

The King's Highway.

And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The Way of Holiness:

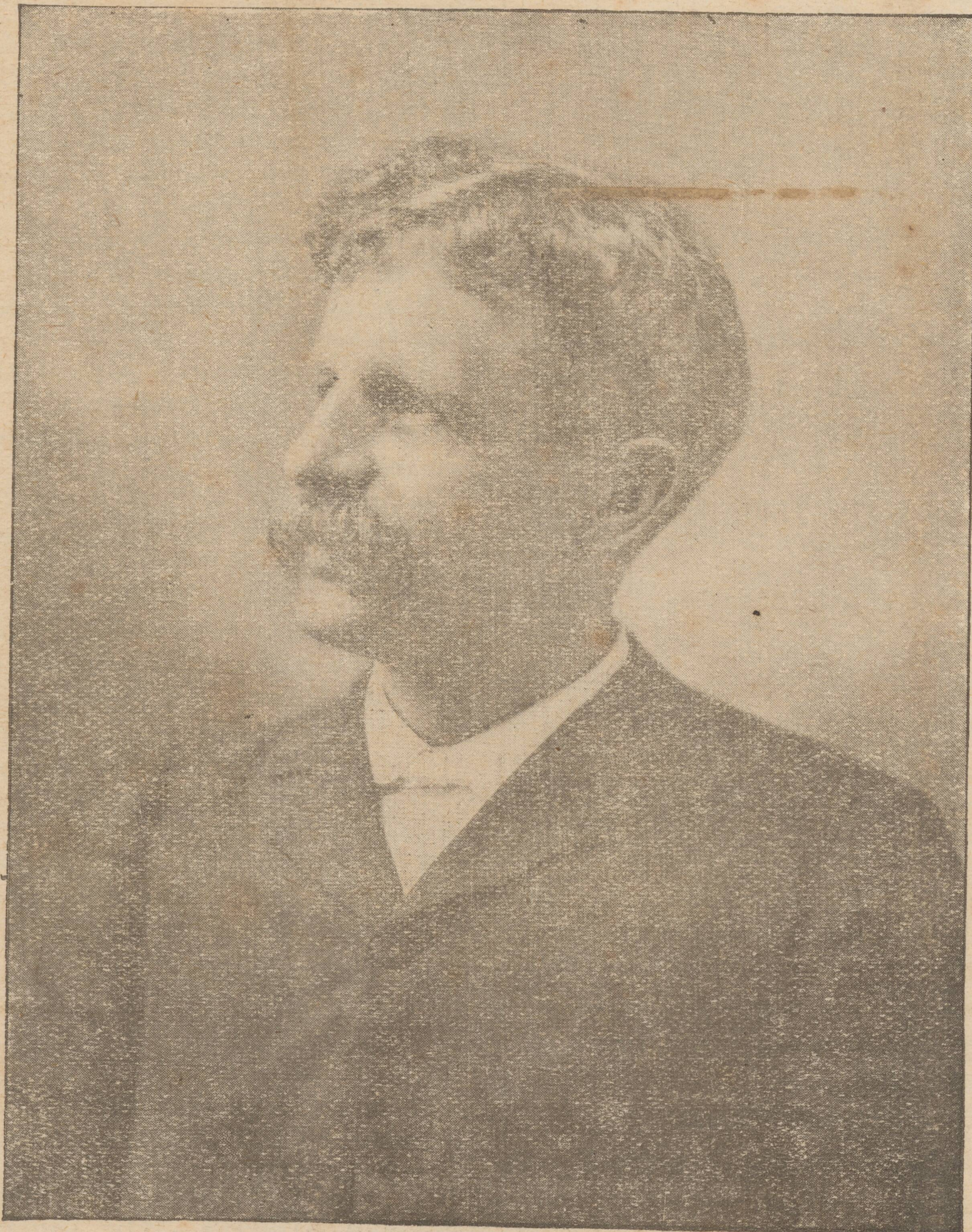
The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. Isaiah 35:8

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NO. 10



Rev. B. Carradine, D. D., will be at Beulah Camp Meeting July 8-17.

