

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness

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EDITORIALS

WEARINESS AND REST

In our last issue we wrote briefly of Christ's double purpose in travelling when "He must needs go through Samaria." John's record states that having reached Sychar, a city of Samaria, Jesus being weary sat on Jacob's well. It is comforting to see that Jesus knew the meaning of physical weariness as He laboured to do and finish the work His Father had given him to do. Yet how few of His followers ever weary themselves doing anything for Him. They do things for Him when they are weary, but do they weary themselves in the doing of them? Many weary themselves with the pursuit of the secular until they are too weary for the sacred; but do they ever want to sit down and rest because they are weary with their journeying after the lost?

Then consider the statement that "Jesus therefore, being wearied with His journey, sat thus on the well." He rested to fit Himself for tasks immediately before Him. He might have accompanied His disciples into the city and gone to the stores, and perhaps done other legitimate things; but He wisely rested physically, and likely meditated prayerfully, and so prepared Himself to minister to the Samaritans.

Some truths need little of application. We think this one does. A little rest and prayerful meditation would often make possible the doing of so many things for God and souls, that often are left undone because we have the excuse of weariness. It is true we might miss some trips to the city, and we might have to let some of the disciples go to buy meat without us, but it would be worth it to be refreshed to do God's more important things.

E. W. T.

CALLING THE PASTOR

This issue of The Highway contains a list of names of pastors who are open for a call to pastoral work for the next church year. That reminds us that the time for calling pastors is at hand, and it prompts this appeal for much prayer as churches vote and pastors make important decisions.

Let all who vote qualify themselves to do so

by walking and talking with God. And let us all pray that God's direction may be given to every pastor. God's men ministering in the right place is important for the local church, and for the denomination as a whole.—E. W. T.

REVIVAL OR JUDGMENT

Revival alone can create an atmosphere in which the impossible becomes the achieved. When revived the Church becomes charged amazingly with the divine power of her Lord. Revival is Christ coming to a place, or in an age, where His cause is all but lost.

It is most significant that since the Reformation, revivals have recurred with increasing frequency. Again and again God has rescued that which had gone beyond all human aid.

Through the centuries what indeed could have rescued the Church except these gracious interventions of almighty power?

The need of revival grows more urgent as the age draws to a close. When revivals cease to flow from the mercy of God, judgment comes.—Missionary Herald.

PRAYER AND VICTORY

Oh, the victories of prayer! They are the mountain tops of the Bible. They take us back to the plains of Mamre, to the fords of Peniel, to the prison of Joseph, to the triumphs of Moses, to the transcendent victories of Joshua, to the deliverances of David, to the whole story of the Master's life, and to the experience of the children of God throughout.

—Dr. A. R. Simpson.

WORLD CONFORMITY

"A new attitude toward separation has sprung up, and a new technique in dealing with questionable things has come into vogue. A gospel is preached in many quarters that is without offense, and therefore without effect. Even in conservative circles, a pleasant approach to the matter of worldliness tries to produce a new style of Christian who can be both the Lord's sheep and the devil's goat."

—Vance Havner.

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY FOUR

By Leland Wilcox

Nineteen hundred and fifty three
Has sped on to eternity,
And all the deeds that we have done
Have passed beneath life's setting sun.
And as the people of our age,
Before us lies another page
That all must fill tho' rich or poor,
In nineteen hundred and fifty four.

And for the days that have passed by
We often wonder with a sigh,
"O have we done the best we could,
Seeking the lost and doing good".
Then as we hasten on our way
A voice from Heaven seems to say,
"Before thee stands an open door
In nineteen hundred and fifty four."

May we, in consecration true,
Arise and face our task anew.
As faithful soldiers of the Cross,
Gladly suffering pain and loss.
Upon the mountains bleak and cold,
We bring the lost ones to the fold.
With wondrous grace from Heaven's store,
In nineteen hundred and fifty four.

Lord help us send the Gospel light,
To heathen lands of darkest night,
'Till millions look to Calvary
And find salvation full and free.
Then Father grant our heart's desire,
And send the Holy Ghost and fire
On all Thy saints the whole world o'er,
In nineteen hundred and fifty four.

THE WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT

(Continued from Page One)

and 5:14. Assurance, conviction, persuasion, confidence! What a grand picture of the work of the witnessing Spirit! This witness is the inward proof that He gives to the trusting soul. All may have it who base their whole faith and hope in Christ and say like Paul, "I know Whom I have believed." He is the immovable Rock, the sure Foundation on which we may rest and depend without the faintest shadow of doubt or fear, if we will cast ourselves upon Him. Then the witness of the Spirit becomes to us one of our most precious, spiritual experiences.

That they have sought and found this witness, this Divine attestation, multitudes can testify, and that when it has been lost it has brought grief and dismay. This was the case with godly old Jonathan, who, together with his wife was a class-leader at a little village chapel. Two Sisters held a Mission there, resulting in changed hearts and homes. Many members were quickened and the class-meetings became lively hours with living testimonies to the grace of God.

Later, one of the Sisters went to visit Jonathan's home to enquire how the converts were getting on. A moment or two after she knocked at the farmhouse door the wife opened it with a great welcome. "Eh, but I am glad to see you. Jonathan is only sadly. He's upstairs, failing a bit, you know. Come in and sit you down while I get a cup of tea." Afterwards she led the way upstairs. The old man was propped up in a four-poster bed, the rough, wrinkled hands working nervously as they lay on the snow-white sheet. A tear stole down his face as he welcomed the visitor. They talked of the Mission, of special answers to prayer—all the things that were so dear to their hearts. Presently he told his wife to go out and shut the door. A great trouble lay heavy upon him and here was an opportunity to unburden himself to one who had been a help and blessing. "Sister," the old voice shook. He was so full he could hardly speak—to him it was a matter of life and death. "Sister, I want to tell you, I've lost my evidence." The tears fell fast and every now and then there was a great sob. "Yes, I've lost my evidence, lost my evidence." Prosperity, home, comfort, friends, reputation, health—nothing was so precious to him as the evidence of his salvation—the witness of the Spirit—and it had gone. The Sister poured words of life and comfort into the old man's ears and then knelt to pray. She talked for him to the God she knew so well and was assured of the answer. But the darkness was not dispelled, for the cause of it was a failing mind, though she left him somewhat soothed.

A few weeks later the end came in glorious sunset. Every cloud was lifted. He called for the old Book and told his wife to find the Psalm where each verse ends with the same words. Turning over the worn pages, she came to Psalm 136, and began to read slowly: "Oh give thanks unto the Lord for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever . . . Who remembered us in our low estate; for His mercy endureth forever . . . and hath redeemed us from our enemies; for His mercy endureth forever." "Yes," he whispered, "that's it, that's it, it's all true, His mercy endureth forever." A radiant smile lit up the old face. He could not live without his evidence—the witness of the Spirit. Now it was there in his heart and his end was peace. — Bright Words.

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