

# THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

In memory of Mrs. James Grant who died Nov. 28th, 1907.

Dearest mother she has left us,  
Gone to join the happy throng,  
Singing praises unto Jesus,  
In that land of light and song.

Day by day we watched beside her,  
And we knew she suffered so;  
But her faith was strong in Jesus,  
And we knew that she must go.

Oh, how sadly do we miss her,  
When the evening shades draw near;  
But we know she's with the angels,  
That dispels our doubts and fears.

Yet some day we hope to meet her,  
When the storms of life are o'er;  
There forever to be with her,  
And no sorrow shall we know.

There we will clasp the hand of mother,  
And with her we will part no more;  
What a happy, joyous meeting  
When we reach the other shore.

Composed by Mrs. Maggie Pierce, Brazil Lake, Yarmouth, N. S.

## "PRAY FOR MY BOY."

"You are the new pastor?" asked a woman in the garb of a widow, accosting a young man in the vestibule of the smallest church in a growing New England manufacturing village.

"I am madame."

"Will you pray for my boy?"

"Who is he?"

"Henry Mallard; I fancied you might know."

"Is he present?"

"Oh, no," with tears in her eyes and in her voice; "he is over at Hannum's pond fishing."

The bell struck the last call. The services began and went forward. The young pastor thought no more of Henry Mallard until he was nearly through the long prayer; then a heaven sent impulse made him say:

"And, dear Lord, save Henry Mallard, who is spending this lovely June Sunday over at Hannum's pond, fishing; save him for time and for eternity; save him so thoroughly that the advancement of thy cause may be the leading motive of his life."

It was a remarkable prayer; people yet living who heard it still remember and talk of its power. What wonder that it was the topic for all tongues when the services closed!

The youth, Henry Mallard, coming home in the late afternoon from the day's sport, met Walter Manly, one of his mates, who said:

"I want to tell you, Henry, that the new minister prayed for you to day."

"He prayed for all the sinners, no doubt," laughed the handsome youth, carelessly.

"But I want to tell you he prayed for just you, Henry Mallard over at Hannum's pond fishing."

"He didn't say that? He didn't call my name right out?"

"Yes, he did and, Henry—"

But, exclaiming, "Minister or not, I'll horse-whip him," the angry youth dashed down the street toward his home like a mad creature, seeking his mother, and repeating his assertion,

"But, my son," she expostulated, "I am praying for you all the time."

"Not out loud, by name, before everybody!"

"But everyone who knows us at all knows how grieved I am at your waywardness. It is nearly time for the evening meeting, you will escort me of course."

"Of course, but it will not change my mind, I have said that I will horse-whip that minister, and I intend to keep my word."

Often there was a thin attendance at these evening meetings; that night the room was crowded. Sometimes the boys were restless; that night there was a hush of solemnity. Often there was much backwardness about taking part; that night, no sooner was liberty given than the lad who had gone out to meet Henry that afternoon arose and said: "I wish some one would pray for me, right out plainly by name, so that every one may understand that it is Walter Manly."

The words had no sooner left his lips than a dozen other boys were on their feet with the same request. Every night that week there was a meeting in the audience room, for the chapel would not hold the crowds.

Until Friday Henry Mallard made an outward show of anger. That evening he asked the prayers of the Christians. "I,

Henry Mallard," he said, "who spent last Sunday fishing at Hannum's pond."

It was a season of great rejoicing, and as the pastor was walking home with one of the deacons, he asked, "Why is there such an abounding spirit of thankfulness over the attitude of Henry Mallard?"

"Do you know that he and his widowed mother own almost this entire village?"

"I had no idea of it," was the reply. "I noticed, of course, the deep interest that centered around the lad, but I have not had time to ask. I believe he is saved."

He was, indeed; his life of beneficence has proven it. His rapidly accumulating wealth has been scattered like the refreshing dew. There is now a large church on the site of that small one, the membership consisting in a large measure of the employes of Henry Mallard. The writer heard that pastor tell this story in the pulpit of that new church, and Henry Mallard sat enjoying it all seemingly as much as if he were not an interested party.—Selected.

