

# The King's Highway

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## SPECIAL NOTICE

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## EDITORIAL

Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world. Jas. 1-27.

We are on the threshold of the Christmas season and in thinking of what people will do with their means and how they will spend it is really a serious question. We fear that too few of us take God into partnership at such times, too few consult him as to how they will use their means and where they will give it. The words that confront us are "Pure Religion." Now there is only one source from which this religion emanates. The world is full of religion and people are devoted to their forms of religion, but it is to the end that benefit will accrue to themselves. We believe, however, that the individual that is devoted to "Pure Religion" must have the author of that religion dwelling in their spirit nature, and making himself a part of themselves by his manifestations. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you. John 15-13:15. But whose hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him? My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth. I. John 3-17:18. Pure religion will have the spirit of sacrifice, for we must be partaker of his nature, in order to have his religion. He who was rich for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich. The widow gave more than they all, for she gave all her living. The others did not feel their giving, for they gave of their abundance. God help us, so many of us give where it is not needed, to those who live luxuriously, and what we give possibly is to be cast aside or piled up to be in the way. Tables loaded down with silver and cut glass and fine linen, and bodies adorned with the glitter and tinsel of the world, homes furnished

in the most elaborate style. Pure religion will have an outlet. Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? When thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh. Isa. 58-7. Read Luke 14-12, 13, 14. And I say unto you, Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations. What will we do this Christmas season? Will we reveal to the poor and needy that we have what we profess? Will we give a demonstration of Pure and Undefiled Religion? Will we manifest the spirit of He who wore the seamless coat? Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me. Matt. 25-45. Ours is the responsibility.

## PRACTICAL HOLINESS

Practical holiness must correspond to the nature of holiness. Whoever is in possession of holiness behaves himself as becometh those professing holiness. Whoever is wanting in a holy life is surely wanting in a holy character, for the two go together and cannot be disjoined. Wherever the sun is, there is its sunbeams, so also wherever holiness is there is its fruits. The sanctified person is a singular and most significant example of loving kindness, generosity, overflowing with deeds of kindness, always in full fellowship with all of God's saints. Perfect love cannot be cynical, tyrannical, selfish, unfraternal, unsympathetic, disrespectful, rude, uncivil, and such like offensive behaviour. We have met even professors of holiness who were as cold as a moonbeam, cynical, unfraternal, shut up in their religious shell like a clam. This class belong to the "Ice Saints." In Germany in May there is a killing frost that ruins strawberries, tomatoes and cherries. The superstitious German peasants say it is caused by the vengeful "Ice Saints." This will apply to the moral killing frosts caused by these religious "Ice Saints."

Unity and fellowship among Christians is a most conspicuous characteristic. Christian fellowship is the outward expression of inward unity. Fellowship is the widest commonality known and expresses the deeper spiritual things in the life of a Christian. Christian unity and fellowship is not dependent on membership in some particular religious organization. The unity, oneness, and fellowship among Christians, is the result of an inward condition of the heart—Unity with God, a pure and undefiled soul. Unity, oneness, fellowship, unity of the Spirit is the antithesis of a "pure heart." Hearts cleansed from all sin, hearts made perfect in love is the unifying and centrifugal force which make Christians one. Entire sanctification is the great law of unity. If you are wholly sanctified you can no more escape from the Spirit of unity and fellowship than you can escape from your shadow.

Christ taught that sanctification is the basis of oneness, unity and fellowship, and is also the levelling-down-process. "And for their sakes I sanctify myself that they also might be sanctified through the truth."

"That they all may be one as thou Father art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." John 17: 19-21.

That sanctification is the underlying condition of oneness, unity and fellowship is a truth here stated by Christ Himself.

Separation, competition, division and strife among Christians is manifestly of the devil. The cords of "perfect love" that binds the hearts of Christians together are stronger than iron, and will endure through time and all eternity. The "unity of the Spirit is the only hope of saving ourselves and others. St. Paul has well said: "If ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another." That's all. That's enough.

D. M. SMASHEY.

## LIFE THROUGH DEATH!

By Rev. W. Edmund Smith

"I die to live!" cried the tiny seed,  
As it fell beneath the clod.  
"The grave that I find in the womb of the earth  
Is the path that leads to God.  
For within is a germ that longs for the soil,  
The Sun and the shower free:  
Above my grave on a banner shall wave  
A hundred just like me."

