

the tides of modernism as it comes against us on every hand. And we might ask the question, "Who knoweth whither thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" The weapons of our warfare are not "carnal but mighty," and we can only win through prevailing prayer and a courage born of the Holy Spirit.

We have far-reaching agencies through which to spread the gospel message of full salvation and which have been connecting links in our work, holding us together as one, although widely separated.

The Highway, which was established shortly after our organization, has gone into hundreds of homes and has reached thousands through its columns. If it could speak, it would tell us that it has been upheld by prayer and faith through the tests of the years. The Highway has never been in debt, although there has been times when it seemed the money for its publication would not be at hand, but God moved upon someone in arrears and the needed amount arrived and thus its credit was kept good. It has never missed an issue, although the place of publication has been changed several times, as well as the editor having to move. It was always on time and has never been sidetracked, but has kept on the main line and true to the teaching of the two works of grace: Regeneration and Sanctification. It has had a wide circulation. Crossing the ocean it reaches our dear missionaries, who are laboring faithfully to reach those in heathen darkness. It also crosses the continent and is eagerly read by those of our number who are scattered far friends who have stood by us so loyally and from the home churches.

In this review, I do not forget the dear ministered to us in our sorrows and helped us many times with their sympathy to pick up the broken threads of life and to "look beyond this vale of tears."

In closing I wish to add a paragraph from an editorial, written by one whose pen is now idle, but who loved the cause of holiness as life itself:

"There have been blessed victories that have brought success to many hearts, that revealed true loyalty which has made us rejoice, as we have seen the unity of faith in our dear people all over the land.

There has been a steady growth in establishing and making permanent the institutions for the propagation of holiness teaching at home and abroad, through the Highway, Beulah and Riverside Camp Grounds, and our work in South Africa as well as from the pulpits in our churches.

Considering the great influences against us it is marvelous that we have been enabled to make progress, and it has only been by Divine power and the blessing of God "who causeth us to triumph." So let us take heart, even in this most trying time of the world's history, and say with the Psalmist, "Thus far will not we fear, though the earth be removed."

"The Lord reigneth; he is clothed with majesty, the Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath girded himself. The world also is established that it cannot be moved."

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"Perfect obedience would be perfect happiness, if only we had perfect confidence in the Power we were obeying.—Anon.

THE DAY OF REST

Many years ago, before the western part of the United States was thickly settled, a great highway was built from Maryland to Indiana. Over this road could be seen long lines of wagons, with six heavy horses attached to each, which were crawling along laden with the household goods of those who were seeking new homes in the West. The wagons were driven by men called "regulars," who went backwards and forwards over the road carrying merchandise of various kinds. One of these regulars went by the name of "Devil Tom Beard"—a title he well deserved, as he was foremost in all plans of mischief. He was a blasphemous man, taking the Lord's name in vain at every breath, and his closest companions felt more fear than love for him.

When the Baltimore and Ohio railroad was built, the "regulars" lost their occupation, Tom Beard among the rest. He therefore bought a few acres, built a mill upon it, and became the proprietor of a large sawmill. One day, while standing in front of his door, a man drove up and said:

"My barn was burned down last night and if you can saw me some lumber by noon on Monday, I can get a new one raised by Wednesday. I need it very much. Can you do it?"

"Utterly impossible," said Tom, "because I won't work on Sunday."

"Come, now," the man rejoined; "don't pretend to be pious, do you?"

"No," replied Tom, "I don't pretend to be pious, but I won't run my sawmill on Sunday to please anybody, and I'll tell you why.

"Many years ago, when I was a 'regular' on the road, I owned two large wagons. I drove one of the teams myself and hired a man to drive the other team. Between us we had fourteen horses, six in each harness, and each of us led one behind the wagon. We called a trip from home to Baltimore; from there to Pittsburgh or Wheeling, from there to Baltimore, and then back home a 'rounder,' whether a farmer or a 'regular,' always made his charges sufficiently high to cover the contingency of losing a horse thereby. During a 'rounder' one horse was sure to give out, and sometimes several would break down, and occasionally a horse would die.

"One Saturday evening, being full of fun and frolic, I was the leader of a gang who made a raid upon the field of a farmer near where we were stopping. We stole a large quantity of green corn, and, taking it to the tavern, compelled the woman to cook it for us. The next morning, Sunday, found me too sick to proceed on my journey, so the other teamsters hitched up and drove off, leaving me and my hired man and my two teams behind.

"By Monday morning I had sufficiently recovered to follow after my friends. My horses were so fresh, and in such good condition, that I drove much farther than usual that day. As they still walked off freely on Tuesday, I drove as far as I had done on Monday. Showing no signs of fatigue on Wednesday, I drove that day to the regular stand, and stopped with my companions. For the remainder of the week I travelled in their company. I said nothing, but I did a wonderful amount of thinking. I resolved to try it again. Consequently, the next Sunday morning I feigned sickness, and they went off without me. Again I tried it, and always with the same result.

"Every week on Wednesday night I overtook my comrades and kept with them until Sunday morning. I continued it till I made a 'rounder,' and you must not laugh when I tell you that, after resting at home for my accustomed three days, my twelve team horses were in such fine condition from having had their regular rest on Sunday that I sold my two extra horses. I continued on the road for five years thereafter, and never lost an hour's time on account of worn-out teams, for they did not wear out, and I never bought another horse.

"Then the railroad destroyed our occupation, and I sold off my teams. There being no sawmill around here, I bought this spot of land, had this establishment erected, hired an experienced workman, engaged in the new enterprise and soon became master of the business.

"Having had the experience I have just related to you, I resolved that my sawmill should never run on Sunday. I knew it was not flesh, blood and bones; that it did not require rest as my horses did; but I thought that even inanimate wheels, cogs and saws might be the better for having a regular rest from constant motion; might be the better for resting from incessant friction; might be the better for cooling off. Besides, I knew both my man and myself required one day's rest in seven.

"The first Sunday after the sawmill was started, my hired man and I were loafing among the cedars there. Soon we heard the noise of several wagons coming over the road in sight of us, but we were hidden from them. Each wagon was loaded with logs for my sawmill. The man and I were deaf to their calls. At length they unhitched their horses, left their loaded wagons and went home.

"About the middle of the forenoon on Monday the two farmers returned with their horses, and seemed to be in bad humor. I helped them to unload their wagons without noticing the condition of their temper. After the logs were rolled off the wagons, I invited them into the room here, on the sawmill. I told them as nearly as I have related to you my experience when I was driving my team as a 'regular' on the National Turnpike Road.

"They could see in my experience with themselves, that if my sawmill had been running on Sunday, thereafter many farmers, as well as they, would have taken Sunday for hauling logs to the mill. So that when I had determined not to run the sawmill on Sunday, without knowing it I was relieving many a poor horse in the settlement from working on Sunday, and really compelling the farmers, too, to rest on that day.

"I don't know much about the Bible; but I guess God knew what He was about when He set one day apart for rest. I've never broken my rule, and I never will, not even if those who are pious like yourself, do come and ask me."

Here Tom Beard stopped to enjoy the mortified look which spread over the man's face. He was so thoroughly ashamed of himself that he could not at first speak. When he did, he said

"You are right, Tom Beard. The Lord is with you in this matter. You have taught me a good lesson. Never again shall I be found guilty, under any circumstances, of asking a person to work on Sunday."