

THE HIGHWAY OF HOLINESS.

By Mark Guy Pearse.

No man may be able to tell me altogether what holiness is, but what of that? I know where it is—just at the Master's feet.

He who thinks of holiness as a something in himself at once limits it by all kinds of measurements and mismeasurements of what he is and is not; and of the tall sons of Anak and of the size of Jericho's walls; and feebleness whispers, "We are but as grasshoppers."

Do let this truth sink down into the soul's depths: Holiness is all in Jesus, and we can find it nowhere else. You are complete in Him.

Once I went forth to look for Repentance. I sought her day and night in the City of Mansoul. I asked many if they knew where she dwelt, and met one, grave and scholarly, who they said they had never seen her. He told me what she was like, and bade me seek her earnestly; but he did not tell me where she was to be found. Then, all sad at heart, and wearied with my search, I went forth without the city walls, and climbed a lonely hill, and up a steep and rugged way, until I came in sight of the cross, and of Him who hung thereon. And lo, as I looked upon Him, there came one and touched me. Then instantly my heart was melted, and all the great deeps of my soul were broken up.

"Ah, Repentance, I have been looking everywhere for you," I said.

"Thou wilt always find me here," said Repentance; "here, in sight of my crucified Lord. I tarry ever at His feet."

Again I went forth, to look for Forgiveness. I knocked at many a door in the City of Mansoul and asked for her. And some said they thought she did live there sometimes; and some said she used to, once; and some said she came there occasionally when the weather was fine, to spend a Sunday. Then came up one whom I knew by name as Unbelief, with a voice like the croaking of a raven, and he said that Forgiveness never was there and never would be, that she was much too fine a lady to live in so low a place as that and among such a set as they were. So I came forth wearied and sad looking, but well nigh in despair, when it chanced that I found myself again upon the high hill, climbing again the steep and rugged path. And I lifted my eyes and saw once more the cross and Him who hangeth thereon, and lo, at the first sight of my dear Lord, Forgiveness met me, and filled my soul with holy peace, and a rest like heaven itself.

"Oh, I have had a weary search for you," I said.

"I am always here," said Forgiveness; "here at my Master's feet."

Long afterwards I wondered within myself where Holiness dwelt, but I feared to go in search of her. I knew she would never be at home in the low lands and busy streets of Mansoul. All whom I asked about her answered doubtfully. One said she had died long ago; indeed, was buried in Eden before Adam came out. One said that she lived away at the end of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, her

house was on the brink of the river, and that I must hope to meet her just before I crossed it. Another argued almost angrily against this notion. "Nay," said he, "she lives farther on still; search as thou wilt, thou shalt never find her till thou art safely across the river and landed on the shores of the Celestial City."

Then I remembered how well I had fared aforetime on that Holy Hill, and went forth and reached the top of it and looked once more upon my blessed Saviour. And lo! there was Holiness sitting at the Master's feet. I feared to say that I had been looking for her, but as I gazed upon the Crucified, and felt the greatness of His love to me, and as all my heart went out in love and adoration, Holiness rose up, and came to me all graciously, and said, "I've been waiting for thee ever since thy first coming."

"Waiting where?" I asked, wondering.

"At His feet," said Holiness. "I am always there."—Sel.

THE CAPTAIN'S LAW.

A Captain, when about to take command of a ship, and when reading his orders to the crew on the quarter-deck said: "There is one law I am determined to make, and I shall insist on its being kept. It is a favor, indeed, I will ask of you and which, as a British officer, I expect will be granted by a crew of British seamen. What say you, my lads? Are you willing to grant your new captain one favor?" "Ay, ay," cried all hands; let's know what it is, sir." "Well, my lads, it is this, that you must allow me to swear the first oath in this ship. No man on board must speak an oath before I do. I am determined to swear the first oath on board. What say you, my lads; will you grant me this favor?" The men stared, and stood for a moment quite at a loss what to say. "They were," one said, "taken all aback." "They were brought up," said another, "all standing." The appeal seemed so reasonable, and the manner of the captain so kind and prepossessing, that a general burst from the ship's company answered, "Ay, ay, sir," with their usual three cheers. Swearing was thus wholly banished from the ship.—Selected.

JUST TO BE TRUE.

Just to be tender, just to be true,
Just to be glad the whole day through,
Just to be merciful, just to be mild,
Just to be trustful as a child,
Just to be gentle, kind and sweet,
Just to be helpful with willing feet,
Just to be cheery when things go wrong,
Just to drive sadness away with a song.
Just to be loyal to God and right,
Just to believe that God knows best,
Just in His promise ever to rest,
Just to let love be our daily key,
Is God's wish and will for you and me.
—Selected.

"A woman said she still belongs to Mary's College, that is at the feet of Jesus."

"Pray until you want to pray; pray until you can pray, and then pray until your prayer prevails. At all seasons!"

HINTS FOR YOUNG MINISTERS.

A minister, after attending a prominent church and hearing a sermon upon a text which he himself several times preached from, and almost every gospel preacher has expounded—a text containing the very marrow of the gospel, went home refreshed, cheered, glad and grateful. There was not a new idea in the discourse, but it was listened to as closely and with as much interest as though he had known nothing about it. Why? Because it contained the truth of justification by faith—a basic truth upon which his salvation rested—a truth that leads to a blessed experience, and hence, he found in its happy, clear and forcible presentation, heart-comfort and life-cheer. It was set forth with an earnestness and directness that could not but do good.

A pastor of experience said: "That young man's ministry will be a success. Such pure gospel, so faithfully and plainly expounded, will build up believers and save sinners."

Let ministers stand by the truth as it is in Jesus. Let philosophy and metaphysics and aesthetics alone. Deal with souls, bring a Christ of redeeming power to them. Do not be afraid to preach a substitutionary sacrifice—a Jesus upon the cross for sinners.

Especially let young preachers who are tempted to deal in pulpit pyrotechnics and go after the sensational, keep along the old track of the apostles, reformers, and evangelists in holding up a Christ crucified as the only hope of perishing, guilty men.—Irish Presbyterian.

KEEPING AND ABIDING.

(By Charles Haddon Spurgeon)

"If ye keep My Commandments, ye shall abide in My love."—John 15:10.

These things cannot be parted—abiding in obedience, and abiding in the love of Jesus. A life under the rule of Christ can alone prove that we are the objects of our Lord's delight. We must keep our Lord's command if we would bask in His love. If we live in sin we cannot live in the love of Christ. Without the holiness which pleases God, we cannot please Jesus. He who cares nothing for holiness knows nothing of the love of Jesus.

Conscious enjoyment of our Lord's love is a delicate thing. It is far more sensitive to sin and holiness than mercury is to cold and heat. When we are tender of heart, and careful in thought, lip and life to honour our Lord Jesus, then we receive tokens of His love without number. If we desire to perpetuate such bliss we must perpetuate holiness. The Lord Jesus will not hide His face from us unless we hide our face from Him. Sin makes the cloud which darkens our Sun: if we will be watchfully obedient and completely consecrated, we may walk in the light, as God is in the light, and have as sure an abiding in the love of Jesus as Jesus has in the love of the Father. Here is a sweet promise with a solemn "if." Lord, let me have this "if" in my hand; for as a key it opens this casket.