

THE KING'S HIGHWAY,

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness.

THE ORGAN OF THE

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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, Hartland, N. B.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., APRIL 16, 1906.

"Why seek the living among the
dead? He is not here, but is risen."
Luke 24-5, 6.

We are very apt to think of those who have passed from us through death as in the state in which our mortal eyes last saw the body, cold in the clasp of death. Too many of the children of God let the natural sight and touch hold them down to sadness instead of letting a living faith in the living word of God lift them up to the glorious fact that their dead are living, according to the word of our Lord who said "And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believeth thou this?" Jno. 11-26. Paul speaking of his departure from earth said "For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better." Phil. 1-23. With such declarations as the above in our hands, given by such authority as Jesus Christ and the Apostle Paul, it seems to us that the professed Christian faith is defective, and their minds morbid indeed, who look upon the mound in the cemetery as that possessing their dear one who went to be with Jesus. True the remains of the earthly tabernacle are there, but that divinely created and divinely redeemed personality is with Christ as a living, acting intelligence. Then let us not waste our time and tears over the tomb, but let us devote it in thanksgiving and praise to him who hath redeemed us and washed us in his own precious blood, and look forward to the time when the redeemed soul will again be united with a redeemed and glorified body, according to his infallible promise and the eternal day will dawn whose sun will never set.

CARIBOU REVIVAL.

The Editor spent last week in Caribou, Me. on account of the sickness and death of Mrs. Baker's father, and while there attended a service each in the Methodist, F. Baptist and Baptist churches, and was glad to note the large number of young people taking part in the services as a result of the recent revival under Evangelist Gale. There is certainly a great change in Caribou. Cold formality has been replaced by revival fervency, and the revival is still going on in the surrounding communities. To make this

grand awakening permanent, these young people should, and could be led into the fullness of the blessing but after the most of such revivals the attention of the shepherds is wholly taken up in marking the lambs, and getting them into the respective folds. There is no time when converts can be led into full salvation as well as just after conversion, at the moment when they first discover indwelling impurity, as anger, pride, jealousy, etc., they feel it so keenly that they would gladly seek the cleansing if they had some one to lead them to the precious fountain of cleansing so fully revealed in the Word of God.

SANDFORD, Yarmouth Co., N. S.

April 10, 1906.

Dear Highway,—As you have already noted in your columns I spent most of January and February assisting Bro. Archer in special meetings on Grand Manan. We had a blessed season at Seal Cove, the church being much strengthened and wanderers reclaimed.

On the 5th of March I left for St. John, remaining at home until the 10th, leaving on that date to fill an engagement with Bro. McDonald in special meetings at Port Maitland. But on the 17th I received word from my son that his wife was very low and according to human appearance could no live long; the doctor having given her up. I immediately made preparation to go to their assistance. No time to lose as the Boston Boat would leave the wharf at Yarmouth at six p. m., arriving at Boston at 10 a. m., Sunday. I found I had time to attend church before any train would leave for Providence. I hurried up to Tremont Temple where I listened to a very interesting sermon by Dr. Henson from Titus 2 and 10. Just had time to reach the station as the train pulled out and in a little while we were at Providence. From Providence we had to go by electric cars to North Scituate, a distance of about 20 miles. I reached the room where my children were about 4.30 p. m. My daughter, Jennie, having gone there to take charge of the care about five weeks previous. May looked very sick and we were very anxious, but after the first greetings Lawson requested that we bow in prayer, which we did; as we prayed I felt that God was answering, as I know many of the dear saints were praying also to the same end. And sure enough a great change soon came over her. She recovered very rapidly. To God be all the Glory. Next in order, Lawson said he had a meeting appointed for that evening at 7.30, four miles away at Ashland and would like to have me accompany him which I was glad to do as I was anxious to see the place where he had been preaching for the last year or over. I found a nice church, well equipped. I very much enjoy preaching to the people. On Monday and Tuesday evenings we had meetings in the same church, he speaking Monday and I Tuesday. The Spirit's presence was manifest and I am sure it was time well spent. I had a good privilege of looking through the Institute where my son has been for the last two years preparing for his life work in the ministry. Everything about the school is carried on with system and order. In the dormitories you would frequently hear the voice of prayer reminding us of our yearly gatherings at Beulah and Riverside. The principle, though a very busy man, yet seems to always have time to give attention to all who seek his advice, and by his marked kind Christian manner seems to have won the respect of all who know him. Mr. Kinsey is the right man in the right place. I left the Institute on Wednesday, p. m., for Boston and spent Thursday and until Friday noon calling on old friends from N. S. who had sat under my ministry while at home. Among them were Bro. and Sister Williamson and family, Bro. and Sister Oscar Crosley and family, Mard Sweeney, John, George and Enos Tedford, John Dakie, the Wyman family and Ethel Archer, all who are well and seemed pleased to see me. I arrived at Yarmouth on the 17th, a. m. Since then, up until our quarterly meeting commenced here, I have been assisting Bro. McDonald in special meetings at Port Maitland with encouraging results. I shall mention more particularly of this church and the work

in my next report. Bro. McDonald and I are just now engaged in special meetings at Short Beach. I hope soon to be able to visit New Tusket and Phinnie Cove.

