

**The Boiler Room Bible Class.**

"I never knowed one," said Shapleigh, rolling a huge quid of tobacco from side to side of his ample jaw. "I've seen pious people of most all perfessions, but I never did see a pious 'puddler,' an' I've ben in the Steel Works goin' onto twenty-nine year."

"Well," said his comrade, you're bound to be surprised then; this Jones is coming here as boss puddler, and Wheeler told me that he saw the same man teaching of a Sunday-school class up to the North End."

"He must hev ben mistakened," was the positive answer.

But he was not. The "boss puddler," Mr. Jones, took his place in the Steel Works the next morning, and the brawny men who made up his gang waited in silence for the first orders. They came as soon as he had taken a deliberate survey of the premises.

"He knows his business, said Shapleigh, as his friend stood beside him a few hours after the new boss had come.

"Do you think that he is pious?" inquired the other, anxiously.

"Pious! no sir! he ain't no lamb, he's a regular lion. Did ye see him pick up that crucible; there isn't another man in the Works that can do it as easily as he did."

A number of days passed, and the men came to like their new overseer extremely; but it began to be whispered about among them that he hadn't sworn since he had been there.

"That's all right," said Shapleigh; he isn't acquainted, an' I don't like to branch out just yet. Wait awhile until young Connors breaks something, an' then, you mark my words, he will just lift the roof."

Connors blundered, bent and broke, with all his unfortunate might, but no oath came from the boss. The matter was growing serious. Perhaps, after all, "Brother Jones," for so he was called by the younger men, was pious. Before they had opportunity to speculate further, the object of all this anxious inquiry settled the question forever by a few simple words.

"Shapleigh," he began, "I heard a sermon last winter, in which the preacher said there was no real devil—that what we thought was the devil was really only the bad that was in us from the beginning."

"Well, perhaps he knowed as much about it as any of 'em."

"I don't know about that," said the boss, in his shrewd, matter-of-fact way. "I thought as long as he took his text from the Bible, that I would see if the same book wouldn't prove him wrong."

"An' did it?"

"Oh, I haven't tried it yet. Come out in the boiler-house after the next heat, and you shall keep tally while I hunt up the places."

"The boiler house," thought Shapleigh, "that is where all the puddlers loaf and smoke between heats."

True to the appointment, Shapleigh was on hand, and soon the two were discussing passages that the pocket Concordance pointed out. Before long everyone present was deeply interested in the search, and when the whistle blew, Jones said carelessly;

"Some of you fellows hunt up another Bible for tomorrow, will you? and, Thompson, you bring a pencil and some paper to keep account of the points. Look alive now, boys, or our heat will be late!"

The next day three brought Bibles and finished the question to their hearts content, agreeing solemnly that the Bible taught a personal devil.

Another question was raised by one of the men, and settled the same way. The profane puddlers, so suddenly transformed into Bible students, began to be interested in their novel work. Their boss was so popular, so much one of themselves that they never imagined a trap, and when he proposed that they go into a Bible class up town for one Sunday, just to see what a "real perfessional" would say with regard to the questions that they had settled, every one agreed.

The next Sabbath they were all in the class named, much to the surprise of the worthy teacher.

"You didn't tell him we was comin'?"

said Shapleigh to his overseer, with sudden suspicion.

"Not a word," was the earnest reply.

They listened with respectful gravity throughout the lesson, and one or two made brief comments.

The next Sunday three of them went again, and ere long all but one had joined the class.

"Boss," said Shapleigh one morning as they worked side by side, "I'll feeling pretty good today."

"Are you?" said the other.

"Yes, an' I'll tell you why. Thompson an' I was a-readin' of that verse where it tells about a person's sins being all blot- ted clean out, an' we made up our minds that it was just exactly what we wanted; so we prayed, an' boss, I can't tell you how I feel, but"—here the old man's voice broke, and his eyes filled—"I've been prayin' ever since, an' I'm so happy that I just have to hold myself to keep from shoutin' out that tune that they sing up thar, 'All hail the power of Jesus' name.'"

