

The King's Highway

Andian 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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WORLD FOR CHRIST.

Behold the heathen wait to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exiled captive to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

Come let us with a grateful heart,
In this blest labor share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known
Where Satan long hath held his throne.

Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to His name shall rise;
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
By sovereign grace be formed anew.—Sel.

The Power of Prayer.

John G. Paton, on the Island of Tanne, with twelve or fifteen savages about him, each one with a loaded gun pointed at him, lifted up his heart to God in prayer for protection. Not one of the savages fired. The woman still lives who agreed with two other women in Chicago to pray for a bustling, active young man, full of work and no power, and they came to him and said: "We are praying for you." "Praying for me?" "Yes." "What do you want to pray for me for? We have got the biggest Sunday-school in Chicago, and one of the biggest audiences." "No matter," said one of them, "we are praying that the power of the Holy Spirit may rest upon you, and God may speak through you." And these three or four women kept on praying until Dwight L. Moody moved Chicago and the world.

Mr. Moody says that his success in England was due to the prayers of one bed-ridden saint. You remember the story—the preaching in that Congregational Church on Sunday morning, when everything was dead as a graveyard. Nobody responded, but later, when Mr. Moody asked the people to rise for prayer, four hundred responded and rose to their feet. He thought they did not understand his question, and asked them to come into a side room. They filled that side room, and when he repeated his request more than four hundred inquirers arose, and the revival spread like a conflagration all over the world. Mr. Moody said it was in answer to that woman's prayers. It was not his preaching, it was not the church; it was that one soul-asking God to bless Moody, to bless the world.

If your church is not blessed it is the pastor's fault and yours, for God hears prayer for the gift of the Holy Spirit, and prayer is of use thus as a channel through which God works. There may be Niagara power, but no "race" through which the water may run, to turn the wheels of the factory; and God Himself is a Niagara of power, but there may be no channel. Jesus Christ could do no mighty works because of their unbelief, and when a man does not believe he does not pray. Just think of a prayerless church! As well have a church of ice, a church of marble, a church of corpses.—The Clarendon Light.

THE INFIDEL'S SHEEP.

Among the hills of northern New England were two infidel neighbors, who had lived to a man's estate, sinning and blaspheming against God.

One of them heard the gospel message, and hearing, believed into eternal life. A short time afterward the converted man went to the house of his infidel neighbor, and said to him,

"I have come to talk with you. I have been converted."

"Yes, I heard that you had been down there, and had gone forward for prayers," said the skeptic, with a sneer; "and I was surprised, for I had thought you were about as sensible a man as there was in town."

"Well," said the Christian, "I have a duty to do to you, and I want you to stop talking and hear me. I haven't slept much for two nights for thinking of it. I have four sheep in my flock that belong to you. They came into my fold six years ago and I knew they had your mark on them, but I took them and marked them with my mark; and you inquired all around and could not hear anything of them. But they are in my field with the increase of them. And now I want to settle this matter. I have lain awake nights and groaned over it, and have come to get rid of it. And now I am at your option. I will do just as you say. If it is a few years in state prison, I will suffer that. If it is money or property you want, say the word. I have a good farm and money at interest, and you can have all you ask. I want to settle this matter and get rid of it."

The infidel was amazed. He began to tremble.

"If you have those sheep you are welcome to them. I don't want anything of you, if you will only go away: a man who will come to me as you have—something must have hold of you that I don't understand. You may keep the sheep if you will only go away."

"No," said the Christian, "I must settle this matter up, and pay for the sheep I shall not be satisfied without. And you must tell me how much."

"Well," said the skeptic, "if you must pay for them, you may give me what the sheep were worth when they got into your fold, and pay me six per cent. interest, and let us call it square."

The man counted up the value of the sheep and the interest on the amount, and laid it down, and then laid as much more beside it, and went his way, leaving a load on his neighbor's heart almost as heavy as that which he himself had borne. The full result of that scene is only known to God. One thing is certain—the infidel was seen to frequent the house of prayer, and we may be sure that he afterwards believed there was some power in the Gospel, and that all Christians were not hypocrites.—Sel.

A PASSION TO SAVE PEOPLE.

