

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. AUGUST 31, 1906.

(Semi-Monthly.) NO. 9

AT THE CROSS.

At the Cross and beneath it only,
Finds the troubled heart relief;
There's a balm beneath its shadow
That can soothe all earthly grief.
Oh, how sweet to know that ever
We've a Friend that loves us true,
Who will never, never leave us,
Never veil the Cross from view.
Blessed Saviour, wilt Thou ever
Keep us humbly at Thy Cross,
Hiding ever 'neath its shadow,
Counting all besides but dross.
Blessed Cross, on which our Saviour
Bled and died that we might live;
Unto all who hide beneath it
He eternal life will give.

—Boston Pilot.

TAKE THE CHILDREN TO CHURCH.

D. L. Moody used to say: "If it is too much for the children to attend Sunday school and the preaching service, let them miss Sunday school. Children should hear the preached word." In many churches the children attend Sunday school, and then go home. Some Sunday school workers have been going about the country talking about the Sunday school as "The Children's Church." Such sayings may catch the unthinking and impress them favorably, but the Sunday school is not the children's church. A few years ago there was a fad among some educators calling the high school the "People's College." Every thoughtful person who is informed knows that the high school is not a college and does not do the work of a college any more than a college does the work of a university; but such catchy sayings may do a world of harm. It is well to call things by their right names.

The Sunday school can never take the place of the preaching of the word, and every parent ought to feel the responsibility of having the children brought under the influence of the preached word.

The parent must use good judgment, and not overtax the children; but Moody's advice is sound. There is now and then a child that will annoy a congregation, and now and then a mother that does not use good judgment in handling a small child in church service; but there are hundreds who sin on the other side of the equation (keeping the children out of church service) to one who allows a child to annoy a congregation.

Henry Ward Beecher insisted that women should have the same rights to testify in prayer meetings as the men. Some of his church officers opposed the idea. One evening there came into the meeting a woman who would be called "a rounder." A rounder is one who goes from place to place and makes the same speech, but is not known at home for usefulness. This evening the "rounder" happened to be a woman, and when she got a chance she delivered her speech of about twenty minutes. The church officers looked at each other, and then at Beecher, with a look that said, "The pastor is getting enough of his theory." When the lady had finished, Beecher arose and said, "Nevertheless, I believe in women talking in meeting."

I was reminded not long ago that some nervous persons have been annoyed by a child that was brought to church service because I said parents should bring their children to church. I am sorry if anyone has been annoyed, but in this matter I am like Beecher—nevertheless, I believe in taking the children to church.—Brown.

PATIENCE.

Almost all men can be patient under some trials, and can endure some provocations. The trouble is that there are points at which we break down. There are peculiar forms of provocation against which our nature revolts, with such intensity that we no more think of repressing the revolt than of checking a thunderstorm with uplifted finger. It is part of the order of nature. "Part of the order of nature"—a beautiful phrase, a fair-sounding apology, but absolutely disallowed. "Love endureth all things," wrote St. Paul. That is the order of grace, and it is in the all that the meaning lies. "Love endureth some things," would not have been worth writing. So does prudence, so does guile, so does selfishness, so does hate. If we control temper in nineteen cases and explode in the twentieth, the credit of the nineteenth is gone. Men forget the patience and remember the rage. The ship that is wrecked upon the harbor bar is lost as truly as though she had founded in far seas. What dire and incalculable mischief is done to the church of Christ by wild and whirling words that proceed from Christian lips in explosions of anger!

"Ah, well," you say, "in the hot contention I was right. The aspersions were gratuitous, the contradiction was insane." What of that? The moment anger makes one cruel and ruthless he is as wrong as wrong can be. When two people quarrel, Satan is always more pleased with the man who is right than the man who is wrong. They are both doing his business, but the man who is right does it best. For he makes right the occasion and instrument of wrong the devil's most exquisite delight!

"In love," the truth must be spoken. It is doubtful whether it can be spoken otherwise. Certainly, to speak the truth in anger is often a thousand more mischievous than to maintain a patient silence.—Sel.

RELIGION'S PLEASANT WAYS.

