

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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WHY DID HE PREACH?

J. N. ERVIN.

The Rev. F. R. Spaulding, D. D., was in his pulpit. He was a man of about forty years, fifteen of which he had spent in the ministry. He was counted "more than the average preacher." When he went to his present charge he was the almost unanimous choice of the congregation, although there were one hundred and seventeen other applicants. The choice was thought a wise one by everybody, and a few of those 117. The judgment of those who knew him best was that he was capable of filling the position most admirably. It must be said, too, to the credit of the members of that congregation that they were not seeking impossible things. They did not demand nor did they expect an angel. They knew that the present ministry is not recruited from such ranks. They were an intelligent people, and had the well-balanced judgment which belongs to those who are capable of weighing the conditions of the ministry and the church. They knew the limitations of the minister in so far as he was a man, and his possibilities so far as he was a man of God. It was a well-organized, an earnest, and a spiritually-minded church.

On the morning in question the church was well filled. The doctor saw at a glance after he had settled himself in his chair that only here and there was a vacant sitting. He sought a reason for the absentees and made a mental memorandum of certain things he would inquire about in the next few days. He had missed a few faces for more than one Sunday; he saw a few faces which he had seen there the previous Sunday, and one man accompanied by his family whom he had seen in a new business house but the day before.

And then the time drew near for the sermon. They had sung a hymn, and the congregation seated themselves in the pews to listen. The choir had rendered an anthem by somebody or other, and the organ dropped into a subdued tone as the officers came forward and took the plates to gather the offerings.

Suddenly the preacher felt someone touch him on the shoulder, and looking around, saw a stranger beside him and saw a face looking into his own, a face serious, but smiling. The stranger addressed him with a question, "What is your mission here this morning? You are about to address this people. What do you aim to accomplish by that address?" The voice was too authoritative to be disregarded and too kind to be suspected of impertinence. The preacher did not hesitate to answer, "I have a manuscript lying in the Bible which I have honestly wrought on. I have read late into the night that I might not make any mistaken assertions. I wanted to speak with a certain voice. I am to tell these people today about the Code of Hammurabi and the Code of Moses to show them in what things the codes agree and the other things in which they differ, and the superiority of one over the other. It is a live question. I am defending the Divine tuition of the Hebrew lawgiver. I am satisfied that I have established my contention. I have been intensely interested in the discussions, and I am prepared to set the minds of this people forever at rest on this subject."

"Granted," said he of the serious

face. "But what will be the advantage to these lives which are before you this morning? Every truth is important, but is it therefore the proper theme for the pulpit? Is your sermon worth while?" Then he looked down into the pews and asked, "Do you see the man in the second pew with the large, clean-shaven, attractive face?" "Yes sir; that man is Mr. George Hurlbut, a wealthy banker and a staunch supporter of this church." "It is true, but you and I happen to know that he is here this morning with a troubled soul. A most fascinating enterprise has been presented to him with a promise and a possibility of great wealth, but it will involve the use of wealth which has been entrusted to him and the use of which would involve a great wrong. The man is fighting the hardest battle of his life just now down in his pew. Will the Code of Hammurabi bring him out on the winning side? Will he find strength, or impulse, or incentive in it?"

"And yonder by the window, with uneasy, troubled look, sits a restless woman." "O, yes," said the preacher, "I know her story. She has had an unhappy married experience. Her husband is a man of means and provides a good home, but he tortures her by his neglect and his open attentions to other women and his sneers and sarcasms." "True," said the stranger, "and she is wearied with life. To remain as she is, is agony; to leave her home is disgrace and homelessness. The only alternative is to leave this world unbidden and before her time. It is that thought which puts the haunted look into her eyes just now. The question will soon be settled for all time and eternity. Will the Code of Hammurabi bring any solution to her soul of anguish?"

In the centre of the church is a girl's face with a frightened look." "Yes," said the preacher, "my heart aches for that girl. She has been charmed by an adventurer who sought her out at a summer resort. He has pleasing manners, but a depraved character. He can be tracked through life by a trail of broken hearts. His attentions have been frowned on by her parents, and it is now reported that he is endeavoring to induce her to elope with him and go abroad. A soul-tragedy is going on there now; parental reverence, conscience, religious duty are pitted against infatuation and fair promises, and the prize is the soul of the girl. Can you meet her needs and save her for holiness by the Code of Hammurabi?"

