

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. P. J. Trafton, 181 Paradise Row, Saint John, N. B.

MONCTON, N. B., MAY 16TH, 1927

EDITORIAL

The building of a new dormitory at Beulah Camp Ground was begun on Monday, May 9th, and it is hoped that part of it at least will be ready for occupancy at the coming camp meeting, July 1-9 of this season. It is to be built of wood, with concrete piers under the carrying timbers. God has honored us in the past as we have gone forward and this is another forward move, to accommodate the ever-increasing crowds that come to our camp meeting, on the beautiful Saint John River. Some two thousand three hundred dollars was pledged at last year's camp meeting, but this will not be nearly enough for the building and furnishing. We trust that all our people far and near will remember and send a substantial contribution. Let us speed on the work. Send your contributions the Editor or to Rev. H. S. Dow, the Treasurer, Fredericton, N. B. Do not enclose money loosely in a letter, and if you send a cheque please add fifteen cents for bank charges. Let there be a hearty response.

THE MISSIONARY PROBLEM

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do praise Him for this man, Paulos, who had courage to stand before his chief and his company of heathen men and witness for Jesus, willing to die rather than "to have fellowship with the unfruitful words of darkness."

The chief came in for a few minutes just before the meeting closed, and ordered some meat for me after service, but his poor heart has no desire to hear the Word of God.

When I came out from the service I was so surprised to see Paulos among that crowd of people. He came toward me with a smiling face and explained that he had been called by the chief and would come to us as soon as the matter was ended to tell us about it, he had not time to let us know before he went.

Had I known the whole matter I would surely have spoken to the chief in his behalf, but it was the Lord's will that I should not; it would probably have increased their anger.

I came away with a rather sad heart that this child of God should have spent Sunday afternoon in such company, not knowing that he was there purely for the name of Jesus. When he

came and told us the story, our hearts were filled with comfort and blessing that God's grace had so abounded in his heart.

He had hoped when he left home Sunday morning to attend the service at the chief's kraal, and his heart rejoiced to see my saddle already there when he arrived. "Yes, there would be a meeting," he thought, "and he would hear the precious Word of God," but to his disappointment the chief would not let him go—this matter must be settled first, before the sun set.

Once more Paulos pleaded his case before them. "Chief, I am a Christian and I cannot do this thing; this is why they trouble me, because I serve the Lord." And the chief was silent. He heard the singing of the hymns from the meeting-hut, and his heart so hungered to hear the Word of the Lord, but, he said, "I talked to God in my heart and asked him to help me to not hear the wicked words which were spoken by the people around me."

After I had gone they questioned him about our conversation, and were somewhat mollified that we had not talked about the matter on hand, but they told the chief, scoffingly, that Paulos "no longer does what they want him to, he only does what the missionaries say," and reported that Helen has a meeting every Sunday at his kraal. To all this the chief made no reply, and presently to the great joy of Paulos, one of his accusers said, "Let us leave the matter now and trouble him no more on Sunday; let us rejoice the Lord and leave it." This was the third token of the Lord's gracious favor, and his heart was much comforted and encouraged by that remark from a heathen. We believe Paulos' testimony for God will do more than a sermon in the hearts of those present. The man who spoke for him attends the meetings sometimes, Nell says, and his heart seems more tender than the others.

Paulos does not believe that their anger is fully abated, however, and is thankful that his call to the white man has come at this time, for he does not know what their next action might be. They may plan to take his life in some way, but he is trusting Jesus about it all. He was full of praise and so happy to hear the Word of God here last night after his hard day. "Now my heart is satisfied," he said. "I have heard the words of Jesus, and they cheer my soul." His prayer was beautiful, and we felt the Lord's presence in a very sweet way as we knelt together in prayer. He left us with a smiling face and was to leave early this morning for the high veldt. We commit him to the dear Lord's tender care.

Please remember this Christian native in your prayers that the Lord may have in him a chosen vessel for His own glory and that his people may be won for Jesus.

Dear friends in the homeland, it is worth any sacrifice one can think of to see precious jewels like this among these black people. This is the missionary's joy, and we praise God for the call to work among them. Pray for us all as we do for you. Lovingly,

ALICE F. STERRITT.

"Our Christian life seems full of activity. There is pleasure in planning and working and giving to the advancement of God's cause. We have all noted, doubtless, that even these good works may crowd out the most needful good works may crowd out the most chose—the waiting time at His feet. All spiritual power springs from communion with God and from the indwelling of God's grace."—Sel.

EASTER DAY AT NORTH HEAD

Singing by children, Breath of Fragrant Flowers; Scripture Reading by school; Prayer by pastor; singing, 5 girls, Blue Skies; exercise, What would you do; recitation, Milton Beal; recitation, Jean Burrage; exercise, The Easter Lilies; answer, Duet, Edith and Ella Parker; recitation, Walter Griffin; recitation, Tlma Bass; recitation, Harry Stanley; exercise, Far Across the Sea; solo, Ruth Kinghorne; exercise, 6 boys; recitation, Annie Beal; recitation, Doris Brown; solo, Alta Stanley; recitation, Edith Parker; reading Mrs. Naves; solo, Marie Burrage; exercise Lilies for the Cross; recitation, Helen Griffith; recitation, Kenneth McLean; recitation, Clifford Stanley; Offering, singing, Beautiful Lily; remarks; recitation, Marie Burrage; closing song, by children, Faith Brings Easter.

JESUS, THE POOR MAN

Jesus was the poorest man that ever walked the dirt roads of earth. Born in poverty and reared in obscurity, He yet lived to enrich mankind. A stable was His birthplace, a manger was His cradle. For twenty years He worked as a carpenter in a poverty stricken and despised village which bore the scorn of men. He began His ministry at the Jordan River with no temporal means, no income, and no vocation but to love God and to bless men. With no organization to help Him, with no patrons to enrich Him, He publicly began the life of poverty that ended at the tomb. He preached without price and wrought miracles without money. As far as we know He never possessed the value of a dollar. How pathetic His words, "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head." He had no certain dwelling place. He was an itinerant preacher whose parish was the world. When invited He entered men's homes for dinner; when unasked He went hungry. He sought breakfast from a leafing fig tree, but found none. He ate grain from His hands as He walked through the fields of corn. He sent Peter to the sea for the fish that they might have the money for the temple tax. His support came from the gifts of a few women, and His treasurer stole part of the pittance put therein. He walked on over the hills of Judea and by the waters of fair Galilee, enriching men, Himself the poorest of all. He slept often under the open sky. In the wilderness without food, by Jacob's well without water, in the crowded city without a home—thus he lived and loved, toiled and died. His value was thirty pieces of silver when sold—the price of a slave, the lowest estimate of human life. So poor was he that He must bear His own cross. In the potter's field he was nailed to that cross between two thieves, stripped of His robe, the gift of love for which inhuman soldiers gambled as He died. With no estate to endow his weeping and widowed mother, He bequeathed her to the beloved John. He gave His peace to His disciples, His pardon to the thief, His life for the world, His body to the cross, and His spirit to God. His burial clothes were the gift of a friend, and He was laid at last in a borrowed grave. Truly, Jesus was the poorest man that ever walked the dirt roads of earth.—John Matthews.