

The King's Highway.

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness

And an Highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The Way of Holiness—Isa. 35-8.

VOL. XXIV.

Fredericton, N. B., November 29, 1913.

No. 22.

GOD'S GREATEST WORK.

My life is on thy altar, Lord, an offering small and poor,
But Jesus' blood has cleansed it, and it is all my store.
The altar sacrifice, the gift, oh, wondrous power divine,
The Spirit my acceptance seals—and I am wholly thine.

Oh, may my life ring true, and may my offering be complete,
My best, my all, is none too much to lay at Jesus' feet,
I bring my failures, too, I bring my many doubts and fears,
Thou knowest they've been a weary load and clogged my soul for years.

But now, my soul, I've done with doubts, instead I just believe,
Out of thy blessed fullness, Lord, I every grace receive.

And I have brought some crying, and quite a lot of trying,
But now I place it at thy feet—the work is all thine own;
It is surely poor material from which to make a throne.

And many broken fragments are littered all about,
But thou hast been so merciful, thou didst not cast me out,
Now mould and fashion me in thine own blessed way,
My touch no more thy work shall mar, I'm but the plastic clay.

Build for thy glory, Lord; all, all I ask is this:
Thine, thine alone the glory be, and mine the boundless bliss.

Thou art the master workman, and able for the task,
Build only for thy glory, Lord, in thy great name we ask.

And thou wilt perfect, Lord, the work in me thou hast begun;
Not spot, nor wrinkle, shall remain when thou thy work hast done.

Just make an empty vessel, Lord, glad if it is thy will,
A temple of the Holy Ghost to show thy wondrous skill.

We fill our vessels at the fount, which thou didst open wide,
Where living waters freely flow, forth from thy wounded side.

Now with my empty vessel, Lord, I come as oft before,
Oh, fill it with thy Spirit, Lord, not full, but running o'er,

That others, too, may so partake, of thy free Spirit, Lord,
This is our glorious heritage, according to thy word.
Oh, overflow my vessel, Lord, though it be a little cup,
Oh, keep it always running o'er, that others, too, may sup.

—Mrs. G. A. Stone, Duxbury, Alta., in Montreal Witness.

"Happiness is nothing but that inward, sweet delight that will arise from the harmonious agreement between our will and God's will."

"Sincerity is speaking as we think, believing as we pretend, acting as we profess, performing as we promise, and being as we appear to be."



REV. E. W. LESTER.

Brother Lester is one of our younger ordained ministers and is stationed on the Millville circuit, where he has been a successful pastor for several years, and has won the hearts of his people and the general respect of the communities where he preaches. This has been the case wherever Brother Lester has been stationed.

He has given the following little sketch of his experience by the request of the Editor.

Millville, N. B., Oct. 23rd, 1913.

Dear Readers of the Highway,—

It is with thankfulness to God for bringing salvation nigh unto me, and an interest in the Highway, that I try to give a short account of God's dealings with me.

I was born at Millstream, Kings County, N. B., and at the age of fourteen was converted. Rev. A. H. McLeod baptised me and gave me the right hand of fellowship into the then F. C. B. Church. My conversion was clear and definite. I had no doubt of my acceptance with God. Soon after my conversion I felt God calling me to devote my life entirely to His work, but being of a quiet, reserved disposition, I did not speak of these feelings to anyone, but I struggled and got what education I could with the thought before me that eventually I would enter the ministry. Meantime I sought to follow God and walk in the light as He gave it. But timidity and fear of man often hindered me from making the progress I should have made. Though I never gave up trying to follow God, yet my experience was "Sometimes trusting, sometimes doubting, sometimes joyful, sometimes sad."

In the fall of 1899 I went to St. John to work, and the following spring I got in touch with the "Holiness people," and attended the meetings of the R. B. church. Rev. M. S. Trafton was pastor there then. As soon as I heard sanctification preached I felt it was the need of my soul, and I at once began seeking the

baptism with the Holy Ghost to cleanse my heart from sin. Through the summer I received the answer to my prayers. Oh, the sweet peace that flooded my soul. I had promised God that I would give my life wholly to His work, but as time went on and the way seemed closed to me, I gradually listened to the Evil One that there was nothing in me that could be used in the ministry and God wanted me to live a quiet life for Him. I felt my unworthiness and inability keenly and so, though I did not refuse to go, I settled down to the belief that after all God just wanted my will. As I did, the Love of God began to leak out. I went on for three years, unconsciously backslidden at heart, yet keeping up my profession. In the winter of 1904, Brother Trafton was holding special services, and I began to see my condition and sought to get back to God. I shall never forget the night when God took me back again and filled my soul with his presence. He made it very clear to me then what He would have me do. I cannot doubt His leading me to the life I now lead.

I had severed my connection with the F. C. B. Church and became a member of the R. B. Church, because I felt God wanted me to work among the people who were teaching this blessing that had meant so much to me. As I look back over my life I can feel how good God was to let me come among these people. Had it not been for that I know I should have gone back into sin. With war within and temptations without, I feel I could not have stood. How I thank Him for cleansing my heart from sin, taking away my timidity, giving me instead a holy boldness to work for Him. I feel I must preach entire sanctification as a second definite work of grace to cleanse the heart from sin and fit it up so we can offer a better service to God. Your brother,

E. W. LESTER.

WHAT MISTAKES, IF ANY, MARK THE HOLINESS MOVEMENT?

REV. S. B. SHAW.

For thirty-five years I have been known as a holiness evangelist. During all these years I have endeavored by word and pen to preach that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin. At this time the language of my heart has been as regards the people known as the holiness people, and as regards the holiness movement: "Let nothing but death separate me and thee."

Holiness is the greatest thing in the world. It is the most important thing in the church. It is the very life of the church. "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." (Heb. 12, 14.)

I do not question that, generally speaking, the modern holiness movement has been made up of the very best people in the churches. Yet it is unquestionably true that there are some in the churches that do not profess to enjoy the experience of holiness as a second work of

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