## WITNESSES.

I will confess him to all the world; and I will declare unto you, in the presence of the Holy Trinity, I am "now dead indeed unto sin."—Rev. John Fletcher.

My soul was all wonder love and praise! I then declared to the people what God had done for my soul, and I have done so on every suitable occasion ever since, believing it to be my duty.—Rev. Wm. Bramwell.

Some I expect are disaffected to think I profess the doctrines of perfect love. I am ready to testify to the world that the Lord has blest my soul beyond my highest expectations. People may call this blessing what they please—faith of assurance, holiness, perfect love, sanctification.—Rev. James Brainard Taylor.

I was emptied of self and sin, and filled with God, and received the full witness of the Spirit; that and the blood of Jesus had cleansed me from all sin.—William Carvosso.

The deep of God's love swallowed me up, all its waves and billows rolled over me.—Bishop Hamline.

Suddenly I was stripped of all but love.—Bishop Whatcoat.

I sunk down motionless, being unable to sustain the weight of his glorious presence, and fullness of his love.—Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers.

I was then redeemed by a mighty power, and filled with the blessing of perfect love. I was distinctly conscious when I received it.—Dr. Upham.

I rejoiced in the assurance that I was wholly sanctified throughout body, soul and spirit.—Mrs. Phoebe Palmer.

I rest in him; I dwell in him. Sinking into him, I lose myself, and prove a life of fellowship with Diety so divinely sweet, I would not relinquish it for a thousand worlds.—Lady Maxwell.

Having truth and duty, reason and scripture on our side, let us, dear brother, or sister in Christ, hold on our way, and profess a good profession before many witnesses.

So conscious was I of the joyful presence of the Holy Spirit that I could scarcely refrain from leaping with transports of joy. My soul was filled and overwhelmed with light and love, and joy in the Holy Ghost.—Mrs. President Edwards.

O the precious blood, the precious blood, the precious cleansing blood of Jesus, Alfred Cookman, washed in the blood of the Lamb. My testimony is, I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.—Rev. Alfred Cookman.

The Christian at Work says: The use of beer as a pretended temperance beverage is a delusion and a snare. It is the first step toward indulgence in liquor. Thousands who are beginning the use of stimulant with beer would never think of commencing such use with whiskey. But by indulgence in in beer when natural thirst is excited by either mental or bodily exercise, or a combination of both, many begin to feel and appreciate the alcoholic stimulant it contains, and finally long for a less diluted medium of such stimulant, and one which is more rapid and potent in its effects."

The prayer that begins with trustfulness, and passes on into waiting, even while in sorrow and sore need, will always end in thankfulness and triumphant praise.—Alex Mac Laren.

## TEMPERANCE NOTES.

A delegation was appointed by the N. B. Temperance Federation to interview the government last week, and asked that a prohibitory law be enacted. Mr. J. Willard Smith of St. John headed the delegation.

A weak and flimsy argument is set up against the prohibitory law now in force in P. E. I. is that its enforcement has increased the crime of perjury, which Rev. T. Marshall in his report to the Temperance Federation gives as follows.

The only thing in the report to the seeming disadvantage of the P. E. Island law where it states "there has been an increase in the crime of perjury" arising under two sections of the act requiring persons arrested for drunkenness to state where they obtained the liquor. The report qualifies the statement by saying that twenty-two convictions against liquor sellers were directly attributable to information obtained under this clause. An other gain not stated in the report is that this section has had the effect of making it practically impossible for a good many persons to get liquor at all. The report simply states a fact common to all laws dealing with the liquor traffic. Any law enforced with equal vigor would result in perjury, not because of the law but from the character of the persons put under oath. A man that would perjure himself under a prohibitory law would do the same under any other act that contravened his personal interests and inclinations. The evidence showed perjury under the Scott Act as great in proportion to the number of cases tried as under the Prohibitory Act. The judges of England where there is neither Scott Act nor Prohibition, bitterly complain that the great prevalence of perjury is not confined to Scott Act counties or to cases arising in connection with that act. Perjury is an evil, a degrading thing, and you may paint it in its darkest colors, but it is not one thousandth part as evil and degrading as the liquor traffic. Not only the sanctity of an oath, but everything sacred, even life itself, is ruthlessly violated by the traffic in intoxicating liquors. As a misery producing cause there is no comparison between the two, and there is hardly anything so prolific in perjury as the sale and use of intoxicating liquors. The cry of perjury as being caused by prohibition is a mere bugaboo.

