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THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

never be accepted in requital for stabs secret or open at our church which God has so signally blessed as a means for spreading scriptural holiness over these lands.

Our pastors should be very careful in employing men and women for help in revival work to know they are at least friendly and not antagonistic to us. We should be broad, and not consider that we alone have men who are worthy of such calls. We should not have breadth enough for our own destruction. We are not pleading for narrowness. We like breadth, but we like consistency also. No pastor has a right to call a man to help him who he knows will tear down what he is giving his strength and life to build up. This is inconsistency and folly.

We urge with great seriousness and earnestness that our pastors and camp meeting committees exercise very great care in selecting preachers to conduct or assist in meetings. We have a wonderful work to accomplish to which God has called us. We need to conserve our forces and to present a united front in our work, and can not afford to wink at, much less allow, anything like disintegration to go on among us without serious fault on our part. To all who do not endorse or approve our methods and our character of organization or our faith we can say, "God bless and be with you and use you to the utmost possibility; as for us, we will work best on separate lines."—*In the Herald of Holiness.*

Amen! we say. Suppose the Reformed Baptists take a few points from this article? For we have already suffered on these lines, some from folks that don't like it when it comes their way.—*Ed.*

A SERIOUS MATTER.

Among those who profess holiness, people expect, and have a right to expect, fairness in every way, especially in the propagation of the holiness work.

It is a great injury to the Cause of Christ when any Christian churches enter into competition with each other, which indeed is done in many places by some denominations, while they are shaking hands in apparent friendship. But when one body whose chief aim is the spread of the Bible holiness starts in organizing churches in the very midst of the churches of another body, whose chief aim is the same, it becomes a most serious question, and must have very serious results. Recently the "Pentecostal Nazarene denomination" has organized a church of 14 members at Wicklow, N. B., which is far away from any of their churches and on a field in the midst of several Reformed Baptist Churches. They have also organized a church at Yarmouth, N. S., and another at Oxford, N. S., all widely separated, and not one of them anywhere near self supporting and but little prospect of becoming self supporting, and in some of these instances are helped in their support by members of the Reformed Baptist denomination. The excuse for this action is doubtless because they had a few members residing at these places, well, the Reformed Baptists have many members in the cities of the United States where the Pentecostal Nazarene people have churches and they never have sent men to visit them, and work for the organization of churches in those places where a holiness church already existed. They never thought of doing such a thing.

Brethren, can this policy possibly advance the cause of holiness? Will this splitting up of the holiness interest redound to the glory

of God? Has the division among the holiness people so prevalent through the United States strengthened the cause of holiness? In the opinion of the writer, nothing but wreck and ruin can follow such a course. The Reformed Baptists have pressed the battle for twenty-five years against all types of opposition and have held together and had considerable success, and established a permanent work, but all which we have met would be but trifling in sorrows in comparison to having to enter a conflict of opposition and division with another denomination who claim the same object and experience as ourselves. Surely these brethren have not taken these things into serious consideration. Any sane men looking over the situation could not for a moment give it their sanction.

AN OUTING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

One of our midsummer days in company with a congenial friend, we left Vancouver for a trip up the Frazer Valley.

The Interurban Tram took us to Westminster where we changed for the electric line, now running up the valley. Crossing the river as we leave Westminster, we ran out into the country that for miles is a succession of wooded lands, farms, or lumber mills, that are the nuclei for tiny villages. At Coquitlan we had a good view of the new Male Asylum for the Insane. Dr. Charles Mayo, the distinguished American surgeon who recently visited this institution pronounced it to be one of the most modern and up to date homes for the insane in the world. It is finely situated on a hill where there is a fine view of the Frazer Valley. It has accommodation for 600 men. It has only been open since April of this year.

The view from our car window becomes unceasingly interesting as we run out among the broader, well cultivated farms, where the valley widens and the mountains rise higher. Mt. Rainier lifting its proud head above all surrounding peaks is sometimes to our right and again lost to view as the line turns south and we have the mountains directly in front of us.

We were favored in meeting a resident of the valley who could point out interesting places as well as give us much valuable information. He told us that from his own herd on his farm at Sardis, he ships to Vancouver one ton of milk per day.

At Huntington, forty-three miles from Westminster, we touch the boundary line, and were pointed out the unique feature of a fine farm, half in Uncle Sam's domain and half in Canada. The owner had his dwelling below the boundary so was a citizen of the Republic, but presume in practice he is a free trader.

The line again turns northerly and soon we were skirting the shore of the beautiful Sumas Lake. We learned that engineers are offering plans for draining this beautiful sheet of water. It would add many square miles of farming lands, but we think it would be a pity to rob the valley of this picturesque feature.

The road bed being excellent, though the line continuously curved, we made here our most rapid rate of travel. Three hours brought us to our destination, the Town of Chilliwack, at present the terminus of the electric road. The following days were spent in seeing friends, attending church and Sunday school on the Lord's Day, and driving over this charming valley, that is six miles wide and twenty-five miles long.

Until recently, the river was the only outlet

for traffic from the Valley, now with the coming of the electric line, the valley has sprung into new life. The little town of 2,000 is steadily growing, land has greatly increased in value and new industries are receiving attention especially canneries.

One drive of many miles brought us in full view of a silvery stream of water coming from one of the loftiest peaks of the southern range of mountains. Its unceasing flow and great volume dashing down the steep mountain side, suggested to the dwellers in the town many miles distant, the fact, that if they could be in touch with that inexhaustible stream there could be refreshing, cleansing and fruitfulness for their homes, streets and gardens. Pipes were laid from the city and the stream touched with the results they believed for.

We thought of the river of Salvation flowing from Calvary, ever full and ever flowing. We need but the connecting channel of faith to bring its waters of refreshing and cleansing, health, beauty and fruitfulness in to our individual lives. I felt like saying with the Psalmist, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help."

Before leaving the valley we visited the Industrial Institute for Indian children, located at Sardis. This work was begun by the pioneer Methodist Missionaries. The spot was pointed out where in a humble dwelling the first school was opened. Now we were shown over a well equipped, and beautifully situated building in the centre of a rich orchard, fruit and vegetable gardens, where the boys of the Institute are taught agriculture as well as their regular school studies. Dropping in unannounced soon after 9 a. m. we found everything in order, and under the guidance of the kind matron, we visited the school room where we found the children busy with their exercises. The artistic ability particularly impressed us as we examined sketches in water colors and penciling. Can it be the Indian love of nature that made their drawings of birds and flowers so very real? We found pupils practising music, some with passionate love for the instrument, willing to remain hours in succession. In another room we found a class in sewing where they quite proudly brought out suits of their own making. All the clothing for the children of the Institute is made by the older girls. We passed through the dormitories with the clean, white beds and well washed floors. In the kitchen they were learning to cook under a teacher. Down in the laundry were the lines of clean, well ironed clothes. The Spiritual is kept ever as the most important part of the work, and it must be that much good is being done for these children of the wilds. The pioneer missionaries are going home one by one, but this Industrial School is one of the many monuments of their work that will remain.—*H.*

When a man is full of the Holy Ghost, he is the very last man to be grumbling at other people.—*D. L. Moody.*

The King's Highway is now published at Fredericton, New Brunswick, instead of at Woodstock, as formerly. It is a good paper.—*"The Missionary World."*

The Call to Service.—We have no business in God's work unless He has put us there. Appointment by committee merely is a poor business. God's call comes to us, and thus necessity is laid upon us. We do not work because we are obliged, but love constrains us.—*Rev. Samuel Chadwick.*