

able paper, the King's Highway. This article describes, far better than I can, the meaning contained in our lesson by the "face of an ox," Ezek. 1:10. The ox stands as God's chosen type of the spirit ready, equally for service or sacrifice.

Trusting God to reveal to you the glorious mysteries of His coming kingdom, I am,

Yours in Him,

H. C. SANDERS

LET ME BE KIND.

Yes, I could wish that I were bright and clever,
And favored with a keen and nimble wit;
That when among my fellows I might ever
Be qualified to do my brilliant bit;

But to the Giver of rare gifts, who proffers
The precious charms that grace the heart
and mind,

This is the prayer my soul with yearning
offers,

"Let me be kind."

—Nixon Waterman

MODERN YOUTH KEEPS BUSINESS ACCOUNT WITH MOTHER

A lad named Sydney, age ten, conceived the business-like idea of making out a bill for what he had done. The next morning he quietly laid on his mother's plate the following statement:

"Mother owes Sydney—For getting coal six times, 12 cents. For fetching logs lots of times, 12 cents. For going errands twice, 8 cents. For being a good boy, 4 cents. Total, 36 cents."

His mother read the bill, but said nothing. That evening Sydney found it lying on his own plate, with 36 cents as payment; but accompanying it was another bill, which read as follows:

"Sydney owes Mother: Happy home for 10 years, nothing. For his food, nothing. For nursing him through illness, nothing. For being good to him, nothing. Total, nothing." When the lad looked at this, his eyes were dim and his lips quivering.

Presently he took the 36 cents out of his pocket, and rushed to his mother, flung his arms round her neck, and exclaimed: "Mother dear! I was a mean wretch! Please forgive me, and let me do lots of things for you still!"

Jesus Christ has done everything for us; are we doing all we can for Him? What He most wants us to do is to let others know that He died to save them.—Sel. by S. A. Bradley.

THE NEW YEAR

A bower unknown; a book unread;
A tree with fruit unharvested;
A path untrod; a house whose rooms
Lack yet the heart's divine perfumes;
A landscape whose wide border lies
In silent shade, 'neath silent skies;
A wondrous fountain yet unsealed;
A casket with its gifts concealed;
This is the year that for you waits
Beyond tomorrow's mystic gates!

—Horatio Nelson Powers

"For without the missionary passion they are not able ministers of the New Testament; they are disabled, deficient, half-equipped; they lack the fulness of the Spirit of Christ."—Dr. C. C. Hall.

Herald of Holiness.

MARRIED

Moran—Grant

The Union Church, East Hodgdon, Maine, was the scene of a very beautiful wedding on Thanksgiving evening at 7 o'clock when Miss Pheobe Eva Grant, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Grant, East Hodgdon, Maine, became the bride of Manley A. Moran, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Moran, East Hersey, Maine.

As the wedding march was played the groom entered accompanied by Mr. Leslie Dickinson, best man. Mrs. Leslie Dickinson, sister of the bride and maid of honor, was the next to enter. Miss Muriel Dickinson, niece of the bride, dropped flowers in the path of the bride who was accompanied by her father. The bride was attired in white satin and carried a bridal bouquet. She was given away by her father. The couple stood under a cedar arch while Rev. G. A. Rogers performed the ceremony. The single ring service was used. The ushers were Inez Turney and Dorothy Weston. At the close of the wedding a splendid reception was given at the home of the bride. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful presents.

Mrs. Moran is a graduate of Ricker Classical Institute, Houlton, Maine, and of Boston Bible Training School, Roxbury, Mass. Mr. Moran is also a graduate of Boston Bible Training School. Mr. and Mrs. Moran plan to be active in Christian work. May the blessing of Heaven be upon their life's work. Their many friends wish them joy and happiness.