Dr. Carradine is acknowledged to be not only the leading holiness evangelist, but also far in the lead as a writer on the subject. He has written at least twenty-five volumes, most of which are on the subject of Holiness. As he grows older the fountain of thought and experience becomes richer.

REFORMED BAPTIST DEDICATION.

Notable Event in Fort Fairfield, Sunday, May 19.

The dedicatory services of the Reformed Baptist church of Fort Fairfield were carried out last Sunday as announced in the Review of last week. At 9:00 o'clock occurred a prayer and praise service. At 10:30 came the dedicatory sermon, by Rev. S. A. Baker, a former pastor of the Reformed Baptists in Fort Fairfield. The sermon was an earnest and able effort. It was preceded by a prayer of unusual force and fervency, by Rev. A. H. Trafton, father of the church's young and popular pastor, Rev. P. J. Trafton. For this service the church was filled to its capacity. The opening prayer of the afternoon service was made by Rev. Lynn V. Farnsworth pastor of the Congregational church of Fort Fairfield. The sermon which followed, by Rev. Miles S. Trafton of St. John, one of the very ablest preachers of the denomination, was full of force, and carried conviction to the hearts of his hearers.

Pledges amounting to \$460 were taken at this meeting.

In the evening the sermon was preached by Rev. G. Bennett Trafton of Marysville, N. B., and was a highly acceptable one.

The church was more than crowded at both the afternoon and evening services, many being unable to gain admission, but listening as well as they could from the outside.

Music for all the services was largely congregational, Miss Dora Kimball, a young lady of unusually fine ear and natural musical ability, presiding at the organ. A selection was sung in the afternoon and another in the evening by a quartet composed of Mrs. W. T. Andrews, Miss Lena Slipp, and W. F. and Howard Cogswell.

There were many visitors present during the day, among them Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbert Clark, J. H. Seeley, Blaine; Mr. and Mrs. Hussey, Caribou; Mr. and Mrs. Somers, Victoria

Corner, N. B.; large numbers from Easton, River de Chute, Andover and Perth; some from Caribou, Presque Isle, Mars Hill, Limestone and other places.

Needless to say, all through the exercises of the day ran the spirit of rejoicing over the completion of so fine a church edifice, dedicated under conditions of so much promise.

A few words as to the church building may not be out of place here.

Its central location makes this church very easy of access, and assures to it some attendants which it might not have were it farther out.

The excavation for the cellar was begun early in August, 1906. The job of superintending the erection was let to Howard P. Cogswell, who has been ably assisted in his work by S. B. Charlton and others.

The seating capacity of the building is nearly 400.

The total cost has been about \$5,000, though the value of the whole property is about \$7,000, much labor having been contributed by friends. The church is practically free from debt, there being only about \$300 remaining behind, which will not last long under the generous spirit of the people of this church.

As an example of the contributions it may be mentioned that the digging of the cellar cost only 90 cents in money, and the stones for the wall only \$5.00.

The church is finished in hard pine, with cypress doors, and corrugated steel walls and ceilings. The windows are a particularly beautiful lot, with many variations in coloring and many different patterns. The pews are circular ones, of oak, of a fine dark finish. The heating is done by hot-air furnace, and especial attention has been paid to the all important matter of ventilation.

The main church is lighted by a 22-light electrolier; one of the most beautiful in this part of the country. The choir loft is lighted by four lights.

Two globe electric lamps furnish light for the pulpit.

The organ is an Estey, special church style, with double manual, also with foot keys, and has pipe-organ effect. It is one of the best instruments of its kind in Aroostook.

A very important and convenient feature is the living-room which has been fitted up over the vestry with cook stove, chairs, etc. In this room can remain between services on Sunday those who come from a distance, warming or cooking their own food and making themselves perfectly at home—a unique feature in a church but a valuable one.

A large new bell is also one to the furnishings of this church.

