

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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MR. AND MRS. FINDFAULT.

BY FRED JOSE BUZZELL.

Alas! how many zealous Christians—Christians filled with burning zeal and Holy Ghost power, who having for a season bravely withstood the burning fire of temptation and fought many a victorious battle, through some little act of disobedience, are eventually overthrown. The devil, having innumerable resources at his command, is never at a loss for a fiery dart with which to thrust the faltering soul. His emissaries are legion, and he knows just what one to employ for each individual case.

Perhaps the first one to be sent along by him will be Mr. Findfault. This monster is very subtle, and approaches his intended victim with many plausible ideas and insinuating suggestions. Having sized up his adversary (for every Christian should be his bitter foe,) he knows where to commence the attack. If the shield of faith has been laid aside, he is assured of an easy victory; and at once begins operations by confidentially assuring Brother Lostfaith that "there is something wrong in the church, and as long as things continue in their present condition, it is useless trying to get souls saved and sanctified."

This information so enhances Brother Lostfaith's love for poor fallen humanity, that he feels led to communicate the sad state of affairs to Brother and Sister Growler. As he concludes his lament, Brother Growler, with an, I-told-you-so-shrug, declares that "it is no news" to him, as he has for some time been acquainted with the existing deplorable condition of the church. While unburdening his mind, he is encouraged by wise looks, innumerable nods, and sundry grunts from Mrs. Growler. In the meantime, Mr. Findfault's devil has succeeded in establishing himself at the church. Although he has not yet attained his highest ambition—that of running the shop—he does not despair, but is content to remain a silent partner for the present, believing that in the near future his fondest hopes will be realized, and his supremacy acknowledged by all. The pastor God bless him! a godly man, who has forsaken all for the Gospel's sake, seems to be the butt of Mr. Findfault's complaint. Why, he actually had the audacity to whisper in Sister Sanctimonious' ear, that is a shame for the preacher to monopolize so much time announcing special meetings, when the time should be spent in praying for the salvation of souls. This revelation so exercised Sister Sanctimonious, that she gave an audible "that's so" sigh. Emboldened by this visible agitation, Mr. Findfault, with a diabolical grin overshadowing his countenance, demonstrates that there is no limit to his impudence by declaring that "so much shouting and howling in the meetings, is not of God, but of the flesh;" that "a shouting Christian, like an empty barrel rolling down hill, has a hollow sound; and makes more noise than a full one. Therefore shouting should not be countenanced by the people of God. Besides it hurts our influence; and we will never be popular as long as we act like fanatics." Having thus succeeded in proving the faith and "stirring up the pure mind of the saints by way of remembrance," Mr. Findfault proceeds to strike while the iron is hot. He has for some time been

throwing out insinuating feelers about "collections." The first to be struck by these are Brother and Sister Kicker, from Chronic Kicker street, Kickerville, Kicks County. These comrades are well up in the church, and are regarded by the lambs of the flock, as models of love and wisdom. Their frequent kicks in regard to collections have so worked the minds of the church, that the majority evidently are persuaded, that "money is all the pastor wants to get out of a meeting." And, now declares, "it is an absolute sin to waste so much precious time in the meetings, (time which should be spent in praying for poor lost souls,) in begging for money to save the heathen in foreign lands, while there are so many sinners at our own doors." With this idea uppermost in their pure minds, is it any wonder, when an offering is solicited, that sickly smiles, unearthly groans, and a total collapse is the consequence? About this time a lamentation is raised by Mr. Findfault, because souls are not being saved and sanctified, and he proposes to relieve his mind a bit. That the half which follows this decision is favorably received, is manifested by a growl from Brother and Sister Growler, a sigh from Sister Sanctimonious, and a vehement kick from Brother and Sister Kicker. By this time the pastor has almost despaired of ever banishing the devil, Mr. Findfault, from the church; but having declared war to the hilt, his design is not to give in, but by the grace of God to push the battle to the gates. He faithfully and lovingly deals the truth to his flock, and at all times, even when the air is filled with dirt and laden with crankiness, preserves the greatest serenity, exhibiting nothing but patience and charity.

