

THE
King's Highway

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness.

THE ORGAN OF THE
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EDITORIAL

OUR RESPONSIBILITY

In thinking of the great number of souls professing salvation and sanctification in the camp meetings held during the summer, I have been exercised as to how they might be helped in the coming days by those who were interested in their getting through to God. The good Samaritan not only bound up the unfortunate's wounds, but set him on his own beast, took him to the nearest inn and paid for his case. This is suggestive to me, that we have a responsibility in connection with those who are helped during these meetings. It takes time it seems for many to get settled or strong enough to go themselves. So many are immediately thrown among an environment which is not conducive to things spiritual, then they have to face the scoffs and jeers of an unfriendly world and there are so many things to tend to discourage one, that many fall away because of help that they should have which they do not get. How then can this help be given and so save the situation. Paul writing to Timothy says, that without ceasing I have remembrance of thee in my prayers night and day. And to Philemon, I thank my God making mention of thee always in my prayers. This is one way we can be of great help and blessing to souls. The most of us will do the thing that is observed by others, but secret prayer is observed by God, and so you and I can be of infinite blessing to souls in our prayer life. Hear it! The cause of God is languishing today because of so few who are willing to become intercessors. We are willing to read, willing to study and burn the midnight oil in pouring over books, to clothe our theories, willing to write our ideas and explain this or that; and these are all good in their place, but it seems to me the way we can help souls most is by way of the "throne." We must do it, if these souls are to be helped, some one must lay on their faces (as it were) before God, with strong groanings and cryings, willing to pray past the midnight hour, willing to go without food (not much of this kind now), that souls may be blessed

and helped. Here is our privilege and we have the assurance that he which seeth in secret will reward openly. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much. If ye ask anything in my name, I will do it. Praise God for such rich and rare promises.

Then we can write a letter to some of these with words of encouragement that the Holy Spirit will give us for the asking. Then if we meet them let us give a kindly greeting in the name of the Lord, enquire of their soul health, and speak words of encouragement (there are plenty to discourage), which many a soul is longing for. A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. Prov. 25-11.

A BROTHER OF MAN

Did you give him a lift? He's a brother of man

And bearing about all the burden he can. Did you give him a smile? He was down-cast and blue,

And the smile would have helped him to battle it through.

Did you give him your hand? He was slipping down hill

And the world, so I fancied, was using him ill.

Did you give him a word? Did you show him the road,

Or did you just let him go on with his load?

Did you help him along? He is human like you.

But the grasp of your hand might have carried him through.

Did you bid him good cheer? Just a word and a smile

Were what he most needed that last weary mile.

Did you know what he bore in that burden of cares

That is every man's load, and that sympathy shares?

Did you try to find out what he needed from you,

Or did you just leave him to battle it through?

Do you know what it means to be losing the fight?

When a lift just in time might set everything right?

Do you know what it means—just the clasp of the hand

When a man's borne about all a man ought to stand?

—Exchange

DOES JESUS KNOW?

George B. Kulp.

A gentleman was wending his way along the mountain side in Virginia admiring the scenery, and enjoying the air so balmy and fine, when he saw there, all alone, a single, log cabin. Soon he heard some one singing—one of the melodies such as only the colored people of the South can sing—and he went to the door to make some inquiry when, lo and behold, there stood an old colored woman and she was blind—blind, alone and singing! He took in the situation, and said, "Auntie, you must be lonely here, alone." And back came the answer, "Oh no, honey; I'se not lonesome; Jesus and me libs here." The man was startled and knew not what to say. Then he ventured, "Fine country,

here, Auntie. But you cannot see it." And again came the answer, "Oh, yes, I sees, honey; I sees the New Jerusalem, and de open gates, and the Lamb on de Throne, and I almost hear dem singing." Then she went back to her company with Jesus. And the traveller went on—a wiser man, a more thoughtful man; for that old black saint, God's very own in ebony, had something he did not possess.

Before he got far away she was singing, "Nobody knows the troubles I have,

Nobody knows but Jesus;

Nobody knows the sorrow I've had,

Nobody knows but Jesus."

He stopped, charmed by the song, and soon he heard like a note of triumph, a shout as from a victorious army,

"Nobody knows the joys I have,

Nobody knows but Jesus."

Joys on the mountain side, away from all the friends of other days, away from the graves where reposed the dust of those who loved her, but happy in the thought that Jesus knows!

Does He know, and does He care? Get the Book (there is only one book). Read what He says, and remember that all Heaven is upheld by His Word. Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without His notice, and ye are of more value than many sparrows. Turn a few leaves back, and let the precious Word sink into your soul. "Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you." How many anxious hours many would have been spared if people had but remembered that. How many bridges many have built that they have never used. God knows! I have a friend who one day got off a train and the Lord said to him, "You go around the other way to your hotel; do not take the short cut." Fortunately he had a habit of obeying God when He spoke to him, and he took the long way around, and when he reached his abode, he found that a man who had preceded him the short way had been held up by a bandit and robbed.

"He knoweth the way that I take," is true today, as when Job spoke it from his own experience. Always take His way. Care? To be sure He cares. I will prove it to you. A man of God could not sleep after twelve o'clock one night. He lay awake and knew not why, until God said, "I want you to load up your sleigh tomorrow morning early, before daylight, and take wood, and eatables to the widow—

He tried to shake it off, thinking it was not God; but he could not. So at four in the morning, much to the surprise of his good wife, he got out of bed, went to the barn, got out his horses and bobs, went to the woodpile—God's woodpile—and loaded up. Then he went down the cellar and got ham and flour, potatoes and onions, and a slab of beef, and by daylight he woke up a woman who was sleeping soundly. There was not a thing in the house, but before retiring she had told God all about it, and He had told her He would attend to it. So she left it with Him, and He awakened a farmer and sent him with the answer. She was not surprised, neither were the little ones, for they knew that Mother had audience with the skies. God does know and care!

Care? There never was a furnace your enemies heated for you, but He knew all

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