

not with fright, but with faces aglow with happiness. 'Look, father!' they exclaimed, 'we can see the stars—stars right here in London!'

"It gave my heart a lift. I had not been able to see anything but sorrow in the blackouts. My mind linked them with the despairing words of years ago, 'The lights of Europe are going out!'

"But now my heart tells me—taught by my children—that the lights of God are still shining. The very darkness makes them more visible, if we will but lift our downcast eyes."—Joseph Fort Newton, in *Zion's Herald*.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from Page 3)

Highway poem scrop book." I have memorized a great many of them, including "My Lesson," "He Saved Others," "The Lost Sheep," "This is the Victory," by George MacDonald, and "I met the Master Face to Face," "No Room," and many others which have been a spiritual source of inspiration to me in times of trial and discouragement, in fact I always find inspiration and comforting thoughts in the pages of your Highway, and I'm wishing you and all who read it, spiritual success, health and happiness this glad Xmas season.

Very sincerely,

MRS. D. A. EBBETT

Dear Brother Dow: Shelton, Conn.

I see my paper expires this month so am sending renewal; was glad to see the piece written by Brother Ward a little while ago brought back fresh memories.

Still wishing you success.

Yours in Christian love,

WM. J. JONES

Dear Brother Dow: Peel, N. B.

Enclosed please find order for \$5.50. This is money our daughter, Alberta (Mrs. G. W. McIsaac, of Washburn, Maine) gave me and she wants it applied to the aged minister's fund.

I want to congratulate you on the success you are having in making the Highway the paper it is. I believe its getting better all the time. I know the last two papers have been a great blessing to me.

I am rejoicing in a second work of grace that cleansed my heart from sin and keeps it clean. It is the second work that made us Reformed Baptists. I don't hear as much about it as I would like to hear, but I have it. Glory to God. Hallelujah!

Yours trusting in God for victory,

JOHN GOLDING

North Head, Grand Manan

Dear Highway Readers:

Our church has just closed a four week revival meeting with Rev. H. S. Dow as our evangelist. Brother Dow was not only evangelist, but a teacher as well. I feel his message would be a great blessing to all our churches.

The church at North Head has been greatly helped. A good number were at the altar and were definitely helped, sanctified, reclaimed and converted, while others were stirred to do more for God and lost souls. We appreciate having Brother Dow with us, and believe this good meeting will yield an abundant fruitage.

In His service,

REV. G. A. DeLONG

Temperance Column

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging. Whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. 1:20.

SOLDIER SHOT HIS BEST PAL, IS ALLEGATION

A Home Counties Town, England, Nov. 26 —(CP Cable)—When Private Charles Augustin Monahan, 26, of Saint John, N. B., appeared today for trial on a murder charge the prosecution asserted the prisoner shot his best pal, Lance-Corporal Creighton Charles Baker, of Juniper, N. B., after a dispute with the regimental cook, Private Evans.

All were members of a New Brunswick infantry regiment.

G. J. Ball, prosecuting, said the dispute arose between Monahan and Evans in November. On Nov. 13th, the men were lined up for supper when Monahan arrived. He had had some drinks but was not drunk. The pair exchanged words. Monahan allegedly said: "I'm going to get you before the war's over if I have to get you the dirty way."

Monahan vanished, re-appeared with a rifle and told Evans to get in a corner. Baker told the accused to put down his rifle. Monahan told Baker to stay still but the Lance Corporal stepped forward.

Ball said Monahan fired and Baker fell to the floor. Monahan then fired at himself, suffering a flesh wound in the chest. He went out and was subsequently arrested by police, allegedly saying: "I would have got him, but I got my best pal. I shot him in cold blood. All I want to do is die. I deserve all I get."

Baker died in hospital the same night.

EDITORIAL NOTE

We were greatly grieved recently to read of the terrible tragedy which caused the untimely death of Creighton Baker. Creighton with his parents and other members of their family were our next door neighbors for seven years, when I was pastor at Hartland, N. B. Creighton and our boys played and grew up together. Hence this sad tragedy came very near home to our hearts. It would have been very sad indeed if this young man had fallen in battle while fighting for his country, but when we hear that poor Creighton was shot by his chum, one of our own Canadian boys, while crazed with rum, it is certainly too sad for words. But this is only one of thousands of young lives which are offered by our government, in sacrifice to the brewers, and rumsellers of our country, not to mention the hundreds of thousands of young people with wrecked characters, blighted hopes and diseased bodies, the victims of strong drink. To have our young people thus exposed to the ravages of alcoholic liquors, while our governments for the sake of the revenue they get from the brewers, protects the accursed traffic, is enough to make every good citizen, especially those like the young widow of Mr. Baker, who is bereaved of her young husband, as well as many other such sufferers, to hate the very government and flag that we live under.

Who can give back to that weeping widow and little orphan child their husband and father? I am sure that the government who sold the liquor, nor the brewers who manufactured it, cannot do it. And if the young man who did the shooting has to pay the penalty with his life, that will be a second life

which God gave and no man can give back, which is sacrificed to the lust for money by our government. Oh, how much we need men and women to fight this awful foe.

"God give us men. A time like this demands Strong minds, brave hearts, true faith and ready hands.

Men whom the lust of office cannot kill,
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,
Men who possess opinions and a will,
Men who have honor, men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatterings without winking;

Tall men, sun-crowned who stand above the fog

In public duty and in private thinking.

For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds

With large professions and their petty deeds,
Mingle in selfish pride, lo, Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps." —Sel.

WILL CONTINUE TO GET THEIR BEER

London—Britons will continue to get their beer despite more severe food rationing made necessary by the Nazi conquest of Holland and Belgium, Food Minister Lord Woolton announced recently, revealing he had resisted pressure of total abstainers to ration beer instead of sugar.

Alternate sources of supply will be tapped, he said, to make up for butter, eggs and milk formerly received from territories overrun by the Germans.—*Halifax Herald*.

DRINKING "COMES HIGH"

(Vancouver Sun)

This country drinks enough liquor to pay a decent pension to its old people four or five times over. There are enough cocktail parties held in Vancouver every week to keep all our old people in clover. British Columbia alone drank two or three times the cash value of the old-age pensions received by its people, and more than a third of the pensions bill for all Canada. Don't mistake us. We have nothing against cocktail parties. In any case, they are only one of many little indulgences which, added together, would make the "astronomical" pension figures look like a Sunday school collection.

THE CHRISTMAS BELLS

I heard the bells on Christmas Day,
Their old familiar carols play
And wild and sweet, the words repeat,
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong, and mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead, nor doth He sleep!
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men!"

Till ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow