

MEMORIAL OF MARY.

E. M. Hood.

On Mount of Olives' side a dwelling stood,
Many were called from out the multitude,
Whose owner once a supper did prepare;
And Judah's King of Glory, too, was there.

Reclining at the bounteous board He lies,
While incense filled the room with odors
sweet;
Mary behind Him kneeled with weeping
eyes,
And flowing hair, to bathe His weary feet.

No costly gem that ever decked thy brow,
Or diamond pure, or ornament of pearl,
Sweet Mary, ever pleased thy Lord as now
That glittering tear-drop in thy soft brown
curl.

Thy heart inspired by a prophetic zeal,
Thy hand filled with the precious oil did
lave
And fit him for the coming burial,
Who conquered those grim foes, death and
the grave.

In whate'er clime the light of truth is
found
In bright, emblazoned characters to shine,
Where'er the glorious Gospel trump shall
sound,
'Twill loud proclaim that loving act of
thine.

Let Pharisees with prudish virtue blame,
The miser with his greed for lucre chide;
More to be prized thy sure and lasting
fame,
Than all the grandeur of this world beside.
Moscow, Mich.

A GOOD EXPERIENCE.

God knows me better than I know myself. He knows my gifts and powers, my failings and my weaknesses; what I can do, and not do. So I desire to be led; to follow Him, and I am quite sure that he will thus enable me to do a great deal more in ways which seem to me almost a waste in life, in advancing his cause, than I could in any other way. I am sure of that. Intellectually, I am weak; in scholarship, nothing; in a thousand things, a baby. He knows this and so he has led me, and greatly blessed me, who am nobody, to be of some use to my church and fellow men. How kind, how good, how compassionate art Thou, O God! O my Father, keep me humble! Help me to have respect toward my fellow men, to recognize these several gifts as from Thee. Deliver me from the diabolical sins of malice, envy, or jealousy, and give me hearty joy in my brother's good, in his work, in his gifts and talents, and may I be truly glad in his superiority to myself, if God be glorified. Root out all weak vanity, all devilish pride, all that is abhorrent to the mind of Christ. God hear my prayer. Grant me the wondrous joy of humility, which is seeing Thee as all in all.
—Norman McLeod's Diary.

The meek also shall increase their joy in the Lord, and the poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel.—Isa 29-19.

SOME CHURCHES LACK ENTHUSIASM.

"There are four places where you can find no enthusiasm," says Billy Sunday with a grin, Saturday night. "They are a museum, an ice house, a graveyard and—some churches. (Laughter). O, you know there are churches where you can skate down the main isle, where there is frost on the pulpit and icicles hanging from the chandeliers. What is the matter with the church today. Seldom do you see tears glistening in the eyes of anybody.

"If the church people get right, the whole world will get right. The world is challenging the church instead of the church challenging the world. If it was as easy to get the church on its knees as it is to get the unsaved world into the kingdom, we wouldn't have any more trouble about religion. And God can't save you unless you're willing. He won't coerce you to it.

"If you haven't got in your heart an agonized concern for the unsaved—even if you are a deacon or an elder, yes, even if you are a preacher—go right down there in front and fall in the sawdust and ask God to forgive you."

POLICEMAN AND LADY.

Rev. A. McLean.

A Christian lady from the country was standing on Broadway at one of the crossings, waiting to pass over. The broad thoroughfare was, as usual, thronged with carriages rapidly rolling along right and left, and making it dangerous for a footman to attempt to proceed. For a long time she waited, yet dared not venture to cross, lest she should be thrown down. Looking over to the opposite side of the street, she saw a policeman standing and beckoning with his finger for her to come to him. He was one of the "Broadway squad," on special duty to protect all footmen, possessed of absolute authority over all vehicles to halt at his command whenever and wherever he would.

The lady being assured by his uniform and beckoning finger, that his authority was her protection, stepped unhesitatingly down from the sidewalk among the fiery horses. Instantly every rein was drawn up, the rolling carriages stood still, and she walked over, passing through them as safely as if on her parlor floor.

The way to Jesus seems to many beset with difficulties insurmountable. They stand at life's crossings earnestly desiring to go over, but through unbelief afraid of the horses. They wait, hoping for a more convenient season, when this evil and that trial, and the other cross shall be taken out of the way, and then they will pass pleasantly over to him. But troubles roll along and never cease. On the other side Jesus stands, having "all power" in heaven and in earth," and gently beckoning, "nor lifting up his voice in the streets," He softly says, "Come unto me." Step down from off the curb of unbelief, looking unto him nor fearing in thy heart, and at once all earth and hell is "reined up short," to make thee a safe passage through.—Guide to Holiness.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Sister Mrs. Sarah Davis says: I must say I enjoy the Highway so much I don't know what I would do without it; so many good things in it to read. I have taken it for a good many years. Enclosed find my renewal for another year.

Dear Brother Baker:

Enclosed please find my renewal for the Highway which I have always enjoyed reading very much. My testimony is, I praise the dear Lord that I find His grace is sufficient; he is still keeping me under the precious blood, and I am happy on the way, and the way grows brighter all the time. All glory to his dear name; I give him all the praise.

"When we walk with the Lord,
In the light of his word,
What a glory he sheds on our way."
Praise his dear name!

Yours saved and sanctified,

MRS. FRANK MITCHELL.

Dear Highway:

How full of changes has been the year that has just gone by. How many homes have been made sad and lonely by the departure of some loved one from the family circle; the broken link can never here be mended, and not only do families feel the effects of the last enemy, but churches, communities and nations feel sad and sorrowful over the changes that have taken place during the past year, but while we may call to mind the sad and sorrowful, are there not many other things that through the assistance or aid of Him who has promised to be a present help, we have been enabled to perform that which has brought joy and gladness and has caused sorrow and sighing to flee away. It is not only our duty, but we should esteem it an inestimable privilege to in some way increase the joy and happiness of those by whom we are surrounded in life. There are opportunities that come to us every day in which we may lend a helping hand. The New Year that has been ushered in will be fraught with vital consequences judging from the past. We should all bow in humble submission to the Divine Will, and be filled with the love of God. May the Lord Jesus Christ, whom we love, ever be with us all and may the year 1917 bring peace and joy to many hearts by the coming in of Jesus Christ the Saviour.

B. N. GOODSPEED.

I KEPT THEM IN THE AIR.

The wife of an evangelist, who is the happy mother of two promising sons, said: When my husband began going out, and I had the care of our boys, I went to town and bought a good long whalebone horse-whip, and when those boys would not behave themselves, I kept them in the air some of the time, I tell you. "Why did you choose a long whip?" asked a friend. Oh, so I could get a snap or two in before they got out of the way; and I did it and now I have two good boys. Some have spared the rod and are reaping the results.

"The fact is, people don't die of troubles in this world; they die of frettin' at 'em, only they don't seem to know it."