

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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TRUSTING THE WRONG MOUNT

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Text: II. Sam. 18:9. "Absalom rode upon a mule . . . and the mule that was under him went away."

The first thing that I notice about this disastrous ride was that a man was fleeing from the wrath to come. Thus far, he was in strict accordance with scriptural injunction. See Matt. 3-7. But it is evident from the narrative that his effort was of no avail, and I must lay the blame on his choice of a mount, for I read in I. Kings 20-20, that on one occasion Benhadad rode upon a horse and escaped. Had Absalom been in harmony with his father, he might have had an excellent horse to ride upon, but like people of today, he was so careless about God's regulations, that he expected to have everything come to his terms. I am drawing comparisons tonight in order that we may, with God's help, locate ourselves, and "make our calling and election sure."

Now let us consider. First, a mule is a hybrid, produced by two distinct types of animal, and Peloubet says that Israelites were forbidden to breed mules. Secondly, that most of the "mules" that people are riding to spiritual damnation are a combination of man's hope of Heaven, and his own way. I can readily see that a mule resembles a horse in a great many ways—it has hair, legs, eyes, ears, tail, etc., like a horse, and the uninstructed might readily take a treacherous mule for a steady, dependable horse. Now, Satan has a way of fixing up a mule to resemble a horse very closely, so that a great many people really seem to think that he is the best thing our Heavenly Father has for them to ride to Glory on. But some people really prefer the mule. The reasons are, first, that a mule costs less to buy than a horse, and some folk don't want too expensive a religion. Secondly, horses require more care than mules. Mules can be turned out to forage for themselves, and feed on thistles, moss and almost anything seems to nourish them; how like some people's "mulish" Christian experiences! A horse needs to be carefully fed (in green pastures), carefully watered (still waters), and carefully groomed (avoiding the appearance of evil) so a genuine Christian experience will cost all there is of us, and needs the best service of our life to be maintained, yea, and with God's help at that. It is remarkable how thin and emaciated some people's experience seem, not only to others, but also to themselves, because they have been trying to live on mule's diet, and don't seem to know what the trouble is. Well, Amen! But I see an animal coming up the road, and on his approach I behold one of these mules bear-

ing the name of Evolution. My! How wise he is. He steps very carefully, however, and I see that the reason is that "his foot shall slide in due time." He is very remarkable, having created a universe, with its various forms of life, without the assistance of Almighty God, with this exception, that instead of breathing into man's nostrils the breath of life, his breath destroys spiritual life, moral life and eternal life, and leaves his poor, deceived, trusting rider hanging by his head in the awful gloom of the forest of Infidelity.

Next I see an exceptionally long faced mule coming up for inspection. His monocle demands attention coupled as it is with immaculate dress and a very dignified manner. His name is "Higher Critic," and I see protruding from behind his ear an enormous pair of shears to relieve the inspired Word of God of such "superfluities" as the immaculate conception, virgin birth and miracles of Christ. His vicarious atonement and baptism with the Holy Ghost as a second work are also sent to the waste basket. He slices and slashes until all we have left is the two covers, a little history and part of the name "Holy Bible." He cuts out the power of a sinless life man's hope of eternity, and a loving God, as well as a devil's fiery hell, end of the impenitent, and a living personal devil. God help us. His deluded riders are seen hanging by thousands in the forest of eternal hopelessness.

Our next mule bears the coat of arms of "Christian Science," neither Christian, for it denies the body of Christ, nor science, for it proves nothing, except how powerful the mind is, when determined to have its own way. It denies the existence of matter, of sin, the devil, tells us that angels are "good thoughts" only, and otherwise goes squarely against the Word of God, at least so far as I have been able to learn. He moves steadily, does not jar his rich riders, does not teach repentance nor restitution, scoops in everybody who accepts its teaching only, and hangs its millions to the trees of spiritual ignorance and perversity.

The mule to which our gaze is now directed was bred by Mr. Joseph Smith. By looking up the records we find that Mr. Smith had to have a large herd of mules to carry his multitudinous wives. Of course, since the Bible does not endorse the religion he proposes to launch upon humanity he must "dig up" a bible out of the earth. This, I believe, accounts for its evident worldliness. The procession moves on its way, and we see it taking the trail that leads to the forest of "adding to the words of this book," for it is evident that most of Smith's and Young's revelations were

inspired by some spirit not in league with God.

I see an English gentleman with the title of "Sir" riding upon a mule upon whose steaming flanks I can discern the word "Spiritualist." This beast resembles the serpent more than a horse. Feeble minded indeed must those victims be who are willing to trust their lives to his care. But because his hitching post is always in the dark, and some one has said that our eyes are ninety-five per cent. of our understanding ability, many are induced to enter his gloomy chambers, there, in league and touch with demons of the underworld, to yield up their hope of Heaven's happiness and glory, in the forest of erroneous manifestations.

Again a company of mules arrive and at times their language is unintelligible to me. Ah! I see, it is the tongues movement. I must be careful here, because the word tells us that there is such a thing as a gift of tongues. But I want to declare that the gift so called is not necessarily an evidence of the baptism with the Holy Ghost, for we have with us those who have backslidden from spiritual grace to disgrace, who are still able to speak in tongues. While there are doubtless some genuine experiences, the majority seems to be a physical condition brought on by the excitement, nervous tension, etc. Any person who has had a genuine "second work" in their hearts, that measures up to scriptural requirements, "purifying their hearts by faith," will not care whether they have this gift or any other, only as God wills. But this mule still bears his victims away, and we hear their screams amid the trees of fanaticism.

Now, Pastor Russell claims attention to this animal: "Well, Pastor, part of your beast seems to be missing." "Yes, I found that people want to do away with future punishment, the resurrection of Jesus' body, real repentance, etc., so I let them go, with the result as you see of a half mule" "(one sided)" Yes verily. Blind in one eye, deaf in one ear, one side devoid of life or feeling, no wonder he can barely drag his victims into the dense forest of lasciviousness, where the bones of many are whitening in the wind.

Now, boys, hats off to the venerable mule who claims to antedate Solomon's temple. He looks as if he were designed with the square and the compass. You can tell by his age and size that he is not only heavy, but powerful, and fears not to step upon and try to crush those who insinuate that he is not God's only means, or at least best means of salvation. Yse, he re-

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