

The King's Highway

An Advocate of Scriptural **Business**

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1870 REV. P. J. TRAFTON 1951

Our good Brother Trafton left his earthly home at 284 Odell Avenue, Fredericton, N. B., on Jan. 20th, 1951, and went to be with Jesus, whom he had loved and served over 60 years. He had been in failing health for several years, and finally suffered a heart attack, from which he did not recover. Besides his widow he is survived by two sons, Alfred, of Michigan, and Rev. Norman E., pastor at Truro, N. S.; and three daughters: Dorothea (Mrs. George Untz), of Hyde Park, Mass.; Emma, Mrs. Clarence Dow), Calais, Me.; and Miss Marguerite, at home (these were all at his bedside when he passed away); also one brother, Harold, of Mapleton, Me.; and two sisters, Anna (Mrs. F. Foley), of Saint John; and Cala, (Mrs. Alvin Perry), of Port Maitland, N. S.; and several other relatives and many friends. In the passing of Brother Trafton, his family will mourn the loss of a kind, true husband, and a good father. Our church will miss one of its greatest workmen; for nearly 50 years he had been a faithful preacher of full salvation in the Alliance of the Reformed Baptist Church of Canada. We think that his most outstanding characteristic was his love and zeal for the great cause of holiness. He loved the brethren of the ministry and prayed for them all. The Editor of The King's Highway feels keenly the parting with one whom he had known favourably for over half a century, and had been intimately associated with him in the work of the gospel ministry for almost that many years. Brother Trafton began his work as a preacher in the year 1905. He was a good pastor, and quite successful as an evangelist in the early years of his ministry. We loved him in the bonds of true friendship, and feel keenly the parting with a great brother. The funeral service which was very largely attended was held in our Church at Fredericton, and burial was made in that city. Had our brother lived until April of this year he would have been 81 years old. "With long life will I satisfy him and show him my salvation." To the bereaved family and friends we extend sincere Christian sympathy. We regret not being able to be at the funeral service.

H. S. DOW

REV. W. E. SMITH'S BRIEF TRIBUTE TO REV. PERCY J. TRAFTON

Dear Brother Dow:
Brother Percy is gone and I presume you will preach the sermon. I should like to be there, but it is physically impossible for me to come.
Percy was a good man and a faithful minister of Jesus Christ. If he were not a man of

books, yet he was a man of one book. He knew and believed the Bible. He believed the doctrine of innate depravity and best of all he believed in the divine remedy. He believed in the doctrine of 2nd blessing holiness. He enjoyed the experience, he lived the life. He will live on in the many lives that he has influenced for God. His works do follow him.

Servant of God, well done,
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won
And Thou art crowned at last.

Love to all the saints.
Yours in Him,
W. EDMUND SMITH

THE LITTLE FOXES THAT SPOIL THE VINES

Cant. 2:15

Only a hasty word.
Life seemed so full of jar and fret,
Yet however deep my heart's regret,
I can never recall, and never forget
A word!

Only a passed-on tale.
A little chit-chat on somebody's ways,
A nod, and a shake, and a look of dispraise,
But I felt the pain of the Master's gaze,
A tale!

Only a scornful laugh.
But it lengthened the Race, so hard to run,
And wounded the heart of a "little one,"
And naught I can do has ever undone
A laugh!

Only an unkind thought.
Such a little thing to spoil my day,
To plunge my life into dis-array,
To hide the light of the Shining Way,
A thought!

A word! a tale! a laugh! a thought!
For such tiny little things,
Yet again and again my heart is wrought
With the sadness each one brings.

For they rise in cloud 'twixt my Lord and me,
They burden my day with pain,
And I know that once more as in far-off time,
He is crucified yet again.

Now, trusting in His promised Grace,
I ask my Lord above,
That words, tales, laughter, even thoughts,
May be arrow-winged with LOVE.
—The Holiness Era.

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN

A dear old lady who had just passed her eightieth birthday was thrilled about Christmas. She had a table piled high with greeting cards. When asked about receiving so many cards she replied, "You see, I save them from one year to the next, then when the new ones come I read them all and the old ones seem just as nice as the new ones. It makes me feel as if I have so many friends."

A child in one of America's Homes for Children was asked, "What do you want for Christmas?" Without a moment's hesitation the lonely little thing replied, "More than anything else I'd like someone to hug me and kiss me 'cause they loved."

In both of these incidents were individuals who were starving for expressions of friendship, for words of love and sympathy. Each day these hungry souls were passed by, by those who did really care but were so busy they had not time to drop the word of understanding love. As a result two hearts were pining away in loneliness.

You may be able to give "gold and frankincense and myrrh," but you can offer praise. You can say kind words to those who are near you. You can be sympathetic with those who are unfortunate. You can send a word of cheer to a shut-in. You can be a friend to all you meet in life's duties.

Christmas is a new beginning. Christmas is the outgush of love and helpfulness. Christmas is for others. That was the cause for the birth of the first Christmas, and it will be the boon of all the ages wherever the Christ of Christmas is honored and worshipped.—Wesleyan Methodist.

THE CHURCH MILITANT

Our age abounds in signs of moral decay. Pollution in things that gain admittance into modern homes — popular magazines, radio broadcasts, and television programs—calls for stinging reproof. Christians should voice indignant protests against these evils.

Protests against the flagrant corruption of American life today should be more common. Recently a group of ministers in New Mexico set a good example in this line. These clergymen demanded the removal or covering up of a nude stone maiden on the wall of the new state capitol annex at Santa Fe, N. M. After four days of controversy, the architect ordered the workmen to chisel off the obscene figure.
—Selected.