

— THE —
King's Highway

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness

THE ORGAN OF THE
Reformed Baptists of Canada.

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 by a Committee of the Alliance.

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We expect our ministers, subscribers and friends to help in the circulation of the Highway.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All correspondence for The Highway should reach us before the 12th and 25th of each month. Address to Rev. S. A. Baker, Fredericton, N. B.

FREDERICTON, N. B., APRIL 30, 1913.

THE EDITORS OF THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

The Highway has entered its twenty-fourth year. During that time it has been edited by the persons whose pictures appear in this issue.

Brother and Sister Sherwood, whose sketch we give, were the first, and gave it the name "The King's Highway." They had charge of it from November, 1890, to July, 1893. The late Rev. G. W. MacDonald was its editor twice, from July, 1893, to August 15, 1897, and from August 15, 1900, to December 31, 1902, making in all six years.

Rev. W. B. Wiggins, B. A., became editor August 31st, 1897, continuing until July 30, 1900, a term of three years.

Rev. S. A. Baker has also been editor twice, beginning with January 21st, 1903, continuing in charge until June 30th, 1910; taking charge the second time September 30th, 1912, and is the present editor, serving his eighth year as editor and about ten years as business manager.

Rev. H. C. Archer became editor July 15th, 1910, continuing until September 30th, 1912. Brother Archer was business manager from 1900 to December, 1902.

The Highway has stood for twenty-three years as an uncompromising advocate of Scriptural Holiness. Never dabbling in politics, nor accepting advertisements, it has sustained its profession of an "Advocate of Scriptural Holiness." God surely has blessed it and made it a blessing to multitudes of people.

The first three years it was published

monthly. Less than a year after the late Rev. G. W. MacDonald became its editor, a gentleman, a stranger to him, met him and said, "I like your little paper; if you will publish it semi-monthly I will give you two hundred dollars towards the extra expense." After advising with the Highway committee, Brother MacDonald accepted the offer and the Highway began as a semi-monthly February 14th, 1894. We would like to meet another stranger who would place at our disposal from five hundred to one thousand dollars to make it a weekly.

The value of the Highway to the lovers of Holiness scattered over this continent can scarcely be estimated.

THE THREE DEACONS, OR CARNALITY IN THE CHURCH.

When I was about at the point where the devil was trying to make me think there were none good, "no, not one," by these three experiences I found that God still had a people.

When a worldly-minded boy, my heart loved horses. A good old deacon owned a fine looking mare, so I proposed trading with him, and wishing to learn of her good and bad points, I was told to ask the deacon, and that I could depend on what he told me, and I ventured to ask him a few questions, if she was true? He answered, "just as true as steel," so we traded, and before I had gone far I found she was so balky I got out of the carriage and led her, and she did not want to be led. Not being satisfied with that trade, there was another good old deacon who lived a few miles away. And I thought I would go and trade with him. I hitched up a nice three-year-old colt and drove to his place. He had a heavy horse I wanted. Having been told that whatever the deacon told me could be depended on, I asked if the horse was kind, and having received satisfactory answers, we traded, this time feeling sure I had made a good trade, and started for home, but had only gone a short distance when I met a neighbor who seemed much surprised to see me driving that horse, and said, "Why I saw that horse kick itself clear of the harness the other day, and no one dare go near her." He said, "you are in danger of your life." I did not lose my life but I lost my colt, and had a sad experience in that trade.

By this time I began to think there were none good, having lost confidence in friends, and lost my horse, I developed a bad case of the blues. I opened my mind to my mother, who always had a kind word, and I will never forget her look, nor the scripture she quoted, "Nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are his."

Then my spirit revived a little, and I thought I would try again. I heard of another deacon who wanted a horse like I had, and he had a black mare that I wanted. I drove to his home and told him I wanted to trade horses with him, and took him for a drive. He said he liked my horse, and thought mine was worth more than his. I thought that was something unusual to hear a man say. He said: "You have just such a horse as I want, but I cannot trade with you. My mare is a beauty, but she has sick spells, and is liable to die any day."

I thanked him and went home feeling I had found one honest man. In less than ten

days he sent me word that the black mare was dead.

God has a people who have been delivered from sin, and the carnal mind. And now I can sing:

I have found him, I have found him,
 Whom my soul so long has craved.
 Jesus satisfies my longing.

Through his blood I now am saved.

—G. A. Cogswell.

Note—Horse trading is not generally considered as a high calling for a man who does not profess Christianity. No Christian can practice it without creating a feeling of suspicion of his integrity. A deacon or a minister engaging in it brings reproach upon themselves, and the church they represent, and the cause of Christ.

A wholly sanctified man "abstains from all appearance of evil."

And there is considered to be more than an "appearance" of evil in horse trading as a habit or business. Many good men in the pulpit and in the pews have ruined their influence for good by engaging in it.—Editor.

Editorial.

FOR PRAYERFUL CONSIDERATION.

God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea.

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

There is a river, the streams whereof, shall make glad the city of God, the holy places of the tabernacle of the most High.

God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved; God shall help her, and that right early.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

God, the Christians' refuge.

The refuge, so secure that no calamities can harm us.

The help, almighty, all sufficient, and always, and everywhere present.

The ever flowing blessings, and stability enjoyed by the church, and individual with whom God abides.—Psa. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7.

Just to be tender, just to be true,
 Just to be glad the whole day through;
 Just to be merciful, just to be mild,
 Just to be trustful as a child;
 Just to be gentle and kind and sweet;
 Just to be helpful, with willing feet;
 Just to be cheery when things go wrong;
 Just to drive sadness away with a song;
 Whether the hour is dark or bright,
 Just to be loyal to God and right,
 Just to believe that God knows best,
 Just in his promise ever to rest;
 Just to let love be our daily key—
 This is God's will for you and me.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Please see Note 5 in the Rules for Subscribers on page 4. Some subscribers become impatient if we do not make the change in date in the first issue after they remit. We are not always able to do this, but it should appear in the second issue.