

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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IF WE ONLY UNDERSTOOD.

Could we but draw back the curtains
That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives,
Often we would find it better,
Purer than we judge we should;
We should love each other better,
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds and motives,
See the good and bad within,
Often we should love the sinner,
All the while we loathe the sin;
Could we know the powers working
To overthrow integrity,
We should judge each other's errors
With more patient charity.

If we knew the cares and trials,
Knew the efforts all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment,
Understood the loss and gain,
Would the grim, eternal roughness,
Seem I wonder, just the same?
Should we help where now we hinder,
Should we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at its source;
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grain of good;
And we'd love each other better,
If we only understood.

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

ALONE WITH GOD.

When preparing his disciples for their work the Lord taught them to pray, and in doing so laid emphasis on the necessity of being alone with God. "Enter into thy closet and shut the door." Prayer is the foundation of the Christian life, it is the secret spring of effective Christian work. Jesus was a man of prayer; at all times he was in close communion with the Father and in order that this communion might be in the fullest measure according to his love and his need, he went apart to pray. In the wilderness, on the mountain, the world and the duties and burdens of life shut out, he was alone with God. So he taught separation to his disciples. After his resurrection, when the door was bolted, he came to his disciples and breathed upon them the Holy Ghost. In the secret of his tabernacle God hides his people from anger and reveals himself to them. They are called to be a people separated from the world, but also to be in close fellowship with himself.

There is a great need for us to remember this at the present time. Religious development requires repose and thought, a state of mind free from worldly care in which we are open to spiritual influences. The things of God are not clearly seen through the smoky atmosphere of the world's life. We live in an age of great activity; we are driven by an unrelenting energy. Not so many are their own masters as formerly, and these few are under the spell of the world's movements; they are caught in the strong current. There is little time left for devotion. Every place may be a place of prayer, but one cannot hold a close fellowship with God at the desk, amid the noise of machinery, or in the place where the daily duties of secular affairs are met. So complexed has our social life become that almost every hour makes its demand upon us. How can we dwell with God under such conditions?

The same is true of the church life. The rushing spirit is in it. The key-word of the church life today is "work." We are under pressure for it. This calls for organization, and

we have societies and associations until, day and night, we are, subject to call. This brings us out into the public. We speak and pray in public. Even the children are so taught. We should restore the old watchword, "Pray." Work is a duty, association is good, but back of this is the personal life with God as the fountain of all efficient work. First of all, "Enter into thy closet and shut the door." God is there, and alone with him we receive his Spirit.

We marvel at the saintliness of some. They are holy; they carry about them, unconsciously, an atmosphere of holiness. We come under its influence, and as we receive a blessing from it, we wonder whence it comes. Like the light on the face of Moses, it comes from the presence of God. We are amazed at the amount of work some men have accomplished; the explanation is in the spiritual insight and power gained in being alone with God. Some of the fathers daily spent hours in meditation and prayer, and the world moved at their touch.

The public assembly for prayer is an outgrowth of the Spirit given us by the Lord. The disciples with one accord were in the place of assembly; the Spirit descended on them individually. The relation of the soul to God is personal, and the power from God comes to the individual and through him to the world.

In this day of "movements" in the present evangelistic efforts for a revival, our appeal is for the closet; it is to the individual Christian to seek close, personal fellowship with God. The river is fed by the little springs; when from each individual closet life there flows the rivulet of personal spiritual life, there will be a river of grace at flood time.

"Enter into thy closet and shut the door."—United Presbyterian.

A GOOD RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

BUD ROBINSON.