A holy ardor to lead persons into the kingdom of God is a gift of rarest excellence and a practice of supreme importance. When a minister has it, the constant burden of his desire is to save somebody, the thought never leaving him even for one moment. David Brainard possessed this ardor, and said: "I care not where I go or how I live or what I endure, so that I may save souls. When I sleep I dream of them; when I awake they are first in my thoughts." The preaching of such a man is sure to be direct, searching and earnest, reminding one of what the old Scotch woman said of Robert McChyne: "He always preached as if he would be dyin' to see yees saved." Would God there were in the pulpit more of this downright earnestness to see sinners saved. And would God that more of the same spirit were in the pew. Lay-

men who ache in their fiber to lead souls to Christ would make the church something what she should be—a rescue mission, house of salvation, a heavenly recruiting station. About ten years ago the late Dr. S. A. Keen testified as follows:

With the last twenty-five years we have known nearly all the great soul winners—evangelist, pastoral and special, ministerial and lay—yet we think so the one as the most remarkable of them all. She was a Christian woman, a mother, an invalid, of meager education, seldom did she get to the house of God, yet every now and then some young person or some father or mother, and on two occasions whole families surprised us and our church by membership on probation. When inquiry was made respecting their salvation, they said, "Sister W— came to see us, talked with us, prayed for us and we were converted." Here was a woman scarcely known to the church in general of which she was a member, of frail health, of limited attainments, so fired with love for souls, so anointed with holy wisdom, and so clothed with divine effectiveness, as that visiting her neighbors, writing letters or talking to people, she was so used as to be currently winning souls and sending a stream of new accessions into the church of which she was a member. If one of the humblest, most circumscribed and least gifted of God's saints could thus be anointed with the Spirit of power, and of a sound mind what believer is there that any not in like manner become a soul-winner?—Michigan Christian Advocate.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL ON STEWARDSHIP AND TITHING.

She had the missionary fire glowing in her soul, and when not able to go to the foreign field, she gave her jewelry to the cause of missions. Hear her story:

"The Lord has shown me another little step, and of course I have taken it with extreme delight. Take my silver and gold, now means shipping off all my ornaments (including a jewel cabinet which is really fit for a countess) to the Church Missionary Society, where they will be accepted and disposed of for me. I don't think I need tell you I never packed a box with such pleasure."

Her sister says in reference to the above, "I pleaded in vain the pleasure of leaving them to others. 'No,' she said, 'my King wants them, and they must go; delightful to have anything to give Him.'"

"The silver and gold are mine, saith the Lord of hosts." Yes, every coin we have is literally our Lord's money. Simple belief of this fact is the stepping-stone of full consecration of what he has given us, whether much or little. "Then you mean to say we are never to spend anything on ourselves? Not so. Another fact must be considered,—the fact that our Lord has given us our bodies as a special charge, and the responsibility of keeping these bodies according to the means given and the work required, in working order for Him. This is part of our own 'work.' A master entrusts a workman with a delicate machine, with which His appointed work is to be done. He also provides him with a sum of money, with which he is to procure all that may be necessary for keeping the machine in repair. * * Just so we are to spend what is really needful on ourselves,

because we are not our own, but our Master's.

"Though our time is to be 'ill' for Him, yet He solemnly sets apart the one day in seven which is to be especially for Him. So as to our money, though we place it all at the Lord's disposal and rejoice to spend it all for Him directly or indirectly, yet I am quite certain it is a great help and a safeguard, and, what is more, a matter of simple obedience to the spirit of His commands, to set aside a definite and regular proportion of income for His direct service. It is a great mistake to suppose that the law of giving a tenth to God is merely Levitical. 'Search and look' for yourselves, and you will find it is like the Sabbath, a far older rule, running all through the Bible, and endorsed, not abrogated, by Christ Himself, for speaking of tithes, He said, 'These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone. To dedicate the tenth of whatever we have is mere duty; charity begins beyond it; free-will offerings beyond that again. First fruits, also, should thus be set apart. This too, we find running all through the Bible.

