

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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THE EAGLES' NEST

SCRIPTURE LESSON, DEUT. 32:1-14

(This message was spoken over Station WEAN, Providence, R. I., at 7.45 Eastern Standard Time, May 24th, 1932, by Rev. Arthur F. Ingler, co-pastor of the Emmanuel Church of Pawtucket, a neighboring city)

Good morning, friends. Here we are on the 24th of May, 1932, a national holiday in Canada, and the 113th anniversary of Queen Victoria's birth. Ah, yes! And she was a good queen, and a great queen, and queenly everywhere. But, my subject is not "Queens," but "Eagles," and "The Eagles' Nest."

Like one species of the lark family which, at the close of life, soars high into the azure of the sky and, singing its sweetest song, flutters and falls and dies, so Moses sang a sweet memorial here in the Pentateuch—a song of God's mercy and of His wrath and then, ascending to Mount Nebo's summit, he viewed the land and died. From the opening measures of his final song I bring you a text. Are you listening? "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings; so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange god with him."

Some years ago, a missionary from Alaska wrote a book of his travels and labors in that wonderful land, a book now out of print in which he gave to the world an observation he had made of an eagle and her young, which incident aptly explains the text. I venture to give it in the author's own words: "How beautiful it seemed in the years after when I found how God had blessed me! While sitting on the shore of a lonely island in faraway Alaska, I saw an illustration of what God had done to me. I beheld an eagle as she soared round and round above the tree-tops, with her heart intent upon the little eagles in the nest. She had built the nest on the topmost bough of a tall spruce tree and there she had reared her young. They were almost full-fledged and would soon be ready to fly, and their mother would teach them.

Hours passed by, as I sat on the cliff overlooking the tree-top and watched, while the lesson was driven into my heart. Presently a young eagle stood on the rim of the nest; his mother coaxed him to leap from his perch. She would draw up close beside him and then suddenly swoop down but he didn't take the hint to follow. No, he would not go. Several times I saw him dip his head, but as many times his courage failed.

Again the mother bird came to the nest and plucked at him but he could not make the leap. Fear had conquered him. Once more she sailed high above the nest, shrieking and calling; he seemed greatly disturbed but wouldn't move from his perch. Suddenly, I saw her swoop down upon him and lift him by the back and carry him out from the nest. Away over the sea she carried him and then, presto! She dropped him. Flapping his wings as best he could he circled around and sailed

about. Then, becoming frightened as he saw the dark waters below, he turned over and over and over, but finally gathered himself together and sailed away on a smooth sweet wing. But, again, he seemed to weary and lose heart, and down, down, down he went, head first, then turned on his back and was almost in the waters when beneath him smoothly glided the parent bird. He rested on her back and away to the nest she flew, leaving him safely there, she perched on a bough near by and screamed and screamed as though she had performed a wonderful task (And she had). Then she took another eaglet and began teaching him to fly. I watched her, and she taught all of her young to fly. At the second attempt, each bird was enabled to return to the nest unaided.

Thus had the great God taken us out of our feathery nests, declaring his ability to keep us at all times. He has watched us carefully and intently, always ready to catch us up when He saw that we were about to fall. Will He not keep us from slipping and falling, and bear us up in His almighty hand, and care for us to the end? O yes! We have proved Him to be faithful to His own who implicitly trust Him, and now we are more ready to venture on Him and His promises than ever before. Amen!"

In this dying song of Moses he says of Jacob, "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings: so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange god with him." My friends, this is God's method with man. He needs just such discipline. It is human to want to settle down in a cosy nest, in carnal security, and stay there forever. Many people actually die in their nests.

When young birds remain too long in the nest what happens? They become lousy and die. And that is just what's the matter with many professed Christians today; they are too well satisfied with their present attainments, and with their surroundings; they seem afraid of becoming too religious—too much like Christ, for fear they may be misunderstood and persecuted. Like the young eagle on the rim of the nest, fear has conquered them; they will not venture to do anything different than the other eagles in the old nest are doing. So they remain, become lukewarm, and die spiritually from inactivity, unless—unless some providence grasps them and stirs their nests and carries them out into the untravelled regions of faith and good works. O God, stir up our downy nests, like the eagles do, and make us sit on thorns awhile, if need be, until we take the hint and learn to fly on errands of mercy, until we become vehicles of cheer and comfort to the perishing souls around us! Stir our nests, O God, and shake from beneath us our fancied pleasures, and give us a rugged faith! This we ask in the name of Thy dear Son, Jesus. Amen.

FAITH AND UNBELIEF

Some unknown writer says that there are three kinds of people in this world, the wills, the won'ts and the can'ts. The first accomplish everything; the second oppose everything; the third fail in everything, having worked out on the anvil of an unusually trying kind of life the supreme joys and excellence of faith, the heroic John Bunyan had the following to say by way of contrast between faith and unbelief.

Faith believes the Word of God; unbelief questions the same.

Faith sees more in a promise of God to help than in all other things to hinder; unbelief, notwithstanding all of God's promises, says "How can these things be?"

Faith will help the soul to wait, though God defers to give; unbelief will throw up all, if God makes any tarry.

Faith will give comfort in the midst of fear; unbelief causes fear in the midst of comfort.

Faith makes the greatest burdens light, unbelief makes light ones unbearable and intolerably heavy.

Faith brings us near to God; unbelief puts us from God, when we are near to Him.

Faith puts man under grace; unbelief holds him under wrath.

Faith purifies the heart; unbelief keeps it polluted and impure.

Faith makes our work acceptable to God through Christ; but whatsoever is of unbelief is sin, for without faith it is impossible to please Him.

Faith gives us peace and comfort in our souls; unbelief works trouble and tossing, like the restless waves of the sea.

By faith we have our life in Christ's fulness, but by unbelief we starve and pine away.

So, let us have faith in God—Wesleyan Methodist.—Holiness Era.

HE KNOWS THE WAY

I know not where my steps may lead
In years to come;
But He, who for my sins did bleed,
Will guide me home.

And though the road be rough and steep,
I'll have no dread;
For He, who for my sins did weep,
Walks on ahead.

Though valleys dark and mountains high
May bar my way;
Through Him, who on the cross did die,
I'll win the day.

And at life's end, my journey o'er,
I'll see the face
Of Him who journeyed on before—
Saved by His grace.

—By J. Andrew Boyd, in The Presbyterian.