"I die to live!" cried the miner grim,  
An heir to his job by birth—  
"I work in the shadow of monster Death  
Who hides in the bowels of the earth.  
He may crush me quick or spare me long,  
As a cat with a mouse doth play;  
I battle him here that my children dear  
May escape his cruel way."

"I die to live!" cries the mother-to-be,  
When she knows that her time has come  
To enter the shadows, and wrestle with  
death  
For a darling to gladden the home.  
"A wife care-free in society,  
I count not the higher good;  
I die to all ease and my own self-life  
For the glory of motherhood."

"I die to live!" is the patriot's shout  
Of his last expiring breath.  
He dies, and the cause of Liberty  
Is nurtured by his death.  
The heritage we enjoy today—  
Our banners flung far and wide—  
Is the fruit that waves above the graves  
Of those who for freedom died.

"I die to live!" is the martyr's cry,  
From the rack of the flaming stake.  
"This fire and instruments of death  
Can only my shackles break.  
I have caught a glimpse of a larger life  
In a country free from pain:  
To be made free from mortality  
To me is the higher gain."

"I die to live!" is the Christian's shout,  
As he takes the way of the Cross.  
"The things the world has marked as gain  
I count only worthless dross.  
For death to me leads to glorious life,  
—Life abundant and full and free—  
A life of service in holy love  
Fruits in Immortality."

## DISCUSSING PRAYER

(Continued from Page One)

holy ground by God's presence; a place of sacrifice by what Calvary pours out; and a place of joyous intercourse with God by what the Holy Spirit sheds forth. The testimony of the living and the dying to God's presence with them is ours. Speaking of his experience during the darkest days of the Civil War, Abraham Lincoln said: "I often went to God because I had nowhere else to go." When dying, John Wesley said: "The best of all, God is with us."

Let God's saints continue to pray until we all come "to the unity of the faith; and a knowledge of the Son of God; unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

The history of prayer began when God made the first man and woman to talk to Him. It has been in the making ever since. Poets, prophets, statesmen, law-givers, kings, shepherds, fishermen and physicians have found God and expressed their findings. Souls from all walks in life have discussed prayer. The line of praying parents speaks for itself. It led up to Jesus the height of prayer expression and through Him flowed on. The future history of prayer can be known only by those who share the vision and passion of Jesus. Prayer had a rebirth in Gethsemane when Jesus consented to the cross. Prayer and the cross go together. Seeking to have Christ without His cross has created an era of prayerlessness from which cross-shunning souls never can emerge unless they embrace Christ with His cross. To all praying spirits the glory of the cross is not a fading bloom, but the resurrection flower that blooms with the freshness of eternal springtime.

Who is the greatest in God's kingdom of prayer discussion? "The greatest of all is servant of all." Jesus is "the way, the truth and the life" in efficient prayer. He is "the chief cornerstone upon which the structure of prayer discussion is built. If the builders set Him at naught, the structure will fall to the ground; if they belittle His origin they will paralyze their utterance; if they deny His holy origin they will end in prayerlessness, and cease prayer discussion, for they will not be inclined to discuss before men what they do not practice before God. Let the church be filled with prayer and the Spirit that answers prayer and the question of who is competent to discuss it will settle itself. "God manifest in the flesh" knows how to express Himself. In prayer discussion "we need no one outstanding man except the blessed Son of man forever in our midst."

Contributions to the future history of prayer will be made out of the fulness and overflow of hearts cleansed from all defilement by the blood of Jesus Christ which "cleanseth from all sin." Clean hands made "instruments of righteousness unto God" will dip the pen of immortality in Calvary's flowing tide and write across history's pages of the power of prayer that can be as gentle as a zephyr and mighty as a storm. Prayer will flow as a stream from generation to generation. Prayer will be a life chapter. Prayer volumes will be bound in flesh and blood. Jesus-like editions of prayer with earthly bindings in their native colors will appear. Spirits akin to Philip and the Ethiopian will sit in the prayer chariot "speaking of things pertaining to the kingdom of God." God harmonizes rainbow colors. Each has its identity, yet all harmonize. Why can God not do the same with the race? There will be room for the prodigals. "Father, I have sinned" and the publican's "God be merciful to me." The child's longing after God will be included, and its flight followed by the pray-

erful spirit says: "Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace." Prayer will continue to be

"The simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try";  
and by whoever offered in any language will remain

"The sublimest strains that reach  
The majesty on high."

