

ON RESTITUTION.

(Continued from Page Six)

at peace, shall be left you.' And in the solemn night time after I gave up the struggle, that comfort seemed to me so great and precious that I felt willing, if it would only stay with me, to accept poverty, and to go into the world poor and despised, hugging the priceless blessing to my heart. The next day I was as light as if I had wings. Nothing could keep me from going to Isaac Door, with a couple of hundred dollars in my pocket, and a note for the remainder of what I owed him.

"Poor Isaac had grown discouraged, and had just made up his mind to quit his wife and children and go to California. His children were crying and his wife was in an extremity of distress and despair. She received me a great deal better than I anticipated; I had acted according to law, she said, and Isaac, careless and improvident, was greatly to blame.

"Yes, said Isaac, with the firmness of a desperate man, "it was a savage game you played me, but I was a fool ever to get in debt as I did, and then fancy that any man would not take an advantage when the law permits it. I am ruined in consequence, and here you see this woman and babes—"

"He broke down as he looked at them, and he cried like a child.

"Isaac, said I, as soon as I could speak, I have come to show you that a man can be honest even when the law doesn't compel him to be. I want to do right because God commands it, and I have come to tell you that you needn't leave your wife and babes yet, unless you prefer to.

"Prefer to—go off into a strange country, and leave them here to suffer," he cried, and caught the children in his arms, and wrung his wife's hand, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

"Then I counted out the money I had brought, and explained to him what I intended to do, and gave him the note; and such surprise and happiness I never saw. They would have kissed my feet if I would have let them. It seemed to me as if heaven were opened then and there—and it was opened in my heart with such a flood of light and joy as I had never experienced or before thought possible."

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

1. Thou shalt have no gods but me.
2. Before no idol bend thy knee.
3. Take not the name of God in vain,
4. Nor yet the Sabbath day profane.
5. Give both thy parents honour due;
6. Take heed that thou no murder do.
7. Abstain from words and deeds unclean,
8. Nor steal, though thou art poor and mean.
9. Make not a wilful lie, nor love it;
10. What is thy neighbor's, do not covet.

The strength of a nation is in proportion to the number of its virtuous homes, founded upon supreme affections.—Joseph Cook.

A corruption of morals usually follows a profanation of the Sabbath.—Blackstone.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Brother E. M. Smith, of Whittier, Calif., says: When the Highway comes it seems like a letter from the home-land, glad to learn through it that our people are still keeping true to the doctrine of holiness. My heart's cry since early morning has been to God for an outpouring of his Spirit at Riverside Camp beyond anything that has ever been experienced there. He has said in his word that "He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think."

Jesus is so precious to my soul, his presence is so manifest in our services here. He is the same east, west, north and south. Yesterday, today and forever.

Dear Highway:

We are glad to report that there is victory here. We look by faith, God's promise claim, "He knows it all, Father knows, he knows it all." We are glad to trust in him, our number is increasing, our meetings are blessed of God. We are requested to thank dear Brother Whelpley for his donation of singing books for the West Pembroke Church.

Your brother in Christ,
T. W. MOSES.

Dear Brother Baker:

Please find enclosed memorial fund for our son, John D. Foster, for missions.

Jesus saves me today and gives me the blessed hope of seeing him and the dear departed ones in the mansion he went to prepare for us. He can take the place of dear ones.

Often at the shades of evening,

When I sit me down to rest,
One by one I count them over,

They who are in glory blessed.

Yours saved and kept,,

C. J. FOSTER.

Seal Cove, N. B.

Mr. Baker:

Enclose please find my renewal for the Highway. Like it better as the days go by. Was a little disappointed that I could not get to Riverside this year but Jesus abides and I under the blood. Praise the Lord.

What is left over the amount for the paper use as you please.

MRS. CHRISTIE W. HILL.
95 Cashin St., Lowell, Mass.

"THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST."

Captain Hedley Vicars, when under deep conviction of sin, came to his table one morning bowed down and broken-hearted under a sense of sin.

"O wretched man that I am!" he repeated to himself, at the same time glancing at his Bible, which lay open before him.

His eyes suddenly rested on the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin. Then said he to himself, "it cleanseth me from mine," and he instantly believed with the heart unto righteousness, and he was filled with peace and joy.—Ex.

"A boy in his early teens is not too young to understand the noblest thoughts. The finest Christian men begin young to serve Christ."

THE PLACE OF SECRET PRAYER.

(By George W. Truett, D. D.)

How much do you pray? How much have you prayed today? How much time and thought do you give to prayer? How real and vital is prayer in your daily life? Do you know what it is, like Daniel, to have fixed times and places for prayer?

I make bold to say that just at this point, preachers are prone to fail, as perhaps at no other point.

A little while ago I was with a group of preachers one day as they discussed the perils and problems of the preacher. This man and that suggested this peril and that, concerning which the preacher needs ever to be on his guard. When it came my time to question the group of fellow preachers, this was my question, "How much do you pray?"

I may add that every man of us in that group felt conscience stricken as we searched our hearts with that question. We saw that we were busy here and there, finding texts, making sermons, arranging for funerals, for committees, for visits, for interviews, for exacting and endless tasks, but not a man of us had made enough of prayer.

What is your answer, fellow Christian, to the question, "How much do you pray?" Think again and deeply of these words of Jesus: "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thine inner chamber, and having shut thy door, pray to thy Father who is in secret, and thy Father who seeth in secret shall recompense thee."

Do you have the daily habit of secret prayer? You cannot afford to neglect such habit. Such neglect cannot be atoned for, whatever else you may say or do. I press the question upon every Christian before me—has "the closet with the closed door" been neglected?

That closet with the closed door is the trysting place of power. The men and women who go there come out with faces that shine, with visions that inspire, and with power that shakes the world.

Keep the path worn to that closet with the closed door, I pray you. It will enable you to know that you are not alone, but that a divine presence goes before you and with you.—From "A Quest for Souls."

TAUGHT TO LIE.

A boy of twelve years of age was brought up before the police magistrate at Jefferson Market Court recently. His mother had placed him as a servant with a lady at Long Branch, and he ran away.

On being arraigned, the justice asked: "Did not the lady treat you well?"

"Yes, sir," the boy replied.

"Did she give you a good home?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why did you not stop with her?"

"Because she made me tell lies!"

"Tell lies! How did she make you tell lies?"

"When people called to see her she made me say to them that she was not at home, when she was at home," replied the little fellow.

The boy was sent to the juvenile asylum, but nothing was done to the lady who had taught him to tell the fashionable lie.—Ex.