All but one of "Brother Jones'" class found the Master; and now to find in the Steel Works a puddler that swears, is as rare as it formerly was to find one who did not.—H. C. P., in The Safeguard.

**Avoiding Temptation.**

"Not your environment makes you but that part of your environment to which you attend makes you. The same environment means very different things to different men. Why? Because men are attending to different things in it.

"Remember that every thought, by its very presence in the mind, tends to pass into act, and will do so unless it is hindered by the presence of some other thought leading in another direction. This principle is of very great importance in all our moral and spiritual life, with- stand beginnings. Do not dally with temptation. Do not tarry in the presence of it. Avoid the least thought of it."

So says President King of Oberlin College; and a yet wiser man has said: "Enter not into the path of the wicked and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away." Prov. 4:14, 15.—Exchange.

**Peculiar by Right.**

Holiness people who have the real ex- perience are by right and duty and choice peculiar people. They cannot be other- wise, they do not intend or expect to be otherwise, and glory in being different from the world; one of their uppermost thoughts is to be different from the world, not merely because they want to be different from some one else, but they are certain that the world in spirit and practice is wrong, is of the devil, and to be of and like the world either in spirit or practice is to be of the devil. Being of God, holiness people seek earnestly to be so different from the world far and near as a peculiar people. Instead of being ashamed of the differ- ence, it is their glory.—Wesleyan Meth- odist.

**The Cleansing Blood**

The apostle said, "If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellow- ship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." Gracious promise! Nothing can take the place of the blood. Not only sins in the plural—all kinds and all de- grees—but sin in the singular—the root of every other sin, the "carnal nature", the "old man"—the blood covers and makes possible freedom from its power. A purified church and people is God's ideal. But this means personal holiness which should be a characteristic of God's saints. "This is the will of God even your sanctification." We love what God loves. He loved holiness so much that He gave us a Holy Bible and a holy religion. Carnal cleanness is not sufficient; moral uprightness is not sufficient; our aim must be holiness, as God is holy, and as it was manifested by Jesus Christ. "Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God."—Wesleyan Methodist.

Behavior is a mirror in which every one displays his own image.—Goethe.

**Some Shall Go.**

Some one shall go at the Master's word  
Over the sea's to the lands afar,  
Telling to those who have never heard  
What His wonderful mercies are  
Shall it be you—Shall it be I—  
Who shall haste to tell what we know  
so well?  
Shall you? Shall I?

Some one shall gather the sheaves for  
Him  
Some one shall bind them with joy-  
ful hand,  
Some one shall toil thro' the shadows  
dim,  
For the morn in the heav'nly land.  
Shall it be you—Shall it be I—  
Who shall bind the corn for the golden  
morn?  
Shall you? Shall I?

Some one shall travel with eager feet  
Over the mountain and through  
the wild,  
Bringing the news of redemption sweet  
To each wandering, sinful child.  
Shall it be you—Shall it be I—  
Who shall sound the tale over hill and  
vale?  
Shall you? Shall I?

Some one shall carry His banner high,  
Weaving it out where the foe holds  
sway;  
Some in His service shall live and die,  
And with Jesus shall win the day!  
Shall it be you—Shall it be I—  
Who His name shall bear, and His  
triumph share?  
Shall you? Shall I?

—Selected.

**The White Slave Traffic.**

A young English girl was on her way out to this country, hoping here to earn larger wages the better to support her widowed mother. On the steamer she met a very kind lady, who promised her employment as soon as she should arrive in Toronto. On her arrival there this lady took her to her home, showed her into a room and told her to rest and wash herself. Think- ing she was a long time alone, she thought she would go out, but found the door locked. Something seemed to tell her that she had been deceived, and she fell on her knees and implored God to protect her. While on her knees, she heard the door open, and looking up saw a man standing in the room. She pleaded with this man, begging him if he had mother or sister, for the love of them, to set her free. She so worked on his sympathy that he said: "I will let you out, but it will be at the risk of my life." She fled and found re- fuge in the Young Woman's Christian As- sociation.

