

THE King's Highway

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness.

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Editorial.

WITHHOLDING A FATAL SIN.

Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.—Matt. xxv, 45.

The right act omitted is as great a sin as the wicked act committed, as it has the same fatal result to the one who possessed the ability, and had the opportunity but for some reason refused the needed help to the needy. This seems to the writer as it now impresses him to be a subject that should receive careful and candid consideration by all who read the above saying of our Lord and Saviour.

It may seem to us a small matter to pass by the hungry, the thirsty, the destitute, the shelterless, whom we meet in life. We may cast the responsibility on their relatives, the authorities who have charge of the poor, or others; but that doesn't settle the case. This may also apply to the orphaned children, and those who have been early forced out to earn their livelihood, who need sympathy, love and protection in the town or city or small community. What would you want done for your young boy or girl should they be thrown out friendless and alone amid the snares and pitfalls of the present day? That is the thing the true Christian will do for those who need their care. But does this not have a deeper and farther reaching application when applied to spiritual things? Are there not many among the masses of people with whom we come in contact who hunger and thirst and are destitute of the saving Grace of God, shelterless, who are in the bondage of sin as in a prison? My dear brother and sister Christians, this may be the point of failure. We see the opportunity; we are conscious of their need, but it requires more than nominal Christianity to bestow spiritual meat and drink and clothing for the destitute soul, and to break the bondage of sin and abnormal appetites and passions and the bonds of wicked associations. This is what people mean when they talk and preach about "power," but in reality "it is life" that is required. Note the words of our Lord, "I was an hungred and ye gave me no meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink." How can we give hungry and thirsty people meat and

drink if we ourselves are in the same condition that they are in? Impossible!

It impresses the writer that if the provisions are within reach and God expects us to be in possession of that which will meet the need of the unsaved and unsanctified about us, and we do not obtain that great grace to fit us to give meat to the hungry and drink to the thirsty, we cannot escape our responsibility nor the awful sentence which comes as a result of this spiritual delinquency. You will notice in our Lord's sentence, passed on those on the left hand, he does not charge them with a single act of out-breaking sin, and all he says to those on the right hand is to give them the credit of doing what those on the left failed to do.

He made absolutely no references to long prayers made, to good testimonies, nor eloquent sermons, nor brilliant lives, nor large gifts, nor continued benevolences for other purposes; but he puts the strongest emphasis on these unseen acts, which were done in such a commonplace way by the "Blessed of the Father" that they had made no account of them and had forgotten them. This life he commended had become a habit to them.

"Inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these ye did it not unto me."

The most awful illustration of the sin of the neglect of the needy is the circumstance of the rich man and Lazarus, as related by our Lord. You will note that the rich man was not charged with a single act of sin except he fared sumptuously, while a righteous man lay sick and starving at his gate.

WHY THE MINISTER DIDN'T RESIGN.

Rev. Theodore Sherman sat in his pulpit looking wearily down on his parishioners as they filed into the church for the Sabbath morning service. His face was clouded with sadness and disappointment. In his hand he held his resignation.

The minister bowed his head and closed his eyes, but he could still picture the complacent, self-satisfied men and women walking sedately up the broad aisles to their cushioned pews. He could feel their icy reserve, and he mentally shivered. He had tried hard to be an evangelical pastor. Why had he never been able to break through that shell of proud self-esteem?

Of one thing he felt certain, he had been a failure. He would give place to an abler or a more consecrated man. The church was large, and so was the salary, but he would give them up and seek some tiny corner in the Master's vineyard where he might labor. He had been a failure.

The minister opened his eyes. The organ was playing. It was time for the service to begin. As he looked over the familiar faces, he noticed with a pang the absence of three boys of whom he had been particularly proud and hopeful. He sighed. "Had they, too, turned back?" His hand closed tightly around his resignation, and he arose to his feet.

As he stepped forward, about to speak, the door at the foot of the centre aisle swung noiselessly open, and the minister's eyes brightened at the sight of one of the missing boys. And by the side of Thomas Whipple, as he walked quietly down the aisle was a stranger, a lad about the same age, who looked curiously about the noble building as one unused to such surroundings.

At that moment two more boys came quietly in at the side door, and the minister recognized one of them, Richard Wright. The lad

with him was a stranger also, a cripple who walked with a crutch. Before they were seated the centre door opened again, and the third of the missing trio, Robert Fleeting, escorted a third stranger to a pleasant pew. The minister put his resignation in his pocket.

People remarked after the service on the depth of feeling in the pastor's sermon. One or two persons were heard to say that they believed they would attempt to come out to the evening service that night.

When the minister came into his pulpit the following Sabbath morning, the resignation was still in his pocket, but he did not take it out. He waited.

The scene of the preceding Sabbath was repeated, but with one variation. When Thos. Whipple entered the church he escorted not only another lad, but a very old lady, who leaned heavily on the strange boy's arm.

Young Whipple led the pair slowly up the broad, carpeted aisle. The old lady was bent and wrinkled. There were many looks of surprise and whispered words from men and women in the pews, but a tear glistened in the minister's eye.

Thomas piloted his guests to his father's pew, near the front of the church, the pew of the Hon. Richard Whipple. His wife smiled cordially and made room for them. The Hon. Richard Whipple looked a trifle disconcerted, but made no comment.

The minister left the pulpit at the close of the service, and hurried to the vestibule, where he grasped the feeble old lady by the hand. She looked up into his kindly face, and a tear trickled down her wasted cheeks.

"It's the first time I've been in a church for ten years," she said, "but please God, I'm coming every Sabbath now, if I'm spared. And, best of all, my Walter is coming too. And I am so happy," she finished, smiling through her tears.

Some of the handsomely gowned ladies of the congregation had been standing near, waiting for an opportunity to speak to the pastor. The good man saw several dainty lace handkerchiefs suddenly brought to view.

"An old woman's tears," he said to himself, "have touched hearts which my preaching has failed to reach."

At the close of the Sabbath school session the minister found Thomas and Richard and Robert in close conversation.

"Come, lads," he remarked, "don't you think you owe your pastor an explanation? At least won't you let him into the secret?"

"Well, sir," replied Thomas with a slightly embarrassed laugh, "it is this way. We heard you speak the other evening about holding up the minister's hands, and we began to wonder if there was not some real work that we could do for the Master. We got together and decided—"

"It was your suggestion," broke in Richard.

"Don't interrupt," said Thomas. "We decided to form a Get-one Club, and each member pledged himself to try to induce at least one other boy to come to church regularly. Now we have just voted to extend the membership list of the club. Do you think we have done right, sir?"

When Rev. Theodore Sherman got home he burned his resignation.—*Archibald McDonald, in Michigan Christian Advocate.*

O how few of the few who begin to live to God continue unto the end!—*Dr. Adam Clark.*