

# 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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## New Year Greetings to All

### CLOSING A YEAR AS PAUL CLOSED A LIFE.

Joseph H. Smith

Have there been some storms, or shipwrecks or stripes to endure? Were there some desertions, some discouragements, some desolations to master? And have there been, too, some "Third heaven" elations, some Lord's appearings in the night, some consolations by the coming of a "Titus" to offset the imprisonments and the hearings when no man stood with him?

For life is a checkered pathway. Even Christian life is this. I was surprised and gladdened by some sunshine early this morning—there had been none for a week, where I am at present ministering; but clouds and darkness returned by ten in the morning; and now at two, it is snowing and blowing so hard that none are out excepting those who must be. Probably there will be a calm by night fall. This is far East and North and close by the Lake; but even California has its dirt storms, and its rainfalls and the cold orange-hurting, freezing, nights sometimes. So the "Christian's Secret of a "Happy Life" is not in sunny climes or smooth pathways without; but in a serenity and sweetness within that finds and sings of "December as pleasant as May." An adjustment that is "content with whatever estate one is in." Not an exemption but an adaptation. See?

Well, returning to walk with Paul again, we may ask: Have there been some weaknesses, and infirmities, and thorns in the flesh? And have our sweetest roses been found to have briars, too? And have the silver linings which our clouds were said to wear, been much hidden by the darkness of the night that seemed to come, so soon?

Yet have there been, too, doors opened to us "which no man could shut?" Have we been delivered out of the mouth of the lion? Have we triumphed again over foe after foe? And when human sympathy and help were absent or inadequate, have we been comforted with the consolation that comes from the Holy Comforter himself? And has God used us in making manifest the savour of His knowledge by us in every place? Have we made others glad and good and rich? Have our very nights of gloom or darkness been turned into ministry of light upon God's ways to them? Have our imprisonments made for their freedom? Have our weaknesses helped others to lean hard upon God?

And have we been a pleasure to God—by

"pureness," by a "conscience void of offense;" by a life which by His love has been to the "praise of the glory of His grace?" In so humble and marred a nearthen vessel as ours, has God been glorified in us, through the mercy and the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ?

Then, beloved, as we heard Brother Samuel A. Keen say the day before he died: "There is no unfinished business." And with his last breath added: "How unspeakably precious Jesus has been."

Yes, with the apostle Paul we may even now say: "I am ready." "Ready to be offered." For whether for life or for death, we are offered as a sacrifice with Christ.

"The time of my departure is at hand." If not at once to heaven, then new harvest fields, new scenes of life, or new gardens of Gethsemanes with him.

For life is not only a journey, a pilgrimage. It is a transit. The New Year is already moving in to some new places or phases of life. Years are but foliage, falling now to give place to new leaves upon which are written new pass-ports to the next.

See, though, what we have kept—"THE FAITH." How we have won—even a "good victory" in the "fight" against Satan and Sin.

Yes, with Paul we may say:

#### I AM READY

And as we may thus share his retrospect and his introspect so we may share his prospect, too: "Henceforth there is laid up for me A CROWN—and of course, he meant that one may fellowship his life and partake of his readiness; for he voluntarily shares with us HIS HOPE—"Not to me only; but also, unto all them that love His appearing."

But, beloved, just a closing word. Why wait for a year to close thus? Why not a month? Or, a week? Or rather, will not God teach us to "number OUR DAYS." May not each day end without remorse, or regret, or wishing we had it to do over again?

Today, I might be called. Or He might come! No matter what sort of day it may be without I may be READY!—Heart and Life.

I closed my eyes in worship at what the Old Year said,

But when I looked to say good-bye, the dying year had fled;

And I turned and lo! I saw a form that drove away all fear,

For in the light, with garments white, I met the "Glad New Year."

### THE OLD YEAR'S FAREWELL

By Rev. W. Edmund Smith

The dear Old Year lay dying on a bed of snowy white,

But round his shrinking, trembling form there shone a mystic light;

And I stooped low to hear the words of his last parting breath,

For I saw that Time had sealed to him the solemn rites of death.

"Good-bye," he said, "God bless you." There was kindness in his eye;

"I've travelled with you many days, now I have come to die;

I go to join the other years—Time's moving caravan;

I came from out Eternity, God's almoner to man.

"And I have tried to bless you, in moments, days and hours;

In the bursting life of Springtime and Summer's fragrant flowers;

In the fruitage of the lowland glebe and the vineyards on the hill;

In sunshine, shower and tempest, in singing bird and rill.

"All sunshine makes the desert, which explains my changing ways;

But Winter, Summer, Spring and Fall were vocal with God's praise.

Though darkness gathered round at times, and the thunder echoed loud,

I put a silvery lining in the rolling, threatening cloud.

"The seasons were my captains; the days my soldiers true;

They marched along in single file with Heaven's gifts to you;

They brought to you rich blessings in caresses or the rod,

I sent them all in love to you as the almoner of God."

And he said, "My child, you've changed a bit, with labor, and life's care;

I see it in the deepening lines and the thin and whitened hair;

But I leave a parting blessing; leave Heaven's smile with you;

But remember! O remember! that you are dying too.

"But don't feel sad, there's joy in death, as there is joy in life;

For you'll be glad to graduate from the labor, toil and strife.

And I have tried to teach you to heed the higher rule;

A 'Glad New Year' will take you into his training school."