

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness

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EDITORIAL

THE CONSTRAINING LOVE OF CHRIST

"The love of Christ constraineth us." That was Paul's explanation of his utter devotion to God, and his untiring zeal in his ministry to others.

Dr. Weymouth renders his words, "The Love of Christ overmasters us." Another rendering I have read is, "The love of Christ monopolizes us." Still another is, "The love of Christ has exclusive rights to us." Such a testimony gives us much to consider.

The question has sometimes been raised as to whether Paul meant Christ's love for him, or his love for Christ. But was he not speaking of both, plus much more? Was he not thinking of Christ's love expressed to him, experienced by him, and then becoming the constraining pattern and passion of his Christian life and consecration?

Doubtless he was first powerfully influenced by Christ's love for him. He wrote of "the Son of God who loved me, and gave Himself for me." But, as I have suggested, he was also constrained by Christ's love within him. Shed abroad in his heart, would be his way of putting it. Yet still further was he challenged by the pattern he saw in Christ's love. Expressing thoughts and feelings he wrote: "For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead: And He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them." It is evident that Paul's understanding and appreciation of Christ's death, gave to him a Calvary perspective concerning Christ's provision and purpose for all men, and a Calvary passion and pattern to win them.

All that, I think, Paul meant when he declared that the love of Christ constrained him, overmastered him, had exclusive rights to him. Christ's love for him and in him, and for all men, challenged and inspired him to a supreme devotion to his Saviour and Master, and to a most sacrificial service on behalf of others.

Something of a like experience moved Frances Ridley Havergal to write:

"I love, I love my Master, I will not go out free!

For He is my Redeemer; He paid the price for me.

I would not leave His service. It is so sweet

and blest;

An in the weariest moments He gives the truest rest.

My Master shed His life-blood My vassal life to win,

And save me from the bondage of tyrant self and sin.

He chose me for His service, and gave me power to choose

That blessed, perfect freedom, which I shall never lose.

I would not halve my service, His only it must be!

His only—Who so loved me, and gave Himself for me.

Rejoicing and adoring, henceforth my song shall be,—

I love, I love my Master, I will not go out free!"

Such is the testimony of all, who with Paul can say, "The love of Christ has exclusive rights to me." E. W. T.

"BURN OUT FOR GOD!"

"Let me burn out for God," were the words uttered by Henry Martyn (1781-1812) who went to India in 1806 and died in 1812 at Tocat, Armenia.

The following article is taken from Dr. J. H. Bomberger's "Practical Illustrations."

"Henry Martyn wanted to 'burn out for God.' Men burn out in other interests all about us. The flames of passion lick up all of the best things in many a man—his powers of body and mind, and his higher nature, and they leave him at last a charred cinder. The fierce fires of ungodly ambition; the conflagration in a man's moral nature kindled by the spirit of covetousness, hatred, and other hell-kindled fires, burn out many a man, and we look upon the smouldering ruins with deepest pity. But to "burn out for God" is a glorious ambition. Fox said that every Quaker ought to light up the country for twelve miles around. Many a missionary has lighted it up for a hundred miles. He has thrust aside every selfish aim, and thrown himself into the work with passionate ardor. Human nature (Martyn's) could not stand the strain long, and after a brief career he exhausted his resources and died. But he "burned out for God." No life can make a better record than this. Not even the martyr at the stake.

NUGGETS

Do you speak of the faults of others unnecessarily?

* * * *

Can you rejoice to see another succeed when you have failed?

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In every heart there is a supreme place—a sort of throne. Who sits in yours, an idol, self, or God?

* * * *

Can you pretend to love Christ, without exerting yourself for the spiritual welfare of those for whom He died?

* * * *

Do you give hard judgment on sins to which you have never been tempted, while you are full of excuses for your own?

—Gospel Banner

SELF-PRESERVATION

"I will not give away my perfume," said the rosebud, holding its pink petals tightly wrapped in their tiny green case. The other roses bloomed, and the people were made glad by their beauty, but the selfish rosebud after a while withered away.

"No, no," said a little bird, "I don't want to sing." But when his brother soared aloft on joyful wings and sang with all his might, the little bird looked sorry and ashamed.

"If I give away all my wavelets, I shall not have enough for myself," said the brook; and it kept all its waters in a hollow place, where it formed a filthy pool. No one wanted to drink it, and it did not help the flowers at all, for the water was not pure and sweet.

A boy who loved a fresh, wide-awake rose, a singing bird, and a leaping brooklet thought on these things and said: "If I would be loved, I must share with others all that I have."—Selected.

TRIFLES OF LIFE

Small things, little incidents, trifles, go to make up our lives. Carelessness as to trifles leads to grievous falls; attention to trifles makes us developed men and women.

It is the little things, the minor duties that are constantly occurring, that form our characters and augment our powers. If we despise the small, we shall fall by the small, but if we are faithful in little, we shall be faithful in much. A word fitly spoken may seem a trifle, but it is full of joy and blessing; a trifling handshake may be a benediction; a cup of cold water shall not lose its reward.

Accomplish the little things well. Do your best; simply, sweetly, quietly, and quickly; do it not for self, but to the Lord. Strive not after great things; not after that which is harmful nor helpful; not after that which is self love and desire of applause, and is not pleasing to God.—Stephen Merritt.

IN THE HUSH OF THE SOUL

It is because thy life is so hurried: thou dost not take time enough for meditation and prayer; the Spirit of God within thee cannot be discovered while the senses are occupied with pleasure, or the pulse beats quickly, or the brain is filled with many thoughts. It is when the water stands still that it becomes pellucid and reveals the pebbly beach below. Be still and know that God is within thee and around. In the hush of the soul the unseen becomes visible, and the eternal real. The eyes dazzled by the sun cannot detect the beauties of its perihelion till it has had time to rid itself of the glare. Let no day pass without its season of silent waiting before God.—F. B. Meyer.

KNEE POWER FOR THE DAILY JOBS

He picked them out on his knees. Slowly, thoughtfully, through the night, he sifted back and forth, taking account of weaknesses and drawbacks, till at last the list of twelve men stood clear. A great night's work, that, getting fishermen ready to be apostles. No wonder Peter came back, and John's fire burned out in love. That night's knee work did it. Nothing human can resist quiet, steady, confident knee work. Try it on your daily job.—S. D. Gordon.