

The King's Highway

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Editor and Business Manager - Rev. P. J. Trafton
Committee:

Revs. P. J. Trafton, H. C. Archer, H. C. Mullen
I. F. Kierstead, H. S. Mullen

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SPECIAL NOTICE

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MONCTON, N. B., OCT. 15TH, 1932

EDITORIAL

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?"—Ps. 116-12.

The psalmist no doubt had passed through some trying experiences that had tried his faith, probably to the limit; no doubt the enemy tried to make him believe that he was having a hard time, harder than any need for, but he begins to remember the many times the Lord had answered his prayers, and the blessings that had come through affliction and trial and the benefits he had received, so we have the words above.

We have in these words an expression of his faith in God. Some folk have lost their faith or have a weakened faith, on account of happenings they could not explain from the natural standpoint. David said his feet had well nigh slipped one time, and so it has been with numbers of others possibly, but if they begin to count their blessings and visit the sanctuary of prayer and praise, their faith will rise because of a change of vision. It pays to keep our faith strong in God. Isaac Watts wrote:

Give me the wings of faith to rise,
Within the veil and see:
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

Then he considers his obligation to God. He must give something in return for the benefits received. Too many are constantly receiving but fail in giving; they are like the sponge, constantly absorbing, but you have to squeeze them to get anything out of them. So many never say, thank you, to the Lord; always fretting and stewing and complaining. He calls for thanksgiving on our part. "By him therefore let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips giving thanks to his name."—Heb. 13-15.

When we consider his benefits: The creature comforts of life, our beautiful country, the abundant harvest, our religious liberty, the open Bible, that reveals the numerous spiritual blessings that we are heirs to, and those things he is preparing for our future enjoyment. Surely we are debtors.

How much I owe for love divine,
How much I owe that Christ is mine?
But what He did for me I know,
I cannot tell how much I owe.

He declares: "I will pay my vows unto the

Lord." The most of folk have a lot of unpaid vows. God has answered prayer, brought his people through affliction, preserved their lives, supplying their needs, taken away their sins, sent the Holy Spirit in sanctifying and anointing power; their vows were made, we fear have never been paid. Let the vows be paid, then there will be meat in God's house, and greater blessing will be poured out.

When we render to God that which is due for his benefits, then we can look for greater blessings. "Honour the Lord with thy substance and the first fruits of thine increase: So shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst with new wine."—Prov. 3-9.

OBITUARY

Mrs. Wm. Veysey

On Saturday morning, Oct 1st, the spirit of Sister Wm. Veysey departed this life after a long illness. Mrs. Veysey suffered a partial stroke two years and two months ago. During that time she was administered to by the tender and unfailing care of her husband, who did not leave a thing undone for her comfort, even though a great sufferer himself. She went to her rest in her seventy-fourth year. She with her husband are members of the Reformed Baptist Church of Millville. She leaves to mourn their loss, besides her husband, one son, Wm. L. Veysey, of Woodstock, and one brother, Isaac Joslin, of Carleton Co.

The service was held in the church Sunday afternoon and was conducted by the pastor. The message was based on words found in 2 Cor. 5:1. Burial was made in Millville cemetery.

The hymns sung at the house were: "Safe in the arms of Jesus" and "Jesus Lover of my Soul." Those at the church were: "O Sweet Rest," "I must tell Jesus," and "Nearer my God to Thee."

To the sorrowing ones we extend our prayers and sympathy.

Mrs. James Griffin

The death of Mrs. James Griffin, aged 71, took place at her home, North Head, Grand Manan, N. B., on Sept. 30th. She leaves a sorrowing husband, eight children, twenty-one grand-children, sixteen great-grand-children and a large circle of friends who mourn their loss.

Only two sons reside at North Head, Mr. Harley Griffin and Mr. Theodore Griffin. The rest of the family are somewhat scattered. Mr. Frank Griffin, of Portland, Me.; Mrs. H. A. Warner, of Calgary, Alberta; Mrs. F. L. Bagley, of Portsmouth, N. H.; Mrs. J. W. Dresser, of Portland, Me.; Mrs. G. S. Parker, of McAdam Jct., and Mrs. H. E. Pearson, of Somerville, Mass.

Sister Griffin was saved at the age of 17, and lived a quiet Christian life, mostly in her home and own neighborhood where she will be greatly missed.

Being of a kindly, cheerful disposition she was a good neighbor, always having a kind word or deed for every one.

Her last testimony was, "When He calls me I am ready to go."

Fred C. Lutes

After an illness of several months duration, which he bore with calm Christian fortitude, Fred C. Lutes, of Wheaton Mills, West. Co., N. B., passed away from this life to be with

Jesus, Monday morning at 2 o'clock, October the 10th, at his home, surrounded by those nearest and dearest to him. He was 67 years and 6 months old. He was born at Wheaton Mills and had lived in that vicinity practically all of his life. He was a man of sterling character and highly esteemed by all, as was evidenced by the large gathering which assembled at the home and U. B. Church in Wheaton Settlement, where the funeral service was held Tuesday, October the 11th, at 1.30 p. m., the writer officiating, assisted by Rev. Mr. Currie, U. B. The choir of the Killam's Mills R. B. Church sang three selections and six young men from the same church were the pallbearers. Our departed brother had all these matters arranged several days before he passed away. He was tenderly cared for by his wife, and only sister, Mrs. Currie Graves, and his brother-in-law, Bamford Fawcett, and other relatives and friends.

He was married over 47 years ago to Grace Fawcett, who survives him. He also leaves four brothers, William K., of Bangor, Me., Ludlow J., of Salem, Mass.; Levi N., Alberta, Can.; Alex. R., New York; one sister Mrs. Currie Graves, of Wheaton Settlement, and a large circle of other relatives and friends, who mourn the loss of a true and loving husband and brother and friend.

He was converted while young in years, and united with the F. C. Baptist Church. He heard his first sermon on holiness, preached by the late Rev. A. H. Trafton, thirty-five years ago and immediately became hungry for the blessing which he received some 20 or more years ago. He united with the Reformed Baptist Church a few years ago at Salem, Kings Co., and when the organization took place at Killam's Mills, he and his wife became charter members of that church. He was deeply interested in the work and was much loved by the young people in whom he was deeply concerned. He was triumphant and victorious in life and death. When asked by the writer, a few days before his passing, what would he do if he had his life to live over again, he answered, I would go a little stronger for God. Praise the Lord, the sanctified die well. The scripture reading he had selected was Romans the 6th chapter and the text for the sermon was in I. Thess. 4-7, 8. Interment was in the cemetery adjoining the church.

To his widow and other sorrowing ones we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

P. J. TRAFTON

Avery Anderson

Avery Anderson, Crystal, Maine, passed from this life on Saturday, Oct. 1st. Mr. Anderson had been in poor health for a long period of time. Besides his sorrowing wife he leaves the following: Three sons, Hartley and Morris, of Island Falls, and Kenneth, of Crystal; a brother, Frank Anderson, of York County, N. B.; a half sister, Mrs. W. H. Prescott, of Crystal, Me.

The funeral was held in the R. B. Church, Crystal, Me., on Monday afternoon, Oct. 3rd. The writer was in charge, and Rev. P. W. Briggs, pastor of the Church, assisted. Interment was made in the Crystal cemetery.

May the Lord of all grace bind up these broken hearts in this sad hour.—G. A. R.

No day is commonplace, if only we have eyes to see its splendor. There is no duty that comes to hand that does not bring with it the possibility of kingly service.—Selected.