

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.

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Subscription Price:

PER YEAR, in advance, \$1.00  
Ministers, one year, .50  
FOUR MONTHS, one trial subscription, .25  
ONE SAMPLE COPY, .03

United States Subscribers, \$1.25  
Ministers, 75 cents

For Distribution:

Copies, to one address, .30  
25 " " " .50  
5 " " " .10  
100 " " " 1.50

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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., AUG. 31, 1909.

EDITORIAL.

"Perfect love casteth out fear."

"He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."

"Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgement."

"He that loves most is the most like God, no matter what other qualities he may, or may not possess. "For God is love."

The true measure of our christianity is the measure of the purity, fervor, and strength of the love we possess.

Divine love shed abroad in the heart will surely manifest itself if an opportunity presents itself, it cannot be hidden, nor repressed. It will speak, act or look.

The more we pray to God, the more our love will go out toward men, without prayer love will dry up and die, the mind becomes light, and the heart empty.

Cold sermons, if ever so logical, and finely delivered, are about as palatable as a cold dinner, a person has to be very hungry to get up an interest in them.

Quarterly Meeting.

The Quarterly Meeting of district No. 3 will be held with the church at Beals, Me., commencing Wednesday evening, Sept. 22nd, and continuing over the 26th.

MISS LUCY BEAL, Secy.

The Quarterly Meeting of district No. 1 will meet with the church at Lower Hainesville, Sept. 23rd to 26th.

These meetings can be made a great source of blessing, not only to the church where they are held, but indirectly to all the other churches, for all who attend cannot help but receive new inspiration to more earnest work for the future.

S. B. CHARLTON, Secy.

Florenceville.

It is rare when injustice, or slights patiently borne, do not leave the heart at the close of the day filled with marvelous joy and peace.—Gold Dust.

Ministers and Churches.

The editor left on the 27th for a few days visit at the home of his son in Toronto. He expects to return about the 3rd of September.

Licenciates Leonard Sabine and Haudley Mullen supplied the Woodstock church on the 29th.

The first district quarterly meeting will convene with the church at Lower Hainesville, Sept. 23-26. It is requested that the "Home Missionary" attend this meeting; as they wish to continue the services indefinitely.

Rev H C and Mrs Archer went to Sandford, N S on the 24th.

Licenciates H C Mullen and Leonard Sabine returned to Woodstock on the 25th, for the beginning of the High School term.

Rev P J Trafton was the leader at the holiness meeting at St John on Tuesday evening, 24th inst.

The Woodstock church has invited Evangelist L Milton Williams to hold a series of meetings to continue over three or four Sundays, beginning Nov 14th.

Licenciate A F Tanner visited Lutes Mountain church and spent three Sundays with them. He expects to go to west Pembroke, Me., for several weeks beginning the 29th.

Sister Tanner will visit her son in Boston for several weeks.

We wish to notify the public and the Reformed Baptist churches that by vote of the Alliance, the suspension of Z B Grass, from the Reformed Baptist ministry was made final and permanent.

Rev W B Wiggins is busy preparing the minutes of the Alliance for publication and we expect that we will have them at an early date.

Rev G B Trafton spent a few days last week visiting his father and mother at Woodstock, and friends at Lower Brighton.

Rev B Colpits went to Perth on the 21st, and remained over Sunday assisting in the special services held there by Rev. M E Borders.

Rev H C Sanders held two Missionary meetings at Caribou, Me., on the 22nd.

Brother J S Richardson has engaged with the Millville circuit for another year.

Rum and Tobacco.

A somewhat animated conversation discussion took place in the United Baptist convention, recently held at Halifax, over the report on Temperance and Moral Reform. Some took exception to rum and its dirty little brother, tobacco, being placed on a par. Hon. Geo. E. Foster said; he did not put tobacco and liquor in the same class but tobacco and cigarettes were great evils. Evidently the talk made before the report could be sent back, and more diplomatic members added to the committee, set a good many puffers puffing, and many chewers spitting as quite a commotion was stirred. Tobacco in its different forms is unquestionably the great idol in the professed christian churches of the present day. There is no one habit so generally indulged in by professed christian men. There is no subject upon which the great mass of church members are so sensitive, which shows clearly that men generally are convicted that the thing is wrong for a professed christian, and a wrong example for any father to set before his sons. Oh that the church of Christ would quit this filthiness, and set a clean example before the world. "Be ye clean, that bear the vessels of the Lord".