"What about self-denial?" some reader will say. Consecration does not supercede this but transfigures it. Literally a consecrated life is and must be a life of self-denial, but all the efforts and pain of it are changed into very delight."—From Biographical Sketch.

ARRAIGNMENT OF RUM.

Moderation is counseled. Moderation! Who counsels moderation? Have we not tried temporizing policies with this wild beast of nameless possession long enough? Have we not sought to tame him with moral suasion, to melt him with tears of broken-hearted womanhood and childhood, by appeals to any latent humanity that might yet be in him, by the homes he has desolated, and the victims of millions he has immolated? Have we not resorted to measures of mild repression only to see how futile they are? Have we not bound him with the wiles of low license, and tampered him with the local option and obstructive legislation? Have we not worn ourselves out with crusades and petitions and remonstrances? Have we not, despairing of any success with the beast himself, exhausted all possible methods of rescuing his victims, only to find him at the end of a hundred years of unsuccessful effort, still entrenched and defiant? It is seventy years since the great Beecher stirred Boston and the nation with startling appeal. For a half century the impassioned Gough went up and down the land, creating by his appeals that would move a heart of stone moral sentiment. Thousands of others have pleaded, wept and prayed. For twenty years women have knelt on curb-stones and entreated. The State still pampers the beast and turns him loose to ravage and destroy. Where he had hovels he has built palaces. The low groggery has flowered out into the gilded saloon. The scurvy miscreant, once despised but patronized, has become the acknowledged gentleman of fashion. He has moved from his obscure quarters into the street where decent citizens live, and is toasted and feted by well-bred men and women. He has formed an ostentatious league and banks millions to defend his disreputable profession.

He calls conventions, and sits with parade, in deliberation of his rights and immunities; and the public press busies itself with reports of his proceedings and speaks of him with respect.

Moderation? No! Who talks of moderation in coils of a boa-constrictor? We have temporized too long. It is time to talk and act like men. A murderer, cold, heartless, cruel, is among us. Not the assassin of one of our family. His victims count by millions. His butcheries are progressing daily and nightly within the sight of our dwellings. The screams of his victims, if we could but listen, chase away sleep from our eyes. He knows the fact, we know it. His sole and only business for which he lives is first to debauch youth and innocence, and then to hurry the dishonored hulk away to a drunkard's grave, and pamper himself and his family upon the price of his villainies. The teocalli of the Aztec war-god, upon which the quivering heart of thousands were laid, is a shrine of beauty compared with the horrors of this modern demon of destruction—the rum-hole! We men stand by and see it and raise no hand; nay, worse, vote the right and take the assassin of virtue right by the hand and treat him as our equal. The annals of human history furnish no parallel of stupidity and monstrosity.

Moderation; No, no! There is but one way: let criminal law do its functions; put him in the culprit's dock, which is the only place to which he is entitled: carry him from the felon's cell, or to the gang of striped convicts, who are his only fit associates. Let the process be the most summary possible; let the law take hold of the factor on simple evidence of his business; let the evidence of criminal intent be the presence of the article; put it under ban of right of search when its presence is suspected. Deal with it precisely as we deal with theft, murder, abduction and classes of crime not graded with it, but which are far below it in atrocity.—Bishop Foster.

SAFE-KEEPING.

"He will keep thee as the apple of his eye." Deut. 32:10.
"He will keep thy foot from being taken." Prov. 3:36.
"Lest any hurt thee, he will keep thee day and night." Ps. 121:3.
"He will keep thee as a shepherd doth his flock." Jer. 31:10.
"He will keep thee from the evil that is in the world." John 17:15.
"He will keep thee from falling." Jude 24.
"He will keep thee from the hour of temptation." Rev. 3:10.
"He will keep thee in all places whither thou goest." Gen. 28:15.
"He will keep the feet of the saints." 1 Sam. 2:9.
"He will keep thee in the way lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." Luke 4:11.
"He will keep thee in the way, and bring thee into the place which he has prepared." Ex. 23:20.
"He will keep that which thou hast committed to him." 2 Tim. 1:12.—Watchword and Truth.

We do not know any instance in any place of a person receiving in one and the same moment remission of sins, the abiding witness of the spirit, and a clean heart.—Wesley.