

delight, "Just think Junior has grown a pound already. Isn't it wonderful? Dad weighs the baby about every three weeks, and he weighs it on the same scales he weighed that big fish he caught last vacation, in Maine. There was always grave doubts about that fish as to the number of pounds, but the whole thing was explained when it was discovered he weighed it with the scales of an apothecary and not those of the groceryman.

And when somebody protested, "You are weighing the babe with the same kind of scales they weigh gold!" He replied, "Well this is something better than gold that I am weighing", and we say that is true. God said, "I will make a man more precious than the gold of Ophir" and a little babe is that to the heart of every fond father and mother.

A babe is beautifully interesting as a babe, but it would make the hearts of the parents sad indeed if the babe never grew. Mamma and daddy are glad when the little tot gets out of the cradle and begins to toddle around; when it gives up the milk and takes the stronger food.

Now God also is interested in his spiritual babes. They present a food problem. God wants his children to grow, and has scales on which he weighs them to note their progress. "As newborn babes desire the sincere milk of the word that ye may grow thereby", is what the apostle exhorts. There is such a thing as spiritual babyhood and spiritual manhood. Sad thing to see Christians in the cradle when they ought to be out fighting the battles of the Lord and bearing the burdens of life.

Now the blessedness of hunger and thirst lies in the possibility of these desires and needs being met. What a pang to the hearts of parents it must be to hear their children crying for bread and they not have that to satisfy them! The other day in one of our schools, a little girl fell to the floor unconscious. Investigation was made, and it was discovered that she had come to school without her breakfast. She told the teacher that it was not her turn to have breakfast that morning: And this in a land of plenty.

But how glad is the mother to see children with large appetites and she with plenty to satisfy them! Tom, and Dick, and Bill, come home from school, and throw their books on the couch and cry "Mother we are about starved to death," But that doesn't frighten mother in the least. She does not send for the doctor; She has heard that cry before, and she knows that she has the right medicine for those hungry boys. Soon they are seated at the table, and how they stow away the good things mother has made. And she is glad, for she would rather have less food and more boy; She loves to see them eat and grow.

Now our good God has abundance wherewith to satisfy the hunger of our souls. The promise is that they that "hunger and thirst after righteousness shall be filled." Once God's people lived in Egypt, and it was a land of want and hunger, for they were oppressed by their enemies. But the time came when God by the hand of Moses, led his people out. They crossed the Red Sea with a song of triumph. This led them to the Wilderness where God fed them with Manna. But that was not their destination, and Manna was not to be their permanent food. But they were full of unbelief, and wandered in the Wilderness for forty years. But when a new generation came on, God enabled Joshua to lead that people over into Canaan—a goodly land flowing with milk and honey. And Canaan is never a type of Heaven, but a type of the blessed experience of perfect love and soul satisfaction the

believer may have here and now. There is in Christ soul satisfaction; yea a fullness of blessing, that brings "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

But one may ask, "Can we ever get to the place where we shall have no such thing as hunger?" I say "no certainly not." But there are two kinds of hunger; that of want, and the hunger of relish. In the wilderness experience we are in the Want country; never satisfied. We may make some progress, but it is like that of the child that mounts the merry-go-round; he gets off at the same place he got on. There was plenty of motion, but no real progress. It is in Canaan that we grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.

I once heard a Western preacher tell the story of his early life. His father fought for the lost cause of the Southland. When the war closed he with his wife and four boys went to Kansas to seek a better prospect. But times for years were hard in Kansas. Time and again their crops were devoured by the grasshopper or burned up by the drought. They were terribly poor. They lived in a little shanty, one room down stairs, served as dining-room, sitting-room, parlor, and also as bedroom for the parents. The boys climbed on a rough ladder up through a trap-door to the loft, and there they slept.

