

—THE—  
**King's Highway**

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness.  
THE ORGAN OF THE  
**REFORMED BAPTISTS OF CANADA**  
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Goodspeed and Rev. H. S. Dow.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.  
All correspondence for the Highway should reach  
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Rev. S. A. Baker, Moncton, N. B.

MONCTON, N. B., JUNE 30TH, 1922

SAFE

Lay hold of me with Thy strong grasp;  
Let Thy Almighty arm  
In its embrace my weakness clasp,  
And I shall fear no harm.

Thy purpose of eternal good  
Let me but surely know;  
On this I'll lean, let changing mood  
And feeling come or go;

Glad when Thy sunshine fills my soul,  
Not lorn when clouds o'ercast,  
Since Thou within Thy sure control  
Of Love dost hold me fast.

—John Campbell Shairp.

"I HAVE FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT.  
I HAVE FINISHED MY COURSE.  
I HAVE KEPT THE FAITH."

These are great declarations made by the great Apostle. But we believe they can be truly applied to men in smaller positions, with vastly less talents when their consciences bear them witness that they have done to the full limit of their ability, and up to the limit of their knowledge, the duties and met the responsibilities of the position assigned to them, notwithstanding many may have differed in opinions, and questioned their judgment. Paul spoke with unwavering assurance when he made the three statements at the head of this article, which the writer has adapted for this purpose, viz., that on account of the worn condition of my present state of health, after 18 years service as editor and business manager of "The King's Highway" with this issue I lay down the care, labour and responsibility of this work—which I have been enable to carry on this work joyfully, as I have always felt it was labour for my Lord and Master Jesus Christ, and have always felt I was serving as in his presence, and after these years of work, I yaw it down with the full assurance that I have held up the standard of scriptural holiness to the best of my knowledge and ability, always conscious of my incompetency, in all points. I was constantly driven to my Lord for wisdom, courage,

and strength, and now feel confident I have done my best, and carried this work to the limit of my strength, and feel that I am laying it down as a completed course of faithful and successful trust, and responsibility and feel the joy of victory won. I am going to leave it to others to point out my mistakes, and pray that my successor may accomplish better and greater things than I have.

I want to thank all the people who have spoken words of encouragement and approval to me, which have been a source of strength to me. Thank the brethren for the confidence placed in me by placing me in this place of responsibility, and privilege of so wide a scope, reaching continent-wide, and entering into the lives of thousands of people young and old. All the privileges of the gospel are great, but the privileges of the editor of a religious paper are the greatest of all, surpassing the greatest pastors and evangelists, and with these privileges comes serious and heavy responsibilities that no novice should be entrusted with. The food upon our tables should be selected with care for the health of ourselves and families, but the food for our minds and hearts and souls must be selected by divine assistance and suggestion and supervision.

We are not saying Good-bye to our readers, as we do not expect to leave the world very soon, nor are we expecting to lose our interest in the Highway. We have been interested as a member of the committee for about 30 years, and it may be that the brethren will continue me as a member still, and if my successor permits I may occasionally write a few notes.

Yours in the bonds of the gospel,  
S. A. BAKER.

SPEED THOUGH WAITING.

Does it seem that we have waited a long, long time for that eagerly hoped for blessing for which we have asked God so often and continually? Are we tempted to chafe and be anxious, and perhaps even rebel in our hearts at God for the delay? Or are we realizing that if God had granted our prayer now it would not have been a loving thing for him to do! and that he has withheld the answer, as yet, because of his great love for us? Are we restfully praising him for the delay as he longs that we should? There is a message for many of us in a beautiful bit of verse entitled, "Waiting Feet":

"Not so in haste, my heart;  
Have faith in God and wait;  
Although He linger long,  
He never comes too late. . . .

"Until He cometh, rest;  
Nor grudge the hours that roll;  
The feet that wait for God  
Are soonest at the goal."

—S. S. Times.

"The thing that is not worth doing with all your heart is not worth attempting. Fix on a purpose that commands your respect, have an aim that is worthy, and then throw yourself into carrying it out with all the intensity you can muster."—Selected.

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Per W. B. W.

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QUEEN OF MY HEART: MY MOTHER!

Often in memory my boyhood comes back,  
Filled with its dreams of tomorrow,  
Brightest of flowers seem to border life's track,

With no thought of parting or sorrow.  
Guided by love that is next to divine,  
Life cannot give such another;  
Still let me reverently bow at thy shrine,  
Queen of my heart; my mother.

There at thy footstool I learned my first prayer,  
Learned there its meaning and measure;  
Love's gentle precepts by thee taught me there,  
Down through life's years I shall treasure.

Patiently guiding the wandering feet,  
Of mine, or of sister or brother.  
No type of love ever seemed half so sweet,  
Queen of my heart; my mother.

Years have passed by with their sorrow and song,  
Gently thy dear form is bending.  
Slowly thy footsteps, once buoyant and strong,  
Toward death's quiet river are wending.  
Oh, may this message of love I now send,  
Ere you cross from this life to the other,  
Brighten the way for thy soul at the end,  
Queen of my heart; my mother.

If in life's field I have sown one good seed,  
To cheer my own heart at the reaping,  
Or in life's highway have done one good deed  
That cheered midst the sorrow and weeping,  
Thanks be to thee, for thy lessons of love—  
Earth cannot give such another.  
Guiding through life to that heaven above,  
Queen of my heart; my mother.  
—Edwin I. Ide.

When aman buries his talents he has really buried himself.—Western Christian Advocate.

"What hast thou that thou didst not receive?"