

THE King's Highway

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness.

THE ORGAN OF THE

REFORMED BAPTISTS OF CANADA

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

MONCTON, N. B., APRIL 30TH, 1919.

EDITORIAL.

SPRING, BEAUTIFUL SPRING.

All are delighted to hear the songs of the birds, and see the leaves break out on the trees, and the beautiful carpet of green over the fields and all other things that tell the resurrection of vegetable life, and the coming in of the joys and pleasures of summer life.

To us as a people associated with the summer is the annual meeting of the Alliance and Camp Meetings. Two or three weeks at Beulah Camp Ground, the gathering together of the ministers and delegates from our churches of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Maine, an annual reunion, the reports of the year's work, a rehearsal of our personal experiences, after a year's separation, thus a few days are spent in the business of the Alliance. Then comes the larger gatherings, many friendships renewed. New acquaintances made. The new evangelist is welcomed and is listened to with deepest interest. The old story is told from the lips of a man from a far off state, in his own language, putting into action his own personality under the direction of the Holy Spirit, associated with the preaching is the blessed spiritual songs, pathos of holy joy and gladness or perhaps the sweet melody of hearts that have passed through deep sorrows, or fiery testings, which developed grace that was manifested to meet the soul's needs, while passing through deep waters and fiery trials, and are now coming forth in tones of victory and real triumphant joy, that rejoices over these experiences, that at the moment seemed to be almost overwhelming.

Then comes the glad notes of victories won, souls that had been saved, wanderers that had been reclaimed and believers sanctified wholly.

Then comes a united effort to induce

others to give their hearts and lives to God.

Thus ten days fly swiftly by and another camp meeting has passed.

Brethren and sisters, don't miss this great spiritual feast of 1919!

IT MAY BE NEEDFUL.

The editor is not sick, nor tired of his work as the editor and business manager of "The King's Highway," but he has had fifteen years service as above, with an intermission of only two years, and in all has been connected with the Highway for 25 years, and he may ask for a rest, so it will do no harm to take the matter into prayerful consideration. We have served "The Highway" family so long that we have become very much attached to this widely scattered family, and even the thought of a vacation in our semi-monthly visits to a thousand homes makes a deep impression on our feelings, and we have put it off for two years past, and now feel it may be needful.

MAN'S EXTREMITY—GOD'S OPPORTUNITY.

It is by no means an unusual thing for a human being to come, as we say, "to the end of his rope." He can go no farther along the wanderer's path. He has come to the brink of the gulf.

What will he do? There confronts him a choice between two things—despair, or divine help.

Despair will speedily make an end of him, engulfing and destroying all that he has been or has hoped to be. Divine help will save him, and restore to him all, and more, of life's good than he has hitherto attained or hoped for. What a contrast between the two alternatives! They are as wide as heaven and hell.

How can any soul in extremity hesitate as to which it will take? Over and over, thousands upon thousands of times, the soul's extremity has been its deliverance. It has been God's way of recalling the wanderer. The darkest hour in personal history has come just before the blessed dawn.

Is there anyone, today, who has come to the end of his resources, who stands on the brink where the wanderer's path ends? Let him turn from the dark gulf of despair, and cast himself into the divine arms. There he will find rest from all his sins, and the unspeakable gift of life eternal, through Christ Jesus our Lord—Zion's Herald.

"HE SERVES HIS COUNTRY BEST!"

He serves his country best
Who lives pure life, and doeth righteous need.
And walks straight paths, however, others stray;
And leaves his sons as uttermost bequest
A stainless record which all men may read:
There is the better way.

When a man dies, men ask, What property has he left behind him? but angels will inquire, What good deeds has he sent before him?

DOES IT PAY?

Does it Pay to license a traffic which lessens the demand for the helpful things of life, which increases their cost and diminishes the ability to pay for them?

Does it Pay to license a traffic which makes men less skilful, less steady, less reliable; which lessen endurance, lessens self respect and the respect of others, lessens confidence, lessens credit, lessens the demand for food, clothing, shelter and tools with which to work?

Does it Pay to license a traffic which breeds idiots, paupers, criminals, lunatics and epileptics and casts them upon society to be supported by honest, industrious people?

Does it pay to license a traffic which increases taxes by creating a necessity for jails, penitentiaries, asylums, hospitals, almshouses, orphanages, reformatories, police and criminal courts?

Does it pay to license a thing which decreases a man's industrial efficiency so that the government report shows that 72% of agriculturists discriminate against him for using it, and the 79% of manufacturers, 88% of trades and 90% of railroad officials do the same thing?

Does it Pay to maintain a national quarantine against criminal and dependent classes from abroad and license saloonkeepers to manufacture such products at home?

Does it Pay to employ teachers to teach children the evil effects of alcohol upon the human system and license men to sell a things which inflames the stomach, hardens the brain tissue, softens and weakens the blood vessels, impoverishes the blood, overworks the heart, retards the elimination of effete matter, dims the eye, dulls the hearing, diseases the throat, lungs, kidneys, liver, nerves and muscles; the demand for which is wholly artificial and when supplied serves no good purpose?

Does it Pay to support the families of saloonkeepers and bartenders and pay their rent, taxes and insurance, and buy luxuries for them in order to get a few pennies in revenue and license out of the many dollars which they filch from the pockets of industry?

Does it Pay to build a palace for the brewer, hire servants and buy silks for his wife, and dress your own wife in rags, make her take in washing to support the family and finally send her to the poor-house and bury her in the potter's field?

Does it Pay to levy a tax to support orphans and widows and license the murder of husbands and fathers? Does it pay to license a thing which is always and everywhere known to be the enemy of everything sacred to God and man?

Does it Pay to listen to the sophistries and falsehoods of prejudice, ignorance, appetite and greed, and close your ears to the voice of conscience, reason, judgment, suffering, religion and God?—Sx.

"It is not true to say that the only way of serving God is to serve man. That cuts out worship, without which even work for the Kingdom may cost a man his soul."