

## WHEN THE MODERN TIDE STRUCK

By Paul Rader, D. D.

I will never forget when the modern tide struck our home. My sister weighed one hundred pounds. She was an artist, nervous and temperamental and all that kind of stuff that we had to watch out for. She was an artist, while we had to make our own living. She got music and some other ideas in her head, and came home from college the first year. That morning after breakfast, when we had prayer, she rose sweetly and excused herself and went upstairs.

She "got by" with it that morning, but father "took note of it;" and the next morning, when she excused herself, he said, "Sit still."

"But really," she pouted, "I don't care to stay."

"That doesn't make any difference—stay!"

"I think a person should have some liberty in religion," she answered.

"You can have all the liberty you please in religion," Father told her, "but I run this house; I paid for your rug, I bought the clothes you have on, I paid for your education. Sit down there quietly and listen while a father who loves you reads and prays."

My big brother came home one day. He had made money for himself and had a big fat cigar in his mouth. He smoked it awhile on the back porch. Father came out, reached out his hand, took the cigar and throwing it into the garden, said, "Don't smoke them around here any more."

"I would like to know what right you have to throw that cigar out," brother complained.

"You know my idea," Father answered. "This is my house. I am rearing boys and making a specialty of it, and you don't get by with that kind of stuff. When you are working for a man he can tell you whether to smoke in his office or in his warehouse. I am running this house. God gave me the command to do so."

"I will go somewhere else," my brother threatened.

"I am sorry: I love you," Father replied quietly, "but if you want the cigar worse than you do the home, you can go."

He went away three weeks, and came back and said, "Dad, you are all right. I submit and will play the game according to the rules."

Most people say, "Well, you have to let children have their way."

Is that so? Then good-bye to home, to government, to everything. God will not stand for that.

I had a father who stood by the river of life, thank God, an old pile-driver, and smiled while he drove down the jetty. He never licked me in his life, but I always knew I had one coming if I needed it. He raised ten children and he did it as an undermaster of God.

You never saw a spoiled boy in your life to whom the mother had given anything she had, that would not take that little mother and trample on her heart before he got through.

I thought I was getting away with something. I left my father's Christ and the Bible because of the teaching in the universities into which I went. The antichrist spirit of plunder in modern "kultur" clothes attracted me. I

## MINISTERS AND CHURCHES

Rev. and Mrs. H. E. Mullen write: "We arrived home May 2nd. Mr. Mullen is suffering considerably but the surgeon promised me that I will regain my health. It will be another month before I will be able to take up my work. We wish to thank those who remembered us with cards, letters, and gifts of money. The Lord supplied all our needs. Sufficient money came in to pay all expenses. We also appreciated the generous gifts from the Seal Cove and Fredericton churches."

Rev. R. T. Benson, who has been serving as pastor of our church at Westchester, N. S., writes that he is open for a call as the Lord may lead.

Rev. Grace Sanders sailed from Montreal for South Africa Thursday, May 17th.

## THE HIGHWAY NEEDS FINANCIAL HELP

Coming to the close of another church year, we are facing a financial deficit in our King's Highway accounts. A few churches and individuals have sent in contributions to the Supplementary Fund and these gifts have been helpful. If some other churches and interested individuals would do likewise, we might balance the books for the church year. Can you or your church help? Please send contributions to Rev. E. W. Tokley, Box 277, Moncton, N. B.

## ARE YOU A TRANSLATOR?

Mr. and Mrs. George Archibald, campaigning for the British and Foreign Bible Society, began work in the coal fields. Everywhere they were welcomed by the ministers and their families. In the villages other young people were won, and these, too, began to take responsibility. One young miner, frequently out with the team, was asked by his marra where he and his gang were going that day, and then: "What have you got to do with the Bible Society, anyway?"

"Oh," said George, "I'm a translator."

"What, you a translator?"

"Yes," said George, "I'm busy translating the New Testament into my daily life."

—"The Bible in the World"

lost my fatih. My father died, and before he died, he turned his face Heavenward with the happiest, most beautiful smile. Some one leaned over the bed and said, "Dr. Rader, how can you smile like that when there is not one of your children that is serving the Lord?"

He smiled back as he answered, "That doesn't matter a bit. It was settled long ago. I brought them up as He commanded me. They will every one be in. They are a strong-headed group, but God will lead them. He will bring them in."

And every one of them is in tonight, yes, every one.

God talks to fathers and mothers, and God stands behind fathers and mothers with all the army and navy of Heaven when they stand Godward for their children. Oh, for a praying fatherhood in our nation, and mothers who pray for their children! I tell you God hears them, He hears, He hears!—Gospel Herald.

## OBITUARY

Mrs. Mary Caldwell, widow of the late Lawson Caldwell, passed away at her home in Westchester, N. S., Friday, April 27th, in her 101st year. Mrs. Caldwell was a charter member of the Reformed Baptist Church of Westchester, and at the time of her passing was the oldest living member of the Reformed Baptist Church of Canada.

Sister Caldwell was a lifelong Christian neighbour and friend. Although she had been unable to attend the church services for some time, her interest in and support of the work had been faithful right up to the time of her passing. Those who knew our sister will remember her ready smile and cheerful greeting to all who called. Mrs. Caldwell had her treasures in heaven and her heart was there. She, like Paul, had a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better."

Funeral service was held from the late home on Sunday afternoon, conducted by her pastor, Rev. R. T. Benson, assisted by Rev. Mr. Todd, of the United Baptist Church. The large attendance and beautiful floral tributes expressed the high esteem in which Sister Caldwell had been held. Interment was in the Westchester cemetery.

## WEDDING

Mullen-Greaves—At the residence of Rev. M. M. Grant, Digby, N. S. April 29, 1956, Ruth Victoria Greaves and Ivan Henry Mullen were united in marriage by Rev. M. M. Grant.

## ANNUAL ALLIANCE SESSIONS

The Sixty-eighth Annual Session of the Alliance of the Reformed Baptist Church will convene at Beulah Camp Ground, Wednesday, July 4, 1956. There will be a devotional service at 10.30 a.m. and the first business session will be at 2.00 p.m.

H. R. Ingersoll,  
Alliance Secretary.

## REGARDING ALLIANCE MINUTES

Pastors are requested to appoint collectors in local churches for the Alliance Minute Fund. Minute books will be fifty cents each this year and co-operation is needed that sufficient funds be supplied to finance publication of reports received and business transacted at this year's Alliance Sessions.

## BEULAH CAMP DAILY SCHEDULE

6.00 a.m.	Sunrise Prayer Meeting.
7.00 a.m.	Breakfast.
8.30 a.m.	Family Prayer.
9.00 a.m.	Daily Vacation Bible School.
9.30 a.m.	Love Feast.
10.45 a.m.	Preaching by the Evangelist.
12.15 p.m.	Dinner.
2.00 p.m.	Preaching Service.
3.30 p.m.	Young People's Meeting.
5.15 p.m.	Supper.
7.30 p.m.	Evangelistic Service. Preaching by the Evangelist.

On Sundays the Love Feast begins at 9.00 a.m. and the evangelist preaches morning, afternoon and evening. Sunday evening services at 7.00 o'clock.

The King's Highway