

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—35-8

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THAT POWER WAS MINE!

By Governor Moore of New Jersey

To know the date of one's birth is not unusual, but to know the day and hour of one's death is reserved for those who die by law. To contemplate the approach of that day and hour is not, as a rule, fraught with cheerful anticipation.

I was in a neighboring state one evening, addressing a father-and-son banquet. I was stressing the responsibility of parents in training their children, and I reminded them of the Biblical injunction: "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old he will not depart from it." In support of the value of early training, I pointed out that among the hundreds of prisoners in our state prison, not one had ever been a member of the Boy Scouts, and that a doctor of one of the largest penal institutions of New York State had said that in his twenty years of service he had not known one of the thousands of criminals in that institution who had ever been a member of the Scouts. Drawing my watch from my pocket, I said to the six or seven hundred boys present: "It is now eight o'clock. At this same hour tomorrow night, in the penitentiary of my state, a boy (for he is little more than a boy) will walk or be dragged through a little green baize door into eternity. He had forgotten God and the things of God—if, indeed, he had ever known them. With me rests the final decision as to whether he shall live or whether he shall die tomorrow—the power of a king, the prerogative of a god."

Next morning, as I entered my office at the Statehouse, I found the prison chaplain awaiting me—an ominous reminder of the execution to occur that night, although such a reminder is not necessary, because a governor who is impressed with the weal or woe of his people always feels the strain of such an event.

The chaplain pleaded with me again to grant a final hearing to the mother of the condemned youth. He said she had exhausted every means in an effort to save him, and now his fate was in my hands; I alone could grant a reprieve. She would not feel satisfied, he continued, unless she had made this last effort.

I naturally shrank from such an interview, harrowing and nerve-racking as perforce such interviews must be. However, because of his importuning, his somewhat vague hints that her story might move me to a favorable consideration of her plea, I allowed myself to be persuaded to grant her request for an interview.

She entered the room bent and sobbing, as only a broken-hearted mother can sob; and as I rose to receive her, she threw herself upon the floor, and lying prone at my feet, she clasped her arms about my legs and in a voice quivering with emotion, cried over and over again: "Please, Governor, please save my boy!" Kneeling beside her, the chaplain aud-

OUR LATE SOVEREIGN HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

Esteem All Men, Love The Brotherhood, Fear God, Honour The King.



THE LATE KING GEORGE V.

ibly prayed that God might fill my heart with mercy—while the prayer I needed most was that I might have the courage to do the will of the people as expressed by their representatives, and to uphold the traditions of Jersey justice.

It was a scene which one does not soon forget, and my heart was torn within me for the anguished mother—one word could make her happy; one word plunge her into the lowest depths of despair.

As the chaplain intoned his prayer, I remembered those words I had often recited as a boy:

"The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven."

But all at once another scene was pictured before me. I saw an office with a number of clerks busy about their tasks. Suddenly the door flies open. A young man enters with a gun in his hand; several other young men follow him. The one with the gun shouts out: "Stick 'em up!" Instantly all three clerks raise their hands except one, the office-boy; and he, with the spirit of a Crusader of old, launches his strong young body at the gunman, only to be met with a bullet which sends him staggering to the floor. But he is only wounded; he raises himself—whereupon the gunman with a sardonic smile steps over to him and pumps three more bullets into the boy's body, and his noble soul goes to its reward. He is dead—the sole support of his mother, who comes and takes his poor bullet-ridden body to its final resting-place.

I stoop down and raise the woman to her feet; I order the chaplain to cease praying and stand up; and then I say: "I'm sorry, but your boy must pay the price."

"Save my boy!" is a cry which I have often heard; but I am persuaded that that particular job is committed to the parents when a child is born; and wise indeed are they, if they enlist the powerful and effective assistance of the church or the synagog in the performance of their task.—Copyrighted by Red Book. Used by permission.—Free Methodist.

TURNING DEFEAT INTO VICTORY

Louis Braille, a poor blind man, was discouraged and dejected, "What can a blind man do? Why am I blind?" were some of the questions that revolved in his mind. He became devoted to music, but as he saw it this was largely a means of selfish gratification.

One day he determined to transmute his blindness; he thought of many others who were were blind and yearned to help them, which he did by inventing a system of raised dots whereby the blind are led into the rich worlds which had been dark heretofore. Mr. Braille in his own blindness became eyes to the blind.—Selected.

GOD PLANS ON ETERNITY

A friend's heart is the same when he appears in a new attire, and God will be the same in His feelings and dealings towards us amid the crash of matter and the wreck of the worlds as He is today. We shall still be His adopted children, still accepted in the Beloved, still included in His everlasting covenant, still one with His Son, as members of His Body and His Bride. This shall be for ever true of man. When we partake of God's righteousness and assimilate it, we acquire a permanence which defies time and change. The love we derive from the heart of God and have to each other abideth for ever. The peace we receive deepens in its perennial flow. The patience, courage, strength of character which we acquire here with so much pain are not to go out as a candle, or vanish as a puff of smoke. If it were so, what would become of God's infinite painstaking? No; our schoolhouse may be in ruins, and not a vestige of it left; the hornbooks from which we read, the hard forms on which we sat, may vanish, but the characters we acquired shall outlive the world of matter. These shall be for ever, and shall not be abolished. Oh, let us not murmur at the slow progress of our education and at the care that God takes for us thoroughly to master each lesson—turning it back, making us review it again and again. He is working for eternity.—Author Unknown.

—Wesleyan Methodist.

Early you may learn that it is not on the external condition in which you find yourself placed, but on the part which you are to act, that your welfare or unhappiness depends. Now, what can be of greater moment than to regulate your plan of conduct with the most serious attention.

Mrs. Harshorn Mullen,
Jan 31