A word as to the work of the Reformed Baptists in Fort Fairfield may be given here. The church first began to assume definite form in 1902 under Rev. S. A. Baker, now pastor at Woodstock, N. B., and the capable editor of the denomination's official organ THE KING'S HIGHWAY. Mr. Baker was and still is a very earnest worker. He went from Fort Fairfield in the spring of 1903, leaving upon his followers the impress of his work. With no regular pastor for more than two years the faith was propagated by Mrs. Cuthbert Clark and others until August, 1905, when Rev. Percy J. Trafton, a member of the noted family of clergymen of that name, came to Fort Fairfield to organize the believers into a church. The organization was made October 19, 1905, this being the fortieth church in the denomination. The membership now numbers 86.

The regular services of this church every Sunday are at 10.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m., with Sunday school immediately following the morning meeting. The Sunday-school hour may soon be changed, however. Prayer meetings are held Tuesday and Friday evenings at 7.30.

Needless to say, the members and friends of this church are characterized by great zeal and singleness of purpose, else, under many difficulties, they could not, in so short a time, have possessed themselves of so fine a church property. They are probably the best givers we know, in religious matters making their pocketbook back up their words and belief. Where a member of almost any other church would give \$5 for his church, groaning aloud and almost sweating blood over his immense sacrifice, the member of this church in about the same circumstances cheerfully hands over from \$25 to \$100. It is certainly no wonder that people so much in earnest have produced visible and substantial results.—Fort Fairfield Review.

HOLY PEOPLE FOR A HOLY HEAVEN.

In the works of God we see nothing more beautiful than the divine skill with which He suits His creatures to their condition. He gives wings to the birds, fins to fishes, sails to thistleseed, a lamp to light the glow-worm, great roots to moor the cedar and to the aspiring ivy, her thousand hands to climb the wall. Nor is the wisdom so conspicuous in nature, less remarkable or adorable in the kingdom of grace. He forms a holy people for a holy heaven—fits heaven for them and them for heaven. And calling up His Son to prepare the mansions for their tenants, and sending down His spirit to prepare the tenants for their mansions, He thus establishes a perfect harmony between the new creature and the new creation.—Dr. Guthrie.

NATIVE BOILED ALIVE.

Superstition's Horrid Power—Kafir Cure for Madness.

Our Vryheid correspondent writes:—I have heard many times the remark made that the raw unfaan from the kraal makes a better servant than the boy from the mission station. Whether this statement is made oftentimes for a stab at missions, or that it contains the sad truth is not for me to say. It is the truth that the dark places of the earth are full of superstition and cruelty.

At the Native High Court here the other day a gruesome story was told that fully confirmed this old-fashioned statement. Some time ago a boy belonging to Chief Kembi's tribe returned to his kraal at Ngotshe, from Johannesburg, sick. He was seen and doctored by a fully qualified doctor of his people, named Manonsi Uhlongdwa, a man learned in the art of healing and all the medicine lore of the black man. He diagnosed the sick man's ailment as madness. His method of cure was peculiar. He called the friends and relations of the sick man together, with the curious, to witness the wonderful cure. A hole was dug in clay soil deep enough to cover the patient to his shoulders. Three bundles of wood were put into this hole and set alight. After the wood had burned for about one hour, three calabashes of water were thrown on the fire, which caused clouds of steam to rise from the hole. The sick man was brought out and placed in the midst of this heated furnace, and carefully covered over with a cow-hide. One witness said the steam escaping through one opening of the skin severely burned him on the arm and shoulder. What their must have been the state of this poor unfortunate man in its midst! There was a slight resistance to push away the covering, then all was quiet. The doctor said they could take him out when he became unconscious. They removed him in a few minutes. His body was "as white as paper," so hideous a spectacle that some of the savages avoided looking at it. The doctor, in whom these people placed a simple faith, blew some white powder into the face of the dead man, and told his friends to take him, and on the morrow he would live again. In the meantime they must not make a noise, else he would die.

