

# 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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## THE PROMISE OF SANCTIFICATION

Then Will I Sprinkle Clean Water Upon You; And Ye Shall be  
Clean From all Filthiness; and From all Your  
Idols, Will I Cleanse You.

By Rev. Charles Wesley.

God of all power, and truth, and grace,  
Which shall from age to age endure;  
Whose word, when heaven and earth  
shall pass,  
Remains, and stands for ever sure;

Calmly to thee my soul looks up,  
And waits thy promises to prove;  
The object of my steadfast hope,  
The seal of thine eternal love.

That I thy mercy may proclaim,  
That all mankind thy truth may see,  
Hallow thy great and glorious name,  
And perfect holiness in me.

Chose from the world, if now I stand  
Adorn'd in righteousness divine,  
If, brought unto the promised land,  
I justly call the Saviour mine;

Perform the work thou hast begun,  
My inmost soul to thee convert:  
Love me, for ever love thine own,  
And sprinkle with thy blood my heart

Thy sanctifying Spirit pour,  
To quench my thirst and wash me  
clean;

Now, Father, let the gracious shower  
Descend, and make me pure from  
sin.

Purge me from every sinful blot;  
My idols all be cast aside:  
Cleanse me from every evil thought,  
From all the filth of self and pride.

Give me a new, a perfect heart,  
From doubt, and fear, and sorrow  
free;

The mind which was in Christ impart,  
And let my spirit cleave to thee.

O take this heart of stone away!  
(Thy rule it doth not, cannot own);  
In me no longer let it stay:  
O take away this heart of stone!

The hatred of my carnal mind  
Out of my flesh at once, remove;

Give me a tender heart, resign'd,  
And pure, and fill'd with faith and  
love.

Within me thy good Spirit place,  
Spirit of health, and love, and  
power;

Plant in me thy victorious grace,  
And sin shall never enter more.

Cause me to walk in Christ my way,  
And I Thy statutes shall fulfil;  
In every point thy law obey,  
And perfectly perform thy will.

Hast thou not said, who canst not lie,  
That I thy law shall keep and do?  
Lord, I believe, though men deny;  
They all are false; but thou art true.

O that I now, from sin released,  
Thy word might to the utmost prove!  
Enter into the promised rest,  
The Canaan of thy perfect love!

There let me ever, ever dwell;  
Be thou my God, and I will be  
Thy servant: O set to thy seal!  
Give me eternal life in thee.

From all remaining filth within  
Let me in thee salvation have:  
From actual and from inbred sin,  
My ransom'd soul persist to save.

Wash out my old orig'nal stain:  
Tell me no more it cannot be,  
Demons or men! The Lamb was slain,  
His blood was all poured out for me!

Sprinkle it, Jesu, on my heart:  
One drop of thy all-cleansing blood  
Shall make my sinfulness depart,  
And fill me with the life of God.

Father, supply my every need;  
Sustain the life thyself hast given;  
Call for the corn, the living bread,  
The manna that comes down from  
heaven.

The gracious fruits of righteousness,  
Thy blessings' unexhausted store,

In me abundantly increase;  
Nor let me ever hunger more.

Let me no more, in deep complaint,  
"My leanness, O my leanness!" cry;  
Alone consumed with pining want,  
Of all my Father's children I!

The painful thirst, the fond desire,  
Thy joyous presence shall remove:  
While my full soul doth still require  
The whole eternity of love.

23 Holy, and true, and righteous Lord,  
I wait to prove thy perfect will;  
Be mindful of thy gracious word,  
And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal!

Thy faithful mercies let me find,  
In which thou causest me to trust;  
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,  
And lay my spirit in the dust.

Show me how foul my heart hath been,  
When all renew'd by grace I am:  
When thou hast emptied me of sin,  
Show me the fulness of my shame.

Open my faith's interior eye,  
Display thy glory from above;  
And all I am shall sink and die,  
Lost in astonishment and love.

Confound, o'erpower me, with thy  
grace;

I would be myself abhorr'd;  
(All might, all majesty, all praise,  
All glory be to Christ my Lord!)

Now let me gain perfection's height!  
Now let me into nothing fall!  
Be less than nothing in my sight,  
And feel that Christ is all in all!

Life is no idle dream, but a solemn  
reality, based upon eternity. Find out your  
task; stand to it, the night cometh when  
no man can work.—Thomas Carlyle.

"The chief business of the Christian  
Church is not to nurse itself, but to evan-  
gelize the world."

H. C. Miller, Dec 22