

# The King's Highway

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness

— THE ORGAN OF THE —  
REFORMED BAPTIST ALLIANCE

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L. K. Mullen, Editor; E. W. Tokley, Associate Editor and  
Business Manager; W. E. Green, Editor Y. P. Page

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Mullen, Box 723, Woodstock, N. B.

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## — Editorials —

### NO TIME TO RELAX

The latest estimate from the International Commission for the Prevention of Alcoholism is that there are 6,000,000 alcoholics in the U.S. The Commission estimates that one of every nine Americans who begins drinking will become an alcoholic.

The trend is obvious. Alcohol is becoming more and more of a problem. The situation will not get better. The evil effects of the use of alcohol are being felt as never before — in industry, in the home, in colleges and high schools, in the social life, and on the highways.

We in Canada have no better a record than our neighbor, the U.S. In fact, the record may be worse—the more shame to us!

It would appear that the cause of temperance and sobriety has taken a real licking in the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The prospect of an open bar on every other corner is not a happy one for those who deplore the sale and use of alcoholic beverages.

However, this is no time to relax our protest against the whole liquor business. The present trend calls for vigorous opposition, particularly in the Church and home, against the use of alcohol in any form. Wherever we can lend support, either as individuals, or as groups, to those in the fight against alcohol, we ought to do it with all our might.

Let us assert our right "not to drink" and make no apology to anyone for the stand that we take.

### OUR SYMPATHY

Our sympathy, by prayer and by letter, has been going out in recent days to our good missionary workers in Africa. Every missionary on the field has been affected in some way recently by the loss of loved ones. As an Alliance, we share with them these hours of grief and sorrow.

The losses have been heavy—Sister Gladys Kierstead, Rev. Mrs. H. C. Sanders, the mother of Sister Wilma Emmett, the father of Sister Uta Chase. In each instance death has come suddenly and quite unexpectedly. This has added to the sense of loss and shock by loved ones.

Most of us will never know what it means to separate from our loved ones, with the very real prospect of never seeing them again. We must not forget that the ties of love and loyalty are no less real, simply because we have

dedicated ourselves to God and to His service.

We salute our missionaries today and commend them to the God of all grace, who proves himself most precious in the hour of greatest need.

### AN ERA PASSES

With the death of Rev. Mrs. H. C. Sanders on April 24, 1962, the end has come to a great and important era in the history of the Reformed Baptist Church. Having been ordained in the year 1901 and in that same year having helped to pioneer the missionary outreach of our Church among the Zulus of South Africa, the life of Rev. Mrs. Sanders spans the total history of our missionary program. No one could represent that program better than she, for her whole life was consumed by one passion—Missions.

We stand still for a moment, in the passing of one era and the beginning of another, to pay reverent and humble tribute to the memory of a great soul. May God bless her memory among us.

### PRAYER IN ORDER

With Minister's Conference and Youth Rally in progress, with Bethany Graduation only a few weeks away, and with the Summer Camps right upon us, a strong plea for prayer is in order. Let there go to God these days from the hearts of our people a chorus of fervent prayer.

For of what benefit all these things—without God in them? These can be hallowed experiences in the lives of all if only we prepare the way for God to come.

Prayer is the fundamental preparation.

## African Diary

(Continued from Page 3)

thrill to see a great herd of blue wildebeest, better known as gnu, go dashing across the open veld. In silhouette they look like an ox, with some features of a buffalo. I also had fun chasing a very vocal baboon. I wanted a camera shot, but he seemed nervous at my approach, and I didn't know but what I should be nervous too. Probably he was quite amicable. Anyhow, I missed my shot, and he very disdainfully ambled out of sight over the hill.

As I write this, I am sitting by the school tennis courts where some of our students are enjoying the beginning of a well-earned vacation period. We are already at the mid-point of the term. Before the second half begins, the students are given four or five days for rest and recreation. It is no secret among the members of the staff that we have been looking forward to this relaxation period as much as the students. Maybe the mid-term point calls for some introspection and assessment, but at this stage in my visit there are only two observations that I would make, other than the general reaction that I have no regrets about coming to Africa.

First, I am glad that I could visit Africa at this particular juncture in history. My trip came at a time when Africa is probably the most exciting continent in the world. The last decade or so has witnessed an amazing birth of self-conscious and national spirit. Many countries have already been born and other peoples are striving for self-determination. The end is not yet. While it is true that where I am the situation is fairly stabilized—temporarily at least—it is still a most invigorating experience to be in the continent during its period of ferment and change. With most of the world weary from old age, it makes one feel as if he were back in history watching the birth of new cultural forces, economic energies, and