On the morrow he was still dead, so they wrapped him in his blanket and buried him. The doctor said his ancestral spirit could not have been with the sick man, hence the reason that he died. There is the quiet tomb he lay for four months, and then was resurrected, not by the power of the medicine man, but by the strong arms of a living man. This came about by the native's love of talk. Sitting round the porridge pot the story was told and retold into the ears of credulous umfaans, and by them carried into the white man's kitchen, where again the ever-interesting tale was told with many gestures and exclamations, till at last it reached the ears of the white man, with the result that Manonsi Uhlongdwa doctor of medicine, stood at the bar charged with culpable homicide.

The "learned" doctor produced a witness, who told the Court that, once upon a time, he, too, had been sick of madness, and this doctor doctored him in the same manner, as this man, who succumbed under its effects. He did not die, yet the hole was hot, and he had to carry through life its marks on his body, but he was cured. He was prepared to show the Court the scars caused by this wonderful remedy.

Manonsi Uhlongdwa was sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment with hard labour.

According to my judgment there never has been in the history of foreign missionary work, a more opportune time for earnest effort than the present, nor a moment which gave such promise of an early day of glorious fruition; and it is the high duty of every believer of Christ's teaching, and of every lover of his fellow-men, to help it along.—Hon. Edwin H. Conger, L. L. D.

NO INHERITANCE MIDWAY.

The Lord has not provided for any tarrying-place for the soul until it reaches the state of purity, or Perfect love. The children of Israel were not promised any inheritance in the wilderness. They must go on to Canaan. This fact is not only plainly taught in the Word of God, but is a law written in the heart of every renewed man or woman. Justification does not satisfy; sanctification does. Justification in itself does not measure up to its own ideals, because of the hindrance of carnality yet in the heart; but sanctification removes the hindrance that binds the soul, which then spreads its wings and is enabled to mount up and meet God's requirements. It was not God's plan that the children of Israel wander forty years in the wilderness. He had proposed a rapid transit into Canaan. And so may a soul go quickly on from justification to sanctification without knowing much of the wilderness life. Brothers, are you in Canaan? If not, cross over—quick. R. P.,—Nazarene Messenger.

TO OBTAIN ETERNAL PEACE.

If thou wouldst have an unction from the Holy One, sink to the level of a babe.

If thou wouldst have Him work mightily within thee, cease from thy own doings.

If thou wouldst have Him dwell with thee, be poor in spirit.

If thou wouldst have His strength exerted for thee, acknowledge thy weakness.

If thou wouldst hear Him speak, be silent.

If thou wouldst have Him move thee, be still.

If thou wouldst have Him lead thee, forsake thine own desires.

If thou wouldst have Him impress thee, forsake thine own thoughts.

If thou wouldst have Him control thee, be slow to speak.

If thou wouldst have Him mold thee, accept His discipline.

If thou wouldst have Him bless thee, see Him in all things.

If thou wouldst catch His whisper, shut thy ears to other sounds.

If thou wouldst have Him change thee into His likeness, hold thyself, at all times, peacefully in His presence.

If thou wouldst have Him all to thee, sink into nothingness before Him.

In short, if thou wouldst have the inner temple of thy being filled with God, go out of it thyself, and abandon it to Him.—Sel.

THE RAILROAD MAN'S PRAYER.

The following is a text of a "railroad man's prayer" pasted on the fireman's side of the switch engine in the Northern Pacific yard in Spokane:

"Now that I have flagged thee, lift my feet from the rough road of life and plant them safely on the deck of the train of salvation. Let me use the safety lamp of prudence, make all the couplings with the link of love, and let my hand lamp be the Bible, and keep all switches closed, that lead off the main line into sidings with blind ends. Have every semaphore block along the line show the white light of hope, that I may make the run of life without stopping. Give me the ten commandments as a working card, and when I have finished the run on schedule time, and pulled into the terminal, may thou, Superintendent of the Universe, say: 'Well done, good and faithful servant; come into the general office and sign the pay roll and receive your check for eternal happiness.'"