

January 30, 1914.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

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lowers of Christ must not neglect if the work of the Lord is to prosper.

The second group are the "retired." They do not take church membership seriously. If in other years they have been faithful, some crises of life have interfered with their devotion; and the automobile, week-end attractions, house parties, boat parties and, we fear, sometimes the golf links, engage their attention, and at times, although in excellent health, they fall back upon the habits of the Levites of olden time; who early retired from the responsibilities of their careers in order to give way to the younger and more enthusiastic men.

The third group are the "tired." They are about ready to throw over the church altogether. The sermons weary them, and, as for shaking hands, they will not go through the process. The music is not so good as that which they hear at the opera, to attend Sunday school is a waste of time, and they have all they can do to keep awake while the minister is preaching on Christian duty and work as an evidence of faith. They are utterly weary!

We had thought only of these divisions, but when we talked with a college girl she suggested a fourth—the "tiresome." She had heard a deacon pray thirteen minutes in a prayer meeting, had listened a hundred times to the same exhortation by a man who was not held in the highest esteem by "the outsiders," and in the little church near her summer home had observed the prayer meeting activities of certain men and women who had long since lost their inspirational leadership in the community, but who continued to refer to thirty or forty years ago, when they were converted. She was also reminded of a prominent educator, who declared that a man active in his church and well advanced in age, with whom he had been brought into contact for many years, had not had one new idea since he was baptized at the age of fourteen.

We should be slow to classify our brethren, but it would be well if our brethren would classify themselves. To which class do we belong?—*Watchman-Examiner*.

REVIVING DRY BONES.

The little group of ministers returning from a great religious gathering, had become well acquainted during the weary wait for a night train at an out-of-the-way junction, and they were using the time for a profitable exchange of ideas concerning church work. Sunday Schools and Young People's Societies had been discussed, and the subject of special meetings, or "revivals" was taken up. Various opinions were expressed regarding the best plan for securing a successful meeting; and it was generally conceded that a very great deal depended upon the evangelists. The ministers gave accounts of the successful revivals that had been held in their respective churches, and outlined the methods pursued by the evangelist in each instance.

One of the group, an old pioneer preacher, took no part in the discussion. A young minister kindly wishing to draw the patriarch into the conversation, inquired sociably, "Well, Brother McKim, did your church have a good meeting this winter?"

"Brethren, we've had a reviving of dry bones in and around Four Corners such as Israel's prophets longed to see," answered the old minister in a tone of deep satisfaction.

The rest of the company stopped talking to listen. "You must have had an unusual evangelist," one of them observed.

"His kind is certainly rare," agreed the pastor from Four Corners.

"Did he use modern methods?" asked another.

"No-o, not what you'd exactly call modern, but very unusual, brethren, very unusual," explained the veteran with something like a chuckle.

"Come, now, Brother McKim, tell us about his sermons," urged the young minister.

As the company prepared to listen, a restless, sharp-faced man at the far end of the station got up and joined the little group.

"His first sermon was rather a shock to the community," began the speaker. "You see he used to live at Four Corners about ten years ago, at which time he was considerable of a black sheep."

"People were not expecting him to come back delivering sermons, I suppose," interrupted one of the listeners.

"Well, not just the kind he delivered, anyway. However, I've never heard a word of complaint."

"Wonderful," smiled his hearers.

"Must have been remarkably short sermons," jeered the newcomer, unpleasantly.

So they were. He finished the first one five minutes after he got off the train. A powerful sermon that," continued the speaker with evident enjoyment. "And it spread over Four Corners like wild-fire, though the implement dealer was the only original listener. I'll just give you an account of it. Sam Byers—that's the evangelist I'm telling you about—walked in to the implement dealer's office and said: 'Mr. Looms, I bought a wagon here ten years ago last month, and skipped the country with it. Here's the pay, with compound interest at 6 per cent.' And he handed the dealer a hundred dollars.

