

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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BE STRONG AND OF GOOD COURAGE

Rev. I. M. Keirstead

These words came to Joshua, after the death of Moses, when God needed a man whom He could trust to lead the children of Israel into the land of Canaan.

We believe God had had His eye upon Joshua, ever since His return from spying out the land, for He declared with Caleb, we are fully able to go in and possess it.

Now, after wandering in the wilderness for forty long years, owing to their disobedience,—and Moses their leader being dead, it was very important that a new leader should be chosen, a man who would not fail in times of emergencies. So God spoke to Joshua; He assured him of His presence, as He had been with Moses, so He would be with him. No doubt this was to encourage Joshua for the great work that was before him. (He had really been ordained to fill this office, see Num. 27:18.). Joshua was fully qualified, under God, yet we hear His command, "to meditate upon the law of the Lord day and night."

It is just as important in these last days to study the Word of God which is our soul food and meditate upon it continually; for therein is instruction, council, promises and commands sufficient to fortify the child of God for every experience of life.

While seeking for a message for the New Year, this text came to me, most clearly: "Be strong and of good courage". I am sure it was for a special purpose. I immediately began to realize, as never before, that to face the problems and testings which would beset us on every hand, this was just what I needed to be reminded of the necessity of more strength and greater courage, which can only come from above.

To be sure we have always needed these, and our Father has supplied thus far, yet seeing so much of indifference among the unsaved about us, which seems to be increasing alarmingly, and the lack of strong spiritual life among the professors, together with the existing conditions under this world-wide depression—we find it takes a lot of courage to make us courageous. I believe this message is not for myself alone, for all surely need this equipment for the New Year.

We notice that God said, Be strong, so after all, it lies with us, if we want to become strong, we must apply to the source from which it can be obtained. The Infinite One has all strength to impart to those who humbly ask in faith and are willing to obey all the known will of God day by day.

A beautiful picture of a consecrated life, is one that is trusting and drawing momentarily, the strength most needed which is sure to bring courage. Praise the Lord.

L. A. W. Taylor, of Melrose Highlands, has been in poor health for several months, we are sorry to learn.

MEETING DEPRESSION MANFULLY

Into each life some rain must fall, some days must be dark and dreary," wrote Mr. Longfellow in the poem, "A Rainy Day." He speaks for us all of some days of life, and just now God's people share with others in the hardships of a long period of unemployment and financial strain. It is a good time to test the unworldliness of our souls and the vigor of our faith. The prophet Habakkuk set a high standard in his notable testimony: "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation" (Heb. 3:17, 18). Think of it! No food to be found in the orchard, none in the vineyard, none from the harvest field, no sheep, no cattle, yet God's servant was ready to rejoice and find joy in the consolations of God. What a deep well of salvation the prophet had! And yet he lived in the period when the revelations of God were dim, compared with the full blaze of the present dispensation. Some of the most useful and devout people who ever lived have suffered from depression of spirit. The reasons doubtless cover a wide range, such as physical conditions, temperament and inherited tendencies of a melancholy attitude. Sometimes as Saint Peter states, "For a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations." But whatever the source and cause, we shall do well to withstand it by God's help.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon recites in his autobiography his wrestling with depression of spirit, and also somewhat of his philosophy of life in meeting it, and getting something out of it for his soul's welfare. He says: "When I first became a pastor in London my success appalled me; and the thought of the career which it seemed to open up, so far from elating me cast me into the lowest depths out of which I uttered my miserere, and found no room for a gloria in excelsis. Who was I that I should continue to lead so great a multitude? I would betake me to my village obscurity, or emigrate to America, and find a solitary nest in the backwoods, where I might be sufficient for the things which would be demanded of me. It was just then that the curtain was rising upon my lifework, and I dreaded what it might reveal. I hope I was not faithless; but I was timorous, and filled with a sense of my own unfitness. I dreaded the work which a gracious Providence had prepared for me. I felt myself a mere child and trembled as I heard the Voice which said, 'Arise, and thresh the mountains and make them as chaff.'

"This depression comes over me whenever the Lord is preparing a larger blessing for my ministry. The cloud is black before it breaks, and overshadows before it yields its deluge of mercy. Depression has become to me as a prophet in rough clothing, a John the Baptist, herald-

in the nearer coming of my Lord's richer benediction to have far better men found it. The scourge of the vessel has fitted it for the Master's use. Fasting gives an appetite for the banquet. The Lord is revealed in the backside of the desert while His servant keepeth the sheep, and walketh in solitary awe. The wilderness is the way to Canaan. The low valley leads to the towering mountain. Defeat prepares for victory. The raven is sent forth before the dove. The darkest hour of the night precedes the day-dawn. The mariners go down to the depths, but the next wave makes them mount towards the heavens; and their soul is melted because of trouble before the living Lord bringeth them to their desired haven."—*The Wesleyan Methodist*.

A NEW YEAR MEDITATION

What! So soon? Another year? It seems impossible that a year could have passed so swiftly, and yet the return of this day assures me that once more the earth has run her wondrous race through lanes of light and vast voids of space, and deep abysses of the night, amid the silent pomp and splendor of star-strewn heavens, completing another of her ceaseless cycles around the sun, ending another year and bringing me to this day—the thirty-fourth anniversary of that glad hour when God sanctified my soul. I never cease to wonder at His loving-kindness and mercy when this day comes.

When I was a little boy, on the sun-bathed prairies of southern Illinois, a year seemed interminable—it moved forward with leaden feet; but now the years pass me like the flash of sunlit bubbles on the wind-tossed waves, as though they must hasten and lose themselves in that eternity when "time shall be no more." And yet what an unspeakable gift of God is a year! Who can compute its value or estimate its worth? We give and receive our little gifts and rejoice, but how paltry they are compared to God's gift of a year of days!

He has given me one more year, and I praise Him. It has been a good year. He has crowned it with blessings. He has kept me from sin. He has permitted me to fall. He has not let mine enemies triumph over me. He has ordered my steps. He has given success to my labors. He has kept my heart and mind in peace, and in loving-kindness has opened to me the gates of another year, through which I enter with trust, and yet with trembling. I do not fear that I shall fall; but I trust unfalteringly that my watchful Keeper—my Good Shepherd—who has guarded me with such sleepless care through these many years, will hold me up. And yet I tremble at the solemn responsibility laid upon me in the gift of another year of days, lest I fill them not full of prayer and praise and useful service as I should.—*Col. S. L. Brengle, in "Resurrection Life and Glory."*

Miss Helen Pickle visited in Hartland recently. She was the guest of Miss Grace Dow.

Mrs. Hartshorn Mullen,
Jan. 30