

## The King's Highway

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness

— THE ORGAN OF THE —  
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### EDITORIALS

#### MY MOTHER

Sunday, May 13th. is Mother's Day. On that day some of you will have the privilege of sending loving messages to mother, of buying her a gift, and perhaps paying her a visit. I hope you will take advantage of that golden opportunity and "bring your roses to your mother now" while she can see them, smell them, touch them.

I won't be able to visit my mother on Mother's Day, nor send her a gift, for she has long since gone to be with the Lord. I would pay tribute to her forever, briefly but sincerely.

My mother possessed many of those qualities which belong to motherhood at its highest and best. She was virtuous in character, industrious in home service, sacrificially devoted to her children, and fervently faithful to her Lord. Her highest ambition for the girl and the boys born to her was that they become true and loyal followers of the Christ whom she loved and served.

Mother left us at the early age of forty-seven, far too soon it seemed. For twenty-five years she has been away from us and we have been separated from her. But "she being dead yet speaketh". Her influence is as fresh as a spring morning, her prayers come back to me as though I had heard them yesterday, her godly life, lived before us in the happy home she made for us here, beckons me on to the happier home in which she now dwells and awaits our coming.

I wish that I could see my mother on May 13th., could take her a gift, and tell her how much her love and her life have meant to me, but such a joy cannot be mine. I do look forward to seeing her some day however, and, as I remember her, I think the greatest gift I could bear to her would be the glad realization that I had accepted and served the Saviour she loved and followed and had come to live with her in His eternal presence. To that day I must look forward as my "Mother's Day", and I somehow believe that she shares my joy of anticipation. Always when I read the following lines I think of

My Mother.

"She always leaned to watch for us,

Anxious if we were late;  
In winter by the window,  
In summer by the gate.

And tho' we mocked her tenderly  
Who had such 'foolish care',  
The long way home would seem more safe  
Because she waited there.

Her thoughts were all so full of us,  
She never could forget;  
And so, I think that where she is  
She must be waiting yet.

Waiting 'till we come home to her,  
Anxious if we are late;  
Watching from heaven's window,  
Leaning from heaven's gate."

#### HOME—THE CITADEL OF CIVILIZATION

The strength of a nation is the home. Not in its teeming population, its military might, or its able statesmen, is a country's greatness born, but in the home where God is honoured, where love abides, where righteousness is the standard of conduct.

The biographies of great men in every sphere of human activity lead us to the discovery that in nearly every case a godly mother and a good home were all-important factors in preventing to the nations their men of destiny. Gladstone and Lincoln, Wesley and Edison, men who in politics, science, and religion stand among the "tall sons" of the anglo-saxon race, bear testimony to the saving and guiding influence of good parentage and wholesome home life.

Happy are the children who are born of God-fearing parents. Hallowed is the influence cast upon the boys and girls reared in homes where the Bible is read, where the voice of prayer is heard from the secret closet and around the family altar. Hopeful is the future of that nation with fathers and mothers who raise a standard of conduct for their offspring which calls for their rejection of evil habits and pursuits, and respect for the moral uprightness.

The home in which cocktail parties, bridge games, dancing, and other wordly activities are carried on will provide little of moral uplift to the life of the nation. The parents who have little time or place for the Word of God and the practice of prayer will not present to the country the type of men and women needed to build a strong and wholesome society. If the call to right living, supported by discipline which will bring members of the family to the standard erected, is supplanted by a moral laxity which allows children and youth to drift with the tide of wordly life, the foundation which upholds the principles of Christian democracy will be destroyed and evil will overrun the land.

Satan is concentrating a powerful assault against the home-life of the nations. He has won some tremendous victories in this area. The marriage relationship which provides the God-ordained basis for home life has felt the brunt of his attack and many who pledged to love "until death do us part", have reached a place of estrangement and separation in the divorce court.

Some men and women who remember the earnest prayers of devoted parents and the holy influence of the family altar have sought to rear their families without spiritual influence and emphasis, and with tragic results. And in many a home this beginning of moral decline and dis-

aster for adolescents has been the adoption of a new and "broad-minded" attitude toward some habits and practices which were forbidden in the home of the yesterdays.