But he said, "we had love in our home for both father and mother were Christians, believed in God and lived their religion every day. Mother was a sanctified woman and full of joy and victory in the darkest hour. Father was good, but somewhat temperamental, and at times had the "blues". It was then mother would cheer and encourage him. We always celebrated Christmas, and we boys hung up our stockings and Santa Claus always brought us something; popped corn, gubers-peanuts, candy made out of sorghum molasses; at times some store candy and each a little toy.

One Christmas Eve I resolved that I would investigate as to who this Santa Claus was. We boys ascended the ladder as usual. Soon my brothers were asleep, and I crawled cautiously out of bed, lifted the trapdoor a little, put a corn cob under it and watched. I saw my father and mother below tip-toeing around and with evident joy putting the little things into our socks. Soon all was done and then I saw something that I was not expecting to see. I saw father, strong man that he was, put his arm around mother in lover-like fashion, and draw her to himself. They sat in the old rough easy chair, and I could hear all they said. As they talked Father soon dropped into a pensive and sad mood. They talked of the hard struggle they were having to make a living. Father said "I almost feel that it is hopeless and that I have been a miserable failure."

But mother said, "No John you are not a failure: I have confidence that you and I with faith in God, can win and make a success in Kansas yet. We will give these dear boys a better chance than we ever had."

"O cried my father, "that is what I am thinking about—the boys and you". And then his voice broke with something like a sob, as he cried: "I have so little to give them and I love them so much!"

Then he said, "I let that door down softly and crept into bed. I did not soon go to sleep, for I had been given a glimpse of my father's love for us. He was a reserved man as to showing affection, but I saw that if my father had the means, he would let us make a great long list of our wants, and gladly get them for us. But he had not the money; He had the love and the

desire and that meant so much to me. I felt almost as good as though I had them all."

"But when I think of the love of the heavenly Father; He is not poverty-stricken nor is he limited in anything. He loves us more tenderly than can any earthly parent. His great heart is grieved that he has so much to give us and we are satisfied with so little. "He can satisfy the longing soul and fill the hungry soul with goodness. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled."

CORRESPONDENCE

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Dear Highway Friends:

I am led to write a few lines for the pages we all love.

As I pass another milestone and celebrate my 87th birthday, my mind retraces some of life's path over which I have come.

I was born in Woodstock, and naturally I am thinking of the days and years spent there. As I remember the old friends, I realize, that the way has grown lonely. Many are on the other side. In these days I am enjoying "The King's Highway", the only home paper that comes regularly. The last one, of February 28 brought correspondence and reports of the work being done in the home churches and in Africa, that was very cheering. I pray that God may greatly bless every minister and worker.

In these my later years I have leisure and opportunity for Bible study, and find it indeed "The Wonder Book". Our Lord said "Search the Scriptures" or "Be ye explorers of the Word". The covenants, how far reaching; the promises, how precious; the prophecies, fulfilled in Christ our Lord, marvelous. Those prophecies yet to be fulfilled bring a great longing in my heart for the time when the Glory of the Lord shall fill the earth. The Scripture is surely the "Treasure House" for God's people. The study of the Bible enriches the soul and mind. There is joy and blessing as the Spirit leads to the understanding of the "Inspired" message from God. My testimony is, The blood cleanseth, the Spirit abides.

DIADAMA McLEOD

INFECTED

"Look out for the scratches," said a doctor to a friend as they drove away from the hospital. "Gage is a pretty sick man, and it all comes from a splinter that lodged under his thumb nail. It brought about blood poisoning.

"If the system happens to be in a certain condition—weak or run down—a little infection is apt to prove a serious thing."

"Look out for the scratches" is good advice for all. Many sins leave but little scars upon the soul; so we think, but a little sin may do a lot of damage if left unmolested.

It was not a big sin that wrecked Saul, Israel's first king, nor Gehazi, the prophet's servant.

When the virus of sin once gets into the blood it spreads through the whole life, and suffering and tragedy are apt to result.—Ex.

"Oh, give thanks unto the Lord for His mercy endureth forever."

"God's goodness hath been great to thee. Let never a day nor night unhallowed pass but still remember what the Lord hath done."—Shakespeare.