Where holiness is strongly and explicitly preached the children of God must seek and find the experience or lose their first love.—Sel.

The Marks of a Missionary Pastor.

At the Laymen's Movement Institute in Toronto, Dr. Gandier, the new Principal of Knox' College, Toronto, gave the marks of a missionary pastor as follows:

1. He is intensely interested in missions himself. No man can interest others in a thing in which he is not himself interested, and a congregation soon knows what their minister is really interested in.

2. He regards his whole congregation as a missionary society, whose duty and privilege it is to spread the Gospel.

3. He sets and maintains a worthy standard of giving.

4. He gladly obtains and makes use of outside help, visiting missionaries and workers. Some pastors stoutly protect their pulpits from these as visiting vultures, and say that, if there is money to spare, it should be added to the pastor's salary. They fail to see that, if the congregations were brought into touch with larger things, they will increase the pastor's salary and everything else.

5. He keeps his congregation in touch with movements of the age and sees that they are not left out of the Providential movements of the times.

6. He introduces the best methods of giving.

7. He has faith in his people and in what they can do. In introducing missionary work the hindrance is often in the Pastor and Session. When you can get past them there is no trouble with the people. Congregationalist.

Devastating Curse.

Mr. Anthony Comstock (1891) declares: "The pestilence of evil reading is worse than any other known evil in the land."

The reading of popular fiction deranges the mind. This is true of that class of novels not suggestive of the unchaste. The sensibilities are excited and strengthened at the expense of the intellect and will. The emotions move the readers to tears over the tragedies of imaginary men and women. This opens the way and cultivates a taste for the more exciting romance, where affection flames to frenzy the infatuated lovers, and where the basest passions are fired into fury, ending in lust, shame and murder.

False, baneful education is at the root of this devastating curse. Any one can see at a glance that the emotional nature being excited and so strengthened out of proportion to the reason, the conscience and the will, there must result permanent overruling by the emotions means moral overthrow by the emotions.

Emotional inflamability, sentimentalism and volitional impotency come of this over-stimulation of the sensibilities. There is lack of determination and perseverance. There is utter dislike to mental application. Reasoning is burdensome, and religious instruction becomes a bore.

For several years the statement of Prof. Hicks, of The Word and Work, has been true: "It is a fact that seven-eighths of the novels sold in America to-day are bought by women."

This fact in large part accounts for the decline of family religion, family government, and the rapid increase of crime among the youth.

Where the sacredness of the family is surrendered, there enters sentimental and seducing literature forcing the surrender of Christian character and finally mental chastity.

Women intoxicated with romantic thirst for emotional excitement feel averse to steady application and practical duty involved in training

children, consequently the maternal oversight which issues in excellence of character is abandoned; while sentimental and sordid literature floods the family.

Pure streams issue from pure springs. No parents with a polluted imagination and enervated moral sense can train up children in excellence of character. Their unconscious influence fills the very air with their inmost thought and feeling, infecting the minds of all around them.

Hon. Mr. Skinnerwell says: "Is there not need of a campaign for purity in behalf of the fathers and mothers of the nation? We hope to secure purity on the part of our sons and daughters? The sensational newspaper and magazine, the impure novel, must be taken from the hands of adult members of the household as well as from the children's hands."—Vanguard.

A Tear-Stained Handkerchief.

When the death of John B Gough was announced, wagonloads of flowers were turned back from the door of his home, with the order that these flowers be distributed among the poor.

When the vast congregation of people came to the funeral there was not a flower upon the casket; the only decoration was a little, faded, tear-stained handkerchief, and the story of that handkerchief was this:

Many years before that, a young lady had married a young man, and they had gone to the city of New York to live. After they had finally settled there, the wife found that he was a drunkard and a gambler, and soon he began to leave her alone at night. Two little children came into their home, but he cared not for them seemingly, for he would be out all night. Then he began to beat his family, curse them, and pawn the furniture. One by one the pieces of furniture she had brought from old Kentucky were sent down to the pawnshop. After a while this poor woman had to go out and wash for a living, that her children might have bread to eat. She had one treasure left, that was the piano which her mother had given her on her wedding day. She would take her little tots, and play on the piano and sing to them, then they would say their prayers, and go to bed.

