

THE King's Highway

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness.
THE ORGAN OF THE

REFORMED BAPTISTS OF CANADA

Published Semi-Monthly at Moncton, N. B., by a
Committee of the Alliance.

Editor and Business Manager - Rev. S. A. Baker
Committee—Rev. S. A. Baker, Rev. W. B. Wiggins,
Rev. H. C. Archer, Rev. P. J. Trafton, Mr. B. N.
Goodspeed and Rev. H. S. Dow.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

Per Year, in Advance	\$1.50
Ministers, per year	1.00
Four months' trial subscription40
Sample Copy	Free
United States Subscribers	1.75
Ministers, U. S. A.	1.25

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., DEC. 15TH, 1921

CHRISTMAS!

A Holy Day or a holiday?

A day of feasting and frolic, or a day re-
vered and of worship?

* * *

A day of love gifts, God's great gift to a
lost world. God so loved the world that he
gave his only begotten son, that whosoever
believeth in him should not perish, but have
everlasting life.

* * *

Christ's great gift to the church—Christ
also loved the church and gave himself for
it; That he might sanctify and cleanse it
with the washing of water by the word;
that he might present it to himself a glori-
ous church, not having spot nor wrinkle, or
any such thing; but that it should be holy
and without blemish.—Eph. 5-25-27.

* * *

The great price paid: Take heed there-
fore unto yourselves, and to all the flock of
God, over which the Holy Ghost hath made
you overseers, to feed the church of God
which he hath purchased with his own
blood.—Acts 20-28.

* * *

The gift or the Giver. We heard an
evangelist tell a personal experience. After
an absence of several months from his
home, his heart overflowed with love for
his wife and children, and he purchased
many and valuable presents for each mem-
ber, as an expression of his love. On his
arrival at home he anticipated a great re-
ception, but as he entered his home, the
children called out, Dad! What have you got
for me? He opened his grips, giving his
wife, who stood by, her presents, and the
children theirs. Each received their gifts
and went into another room to examine
and enjoy their gifts, and he found himself
alone. No fond caresses from his wife nor
children. The tears rolled down his face
in deep disappointment. The gifts out-
shone the giver. How about God and his
gift? How about Christ and his gift? How
about the pastor who has done his best,
and poured out his heart's sincere love,
and his life? How about father and moth-
er? Is there no gratitude? Is there no debt
of love? Are you waiting for father's

boots? and mother's life savings? Is the
giver precious to you?

* * *

A time of generous giving. The poor
remembered. Many people's hearts over-
flow; and their gifts follow their heart's
leading; but sad to say, it is for one day,
364 days unprovided for in great numbers
of homes. God provided in his gift for time
and eternity. Christ provided in his gift
for royal fitness of the church, for a habi-
tation with God, and himself, and the holy
angels, "that it might be holy" and with-
out blemish.

The writer was called a few days ago to
visit a sick woman and found one of the
saddest conditions he ever looked upon. A
woman less than fifty years, sick with an
advanced stage of consumption, six child-
ren in the shack, and the poor woman
utterly unable to care for them; husband
working when he can get work, but un-
able to give his family anything like a liv-
ing, the poor wife uncared for, and in her
condition not a single public institution
that we know of in New Brunswick where
advanced cases of consumption are provid-
ed with a comfortable shelter for the poor,
with this dread disease. No place in the
hospitals, sanitoriums, municipal homes,
only the poorest kind of a shelter in a very
out-of-the-way place. There should be a
place, as free to such people as the Father's
house of many mansions.

This would be a great boon. A Christ-
mas gift with the spirit of Christ in it. All
these public institutions are good, a God-
send to multitudes, but this kind of cases
gets the answer—No room! An ad. might
be put in a paper by such: Wanted—A
place to die in.

* * *

Gifts to friends, and dear ones? Yes,
certainly, express your love by every and
all means, but there is a question at times,
a love gift, or merely an exchange, let
every gift be a real love gift, or an offering
or sacrifice to meet a need. This may in-
clude the debt on your church or parson-
age, or for the home and foreign mission-
ary work. The support of native worker,
or to help pay the salaries of the mission-
aries, or toward building our new mission-
ary church or hospital at our missionary
station, or the house now being erected for
the tSerritt Sisters, or for the Highway
Supplementary Fund. There are plenty of
openings for your tithes, offerings, gifts,
and sacrifices.

* * *

Jacob's covenant—"And of all that thou
shalt give me. I will surely give the tenth
unto thee."—Gen. 28-22.

This is not a Christmas gift, but that
which enters every financial enterprise of
life. We do not get rid of this by criticis-
ing Jacob's life. That is a matter between
God and Jacob.

But this is a system of co-partnership
which is pre-eminently successful from
which we get ninety per cent. God only
ten per cent. Of all that thou givest me I
will surely give the tenth unto thee. If you
want a most generous deal try it.

"Hate burns the hater more than the
hated."

"Truth has nothing to fear from the fu-
ture."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Brother Robert Barr writes: I am still
sitting here in my chair ever since you
were here and cannot notice much change
in myself. The Lord is with me and gives
me grace and victory in my soul. Many of
the saints have come to see me and pray
with and for me, and my soul has been
wonderfully blessed of God, and some have
come that the Lord has made me a blessing
to. I will say right here now that it pays
to live close to God where he can bless us
and make us a blessing. I have not been
able to go to the house of God for a long
time and I miss it much, but I content my-
self home in prayer and meditation on the
things that are the nearest my heart, and
that is holiness unto the Lord. I praise God
for my faithful wife who cares for me con-
tinually with such pleasure.—Your brother
in the Lord, Robert Barr.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. William J. Savage.

Gertrude Hartnett, widow of the late
Wm. J. Savage, of Fort Fairfield, died Sat-
urday morning, Dec. 3rd, at the home of
her daughter, Mrs. Lizzie Kimball, where
she had made her home for some years.
Mrs. Savage had been in rather delicate
health for a number of years, troubled
with a weakness of the heart and later with
weaknesses peculiar to old age.

The funeral took place at the late home
at 1.30 o'clock Monday afternoon, Rev. E.
L. Wall, D.D., pastor of the Methodist
church, officiating, assisted by Rev. H.
Smith Dow, pastor of the Reformed Bap-
tist Church.

Beautiful solos were rendered by Mrs.
E. L. Wall, "Nearer My God to Thee," and
"The Last Mile of the Way," with Miss
Bessie Cheney at the piano.

The floral offerings were beautiful and
numerous indeed. The pall bearers were
Silas Jameson, J. G. Cheney, Frank T. Kim-
ball and Joseph Emery. Burial was made
in Riverside Cemetery.

Mrs. Savage is survived by three daugh-
ters, Mrs. C. H. Tucker, of Florida, and
Mrs. Minnie Kimball and Mrs. Lizzie Kim-
ball, of Fort Fairfield, Me.

THE PRAYER OF FAITH SHALL SAVE THE SICK.

Dear Brother Baker:

Your kind letter reached me yesterday.
I praise the Lord for the wonderful way he
looks after his people, even when they lose
their youth and feel not like they used to.
The day your letter came my wife was tak-
en very sick. I had to stand over her and
hold on to God in prayer, and after a while
she rallied. God heard my prayer, and to-
day she is better; it was heart trouble, and
I don't believe she would be alive today if
she had not been prayed for. We would
have no home without her. We feel these
things more keenly as we get older. Today,
Dec. 8th is my 72nd birthday. Glad to hear
you are well. Hope you may see many
years of life yet, but we are not among the
young any more.

Your brother in Christ,
T. W. MOSES.