G. A. ROGERS.

P. S. Many of the readers of the Highway will be interested to know that Mrs. Moran is a granddaughter of Timothy Smith.

G. A. R.

Drew—Brewer

Mr. Howard A. Drew, son of Mr. Samuel L. Drew, Oakfield, Maine, was married to Miss Stella Brewer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Brewer, East Hersey, Maine, at U. B. parsonage, Crystal, Maine, on Saturday evening, Nov. 29th. Rev. G. A. Rogers performed the ceremony and Rev. F. T. Wright assisted. The single ring service was used.

May this young couple have a long and happy life.

G. A. R.

Moran—Carr

Mr. Percy Moses Moran, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Moran, East Hersey, Maine, and Miss Clara Marada Carr, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Carr, Island Falls, Me., were united in marriage on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 20th, at the U. B. parsonage in Crystal, Maine. The single ring service was used. The ceremony was performed by Rev. G. A. Rogers in the presence of a few relatives and friends. We join in wishing them a very happy life.

G. A. R.

Clark-Knox

A very pretty wedding was solemnized at the home of the bride, on Wednesday, Dec. 17th, at three-thirty p. m., by the writer. Marion Beatrice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alton Knox, of Upper Hainesville, was united in marriage to Roscoe Keith, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Clarke, of Millville, in the presence of immediate relatives. The single ring service was used.

The bride was becomingly attired in white satin, wearing a bridal veil caught up with orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of

white carnations and maiden-hair fern. The bride and groom stood beneath an arch of boughs trimmed with white bells. The room was daintily decorated with Christmas green and red. After the ceremony a supper was served. In the center of the table sat the bride's cake surmounted by Cupid.

The bride was the recipient of many beautiful and practical gifts.

The bride and groom will make their home on a farm recently purchased by the groom in Millville. We pray the blessing of the Lord upon them and wish them every joy and success through a long life.

REV. S. G. HILYARD

OUR FATHER'S NEW GIFT

(Editorial, January, 1884)

We have a new lease of life! We turn over new leaves. The brightness of another year is on our pathway. The smiles of our Heavenly Father greet us at the very threshold. Let us give thanks—let praise-notes circulate freely in our hearts.

What shall we do with our Father's New Year's Gift? Look at it! LIFE! It is a sacred trust committed to us. Shall we keep it with true fidelity? Shall we meet the final reckoning with joy?

There is but one life of probation. Time is the vestibule of eternity. We are weaving out our everlasting destiny. Be careful how the shuttle flies over the loom. We may often learn wisdom on these momentous themes, from childhood. Dr. Wise tells of a little girl who was asked why she was working so hard. She replied: "My candle is almost burned out and I have not got another." Life is indeed as a candle burning out. Sometimes there is a thief in it, a disease, consuming it more quickly; or it may be blown out, suddenly extinguished; and "we have not got another."

What New Year counsels have we got to give our readers? Well, it may all be summed up in a sentence: LIVE WELL THIS YEAR OF 1884. (Shall we not also say 1928?) Live well! Ay! LIVE WELL, we say. It was one of the wise sayings of Seneca: "It was one of the bounties of Nature that we live, but of philosophy that we live well; which is, in truth, a greater benefit than life itself." True, most noble Seneca! But the philosophy of living well is found alone in the New Testament. A greater than Seneca has given us the true philosophy of life in this all-comprehending sentence: "WHETHER THEREFORE YE EAT OR DRINK, OR WHATSOEVER YE DO, DO ALL TO THE GLORY OF GOD."

Beloved, begin the year WITH GOD. Keep in company with Him all the year. God dwelling in a pure heart—God in the thoughts, in the will, in the motives, in the desires, in the affections—in a word, GOD IN EVERYTHING.

FAITH

A blind man who should say that there is no rainbow, or a deaf man that there is no thunder, or a man who has no sense of smell that there is no fragrance, is just as reasonable as the man who says there is no reality in faith. The telescope does not create the stars; it only enables the eye to see them. The sun does not make the landscape; it only reveals it. Faith is the telescope, faith is the sun, faith is the power to see what to the natural eye is hidden.—Selected.