Surely parents in Canada should take the utmost care of their children.

We are happy to say that during the session of the Dominion Parliament just closed, an amendment was made to the Criminal Code increasing the penalty for procuring girls, for immoral purposes, from two to five years' imprisonment. This is a step in the right direction, but how light the penalty is in comparison with the offence may be judged when one considers that for burning down a house a man is liable to imprisonment for life; for injuring a hop vine growing in a plan- tation of hops, or a grape vine growing in a vineyard, he may be sent to penitentiary, for seven years; and for the offence of damaging a tree, shrub, or underwood growing in a park, pleasure ground, or garden, or in any land adjoining or belong- ing to a dwelling house, injured to an extent exceeding in value \$5, he is liable to five years' imprisonment; exactly the same penalty as for thrusting a guileless girl into the deepest hell that can be dug out on the face of this earth.—Christian Guardian.

**How to Regain the Witness of Entire Sanctification.**

A LEAF FROM MY LIFE'S HISTORY.  
REV. G. NEWTON.

I possessed the blessing of holiness, preached it, endeavored to live it, but had lost the clear witness of the Spirit of its present possession; still would confess it, and testify to it's truth, but felt in my soul a want of unction that I believe should always attend the possession to his grace, and does, as light to the sun, and, if not obstructed, will make it's power known. Late one night, after re-

tiring from a protracted meeting, in which the conflict was even, and the En- emy, at most, only kept at bay, in re- wing and endeavoring to analyze the effort of the evening, the Spirit of God led me to see that my dimness of light was not sufficient, and others were in the dark on my account. I was led again to approach the mercy-seat with cold, naked faith, perceiving that I was to be saved by faith, and not by my works, even of good desires, wishes, or resolutions; and if by faith, now was just as appropriate a time as any other would be. And without emotion of any kind, I mentally took the stand. I am now the Lord's, letting go of all the past, of neglect, unfaithfulness, &c. I was enabled to stand upon this truth, "Jesus saves me," for I trust him to save me," and from that time my witness returned.

"To any one who have lost the witness, go thou and do likewise."

FREDERICTON, N. B.,  
Aug 5th, 1909

Dear HIGHWAY:—May I write a few words in your columns.

Some time ago, after a period of two years seeking faithfully, God led me out into the light of full salvation, by the baptism of the Holy Ghost on my soul, of which I can truly witness by the evi- dence within and without my life. Praise his name forever, that he has thus led me, I now feel his presence continually.

The peaceful calm within my heart since God "sanctified me wholly," is be- yond any words that I have to express it.

For two years the way was hard and dark, but bless God, He has given me the light, where there was fear, hate, darkness and defeat, there is now faith, love, courage, light and victory.

I had the pleasure of attending the tent meetings carried on at Macnaquack, York County, from July 25th to Aug 3rd, under the direction of Evangelist Rev. P. J. Trafton. Each of Brother Trafton's sermons were powerful expo- sitions of the truth. Their presentation was very logical and deeply essenced with the Holy Spirit, especially was this so in each of the following topics. Re- pentance, Regeneration, Sin, Perfection. Brother Trafton was ably assisted in the singing by Brother F. L. Mooers, of Woodstock, a man full of the truth. Mrs. Clowes Patterson acted efficiently as organist. Brother D. F. Knight, of Kingsclear, was present and was untiring in his efforts in the meetings. Brother Knight is a war-horse for the cause of holiness.

The tent was pitched on the grounds of Mr. Glazier Currie, who also very kindly entertained the evangelist and singer and many others.

There were contingents from Frederic- ton and Gibson Sunday, July 25th, and Aug 1st. The attendance at the meet- ings was good, especially on the Sab- bath.

