

THE KING'S HIGHWAY,

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness.

THE ORGAN OF THE

Reformed Baptists of Canada.

Published Semi-Monthly at Woodstock, N. B., by a Committee of the Alliance.

Rev. S. A. Baker, Editor, and Business Manager Woodstock, N. B.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

B. N. Goodspeed, Rev. G. B. MacDonald, Rev. H. C. Archer, Rev. W. B. Wiggins, B. A., Rev. M. S. Trafton

Subscription (Price:

PER YEAR, in advance,.....	\$1.00
Ministers, one year.....	.50
FOUR MONTHS, one trial subscription.....	.25
ONE SAMPLE COPY.....	.05
United States Subscribers.....	\$1.25
Ministers.....	.75 cents

For Distribution:

Copies, to one address,.....	.30
25 " " " ".....	.50
5 " " " ".....	1.00
100 " " " ".....	1.50

If you wish your paper discontinued, write to that effect. But bear in mind that all arrears must be paid before this can be done. If you change your residence please drop us a card asking us to change your address on paper. In doing this do not fail to give the old address as well as the new one. As we cannot find your address on the books unless your post office address is given. Should your paper fail to reach you, let us know once, and we will inquire into the reason.

We expect our ministers, agents, and friends to use ahead the circulation of THE HIGHWAY. DISPATCH PRINT, WOODSTOCK, N. B.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All correspondence for THE HIGHWAY should be sent before the 12th and 25th of each month addressed to the Rev. S. A. Baker, Woodstock, N. B.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., NOV. 16, 1908.

Every one of our churches should have a revival during the coming months.

Look up, believe, "God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham," what if the people and circumstances are hard?

The harder the chance to do work for God, the greater glory when victory comes. Get down and get your shoulder under and lift.

If we spend as much time in believing prayer as we spend in whining over our circumstances, we will change defeat into joyous victory.

Look out for that ever present temptation to tone down in your testimony and prayers, compromise is the foremost temptation of the holiness people of the present day. All who seek to save their lives lose it. The blessing.

People who evade the conflicts that accompany the blessing of entire sanctification soon become as boneless as an eel and quite as slippery. You can bend them any way, but you cannot hold them anywhere very long.

"The sacrifice must be perfect to be accepted" Its present personal pertinence is that every part of our lives as God the Lord shows us light must be laid upon the altar and bound there with cords. There is a great deal of so-called consecration to-day which is after the pattern of Ananias and Sapphira, who brought a part and offered it as the whole,—and therein sinned to their own destruction. And is there any wonder that in such lives there is little power, and little victory over those untoward influences which seek to draw them from God? No, beloved, if we would know the power of Christ's life, Christ must know the power of our complete surrender to Him, and He must have all. That is the human side of it.—J. Stuart Holden.

Pastors, are you pushing the interests of the HIGHWAY.

An Appendix to a Wesleyan Hymn.

In the great revival of the eighteenth century John Wesley occupied a most conspicuous part. His labors, spread over the greater portion of that century, were incessant. His literary activity was little short of marvelous; his evangelistic zeal was unflagging, and the patience and wisdom with which he cared for the work of the United Societies was a wonder to his contemporaries as well as to his successors. Methodism is largely a monument to this remarkable man; but it is not his only memorial. His stamp is seen on the religious life of the present day, for his work has modified permanently the world's conception of Christianity, especially as it concerns the spiritual experience of the individual. Side by side with John Wesley stood his brother Charles. The respective influence of the two brothers on the religious life of their day cannot be determined. Their activities were so intermingled that it is impossible to give accurate credit to each one separately. The movement in which they were both conspicuous above all others would not have accomplished what it did had either of them not been connected with it. Without doubt, the hymns of Charles Wesley were as potent as the sermons of John Wesley in leading men and women from sin to righteousness. To-day the genius of Methodism is preserved not more through John Wesley's "Notes on the New Testament" and his sermons than through the songs of his brother.

Like the verses of Watt, the productions of Charles Wesley have found their way into the hymn-books of nearly all Christian denominations. Destroy them, and the religious world would be inexpressibly poorer. Of the 748 hymns in the new Methodist Hymnal, Charles Wesley is the author of nearly one-sixth. Among them are such favorites as "O For A Thousand Tongues To Sing," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Arise, my soul Arise," "Jesus, Thine all Victorious Love," "Love Divine, all love Excelling," and "Soldiers of the Cross, Arise."

Hardly less popular, and no less expressive, than any of these is his "O Glorious hope of Perfect Love." Unfortunately, the fourth verse, which was printed in the previous Hymnal, is omitted from the present edition. This is one of the Canaan hymns, and in its unabbreviated form, is clearly expressive of belief in and yearning for a second definite blessing to be received subsequent to regeneration. No reason has been given—at least none of which we are aware—for the omission of the fourth stanza. Nevertheless, it has been eliminated.

