

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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THE KIND OF A PASTOR AND EVANGELIST I LIKE

Rev. V. C. Martin.

After having spent fifteen years in the ministry as pastor and evangelist; after having held about seventy-five revivals, preached for seven different denominations and having secured the help of fourteen different evangelists I naturally would have formed some "likes" which I will now pass on.

I like the pastor who believes in, expects, and doesn't get scared when a Holy Ghost revival comes; one who doesn't expect the evangelist to do his pastoral work, but he himself has laid the foundation, the plans made and the advertising done before the meeting starts. One who doesn't preach a sermonette before and after the evangelist's sermon; one who isn't afraid of his church being ruined by some of his members going to the altar; one who will not daub the seekers with untempered mortar, but lets them dig till the fire falls; one who doesn't get jealous if David kills Goliath, or afraid to have the tomb of Lazarus opened; one who doesn't let the raising of the finances go till the last Sunday of the meeting and then act as if he was afraid the evangelist would get too big an offering; one who after the meeting doesn't try to keep the new-born babes in an ice pack; one who doesn't act as if he was afraid the evangelist was going to steal his job; one who will not blame the evangelist for all of the post-revival reaction.

I like the evangelist who doesn't try to make it appear as if he was the only preacher that they ever had that wasn't afraid to preach the whole truth; one who doesn't sow discord by telling what he would do if he was their pastor; one who doesn't try to take the pastor's place and boss the whole meeting; one who doesn't try to get seekers to confess to him; one who isn't inclined to get special burdens for only the young women; one who isn't always telling of the big positions he could have had and how he and his family are sacrificing to preach the gospel, (the apostles rejoiced in the privilege); one who doesn't grind the pastor because of "MY offerings;" one who has power to close his sermon as well as to start it; one who works for lasting results rather than for big reports; one who helps to push the Sunday-school by his on-time presence and Sunday-school exhortations; one whose sermons and programs aren't like the law of the Medes and Persians; one who when crossed can show the same kind of a spirit that he preaches other folks to show when crossed; one who can have as much patience with the children in the church as he preaches that the mother should have in the home; one who has made his own back track just as straight as he preaches for the other fellow to make his; one who can fast, pray and carry burdens like he tells the congregation to do; one who doesn't change his message after having a "confidential" talk with some tale bearer, and one who under the anointing of the Spirit can dig, build, plant, lay judgment to the line, right-

eousness to the plummet, shorten the bed, narrow the covering expose the Simons, resurrect the Lazaruses, straighten the crooked, sweeten the sour, cheer the sorrowful, heal the crushed, loose the bound and deliver the captive.

I don't profess to have always measured to my "likes;" however, I am learning, remembering, forgetting, pressing, and standing in the need of prayer.—Wesleyan Methodist.

PREACHER'S CHILDREN

Thousands of preachers and their wives are sending the children to college, on incomes which for most other people would make high school a real achievement.

Their sons and daughters are found, usually, in the upper half of the college classes. They know what they want and go after it. They marry sensibly and, almost without important exception, permanently.

And ultimately a lot of them get into "Who's Who." Not only a lot, but so many more than other people's children that books have been written about the marvel of it.

The thing has been reduced to statistics. If you are the child of an unskilled laborer, the preacher's children outnumber you, in "Who's Who," by 2,400 to one.

If you are the child of a farmer, they are thirty-five times as numerous.

If you are the child of a business man, still the preacher's children have it over you by four to one. And even if you are of professional parents, themselves college bred, your chances of getting into "Who's Who" are only one-half as good as those of the preacher's family.

All of which seems to indicate that if a prospective addition to the American census has an eye to eminence in the world, he or she will arrange, if possible, to be born into a preacher's family.—Christian Advocate.

OUT OF WORK, OUT OF JOY

"I thought I'd enjoy loafing a bit," said Tom. Sleeves up, tousled hair damp from his labors, he smiled up at his audience of one. He was deep in the job of trimming the hedge in front of his village home. He had already given the lawnmower its weekly exercise, and done more than a daily dozen healthful exercises in tidying up the graveled paths.

"My vacation wasn't a day old before I was hungry for work," Tom went on. "Not to go back to the shop routine, exactly; but to do something to feel the joy of using my muscles at some real job. I guess I'm not cut out for a loafer, after all," and he snipped away energetically with the heavy shears.

He was one of the many to whom being out of work means out of happiness. Nor are these energetic ones only those who crave physical exercise. For some an idle mind is as distasteful as an idle body was to him. They know the joy

of vigorous mental exercise. They are not content without it.

For us all there should be a third sort of activity that we are not satisfied to forego. That is the spiritual activity which is not content unless it is working for the Master.

Physical exercise brings with it the joy of strength and health of body. Mental exercise gives keen, alert minds that enjoy concentration, hard, deep thinking, vigorous reasoning. But spiritual exercise gives more than either of these, the joy of growing in grace, of becoming wise and strong in righteousness. Work with hands and head by all means; but complete your joy by working too with your spirit in spiritual things.—Young People.—Wesleyan Methodist.

THE DEPRESSION EXPLAINED

Mike Clarke a man in western Tennessee, writes to his home-town paper, expressing his view why the depression has come, in the following homely language:

"I believe it's my duty to state my views and try to help analyze the situation as far as possible, so as we can make up our minds we had oughter change our ways of living, and so forth.

"I have taken my own case for instance. I see my mistakes, and many others have acted likewise. I bought a Ford instead of a farm, and it is worn out; but the farm I figured on is still O. K. I invested in a radio instead of a cow, and the radio gives static instead of milk. I am feeding five hounds which answer to the names of Red, Red Wing, Slobbers, Jake and Bay-rum, instead of five pigs. I had our piano tuned instead of having the well cleaned out. I spent all my cash in 1928, used up my credit in 1929, and traded up my future wages on installments in 1932, so hard times have caught me in a bad shape. If I had spent my last ten dollars for flour and meat instead of oil and gas, I'd have been O. K. . . I'm on a cash basis now, but ain't got no cash. . . I'm worried plum to the bone, and my wife's kinfolks are coming over next Tuesday to spend two weeks."

This has a comic side to it, but it also has some sound sense. If folk had lived within their income, many would not now be on the mercy of the government. Not too late for some to begin yet.—PHM. Selected.

"Some day when fades the golden sun,
Beneath the rosy tinted West,
My blessed Lord will say well done.

And I shall enter into rest,
And I shall see Him face to face,
And tell the story saved by grace."

Every enduring thing has had the elements of common sense, and it is common sense to accept the fact that the practice of putting power of the mind to work in the right direction, is a first, and necessary, step toward gaining health, happiness or success.—Van Amburgh.

Mrs. Harshorn Mullen,
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