

## THE TWO WAYS

Rev. H. C. Sanders

## Chapter XV.

Is it possible, then, to hasten His coming? Most certainly, as He waits but for the light of the cross to reach the last outlying hamlet of heathen darkness. More and more our Captain is having His way with hoarded treasure. More and more swiftly are His chosen ones bearing the light to the lands of the Shadow of death. Night and day prayers are ascending: "Come quickly Lord Jesus." The returning of the Jew to his Promised Land and the rapid spread of the Bolshevist movement, both point to the fulfillment of last day happenings. The present world unrest is a silent cry for the coming of our Captain, the Prince of Peace.

What then is needed to hasten His coming? First, that His standing army maintain their attitude of longing expectancy and readiness for His appearing. For this is what gives the anointed vision to see the unreached harvest fields. Second, let petitions be presented, that our Captain send more labourers into the waiting harvest. Thirdly, that these labourers go in the fulness of the Spirit, keeping in view their mission: To give all nations the option of rescue.

It seems that, for some wise reason, the very day and hour of His coming has not been announced. And yet, that day is not to overtake His chosen ones as a thief. They will know by the signs of the times, and also by certain intimations from the Captain Himself.

The Royal Programme is that, when all things are ready, the Captain Himself shall come for His Bride, and escort her to the Marriage Supper at the Royal Palace.

Then, when this glorious function shall have been celebrated, we read in prophecy that heaven opens and He descends to inaugurate His millennial reign, just at the critical moment, when evil will seem to have triumphed. A battle is inevitable, but our Captain has always shown Himself invincible, and now rides forth at the head of His army, to certain victory, wearing upon His head many crowns, each one to commemorate some former triumph.

Diabolism is to be bound and imprisoned for the term of a thousand years, while his two generals are cast alive into a lake of fire, burning with brimstone, whence they are never to be released.

As our glorious Captain rides forth from the Marriage Supper, to meet and defeat His foes, it will be seen that on His vesture and on His thigh a name is written, "King of Kings, and Lord of Lords." Also there is another name written, that no man knows, but He Himself. With surprise we note that this (1) new name of His is written also upon the members of His army. We understand, therefore that this new name signifies a great mystery, and refers to a new and sacred relationship between the Captain and His Bride. This mystery will be revealed gradually during the millenium and the following ages. For now, the time of suffering and humiliation is past, for both the Captain and His soldiers; and they are about to enter upon a new life of glory

and kingship. For the army, as His Royal Bride, will sit with Him in His throne, as His true helpmeet, in ruling all nations and bringing them into the Narrow Way. This glorious triumph for foreign Missions has been briefly described in the preceding chapter.

Just which of His officers shall sit upon His right hand, and which upon His left; and who are to have the highest positions of honor and trust will depend largely as to faithfulness in sharing His cup of sorrow, and His baptism of suffering.

All His soldiers shall, during this unspeakably glorious millenium, take orders as priests and kings, and be bearers of unmeasured blessing to all nations. Thus will be unfolded part of the meaning of that new name which the Captain of our salvation shares with His chosen and faithful soldiers.

But this millenium must come to an end, for the future holds another surprise. There is to follow a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, that shall further reveal to His Bride the significance of His new name that she has come to bear. The ravishing glory that awaits the faithful is beyond words, and all eternity will not suffice as time in which to thank and praise our Captain, and His Father, for giving us to inherit all things.

(To be continued)

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Waterville, Car. Co., N. B.

Dear Brother Trafton:

You will find enclosed my renewal to "The Highway." I enjoy reading its clean pages. It is food to my soul. The dear Lord saves, sanctifies and satisfies. Praise His name.

Yours in Jesus,

MRS. JUDSON HILLMAN.

Wollaston, Mass.

Dear Highway:

I have arrived back to E. N. C. and decided to write a few lines reporting my summer at Beulah. There comes to my mind the words of the Psalmist, "As for man, his days are as grass." David was trying to impress his readers with the shortness of life. It seems but a few hours since I walked from my class rooms, giving a sigh of relief that my final exams were me. Time could not be stopped; it slipped over, and I had a summer's vacation before from me, and again I stand upon the threshold of another year. But when I look back upon my holidays, it was a time of blessing, of refreshing, a time of recuperating, yet a time in the service of my Lord.

We had good services this year. Our prayer meetings were times of blessing. There was a good spirit which seemed to predominate in each prayer meeting. Our Sunday services were well attended. We were blessed on the last two Sundays at Beulah, in having new speakers. On Aug. 16th in the morning Commandant Burry, of Toronto, spoke to us and in the evening Mrs. Roper, of New York (spoke to a large company of people. On Aug. 23rd, we had with us Major Hisscock and wife, of Fredericton. Mrs. Hisscock spoke in the evening. Mrs. Benard, of St. John, rendered a solo in each of the evening ser-

vices, all who heard her sing were greatly inspired and blessed. There was a good spirit in all the services.

We have a fine class of people which attend Beulah for their holidays. Many that were there this year I had met and labored with last year, and the new ones seemed like folk one had always known. I am sure the different ways in which their kindnesses were shown in my behalf will not easily be forgotten. On Sunday morning of the 23rd Brother Bullock asked the people for a special offerings to be given me. The people graciously responded. The Sunday offering and that which was given me after amounted to \$52.00. To meet and labor with people for such a short time and receive such kindness overwhelms one. His pen refuses to write, his tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth, and he is helpless to express the heartfelt appreciation for such acts. With bowed head and moistened eye I could but invoke God's divine blessing upon them.

Again I have entered the halls of learning. Again I face a new year, an untried year. As the clouds and mist shroud the landscape concealing it from the traveller's eye, as the divine knowledge of the Infinite God shrouds and conceals our pathway. Only can we see the beauties of God as he leads us step by step. As I look back over my four years here, I can plainly see the leadings of God. There were times when the mist was thick and I did not just know where to step, but his voice would say, "This is the way, walk ye in it." As God has led me in days past I know as long as I keep on his altar, he will not leave me. I expect if nothing happens and God permits, I will graduate next June and go out into his work. God is wonderfully blessing my soul these days. I am longing to be in the battle-front for him.

Your brother in Christ,

C. RAY HAGERMAN.

## SIN, A TERRIBLE REALITY.

We hear much talk about disease, about misfortune, about poverty, about suffering, about bereavement, as the great evils of life. There is no radical evil in the world but sin. All the evils which men dread, are the hateful brood of which sin is the mother. And this sin is not something that comes to man from without. He does not acquire it as does a healthy man who contracts disease by coming into contact with diphtheria, smallpox, or tuberculosis germs. He is born with the germ, and the disease is within him. Like a worm gnawing at the root of a tree, sin touches the very center of man's life and does its destructive work there. Sin is heart disease. What havoc it works is described in the latter half of Paul's first chapter of Romans. It reduces man to a level lower than that of the beast. History from the day of Adam to the present shows what sin will do. Need we wonder then that from the very beginning men have felt that sin means separation from God? That it means banishment from His presence? That like Cain men bear the marks of sin upon their hearts and lives? Sin is the outstanding terrible reality.—The Lutheran.