

# 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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## That Night of Prayer

John G. Paton tells of a missionary who had labored on a certain island thirteen years, and sowed the Gospel with tears, amid much persecution and opposition. This missionary at last got heart-broken to see the want of success, and he came to Mr. Paton and his associates and pleaded with them to let him go to one of the other islands where the people were crying out for a missionary. But they said to him:

"You have acquired the language in the island where you are placed, and translated the New Testament to it, and we could have no one that could gain your influence there for many years to come. Hold on, and we will pray for you that God's Spirit may be poured out upon your work, and we hope ere long that you will have cause to praise God for the triumphs of the Gospel of His love."

The missionary and his wife returned to their former sphere, but ere they returned, a fight had taken place between the slavers and the natives. A native chief had been shot by a white man, and deeds of darkness had been done that I cannot now enter upon. The missionaries were greatly disheartened. Moreover, the old chief got angry with some of his own people, and he was determined that if they would not confess some wrong they had done he would coerce them by war.

One morning the missionaries heard the yells of savages approaching and believing their intention was to murder them, they, with their children, entered a boat at once and set off with all possible speed. It was told the old warrior, however, that the missionary and his wife and children were leaving. He then ran down to the beach and called out to them, "Come back! If you do not I will send my swiftest canoe after you, and shoot you every one."

The missionary's wife said in tears to her husband, "Have we not risked our lives these many years for them, and suffered much among them? That may be God's voice that we hear in that old savage. He cries: 'Come back;' let us commit ourselves to God in prayer, and let us turn back and leave the results entirely to Jesus." And then they prayed as men only pray when on the verge of eternity.

Oh, friends, it is not in the police, or in the arm of law, or in the blessings that civilization gives that we missionaries trust in the hour of danger and difficulty, but it is in throwing ourselves upon the promises of Him who said, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my

name, I will do it." Therefore, that missionary and his wife poured out their hearts to God in prayer.

The boat turned, and the old chief saw where it was to land on the beach. He ran down to the spot and there stood with his great club drawn, as if to strike the first that came ashore. They hesitated for a moment, but the missionary's wife, picking up the baby and coming to the front of the boat, committed it all to Jesus. When she landed, the old savage swung his club over her head. But he said to his men, "Do not strike them; we will finish our own work today and we will close them in our own house; and come back tomorrow and dispose of them." He thereupon drove them up to the house and left them there for the night.

But that night was spent in prayer, and when the morning came, they were calm and resigned in the arms of Jesus. The old chief came back soon after daylight, and called, "Come out, I am prepared for you now." He looked at the crying children and sorrowing parents, yet not sorrowing "as those that have no hope."

They stood for a few minutes in silence, and then the chief said, "Before I begin, I want to ask you a question. How could you come on shore as you did when you saw us there to murder you? Had we been in the boat in your position we would have tried to escape. How could you do as you did? Tell me before I begin."

The missionary's wife, in tears, said, "Our Jehovah God helped us to do what we did. You called us to come back; we came back at your request, and now are in your hands, but if you murder us, you murder those who love you and who would die for you, of which we have given you ample evidence, and who wish to make you happy."

The old man stood looking at them for a few minutes, and then he sat down and said, "Sit down beside me," and they sat down. "Now," he said, "tell me of that God that so helps you in your difficulty and danger; our god never nerves us in that way."

They then told the story of God's love and mercy, and of Christ's dying for poor sinners, and suddenly the old man stopped the man, and said, "What! A God of love and mercy! A God who came to die for me! Make it plain. Begin again."

And so they spent the day in tears and prayer, while the Holy Spirit wrought in the poor old savage's heart. And at last he said,

"I think I understand it, and the God that has strengthened you shall henceforth be my God; I am a worshipper of the Jehovah God, and I will live with you henceforth, and I will help you and we will conquer this island for the Saviour."

And the work went on, and now, could I take you down to that island, you would see there a large church built by these cannibals, now all Christians, and you would find there over two thousand worshippers of the true God.—The Christian.

### WHAT IS TIME?

I asked an aged man, a man of cares,  
Wrinkled and curved, and white with hoary  
hairs;

"Time is the warp of life," he said, "O tell  
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well."

I asked the ancient, venerable dead,  
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled:  
From to cold grave to hollow murmur flowed,  
"Time sowed the seeds we reap in this abode."

I asked the dying sinner, ere the stroke  
Of ruthless death life's "golden bowl had  
broke;"

I asked him, What is time? "Time," he replied  
"I've lost it! ah, the treasure!" and he died.

I asked the golden sun and silver spheres,  
Those bright chronometers of days and years;  
They answered, "Time is but a meteor's glare"  
And bade me for Eternity prepare.

I asked the seasons, in their annual round,  
Which beautify or desolate the ground;  
And they replied (no oracle more wise),  
"Tis folly's blank, and wisdom's highest  
prize."

I asked the spirit lost, but, Oh, the shriek  
That pierced my soul! I shudder while I  
speak!

It cried: "A particle! a speck! a mite  
Of endless years, duration infinite."

Of things inanimate, my dial I  
Consulted, and it made me this reply.  
"Time is the season fair of living well  
The path to glory, or the path to hell."

I asked my Bible, and methinks it said,  
"Thine is the present hour, the past is fled:  
Live! Live today! Tomorrow never yet  
On any human being rose or set!"

I asked Old Father Time himself at last;  
But in a moment he flew swiftly past;  
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind  
His noiseless steeds, that left no trace behind.

I asked the mighty Angel, who shall stand  
One foot on sea, and one on solid land;  
"By heaven's great King, I swear the mys-  
tery's o'er;  
Time was," he cried—"but Time shall be no  
more."  
—Sel.

Ward Miller, Dec 30  
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