

## 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, Moncton, N. B.

MONCTON, N. B., MARCH 15TH, 1929

### EDITORIAL

We are certainly glad and praise the Lord for the safe arrival of Rev. D. M. and Mrs. MacDonald at Paulpietersburg, Natal. It was a long, tiresome journey, but the Lord was gracious unto them. What a happy meeting with the parents, brothers and sisters of Mrs. MacDonald. Well it will be a wonderful homecoming. God certainly cares for his children.

We trust you are all remembering the Passage Fund for the return of Dr. and Mrs. Sanders and family. It will only be a little over 3 months to Alliance time. Let us be up and doing.

### THINK THIS OVER

We have been thinking considerably of late on some subjects that should concern us all. We do not intend to discuss them all in this article. I will mention one here: The lack of appreciation on the part of God's people. We wonder if we have the appreciation we should have for our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. It seems to me if the Church had the proper sense on this line we would never again complain about the little we give. Mary had it, for she broke the alabaster box of ointment and poured it on Jesus' head, and Jesus commended her, while others found fault.

We wonder if we appreciate the Fathers of our Faith. These men who blazed a trail in this world of sin, for righteousness and true holiness. We have followed their trail and we little know the hardships, privations, etc. We magnify their mistakes, but how many of us would have done as well.

How about our pastors and workers. We wonder how many people show any appreciation. People say, we pay our preacher, is not that enough? We read not long ago of a pastor who refused a raise in salary of \$500 a year. What did he say: I do not want yours, but you; my heart wants your fellowship, not your money. The men that are on the definite line of holiness today should be appreciated. They are raising a standard of full salvation and holy piety, and the Lord knows it is needed. They bear the criticism of a worldly church and backsliders from the grace.

We are wondering if we appreciate one

another in our different spheres of labour. Flowers look fine at a funeral; perhaps a number of those funerals would not have been if some kind words, a flower it may be; oh, yes, some acts showing appreciation, would have lifted the burden from a breaking heart. Let us show our appreciation of each other a little more. What say you? Let us forget the faults in lauding the virtues.

### REMINISCENCE OF THE GREAT HOLINESS REVIVAL

By Mrs. O. McLeod

The holiness revival was bringing many of God's children into rich and blessed experiences of the saving power of the cleansing blood, and the spirit's baptism. Many churches in New England states, and other parts of the country were enjoying a great spiritual awakening.

One of God's humble, faithful messengers came to Woodstock, New Brunswick. Our home was there at that time. After meetings had been held two or three weeks, we invited the evangelist to our home. From that time the guest chamber which he occupied became the place of a daily morning prayer-meeting. As I remember, three ministers, the evangelist and one layman came day after day, and prayed with earnestness for a spiritual awakening. Prayers and pleadings such as went up from that room must need be answered. And they surely were heard by Him who said, "Ask and you shall receive".

As the meetings were continued, many became deeply interested in the personal experience of "perfect Love", of the heart cleansed by the atoning blood of Christ, and the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

From the beginning of these "Bible Readings", messages and songs of victory, many became interested. We, as the Bereans did, searched the scriptures to find if these things were so.

One evening after attending a meeting, all the family had retired, I was praying before I went to my room. My consecration was complete, my heart was full of desire that I might know the incoming and power of the Spirit. It seemed like the assuring words were spoken. He is more willing to give the Holy Spirit than parents to give good gifts to their children. A great quiet and rest came over me. The spirit brought a deep sense that He had come to abide. The all atoning blood of Christ was cleansing my heart, the joy of the Lord was mine. The spirit led me to witness the blessed experience. Two others became witnesses at the same time.

Soon after this scores of God's children were witnessing to this grace, and so the work went on. In those days we seemed to live in the atmosphere of prayer.

### THE SIX ENEMIES

By Amos R. Wells

There was Judas with his money-bag and with his traitor's heart; yes, Judas with his cruel kiss that played a poisoned part; the turncoat base disciple with a miser's furtive art; but Peter must have hurt Christ most of all. There was Annas, cunning schemer, with his miter in the mire; high priest who chose the lower ways, the doings dark and dire; who dared to bind the Son of God and craftily conspire; but Peter must have hurt Christ most of all. There was Caiaphas the president, the Council's wicked head; by him the aw-

ful doom was given, the fatal word was said: "Better that one should die for all,"—and his own soul was dead; but Peter must have hurt Christ most of all. There was Herod, beast and murderer, and lord of Galilee, who hailed the Wonder-worker and a miracle would see; who sent him back in royal robes—"That fox" indeed was he; but Peter must have hurt Christ most of all. There was Pilate, Roman weakling, who saw that Christ was true, who feebly sought the righteous act he did not dare to do, who bowed before the plotters and the shouting rabble crew; but Peter must have hurt Christ most of all. Ah, Judas could not reach him, for his treachery was known; and all his other foes were far, and Jesus made no moan; but Peter, friend, disciple, confessor, living stone! Yes, Peter must have hurt Christ most of all.—*S. S. Times.*

### MISTAKEN TRUST

There is a kind of casting our burden that does not get rid of it at all, but only doubles it. If a friend of mine has some anxiety of which I can relieve him, and I say, "Now, I will see to that matter; don't you trouble about it any more," what should the man say? Thank you, I am sure; I will leave it with you then." And away he goes, saying, "Well, that burden is gone at any rate." And he feels lighter, and walks more briskly. But what if, instead of that, he should keep worrying me perpetually, "I hope you will not forget, will you? I do trust you to remember. I really am very anxious about it—very." I should say to him: "Well, if you want to do it, sir, go and do it; but if I am to do it, fear not—I will." Don't you see the man has doubled the burden? He has put it on my shoulders, and carries it on his own at the same time. Oh, this untrusting trust, this unbelieving faith! Doubled the burden; nay, indeed it has done much more than that. Why, the man actually takes me and all my weaknesses and puts me on the top of the burden. And as he goes he sighs over the additional load. "Ah, but if he should fail me, what then? He might. If he should forget! Oh, dear!" It was bad enough before, but it is much worse now. Well, I might forget; I might fail. But soul, when thou hast to do with the Lord, thy faith may be perfect. Here there is no forgetfulness, no failure. Go to him then and tell him what you have heard concerning him. "I have heard, gracious Lord, that thou hast come to carry our burdens of care and fear. It is most gracious of thee to stoop so low. Lord, I need thy help, for I am burdened and heavy laden, and now I am going to cast my burden upon thee, my Lord, to roll it off and to carry it no more." Let it go. Here is something to be done.—*Mark Guy Pearse.*

### TIME FLYS

Whether we preach or hear, time is hastening on. Our sands of life will soon run out. Just as we are being borne along irresistibly every moment as the earth speeds in her orbit, so are we being carried away by the resistless course of time. How it flies to a man of middle age! How exceedingly fast to the aged! We may say of the hours, as of the cherubim; "Each one had six wings." If everything is made secure by faith in the Lord Jesus, we need not wish it to be otherwise, for the faster time passes, the sooner shall we be at home with our Father and our God.—*Spurgeon.*