

The King's Highway

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A MEDITATION

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When the coastline of old age is laved by the Gulf Stream of perfect love, the temperature is delightful. The frosts and snows and cold of rigorous winter come not here. This is a land of singing birds, springing flowers and delectable fruits.

"The lark sings its carol in the sky,
The bee hums its noon-tide melody."

Here there is a renewal of strength—a recovery of youth. Trembling feet give place to eagle wings that lift the soul to the heights of praise where it sings:

"I am living on the mountain
Where the golden sunlight gleams,
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty
Far exceeds my fondest dreams.
Where the air is pure ethereal
Laden with the breath of flowers,
That are blooming by the fountain
'Neath the amaranthine bowers."

Yes, the scenery is delightful here for fading vision gives place to telescopic sight that can see far beyond the rim of an earthly horizon to that land that is not far off. It looks through the stars into an open heaven where is caught a glimpse of the great white throne of God encompassed with the rainbow of mercy. The hearing becomes most acute and the songs of the redeemed on earth seem to blend with the songs of the blood-washed in heaven. "Death like a narrow sea divides that heavenly land from ours."

That sea seems not turbulent nor deep. Faith sees the kindly boatman Death, taking the saints over one by one, while they shout, "O death where is thy sting! O grave where is thy victory! The sting of death is sin; the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

As Death takes from our side a loved one, who has long been a sojourner in this Beulah land, he casts a kindly look at us and says: "I am coming for you soon. But don't worry. Your fare is all paid. But let not earthly things hold you too strongly. I shall come to take you to a better clime. What you have had is only a foretaste of what has been prepared for those who truly love God. In that place none of the inhabitants ever say they are sick, and God himself shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. John saw this city on Patmos Isle. There is a mansion for you in that city—for you who never owned a foot of land nor a shingle to cover your head. You shall have a mansion on the corner of Hallelujah ave., and Glory boulevard. Beulah dwellers can stand a little noise, and the orchestra the Holy Ghost put within your heart shall be increased a hundred fold. It will be praise and adoration and glory to him that sitteth upon the throne and to the Lamb in whose blood your robes have been made white."

And death looks so kindly and speaks so

lovingly that I am inclined to cry, "Let me go with you now." But I restrained myself for it is not of grace to make us tired of our lot in Canaan.

The poet sang of "Earth crammed with heaven and every bush ablaze with God," "His muse was inspired by looking at millions of leaves painted in most beautifully variegated colors by the artist, frost, making a panorama of delight. But how soon that glory fades. Those leaves soon fall and rot on mother earth. The trees are denuded while the winds howl through their branches a requiem to the departed glory.

But how different in Beulah-land! This is not a fading glory: It is one that "shineth more and more unto the Perfect Day." It is here that God by his marvellous alchemy transmutes the lead of loss into the gold of gain, He touches sorrow and with Paul it sings: "For we know that these light afflictions which are but for a moment, work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things that are seen but the things that are not seen "God touches loneliness, and lo all the place becomes peopled with a glorious company of all ages, who hold with us communion sweet; he touches the humblest fare and lo it becomes a banquet such as never kings enjoyed—the banquet Jesus was having when he said to his disciples, "I have meat to eat ye know not of. My meat and my drink is to do the will of him that sent me." Yes, this is the place where Jesus makes all things new.

Is the picture too colorful? Ask a saint who has lived in Beulah for more than fifty years. She will say, "Your picture is too drab. Your words are too feeble. If you could but describe that one little word GLORY in all its length and height and depth you might paint a picture worthwhile."

But who can describe the lot of the truly sanctified? In spite of all losses and crosses and trials it is "joy unspeakable and full of glory." Hallelujah!

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OF HEALTH

1. Walk in the open air.
2. Keep a contented mind.
3. Breathe deeply of pure air.
4. Enjoy innocent amusement.
5. Get plenty of sleep each night.
6. Give your body and soul plenty of sunlight.
7. Associate with companions who will benefit you.
8. Eat healthful, plain food and just enough of it.
9. Give your body plenty of pure water, outside and inside.
10. Do unto others as you wish them to do unto you.—Selected.

Some of us see visions dimly; the light of faith needs more power.

THE LITTLE PREACHER

The shortest sermon I ever heard was preached by the shortest preacher I ever saw, on a small steamer running between Toronto and the island. Ever since the boat left the wharf I had been amused by hearing a clear, high-set voice asking questions, one after another, as fast as one little tongue could go.

A policeman took his place beside the little boy, who turned up his dear little face and said: "Are you a policeman?"

"Yes," answered the man, looking at him kindly.

"Why are you a policeman?" was the next question. The policeman gave a puzzled laugh, but took out the key of the patrol box and a pair of handcuffs, and told him they were to put on bad boys when he took them away.

"You won't take me away," said the little fellow bravely, looking him straight in the face.

"No, my boy, I won't take you; but to whom do you belong?" asked the big man still smiling at the mite.

"I belong to Jesus," said the child.

The big policeman got very red in the face, and rising very hurriedly, left his seat. I will never forget that little preacher and his little sermon. God give us more preachers like this little hero. The sermon was only four words—"I belong to Jesus." Can you say that and say the truth?—Publisher Unknown.

DANGEROUS GROUND

The great danger that is threatening the cause of holiness at this present time is our absorption in business and the home cares. The legitimate concerns of life are allowed to go beyond their proper limit in our effort to meet our financial needs—or proper wants—so we absorb the time and energy that should be devoted to the service of God. Peter said, "casting all your care upon Him, for he careth for you," must surely have included the business and home cares. There is a greater danger of the truly sanctified going too far in their care and effort on these lines than not being sufficiently diligent. Occasionally one may neglect these things, but the cases are rare, but our people justify themselves in this over absorption because they make a good use of their money, but forget part of the text they quote, "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord;" the last part is really the more value than the extra work done, or the extra dollars earned, as material things must perish, while the souls live on whether saved or not. It is said that the ox was for sacrifice or service, but we should be ready to sacrifice and serve. "Trust in the Lord and do good so shall ye dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."—From King's Highway, 1904, by the late Rev. S. A. Baker.