

The King's Highway

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A MISSIONARY'S FIRST SERMON

The black men liked it little that a white man had come to live among them. And it was a strange way he had of living, too. He had a house of slabs, hewn with great labor from the trees, and entered by a door through which he passed without even stooping. What was he here for? What did he want?

They held many councils to determine what was best to be done. Two things held them in check: they had as yet seen no attempt at mischief on the part of the missionary; and they feared in their superstition, the evil he might do if they provoked him. So the young American, just out of college, lived on in his house beside the river, writing down words as he learned them, giving medicine to people who were sick, when they were not too superstitious to take it; and telling them occasionally a strange story of one God who lived either up in the sky, or in America, or in some far-away place—they could not quite make out where—about whom the missionary read out of a Book.

One day there was a great council down on the other side of the river-bed, and the missionary sent his servant down among the natives to reason with them, and to say that the missionary was seeking to help the people and not to do them harm; that his wearing of clothing was no mark of diabolism, but only the harmless custom of the strange country from which he had come; and that he intended, just as soon as he learned the language sufficiently, to teach the people many useful things—how to build better homes, how to worship the white man's God—but all these were things which they did not care to learn.

Back from the council came the servant, the blood flowing from a great wound on the side of his head.

"Master," he said, "I have struck a native."

"I think it is you who have been struck. Come, and I will bind up your head," said the missionary, as he picked up a bandage.

"No, no;" said his servant. "Get your rifle! See, they are coming!"

"We will go and meet them," said the missionary, "but we will not take the rifle. We are safer without it, for if they wish to kill us, we could kill only one or two of them at first, and what good would that do us? Come."

Still holding the bandage, the missionary started for the river-bed, the wounded servant following. A hundred poisoned arrows were on the string; a hundred wicked spears were held by savage men. Naked and hideous, the natives stood ready to attack.

The missionary ran straight to the native chief. "Why do you seek to kill me?" he asked. "What harm have I done you? Ah, I see! My servant struck you when you struck him. You, too, are bleeding. Come, I will help you."

He seized the chief's arm and dragged him,

wondering, to one of the pools of water remaining in the river-bed, and called his servant to come. He made them both kneel beside the water, and he washed the wounds of them both. He tore the bandage in two, and with one half bound up his servant's head, and with the other half he bound up the head of his enemy.

Lower and lower dropped the poisoned-arrow-points and slacker grew the tension of the bows-strings as the wondering natives watched this process. When it was finished, the two men rose from their knees, each with his head bound round with clean white cloth, and each aching head more comfortable.

The black men could not understand it. They had confidently expected to see the missionary kill their chief when he had him on his knees, and had kept their weapons ready. What kind of man was this who had come to live among them, and who treated his enemies as he did his friends? It was too much for them to understand; but one thing was plain—they must not kill the missionary that day.

The missionary went back to his cabin and thanked God that a way had been provided whereby he could preach, even before he learned the language; for however little they understood the fullness of a love like this, they could not wholly fail to understand the meaning of the life he was living among them.—Selected.

HALLELUJAH!

By Rev. R. A. Kerby

An army, usually has a battle cry which gathers up the devotion and courage of its soldiers and expresses these sacrificial qualities of character in a soul-thrilling ejaculation which makes the hearts of all to bound with joy and renewed determination. "Long Live the King" and "For Home and Country" are examples in point. Many times when the issue of the battle is in the balance some lion-hearted soldier will turn the tide by his expression of devotion to and trust in his commander. The faint-hearted all about him will light their flickering torches from his blazing one and press the battle through to a glorious consummation.

God's army, the holy people, has just such a cry, and its triumphant utterance has turned the tide of battle on many a hard-fought field. This battle cry came down to the Christian church from the heroes of the Old Testament. King David well knew the power of this holy war cry, and ever and anon lifted his hand toward heaven and voiced a majestic, "Hallelujah!" The meaning of this Hebrew word is, "Praise be to Jehovah." When one considers that this name of our God means, "He that was and is and is to come," a whole vista of divine truths is opened to the enraptured vision. When the saint voices a hearty "Hallelujah!" he is praising God for

His past dealing, present help and future good. Notwithstanding the toils, tears, tribulations and bereavements which have marked the past, he, by faith, looks up and praises God for it all. The history of some "Hallelujahs" abound with thrilling interest and heart-melting pathos. A soulful "Hallelujah" not only gives glory to Him that was but also to Him that is. It is a vital testimony to present victory and overcoming grace. Such ascriptions of praise confound the devil, glorify God and enrich the soul.

A God-inspired "Hallelujah" contains not only marvelous history and precious testimony but glorious prophecy as well. The God that was and is, is felt and seen to be the One who is also to come. "Things to come" are no longer feared by those whose past and present experience has been and is one of holy triumph. "The praiseful soul knows not what the future holds, but does know Him who holds the future." "Oh, glory be to Jesus, let the Hallelujahs roll," is no longer considered cheap camp-meeting emotionalism but rather the high song of the Lamb's followers whose ascriptions of praise will yet be the very heart-beat of the New Jerusalem. Hallelujah!

Never-to-be-forgotten was the inspired and therefore inspiring "Hallelujah" which issued from the soul and then the anointed lips of one of God's servants as he was recounting the toils, sorrows and burdens through which His Saviour, Jehovah, had safely and triumphantly led him. His enlightened vision now saw it all in the precious light of Calvary; his spirit was clothed with the kingliness of Jesus and filled with the powers of the world to come, while his grateful hand took the cup of salvation, now brimming with resurrection glory, and ministered to the thirsty congregation, who joined with him in expressions of holy rapture. In a subsequent love-feast one party testified that that one "Hallelujah" was worth more than a herd of twenty-five hundred prize cattle which he had recently viewed.

Brethren, beloved of the Lord, if we will be faithful and praiseful, our Almighty Jehovah, He who was and is and is to come, He who has filled the past with His presence and the future with His promises, will "guide us with his counsel, and afterward receive us to glory." Hallelujah!

"The golden evening brightens in the West;
And soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

Alleluia!

"From Earth's wide bounds, from Ocean's
farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the count-
less host,
Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Alleluia!

It will always do to change for the better.
—Thomson.

Mr. Donald Teal, Feb 41

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