

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. 40:3

VOL. XXXII.

MONCTON, N. B., JULY 31, 1935

NO. 1

PLENTY OF ROOM

Yes, the preaching profession is over-full—over-full of men who have not the courage of their convictions; overfull of ease-takers who have no passion for souls; overfull of those who are asking, "What shall I have?" instead of "Where may I serve?" Overfull of those who have their minds on many other things to the neglect of the gospel; overfull of those who are much less than they could be for God.

But if there is a young man anywhere who has caught a vision of his responsibility, a vision of the possibilities in a Spirit-baptized church, the possibilities in a Sunday-School, the possibilities in our young people, the possibilities of saving lost men—though discouragements rise mountain high—such a man will make a way and a place for himself.

There never was a day when superficial and cheap and visionless preaching was any more overdone than in our day. There never was such a crying need of men and women big enough for this job—the work of preaching this gospel.

Young people, do not be under fear that there will be no place for you. If you have in you the victory, the vision and the call no combination of devils nor mistakes of men can bring to you defeat. If you are big enough for this big job you shall have a place and you shall have good success. God is with you. He will be yours beyond your hopes, and He will in you surpass your expectations if you keep your hands in His. There is a road open for those big enough to follow it. All along that way there is great work to be done, and there is an earnest of your inheritance. At the end is eternal life.—Free Methodist.

"EVERYBODY DOES IT"

Sheep are poor, timid creatures, wholly lacking in self-reliance or sense. In danger they stand, not knowing which way to go, or they run wildly and blindly, following others of their kind, which run in a fright, here and there, they know not, why not whither.

In this respect men and women are too much like sheep. In the crowded building a cry of "Fire" is raised. There is a rush, a panic. Many times more are killed or injured by the frenzied humanity than by the fire. Sometimes there has been no fire at all. Occasionally some sane person has stood on a chair or platform above the crowd and he has calmly sung or spoken. By his very attitude he has averted the panic and disaster. Refusing to plunge after the insane masses, he has saved himself and others.

Fashion is a hard master, too, almost as arbitrary and tyrannous as panic. Jezebel painted her face. Better women have painted their cheeks and lips since. We asked one woman, "Why is this done? Because the girl imagines that she is more beautiful so?" "Not necessarily," said the woman question-

ed; "but everybody does it." Some fool painted her finger-nails. Women who are old enough to know better and some who look almost intelligent have followed after.

The conscienceless and grasping tobacco companies saw in the girlhood and womanhood of our nations a great market for their cigarets. The advertisements of girl smokers were placed with greedy magazines and newspapers which were glad to profit at the expense of purity and morality. The billboards were posted with the woman smokers. The women became the victims of the vicious propaganda to the paling of beauty, to the slowing of brains that were not too quick, to the dulling of the moral sense, and to the cursing of children yet to be born. Can the thing be defended? Nobody attempts the defense. The tobacco companies "put it over." "Everybody does it," seems an argument good enough.

Should one not follow the fashions and be up-to-date? Certainly we should follow every new thing that is good. But, unlike the sheep, we have been given the Scriptures and minds to bring discrimination and to guide our decisions. We should receive every new thing in clothing, body care, mind culture and habits that can be taken to the glory of God and for the actual help of ourselves and others.

But what of the cheap or senseless or demoralizing or God-forbidden fads which present themselves to our humanity? Shall we run after the foolish one or ones who have gone the wrong way? Shall we accept the propaganda of designing people, thus proving ourselves too feeble in mind to do our own thinking or to save ourselves from being victimized?

As he is a benefactor who at the cry of "Fire" in the great auditorium keeps calm and shows a better way, saving himself and others, so we, in a world largely godless and insane, are called to follow that which is good, and that only. If few do right there is the greater reason that we do so. People who have the courage to go the right way against a heavy current will be good for something. People who follow an evil lead will be in so far good for nothing or worse.—Free Methodist.

WE MAY KNOW HIM

By Rev. W. H. Wilson

Announcement has gone out through the daily press that Clarence Darrow, the seventy-eight-year-old criminal lawyer, and one of the outstanding figures in the legal profession of the world, is rapidly approaching the hour of death, "without fear or enthusiasm."

Mr. Darrow has given to the public the final deductions of his fifty-years' experimentation, and search of facts, to satisfy his legally-trained mind whether or not there is a God, or an hereafter.

Here are the conclusions in his own words: "I no longer doubt. I know now there is nothing after death—nothing to look forward to in joy or in fear. I am not the agnostic any more, I am a materialist. It took me more than fifty years to find it out. All my life I have been seeking some definite proof of God—something I could put my fingers on and say, 'This is a fact,' but my doubts are at rest now. I know that such facts do not exist. When I die—as I soon shall—my body will decay. My mind will decay and my intellect will be gone; my soul? There is no such thing."

What a contrast the above testimony presents on the question of the existence of the soul, before and after death, as compared with that of the great Christian commoner, the late William Jennings Bryan, as it appears in his famous lecture: "The Prince of Peace." Speaking of the immortality of the soul, he says:

"If the Father deigns to touch with divine power the cold and pulseless heart of the buried acorn and to make it burst forth from its prison walls, will He leave neglected in the earth the soul of man, made in the image of his Creator? If He stoops to give to the rose bush, whose withered blossoms float upon the autumn breezes, the sweet assurance of another springtime, will He refuse the words of hope to the sons of men when the frosts of winter come? If matter, mute and inanimate, though changed by the forces of nature into a multitude of forms, can never die, will the spirit of man suffer annihilation when it has paid a brief visit like a royal guest to this tenement of clay? No, I am sure that there is another life as I am alive today!"

These two giant intellects, which once met and measured will and mental force in that terrible legal combat of the Scopes' trial on evolution, have passed, or soon will pass, the border-line of worlds. One has left to the succeeding generations the heritage of a sound faith, that directs the soul to a knowledge of God, affording bright assurance of immortality beyond the grave.

The other has, at a single stroke, endeavored to cancel everything that is precious and valuable to the Christian's hope. "This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." Seattle, Washington.

**Please remember the dates
of Riverside Camp-meeting
August 9th to 18th, at Robinson's,
Maine. Be sure to come and enjoy
a Spiritual refreshing.**