Yours,

H. H. COSMAN.

Ministers and Churches.

Rev. M. S. Trafton went to Fort Fairfield to assist his brother Licentiate P. J. Trafton on the 2nd instant, remaining about ten days.

Licentiate P. J. Trafton has been licensed to solemnize marriages in Maine.

We are glad to report grand victory at Millville. A good interest has been enjoyed there for some time, and the Quarterly Meeting gave it great help. Since that the meetings have been continued by Pastor S. Greenlaw, who has enjoyed reaping grand results in conversions, renewals, and in sanctification of believers, and general quickening of the church. There was baptism on the 8th instant, more expected to go forward and some have been added to the church.

Licentiate F. H. Grass visited Westchester last week and reports good interest in the work there.

Rev. H. H. Cosman is assisting Pastor G. B. Macdonald on his circuit in special meetings.

In the absence of the pastor the Praying Band took charge of the services at Hartland on the 8th instant. The meetings were excellent. We thank God for these young men.

Rev. M. S. Trafton returned home on the 14th after ten days successful evangelistic work at Fort Fairfield. Rev. A. H. Trafton will assist his son P. J. Trafton and continue the meetings over next week. We are glad to hear of the continued victory in this new church, which is a strong proof to us that we were right in its organization although some good brethren thought otherwise.

COTTAGES AT BEULAH.

Miss M. McIndoe, of Woodstock, has purchased the Miss A. J. Goodspeed cottage on Kinghorn Avenue, and Mrs. W. J. Parsill has sold her cottage to Mr. William Tait, of St. John, as she is removing to Toronto.

HIS CHURCH AFFILIATIONS.

This story is told of a minister of the Episcopal Church, who, during a certain journey, met a citizen who claimed that he was also an Episcopalian.

"To what parish do you belong?"
"Don't know nothin' bout any parish?" was his answer.

"Well, to what diocese do you belong?" I inquired.

"There ain't nothin' of that sort in this part of the country, that I ever heard of," he replied.

"But who confirmed you?" said I.

"Nobody," he said.

"But didn't you tell me you were an Episcopalian?" I asked in astonishment.

"O, yes," said the old man; "I'll tell ye how it is. Last spring I was away from home visitin', and while I was there I went ter church and it happened ter be an Episcopalian one, and among other things I heard 'em say that they'd left undone them things they oughter done, and I said to myself, 'That's jest my fix too'; and since then I've always considered myself an Episcopalian."

"Well," said I, as I shook the old man's hand, "if your ideas of an Episcopalian are correct, we are the largest denomination in the world."—Christian Alliance.

There is no power in the world so irrepressible as the power of personal holiness. A man's gift may lack opportunity, his efforts be misunderstood and resisted; but the spiritual power of a consecrated will needs no opportunity, and can enter where the doors are shut. * * * Yes, in this strange and tangled business of human life, there is no energy that so steadily does its work, as the mysterious, unconscious, silent, unobtrusive, imperturbable influence which comes from a man who has done with all self-seeking.—The Bishop of Oxford.

SPECIAL SERVICES, WOODSTOCK.

The special services at Woodstock in which the pastor was assisted by Rev. W. H. Hoople, of Brooklyn, were well attended and means of great good. There were evangelistic services being held in the United Baptist churches at the same time which tended to draw many in that direction, but notwithstanding all the numbers increased and at the last Sunday evening service a number had to stand for lack of a seat. To date about 80 have knelt at the altar and accepted Christ as their Saviour and sanctifier. Nearly a score claimed to have received pardon, and two score eagerly sought for full salvation. It was a delight to see their shining faces and hear them tell of the fulness of God's love in their hearts. Many who had been in the back ground were revived and now rejoicing in Christ. To God be ALL the glory! Rev. Hoople left for home on Monday 9th instant accompanied by the best wishes of many new made friends as of all his old friends. Our brother did excellent work and laboured faithfully and well. The services have been continued by the pastor and good results are following.

EMERGENCY FUND NEEDED.

Should there be a general uprising among the Zulus; our missionaries would be compelled to seek safety by going to Durban, which would incur considerable extra expense for traveling, and for their living while waiting for matters to settle down again, before returning to their work. To provide for what may come we hereby ask every church to take a special collection and forward it immediately to C. K. Short (our treasurer) 53 Garden Street, St. John, N. B. Let personal contributions also be sent to him, the case is urgent, don't delay, take immediate action, should the threatening storm pass over, and the money not be used in that way, it can be credited to the churches on their regular missionary contributions. The treasurer will acknowledge the amounts received in THE HIGHWAY.

