

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Brother Baker:

Enclosed find my renewal for the Highway for two years. I enjoy reading the letters from the holiness workers, and pray that the Lord may bless the Highway to the spiritual good of all its readers.

MRS. EDMOND W. KEIRSTEAD.  
Apohaqui, N. B.

West Lynn, Mass.,  
January 31, 1918.

Dear Brother Baker:

Please find enclosed a Post Office Order in payment for my renewal of the King's Highway.

I wish to say today,  
Jesus is all the world to me,  
My life, my joy, my all;  
He is my strength from day to day,  
Without Him I would fall.

I thank Him for saving me and for taking the love of the world out of my heart, as well as for the wonderful way in which he is leading me out for him. He works sometimes in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform, as I have proved in so many ways during the past year. How he has heard my prayers and so wonderfully answered them. I have had many testings during the past year, but my loving Jesus has heard and delivered me out of all my trouble, praise His dear name.

Serious illness came into my home again and our physician came to our home three times in one day. That evening I sent for Mrs. Leger, the teacher of the Bible Class I am a member of in Lynn, also another dear sanctified lady, to come to pray that if it was his will to spare her to me as she is a great blessing to me. He again answered prayer and restored her to us.

I am thanking my dear Lord just now that he is teaching me how to trust him, to have more of that child-like faith in him. It came to me so forcibly one day, "Vain is the help of man, those that put their trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Sion which abideth forever." I love to get alone with God. "Those that dwelleth in the secret place of the most high shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." I sincerely believe God is talking to the hearts of the people in these days of great sorrow and trouble in the world. The directors of the Lynn City Mission with the help of others, have had erected on the top of the building in which the mission is held a large cross bearing these words, "Come, Jesus Saves." At evening this cross is illuminated by electricity and as the people of the world are going into the theatres very near, they may look up and behold the cross with those words of life speaking to them. Jesus says, "If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me." The Lord has his people all over this world and He is urging them to reach precious souls that are unsaved. I believe now is the time that every true child of God must be at their best for him. We must not live for ourselves, but for others, a worker for God. If we would only let God have his way with us, He will wonderfully lead us out and on in His great work that is to be done for His glory. The harvest is white and the labourers are few. Dear Lord, wake us all up to our great responsibility.

There is a going out in my heart to be more like him than ever before. It was my great privilege to listen last Sunday afternoon to Mother Whittemore, of New York, the founder of eighty-one "Doors of Hope." How marvellously the Lord has blest her efforts.

I was reading for my morning lesson in Mark today where Jesus spoke of His second coming, "And there shall he send his angels, and shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from the uttermost part of the earth to the uttermost part of heaven" I wish to be among that number. I want to see Jesus, don't you? I do so much enjoy reading The Highway. I shall always have it come to my home. I assure you I get blest in reading it. I am the Lord's forever, praise his precious name.

MRS. W. H. WILLIAMSON.

## A POLICE COURT SCENE.

Speaking of things of moral beauty, we were deeply impressed a few days since by reading in a paper the description of a recent occurrence in a police court in one of our largest cities. We scarcely ever read anything that affected us more profoundly. We give the paragraph entire as we saw it in the morning journal.

"Thirty men, red-eyed and disheveled, lined up before the judge of the court. It was the regular morning company of drunks and disorderlies. Some were old and hardened, others hung their heads in shame.

Just as the momentary disorder attending the bringing of the prisoners quieted down, a strange thing hapened. A strong, clear voice from below began singing:

"Last night I lay a-sleeping,  
There came a dream so fair."

Last night! It had been for them all a nightmare or a drunken stupor. The song was such a contrast to the horrible fact that no one could avoid the sudden shock at the thought the song suggested. It went on:

"I stood in old Jerusalem  
Beside the Temple there.  
I heard the children singing,  
And ever as they sang,  
Me thought the voice of angels  
From heaven in answer rang."

The judge had paused. He made a quiet inquiry. A former member of a famous opera company, known all over the country, was awaiting trial for forgery. It was he who was singing in his cell.

Meantime the song went on.

"And once again the scene was changed,  
New earth there seemed to be;  
I saw the Holy City  
Beside the tideless sea.  
The light of God was on its streets,  
The gates were open wide,  
And all who would might enter,  
And no one was denied."

Every man in the line showed emotion. One boy at the end of the row, after desperate effort at self-control, leaned against the wall, buried his face in his folded arms and sobbed, "Oh, mother, mother!"

The sobs cutting the weary hearts of the men who heard, and the song still welling its way through the court room, blended in the hush. At length one man protested.

"Judge," said he, "have we got to submit to this? We are here to take our punishment, but this——" He, too, began to sob.

It was impossible to proceed with the business of the Court, yet the judge gave no order to stop the song. The police sergeant, after a surprised effort to keep the men in line, stepped back and waited with the rest. The song moved to its climax:

"Jerusalem! Jerusalem!  
Sing for the night is o'er;  
Hosanna in the highest,  
Hosanna for evermore!"

In an ecstasy of melody the last words rang out, and there was a silence.

The judge looked into the faces of the men before him. There was not one who was not touched by the song; not one in whom some better impulse was not stirred.

He did not call the cases singly. A kind word of advice, and he dismissed them all. No man was fined or sentenced to the workhouse that morning. The song had done more good than punishment could ever have accomplished."—The Way of Faith.

## I HAVE LEARNED.

In telling us that he had learned in whatsoever state he was therewith to be content, the great apostle to the Gentiles laid special emphasis upon the first three words. Paul was not one of these easy-going souls to whom contentment is a gift of nature, and sometimes a rather dangerous gift too. He throbbed and thrilled with ambition and restlessness and the desire to be getting on, and anything like contentment that came to him had to be grown in the field of discipline and experience, the stern and forbidding field where the best of life's fruits are nurtured. He had to learn it, and it was because he had to learn it, and the process was a testing and difficult one, that he speaks of the result with a note of triumph, as of a great and significant achievement. It would seem as if he felt that one of the very finest and most satisfactory things he could say about himself was that he had accepted life as a school and had faithfully tried to learn the lesson which it would teach. Happy man was he that he could say, "I have learned."—Christian Guardian.

When the corn is nearly ripe, it bows the head and droops lower than when it was green.

In like manner when the people of God are near ripe for heaven, they grow more humble and self-denying than in the days of their earlier development.—John Flavel.

Consider the postage stamp, my son. Its usefulness consists in its ability to stick to one thing until it get there.—J. Billings.