

# The King's Highway

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness

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## SPECIAL NOTICE

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## EDITORIAL

### LET THIS MIND BE IN YOU, WHICH WAS ALSO IN CHRIST JESUS

Phil. 2-5

The Apostle Paul who wrote the foregoing words seemed to have a special interest in the church at Philippi. He wrote, "I thank God upon every remembrance of you. And God is my record, how greatly I long after you all in the bowels of Jesus Christ." There may be two reasons, why the great apostle was so fond of this church, first perhaps because he suffered so much to bring this church into being. You remember it was at Philippi that he and Silas went and preached the gospel until they were arrested, beaten, cast into prison, and with their feet fast in the stocks, sang praises to God, and prayed at the midnight hour, until God sent an earthquake, which shook the old jail and set the prisoners free. The things we accomplish through sacrifice and suffering, we usually esteem most highly. Again that church was very fond of Paul and demonstrated their love for him by sending him help to supply his needs long after he had left them. He writes to them and commends them for their generosity, and says they did that which no other church did. He like a parent fond of his children, longs to see them succeed and make their mark in the world, so he writes and admonishes them to shine as lights in the world in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation.

Now our text, "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus", was spoken as a means to this end. Things shine when they are in sharp contrast with their surroundings. Lights shine most when the night is darkest. Someone has called the mind the center, or fountain of a man's being, hence, the need of a man being right at the center or heart or, in other words to have the fountain clean if the streams of his life are to be clean and right. And the scriptures agree with this for Jesus said, "Make the tree good and the fruit will be good", and James taught that the fountain must be clean and sweet if the stream flowing from it is wholesome and fit for drinking. Of course the apostle is not speaking of the intellect alone here, when he speaks of the mind, but of the heart. The wise man said as a man thinketh in his heart so is he.

Even men of the world say that a man's mental calibre determines his size, or they measure men from their chin up these days. Sir Isaac Watts said, "Were I so tall to reach the pole, and if the earth my arms could span, I must be

measured by my soul. The mind's the measure of the man." We have all seen men who like Zacchaeus were little of stature but were great and strong because they had great minds, or souls. They tell us that John Wesley weighed only 120 lbs. but he was strong enough to shake to continents and move the people towards God. Again we have known men who weighed two or three hundred pounds who were not able to care for themselves because of the condition of their minds. Now there never was a greater being clothed in mortal flesh than Jesus, so to have the mind of Christ, guarantees true greatness. Let us notice two or three of the most outstanding characteristics of the mind of Christ.

First, humility. The apostle declares he was in the form of God and thought it not robbery to be equal with God: but made himself of no reputation and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: And being found in fashion as a man he humbled himself, etc. Hence great souls are always humble souls. Only little souls can be proud, and are not like Christ.

Second. Our Lord possessed a sacrificial mind. He gave himself for us, suffered for us, the just for the unjust that he might bring us to God, and that he might sanctify us, and present us to himself a glorious church that we should be holy, etc. No one ever sacrificed like Jesus, and he taught his disciples that if we would be his followers we must possess that spirit which forsakes all.

Third. His was a holy mind. He knew no sin neither was guile found in his mouth. And the Apostle Peter writes, "As he therefore which has called you is holy so be ye holy, for it is written, be ye holy for I am holy." How can we become humble, self-sacrificing, holy? Let this mind. Let the Holy Spirit come in, regenerate, cleanse, abide. Let him have his way, and he will work in you that which is well pleasing to God, and you will possess the mind of Christ.

### THE KINGDOM OF GOD WITHIN US, MAKES THE WORLD APPEAR BEAU- TIFUL AROUND US

Just as the sun gleams over the palace, and into the cottage, flushing alike with its splendor the council-chamber of the monarch and the kitchen of the peasant; as the all-pervasive light fills the vast dome of the sky, and the tiny cup of the flower: so religion illumines at once the heaven of our hopes, and the earth of our cares. Secularities become hallowed; toil brightens with the smile of God; business becomes crystalline; light from God comes through it to us; glances from us go through it to God.—S. Coley.

God tries to come to all our faculties. He has put within us a perception of beauty; and to fill it, He makes the dewdrop to mirror the starry heavens; has created violets, forget-me-nots and roses all over the earth; He has transfigured the storm with rainbows; made animal life microscopically exquisite, and even made the winter's snow as beautiful as thought can conceive. He has put within us a perception of music, and has fitted the air to communicate ten thousand liquid melodies so freely that a single lark can shake twenty tons of air with delicious vibration.—Bp. Warren.

Ours may not be the villa or the mansion; but coming out of our modest dwelling in the spring morning, we stand in the midst of the King's palace,—a grand and beautiful mansion, a faultless structure, with its meadow-floor, its tree-pillars, and sky-ceiling; an edifice, like that above, unbuilt with hands, on which no mason

has clinked his trowel or carpenter struck his chisel. The beggar who sinks in his rags to sleep under a haystack, amid the golden haze of a September evening, has over his head an arch of azure more starred and beauty-sprinkled than that which bent over Nero, in his Roman palace. As he gazes up, he look upon

"The splendid-mooned and jeweled night,  
The loveliest born of God",

and forgets that he is one of earth's homeless outcasts. It seems to me that he has only one-half of religion, who cannot exult in all this beauty and glory, and thank God for it daily; who cannot truly inherit this universal portion; and who, in the words of Ruskin, if he had his way "would change himself and his race into vegetables."—Rev. A. J. Lockhart.

We read from pens of voyagers who cross the ocean the dimensions of their ship, the meals and bill of fare, the days and hours of passage, and commonplace jests about their sea-sickness. But, really, what do we miss from such records as these? Some sublime feeling, some exalted and heavenly thought, some glimpse of God's mercy and power revealed in calm and storm, in gleaming sunset streaming along the golden watery path, or the "thunders of his hand" in the grim horror of black clouds above and angry waters whitening below. And from the pilgrim through the home of the mountains we hope to learn, not that some man has trodden peaks of such or such a name, but we would hear how swelled his soul in presence of these monuments and mysteries of God's majesty, and how his spirit exulted as he inhaled the pure breath of the hills.

What should all scenes and facts be counted worth that do not waken or increase some grand passion of the soul? Rather tell us, as did Mungo Park, how one small flower, whose name and hue are unknown, lifting its little cup in the desert, nourished by God and speaking of his care, can put new hope into despairing heart, than to rehearse the full store of a botanist's lore, and tell us that so many miles from somewhere a vegetable structure of so many petals suggested some mongrel Latin name.

—Rev. I. J. Lansing.

### TO A BACKSLIDER IN HEART

You are, of course, just the same as any other backslider, except that you are still keeping up the form and the profession of religion.

Out of touch with God, the joys of salvation are all gone.

Your prayers are a form. There is no power or victory.

You may promote a formal godliness, but you can make no contribution toward spiritual worship.

Your influence is not good; you pull no one heavenward.

You have no pleasure in the class-meeting or the praise service—your testimony is nearly or wholly gone.

You are in a state where criticism, or some mistreatment from some one, would upset you entirely, causing your true state to be realized, for you have no grace to support you in the time of trial.

You are a lost soul.

When do you repent, confess, do your first works over and flee to the Lord for forgiveness and mercy?

Do it while you may still amount to something for the church and for lost men and women.

Do it while there is still for yourself recovery and salvation.—Free Methodist.