## WHISKEY IN MAINE

However conflicting may be the testimony as to the efficacy of prohibition in suppressing the illicit sale of liquor in Maine, there is official authority for the statement that the people of that State manage to consume a considerable quantity of intoxicants. According to the annual report of the State Commissioner of Liquors, Justin M. Leavitt, of Kennebunkport, filed at Augusta on December 31st, liquors valued at \$110,877 were sold to the sixteen agencies in Maine during the past year.

That sounds like a large amount of money to be spent for intoxicating drink in a prohibition state, but it don't look so large when put beside the statement that "nine hundred million dollars is spent by the United States as a nation as its yearly intoxicating drink bill," which will show that Maine's share of this enormous amount is but a trifle, compared with States which have no prohibitory law. Law will curtail the liquor supply, but it cannot destroy men's appetite for strong drink.

## PERSONS FOR LEAN CHRISTIANS.

They own Bibles, but feast on newspapers.

They sing about peace, but do not surrender to get it.

They pray that the kingdom of heaven may come, but block the way by worldly living.

They listen to sermons on unselfishness, but pamper themselves on food and dress.

They wear crosses, but shrink from bearing them.

They praise Christ with their lips, but declare the things he did to be wholly impracticable now.—Christian Standard.

The way to get rid of "the old man" is to have him cast out. Nothing but holy fire will kill sin. Zeal will polish the brass. Sorrow will harden, but holy fire will kill sin.

## TEACHERS WHO FAILED.

I have been in Sunday School work a quarter of a century, and I have not seen a great many out and out failures in that time. I have, however, seen some in which the causes of failure were apparent to any one who had eyes to see and ears to hear.

One in particular was that of a man of undoubted ability who failed with a class of boys because of a too dictatorial attitude toward them. His tone was always authoritative, commanding. He never asked those boys to do anything; he commanded them to do it. Of course this put every boy on the defensive, and the "you-can't boss me" spirit began to prevail. I doubt if a man of this kind can be made useful in any line of Sunday school work until he acquires a little more humility and recognizes the fact that the dictatorial attitude is always out of place in the Sunday school.

Another conspicuous failure was that of a teacher of a class of boys who went to just the other extreme and was altogether too plastic, too yielding. He did not assume enough authority to command respect from the boys. He was so eager to please that he yielded weakly to their every whim and caprice. Failure must follow this course.

A third failure of which I had knowledge when I was superintendent was traceable to the familiarity that "breeds contempt." Familiarity went so far in that class that the boys began calling the teacher by his surname, dropping the courteous "Mister" entirely. From that they began calling him "the boss."

Irregular attendance on the part of the teacher, insufficient knowledge of the lessons, indifference to the rules of the school, lack of personal interest in his scholars, inconsistencies in his own life—all these and other causes we have not space to mention are at the bottom of many Sunday school teachers' failures.—Mantony Marlowe in Baptist teacher.

## A SCIENCE.

When Whitelock was about to embark as Cromwell's envoy to Sweden, in 1655, he was much disturbed in mind as he rested in Hardwich on the preceding night, which was very stormy, while he reflected on the distracted state of the nation. A confidential servant slept in adjacent bed, who, finding that his master could not sleep, said:

"Pray, sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?"

"Certainly."

"Pray, sir, don't you think God governed the world very well before you came into it?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And pray, sir, don't you think that he will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it?"

"Certainly."

"Then, sir, pray excuse me, but don't you think you may as well trust him to govern it as long as you are in it?"

To this question Whitelock had nothing to reply, and turning about, soon fell asleep.—Sel.

