

A JAIL FOR SALE.

The town of Bristol, Va., has advertised its jail for sale. A jail is a necessary and very useful piece of property for many towns, and formerly Bristol had no difficulty in securing plenty of tenants for its jail. But a dry wave swept over Virginia and the springs of jail prosperity all dried up, and now there is not enough doing to keep the policemen awake, and the jail looks very lonesome. The town council thinks the bottom has fallen out of the jail business and, seeing no further use for it, has advertised it for sale, and junk dealers are even now calculating how much it is worth as old lumber. The Issue says that Kansas is in the same fix, and jail property is a great drug on the market. What the antis claimed is true enough—prohibition really does kill business; but it is the business of making jail-birds which is killed. And with Canada very largely dry we expect a very great depreciation in jail property. There will probably be fewer empty houses but more empty jails, as even the blind tigers can't make up for the disappearance of the bar.—Christian Guardian.

A DOZEN DON'TS.

Wm. Lambert.

Don't forget to pray. Prayer oils the religious machinery.

Don't be a foolish virgin. They did not get in.

Don't kill time, even if time is going to kill you. Get your task done.

Don't expect to have part in the first resurrection without holiness.

Don't think you can be happy without trying to make someone else happy.

Don't sing 'I'll go where you want me to go,' etc., and stay away from the mid-week prayer meeting.

Don't expect the world to smile at you unless you smile first. It may not respond the first time; keep smiling.

Don't be afraid of the servant's place. It is the place of greatness.

Don't imagine that stubbornness is firmness. It is foolishness.

Don't go to church and leave your mind at home with the hogs, cattle, house-cleaning, etc.

Don't expect others to see and do things just as you do. They are human.

Don't give up. "Look up, your redemption draweth nigh."

SHAME ON US.

China has banished the opium business. The American tobacco mongers are bound to make their deadly cigarettes take the place of the damning drug. They are conspiring to convert every Chinaman into a cigarette fiend. They have found a very fertile field for their fiendish traffic. Yes, a cigarette in the mouth of every Chinaman is the shameful slogan of the shameless snuffing, puffing, spitting, stinking pests that pollute if possible all our public and private precincts, the reeking, stifling tobacco sots!—Sel.

An old colored preacher defined Christian perseverance as 'firstly, take hold; secondly, hold on; thirdly, neber leave go.'

CORRESPONDENCE.

New Tusket, N. S., May 9th, 1918.
Dear Highway Readers:

I wish to tell you of a very pleasant surprise that was given us, on the evening of May 7th. A large number of the people of this place met at our home, and after spending a pleasant time in singing and conversation, we were presented with a nice baby carriage in behalf of the Sunday School. Perhaps some of our N. B. friends do not know of the beautiful new baby we have to ride in that carriage. We find a baby a luxury, but a baby carriage a necessity, and it is just like Jesus to supply that need, for which we praise Him, and thank the kind friends of New Tusket for their kindness and thoughtfulness. After partaking of refreshments, the party closed with scripture and prayer.

MRS. PERLEY BRIGGS.

Dear Highway:

The revival services at Norton, with Evangelist W. E. Smith, came to a close on Sunday evening, May the 5th, with a full house, and some seekers at the altar. Several young men were among those with others, who prayed through to victory.

Brother Smith's preaching was in power and much appreciated by the people, and we believe the persistent, consistent preaching of "Holiness unto the Lord" or "Double cure" is what our people need, and commends itself to "every man's conscience" in the sight of God.

We enjoyed the presence and help of Sisters Coates, Branscombe and Thorne, of Havelock, and Hopper, of Moncton, and McAllister of Sussex, who added much to the interest of the meeting. Sister Daisy Williams, of Grey's Mills, presided at the organ, and did her part well and was made a blessing to others.

The church was helped and we are looking to the Lord to help us carry on the work.

Yours in Him,
G. B. TRAFTON.

Hundreds of our readers will be glad to share with us in a letter from Sister Simon McLeod, who is now living at 417 E. Seaside, Long Beach, Calif., with her eldest daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mills, formerly of Woodstock, N.B. (Editor).

Sister McLeod says:

As I date this letter I am thinking of the beautiful May time in New Brunswick. "The Highway" is beginning to plan for the Camp Meetings, and you cannot imagine how my heart turns toward the place where so much blessing is to come from the heavenly hills upon God's people. I can think and pray, even though I may not go so far to be with you. * * * * *

Shortage of coal and icy roads with weather a bit cold sends multitudes to this sunny land for a few months in winter. There are many who come from Canada, Saskatchewan, Alberta, British Columbia and other parts. I am privileged to meet many purposeful women. This is a wonderful place for old folks, and I notice in any audience we would be safe in saying that one-third of the number are really old people. I am enclosing my renewal for



Beulah Camp Meeting

June 30-July 8, 1918.

The Grandest Meeting ever held on this beautiful Camp Ground is anticipated. Evangelist Andrew Johnson will be the Special Worker.

— For Information Write —

REV. S. A. BAKER, - Moncton, N. B.

the Highway. The good things in our dear paper comes to me with refreshing. I must have it, bringing spiritual food that I so much need and enjoy.

To my dear ones I say: Grace, Mercy and Peace.

"Tripple blossom, rainbowed hued,
Fresh and fragrant, heaven bedewed.
Brightening desert solitude,
Springing from the love Divine,
Love that ever shall entwine,
With our own, with yours and mine."

Yours in Christian love and fellowship.
D. McLEOD.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

A little niece of Sol Smith Russell, who has great faith in him, while walking with him one day on a slippery pavement, asked him to run home, so she could sooner open the box of candy he carried under his arm. He was averse to breaking his bones, and declined most emphatically, whereupon her craving for candy became unabated, she said:

"Please, Lord, oh, please, make Uncle Sol wun."

"Some one besides the Lord heard that innocent prayer," Sol subsequently reported. "What was I to do? But one thing, and that was to preserve that innocent child's faith as best I could."

"The Lord answered that prayer instantly. He put it into my heart to run; and run I did—never ran faster or more easily in my life. Taking that child by the hand, I started off like the wind, and through the crowd and over icy pavements we sped swiftly and securely. No doubt people wondered what ailed that funny man with the child, but I didn't care."

"'You couldn't help yourself, could you, Uncle Sol?' inquired her babyship, as she sat in a big arm-chair feasting on caramels. 'Dod made you wun, didn't He, Uncle Sol?'"

If you want to save time, try prayer!

"Where holiness is the theme, and the life of the church is in harmony with its blessed doctrine, there prosperity is assured."