

September 15, 1913

THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

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Correspondence.

Mr. Baker, Dear Sir,—

Please find enclosed six dollars. One dollar for our renewal to the Highway, and five for the Home and Foreign Missions. We are glad to-day that Jesus has opened our eyes to the truth; glad we know Him as the way, the truth and the life. We praise the dear Lord to-day for full salvation. We praise Him for the cleansing blood.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh D. Johnson.

Gordonsville, Carleton Co., N. B.,
September 12th, 1913.

Dear Highway,—You may be glad to hear of my whereabouts and the progress of the work. Shortly after writing my last letter I went to Beals, Me., to assist in a quarterly meeting which opened on the evening of Aug. 28th. God gave us a time of refreshing together. I enjoyed much liberty in preaching to this people and trust that eternity shall reveal the good that was accomplished in the services. God has a faithful people on this island of the sea, and may numbers of the young people who attended the services be the faithful soldiers to fill up the ranks of God's marching army. On Monday evening, Sept. 1st, a profitable service was held at Jonesport, where one soul returned to its rest in Christ. Personally I enjoyed the trip very much, and was kindly entertained at the home of Brother Willis Beal. May the Lord richly bless this household and all others who by faith and love follow in the steps of the Nazarene.

At the present we are engaged in a meeting at Gordonsville, where Bro. P. J. Trafton is the faithful pastor. There has been no break of marked importance here yet, but the congregations and attention have been good, and we believe God is moving on the hearts of many whose lives have been far away from the Saviour.

I wish to add my testimony and praise God this morning for saving my life from sin and its follies, for rescuing my soul from the Devil and all of his ways. I find the blood flowing over my soul washing away every sin, and cleansing it from all pollution. May God help us to walk in the light of his face.

Yours in Christ's service,

Frederick T. Wright.

Royalton, Car. Co.,
Royalton, Car. Co., N. B.,
Sept. 6th, 1913.

Dear Highway,—

Perhaps by this time some of your readers will be wondering what has become of me, and would like to know how I fare. Well, let me say first of all that it is well with my soul. I am fully trusting Jesus and am still in possession of the pearl of great price—a clean heart.

In response to a call from this church, and by God's direction I accepted the pastorate here. Since coming, the Lord has been so kind as to provide a home for us, so now my wife and I are snugly located and keeping house for ourselves. We both like the country and people well. Are contented and satisfied that we are in God's will. The people have received us kindly, and treated us well. We have already received a lot of tangible tokens of their kindness for which we feel grateful and thank God. We have no fears of going hungry. The services have been well attended and were seasons of blessing. The outlook seems very hopeful. We believe that by the help of God much can be accomplished for the kingdom.

There is a wide field for service and plenty to be done, and it is our intention to do our best, let it be much or little. We have not been able to do much visiting as yet, on account of getting settled in our new home, but do not intend to neglect this very important part of the work. I thank you for the valuable space taken this time and warn you to expect to hear from me quite often in the future, now that I am settled on a field of labor.

I am desirous of the prayers of the saints that God may be pleased to use me as an instrument to further His cause in this place.

Yours, at the front,

H. C. Muller.

THE JOB THAT JACK LOST.

"Is there any job left for a boy like me?" The man at the desk glanced carelessly at the speaker as he answered:

"You're the nineteenth boy who's asked the question to-day. Young man, there's a dozen boys for every job. See?" and he pointed to the men and boys who thronged the place.

Yes, Jack saw, and his heart grew heavy. The sign outside, "Boys and Men Wanted," had seemed so promising that he had hoped his long search was at an end, and that he could report at home that very night the good news of steady work.

"You can sit and wait awhile; something might turn up," the man at the desk had said. So Jack waited all the long morning, watching the discouraged faces of men and boys who came seeking work.

By the time the whistles of the neighboring factories announced the noonday hour, the crowd of boys and men had, one by one, straggled out, leaving Jack almost alone. He had fallen into a doze when the violent ringing of a telephone bell aroused him.

