

# 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. 40.

VOL. XXXIV.

MONCTON, N. B., AUG. 15, 1924.

NO. 103

### A FIERY PENTECOST NEEDED.

A book that was a classic among the Methodists for half a century was William Arthur's "Tongue of Fire." It was in the Course of Study till the rationalists got to making up the Courses and they ran it out. In that book Mr. Arthur says:

"We want in this age, above all wants, fire, God's holy fire, burning in the hearts of men, stirring their brains, impelling their tongues, glowing in their countenances, vibrating in their actions, expanding their intellectual powers and fusing all their knowledge, logic and rhetoric into a burning stream. . . Let this baptism descend and thousands of us who up to this day have been but commonplace or weak ministers, such as might easily pass from the memory of mankind, would then become mighty. Men would wonder at us as if we had been made new; and we should wonder not at ourselves but the grace of God, which could thus transform us."

I was reading recently of a Methodist preacher, who received just such a fiery baptism as these words indicate. In telling about it he says:

"Nineteen years had rolled away, when in addition to my ministerial work I was promoted to the Presidency of the largest Methodist College in the State. I was a prominent Free Mason and Odd Fellow, blindly thinking that these worldly aggrandizements were auxiliaries to my usefulness. During those times the pulpit was silent on the great doctrine of entire sanctification by a second and distinct work of grace. However, guided by the Holy Scriptures and the Methodist fathers, I was all these years an humble and earnest seeker after full redemption. Of course a single holiness camp meeting would have swept me into Beulah Land; but unfortunately it was not my privilege to enjoy any such facilities. Finally, during December, 1868, while conducting a glorious revival in which God was signally blessing my labors in the conversion of sinners, I apparently inadvertently, while in my mind was really seeking with all the power of soul, mind and body, with no living human help, blundered into the experience, receiving the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire, coming on me like a Niagara from the heavenly ocean, and sweeping through me like a fiery cyclone, in sin-consuming flames, burning up all the debris of the carnal mind, and abiding with me, turning the collegiate president into a flaming holiness evangelist, though I had never seen one nor heard a sermon on entire sanctification till I heard myself preach it after receiving the ex-

perience. This experience, which to me was not only an unutterable astonishment but an inexplicable paradox, radically revolutionized my ministerial and Christian character, transforming me from the cultured preacher and collegiate president into a red-hot revivalist. I have a considerable graveyard in the Land of Moab. There I buried the collegiate president, the candidate for the episcopacy, the Free Mason, and the Odd Fellow. I was so expeditious about that time that I tarried not to rear a stone, carve a line, nor plant a tree to mark the final resting place of my carnal Brotherhood. Leaving them alone in their glory, I sped for the Jordan ford with race horse velocity, crossed over, shouted down the walls of Jericho, defeated the giant-kings on thirty-one battle fields, my Joshua ever and anon halting the sun in its course that I might consummate the victory. For some time I have been in the mining business, finding inexhaustible supplies of gold, silver, and diamonds in the great Palestinian ranges, running from Dan to Beer-sheba. From the hour when I received the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire, wherever I preached, the Spirit fell on the people. I have frequently preached six times a day. I was currently believed to be crazy, as all truly sanctified people at that day, when the experience was so little known. In 1874 I was actually hauled away by my church officers and delivered to my presiding elder as a 'crazy man whom they could not manage.' The reports of my craziness, oddities and eccentricities brought thousands of curiosity seekers to my meetings, crowding and packing every house and filling the premises. I made it a rule by the help of God to effect the coupling of curiosity and conviction, so that hundreds who came to mock, stayed to pray. During the period of my vigorous manhood, I witnessed much of the old-style, knock-down power, my revivals soon running into an unadjoinable meeting, at the conclusion of every service so many people being prostrate and unable to stand on their feet or walk away, that the meeting was necessarily prolonged to the next hour, thus running night and day without intermission."—Wes. Methodist.

The only lack we see in the holiness movement today is a lack of prayer. But this is a fearful lack. If there were more genuine secret prayer, there would be more marvelous displays of divine power.

Holiness is the original and normal state of man.

### FOUNTAINS OF CISTERNS.

The word of the Lord by the prophet Jeremiah called the heavens to astonishment that His people had forsaken the Lord, "the fountain of living waters" and had hewn them out "cisterns, broken cisterns, that could hold no water." The wonder rests not only in that they had left the fountain of divine supply and had undertaken to construct receptacles into which they might turn water according to their own ideas, but in the evident dangers, to them, of such a choice. What a difference there is in the promise of a fountain and that of a cistern! The fountain is fed by unseen streams; it is not dependent on showers. There need be no rising in the night so as to make sure that the water is turned into the cistern, when, after a long drouth, the rains begin to fall. The supply of the fountain is fresh, constant, cooling, healthful and un-failing. If the cistern be broken, so that it will hold no water at all, it must be often supplied from the outside, or, it will grow stale, stagnant and death-dealing.

This striking contrast given through the weeping prophet has meaning for the experiences of men today. We cannot empty the blessings received yesterday, or some other day in the past, into a spiritual cistern and make them to feed our strength for today and the morrow. There are epochs of grace, 'tis true. They are times of spiritual beginnings. They have tremendous meaning when we remember from what we are delivered at such times. It is no small thing to have all the guilt of the past cancelled. Memory holds dear the hour when the blood was applied to the cleansing of the heart. But for positive, Christian living, every day demands new and fresh supplies of grace. Some one has called attention to the tense constructions of that oft repeated passage spoken to Paul, saying that it carried this meaning: "My grace is (constantly) sufficient for thee." Our Father invited us to dwell day by day near the fountains of living waters. Nay, more, He will give us the Spirit in His fullness, who shall be in us as an Artesian well of water springing up into everlasting life. —The Way of Faith.

There are occurrences in our lives that would puff us up with pride, only their effect is modified by something which reminds us of our own unworthiness. There are some things that would discourage us, only they are offset by things which stir us to 'fight this battle on.'

Mrs Geo Tedlie Dec 24 8.