Why, a good religious experience means that I was convicted for my sins, and that I repented of my sins, and that God pardoned my sins, and gave me the witness of the Spirit that my sins were blotted out, and that my name was written in Heaven, and that I was a son of God, and that I had been adopted into the heavenly family, and that now I was an heir to the Baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire, and that God would sanctify me wholly and preserve me blameless unto the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ; and that I could gaze in the red top clover field where the bees make honey all the year, and where the humming birds sing their sweet humming melody all the year, and buzz in the honeysuckle vines, as they climb the tree of life that hath been planted in my soul, and that out in the backyard of my soul I have a half-dozen old bee gums that I have not robbed yet this year, and it means that you are so filled with God, that sin, in any form, is so disgusting to you, that the devil can't get up anything to attract you at all. You are just simply lost in the ocean of God's love; and you are just floating about in divine grace and expecting to float to the eternal city in a short time; and that if you were to make the landing to-day, you would not be surprised at all; and that you are a stranger and pilgrim here on earth; and that here you "have no continuing city,

but you seek one to come whose builder and maker is God," and that the hard places in life are just stepping stones to greater blessings in this world; and that when you met with what the devil called an impossibility, you just take the handspike of faith, and turn the thing over, and find an oil well, and a gold mine, and a flatter tree, and a honey pond, and the river of life all there under what the devil wanted you to see as an impossibility.

When the devil brings up to you what he calls a surrounding circumstance, you just put the saddle of faith on him, and him ride to the city of success, and hitch him up to the post of industry, and pray down an old-time revival that will cause men to run across Jordan, shout down Jericho, kill Achan, and march up and take Ai; and when the devil brings up what he calls a great difficulty, just take the key of faith, and unlock his doors, and go into his inward treasures, and you will find something like an old-fashioned Tennessee cupboard with the shelves loaded down with grapes and pomegranates, milk and honey, and you will have nothing to do but eat and shine and shout and praise God from whom all blessings flow. Now that is what I call a good religious experience.

WHERE FATHER USED TO KNEEL.

I heard a story of two men who were very wicked, yet their father was a very earnest, consecrated Christian. He held family prayers every night, kneeling down by a little table that stood in the corner near by the hearthstone; but the two young men did not care to bow with their father at that little, old table. Finally the father died and left the two wicked sons. He had prayed for them many a time, and sometime with tears in his eyes he had talked with them about their Savior, but they did not care to hear him.

Time went on, and in after years they decided, as they had gained in property, to remove the old house and build a larger one. They were both carpenters and they undertook the job themselves. They took off the roof and then the sides of the house, and then they took up the floor, plank by plank, and finally they got near the old hearth stone, and one of them stopped and looked at his brother. He said:

"Here's where father used to kneel and pray; there's where the little table stood and the Bible was always on it."

The other said: "Yes, it seems to me I can see the print of my father's knee on the old plank now." He continued: "I can't take up that plank; you take it up."

"No, I can't; I wish you would," and as they looked into each other's eyes the voice of their father spoke to them, and the Spirit of God vitalized the voice, and right there, where the old man had prayed a thousand times the boys prayed that day and asked the old, old question: "What shall I do to be saved?" And the Spirit of God came down and revealed Jesus to their hearts, and before that plank was ever taken up they gave their hearts to God.—Baptist Standard.

MAKE YOUR PORT.

Pay as little attention to discouragements as possible. Plough ahead as a steamer does, rough or smooth, rain or shine. To carry your cargo and make your port is the point.—Maltbie D. Babcock.

FACTS AND FIRE.

We hear a plea for preaching with more solid facts in it, and we approve; but facts themselves never saved a soul nor nourished one. Orthodoxy is safe, and we stand with those who defend it; but, like the law which is "holy and just and good," its righteousness cannot be fulfilled except by those who walk after the Spirit. In the wilderness of Horeb once stood a bush. How many times Moses and his flock passed that bush we do not know; perhaps the sheep path curved around it. It was a stubborn fact to be taken into consideration, but it left no lasting impression on the shepherd's mind, until one day it burst into flames and the living God spoke from it. As a result Moses left the sheep and went to deliver Israel, leaving his name high among those who knew and walked with God. So we may show a congregation under a mountain of facts—Lord help us to do it—but unless we touch the mass the tongue of fire from Pentecost, we will have our people very much where we found them, a very stiff and frozen mass. We are not looking for the man who can build the biggest brush heap, but the man who can set his brush heap—be it great or small—on fire and make it a standing beacon in the darkness of these degenerate days. We do not care who can build the fanciest altar, but we want the man who can pray fire down upon it. We want the man who can build the altar, but for more flaming fire.—Sel.