"Brevity wasn't the only good point about that sermon, now, was it?" inquired the narrator, looking keenly at the newcomer. The stranger did not reply; his face had suddenly lost its jeering smile.

"He preached his second sermon over at the hardware store, where he paid for a cook-stove, principal and compound interest."

"Pay your debts with compound interest must have been his text," remarked one of the listeners.

The speaker nodded. "And after he'd hunted up an old retired grocer and settled for a sack of flour he'd bought twelve years before, he went out into the neighborhood where he used to live, and straightened things up there. I forgot how many sermons he did preach; but he paid for pumpkins he'd sneaked out of corn-fields and for hams he'd stolen from smoke-houses, and for calves he'd tolled off into the woods and butchered. Fact is, that text of his helped to clear up a good many mysterious disappearances.

"Excitement got to running high; especially when it leaked out that he'd had to sell his farm out in Oklahoma to get the money for his debts. On Thursday night everybody within five miles of Four Corners came to the prayer meeting, so they could get together and talk things over. Sam Byers was there too. And after the meeting got started Deacon Shay, the leader, turned to him and said, 'Brother Sam, we're greatly rejoiced that you've been led into the light; and we'd like to hear what experience the Lord has given you.'

"Well, Sam Byers coughed and hemmed, but after a bit he got up. And said he: I'm sorry, friends, but I haven't had much experience yet. You know the Lord isn't giving experience out to thieves. And I won't be an

honest man till I get that note I owe Deacon Shay paid off to-morrow.

"Now, everybody knew that the note was outlawed; and, what was more, that the deacon owed some outlawed notes himself—and would not pay them. So there was a pretty awkward pause after Sam Byers sat down. Then the women began quoting scripture: 'Who shall ascend unto the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in His holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.' 'Let us walk honestly as in the day.' Fact is the meeting stayed in the hands of the women from that on. For Deacon Shay didn't take any further visible part after Sam's speech. Likewise a number of others, who were always depended upon, failed to give in their regular Thursday evening experience."

"The dry bones were waking up, I expect," commented a listener, sagely.

"Brethren," said the aged speaker, solemnly, "we had a reviving of dry bones in and around Four Corners such as Israel's prophets longed to see. Deacon Shay drove his hogs to town, and paid off his outlawed notes with compound interest; and Judge Bailey owned up to doctoring land titles. Ah, it was a grand week for widows and orphans and the tax-collector. But it was mighty hard on bank accounts. However, we had some wonderful new experiences at the next prayer meeting. Why, brethren, they even paid up fifteen-year-old pledges on the preacher's salary. That's how," he added, a bit tremulously, "I was able to take a trip to the big conference."

Just then the night train came roaring up to the station, and the preachers picked up their hand-bags and hurried off.

For a long time the man with the shifty eyes sat, motionless in the deserted station. Then he took a pencil and tablet out of his suit-case and began figuring by the dim, flickering light of the station lamp. Hours passed before he finished and looked around on the sheets covered with figures and scattered about him. There were grim fighting lines around his mouth. And his voice sounded grim and relentless in the empty station as he said aloud, "Jim Bentley, if ever a man was called to go back to his home town and preach from the text of paying debts with compound interest, you are the man."

Along the eastern horizon a range of fiery peaks began pushing up into the dark night sky. James Bentley, going out on the platform for a breath of morning air, stood gazing long into the distant flaming hills. Gradually a great peace came into the weary, restless eyes, and he murmured to himself: "Who shall ascend unto the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in His holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully."

That morning, when the station agent unlocked his ticket window, the first person to appear was James Bentley.

"I want a ticket for my home town, Auburn-dale, Ohio," he announced with boyish light-heartedness. And then he mystified the agent by adding, "I shouldn't wonder if we'd have a reviving of dry bones back in Auburndale, such as Israel's prophets longed to see."—*Expositor*.

The King's Highway is the only out-and-out advocate of the doctrine and experience of holiness as a definite second work of grace published in the Maritime Provinces. It should have the support of every lover of holiness in every evangelical denomination of Christians.