How strong is your home? Is love the reigning, guiding influence? Is "Christ the Head" of the family circle, welcomed and honoured in the family life? Are the barriers up, strongly supported, against all evil which would threaten the moral welfare of those precious boys and girls who will be the leaders of the nation's to-morrow?

The home is the citadel of civilization. If we win the battle against sin and evil in the home, we will win it outside the home. If we lose here, we will lose everywhere. God bless our homes!

#### WHY LINCOLN REFUSED

One day Lincoln was riding in a stage-coach with a gentleman who pulled a flask out of his pocket and asked him to drink. He refused politely. They rode for a number of miles, chatting pleasantly, when the Colonel offered Lincoln a cigar. Again he said no, adding, "Let me tell you a story, an experience I had when I was a small boy." This was the story:

"My mother called me to her bed one day when I was about nine years old. She was sick—very sick—and she said to me, 'Abey, the doctor tells me I am not to get well. I want you to promise me before I go that you never will use whiskey nor tobacco as long as you live.' And I promised my mother I never would. And up to this hour, Colonel, I have kept that promise. Now would you advise me to break that promise to my angel mother and take a smoke with you?"

The Colonel put his hand gently on Mr. Lincoln's shoulder and said with a voice trembling with emotion, "No, Mr. Lincoln, I wouldn't have you do it for the world. It was one of the best promises you ever made. And I would give a thousand dollars today if I had made my mother a promise like that and had kept it as you have done."—Pillar of Fire.

#### A SERMONETTE

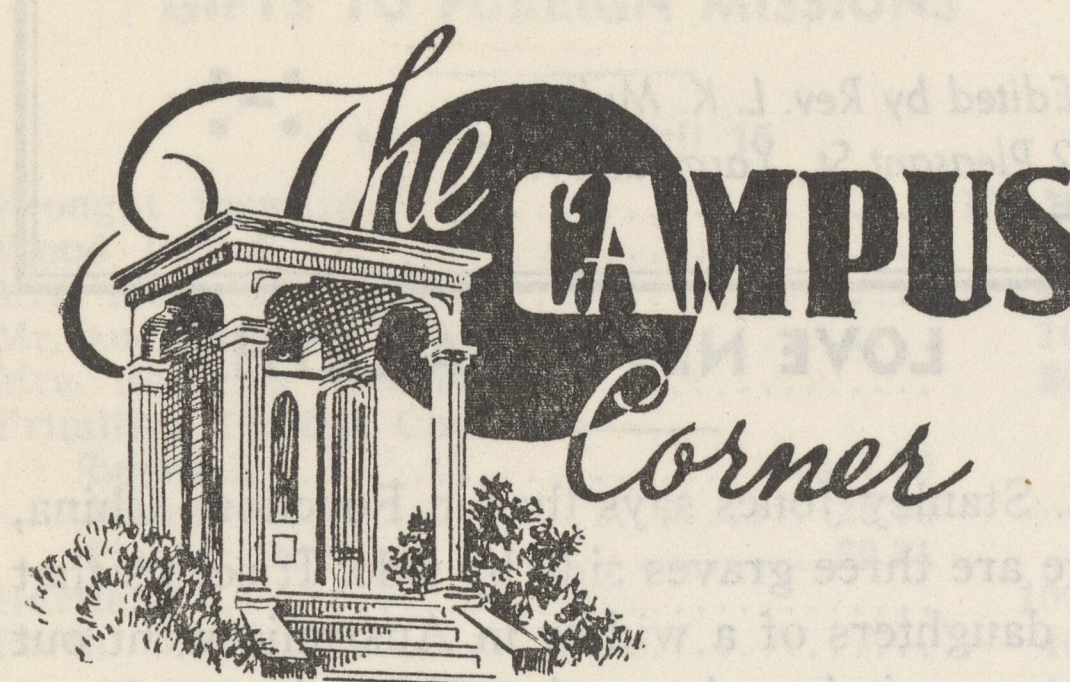
##### CHRIST THE HOME-BREAKER

It may seem strange, and to some inappropriate for us to present our Lord in such a role as this. Yet He thus identifies Himself.