It is not religion, but the lack of it, that makes people unhappy. Yet how strangely and how widely the opposite view prevails! There are many who think of religion not only as drudgery, but as the surest source of moroseness, melancholy, and unhappiness of life. Their idea is that religion is a system of suffering to which many people are willing to submit here in order that they may not suffer hereafter—that religion's only happiness is in the future, its reward after death. Instead, the real fact is that religion is a thing of present joy and evercontinuing blessedness. It is the gladdest, happiest thing in all this world. "Her ways are the ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." It is religion that gives us the bright things in life and sin the dark things, and not vice versa. Religion goes down to the deepest springs of our mental and spiritual well-being. It brings untold measures of peace and joy. It takes the sting out of the past. It takes the worry out of the present. It takes the fear out of the future.—Rev. G. B. D. Hallock, D. D.

How little soever the thing be, and regarded inordinately, it defileth and hindereth the enjoyment of good.—Kempis.

A CHRISTIAN CHINAMAN.

A Chinaman, say the Christian Advocate, applied for the position of cook in a family in one of our western cities. The lady of the house and most of the family were members of a fashionable church, and they were determined to look well after the character of their servants. So, when John Chinaman appeared at the door he was asked: "Do you drink whiskey?" "No," said he. "I Christian man." "Do you play cards?" "No, I Christian man." He was employed and gave great satisfaction. He did his work well, was honest, upright, correct and respectful. After some weeks the lady gave a "progressive euchre" party and had wines at the table. John Chinaman was called upon to serve the party, and did so with grace and acceptability. But next morning he waited on the lady and said he wished to quit work. "Why, what is the matter?" she inquired. John answered: "Christian man; I told you so before; no heathen. No workee for Melican heathen!"

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

The clock in a church steeple in the city of Edinburgh was striking nine one night, when a company of young men were passing the church on their way to a place of sin. Suddenly one of them stopped and said: "I cannot go with you." When they pressed him for a reason he answered: "When I felt my home in the country my mother said: 'My boy, you are going to a wicked city, and your temptations will be strong, but your father and I will pray for you without ceasing; and at 9 o'clock every evening we will be on our knees, saying: 'O God, save our boy,' and, said he, 'I will not break their hearts.' Notwithstanding the jeering and mocking of his evil companions, he turned completely from his sinful ways that night. He also prospered in business, and is today one of the Christian merchants in Edinburgh.—Sel.

CAIN'S WIFE.

We got a little item from a newspaper the other day that we pass on to our readers, expecting that it can be used to advantage by many of them. The query has often been propounded as to where Cain got his wife. Dr. John McNeil, while holding a revival at Cardiff, Wales, recently had the following question handed to him: Dear Dr. McNeil: For the sake of a young man interested in Bible study will you say who was Cain's wife?" There was a smile went over the congregation as he read the note aloud. He then replied: "I love all young men, and especially such as are searchers after the light. Therefore I shall make this note the text of a brief sermon to the young man who sent it: 'Don't lose your soul's salvation looking after other men's wives.'"

"YOU NEVER STOOD IN THE DARK."

Bishop Whipple, the Apostle of the North American Indians says: "An Indian came 600 miles to visit me in my home. As he came in at the door he knelt at my feet. He said: 'I kneel to tell you of my gratitude that you pitied the Red Man.' He then told me this simple, artless story; 'I was a wild man living beyond the Turtle Mountain. I knew that my people were perishing. I never looked

into the face of my child that my heart was not sick. My father told me there was a Great Spirit, and I have often gone to the woods, and tried to ask Him for help, and I only got the sound of my voice.'

"And then the Indian looked into my face and said: 'You do not know what I mean. You never stood in the dark and reached out your hand and took hold of nothing.'

"One day another Indian came to my wigwam. He said to me he had heard you tell a wonderful story at Red Lake; that you said that the Great Spirit's Son had come down to earth to save all the people that needed help; that the reason the white man was so much more blessed than the Red Man was because he had the true religion of the Son of the Great Spirit; and I said I must see that man.