## SUSANNAH WESLEY'S CRITERION FOR AMUSEMENTS.

When John Wesley was a student in college his mother wrote him these wise words of advise: "My son, would you judge of the lawfulness of any proposed pleasure, take this rule: whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off your relish for spiritual things; whatever increases the authority of your body over your mind, that pleasure, to you, is sin."

In these days when there is so much discussion of the amusement question, wise or other wise, any one who will honestly apply Susannah Wesley's criterion will find little difficulty in determining what amusements ought to be rejected by one who desires to love the Lord with all his heart and serve him acceptably. Sel.

If Blackstone's interpretation of law is worthy of any consideration, then every legalized saloon is a travesty on law. Listen to the great jurist's definition: "Law is a rule of civil conduct prescribed by the supreme power of the State commanding what is right and prohibiting what is wrong."

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

### POETRY VERSUS COMMON SENSE.

Virginia, as pretty as seventeen may be, had stopped in the waiting room of a department store to write a note. As soon as she finished, a richly dressed woman, sitting near, met her lifted glance with a smile.

"You must forgive my staring," she said. "I can't resist the picture."

Virginia flushed. "Pardon my speaking," the stranger went on, sweetly. "You are so like a friend of mine in the East that I feel as if I knew you. I used to live there, but I've been so homesick and lonely since we came here!"

"I get loney, too, sometimes," Virginia answered. "This isn't my home. I came here to study art."

They drifted naturally into a chat, and when Virginia rose to go, her self-made acquaintance followed her.

"I can't bear to let you go; it's love at first sight!" she declared, as they neared the street door. "Why, if there isn't my husband! I'm so glad we met you, Jack! I want you to know this sweet girl, for I've lost my heart to her, and I'm begging her to come to dinner with us Sunday night."

"Hope she'll accept, I'm sure," the man responded as she was introduced. "I just escaped greeting her as Miss Hampstead—she's so like her. Miss Hampstead is one of our famous beauties in New York," he added to Virginia, with an admiring smile that brought the color.

Before they parted, Virginia had taken their telephone number, and promised to call them up the next day if she should find that she could postpone a previous engagement for Sunday night. In that case, "Jack" was to send a carriage for her at six o'clock. They on the way to her boarding place she dropped in to tell her mother's old friend, Mrs. Mayfair, about her adventure.

"But how do you know they're not impostors?" was the prompt query.

"Oh you could tell easily enough. They're lovely people. They live on Grand Boulevard. She just took a sudden fancy to me, that's all."

"Nevertheless," said Mrs. Mayfair, firmly, "Mr. Mayfair shall look up that telephone number before you say you'll go."

Half-laughing Virginia agreed, but there was not a shadow of the laugh left when she heard Mr. Mayfair's report. The Grand Boulevard residence of these people did not exist, and the telephone number given indicates a quarter of the city where it would be unsafe for a young girl to go.

After they had talked it out, Virginia exclaimed, "But I don't want to learn to suspect everybody! it's better to trust and be deceived."

"Which doesn't mean, my child," Mr. Mayfair broke in, "that I'm dumbly to receive counterfeit money at my bank rather than doubt it. We can't carry on the business of life that way."

"But you must assume that all the good money is counterfeit, too?"

"Test. Learn to test. Excessive flattery is a pretty good sign of bogus humanity. If a stranger should come into the bank and tell me he liked my looks because I was a counterpart of his friend, Prince Charming, do you think I'd take him to my heart at once? Of course, that wouldn't be so likely to deceive a grizzled old man like me, but even in your case—"

"Please, that's enough, Mr. Mayfair," said Virginia, wincing. "You've made your point."—Youth's Companion.

The old bachelor and the old maid—the bachelor maid—have made reputations on telling people how to rear children. Much fun has been made at their expense. The truth is, the fathers and mothers say very little on this subject because of the records which they have made in their own children. The old bachelor's sermon and the bachelor maid's dissertation are full of wholesome advice and do not fall short of the truth, and parents know it; but their ideals have not been upheld in the practice of fathers and mothers.—Sel.

Maintain your attitude toward Jesus Christ as he maintains his toward you.—Mr. Walter Bradford.