"I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law.

Jesus calls us to follow Him though it may mean conflict in the home and severance of the ties of natural affinity. Father or mother may oppose, still we must follow Him. Husband or wife may be bent on a worldward course, but He beckons us on to the heavenward way. "He that loveth father or mother more than Me, is not worthy of Me. He that forsaketh not all that he hath, cannot be My disciple."

Earthly loss, suffered for His sake, will bring heavenly gain. If father and mother forsake then the Lord will take us up. If brother and sister choose the way of the world, spiritual union and fellowship with the family of God will compensate our loss. If we are turned out of doors because of unwavering fidelity to the Christ, we shall be received into the celestial habitations in the making "for them that love Him."



#### BETHANY'S IMMEDIATE NEEDS

Never in the history of any religious institution has there been a time when there has not been some need. In this, Bethany is no exception. From the time our college was organized until the present, Bethany has experienced times of special need. Today Bethany is in special need of:

1. **PRAYER.** It is comforting to the staff and students of Bethany to know some people are constantly remembering the college in prayer. It is our desire that Bethany become a name included on the prayer list of many of God's prayer warriors. The progress of any religious work depends much upon the faithfulness of God's people in the matter of prayer. Bethany needs your prayers in a special way at this time. Can we depend on your prayers?

2. **CO-OPERATION.** In the book of Exodus chapter 17 we read of the Israelites and the forces of Amalek being engaged in battle at Rephidim. While the forces of Israel were engaged in battle, Moses, Aaron and Hur went up to the top of the hill. When Moses lifted up his hands Israel prevailed. When he lowered his hands Amalek prevailed. Moses was unable physically, to hold his hands up long enough for Israel to gain a complete victory. His act was symbolic of an engagement in prayer. His effort alone could not win the battle. At the critical moment, Aaron and Hur saw how they could co-operate with Moses and do their part in helping save the armies of God from destruction. These two men sat Moses on a stone. Aaron stood on one side of Moses and Hur stood on the other side. Together these two men held up the hands of Moses until Israel won the battle.

Let me suggest that the reader may co-operate with the program of the church; and enable the church to be influential through the hands of truth and light, which Bethany endeavours to hold high. Without your co-operation, we labour in vain. Let us finish the task which God has given us to do through your Bible college.

3. **FINANCES.** Up until the middle of March, our churches were quite faithful in supporting Bethany financially. Since that time little money has come into our college treasury. In fact, only about \$200.00. As a result, there was not enough money in the treasury to pay the faculty and staff on April 15th. We face a similar obligation April 30th with no money to meet this obligation. In addition, we have outstanding bills to be paid. Can we depend on you for help? Your Bethany staff is not complaining. But, they need your help. They are worthy of it. Your help NOW will save us from unnecessary personal embarrassment as well as embarrassment of the college.

Many of our churches have paid their budget in full. Others are nearly paid up; but still others have made no contribution at all on their budget. We want to encourage each church to do its part to help your college NOW. Personal gifts are also appreciated.

Now, let us stop and summarize for a moment: PRAYER! CO-OPERATION! FINANCES! Is there a connection between them? Yes, indeed.

Careful consideration of Prayer and Co-operation will automatically take care of the finances. This in the new Testament method of carrying on the program of spreading the gospel.

#### BUDGET AND GIFTS

Glassville Church.....\$15.00  
Mrs. Robert Russel.....25.00  
(Credited to Presque Isle Church Budget)

Mr. Guy Hall, in memory of his wife, Mrs. Annie (Rogers) Hall..... 5.00  
Every gift is received with appreciation.

#### COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

June 9-11

Look for more particulars in the next issue of the Highway.

#### THE SPRINGS OF PASGAH

(Cont'd from Page One)

with Elijah, representing the prophets, and Jesus, representing Grace. The final lesson of this wonderful event was: "When they (the disciples) lifted up their eyes, they saw no man save Jesus only."

