

THE INFALLIBLE BOOK.

The Bible, the Book of all books, the Christian's guide from earth to heaven, is the only one book that has survived the changing scenes and conditions of earth and has won the admiration of nations and tongues, has withstood the efforts of infidels and critics to destroy or prove untrue, and is with us today as the greatest and only infallible Book.

Efforts have been made by its enemies from time to time to destroy it from the earth. Popery has declared it an unsafe book and with multiplied efforts has aimed at its annihilation. Infidelity clamors for its destruction. The noted infidel, "Bob" Ingersoll, once said: "I will destroy the Bible in twenty years," but it is said that the very room in which he edited his literature is stacked from floor to ceiling with Bibles, and the very press upon which he printed it, is still turning out copies of the sacred Word.

The Bible survives, while multiplied volumes of books from the most brilliant minds of men have come and gone, "and the memory of them is forgotten." The Bible survives because of its divine origin, and therefore, infallibility. Other books, being the products of fallible men, survive but for a time and then become extinct.

The Bible is infallible because it was given by inspiration of God. "Holy men of old wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." It is the product of the mind of incomprehensible Deity, the creator of all the combined mental luminaries of earth.

The Bible has lighted the pathway of weary pilgrims through an unfriendly and hostile world, comforted mourners, strengthened and refreshed the weary and heavy laden, supported the weak and imparted wisdom to all who asked. Its unwavering solidity has proven a good staff upon which the redeemed of countless generations have safely leaned while crossing the river of death.

DELIGHT THYSELF WITH GOD.

God expects us to be whole-hearted with Him. The slightest reservation is falta to full consecration. A silken cord may hold the latch upon the door of the heart. Not until we open every portal will He in His fulness come in. The completeness of our surrender qualifies and controls the fulness of our blessing. God searches us with jealous scrutiny and claims complete surrender and a living sacrifice. It is when we are Christ's that all things are ours. It is one thing to say, "Christ is mine;" it is much more to say, "I am Christ's." Let us be whole-hearted with God. For God is whole-hearted with us. The reason He asks a full surrender is that He may be free to give us infinitely more in return. Like Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, He gives us back all that we gave and His own royal bounty added. He wants us to believe in his perfect love. It is a great thing to take the place of John on the Saviour's breast and count ourselves the disciple whom Jesus loved. We are invited to delight ourselves in the Lord; and if the Lord delights in us, He will bring us into our full inheritance "with his whole heart and his whole soul."

—The Presbyterian.

OBITUARY.

George Tait.

A sad death took place early Friday morning, Dec. 7th, at his home, 105 Chesley street, St. John, N. B., when Mr. Geo. Tait passed away aged 42 years. The deceased had been suffering from cancer for the past six months. He was taken to the hospital about a month ago, but after the operation was performed it was found that he was past medical aid. He was brought to his home where he remained until he passed away. Mr. Tait was born at Lincoln, N. B., but has resided in St. John for a number of years. Although he was never an active member of any church we heard him praying much in the last week of his illness. The writer and a friend had the pleasure of being in his room when he gave his heart to God a few weeks ago. He has since lived in great hope and faith, believing God was going to raise him up to live for Him.

He is survived by a sorrowing widow, and three children, Violet, Leola and Myrtle, all at home. Also one brother at Minto, N. B.; three sisters, Mrs. George Jeffrey, of Doak Settlement, N. B., Mrs. Margaret Hill and Mrs. Mamie Whitlock, both of North Devon, N. B., father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Tait, of Fred-erickton, N. B.

The funeral took place at the home on Sunday afternoon, the service being conducted by the writer. Mrs. Fred Clarke and Emery Cosman rendered two duets, "The Homeland in the Sky" and "Looking this way." Interment took place in Greenwood cemetery. The many floral offerings spoke for the high esteem in which he was held by friends and loved ones. We extend to the bereaved ones our sympathy.

L. J. SEARS.

Dear Highway:

Perhaps a few lines from this corner of the field will not be amiss in your notes. Our meetings since our return from Beulah have been good, for which we praise God. Not as many as usual are availing themselves of the privileges they might enjoy, and some are going from our town looking for better remuneration for their labor.

Among those going who we miss very much, both spiritually and financially, are Brothers Royal Bridges and Urijah Russell. Brother Russell has gone to Michigan to locate with his son also Sister Hiram Allen, who has gone to New York, to live with her daughter. Sister Allen, although not able to be at the church very often on account of old age and health, will be much missed by the church and community, having been a charter member of the church, and one always true to holiness. She had been a deaconess in the Church for a number of years. Before her departure her friends met at the parsonage and after spending a pleasant evening, the pastor in behalf of those present, presented her with a token of remembrance, to which she very feelingly replied. All wishing Sister Allen and her husband bon voyage.

Wishing the Highway and its readers a very Merry Christmas and prosperous New Year, I am as ever,

Yours and His,

190 North St., Calais, Me. S. H. CLARK.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

We come, we come, from far and near—
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Tramp, tramp, we march and know no fear—

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
The King's highway is free to all;
The King himself still gives the call,
"Come unto me, come one and all"—
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

The way is clear and leads to light—
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
And everyface with hope is bright—
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
The night is past; the joyful morn
Is come; the heavenly glories dawn;
Jesus our King is leading on—
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

The King's highway is bright with flowers
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Sweet bird-songs cheer the happy hours!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
We're marching onward true and brave;
On high the victor's arm we'll wave;
King Jesus came the world to save—
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
—Margaret Coote Brown.

GIVE ME JESUS.

A heathen got worried about his sins, and came to a priest and asked how he might be cured. The priest said, "If you will drive spikes into your shoes and walk five hundred miles you will get over it." So he drove spikes into his shoes and began the pilgrimage trembling, tottering, agonizing on the way until he got about twenty miles and sat down under a tree exhausted. Near by, a missionary was preaching Christ, the Saviour of all men. When the heathen heard it, he pulled off his sandals, threw them as far as he could, and cried, "That's what I want; give me Jesus! give me Jesus!" Oh, ye who have been convicted and worn of sin, trudging on all your days to reap eternal woe, will you not, at the announcement throw your torturing transgressions to the wind? "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."—Talmage.

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR.

To live in peace with one's neighbor is a desirable thing. It is the only way to get any satisfaction out of life. The Master said, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." That is Christ's law of life. A chorus of voices responds, "Impossible." That depends on which one puts first, love or law. We are not made for law, but for love. Failure to love one's neighbor is an omission that works infinite injury to the non-lover. A man is made on a scale large enough to so love his neighbor and his brother as to make that habit of life the law of his being. The human society of which we are a part has a constitution, unwritten it may be, but real. It is the two emphatic truths given us by Jesus, love to God and love to man. When a man is what God wants him to be, and what God is constantly working to make him, his enemy is changed to his friend, and love has won. The working of love is purity, gentleness, kindness, perfect life.—The Presbyterian.