

The King's Highway

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness

And an Highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The Way of Holiness.—Isa. 35-8

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Wishing You a Happy

ARE WE SEEING THE RESULTS WE SHOULD?

To be perfectly frank, are we seeing men saved in as great numbers as we should? If we are living in the grace which God is willing to bestow should we not see more fruit? We ask this question of all in the Holiness churches. Did not our Lord send His church forth and provide an equipment whereby they should gather "much fruit?" What about the "greater works" that He said we should perform "because I go unto my Father."

Is the dearth of results because men do not desire Jesus and His saving grace? We think not. Thousands are flocking to independent missions where there is a semblance of spiritual life, and where the gifts of the Spirit are emphasized—often we fear foolishly. Yes, there is a heart hunger upon the masses and we fear our holiness people are not meeting the need nor getting the results we should.

We remember hearing Mrs. Booth-Clibborn relate the stirring account of her revival in the Roman Catholic City of Lyons, in France. She was not a slave to past methods but carefully and prayerfully sought to initiate the best means to reach the hearts of the people. They knew about the confessional. She decided to adopt that. From morning till evening she was in a prayer-room adjoining her public hall. One by one the inquirers were admitted to her sanctum. There they unburdened their hearts to that godly Christian woman. Then on bended knee she led them to Christ for absolution. Priests and nuns, merchants and labourers flocked to her and wept, confessed and prayed. Hundreds left their burden at the foot of the cross.

The youthful Wesleys, born of the Spirit, looked for the open door of service. It led them out of the church and into the open fields. Thousands flocked to hear the word and turned from sin to God. The power of God was present to save.

We do not believe God has changed. We do not believe the day of revivals is past. We do not feel we need a new interpretation for a modern day. Jesus is still the hope of the world, He has ascended to the Father and is our great Intercessor. The throne of grace is open for all who will go to prayer. The Holy Ghost has been given. The standard of Holiness is God's standard. Wherein then, is our failure? May it be that we have unduly emphasized the many minor issues and left Jesus out? May it be that we are preaching

a mere doctrinal holiness instead of a practical experience of a Spirit-filled life? Has the love that sent the early church everywhere into the world witnessing of Jesus and the Resurrection grown cold? Has the fervency of prevailing prayer become in many places a lost art?

We believe there are yet burden bearers and anointed ones who are seeing the need, but is there not room for a mighty revival among our holiness people? As of old, it must "begin at Jerusalem." May God pour out upon us all a mighty baptism of holy, tender love that will kindle some passion and holy fire all through our borders. If there is not a people that God can work through, what is to become of the dying, groaning masses? Let us lift up our eyes and look on the fields that are white and ready for harvest.—The Canadian Free Methodist Herald.

A STORY OF RUSSIA

The following graphic story appeared recently in the Detroit News:

Out of the clutches of the "Cheka," or the G. P. U., as the Soviet secret service is called, Carl W. Anderson, a native of Lansing, was back in Detroit over the week-end to tell his friends and Finnish co-nationals here the story of his family's martyrdom in Russia, as grim a narrative as ever has come from the land of the proletarian dictatorship.

The death of his wife and two children from starvation and exposure, forced labor in the lumber camps of Siberia, a 900-mile hike from the railroad to the prison camp and a similar journey during his escape, as a member of a Mongolian tribe whose language he did not understand—these were some of the episodes in his harrowing experience as he narrated it before the Finnish Club, at the Finnish Hall, and before a smaller group at the home of Dr. George J. Korby, 80 Martin Place.

"Of 1,600 prisoners put on our trains in Moscow, during the winter of 1925, only 311 reached their destination, which was Prison Camp No. 101, some 900 miles north of Krasnoyarsk, Siberia," Anderson told his audience Saturday night. "The rest died on the way from starvation, exposure, murder and suicide.

"Of the 64 who escaped with me from our prison camp in August, 1930, only Frank Martin, of Indianapolis, a native of Kalamazoo, and I got out of Russia. The rest died on the way."

His trouble started with his delivery of a prayer in Leningrad, said. The Bibles and a copy of an American religious publication found in his possession were regarded by Soviet authorities as sufficient evidence of his engaging in religious propaganda. The sentence was ten years of hard labor in Siberia for himself, his wife and their two children, Elsie, 7, and George, 5 years old.

Although a native of Michigan, Anderson, in compliance with his father's wishes, received his education as a public accountant in Finland, where his parents were born. Six years ago he visited with his family the land of his ancestors. In Helsingfors, Finland, he met a group of former Russian college chums, who induced him to visit the land of the Soviets.

"I went with my family," he narrated. "We stopped in Leningrad. Conditions of living were unbearable. My Finnish compatriots, above all, suffered from religious persecution. One night we met in the house of a friend and held a small prayer meeting. The following morning my family was arrested and thrown in jail.

"The trial was a perfunctory affair. My American citizenship was disregarded, as there was no diplomatic relations between Russia and the United States. Over my protests, the screaming of my wife and the wailing of my children, we were stripped of our clothing and given prisoners' rags.

"A Cheka officer hit my wife in the face with the handle of a knout, knocked out several teeth and picked up from the ground one with a gold filling. I was severely beaten, and as a consequence am deaf in my right ear.

"The journey to Siberia was a nightmare, with death, murder, suicide and assault a daily occurrence. There were many young women in our group when we boarded the train in Moscow. A few old ones were the only survivors of that journey.

"In Siberia we were put to work in a lumber camp—12 to 14 hours of labor a day, with black bread and tea for our meals. Fortunately the land is rich in game and we could catch plenty of fish and rabbits. Raw fish and herbs formed our main food during the many months of our escape."

Anderson left Russia by way of Vladivostok and Japan, after having crossed Siberia. He left Sunday night for Washington, where, together with several other Anderson workers escaped from the Soviet prison camp, he will testify before the Finnish commission on prison labor in the Soviet Union.—Richmond Christian Advocate.

And Prosperous New Year