I suggest to you that in salvation the Law still has a place. The seventh chapter of Romans is a period of human experience that is vital to salvation, and one of the reasons for so much superficial work at our altars these days is, the seeker knows so little of that experience Paul knew when he said, "I was alive without the law once, but when the commandment came, sin revived and I died." Too many haven't travelled far enough with Moses to discover why they need a Saviour. When the Law thunders its verdict of condemnation the gospel of the grace of God becomes exceedingly precious. While the Law cannot take us into the Land it is "our school-master to bring us to Christ."

"To hear from you is my greatest joy. Your ennobling influence seems to permeate the very atmosphere and encircles me with a living protection that is indescribably wonderful." Long-fellow to his mother.

#### HOME IN VIEW

John Newton

As when the weary traveller gains  
The height of some o'erlooking hill,  
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains  
He eyes his home, though distant still.

While he surveys the much-loved spot,  
He slights the space that lies between;  
His past fatigues are now forgot,  
Because his journey's end is seen.

Thus when the Christian pilgrim views  
By faith his mansion in the skies,  
The sight his fainting strength renews,  
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

The thought of home his spirit cheers;  
No more he grieves for troubles past,  
Nor any future trial fears,  
So he may safe arrive at last.

"Tis there," he says, "I am to dwell  
With Jesus in the realms of day;  
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,  
And He shall wipe my tears away."

Jesus, on Thee our hope depends  
To lead us on to Thine abode;  
Assured our home will make amends  
For all our toil while on the road.

#### Rev. H. S. Dow

On April 13th, Henry Smith Dow went to be with the Lord. His passing removes from our denominational sphere one of the best known and most influential men of the last generation of our history.

Brother Dow was ordained to the Gospel ministry as an elder of the Reformed Baptist Church in the year 1910. He left a prosperous and promising business to answer God's call to Christian service. Before entering the work of the ministry he was a valued and active member of our church at Woodstock, N. B.

Through the years of his ministry, Rev. H. S. Dow was known as a man of unwavering loyalty to the truth, of deep devotion to the Lord, and of sacrificial spirit in service. His sermons, prayers, and kindly counsel brought blessing to a host of people, young and old. He was a faithful pastor and diligent in the pursuit of duty in public ministrations, in home visitation, and in personal witnessing. He was "instant in season, and out of season," bearing his witness for Christ into the common ways of life, talking with fellow travellers about their souls, a business man in the shop, a casual acquaintance on the street, or a man to whom he gave a "lift" as he journeyed in his car.

Brother Dow was active and alert until the last few months of his life. Until last summer when he suffered a stroke, he was amazingly well and vigorous for a man in his late seventies. He preached with an effectiveness comparable to his earlier years, his testimony and prayers at last year's Beulah Camp were pregnant with praise to the Saviour. A familiar scriptural expression of Brother Dow's testimony was: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour." That spirit of praise he has borne with him as he went to join the spirits of just men made perfect. The following poem, read at the funeral service, we print in memory of this respected servant of God.

#### I'M NOT GROWING OLD

By John E. Roberts

They say that I am growing old,  
I've heard them tell it times untold,  
In language plain and bold—  
But I'm NOT growing old.  
This frail old shell in which I dwell  
Is growing old, I know full well—  
But I am not the shell.

What if my hair is turning grey?  
Grey hairs are honourable, they say;  
What if my eyesight is growing dim?  
I still can see to follow Him  
Who sacrificed His life for me  
Upon the Cross of Calvary.  
What should I care if Time's old plow  
Has left its furrows on my brow?  
Another house, not made by hand,  
Awaits me in the Glory Land.

What though I falter in my walk?  
What though my tongue refuses to talk?  
I still can tread the Narrow Way,  
I still can watch and praise and pray.  
My hearing may not be so keen  
As in the past it may have been,  
Still, I can hear my Saviour say  
In whispers soft, "This is the way."  
The outward man—do what I can  
To lengthen out his life's short span—  
Shall perish, and return to dust,  
As everything in nature must.

The inward man, the Scriptures say,  
Is growing stronger every day.  
Then how can I be growing old  
When safe within my Saviour's fold?  
E're long my soul shall fly away,  
And leave this tenement of clay.  
"This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise  
To seize the everlasting prize"—  
I'll meet you on the Streets of Gold,  
And PROVE that I'm not growing old.