

## CORRESPONDENCE

## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

We wish to acknowledge the kindness of the members of the Church at North Head, who gathered at the home of Brother L. C. Watt on the evening of June 9th for a farewell gathering for their pastor and his wife. A short programme was carried out after which Brother Ralph Beal in behalf of those present presented us with a purse of money. This was only another expression of the kindness of these dear people, and we were indeed very sorry to leave them, but on account of the condition of my health I did not feel able to continue the work there for another year.

We wish to express our thanks, and pray that the work may prosper under the direction of the new pastor.

H. C. & MRS. ARCHER

Rockport, Mass.

Dear Brother Dow:

Enclosed please find money order for renewal of my King's Highway paper. Please send subscription for one year to this address. Mrs. Phyllis M. Crowley, Beals, Me. The rest please put toward the Highway Supplementary Fund. I enjoy this paper very much. I love to read its sweet and clean pages.

Jesus is very precious to me these days. My determination is to go through with Him.

Yours in Him,

MRS. ANNIE B. SEAVEY

Havelock, N. S.

Dear Brother Dow:

Just a few lines to say that we had a good quarterly meeting. The Lord blessed throughout the entire session.

After the quarterly meetings closed, Rev. and Mrs. G. A. Rogers remained with us for one day and preached on Monday evening. This was a gracious service. Four souls came to the altar and sought the Lord.

We were encouraged in the Lord. On Sunday, June 12th, afternoon, the writer baptised two converts. They were received into the church at the evening service.

We are praying for a gracious camp meeting at Beulah this year.

Yours in Him,

H. L. ROBERTSON

Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Bro. Dow:

I have had to do without many things but I don't want to do without my Highway, I do so love its clean pages and the blessed messages it carries; so inclosed you will find \$2.00 cash to pay for the coming year which was due in March.

My testimony is "I'm still living day by day 'neath the cleansing blood and He keeps me clean. Praise His wonderful name". And there I expect to stay till He calls me home.

Yours in Christian love,

ALICE M. LEWIS

The world has not changed. Suspicions among the nations exist as ever, only more intense; combinations are forming everywhere for the next war, great armies drilling, compacts for joint action when the tocsin sounds. New machinery of destruction is being devised and manufactured in feverish haste; . . . in fact, a deep-laid, powerful, concerted plot against civilization is openly organized in the light of the sun.—David Lloyd George.

## THE BIBLE

## The Word of Life

One day a Japanese officer of high rank, a man of education and refinement, was taking a pleasure-walk along the seacoast of Jeddo. Shortly before, an English steamer had left the port. He saw something floating on the surface of the water and had his servant bring it to him. On examining it he found it to be a book he could not read. Through merchants of Holland he learned it to be an English Testament, and that many people believed it to contain the Word of the one true and living God. He further learned that the book had been translated into the Chinese language and could be procured at Shanghai. He at once ordered a copy of the book. Then he associated himself with five or six men at the royal palace to study the Word of Life. Gospel light dawned upon him. The words and works of Christ prompted him to say, "Never before have I seen, heard, read or dreamed of such a person; nor did I have any idea whatever of the existence of such a being in all the world." For months he continued to study the Bible. Then, through an interpreter, he consulted a teacher at Nagaska. Thus, he and two of his associates embraced the faith of our Christ and His Gospel. Coming to the missionary, Rev. ———, for baptism, they were found to be happily converted and were received into the Church. These, as far as known, were the first Japanese converts to the Christian religion; and the floating Testament at Jeddo was the providential means of accomplishing this important result.

## In The Home

A good man once entered a house in Germany, and found it very wretched—no fire, no furniture, no food. Everything bore the appearance of utter poverty. But, glancing round, he saw, in a neglected corner, a copy of the Bible, and when he went away, he said to the poor inmates, "There is a treasure in this house that would make you all rich."