The history of prayer is still in the making. We may belong to the line of praying spirits that began when God saw creation as "very good" and will end its earthly ministry in the day of judgment when God says: "Well done!"—B.T.G.

"Thus saith the Lord, 'stand ye in the ways and see and ask for the Old Paths, where is the good way and walk therein and ye shall find rest for your soul.'"—Jer. 6-16.

Light on "Old Paths," from the memories of "old worthies."—Rev. Wm. Bramwell's early life and conversion.

His parents endeavored, according to their knowledge, to train up their family in the fear of the Lord. They were very strict in their observance of the Lord's Day, and would not suffer the most severe weather to prevent all the members of the family who were able, from being present at their stated place of worship, although that was a mile distant from their residence. His father was distinguished by an inflexible regard to the truth, from which no consideration could induce him to deviate. At the age of fifteen he was sent to reside in Liverpool, but in a short time he informed his parents how much he disliked the dissipated manners of the place, the injurious influence he feared it would have upon his religious principles and pursuits. He was therefore removed and bound apprentice to Mr. Brandreth, a currier in Preston. In this situation, by diligence, integrity and fidelity, he soon won the confidence and esteem of his master. On one occasion the salesman in the shop, recommending goods to a customer in terms much stronger than truth would warrant, appealed to William Bramwell to confirm his word. He instantly replied, "No, sir, the quality of that leather is not so good as you have represented it." This anecdote of his veracity was soon circulated, and raised his reputation and influence among his master's customers. He also followed the convictions of his conscience by reporting to Mr. Brandreth several dishonest practices which he observed among his fellow apprentices. The effects of the strict religious training which he had received from his parents were manifest in the entire rectitude of his moral conduct. He boldly reproved all who swore in his presence, or mildly expostulated with them on the evil of their conduct. All outward immorality was extremely offensive to him; hence he sometimes followed depraved individuals into public houses, to dissuade them from their vicious course of life. Mr. Brandreth, his master, used to say, "William Bramwell is mad in these things, yet as a servant he is inestimable!" Upon one occasion he heard a very wicked aged woman utter awfully profane and blasphemous language. He therefore wrote to her, pointing out the evil of her conduct and its certain consequences. His note contained several striking pass-

ages of scripture which pointed out the guilt of her sin, and declared that unless she repented of her evil ways her doom would be everlasting burnings. The woman receiving this note and reading it went in a great passion to the house of Mr. Robert Looker, who worked in the same shop with Mr. Bramwell, and meeting with Mrs. Looker, with a dreadful oath she called Mr. Bramwell a Methodist devil. This incident was the occasion of his going to hear the Methodists and uniting with them. To diligence in business he added much assiduity in the cultivation of his mind, and was constant in the study of the scriptures, which exercise he frequently pursued till a late hour at night. He was also punctual in attendance upon the service of the parish church, where he was an early communicant. When he had a holiday he sometimes retired to a wood near Preston, where he climbed a favourite tree and remained there till the evening in meditation and prayer. During this period he used various bodily austerities (not understanding the way of faith), and by these he greatly injured his health. A short time after this the Lord in mercy delivered him from the burden and guilt of his sins. He had prepared himself by prayer and self-examination for worthily partaking of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and while in the act of receiving the sacred elements he obtained the assurance of God's pardoning love. The joy of the Lord then became his strength. His soul was happy, his bodily health was restored, and he went on his way rejoicing.

(To be continued in next issue)

## OUR MOTHER!

Did you ever stop to think how seldom you express your love for mother? No, you have been too busy, careless, and selfish. But some day it will be too late to tell her how much you love her and need her. Just look into her silent face and see the great lines that care, love and worry over life's trials have caused.

And how many needless heartaches you have caused her. And yet she loves you; with her great mother heart she forgives you. Just go into your own room some day, close the door and shut all things of the world out of your memory except mother. Then think how much you need her, how hard it would be to do without her good, sound advice. And then think how little you heed that advice, think how few pleasures you have tried to have her enjoy, and how many things you have really helped her keep the daily routine smoothly.

No, there is not one earthly friend like her when we are sick and distressed. Then why not tell her how much you need her, and as best you can, how much you love her? You never can realize how much you do love her, until she has gone to her eternal home. Do not put off until tomorrow to tell her. Also show by your actions that you love and need her. Believe what I tell you, it will always make your heart ache if you wait until it is too late.

Amid all the cares of life let us not forget to be kind to mother; strew flowers while she is living and let them bloom along her pathway.—Selected.