

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.

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FOR PRAYERFUL CONSIDERATION.

"Let us therefore fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it."

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

These two texts are worthy of careful and serious consideration. This is a personal appeal to you. A very small variation may cause one to come short, and to seem to others to come short of "his rest," which we profess to enjoy—may create a doubt in their minds of its reality.

Our light is for men to see.

To help others and glorify God, it must be a true light, revealing the effects of salvation in us.

A VISION OF THE GLORIFIED.

REV. E. M. LEVY, D. D., FROM "UPPER ROOM BELIEVERS."

"And I say unto you, that many shall come from the east and west and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. 8, 11.

"Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams."—Acts 2, 17.

I did not know until a few moments ago that the leadership of the meeting would fall on me. I ask you to pray that I may be led of God in giving you an interesting account of a recent experience.

A few weeks ago, the Sabbath had been a day of exhausting service. I had preached three times and led an adult Bible class. On the following day I slept in the afternoon an hour or more, which was an unusual thing for me to do in the day. The consequence was that at bed time I had no desire to sleep, and I remained in the sitting room until a late hour in the night, reading, meditating and praying. At last I retired and almost immediately I fell asleep. While thus peacefully slumbering, God gave me visions in the night. Now, I am not much of a dreamer, neither have I ever placed much dependence on dreams. They may or may not be the result of a troubled mind or of undigested food. I would take them for what they are worth. If they can be made to convey a spiritual lesson, I would use them; if not, I would cast them aside.

On this occasion the dream was a very remarkable and a very beautiful one. It appeared that I was in heaven. I saw there a long table, extending so far that the end was beyond the power of vision. At this table was seated a vast company of guests, of all ages, of all nations, of all kindreds and tongues, and of all periods of time. The old, however, while they differed from the young in appearance, had none of the infirmities of age. The countenances of all shone with unutterable beauty, and they were clothed in shining garments of white. At the side of each guest stood a radiant angel in the attitude of service. At the

upper end of the table thousands of children stood—"a holy, happy band." They were wonderfully beautiful. Above them, as hovering in the air, was a choir of angels, in brilliant robes of light, with various instruments of music in their hands.

In transports of delight, I began to make inquiries of my angel attendant. I exclaimed, "Tell me, Who is that venerable looking man opposite to where I sit?" "That," he replied, "is Abraham, the father of the faithful." "And who," I asked again, "are the men sitting by his side. Methinks I have seen their portraits somewhere, in the Scriptures perhaps." "They are," he answered, "Isaac and Jacob." "And," growing more and more excited, "who is that man with a crown upon his head and a harp by his seat?" "That is David, the sweet singer of Israel." "Tell me, please, who is that sweetest of faces yonder, and those two gentle women at her side?" "That is Mary, the mother of our Lord, and the others are Mary Magdalene and Mary, the sister of Lazarus." At this moment my roving eyes fell on the loveliest being ever seen by mortal vision—the fairest among ten thousand and the one altogether lovely. I had no need to ask who He was. It was Jesus, my Beloved. "See!" I exclaimed, "and John is still reposing on his bosom! Oh, that I might lay my weary head there too!" "You may," said the angel, with a smile upon his face, "there is room on that bosom for all."

And now the sweetest music came floating down from that infant throng. I have been moved by the songs of children on anniversary occasions, for there is no music like the soft treble of the children. But oh, my soul! the voices of this multitude of redeemed children in heaven cannot be described. Immediately, as the sound of their voices ceased, the choir of angels broke forth: "Hallelujah! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

Then the guests at the feast took up the strains and sang: "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen!" I could keep still no longer, but in a transport of joy I exclaimed, "How long will this last?" "Oh," replied my angel, "this feast will never end; this company will never separate; this service will never cease—it is all forever and ever!" And I awoke.

My first waking thought was the saying of Christ: "And I say unto you, that many shall come from the East and the West, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom in heaven."

What a wonderful Scripture this is, my brethren, and how radiant with gladness to a heart sighing over the miseries of a world where Satan, even now, has his seat and great powers. A better time is coming. The redeemed will not always be "a little flock." "Many shall come." What the number of the saved shall finally be we have no arithmetic to enumerate, and no powers of thought to comprehend. No one but he who numbereth the

stars and calleth them all by name can tell the number of the redeemed who shall finally come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.

At that supper of the Lamb there will be persons from every nation and from every period of time. Some one has quoted Dr. Hamilton as saying that "for many ages one nation supplied most of the inhabitants of heaven, but Jesus has broken down the partition wall, and since the Gospel went into all the world, all the world has contributed its citizens to the New Jerusalem. The Latin tongue has sent its Cornelius and its Clement; the Greek its Apollos and its Stephen; the African its Ethiopian eunuch; and since then all the world, civilized, has been sending its trophies and laying them down at the Redeemer's feet. All ages of the world and all denominations are represented there. But I notice that they all wear the same court dress. They are all clothed in white robes. They are all holy. They are pure, even as the King is pure. And they are all made clean by the precious blood of Christ."

Another thought: they all enjoy perfect rest. The very language of Christ, "They shall sit down," implies perfect rest. We have rest of soul now: "For they that believe do enter into rest." But there is another rest beside: "There remaineth a rest for the people of God." Heaven will be an everlasting Sabbath. Oh, ye who toil from week's end to week's end, and ye who suffer in chambers of sickness, and ye who have to endure the contradiction of sinners, ye shall rest there from trouble, and toil, and pain and persecution!

Another great thought is that of enjoyment as well as rest. The language of Christ includes also feasting. It is a banquet to which the redeemed shall sit down. It will be a feast of the mind, of the soul, of the affections. Nothing will be withheld that could minister to our happiness, or satisfy our desire for knowledge. We shall have plenty of time to explore the worlds that we see rolling in the heavens, to analyze the smallest as well as the greatest of God's works, and to unfold the books of providence and of grace.

We shall have a feast in the recognition of the company. What folly to question this! Why should Christ tell me that I shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, if I could never know Abraham, Isaac and Jacob? The question answers itself. We shall unquestionably know each other in heaven. And what a feast it will be to hear all the old worthies tell of their wonderful experiences of God's dealings! To listen to the apostles and martyrs! To see our brethren and sisters, who were once fellow pilgrims with us in life's journey! To meet our fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, our dearest companions, and our sweet children with whom we once parted in tears! What a feast! Who shall describe it! But best of all, we shall see God. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." What a beatific vision that will be! Then, too, that