits to be bent in the direction of these transient things, what is to become of us when the things that must pass have passed, and when we come into a region where there are none of them to occupy us any more? What would some of us do if the professions and forms of mental activity in which we have been occupied as students and scholars were all swept away? "Whether there be knowledge, it shall cease; whether there be tongues, they shall vanish away." And what are you going to do, then, you that have lived only for intellectual pursuits connected with its transient state? We are going to a world where there are no books, no pens, nor ink, no trade, no dress, no fashion, no amusement, where there is nothing but things in which we have no interest, and a God who "is not in all our thoughts;" surely we shall be fish out of water" there. Surely men that boasted themselves in their riches and in the multitude of their wealth will be necessarily condemned to inactivity.

Life is continuous, and all on one plane. So surely, if a man knows that he must some day, and may any day, be summoned to the other side of the world, he would be a wise man if he got his outfit ready, and made some effort to acquire the customs and the arts of the land to which he was going. Surely life here is mainly given to us that we may develop powers which will find their field of exercise yonder, and acquire characters which shall be in conformity with the conditions of that future life. Surely there can be no more tragic folly than the folly of letting myself be so absorbed and entangled by this present world as that when the transient has passed I shall feel homeless and desolate, and have nothing that I can do or care about amidst the activities of eternity. Dear friend, should you feel homeless if you were taken, as you will be taken, into that world?—Dr. MacLean.

RUINED BY DRINK.

One of the greatest inventors of this country was ruined by strong drink. Before he began to drink he sold his patents, or else obtained good royalty on them. But once he started to drink, he was overmatched by cunning business men, and obtained little or nothing. Not long ago he said about it himself: "I invented the first bicycle ever built—the old high wheel—and the manufactures became millionaires from the sale of the wheels. The first chain bicycle, which brought fortunes to many men, was my discovery. The link-velvet chain, used in nearly every large manufacturing plant, was also mine. Any one of the three discoveries could have bought me millions of dollars. Some of my twenty patents I sold for good prices, but others went for a glass of whiskey. I have no one to blame but myself. I would have a comfortable fortune if I had not been robbed of my brains by liquor. I lost my business friends, for who would help a man in a business way who drank twenty-five to thirty drinks of whiskey a day? I have been homeless in this city for more than a year, living most of the time on the charity of former friend. Think of the woe the mocking cup brought to that man.—Sunday-School Times.

A CLEAN HEART.

No work of mine can make me pure.
I come the way thy word has said,
And seek by faith the double cure,
For which Christ bled, for which Christ bled.

Chorus—

Praise God, I'm cleansed without, within,
And purged with fire. Bless God, I'm free.

The blood now cleanses from all sin.
It cleanses me, it cleanses me.

I take thy blood, O blessed Lord,
To cleanse and make me pure within.
I yield myself, believe thy word.
I'm dead to sin, I'm dead to sin.

Thy precious blood doth cleanse my heart
From all its sin and carnal dross.
Its idols, too, from these I part,
And take thy cross and take thy cross.

Thy power to save and sanctify
I'll tell to all, where'er I go.
My heart thy blood doth purify
Whiter than snow, whiter than snow.

—Sel., Rev. Ruben Gibson.

FAILURE OF THE DISPENSARY.

The dispensary or Gothenburg system, which a few business men are trying to fasten on to Los Angeles, is well illustrated by the Charleston News, one of the oldest and most influential newspapers of the South, and where this thing has been tried several years. It says:

"If a cat should fall in a well and leap one foot up in trying to get out, but fall two feet back with each leap, where would this unhappy feline land? The answer to this question, according to school-boy lore, is that the cat would have its fur singed sooner or later. If the dispensary be a step toward prohibition, and its sales of whiskey for three months of 1905 be nearly a quarter of a million dollars greater than for the same period in 1904, how much time must elapse before the people of South Carolina will be driven to build an ark to escape death by drowning in an alcoholic deluge?"

JUST LIKE GOD.

Little Mary was one morning reading with her mother in the New Testament and this was one of the verses of the chapter: "For God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish; but have everlasting life."

Stopping for a moment in the reading, the mother asked, "Don't you think it is wonderful?" The child, looking surprised, replied in the negative. The mother, somewhat astonished, repeated the question, to which the little daughter replied, "Why, no, mamma. It would be wonderful if it were anybody else; but it's just like God."—Western Christian Advocate.

It is the highest joy and dignity of my life, when my Lord and Saviour says to me, "Do this in remembrance of Me," to sit down at His table, because He wishes me to do so, to remember Him. There the very flood gates of glory have been lifted, and I have sat entranced with joyous tears, beholding the infinite glories and perfections of His holy and sacred Person, and been stirred with the deepest sorrow as I have gazed upon His fathomless anguish in Gethsemane, and on that awful cross of Calvary where He atoned for my sins. Oh, the privilege that so many neglect, and even speak lightly of. Jesus, Saviour, captivate the hearts of Thy beloved people with Thine unspeakable love.—T. S.