And now, dear reader, just a word to you, and then I am done. How are you getting along in your experience? Does the devil, Mr. Findfault, abide in your neighborhood? If he does, then take the advice of one who has crawled from beneath the devastated wreck of his wives, and have nothing to do with him. His business is not to strengthen, but to promote a declension of your faith. He is forever advancing faults, and if you but give him an inch he will be sure to take 100 miles. So again I say, beware! Shun him as you would a serpent, and when approached by him, keep your eyes fixed on the faultless one—Jesus.

THE MAGNETIC TOUCH.

REV. J. H. TIMBRELL.

When I was just beginning my ministry I forged the steel for a horseshoe magnet. I polished and painted it and laid it away in the drawer of my bookcase. For five years it lay there uncharged. It looked just like a magnet, but was as inert as any other piece of steel. Chancing to come across a powerful magnet, I gave it that double touch taught in philosophy, and then tested it. It looked just the same as before. There was no visible change anywhere.

I held the armature near the end; there was a sharp click; and it was fast. It had come in contact with power, and had received a mysterious endowment that I could not comprehend. That touch had BAPTIZED it with an energy which wakes up every bit of iron or steel that comes in contact with it. Polished and painted it

looked all right until you came to use it. But now what a change that one baptism wrought in it! How often have I seen my magnet in the souls before me in the congregation; polished and refined, yet oh so dark and dead! so utterly incapable of doing anything for Christ or the salvation of souls! How I have coveted for them just what my magnet got, a touch from the "central glory," that would wake up the slumbering soul within them, and make them positive forces for Christ wherever they went. I thought if that simple piece of steel is capable of receiving such a wonderful baptism, what must be the possibilities hidden in a human soul? Cannot God do as much for an immortal spirit as the magnet did for my piece of steel? And shall any one refuse to believe it, when he fairly burdens the Word to unfold this sublime truth to us? "Through a glass darkly."—Ch. Standard.

FILLED WITH THE FULLNESS OF GOD.

This is how the Rev. Dr. Dixon illustrates the thought of being filled with the fullness of God:

"Standing on the deck of a ship in midocean, you see the sun reflected from its depths. From a little boat on a mountain lake you see the sun reflected from its shallow waters. Looking into the mountain spring, not more than six inches in diameter, you see the same great sun.

"Look into the dewdrop of the morning, and there it is again. The sun has a way of adapting itself to its reflections. The ocean is not too large to hold it, nor the dewdrop too small. So God can fill any man, whether his capacity be like the ocean, like the mountain lake, like the spring, or like the dewdrop. Whatever, therefore, be the capacity, there is opened up the possibility of being 'filled with the fullness of God.'"—Methodist Recorder.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"There was something touching in his childlike and simple reliance upon Divine aid, especially when in such extremities as he sometimes fell into. Though prayer and reading of the scriptures were his constant habit, he more earnestly than ever, at such times, sought that strength which is promised when mortal help faileth. Once he said: 'I have been driven many times upon my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom and that of all about me seemed insufficient for that day.'"—Blaisdell's Stories of the Civil War.

A STRONG TESTIMONY.

Every once in awhile I hear someone growl against foreign missions, because the money and strength put into them are needed at home. I did it myself when I did not know better; God forgive me! I know better now; and I will tell how I found out. I became interested in a strong religious awakening in my old city of Copenhagen, and I set about investigating it. It was then that I learned what others have learned before me and what was the fact there, that for every dollar you give away to convert the heathen abroad, God gives you ten dollars worth of purpose to deal with your heathen at home.—Jacob Riis.

Prayer is a true wish sent Godward.—Philips Brooks.

THE BRISTOL PRAYER ROCK.

A short distance from Bristol, Vt., on the south side of the highway leading from Bristol, Lincoln and Starksboro, lies the "Bristol Prayer Rock," a famous landmark of that neighborhood. It is a huge boulder near the roadway, and is as high as the top of an ordinary top carriage. It bears on it face the Lord's Prayer engraved in capital letters over an inch in height, and painted white, so that they stand out clearly on the surface of the rock.

The story of the rock and its scriptural inscription is that Dr. J. C. Greene, now dead, but for many years a prominent physician in Buffalo, N. Y., formed the determination in his boyhood days of having the Lord's prayer engraved on this boulder. He was a native of Starksboro. For many years the rock was disfigured with posters and other advertisements. Since the Lord's prayer was engraved on the rock it has not been used as a bill board. It is a common object of respect and pride among the people, and to cover it with posters now would be regarded as a desecration.