"They told me that you would be at Red Lake Crossing. I came 200 miles. I asked for you and they said that you were sick, and then I said: 'Where can I see a missionary?' I came 150 miles more, and I found the missionary was a Red Man like myself. My father, I have been with him three moons. I have the story in my heart. It is no longer dark. It laughs all the while."—Selected.

SHAME.

"The American women pay more for artificial flowers for their hats than the whole church gives for missions. The men spend more in a year for tobacco, than the whole church has given in 1,800 years for the spread of the gospel. Satan's people spend as much in forty-eight hours for strong drink as the whole church spends a year for missions. The theatres of New York alone receive more money in one winter than all the missionary treasuries of the world in a year. There are a few men in America, claiming to be Christians, who could, unaided, send out and sustain enough missionaries to evangelize the entire world in a short time. No need of any great sacrifice in order to do this, just a little honesty is all that is needed. It will be an awful thing one day for the trustees of God's money to look in the face of millions that they might have saved.—A. B. Simpson.

THE SYMPATHIZING PREACHER.

Let the preacher never forget that he must minister to the heart as well as to the head. It is recorded that when Jesus expounded that passage from Isaiah which describes his work as the healing of the broken-hearted and the setting at liberty of them that are bruised, "all wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth." So to this day, the message of consolation, of divine love proclaimed in accents which betray human love also, wins its way to the hearts of the suffering and the sorrowing. And these are many.—Sel.

As the flowers follow the sun, and silently hold up their petals to be tinted and enlarged by its shining, so must we, if we would know the joy of God, hold our souls, wills, hearts, and minds still before him, whose voice commands, whose love warms, whose truth makes fair our whole being. God speaks for the most part in such silence only. If the soul be full of tumult and jangling voices, his voice is little likely to be heard.—Alexander McLaren.

SORROW NO MORE.

Unhappy spirit, cast down under thy sins, multitudes of sins, years of sins! heavily burdened as thou art, and pierced through with sorrows, thou mayest look to God, and hope, for "he delighteth in mercy." His mercy can make thee clean and beautiful a happy and rejoicing spirit. God will be "delighted" to make thee "equal to the angels." So humble, so loving is thy God, and so earnestly does he long to bless thee, that, behold, he stands at thy door and knocks.—John Pulsford.—Sel.

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

It is far better to pray often, than to make long prayers. As in our taking frequently a temperate supply of food repairs the continual wastes of our bodies and keeps the fluids in a healthy state; so, in our frequent use of private prayer, he graciously restores the soul (Psa. xxiii. 3) and causes it to prosper and be in health (3 John 2). The Christian, therefore, can not too frequently approach his blessed Saviour, and hold communion with his God in prayer.—Selected.

Among the many recorded excellencies of Job was religious care for his children. When they were feasting, a time really of being "off guard," Job sent and sanctified them, and rose up early in the morning, and offered burnt offerings according to the number of them all; for Job said: "It may be that my sons have sinned, and cursed God in their hearts. Thus did Job continually." Blessed are the children who have careful, solicitous, religious parentage. The fathers and mothers, who are wakeful and prayerful while the children are under the spell and sway of pleasures, are a heritage of Christly blessings to the children of a home.—Examiner.

The Missionary Review, in February, 1906, issue, makes this statement "For the whole of the Congo Free State, with its 900,000 square miles area, and its estimated population of 30,000,000, there are, working under eight different societies, only 190 Protestant missionaries, and this includes ordained men, doctors, missionaries' wives, and unmarried women. Supposing that the 190 were distributed over the whole state, and each had his or her own district, each would have a parish of 4,736 square miles, with about 155,000 souls to care for!"

Certain points in Africa are strategical positions of the great missionary fields of the world, and it has been urged that it is "now or never."

The necessity of haste is well expressed in the words of an African Chief; "Oh, white man! I can not remember when I did not know of your power and your learning. Why did you not come before? You have come now, and these eyes are too blind to see you, these ears are too deaf to hear you. If you have any message to give, give it to the young men. You are too late for me."

Congo missionaries have accomplished a great linguistic work in learning and reducing so many dialects, about 168 in all, to a system, and producing dictionaries, grammars, primers, and reading books, besides the translations from the scriptures. The Swedish Mission made the first complete translation of the Bible into the Congo language.