She came home one night and her piano was gone. She knew what it meant—the last thing she had to tell of her old home had been pawned by her husband for drink. Her heart was breaking, but her babies came and asked her to sing. She put her arms around them and tried to sing the best she could without her piano. Somehow, the whiskey had not tasted as good that night as usual. (Sometimes when mixed with a woman's tears it gets a little bitter.) Her husband came home not so drunk as usual. As he came around the house he looked in at the window, and he saw the children in their little nighties, and his wife was singing a lullaby song, then they prayed, kneeling down beside her. Each one asked God to bless them, to bless mamma, then to bless papa, and help him to be good, and to bring him home sober. He slipped softly in, and kneeled down by his wife's side, and said: "Wife, if you'll forgive me, I'll never do it again." She said: "Tom, will you sign the pledge to-night?" He said: "I will." They went down together to a hall where John B Gough, the great temperance lecturer, was giving a lecture. Tom went up and put his name down.

One day during Mr Gough's illness there came to his home a woman who told her story to Mrs Gough. She said: "I hoped I might give some present to Mr Gough, but I can not

do it. I have brought my handkerchief. I have not shed a tear since the night Tom signed the pledge. I brought this and I thought I would give it to Mr Gough." When Mr Gough heard this, he told his wife to send all flowers that might be sent to him at his funeral to the poor, and put nothing but that little handkerchief on his casket, and tell the people that there was one soul on earth he knew he had helped make better. When the people saw that little handkerchief on the casket of John B Gough, it taught them a lesson all the flowers in the world couldn't.—Ram's Horn.

A Sigh Analyzed.

Frequently we hear someone sigh, "O for a Wesley to lead us back to the old paths!" If the one who thus sighs has not done his part to get back to the old paths it is not only a vain but also a hypocritical sigh. It is an attempt to shift responsibility and especially suffering and sacrifice off upon some imaginary leader. It is an attempt to excuse cowardice and to appease an accusing conscience and to buy off God. Sighing for someone to lead us back to the old paths is folly if not sinful. Every man, woman and child who sincerely wants to get back to the old paths can do so in an hour's time. Wesley does not have to be raised from the dead to make it possible for any one to get back to the way Wesley walked. It may be an easy way to crawl out of responsibility to heave this doleful sigh but it is not a safe nor a successful way. When Wesley died he did not take with him out of this world the old paths nor the ability to find them. What will it cost.—Wesleyan Methodist.

Acknowledgements.

Ward Burpee, May 1910; C E Brown, August 1909; Mrs F H Hale, Dec 1909; Mrs J C Arnold, Dec 1909; Mrs Joseph L Shaw, Jan 1910; Miss Bessie Watson, Jan 1909; Capt Elisha Fullerton, Sept 1910; Robbie Nixon, Sept 1910; Harry Smullins, May 1910; Perry H Smith, Sept 1910;

Personals.

Mrs. S. A. Baker was called to Caribou, Me., last week on account of the illness of her mother, Mrs. Sarah Page.

Accounts With Whiskey

An old man, as he sat on a bench in a public park one day, figured up a partial account with old Alcohol, which was as follows:

"I thought liquor was a friend, I find he is a foe. He promised to make a man of me, he has made me a beast. Then he said he would brace me up, but he made me go staggering around, and then threw me into the ditch. He said I must drink to be social, but he made me quarrel with my very best friends and be the laughing stock of my enemies. He gave a broken nose. Then I drank for the good of my health, he ruined the little health I had, and left me as sick as a dog. He said he would warm me up, and I was soon nearly frozen to death. He said he would steady my nerves, but instead he gave me delirium tremens. He said he would give me great strength, and he made me very helpless. He promised me courage but he made me a coward, for I beat my poor sick wife, and kicked my poor little sick child. He said he would brighten my wits, but he made me act like a fool and talk like an idiot. He promised to make me a gentleman, but he made me a tramp."

"The drunkard shall come to poverty." (Prov. 23:21) "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God."—Sel.

O, brother, a true faith in Christ Jesus will never suffer us to be idle while souls are perishing.