

The King's Highway

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EDITORIAL

THE NEW LIFE

The springtime in nature, is a beautiful type of the new life of the soul. The winter with its cold barrenness and snow has passed and the earth is waking to put on its coat of green, springing flowers appear, the air is filled with a certain balmy feeling, and the song birds are flitting through the air or perched on a budding branch, warbling a song of thanksgiving to the Lord for preservation and return.

Is this not a good picture of a soul's awakening from the winter of sin and doubt, coldness and unbelief and death? When the son of Righteousness shines in, the New Life begins. It takes some time through conviction, for souls to thaw out, but when they do through repentance and confession to God, things begin to happen; praise springs up in the soul, the joy bells ring in thanksgiving, the song birds of rejoicing sing aloud, revealing to those around that something has taken place. Men stop to gaze and wonder and exclaim, something has happened to so and so. A person said to us not long ago, I have just begun to live. I never had anything before. Why! this is wonderful. I feel all new on the inside. Praise the Lord for spiritual life, and that is just the beginning. The springtime is the forerunner of summer, with its fruits and vegetables and flowers and increasing life. God not only wants to give us the springtime in our soul, but he wants that the Holy Spirit will be allowed to purge and purify and fructify. Jesus said to his disciples: "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples." John 15-8.

EASTER

May the glad dawn
Of Easter Morn
Bring holy joy to thee!

May the calm eve
Of Easter leave
A peace divine with thee!

May Easter Day
To thine heart say,

"Christ arose and died for thee!"

May Easter Night
On thine heart write,
"O Christ, I live to Thee!"

—Heart and Life

DOING IT FOR CHRIST'S SAKE

I don't believe that I can go to Sunday-school any more," sighed Lois Chamberlain, throwing her furs down on a couch and leaning on her elbows on the table while she gazed at her mother.

"What's the trouble, dear?"

"It's that Joe Hicks! Actually, mother, I don't think there is such a badly behaved boy anywhere. And just when I had the class nobody could manage, becoming a model, that this boy should be put into it and upset everything—it's a shame!"

Lois' voice sounded tearful.

"It is discouraging, child, but after all, what are Sunday-schools for?"

"Well, they are not reformatories!" was the forceful reply.

"No, that's true. But I suppose you would not have the Bible taught only to the best, would you?"

"No-o," confessed Lois.

She was revealed now as a young woman of exceedingly delicate appearance, well dressed, hair becomingly arranged, eyes shining with the intelligence and will which caused the five boys in a class for which it was difficult to find a teacher, to sit up and take notice.

"Mother, he's as rude as he can be. His clothes need patching, and his hands—I don't believe they have been washed for a month. What kind of a home has he come from?"

"That's for you to find out, my dear," answered Mrs. Chamberlain, in a tone which sent Lois to her room to do some serious thinking and considerable praying.

Lois Chamberlain was no coward. She faced something that she did not want to do. All the other boys, while unmanageable, belonged to respectable families. It was easy to go to see them in pleasant homes. She abhorred dirt.

Perhaps that was why she hesitated to enter the ramshackle house belonging to Bill Hicks, who only worked when he had to, and was perfectly willing for his wife to take in washings. She was at it now—red-faced and in good humor, because Bill was in bed, reading the newspaper.

"I'm Joe's Sunday-school teacher," Lois explained.

Mrs. Hicks wrung the soap from her hands and stared at this vision from the aristocratic North Side.

"Well, it wasn't my doin's, sendin' him to that school. A man met him an' told him if he'd go he'd learn somethin' new an' nice—new an' nice," she repeated grimly. "Won't you come in, miss? We ain't got much to offer ye, but you're welcome to set, an' ef ye don't mind, I'll go on with my washin'."

Lois sat down on a broken chair, and her heart sank. Joe came from this home, and she had expected fine manners and clean hands. Poverty glared at her from unpainted furniture and nicked crockery, from the hard face of the woman bending over a tub.

"Mary," called a gruff voice from above, "who's that talkin' down there?"

"It's Bill—my man; I'll go an' see what he wants. He ain't workin' today."

While she was gone Lois made a resolution. Something must be done about Joe. He really needed help. It was a new thought to Lois, who had always considered her work in Sunday-school as a sort of favor she was conferring on the church. She began to realize that it was something for God and human beings. The aim was not entirely so much money, but it was to

lift the boys and girls—to help them to be better and stronger.

It meant sacrifice, too. Beneath Mrs. Hicks' rough manner she saw a desire for better things. Maybe, in helping Joe, she could shed some light into this dark home and make things easier.

She decided to plunge in boldly.

"Mrs. Hicks, will you let Joe come and have supper with me tomorrow?"

There was silence. Lois saw tears glisten in the weary eyes.

"Ain't you Jerome Chamberlain's girl?" Mrs. Hicks asked, when the pause was growing painful.

"Yes."

"An' you ask my boy to come to your big, fine house? Why, he ain't go no clothes fit to wear. An' he's dirty an' unkempt, an' plays in the street. Why? 'Cos I'm always at the wash-tub an' can't 'tend to the children. They ain't got no real home, nor no place to go. Why are ye doin' this?"

"I guess," answered Lois, slowly, "it's for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and because He said, 'Let the little ones come unto me.'"

"I ain't heard much about Him since I was a girl. I used ter go ter Sunday-school in them days, an' that's why I let Joe go so easy. Joe'll come tomorrow night, Miss Chamberlain, an' thank you."

"What are ye doin'?" growled Bill that night.

"I'm mendin' up Joe's one suit," she answered, with a touch of bitterness. "He's goin' to supper at Jerome Chamberlain's big house."

Bill laughed. "Wot are ye talkin' about, old woman? Jerome Chamberlain! Well, if he'd gimme a chance, I'd go to work fer good in his factories, an' stick."

"Ye wouldn't, honest, Bill?"

Mrs. Hicks dropped Joe's brown jacket, on which she was putting a black patch, and stared at her husband.

"I just would, sure, Mary. But there ain't a chance o' that."

Bill Hicks and his wife watched Joe as he made his exit from the half-ruined house which they got cheap, because it was liable to fall down any minute.

Bill's eyes were big with surprise and some pride, seeing how fine Joe looked in clothes neatly patched and pressed by a very weary mother, his face shiny with soap. It had been a trying experience for Joe, and he wished sincerely that he had never set eyes on Miss Chamberlain or gone near the Sunday-school. It was a trap for unwary boys to make them get washed.

"Now, be sure to say, 'Yes, ma'am,' an' 'Thank ye,' every time. Don't let 'em think we didn't teach ye no manners," warned Mrs. Hicks.

"An' if ye should see Jerome," added Bill, "you tell him—"

Mrs. Hicks pulled him inside the door.

"It ain't polite, Bill. You mustn't tell Joe to ask Mr. Chamberlain fer no favors. But oh, Bill, if ye only could get a place there!"

Mrs. Hicks, worn out by days and nights of work, threw her apron over her head and cried, while Bill awkwardly tried to comfort her.

It was a trying occasion for Lois, as well as for Joe Hicks—one never to be forgotten. She and her mother ate supper with a tongue-tied boy.

But beef-steak and potatoes, pudding and chocolate will do wonders, and by the time that Jerome Chamberlain put his latchkey into the door—having been requested by his daughter to eat at a restaurant—Joe was quite at home. His hair was rumpled, as usual; he was putting re-