After he had gone, the people began to search the house for what they thought must be a jewel or a pot of gold, and finding nothing, they went to dig up the very floor, in hopes of discovering the hidden store or wealth. All in vain. One day after the mother lifted up the old Bible, and found written on the fly-leaf of it, taken from its own pages, these words, "Thy testimonies are better to me than thousands of gold and silver." "Ah!" she said "can this be the treasure the stranger spoke of?" So she told her thought to the rest; they began to read the Bible, became changed in character, and blessing came to stay with them. The stranger came back to find poverty gone, contentment and peace in its place, and a hearty Christian welcome while, with grateful joy, the family told him, "We found the treasure, and it has proved all that you said to us it would."

## A Good Account

Matthew Hale Smith, in his book, *Marvels of Prayer*, tells of a shipwreck and rescue by Captain Judkins and the crew of the *Scotia*. Among the rescued was a lad about twelve years, who had lost everything. "Who are you, my boy?" said Captain Judkins. "I am a little Scotch boy; my father and mother are dead and I am going to America to find my uncle, who lives in Illinois." "What is this?" said the captain, as he took hold of a rope that was tied around the boy's breast. "It is a piece of cord, sir." "What is that tied under your arm?" "My Mother's Bible; she told me never to lose it." "That's all you saved?" "Yes, sir." "Couldn't you have saved something else?" "Not and save that."

"Didn't you expect to be lost?" "I meant, if I went down, to take my mother's Bible down with me." "All right," said the Captain, "I'll take care of you." Having reached the port of New York, Captain Judkins took the boy to a Christian merchant, to whom he told this story. "I'll take the lad," said the merchant, "I want no other recommendation; the boy that holds on to his mother's Bible in such perils will give a good account of himself."

THE BIBLE contains: The mind of God, the state of man, the way to salvation, the doom of sinners, and the happiness of believers. Its doctrine is holy, its precepts are binding, its histories are true, and its decisions are immutable. Read it to be wise, believe it to be safe, and practice it to be holy. It contains light to direct you, food to support you and comfort to cheer you. It is the traveler's map, the pilgrim's staff, the pilot's compass, the soldier's sword, and the Christian's charter. Here Heaven is opened, and the gates of Hell disclosed. Christ is its grand subject, our good its design, and the glory of God its end. It should fill the memory, rule the heart, and guide the feet. Read it slowly, frequently, prayerfully. It is a mine of wealth, health to the soul, and a river of pleasure. It is given to you here in this life, will be opened at the Judgment, and is established forever. It involves the highest responsibility, will reward the greatest labor, and condemn all who trifle with its sacred contents.—The Sky Pilot.

## NOBODY CARES FOR MY SOUL

I walked down the street with him, and put to him the invariable question, "Are you a Christian?"

He said, "No, sir, I am not."

Then I used every Scripture and every argument to get him to promise me to give his heart to God, but could not succeed. When about to separate, I said to him, "Are your father and mother alive?"

"Both alive," said he.

"Is your father a Christian?"

"Don't know; he has been a steward in the church for several years."

"Is your mother a Christian?"

"Don't know; she has been superintendent of the Sabbath School of the same church for some time."

"Have you a sister?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is she a Christian?"

"Don't know; she has the primary department in the Sabbath school."

"Do your father and mother ever ask the blessing at the table?"

"No, sir."

"Did your father, mother, or sister ever ask you to be a Christian?"

"Mr. Sunday, as long as I can remember, my father or mother or sister never said a word to me about my soul. Do you believe they think I am lost?" I could not answer such an argument.

It is six years this coming October since I heard this. I can hear his words ringing in my ears, "Do you believe they think I am lost?"

Can anyone of ours say that we do not care for his soul? May God save us from the crime of unconcern.—Billy Sunday, in *Earnest Worker*.

Careless smokers caused 47,845 fires throughout the nation last year, or twenty-three per cent of all forest fires, the Division of Forestry reports.—National Voice.