DRINKING A FARM.

My homeless friend, with the chromatic nose, while you are stirring up the sugar in a ten-cent glass of gin, let me give you a fact to wash down with it. You say you have longed for years for the free independent life of a farmer, but have never been able to get enough of money together to buy a farm. But this is just where you are mistaken. For several years you have been drinking a good improved farm, at the rate of 100 square feet at a gulp. If you doubt this statement, figure it out yourself.

An acre of land contains 43,560 square feet. Estimating, for convenience, the land at \$43 56 per acre, you will see that it brings the land to just one mill per square foot. Now pour down the fiery dose and imagine that you are swallowing a straw-berry patch. Call in five of your friends and have them help you gulp down that 500 foot garden. Get on a prolonged spree some day and see how long a time it requires to swallow a pasture large enough to feed a cow. Put down that glass of gin, there's dirt in it, 100 feet of good, rich dirt, worth \$43 56 per acre.—Robert J. Burdett.

Lemons, vinegar and buttermilk are good, but when a preacher gets sour he is spoiled; a wicked man cannot do so much harm to the cause of Christ as he can. Every preacher who will keep clean, keep sweet, keep full of love, keep in touch with God and keep to work, will find that "all things work together for good to those who love God."

OUT OF, AND INTO.

Out of the distance and darkness so deep
Out of the settled and perilous sleep,
Out of the region and shadow of death
Out of its foul and pestilent breath,
Out of the bondage and wearying chains
Out of companionship ever with stains.
Into the light and glory of God
Into the holiest made clean by blood,
Into His arms—the embrace and the kiss
Into the scene of ineffable bliss,
Into the quiet, the infinite calm
Into the place of the song and the psalm.
Wonderful love that has wrought all for me
Wonderful work that has thus set me free,
Wonderful ground upon which I have come
Wonderful tenderness welcoming me home.

Out of the disaster and ruin complete
Out of the struggle and dreary defeat,
Out of my sorrow and burden and shame
Out of the evils too fearful to name,
Out of my guilt, and the criminal's doom
Out of the dreading, the terror, the gloom,
Into the sense of forgiveness and rest
Into the inheritance with all the blest,
Into a righteous and permanent peace
Into the grandest and fullest release,
Into the comfort without an alloy
Into a perfect and confident joy.
Wonderful holiness bringing to light
Wonderful grace putting all out of sight,
Wonderful wisdom, devising the way
Wonderful power that nothing could stay.

Out of the horror of being alone
Out and power, of being mine own,
Out of the hardness of heart and will
Out of the longings which nothing can fill,
Out of the bitterness, madness and strife
Out of myself and all I call life.
Into communion with Father and Son
Into the sharing of all Christ won,
Into the ecstasies full to the brim,
Into the having of All things with him,
Into Christ Jesus there ever to dwell,
Into more blessings than words e'er can tell.
Wonderful lowliness draining my cup,
Wonderful purpose that ne'er gave me up,
Wonderful patience that waited so long,
Wonderful glory to which I belong.

Out of my poverty into His wealth,
Out of my sickness into His health,
Out of the false and into the true,
Out of the old man into the new,
Out of that measure the full depth of lost,
Out of it All at infinite cost,
Into what must that cost correspond,
Into that which there is nothing beyond,
Into the union which nothing can part,
Into what satisfies His and my heart,
Into the deepest of joys ever had,
Into the gladness of making God glad,
Wonderful person whose face I'll behold,
Wonderful story, then All to be told,
Wonderful All the dread way that he trod,

Wonderful end he has brought me to God,
Dear Editor, — A few days ago I chanced to borrow a slip with the above verses to copy. I thought you might be pleased to publish them in THE HIGHWAY. I think they are very good. The sweetness of his love and the joy of his holy spirit makes me happy on the way. Praise his holy name. I am standing on the promises of God and am fully aware not one will ever fail. This heavenly companionship with our heavenly redeemer, what sweetness it affords.

Yours very truly in the love of the Master,
ELIJAH KINNE.

Crouseville, Aroostook County, Me.

WHOLLY BAD.

We have gone into the realm of political life, and have seen there the same corrupting and disastrous influence—that the saloon is the caucus-hall for everything that is vile and dishonest and shameful in our politics. Thus we have gone around the circle of physical, intellectual, social, domestic, economic and political life, and everywhere we have found that the saloon is a heavy debtor to humanity. It blesses nowhere; it curses everywhere. We have seen that the laboring man has no enemy so tyrannical or so pitiless as the liquor traffic; that no legislation nor any change of sociological conditions can be of any permanent benefit to the laboring classes of the world so long as nearly a billion and a half dollars a year are wasted in intoxicating drink.—Louis Albert Banks.