

The King's Highway

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness.

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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.

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EDITORIAL

"HOW SHALL WE DO?"

The expression that forms the heading of this article is taken from an experience in the life of Elisha and his servant, found in second book of Kings in the sixth chapter and the fifteenth verse.

Elisha had been active in warning the king of Israel of the movements of the king of Syria, so much so that the Syrian monarch was in great distress because of the failure of his plans. Some one had been giving information to the king of Israel; was it one of their own who had become the traitor? One of his servants, however, revealed to the king that it was Elisha the prophet in Israel, who telleth the king of Israel the words that thou speakest in thy bed chamber.

Then the king of Syria undertook to capture Elisha. He found out that the prophet was in Dothan, and so he sent by night a great host of horses and chariots that compassed the city about.

When the servant of the man of God was risen early, and gone forth, he beheld the city surrounded and cried out, Alas, my master! how shall we do?

We have a revelation here of the fear that possessed the servant of the man of God. It would seem to us that this should not have been. We find this servant had not been long with the prophet. There was something he lacked and that need must be met.

The prophet said to him fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. Then Elisha prayed that the eyes of his servant might be opened so that he might see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man: and he saw! "And, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

The enemy of God's people is after the element in the church that has an anointed or clarified vision. He well knows if he can capture those who see things from God's viewpoint, the rest will be easy.

Jesus said to his disciples, that when the Holy Spirit was come he would be their guide and that he would take the things of God and reveal them unto them.

We are impressed with the necessity of the fathers and mothers in the church keeping the vision, and if they do they will be able to

pray the young people through to victory. If the spiritual vision is lost, the whole company will be taken captive by the enemy.

May we feel the great importance of keeping the Spirit's anointing upon us.

TRUE FREEDOM

(Continued from Page One)

lectual power and spiritual character. She was the wife of an Episcopal clergyman, who never had a stipend that exceeded six hundred dollars a year. Mrs. Wesley became the mother of nineteen children. These she herself gave the rudiments of education. Besides attending to her household affairs, she found time to preach to the Kingswood colliers at the rectory door on Sunday afternoons. "What a life was that," some poor social devotee might say. Think of such a person coming round and sympathizing with Mrs. Wesley on her dull, drab life and suggesting that she get a little time off to enjoy herself. I can think of Mrs. Wesley asking that person what she did in her social club and at all the social functions. The best reply that person could make would be: "We kill time and get some thrills." Kill time! Mrs. Wesley was redeeming the time. She was one of the happiest women in all England. Love made her burden light. Love, human and divine.

But how especially true is this with divine love. Madame Guyon was imprisoned for her faith, in the lonely Bastille prison. She was a woman of rare personal charms and intellectual gifts. But in that dark prison cell she never murmured or complained. She was the prisoner of the Lord as was Paul. And in that place of confinement she sang some of the sweetest songs of liberty that have ever gladdened the hearts of God's saints. Listen to this:

"A little bird am I, shut in from fields of air;
And here all day I sit and sing to him who placed me there;

Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Since O my God it pleaseth Thee.

"Naught have I else to do; I sing the whole day long;
And he whom best I love to please doth listen to my song.

He caught and bound my wandering wing,
And still He bends to hear me sing.

"My cage doth me surround; abroad I cannot fly,
And though my wings are closely bound my soul's at liberty;

These prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of the soul.

"O it is good to soar these bars and bolts above,
To him whose purpose I adore, whose Providence is love;

And in that mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom of the mind.

John Bunyan in the Bedford jail, dreaming of the "delectable mountains" and the City of Light was far freer than the proud Stuart king upon his throne, whose edict had put Bunyan there.

In a lonely prison cell I see a little careworn man chained to a Roman soldier. He is writing by the light of a crude lamp. And as he writes his face is illuminated by "a light that never shone on land or sea." I think I

see tears of joy coursing down his pale face, and subdued words of praise fall from his lips as he writes. What is he writing? Why a love letter. All the world is interested in love letters, and this is one of the most wonderful ever penned. He is writing it to the church he loved most dearly. I look over his shoulder and see these words, "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say rejoice!" "For I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content." But I ask, "Paul, where did you learn that lesson? At the University in Tarsus or at the feet of Gamaliel in Jerusalem?" And Paul smiles and replies, "O no, in neither of those educational centers did I ever learn the secret of contentment and soul rest. No school of a worldly kind has any chair endowed to teach such a thing as contentment. I learned it in the school of Christ, that taught me to count all earthly gain as loss that I might win the riches of eternal value."

Can I pity Paul? O no! He is freer by far than Seneca, the proud philosopher in his study, writing his principles of morality that he could not keep himself. He is far freer than the wicked and cruel Nero on his throne—a slave to his brute passions and appetites. Paul is the free man of God. Bound in body but not in soul. He was the great exponent of this freedom Jesus meant when he said, "If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

TOBACCO POSTERS

The Supreme Court of Utah has recently held the state law prohibiting the advertising of cigarets and tobacco on billboards and in street cars to be valid and a proper exercise of the legislative power.

The statute, enacted in 1929, was upheld by a three to two decision.

The constitutionality of the law had been attacked on the grounds that it had no reference to protection of the public health, public morals, or public safety, and that it constituted an illegal discrimination between billboards and newspapers.

Every other state should pass this law. The tobacco industry is getting more brazen all the time. Years ago, a wooden Indian was the only sign in front of a tobacco shop. After having disgraced the poor Indian, then they became bolder and pictured a man puffing the dirty pipe or cigar. Later, the cigaret advertisement showed a young woman in the foreground, but without a cigaret in her hand. Becoming bolder, and when there was no general protest to the disgracing of womanhood in this respect, they pictured a young woman actually smoking a cigaret. Now they have gone so far as to portray a young woman almost naked with a cigaret in her mouth. It would seem that they had gone about as far as possible in their indecency. The whole thing is a stigma upon pure womanhood that merits universal protest from decent people of both sexes.—The Free Methodist.

CORRESPONDENCE

"To every man there openeth
A Way, and Ways, and a Way,
And the High Soul climbs the High way,
And the Low Soul gropes the Low,
And in between, on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro;
But to every man there openeth
A High way and a Low,
And every man decideth
The way his soul shall go."

—John Oxenham.