

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

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

Per year, in advance	\$1.50
Ministers, per year	1.00
Four months' trial subscription40
Sample Copy	Free
United States Subscribers	1.75
Ministers, U. S. A.	1.25

SPECIAL NOTICE

All correspondence for The Highway should reach us before the 12th and 25th of each month.
Rev. H. S. Dow, 237 Weldon St., Moncton, N. B.

MONCTON, N. B., JULY 15TH, 1935

EDITORIAL

Beulah Camp Meeting has come and gone again and is now past history. It was conceded by all who attended to be an excellent meeting. There were many things that contributed to its success. We had a good attendance, yet not as large at first as we have had some years I think, but the last part of the meeting the attendance was excellent. And as some remarked we never had a finer, more orderly crowd present. The preaching by the evangelist, Rev. Dr. John Owen, was strong, clear and forceful; and free from all "high pressure" methods, and brought conviction to many hearts who needed it, and many seekers for pardon and purity of heart found victory at the altars. Our own brothers also preached well. Our young people's societies were well represented by a fine, intelligent, spiritual class of young men and women. They held their regular services at 4.00 p. m. each day with speakers from their own groups which certainly gave a good account of themselves. Our young people's organizations are developing many fine leaders, which are proving a blessing to our churches. They are contributing a good sum of money each year to our foreign mission work. The money is saved largely through their self denial fund. By denying themselves of useless and vain things which other young people spend much money for, they have been able to contribute hundreds of dollars to the work of saving souls in dark Africa which is very commendable indeed. The editor of the Highway was greatly honored by them by being selected as their honorary president for this year.

The response to our appeals for finances was wonderful indeed when we take into consideration the economic conditions of our day. The amount received in cash and pledges at Beulah Camp this year to go to the various needs in our work will total nearly three thousand dollars. At the last Saturday night service we received for our foreign missionary work alone about ten hundred and sixty-five dollars in cash and pledges. We think it would be hard to find a more generous and devoted people than those who attended Beulah this year.

The music this year was the best. Miss Gladys Upton presided at the piano with Lic. Bennet Cochrane and others at the organ. Besides congregational singing led by Rev. H. J. S. Blaney, we had many specials, several by the St. John quartet, and trios by the Cochrane family, and many duets and solos. Then the Eastern Nazarene quartet

came the last Thursday and remained over Sunday, and their singing was a great inspiration and greatly enjoyed by all. The spiritual results were gratifying but of course not what we longed to see. Many souls testified to receiving much blessing in pardon or entire sanctification, and many more were blessed and encouraged to go on and "fight the good fight of faith." So we trust that the great reckoning day will prove that much more was accomplished at Beulah camp-meeting this year than was visible to our natural eyes. To the triune God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost be all the Glory. Please remember that we hold another great camp-meeting at Robinson's, Maine, from August 9th to the 18th inclusive, 1935. Be sure to come and enjoy another spiritual time of refreshing.

Temperance Column

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging. Whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. 1:20

HELL'S ENLARGEMENT

OR RUM'S PROSPERITY

By Rev. W. Edmund Smith.

The rummies give a big hurrah that times are getting better;

This all because that they have broke the Prohibition fetter.

'A multitude are now at work and happy with their pay—

We'll soon have the Millennium with alcohol in sway."

I'll quite agree some businesses are surely in a boom;

Statistics prove conclusively death hath enlarged her tomb:

The drunken driver at the wheel too dazed to dodge or steer

Has given undertakers all a busy prosperous year.

The hospitals are crowded full with victims of the grog;

Eight hundred thousand of such folk—a gruesome catalogue.

And makers of things surgical report their business grand;

To mend the damage rum hath wrought, their goods are in demand.

One hundred thousand more police must now our streets parade;

The folk we see now staggering belong to every grade;

While wicked implements of crime—the pistol and the dirk—

These testify that times are good in all their line of work.

Asylums, jails and prisons—all, say times are in a boom;

'Twill take ten thousand builders to make sufficient room

For bums and criminals—derelicts of rum's insidious sway;

And all the powers of hell rejoice in this their prosperous day.

It is a better day of course for all the wicked band

Who with their deadly beverages do devastate the land;

They say "We pay the revenue; we lighten up the tax,

But we can feel the awful load they roll upon our backs.

"The mills of God grind slowly but they grind exceeding fine"

And our God is taking notice with a judgment that's divine.

Old Sodom and Gomorrah and world that saw the flood

Are witnesses of wrath divine 'gainst all the sinful brood.

But blood there is and blood must be the price that we shall pay;

To meet depression we have sped DESTRUCTION on its way.

The national car is rushing on one hundred miles an hour,

And still the man who holds the wheel is calling for more power.

Since God is true a time will come when smile shall change to groan;

And those who to the whirlwind sow shall for their sin atone.

Why call it real prosperity when all is done and said

To use a million idle hands to bury whisky's dead!

They call boys cannon-fodder when they go forth to war;

And they've made a league of nations that it ne'er may happen more.

Why say we love our noble sons—our daughters love as well

And legalize the damning stuff that sends their souls to hell!

They're rushing on at maddening speed — no brakes and lights all out;

At temperance and all restraint they give a scornful shout.

The boy who dies for home and flag—men all revere his name,

But he who dies for alcohol we bury him in shame.

At hell's enlargement Satan smiles or laughs in fiendish glee;

War's bad enough—not half so bad as rum's iniquity.

The cannon has less damage done than has the flowing bowl;

The first may kill the body but the latter damns the soul.

Dear Editor of Highway:

The other day I was reading while in the Cambridge Public Library, of the wonderful financial benefit whiskey has been to U. S. A. since repeal. I wrote on a peanut bag this rhyme and am sending it to you and to an American paper, typewritten. I think it is not an exaggeration.

Yours for holiness and all that goes with it.

E. EDMUND SMITH,
37 Curtis Street,
West Somerville, Mass.

MARRIED

Corbett-Tyner

A pretty wedding took place on Saturday afternoon, June 29th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Corbett, Mouth of Keswick, when their eldest son, Chesley Milton, and Miss Marjorie Agnes Tyner, of Hamilton, Ont., were united in marriage.

The ceremony, under a beautiful arch of evergreen and flowers, was performed by Rev. L. T. Sabine, of Fredericton, N. B.

The happy young couple have the best wishes of their many friends.