

A STORY FOR BOYS FOUND IN THE  
BIBLE BY READING BE-  
TWEEN THE LINES.

Gen. 5:29.

The boy, Noah, was a very good boy and lived at a time when good boys were scarce. The reason that all the other boys were bad boys being that their fathers were bad men.

But the father of Noah was not like the other men of his time. He, too, had been blessed with a good father, and especially with an extra good grandfather. For we are told that his grandfather, Enoch, "walked with God; and was not, for God took him."

How beautiful this all seems. A man going to heaven without dying. No wonder his son and grandson were good.

We can imagine Noah's father coming home one evening from his farm work very tired. All day he had been weeding his gardens and was now hungry and his back aching from leaning over pulling the weeds.

But just as he reached the door of his house he heard a strange, new noise, "nya, nya!" He thought it could not be a cat, though it sounded familiar. His wife's maid came bustling out just at that moment and invited Lamech in to see what Mrs. Lamech was holding in her arms. It was a beautiful little baby boy, and the father was so delighted that he forgot his weariness and could talk of nothing but the new arrival.

When the maid came in and called him to supper, Lamech remembered that he was hungry and went out to eat. He soon returned, however, and began to discuss the question of naming the baby. He declared that "Noah," meaning "comfort," was the best name, saying this boy "shall comfort us concerning our work, and the toil of our hands, because of the ground which the Lord hath cursed."

We can imagine how happy was the father every evening with his son. And as soon as the little fellow was strong enough he would often go with his father to the fields. All kinds of questions he would be asking. "Papa, why did you ever name me 'Comfort?'" "Why did God curse the ground?" "How was the ground before God cursed it?" "Who told you all these things?"

Sometimes grandfather Methuselah would pay them a visit. Little Noah would sit on the old man's knee and get him to tell the story of his father Enoch, who had gone to heaven without dying. Over and over again would little Noah listen to the wonderful story, until God became a living reality to the child, and he longed to walk with God as had his great grandfather, Enoch.

In after life when Noah became a man and began to mingle with other men, he found they did not know God. He preached to them and tried to get them to leave their sins. But the grown men were all hardened sinners, and the young people were naturally following in the steps of their parents.

The best Noah could do was to train his own three sons for God, and keep them from being like the men of their time.

And now children, let me ask you how it happened that Noah was a good boy when all the other boys were bad? "Because of his teaching," I hear you answer. And another one among you, a little keener, answers, "because of his *Early* teaching." I like the second answer better.

And now for another question. Whose fault was it that all the other boys were bad? What's that I hear you say? "The father's fault." Now, don't be too hard on the fathers. What

## CORRESPONDENCE.

(Continued from Page Five).

Seal Cove, Grand Manan.

Dear Editor of the Highway,—

The young people of the Reformed Baptist Church of Seal Cove gave a most pleasing entertainment on Christmas Eve in the presence of a large audience.

The church had been very prettily decorated in green and red by the members of No. 2 Bible class, who also deserves much credit for the kindly interest taken in practicing the children and to whom the concert owes its success.

The concert was opened by prayer and scripture reading by the pastor, Brother Wright. The programme was read by John Wilson.

During the evening several nice selections were rendered by the choir.

On New Year's eve a public missionary meeting was held and the sum of eleven dollars and sixty-five cents was taken for missionary purposes. Many very nice recitations and dialogues were given by the primary classes.

On New Year's night the members of No. 2 Bible class surprised Mr. and Mrs. John Wilson in their new home and presented them with a very nice silver scallop dish. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson have long been members of the class and have only recently been married. A very pleasant evening was spent by all and after a very pleasing repast they departed for their several homes. All join in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Wilson a long and happy life.

Dear Editor,—

Enclosed please find my renewal for the Highway.

The Highway is a welcome visitor indeed to our home — to us it is the connecting link with the old associations and reminds us that we are fast passing away. How we recall the old scenes when we look into the faces of those with whom we once mingled, which were some of the brightest spots in our memory. I have been looking of late for the testimonies of the charter members of the Reformed Baptist churches who are now living to respond to your request to write to the Highway. I am a charter member of the dear old Millville church, for which I always praise the dear Lord. I know a number of them have gone to the Glory land, but there is surely some of them left. In my memory I can see the little band as they stood and joined hands and hearts to be true to God and holiness. There have been many trials since that day, but there has been much joy, and I have found it good to trust the one who redeemed me with his own precious blood. Since coming here I severed my connection with the Millville church and joined the church here hoping to be of more help here, but

you say will apply to the fathers of that day; but can you boys lay all the blame on the fathers of this day?

That is, if a boy, with an unconverted father, is not a Christian boy, is all the fault necessarily his father's? What about the early teaching this boy gets in Sunday school and church — and, more likely than not, from a godly mother?

It looks to me like that every father should be a Christian and train his boys for God. But when a boy of today does not get converted and live like Noah, God will not excuse him, even if his father be an ungodly man.

H. C. SANDERS.

in doing so I have never felt to be any less a Reformed Baptist; their interests are mine the same as ever. For a time we had a good interest here, but it is low now. Some have passed away and some have backslidden and now but few remain.

We had a young minister for a few weeks who was sanctified wholly though young in experience, but loved to talk about it and wondered why it met with such opposition among Christians.

Wishing all the faithful a happy New Year, I can say:

In the rifted rock I'm resting,  
Safely sheltered I'll abide;  
There no foes nor thorns molest me,  
While within the cleft I hide.

MRS. J. W. GREENLAW.

Brookton, Me.

Dear Highway,—

I want to report victory in my soul and in the work. Brother F. W. Foster was with us two weeks and a large number were restored and converted.

We continued the services another week with the assistance of Sister Slipp and others were restored and converted.

Brother Gouthey came and was with us for a week and we had some very powerful meetings, and a large number were sanctified wholly and others were converted and reclaimed bringing the number to forty-five in all since the meetings began. Sister Gouthey is still with us. The devil is stirred and is fighting. They threatened to close our church and to tar and feather Brother Gouthey. A mob come to the church Friday night but Sister Gouthey was exhorting and the saints shouting and they left. Amen.

Sunday we baptised fifteen young people, eleven men and four women, and gave them the hand of fellowship in the evening.

Yours Saved,

C. S. HILYARD.

Houlton, Me., January 5th, 1915.

Dear Highway,—

As some of your readers know, I have been working here for some time past. I attend the services in the First Baptist church, and have the privilege of teaching a class of young women in the Sabbath school. They are mostly High school and Ricker students—a very interesting class. I enjoy it very much.

A number of times the past months I have had the privilege of attending the services held in the county jail under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. Their meeting is the first Sunday in each month. The men of the churches have at different times conducted meetings there too, but not with any regularity. We are now trying to arrange to hold them more regularly.

We had a blessed season there the Sabbath just past. They were not able to secure a speaker for the occasion, so the ladies made up a programme with what material came. Several of the men and women present spoke of the saving power of the gospel and gave testimony of its power in their lives.

The music was furnished by a choir from the Free Baptist church. The Spirit was truly present to bless.

I have His presence with me day by day, and although the clouds sometimes hang heavy and low, yet I can, by Faith, see His face in the darkest cloud.

Praise and glory to His matchless love and grace.

Yours in Christ,

S. B. CHARLTON.