One feature of that story is that Dr. Green paid twenty five cents a letter for the engraving of the prayer, and that in his will he made provision for the repainting of the letters whenever they became dim.—Christian Work.

THE BIBLE.

"This Book contains—The mind of God, the state of man, the way of salvation, the doom of sinners, and the happiness of the Believer. Its doctrines are holy, its precepts are binding, its histories are true, and its decisions are immutable. Read it to be wise, believe it to be safe, and practise it to be holy. It contains light to direct you, food to support you, and comfort to cheer you. It is the traveller's map, the pilgrim's staff the mariner's compass, the soldier's sword, and the Christian's charter. Here Paradise is retorsed, Heaven opened, and the gates of hell disclosed.

Christ is its grand theme, our good its design, and the glory of God its end. It should fill the memory, rule the heart, and guide the feet. Read it slowly, frequently, prayerfully. It is a mine of wealth, a paradise of glory and a river of pleasure. It is given you in life, will be opened at the judgement, and be remembered forever. It involves the highest responsibility, rewards the greatest labour, and condemns all who trifle with its sacred contents."—Selected.

BY THIS SIGN, CONQUER.

It would be difficult to show that the essence of apostolic Christianity was not belief in this or that formulated statement about God and Christ, but rather a passionate devotion to Christ himself. And this was evidently what the Lord sought to develop and establish in his followers, as is witnessed by his reference to doing all things in his name and for his sake. This must be the test also of the Christianity of today. It is not what we believe about Christ, but our relation to Christ that counts. An apostolic Christian was Andrew Fuller. When he went to his native town to raise money for the cause of missions one of his old friends said to him: "Andrew, I'll give you five

pounds, seeing it's you." "No," was the reply, "I can take nothing, seeing it's me," and handed the money back. His friend saw the point at once, and said: "Andrew, you are right. Here are ten pounds, seeing it is for the Lord Jesus Christ." This is the sign—"For Jesus' sake"—by which we are to conquer.—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

SAFE HOME.

I have a friend who is acquainted with a man who is an engineer on one of the railroads running out of New York City. Some years ago this man, who is who is an earnest Christian, was addressing a meeting of men, a large number of whom were employes of the railroad. As he closed his address, he said, "I cannot begin to tell you what Jesus Christ is to me. He has given me a hope that is very precious. Some years ago," he said, "every night as I neared the end of my run, I would look up to the top of a hill where stood a little cottage; and as we rushed down through the cut I would pull open the whistle and let out a blast, when an old lady would come out to the door and wave her hand at me. And as we shot into the tunnel she would go into the house and say, 'Thank God, father, Bennie is safe at home tonight.' But the day came when we carried mother out and laid her to rest. Then, night after night, when I pulled the whistle, an old man would come to the door and wave his hand to me, and I could almost hear him say, as he entered the house, 'Thank God, Bennie is safe at home tonight.' But now," said the engineer, "they are both gone, and although I look up many times I do not see any of the dear ones to welcome me home. But some day, when I have pulled the whistle for the last time, and the work of this world is over, I shall come to the pearly gates, and I am sure as I draw near I shall see an old lady waiting at the entrance with an old gentleman; and as I enter, I shall see my dear old mother turn to father and say, 'Thank God, father, Bennie is safe home.'"

Oh, men, if for no other reason than for this, that it will mean a reunion of loved ones, the answer of the prayers of those whom we have loved, long since gone and lost awhile, I urge you to choose Christ.—Sel.

Don't whine! Take what comes to you and do your best with it. Make the bravest fight you can; train yourself to see the cheerful side of things, even the funny side of mishaps you cannot help. Strangle complaints with a laugh—a cheery laugh is good for the heart and brain, and clears the mists from the eyes of faith. Endure what must needs endure, go bravely forward, die if you must, but don't whine.—The Home Messenger.

"Danial purposed in his heart." That's the trouble with a great many people; they purpose to do right, but only purpose in their heads, and that doesn't amount to much. If you are going to be Christians, you must purpose to serve God away down in your hearts. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness."—D. L. Moody.

Many men owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties.—C. H. Spurgeon.