

cords into the Victrola as casually as if he did it every night.

The business man sat down in an armchair and watched the boy's face. It was an honest, open face.

He watched Lois, too, and something made his heart feel warm and tender. To him it was a great thing that the girl who loved beauty and daintiness should be entertaining a boy from Jones' alley, "for Christ's sake."

Ragtime, Joe liked, and "Over There," and "Keep the Home Fires Burning." He told Lois that the hurdy-gurdy played them.

Then Lois put on the Victrola the "Wonderful Story" of how Jesus was here among men and called to Him the children and blessed them. The firelight shone on Joe's face as she sang this hymn, and he was very quiet.

"Is your father Bill Hicks, who used to work at Parker's?" asked Mr. Chamberlain, when nine o'clock struck and Joe tore himself away from the Victrola.

"Yes, sir."

"Got fired from there, didn't he? Maybe it wasn't his fault, from what I heard today. Doing much now?"

"He don't work at all, sir." Joe was rapidly acquiring "manners."

"Well, tell him to come around to the foreman tomorrow, and maybe there'll be a job for him."

"Oh, daddy!" Lois held the lapel of her father's coat, and smiled at him. "You're a dear."

"And what are you?" he asked, pushing up a loose curl of fluffy hair.

"Mrs. Hicks will be so happy, Daddy."

Mrs. Hicks was happy, but stern.

"Did you remember yer manners, as I told you?" she asked, trying not to let her joy show in her face. Bill had promised to do his best now at the factory.

"Yes, ma."

"Well, remember this: Miss Chamberlain ain't a doin' this stunt for her own pleasure, I tell ye that. It ain't no fun fer her to take keer of a lot o' kids like you. Ef ye don't behave an' go clean to Sunday-school ye'll have the thrashing o' yer life!"

Then suddenly she stopped and kissed him, and Joe threw his arms around her neck. She had been too tired and busy to kiss him for a long time.

Bill Hicks turned around.

"What under the sun is she doin' it fer, then, ma?" he asked.

"Fer the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, she said," answered Mrs. Hicks, with a little tremble in her voice.

"I guess mebbe we'd better go 'long with Joe," suggested Bill Hicks.—*Western Recorder*.

WHAT A POSTAGE STAMP SAYS

I represent my country.
I am always ready for service.
I go wherever I am sent.
I do whatever I am asked to do.
I stick to my task until it is done.
I don't strike back when I am struck.
I don't give up when I am licked.
I am small, but I carry great messages.
I am necessary to the happiness of the world.
I keep up to date.
I am crowned with the cross-mark of service.—*The Watchman-Examiner*.

Abstinency is favorable both to the head and the pocket.—Horace Greeley.

CORRESPONDENCE

Millville, N. B.

Dear Brother Trafton:

I am sending you a few items for publication that may be of interest to Highway readers.

I have accepted the call to continue with the Millville Circuit as pastor for the ensuing year.

Mrs. Abner Sharpe, who has been confined to her home the greater part of the winter through illness, is able to attend the church services, for which we praise the Lord.

The right hand of fellowship was given one brother at the close of the service Sunday morning, April 23rd, at Lower Hainesville.

During recent meetings held in Lower Hainesville four professed conversion and have proven this experience by taking their place in the work. We are expecting to have a baptism in the near future.

I want to thank the good people of Maple Ridge and Millville who made it possible for their pastor to appear out with a new overcoat.

We thank the people of Lower Hainesville for the gift of the fine blanket to their pastor.

We are waiting with interest the report of the special meetings. Here and there God is pouring out His blessing in a great measure but it seems to me that much of the work today is hand picked fruit. God is seeking himself a bride.

I see some encouraging things and again there are those things which drive us to our knees that we may surmount them. I am glad that "He can make all grace abound toward us."

Yours for victory,

S. G. HILYARD

RESURRECTION

"The day dies into night, and is buried in silence and in darkness; in the next morning it appeareth again and reviveth, opening the grave of darkness, rising from the dead of night; this is a diurnal resurrection.

As the day dies into the night, so doth the summer into winter; the sap is said to descend into the root, and there it lies buried in the ground; the earth is covered with snow, or crusted with frost, and becomes a general sepulchre; when the spring appeareth, all begin to rise; the plants and flowers peep out of their graves, revive, and grow, and flourish; this is the annual resurrection.

The corn by which we live, and for want of which we perish with famine, is notwithstanding cast upon the earth and buried in the ground, with a design that it may corrupt, and, being corrupted, may revive and multiply; our bodies are fed with this constant experiment, and we continue this present life by succession of resurrections.

Thus all things are repaired by corrupting, are preserved by perishing, and revive by dying; and can we think that man, the lord of all these things which thus die and revive for him, should be detained in death as never to live again?"—Heart and Life.

He that will believe only what he can fully comprehend must have a very long head or a very short creed.—Colton.

"Oh, thou invincible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee —devil."—Shakespeare.

OBITUARY

Death entered the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Grant, M. Southampton, and claimed as its victim, their infant son, six weeks old. He had never seemed very rugged from the time of his birth, yet his sudden death came as a shock, the real cause being unknown. The funeral service was attended by the writer, who spoke briefly from Matt. 19-14. Mrs. Owens sang three selections, "Jewels," "Some Sweet Morn," and "Safe in His Haven of Love." The little body was laid to rest in the near-by cemetery.

Besides his sorrowing parents, two brothers and one sister are left to mourn. May God richly bless and sustain them in their sad bereavement.

LIC. J. A. OWENS

Percy Robinson

At his home in Marysville on Friday, April 14th, Percy Robinson passed peacefully away at the age of 28 years. The deceased had been a sufferer with heart trouble for several years but continued at work until a few weeks before. He leaves to mourn their loss, his wife and two children, John and Eleanor; his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Robinson, and one brother, Walter, with many relatives and friends.

The funeral services were held on Sunday by the writer, assisted by Rev. E. R. MacWilliam. A few days before his death he declared his faith in Christ which enables us to sorrow not as those which have no hope. The R. B. choir and quartette rendered appropriate singing. Sympathy is extended to the sorrowing.

L. T. S.

A UNIFYING FAITH

One of the profound aspects of the Easter faith is the manner in which it unifies the hearts of men. It is the same lifting hope for the farthest extremes of the human race in condition and education.

Place the two following instances of that statement side by side. Sir James Simpson was one of Great Britain's greatest scientists and surgeons. When his heart was broken over the death of his dearly loved little daughter, he had carved on her gravestone the text—"Nevertheless I live."

At the other extreme of education the same radiant hope finds striking expression in one of the less known of the Negro spirituals. There is a thrilling and unexpected climax to the verses. The song puts the question: "Who will be a-living when I am dead?" and proceeds to answer it in this fashion:

"Trees will be a-living and a-waving
When I am dead,
Birds will be a-living and a-singing
When I am dead."

And so it goes on until the listener feels utterly diminished—less than the grass, less than the dust. Then suddenly the song restores his spirit with a triumphant shout:

"Who will be a-living when I am dead?
I will! I will!"

That jubilant "I will! I will!" is the response to the salute of the risen Jesus to the world—"Hail!"

The Easter "Hail" of Jesus is the one great exclamation point of human life on which the height and depth of every joy depend.—Heart and Life.