"Yes, this is the Deeb's employment office, How's that? A boy?" Jack leaned forward and listened with sudden interest. "About 12 I suppose. Yes, I guess we've got one to suit. What's that? Oh, all right. Yes, he looks as bright as the ordinary. I'll send him over right off. Room 36, and ask for who? Mr. Blum? Yes, I got it—Blum. Good-by."

Jack hurried toward the desk in response to a beckoning finger.

Well, boy, you are fortunate. It's a steady job and good pay—\$6 a week."

A dozen times over Jack spent that \$6 as he hurried down the street! Six dollars a week meant that his mother could drop her Saturday washing and spend the day at home; that Molly could have a new warm dress, and sick Jeanie the big luscious oranges she craved. It meant, perhaps—it honestly was an afterthought in Jack's mind—that there'd be enough to buy a good warm overcoat to keep out the cold March winds.

"Nos. 210, 212, 214—there it is, No. 214 Reed street—Felzer, Hyman & Co." Jack compared it with the address upon the slip of paper he held. At his second glance he caught his breath and stared at the big, black letters on the great red brick building as if they were frightful monsters:

"Wholesale dealers in liquors."

Jack read the words under his breath with a sudden sinking of his heart. Six dollars a week! How big it seemed now that it was slipping from him! How could he give it up—perhaps the little mother at home need not know what the business was. Then he turned upon himself with sudden scorn, tearing the slip of paper in his hands into tiny bits. "And I almost did it! As if it wasn't enough that

the stuff killed the best father a boy ever had, and then to think I'd help to do the same to other boys' fathers, by going into that business!"

It was no easy thing to walk up to the desk in the employment office and tell why he could not take the job.

"What's the trouble? Couldn't you do the work?" asked the man.

"No, sir, I couldn't do the work, if it's work you call it! As soon as I saw what the business was I just knew I couldn't do it, so I didn't go in at all."

"Well, I declare. You wanted a job mighty bad, didn't you? What's the matter with the business, anyway?"

"I don't want a job of making beasts of men, sir, nor of sending good fathers to poor-houses and asylums and prisons—not if it paid ten times \$6 a week. But I did want a job so bad, sir; we need it awfully. And Jack turned his head to hide trembling lips.

"Folks hunting jobs can't be too particular." The man's voice was cold and unsympathetic. "You'll have to look somewhere else. We haven't anything for you. Move along, can't you? Here's a gentleman waiting to do some business with me."

Jack made way hastily for a pleasant-faced gentleman, who was quite evidently not of the "job hunting" class.

"Hendricks." The pleasant faced man had grown suddenly stern. "I don't believe I have any business to do with you. I think I'll do my business directly with this young man. I happened to overhear the conversation and before I leave I'll tell you, Hendricks, I don't approve of your methods. It was bad enough to send a boy of that age to a place in a liquor house, but to scoff at a boy who is manly enough to turn it down—have you any conscience, man?"

Then, turning to Jack, he said cordially, "Young man, I want a boy; you want a job. I believe we can make connections, for I think you'll approve of my business, and I like the straightforward way in which you face a hard situation. Suppose we talk it over at my office."—*The Union Signal.*

PURE GOLD.

The story is told of a large quantity of gold coin which passed through a disastrous fire. When the ruins were being searched the mass of melted metal was found in the ashes and debris of the basement. When recoined it was found to be the exact amount lost in the fire. The pure gold of genuine Christian experience will survive an infinite amount of rough usage without loss of either quality or quantity. "When He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold."

The gold of heavenly grace is immeasurably more valuable than all the wealth of the earth. The divine offer is without reserve,— "I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thy eyes with eye salve that thou mayest see." Pure and undefiled religion is more valuable to the soul than the imaginary riches which it replaces. Genuine holiness of heart and life is the only coin that will pass in the heavenly kingdom. The lack of it leaves one "poor and miserable" here, and a bankrupt throughout eternity.—*Wesleyan Methodist.*

"The long look within ourselves will cure us of a lot of impatience with other folks."