It is an easy matter to find fault with that which is most excellent. To criticize the hymns of such a master as the great Methodist poet is hardly becoming. Yet one may be permitted to point out deficiencies. This hymn, in common with some of the other productions of Charles Wesley, has the defect of stopping short of what might easily be conceived as the real goal of the author. Perhaps, however, his desire was only to create aspiration and to indicate possibilities, leaving the language of possession to the individual who presses on to success. It may be, also, that he was prevented from expressing in his hymns positive attainment by fear that some might substitute the use of the words for the search for and realization of the blessing. Here is the hymn as it appeared in the former Hymnal:

O glorious hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,

And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow.

A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

O that I might at once go up;
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess;
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness!

It will be readily seen that the believer is left on the mountain top, drinking in the beauties and glories of the Promised Land, and longing for participation in its blessings, but still on the far-side of the Jordan. The incompleteness of the production at this point has always impressed us, and we have longed for the gift of versification that we might perfect the experience in a worthy manner. But, being neither a poet nor the son of a poet, we have never expected to meet with success in the undertaking. However, since it is said that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread," desire has gotten the better of judgment, and some additional stanzas are suggested—not with the thought that they ought to be united with the beautiful original in future publications, but rather with the wish of emphasizing the fact that the heaven-born aspirations of the redeemed soul for the fullness of salvation are not in vain. Mephibosheth, son of Jonathan, was lame in both feet; and no one can be more conscious of the limp in these verses than the writer. But, while compositions may be more attractive through purity of language, faultlessness of rhetoric and smoothness of diction, they are dependent on none of these for truth. And it is truth—the truth of doctrine and the truth of experience—which is sought to be expressed. Trusting that these verses may be found to echo the feelings of other hearts, and that they may be somewhat instrumental in transforming aspiration into realization, they are here appended:

By faith I near the Jordan's side,
And, as I touch its swelling tide,
Its waters cease to roar;
I press with confidence along,
And soon my faith is changed to song.
I reach the farther shore.

My wand'ring soul at last may rest;
The goodly land is now possessed;
God's promise is fulfilled.
No more the clouds of doubt shall roll;
Eternal sunshine bathes my soul;
The tempest's voice is stilled.

O weary pilgrim, cross the stream;
Make real now thine ardent dream,
And step the land within.
To sin and self forever die;
The cleansing blood by faith apply,
The perfect triumph win.

Christ bought the victory for thee;
He longs to set thee wholly free,
To fill with joy divine.
Thine all upon the altar place;
To God lift up thy hopeful face,
And claim the blessing thine.

The flowers of Canaan, rich and rare,
Shall shed their fragrance on the air;
Thy joy shall never cease;
Eternal love shall through thee flow,
And Christ the Savior thou shalt know,
As Righteousness and Peace.

T. P. B.

We heard a speaker recently tell of a woman who prayed a whole year for a smile. People who make an entire consecration of themselves and all they possess to God will be sanctified wholly, which will produce a full grown laugh of joy in their soul, and it need not take one hour of time. Purity, joy and peace within will wonderfully adjust and control the muscular language of the face, in looks of love, pity and joy, but will forever drop the looks of despondency, ridicule, anger and hatred.

MARRIED.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Wellan A. Wilcox, at Seal Cove, Grand Manan, was the scene of an interesting wedding party, on the evening of Oct. 29th, when their daughter Bertha Marion, was united in marriage to George E. Stuart by Rev. I. D. Harvey.

The bride entered the room on the arm of her father, who gave her in marriage, and looked lovely in a gown of White Swiss with tulle veil. Little Miss Doris, sister of the bride, acted as flower-girl, and carried a pretty bouquet of garden flowers. The wedding march was rendered by Miss Lorena Brown.

The bride was the recipient of many pretty and useful gifts. Mrs. Stuart is a valuable worker in the Reformed Baptist church and Sunday School of this place, and its members join in wishing the happy couple a life-long happiness.

On Oct. 29th, at the residence of the bride's parents by the Rev. H. H. Cosman, William J. Gott to Miss Edna B. Beal, both of Jonesport, Me.

BROOKS-LONDON.—A very pretty wedding took place on Wednesday, Nov. 4th, at the residence of the bride's brother, LeBaron London, Upper Woodstock, N. B., when his eldest sister, Albin Cecil, was married to Ernest C. Brooks, of Waterville, Carleton Co.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. C. Turner, of Jacksonville, assisted by Rev. S. A. Baker, of Woodstock, in the presence of about seventy-five guests.

FOX-FLEMING.—Nov. 10th, at the Reformed Baptist Parsonage, Orange Hall, Woodstock, N. B., by Rev. S. A. Baker, Mr. Vernon V. Fox and Miss May Louise Fleming, both of Lower Woodstock.

