

CORRESPONDENCE

CORR

Lisbon Falls, Me.

Dear Highway:

We have been thinking of late a lot of sending a little testimony to the Highway. God has done wonderful things for me, for which I am very grateful to God alone. I am standing alone now on his promises and they have never failed me once. I have proved him in the wet fleece and in the dry many times, and I've seen the enemy's fall. I'm still in the battle although not very strong in body, but strong in the Lord and the power of his might.

I am living with my dear daughter, Florence, and her husband, who are very kind to me in every way. We have regular family altar every day. We have what I call a salvation meeting every Sunday morning, singing and making melody in our hearts unto the Lord.

I hope these lines that I'm writing you will be a blessing of God to you all.

I remain your loving brother kept by the power of God through faith looking for his coming.

T. W. MOSES

Temple Station, N. B.

Dear Brother Trafton:

Enclosed find our renewal to the King's Highway. We are truly glad that we belong to a Church that believes and teaches the cleansing of the heart from all sin. All honor to Him who is able to keep us under the blood and give us an inheritance that is incorruptible that fadeth not away.

ABRAHAM CRONKHITE

CORR

Torrance, Calif.

Dear Brother Trafton:

I am enclosing my renewal for the King's Highway; also one hundred dollars to be used the same as the last, from the Carr family. I saw by the Highway you had a good time at Beulah. We would have enjoyed very much being there. If nothing happens we are planning to visit New Brunswick another year. We are all well and hope this finds you all the same.

Yours truly,

FRANK E. CARR.

North Attleboro, Mass.

Dear Friends:

A word from us might be of interest to at least some old friends. We are located in a town of some 10,000 inhabitants and the principal business is the manufacture of jewelry. We are finding some very good friends; they gave us a fine reception at the home and took occasion to remember our birthday at the same time by a gift. We have been to Reading Camp Meeting, Douglas, Hebronville, Marion, and expect to go to Newport. Thus far they cannot touch good old Beulah in beauty or blessing. Reading came the nearest in blessing. We have explored all the points of interest around here, even to a trip to the end of Cape Cod to Provincetown. We are preaching twice Sunday, but there is not much Sunday in this State. We were agreeably surprised last Sunday in having in our congregation a man who came out in our meetings so long ago at Finney's Cove, N. S. Pray for us.

Yours in Him,

C. S. HILYARD

THE BOY WHO BROKE INTO REFORM SCHOOL.

Judge McClintock kept on writing for fully five minutes after Tony entered his office in the county court-house. Tony was a slender, dark-eyed Mexican lad.

The judge was aware of his presence, but wished to test the boy's manners and whether he would wait with patience without interrupting until the judge finished the task in hand.

Tony waited respectfully, cap in hand, until the judge looked up and asked with a winsome smile, "Well, what can I do for you?"

"Please, sir," began the boy, not knowing exactly how to state his case, "I want you to send me to the reform school."

"Why, this is unusual. What have you done?" the judge inquired.

"I haven't done anything, sir, that is bad; but I promised my mother that I would always be good, an' not do anything which wicked boys do."

"Where is your mother?" the judge inquired.

"She's dead, sir," answered the boy, his large eyes swimming in tears.

"What is your name?"

"Tony, sir."

"Tony what?"

"Tony Alhaja."

"Tony Jewel," commented the judge.

"How long has your mother been dead?" the judge inquired.

"She died last winter," answered Tony in a tearful tone, recalling that greatest sorrow that comes into a boy's life.

"Where have you been living since she died?" inquired the judge.

"After my mother died I lived with my aunt. One day I came back from school, an' she'd gone."

"Where did she go?"

"The people next door told me she'd moved back in Mexico."

"Then what did you do?"

"I found a place in an alley where I slept for many weeks."

"Where did you get food?"

"I sell papers."

The judge surveyed the lad with a searching, sweeping inspection. His feet were bare. He wore blue denim overalls and a checked shirt. His heavy, dark hair was neatly combed, and his face was clean.

"How have you kept so clean when you have to sleep in an alley?"

"I wake early, before the sun is shining. I run to the park, an' wash my face an' hands in the fountain. Then I run over to the bank, an' look in the glass door with the shade pulled down back of it. I see how to comb my hair and slick it back." Tony drew from his pocket a broken piece of comb, and showed the judge how he combed his hair.

"Where do you eat?"

"I sell papers very early. When I sell enough, I eat something. Sometimes when it rains very hard I can't sell papers. Then I don't eat."

The judge stared at this unusual boy and finally asked: "Tony, tell me, why do you want me to send you to the reform school? I think you are a very good boy."

"The police chased me out of the alley where I have been sleeping. Then I found another place, not so good; but I can sleep

there in the new alley. Now the police chase me out of that, an' they say I can't sleep in an alley nowhere." He wiped the hot tears from his cheeks with a rough sleeve.

There were tears in the judge's eyes also as he thought of the wrongs this Mexican lad had suffered from the aunt who abandoned him and the harsh enforcement of the necessary ordinance against vagrants' sleeping in alleys.

The noon whistle sounded its long siren blast. Tony started. "I must run an' sell my papers," he explained rushing for the door.

"Come back at one o'clock," called the judge after the vanishing figure.

That afternoon Tony Alhaja boarded the train for Gainesville to spend three years in the Juvenile Reformatory. Judge McClintock bade the boy good-bye, and encouraged him to make the best of his opportunity.

Tony won the sympathy and help of the superintendent from the first. He was given work in the hospital, where he rapidly won the confidence and admiration of those in charge.

Tony grew to be a slender, clean-cut, attractive young man. When he returned to El Paso, he was given a position in one of the large hospitals of the city. His willingness to serve, his reliability, and his efficiency won the admiration of all with whom he came in contact.

An official of the government from Mexico City was in El Paso on business, and was taken suddenly and violently ill. He was rushed to the hospital where Tony worked. During the days that followed the Mexican official fell in love with the quiet, efficient, unassuming young man. Later he secured for Tony a position as nurse in the government hospital in Mexico City, at a salary of three hundred pesos per month. This, being gold, is an extraordinary wage for that country.

"I little realized that morning," declared the judge, "when the waves of wronged, neglected childhood washed that little sprout into my office, that with half a chance it would grow into such a fruitful tree."—Christian Endeavor World.

PREPARATORY FOR SERVICE

When do we not face again the duty to tarry until the Church is endued with power? Can we really do the work of Christ without the Holy Spirit consciously within us? Jesus did not thus so even after He, by His own teachings and example, had trained workers for three years. He countermanded the orders to go into all the world to reach every creature by first bidding them to tarry in Jerusalem for Divine power to do it. Think of what would have become of the new evangel if the hundred and twenty had done only personal evangelism from the beginning. How long would it have taken them to win three thousand souls to Christ? How much of an experience of gathering in have we received as compared with the experience of Holy Ghost regeneration, great joy, thousands entered into at Pentecost? Let us have a thousand fold more personal evangelism but get it right!—The Methodist.

I am not arguing for a psychology of personalism, nor for a behaviouristic psychology; I am simply stating that it is getting so we folk in America do not know how to behave. —Professor Artman.