"And then, you must not overlook a group of young people." "I know them all," said the preacher. They have been very reverent and devoted to the church. They have never hitherto looked forward to anything but a life in the church and in christian service; but of late the voice of the world is beginning to make itself heard, and it troubles me. The siren world is charming them with the belief that the soul-liberty they want is away from the yoke of the church and from christian ideals. Their parents are very much hurt over their later thinking." "Then, can you give them anything from the Code of Hammurabi that will preserve them?"

"And another face I see," said the strange man, "the face of the man with his head leaning against the wall." "Of course I know him," replied the preacher. "He is a young

attorney, a most interesting man, very much concerned about his spiritual life. He has talked with me by the hour, and is in deep distress, seeking a light that does not come, stopping at the very brink of self-surrender. The conflict shows in his face, and the heavy lids tell of a night out of which sleep has fled. He is very near to the kingdom." "Then will the Code of Hammurabi bring him in?"

Then the strange voice ceased. The preacher started. The organist was still playing; the officers were coming slowly forward with their offerings; the stranger was gone. But the people were there yet. "Sure enough," he said to himself, "what am I here for this morning?"

Then a surprise came to the congregation of Dr. Spaulding. He stepped to one side of his pulpit and announced his text, "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not afraid, for I am thy God." He talked out of the depth of his love for God and man, and the people were electrified. He stood squarely on his feet as representing God to a people who needed him. He seemed to throw himself into the old banker's fight for God and righteousness. He made the troubled woman see that God was a very real and helpful element in her life and that He would never leave her no matter what life might bring. He brought God into their lives.

And so he always continued to preach, sometimes from carefully prepared manuscript, sometimes looking squarely into people's eyes, but always as a man who knew what he wanted to do and that he wanted to do a thing which all men needed done. He tried to get God into the life of every man. He is preaching that he may make the common lives of common men and women, lives that are transformed and inspired and permeated by the Spirit of God.—Western Advocate.

A COMPLAINING SPIRIT

"Seems to me it's pretty cold and the wind is sharp," complained a woman, who was sitting in the shade on the north veranda. "Everybody who passes calls it a nice day, but when you get out into it, it's cold and raw." "Of course it is," called out her husband from the yard, "when you are sitting in the shade on the north side of the house. Come out here in the sunshine; the yard is full of it."

One might as well expect to get warm sitting on an iceberg, as to expect to realize true blessedness with a complaining spirit. Everything God has made or does, is ordained to bring blessings to us, but if we put on blue glasses, wrap shadows about us, how can we expect to know much about true blessedness?—The Watchword.

WHAT CAN YOU AFFORD?

Two friends of missions were in earnest conversation about the cause so dear to their hearts. Finally one said, "I give to missions all that I can afford." Quickly the other answered, "I give a little more, for I add a prayer." Then they separated. Some time later they met again, and once more talked about the work of the Lord and their contributions. Then he who had said, "I give to missions all that I can afford," spoke thus, "I have also added a prayer to my contributions, and, strange to say, since I have done it, the amount that I can afford has increased threefold." Try the prescription, and to your contribu-

tion of all that you can afford for missions add a prayer.—Missionary Review of the World.

A GOOD PASTORAL MESSAGE.

Thanks to Sister, Mrs. Elihu Shea for pastor J. N. Shorts New Year greeting to his church containing his photo. We copy the following pastoral letter which is of general value.

Standing In The Gap.

THE SUPERLATIVE WORTH OF THE MAN OR WOMAN WHO WILL STAND IN THE GAP.

History has given some splendid examples of men who have stood in the gap like "Horatius at the Bridge" and the brave men who kept the pass at Thermopylae. These illustrious and brave souls gave their lives in defence of their country.

There is a greater example of standing in the gap. Jesus with infinite sacrifice, "when there was no eye to pity and no arm to save," came into the gap and brought salvation.

