

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness

— THE ORGAN OF THE —
REFORMED BAPTISTS OF CANADA

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EDITORIAL

FISHERS OF MEN

Dr. C. G. Trumbull in his good book, "Taking Men Alive," points out the fact that the Greek word, Zogreo, from which he gets the name for his book, occurs but twice in the New Testament, Luke 5-10, and 2 Timothy 2:26. In the first reference Christ is making the amazing promise to His fishermen disciples "from henceforth thou shalt catch men," and in the second Paul speaks of those unfortunates who oppose themselves and "are taken captive by him (the devil) at his will." The startling truth suggested is that men are either being taken for God or satan, won to Christ and the bliss of eternity, or lost to the devil and the fearful doom of damnation. And the spirit forces which oppose each other in this titanic struggle are dependent on human agents. Men are won by men. The servants of satan are busily and zealously engaged in seeking to attract the attention and win the affections of the peoples of the world. With colorful display and unsparing expenditure they appeal to the public. If one means of approach fails they try another. But with untiring effort they seek to take men for the devil.

Are we zealous in seeking men for Christ? We should be. Do we watch eagerly for opportunities to cast a line for the souls of the lost? Certainly we ought.

We need a host of people who will seek to realize the fulfilment of Christ's promise: "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men." Some of us may feel we are unlearned and unskilled in this art, but we can learn. The fact that we can't "cast" as well as someone else, is not a sufficient excuse for failing to try. Jesus said, "I will make you fishers." It will take patience both on the part of the Teacher and the student, but success will come if we persevere. It is always "open season," and the streams abound with fish. Let us then to the task. God waits to reward the faithful.

To pity distress is but human, to relieve it it godlike.—H. Mann.

I will place no value on anything I have or may possess except in relation to the kingdom of Christ.—Livingston's resolution made in young manhood.

A STRANGE PASSWORD (Continued from page 1)

chute, Dennis was watching his plane plunging to earth like a blazing torch.

As he approached the ground he looked around for signs of life. It was open woodland country and Dennis thought he could see about a mile away a small hamlet almost hidden among the trees. He landed safely and, hastily stowing away his parachute in the bushes, he set off in the direction of the village he had seen. It was only then that he realized that he had been wounded. A bullet had pierced his leg and his stocking was soaked with blood. Using a handkerchief, he bandaged the wound and set off once again.

His mind was in a whirl. The excitement of the fight and the descent had kept him going, but now he began to realize that he was tired through lack of sleep and loss of blood, and also that he was desperately hungry. His mind refused to work properly, and he began to wonder if it were all a dream.

The verse he had read that morning came back to him, and he found himself repeating it over and over again.

He moved cautiously forward, watching for the first signs of movements. Suddenly he saw a military lorry, then a row of tanks drawn up under some trees, and almost at once there was a German soldier challenging him. He stopped as the sentry called "Halt! Who goes there?" His mind was still rather muddled, but the sound of the German's voice roused him and he replied in German, "Friend." Back came the command, "Advance and give the password." Dennis strove to pull himself together, but it seemed that his mind could not settle down to think clearly. Then suddenly he began, almost without realizing what he was doing, to repeat in German the words of Psalm 91:1, the words which had been so much on his mind all that day. At the sound of the words the soldier clicked his heels, saluted, and said, "Pass, friend."

Dennis passed on through the village street, deserted except for the tank crews who had pillaged the houses and were making merry with the food and drink they had found.

At one crossroads he was wondering which way to go when suddenly a German staff car pulled up behind him. It was too late to try concealment so he moved over to the car as a gruff voice called out, "Who are you and what are you doing here?" Dennis realized that he was in a tight corner again and cast about in his mind what he should say in reply. Suddenly the verse of the Psalm came to him and he repeated it once again in German. It had the same startling effect as before, and without further questioning he was offered a lift in the car which was bound for the advanced headquarters near the front.

On arrival at the headquarters in the square of a little French town he slipped away unnoticed among the various people who were bustling around.

He had just decided that he would have to find a spot under the bushes in which to spend the night when he spied the flickering light of a fire quite close at hand. He approached cautiously, but as he did so a voice cried out in French, "Who's that?" How glad

he was to hear a friendly voice again, and to be able to answer in French and to tell who he was! Very soon he was seated by the little fire sharing the frugal supper of the old charcoal-burner who, in spite of the German advance, had refused to leave his little hut in the forest. It was there that Dennis found shelter for the night, and the kindly Frenchman, a veteran of the last war, willingly risked his life in concealing the stranded pilot.

In the morning, before daybreak, in the company of his new friend, he once again set out towards the front. By side roads they pushed on, and eventually found themselves behind the British lines, and all was well.

When he did get back to England the miracle of his escape became even more apparent, and he was able to recall the words which had so wonderfully assisted him. He had translated Psalm 91:1 into German something like this: "He who is in the secret service of the Almighty is ever under His Almighty protection."

The Germans had taken this to mean that he was a secret service agent, and to them the All-Highest could be none other than their Fuhrer, and so they allowed to pass through to freedom and safety one who thus learned by actual experience the truth of this wonderful promise.—The Shantyman.

A WORD TO PREACHERS AND OTHERS

Charles G. Finney, the renowned revivalist, has said: "I am convinced that nothing is so rarely attained as a praying heart.

"Without this you are as weak as weakness itself. With it you are irresistible. This, by some, would be thought a strange remark, and to savor strongly of fanaticism. But I tell you the church will have to get a new lesson on the subject of prayer. Frequent seasons of secret prayer, in my own mind, are wholly indispensable to keeping up an intercourse with God. Let me say again and again, if you lose your spirit of prayer, you will do nothing, or next to nothing, though you have the intellectual endowment of an angel. I cannot contemplate a more loathsome and abominable object than an earthly-minded minister. The blessed Lord deliver and preserve His dear church from the guidance and influence of men who know not how to pray."—Selected.

THE MESSAGE OF THE EMPTY PEW

The empty pew has an eloquent tongue. Though its message is unpleasant, it is one that all may hear.

To the preacher, the empty pew says, "Your sermon is not worthwhile."

To the visitor, it whispers, "You see, we are not quite holding our own."

To the treasurer, it shouts, "Look out for a deficit!"

To the stranger, who is looking for a church home, it suggests, "You had better wait awhile."

To the members who are present it asks, "Why don't you go visiting next Sunday, too?"

The empty pew speaks against the services. It kills inspiration and smothers hope. It dulls the fine edge of zeal. The empty pew is a weight. The occupied pew is a wing.—Sel.