

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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VICTORY AND ITS COST

There cannot be a victory without a struggle. The great war has supplied the pulpits generally with themes and illustrations for the past four years, but amid all its great events none has afforded so great and glorious illustration as the tremendous climax reached on the 11th inst., when the word Victory flashed around the world. Books have already been written, doubtless hundreds more are in progress, and thrilling incidents will be written that will be read by the succeeding generations, and yet there will be the great heart struggles and sufferings and sacrifices, and acts of great daring and heroism that will never be told, as the witnesses and heroes never returned. But to the writer as he recalls the great scenes and struggles, and true heroism back of the battle fields, in the cities, towns, villages and country, in the great factories and shops, and on the farms, and in the gardens of varying size, on the railroads, and on the sea and rivers and lakes and canals, in the air and under the sea the great combination of activity of empires, the tremendous combined consecration of power and resources, all laid on the altar to be used to the one great end of victory against an enemy who

brought into action forces, and devices, that outdone the most extravagant descriptions of hell itself, and a cunning and persistence equal to the artfulness and vigilance of the devil.

This with the tremendous cost in material things which can scarcely be tabulated, and the cost to millions of homes and hearts which cannot possibly be expressed in words, nor written on paper, gives probably the best illustrations of the price and sacrifice and suffering and struggle in obtaining the victory over the great enemy who by his subtlety enslaved the world to sin. None of the arch fiend's devices of propaganda are lacking in those used by the world's enemy just defeated by the Allies. God gave the great price in the gift of His only begotten Son. He came to earth and fought the great battle, and won the great victory and defeated the great enemy. The great cost of victory none will ever know. But we have been endeavouring for thirty years to show to the people that the Bible reveals a very powerful cunning, and vigilant enemy that must be met and overcome. Every individual soul who will win heaven must enter the conflict against his rule, by enlistment under the victorious banner of

Jesus Christ our great spiritual captain. The soldier in his training and abandonment of himself and all that pertains to him, home, property, business, all to devote himself to the will and service of his King and country is an object lesson to us. So to win we must swear allegiance and deliver ourselves over to the will of our great King, and become obedient to his will, and march in the spiritual way in which he leads us into conflict, and to victory, not to hedge and compromise with the enemy but fight the good fight of faith until the enemy flees, and complete victory is declared in our whole being and our soul breaks out in the exultation words of the Psalmist.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and get not all his benefits.

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies;

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagles."

THE MISSION OF EVERY HOUR.

By Rev. J. H. Jowett.

"For this cause came I unto this hour."
—John 12:27.

Our Lord used that great defining word in an hour when His soul was troubled. He was meeting the darkness, but not by chance He met it by appointment. It was the very circumstance which He had to meet and conquer. "For this cause came I unto this hour." What a mighty sense of mission there is in the quiet words! And yet Jesus could have used the same words of every hour in His strangely varied life. The sense of mission ran through all His life like the red thread in an Alpine rope. There was no break in the sacred strand. The mission entered every hour, and he faced every circumstance as the setting of a holy task. "For this cause came I unto this hour;" the hour in the carpenter's shop, the hour at the wedding feast, the hour when He blessed little children, the hour when he offered grace to a fallen

woman, the hour when He shared the sorrow of bereaved friends. He encountered every circumstance with the high consciousness that He had come up to it. He was called to stand up there, in that particular hour, and stamp the circumstance with the clear seal of a divinely consecrated life. Every happening was touched and handled in the strength of a sacred mission, and He wrote His Father's name on the face of everything.

And in our own degree, we, too, can share our Saviour's sense of mission. We can approach every event with the consciousness of divine appointment. "For this cause came I unto this hour!" To possess this immediate circumstance for the Lord, whether it be bright or dark! That is the meaning of all my previous journey. It is the interpretation of the divine leading. I have been brought up to this hour; now let me use it for God!

What a sense of authority such a consciousness would give to one's life! We are the divine representatives to deal with

each event in the long procession of events which march through all our days. We are not on the road as chance vagrants, as unauthorized wanderers without a roll of commission, or any badge or token from the King. We are there as plenipotentiaries of the divine will, the appointed ministers of a holy cause, and it is our eternal honor to fulfill our function in every hour. "For this cause I came!" And what a sense of power such authority confers upon us! Our God does not send us forth on our own charges. The ambassador is not alone. His equipment is ready when the commission is given, and it never fails. "When I sent you forth lacked ye anything? They said unto Him, nothing."

In this spirit of mission let us face our crisis, even the crisis of the present hour. "For this cause came I unto this hour." And in the same sense of sacred commission let us face our commonplaces, and the dull metal will reveal itself as fine gold.—Ex.