During the meetings the battle raged fiercely between the forces of God and holiness on one side, and Satan and pre- judice on the other. But God and holi- ness won. Only Eternity will reveal the effects of the meetings, but many be- lievers were sanctified, backsliders re- claimed and sinners brought to Christ. The people, many of them, at least, heard the whole truth for the first time. "Bless God." The chief obstacle was prejudice. God help all his believers to lose sight of meeting houses and chris- tianity and see, hear and know God only. I know that true and deep peace come to several for the first time, and a founda- tion has been laid, which, if not neglect- ed, must develope for much good in the future. God bless the people of Mac- naquack and lead them out into the whole truth. God has kindled the fire of holiness in this fair land of ours, which all the forces of prejudice, ignorance and hate cannot extinguish.

Dear HIGHWAY:—I thank you for space, and hope that those who read this may lift up their hearts to God for the way he has led me into the full light of his great Salvation.

H. W. McCUTCHEON.

To be able to have the things we want that is riches; but to be able to do with out—that is power.—George MacDonald

"To watch makes one pray, and pray- ing makes one watchful."

"The fear of tomorrow robs you of force for today."

**Jesus, My Portion.**

W. A. RICHARDS.

Saviour, if through my life of toil and  
care  
I may but feel  
Thy presence, may but know that thou  
art near  
To sooth and heal  
By thy restoring word,  
I cannot plead

For more, Thy smiles, thy cheering voice,  
thy love,—  
If I but have  
This grace, these blessed gifts, so far  
above  
What earth can give,  
Thy fulness shall afford  
All that I need.

If, when thy righteous will is done, and  
when  
At last 'twill be  
My time to fall, I feel thine arms are  
then

Encircling me  
In strong, divine embrace,  
'Tis all I'd seek;

Then I my weary, fainting head can lay  
On thy dear breast,  
Glad that life's toils and cares have  
passed away;  
And I can rest,  
Beholding thy dear face,  
In bliss complete.

FLORENCEVILLE, N. B.

Aug. 10th, 1909.

Dear Editor:—Praise the Lord for His glory in my soul. He is blessing and guiding me these days and I am rejoicing in his love.

We are endeavoring as the days go by to do work for the Master, in our humble sphere and way.

It is our privilege to superintend two Sabbath schools, and teach a class in each, and give a message to a handful of people in a country district each Sabbath.

We are blessed in our souls, at times, in an abundant measure.

We became acquainted with the peo- ple at River Bank (three miles below Florenceville station) last summer, and attended the Sabbath school and prayer meeting, Sabbath afternoon. They de- sired us come down regularly this sum- mer, and we have done so. We have a good Sabbath school, but only a few came out to the meeting.

Bros. Ward and Cox from Hartland came up one Sunday and we had a grand feast.

I want to testify to the way God can and will lead in giving the message. I know that in every case, we have been led of the spirit, never more marked- ly than on last Sabbath.

We had been away from home all the week and working hard and at Saturday night we had not been directed to any particular thought, I retired with the prayer to God to direct the thought. I awoke in the night with these words in my ears. "Thy word have I hid in mind heart, that I might not sin against thee Psalm, 119:11.

I thanked God for the word, and the afternoon service was a wonderful season of refreshing and blessing, our souls were blessed, and we believe brought a blessing to others.

Mrs. Charlton has been attending with us the past few Sabbaths, to help in the music, and this has been a great source of help and blessing.

It is her purpose to go regularly if God permits. We are believing God for victory. We need your prayers.

Yours in Christ,

S. B. CHARLTON.

**"He"**

True love in the Holy Ghost is without measure; with no abatement. It is to love him only, to wish to converse with Him continually, to sigh and languish after Him. Our delight should be in Him, and we should desire none beside Him. He should be the object of our affections, the end of our actions, the flower of our love, the delight of all our asperations, and the governing power of our whole soul. This is true love to God in the Holy Ghost.—Living Epistle.

God is love, and heaven is the place where God dwells. Then can we not have heaven in our hearts?

SALLIE A. SANTER,