

The King's Highway

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness

THE ORGAN OF THE
REFORMED BAPTISTS OF CANADA

Published Semi-Monthly at Moncton, N. B.,
by a Committee of the Alliance

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

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

Per Year, in advance.....	\$1.50
Ministers, per year	1.00
Four months' trial subscription.....	.40
Sample Copy	Free
United States Subscribers	1.75
Ministers, U. S. A.	1.25

MONCTON, N. B., MARCH 31ST, 1933

EDITORIAL

HEART HUNGER

Man was created for a habitation of God through the spirit, and in consequence cannot be satisfied without the fullness of God's spirit in this life. Material things cannot take the place or satisfy the craving of man's nature, no matter how beautiful, costly, honorable or extensive; man can only be satisfied with God.

The devil has perverted man's desire, and caused him to think that the wealth, honor, pride, pleasure and power of this world can satisfy, but all have left an aching void until at last the despairing cry, vanity, vanity, all is vanity. How sad to see those who once knew the Lord, seeking to satisfy their hungry hearts from the garbage cans of this world, when God has said, I will feed you on the finest of the wheat, and with honey out of the Rock, will I satisfy you. The prodigal son exclaimed, "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father." If humans would only do this; leave the haunts of sin and come to God and partake of his bounteous spread of righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, their hearts hunger would be satisfied.

A THANKSGIVING PRAYER

Helen Keller.

We habitually thank God for material blessings—abundant crops, good health and prosperity. We think of illness, failure and hard times as wholly evil, and we pray fervently to be delivered from them. But banishing them would not be good for us, even if it could be done. We should try to think of them as endurance tests which develop our powers, strengthen our wills and invigorate our minds.

The worse sorrow in life are not its losses and misfortunes, but its fears. Often a misfortune turns out to be a new prospect of life because it calls forth new interests and sympathies of which we were not aware before.

There are many of us who have an impediment—a something wanting—withheld—that prevents our inner existence from flowering out into visible fact and deed—flowers that require the rain of tears to bring them to bloom. I like to think our individual trials are unfolding our characters all the while and preparing us for the service which God has reserved for us in His infinite wisdom.

Let us try changing our thanksgiving and prayer this year. Let us give thanks to God for

the heavy blows of adversity that drive us back from wrong ways into harmony with the laws of our being. Let us thank Him for the stinging whips of pain and privation that urge us on to bitter strivings and high achievement, for the steep climb and the roughness of the road that make us staunch and fearless, for hardship and stumbling through darkness and sloughs of discouragement by which we blaze new trails along which many feet shall pass to a richer life, for the blight of confidence betrayed that makes us more discerning and just.

Let us strive to keep our eyes toward the east, toward the dawn of a new confidence that will make us better able to combat the struggles of the day. Let us not waste too much time pining for the glories that are past, victories that have been won, fortunes that have been made. Rather let us peer with uplifted faces into the mysterious challenge of the future, the great unexplored tomorrow.

LET US PRAY

We pray not, God, for the removal of our cross, but for better understanding, to the end that when failure and disappointment are ours, when again and again we are defeated and humbled, we may be saved from complaining. Burn out of us, O God, all thoughts of easy victory.

Toughen our spirits for longer marches and fiercer battles over our selfish desires. Make us conscious of our neighbour's dependence on our thoughtfulness. Help us to know that now, as never before we need the cheer and kindness of a friendly greeting. Keep our hearts from gazing into the grim sadness of circumstances, and may we find rainbows of faith making a colorful bridge over our dark grievances. Teach us how to learn from our mistakes the lessons of humility and patience. As little rivulets creep from mountain heights into parched valleys, even so cause love and hope to flow into our hearts. Discomfort us that our sight may be clearer to others' needs, and our hearing keener to their sighs. As the frail, yet indomitable voice of the captain makes itself heard above the tempest steering the ship, so teach us who are little, Lord, to go far through great difficulties. Make true progress more precious to us than our sheltering traditions and prejudices.

The lives of great men teach us that we grow to our full stature only on the bread of hard days.

Let us, in the spirit of proud acquiescence, thank God for Tears—Tears that wash away the mire of gain and the strain of hate, tears that give us a vision of the common good and human brotherhood. Tears that soften us towards the weaknesses and failings of our neighbours and quicken our perception of their better nature. Tears that broaden us and deepen our sympathy. Tears that drive from the mind many strange and peevish things—ambition, pride and greed, with all their accompanying appetites. Tears that usher in love, treading softly like a bird when young ones fill her nest. Yea, Thank Thee, Lord, for Thy Gift of Tears.—*The Holiness Era.*

CALLED HOME

The senior editor, Rev. G. A. McLaughlin, of the Christian Witness, was killed in the earthquake at Los Angeles, Calif., Friday, March 10th, 1933. He was the father of the Witness and one of the old standard bearers of the holiness movement in the United States.

We remember him as one of the preachers who came, with others of like precious faith, to New Brunswick, to proclaim the gospel of full

salvation, Revs. Wm. MacDonald, G. D. Watson, Joshua Gill, Levy, Griffiths, Aaron Hartt, Daniel Steele and others predeceased him several years. He has been called to join their glad number over on the other shore. We honor him as a faithful servant of Jesus Christ and a true exponent of full salvation.

The following copied from The Christian Witness of March the 23rd, will be of interest to our readers:

Besides his editorial writings and Sunday School notes, Brother McLaughlin taught in two holiness schools. On Friday morning, March 10, 1933, he spoke at chapel exercises, then taught five classes. After going home he read *The Journal News* (an English religious paper). He then went across the street to a store for several articles. On his return from the store the earthquake came and a falling brick hit him on the temple.

His last testimony, before any one dreamed of an earthquake, was: "The Bible teaches, 'Be ready,' not get ready, and I'm prayed up, packed up, ready to go up."

On Friday morning he was told of the death of his friend, Judge Knoth. He said, "It will not be long."

With all of us he felt the depression, and his last song was: "O there's plenty in Father's bank above."

Mrs. McLaughlin writes: "During his recent illness with the grippe, he sang and talked to the Lord. While he was singing, 'I'm glad I'm in the army just now.' He happily replied, 'O I'm in the hospital ward just now!'"

Enoch pleased God and God took him.

Elijah went up into heaven in a chariot of fire by a whirlwind.

Brother McLaughlin was called by a quake of the earth.

The funeral took place Wednesday at 2.00 p. m. Brother Shuler, of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Los Angeles, presided. Brethren Joseph H. Smith and A. L. Whitcomb were the speakers.

OBITUARY

Lawrence Fraser Harvey

The entire community was saddened by the death of Lawrence Fraser Harvey, son of Fletcher and Roberta Harvey at the age of nine years and seven months. His death was due to an attack of flu-pneumonia and occurred on the ninth day of March.

This malignant type of influenza effected practically his entire system, and although he put up a brave fight and was given the best of medical aid, it seemed from the first his chances of recovery were hopeless.

Lawrence was a bright, lovable child. He was a regular attendant at our Sunday School and was always ready to take any part requested in the exercises of the church. He was the first break in a family of six children.

The funeral service was largely attended. A brief service was held at the home after which the remains were brought to the church. The building was packed to its capacity with kind neighbors and friends who gathered to show their sympathy in the sorrow that had come to the parents and other relatives of the deceased. The Reformed Baptist choir rendered several beautiful hymns. The service was in charge of the pastor. The floral tributes were many and beautiful.

Interment was made in the Seal Cove cemetery.

FRASER DUNLOP