On Thanksgiving evening the home of the Rev. A. H. Trafton, Port Maitland, was the scene of a very interesting event, when their youngest daughter, Calla Viola, was united in marriage to Mr. Alvin B. Perry of this place. The father of the bride officiated. After the ceremony a sumptuous lunch was served, followed by instrumental and vocal music. After prayer being offered by the bride's father the guests quietly dispersed, leaving behind a large number of beautiful presents, and a host of well wishes to the happy couple. [Dispatch please copy.]

Beer and Rum in Woodstock.

We are glad to see that the town council are awakening to the state of the drink business in Woodstock, for there never was the like of it since the time that this town had about forty licensed liquor stores, and many more places where it was sold.

The mayor and aldermen and officers seem to be waiting for the temperance people to arouse public sentiment sufficient to ensure them strong backing in putting the law into action. This they certainly should have, and mass meetings should be called and a good aggressive movement started against rum, beer and all forms of gambling now prevalent in the town. Some advocate the employment of an outside man to agitate the question, but our experience has been that better and more permanent results can be obtained by the united work of the people who live here. We should need no scape goat where the welfare of our homes and town are at stake. Rose water is of no value in this work,—we need some good homespun common sense and backbone of united effort to clean up the town, and there are men and women of this kind among us if they can be aroused to united action.

Rev. C. S. Hilyard is supplying for Rev. H. N. Cosman at Beals, Me. Brother Hilyard expects to enter the work fully soon.

DIED.

WRIGHT.—At Central Southampton, Oct. 17th, Avril Louise, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arlington Wright, aged two months.

As vernal flowers perfume the morn,
But wither in the rising day;
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
Thus swiftly fled its life away.

It died before its infant soul
Had ever burned with wrong desires—
Had ever spurned at Heaven's control,
Or ever quenched its sacred fires.

It died to sin; it died to care;
But for a moment felt the rod;
Then rising on the viewless air,
Spread its light wings and soared to God.

Services at the house and grave by the writer in the presence of a good gathering of sympathizing friends and neighbours.
J. G.

HOYT.—At Millville, York Co., Oct. 26th, 1908, Mrs. Jarvis Hoyt, aged 70 years and 3 months, leaving a sorrowing husband, five sons, Henry and Charles of Millville, and Samuel, Joseph and Willard of Washington, and three daughters, Jane now Mrs. Alex. Johnston of Washington, Hattie, now Mrs. Dr. Lindsay, of Colorado, and Millie, now Mrs. Conley of Mass., who was with her mother for several months during her last illness; two brothers, Charles Morgan of St. Marys, and Fred of Hainesville; and one sister, Mrs. John Dunlap, of Hainesville, besides a large circle of friends to mourn their loss.

Our dear departed sister was one of the charter members of the Reformed Baptist church of Millville and among the first in that place who professed the blessing of entire sanctification, as a second work of grace. Her favorite hymns were "I am Over," and "Beulah Land." Sister Hoyt lived in the land, looked like a Christian, talked like a Christian, acted like a Christian, and as the result died triumphantly. Our sister kept her interest in the work of the Lord till the very last, and her last tribute was collecting by letter quite an amount for our new parsonage at Millville.

Brother and Sister Hoyt had lived together for more than fifty years and are very highly respected for their work's sake.

A few days before our sister's death her beloved son, Samuel, who had been absent twenty-two years, arrived home in time to receive a loving welcome from his mother, and very touching indeed was the meeting between mother and son. It was also a great comfort to our sister to have her daughter, Millie, with her who cared for her so tenderly and lovingly to the end.

I extend to my brother and each member of the family my sincere sympathy and prayers, and hope they will all live so as to meet mother in the skies.

The funeral was attended by the writer assisted by Rev. Mr. Puddington.
G. B. TRAFTON.

NEVERS.—Mrs. George J. F. Nevers, eldest daughter of Jacob Estabrook, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. D. McLeod Vince, Woodstock, on Friday last. She was born at Kingsclear, York Co., July 1826. She lived near Hartland until after the death of her husband, which occurred some seventeen years ago, when she lived with her daughter in Woodstock for a number of years.

She leaves three sister, Mrs. West, of Centreville; Mrs. Belyea, of Rockland, and Mrs. Britton, of Minneapolis; two brothers, Joseph and Ludlow. Four sons survive, Frederick, Odbur, Orville and Handy F. Nevers, and one daughter, Mrs. Vince. The services were conducted by Rev. C. T. Phillips, D. D.

Acknowledgements.

E. M. Smith, Dec., 1909; J. E. Jewett, Dec., 1909; Mrs. E. Jordan, Dec., 1908; A. Thornton, Dec. 1909; Mrs. John Briggs, Dec., 1908; Miss Bessie Watson, Jan., 1908; Mrs. Darius Downey, Nov., 1909; Sears Mullen, Sept., 1909; Mrs. James W. Greenlaw, Dec., 1909; Eliphalet Jones, Dec., 1909; Amos Margison, Dec., 1909; Mrs. Harriet S. Shea, Sept., 1910; Mrs. S. S. Proctor, July, 1909; Mrs. Robert Frizzle, July, 1909.