BROTHER OPOSSUM.

It is hard for me to have faith in a preacher who always has his face pulled back in a broad grin. He grins at his official board. He grins at his congregation. He grins at the young people. He grins along the street, in the stores, and in the homes of the people. It is hard for me to keep from believing that this Brother Opossum has something of a hypocritical character in him. It may be he is only weak minded, but I fear he is mean.

If a preacher wants to smile, very well; if he is amused, or pleased, or happy, let him laugh aloud. But deliver us from the constant grinner. The grinner seems to say by his frozen dry sham of a grin, "I know I can't preach, and I have but little sense, and shallow piety, but please don't kick me off the face of the earth; just look how pleasing I am."

If some young preacher should see these lines who is about to set up the grinning habit, I beg him from my heart, to stop before it is too late. Try to think of St. Paul, Savonarola, Martin Luther, John Wesley, Charles Finney, George Washington, Daniel Webster, or any great preacher, statesman, or soldier going through life with the smirk of a forced smile on his face. It is impossible to think of such a thing. Then, my brother, do not permit yourself to have an opossum grin on your face on all occasions. Be manly and honest. Be serious and self-possessed. Smile when some inward joy or sentiment wants to manifest itself in your face.—Exchange.

SOME QUESTIONS FOR PREACHERS.

It is well and really necessary for the minister of the gospel to review his life frequently, and to stir up the gift that is within him. This he cannot do better than to ask himself

some stirring questions on the vital truths of the Bible. Ask yourself the questions:

How is my experience?

Am I really saved?

Do I know that I am sanctified and filled with the Holy Spirit?

What is my object in preaching to the people?

Do I preach to be heard, and to have the people say what a good preacher I am? Or am I constantly thinking in the preparation for the sermon, how can I reach some heart, and persuade some soul to come to Christ?

How do I visit?

Do I feel that God requires me to answer for the souls that He has put under my charge?

Do I try my best to find out the true spiritual standing of the members of my congregation, or do I pass over them easy, and cover up their coldness?

Am I interested in Foreign Missions? If so to what extent? And if not, why not?

Do I preach holiness as a second work of grace in the heart?

Are any of my congregation getting saved?

Do I get people into the experience of sanctification as a result of my preaching?

THINGS TO THINK ABOUT.

Better try to fail than fail to try.

Men do not rise by always looking down.

The true prayer is an humble petition.

A heart full of hate is a poor field for hope.

A thing is not necessarily honest because it is legal.

We lift ourselves up by reaching down to help others.

The worst bore on earth is the man with a grievance.

You don't have to pray loud to reach the Father's ear.

Less theology and more Christianity might help some.

A flower in the sick room is better than a bouquet on the grave.

Whiskey numbers its worst victims among those who never use it.

Calico-clad virtue gets more real pleasure out of life than silk-clad vice.

There is a wide difference between giving for love and giving for praise.

If truth traveled as fast as a lie a lot of gossips would be put out of business.

The man without enemies will get no higher in the world than a kite flown with the wind.

Doing the easy thing first always results in making doubly hard the last task undertaken.—Sel.

DEFINITIONS OF HOME.

A prize was offered some time ago by the London Tit-Bits for the best answer to the question, "What is home?" Here are a few of the answers which were received:

"A world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in."

"Home is a blossom of which heaven is the fruit."

"The golden setting, in which the brightest jewel is 'mother.'"

"The father's kingdom, the children's paradise, the mother's world."

"The center of our affections, around which our heart's best wishes twine."

"The jewel casket, containing the most precious of all jewels, domestic happiness."

"A little hollow scooped out of the windy hill of the world, where we can be shielded from its cares and annoyances."