All through the history of God's Church there always have been a few noble, self-sacrificing souls who could be depended upon. Is it building or repairing the church; is it at a crisis of any kind; is it when the prayer-meeting has lost interest; is it at the end of the year, when there is a deficit in the church treasury; is it at any time of special need, then blessed, thrice blessed is the man or woman who will stand in the gap.

You ask how thrice blessed? First: they honor God and are blessed of Him. Second: they lift a burden from other hearts, and are blessed of them. Third: they have the rich reward of soul peace, and are blessed of their own hearts.

The message to you is this: There is a gap for every one to fill. There is a gap for you to fill. If you do not fill it, no one can for you. With God's help will you not find the gap you can fill, and by his grace fill it? So shall the triple blessing be yours and the year be glorious with His presence and peace.

MY DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS:

You have read somewhere words like these: "What a church would our church be, if all the members were just like me?" This would be an important question for every member of any church to ask. It might then lead to a change of spirit and action. But would any of us need to do anything but be true to our "Church Covenant" solemnly accepted in the presence of God and men? Is it not a question, What is my personal responsibility? In the light of coming judgment it is a serious thing to violate ones covenant. If all in a true spirit would ask this question, would not each one take his stand in the gap and help to make up the hedge?

Let us mutually do this, as pastor and people, and exercise ourselves always to have a conscience void of offence toward God and men. So will God be with us. Then casting down reasonings and every high thing, that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, let us bring into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.

Your Pastor

J. N. SHORT.

PERILS OF OUR DAY.

The most alarming peril of our day is naturalism—the denial of all direct divine agency and control. Science is uniting with unbelief, wickedness and worldliness, skepticism and mate-

rialism, to rule a personal God out of the universe, and substitute in His place a mere clockwork machinery on which, in some unknown way, the uniformity of order is impressed, so that like causes produce like effects. This drift toward materialism demands the supernatural as its only corrective. Even if its manifestations had been suspended, there would be a demand for their revival in a form suited to the day. In Enoch's time human sin was fast making atheists, and God took him, spirit, soul and body, that men might be startled with the proof of a Divine Being and an invisible world; in Elijah's day general apostasy was rebuked by the horses and chariots of fire; and if ever men needed to be confronted with fruits of power above nature—a living God back of all the forces and machinery He controls, who does answer prayer, guide by His grace—it is now.—A. T. Pierson.

A NOBLE BOY.

A certain boy matriculated in one of the universities of the South. He was poorly clad. When this boy paid his board, tuition, and the price of second-hand books, he had just five dollars left. At the end of the fourth year he took the "A. B." degree. His poor old, widowed mother sold one of the plow horses to pay him through fifth year. But at the end of that year he sat among the graduates—dressed in plain brown coat and pants and no vest. But he was the honor graduate, and at the head of the class. When a gold medal was handed to him, he stepped from the rostrum and walked straight to the back, of the room, where right by the door, sat a homely old woman in black, and tied the blue ribbon with the great, glittering medal around her neck. She buried her wrinkled face in her old, drawn hands, and wept like a child. It seemed the applause would never die away. And now he is a corporation counsel at \$6,000 a year, his mother sits happily in the gloamings of a beyond, and the picture of her noble son hangs on the wall of his Alma Mater.—Sel.

A REASON FOR WHICH TO BE ASHAMED.

The chief reason why the doctrine and experience of holiness is so much opposed in many places is that sin is so popular in those who oppose holiness. Holiness is more, but it is this that where it has right of way, sin disappears, and men love sin, love to commit sin, they pet it and coddle it and play with it and live in and for it and do not want to have their pet taken from them. A child who had acquired a special fondness for playing with rattlesnakes would be looked upon as a monstrosity; but what of a man who has developed a special fondness for playing with sin, and who gets angry whenever any one mentions getting rid of sin and this monstrous love of it as a plaything? Wesleyan Methodist.

Governor Hoch of Kansas says: "I believe there are not 1,000,000 people on earth freer from the evils of the liquor traffic than are the people of this State, and it is a plain fact that the thing works financially as well as morally. I question whether there are any similar number of people anywhere on earth more prosperous than are the people of this State. A poor-house is a joke in Kansas. Our Bank Commissioner reports about \$100 per capita in the banks." Fifty counties in Kansas last year did not furnish the penitentiary a single criminal.