

## CORRESPONDENCE

Everett, Mass.

Dear Bro. Dow:

Please find renewal for Highway for another year, \$1.50. Am glad you keep on lines of Holiness. That is one reason why I like the paper. I'm so glad in my early days the good Lord sanctified me and sent the Holy Spirit to abide with me forever. Glory be to God. Brothers and sisters don't get discouraged these days. We all have trying times, but Jesus says, "Fear not for I am with thee; be not dismayed for I am thy God. I will strengthen you. Yea I will help thee, and uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

Am so glad I believe the Bible and love to read it because I know it is true. It is messages from the Father to us His children as well as for believers all down the ages, past and to come if the world should stand. I wouldn't be surprised should Jesus come any time. The dear Lord continue to bless you in your good work. Amen.

MRS. J. H. SABEAN

Penniac, N. B.

Rev. H. S. Dow,

Dear Brother in like precious faith:

Greetings to those who labor to give us this paper, "The King's Highway." We appreciate its helpfulness on every page.

Of the \$2.00 enclosed, \$1.50 for subscription renewal, and 50c to help give the paper to some one else.

May the reading of it direct many to find that in Christ we may serve God without fear, "In holiness and righteousness before Him, all the days of our life."

Yours glad in the Lord's abiding presence,

MRS. GEO. I. WILLIAMS

## THE UNSEEN SHORE

Sometime at eve when the tide is low  
I shall slip my moorings and sail away,  
With no response to the friendly hale  
Of kindred craft in the busy bay.  
In the silent hush of the twilight pale,  
When the night stoops down to embrace the day  
And the voices call in the water's flow,  
Sometime at eve when the tide is low  
I shall slip my moorings and sail away.

Through the purpling shadows that darkly trail  
O'er the ebbing tide of the unknown sea,  
I shall flee me away with the dip of the sail  
And a ripple of waters to tell the tale  
Of a lonely voyager sailing away  
To the mystic isles where at anchor lay  
The crafts of those who have sailed before  
O'er the unknown sea to the unknown shore.

A few who have watched me sail away  
Will miss my craft from the busy bay,  
Some friendly barks which were anchored near,  
Some loving souls that my heart holds dear,  
In silent sorrow will drop a tear;  
But I shall have peacefully furled my sail,  
In moorings sheltered from storm and gale,  
And greeted the friends who have sailed before  
O'er the unknown sea to unknown shore. —Sel.

## MARK 16:15

"He saith unto them, go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

These roads resemble the great commission given in Matt. 28 and part 19 verse given by Jesus where He tells them to go ye therefore and teach all nations. These words today are addressed us as well as the apostles. The gospel is good news of a Savior who can save from all sin.

We can all find many in our midst who are hungering and thirsting for salvation. This commission does not mean just around where we are but to all nations. We have our foreign and home missionaries but without our help and prayers they cannot do very much. We may think to be a missionary means to leave home friends and cross the seas. The study of the book of Acts shows us God expects us to be missionaries wherever we are. He said, "Ye are My witnesses." Unless we can present Christ to those with whom we work, He will never call us to a larger work for Him. It is a great honor to be called but it involves separation unless we are willing to do we can never make a good missionary, home or foreign. Our missionaries have many sacrifices to make such as the comforts of home and friends. But because Jesus has done so much for them they are willing to suffer for Him. —Selected

## PALOMAR EYE

World's Largest Telescope Soon Will Sweep Heavens

How much closer will it bring Mars and the moon?" many persons ask Dr. John A. Anderson, chairman of the Observatory Council that is preparing the Giant of Palomar for its unveiling within a year. He points out that "it would be a crime" to waste the time of a 200-inch telescope on such problems, for there are many that only a 200-inch eye could hope to solve. One of these is wrapped up in the query: "Is space curved, finite, or infinite?" (The reader will remember that this question has something to do with Professor Einstein). The new telescope will penetrate 1,200,000,000 light years into space. (And that must be multiplied by 6,000,000,000,000 to get the distance in miles!) Probably some 2,000,000,000,000 new nebulae, sometimes called "island universes," will be discovered. Each one will consist of billions of stars. But those who are astronomically wise are quick to point out that the great new telescope, sweeping out into the new areas of space, will undoubtedly reveal as many new questions as answers to old ones. It will present new mysteries for solution, and will prove again that man, for all of his wisdom, knows very little about the work of the Creator and Sustainer of the universe. —The Christian Advocate.

## "BE STILL AND KNOW—"

High decisions, great purposes, and noble deeds can only form themselves in us as we take time and quiet for meditation and prayer to cleave them out as did Jesus. He is our example here, as in all things; He knew the need, the necessity, the value of prolonged periods of quietness, meditation, and prayer as a necessary preparation for strenuous and victorious living. Before taking up His ministry He spent forty days in a wilderness place, and so throughout His ministry He spent days—sometimes in "a desert place," sometimes on "a mountain side," or by the lake, or in the woods, and repeatedly nights alone with His soul and God. We, who must live our lives in this period of greatest stress, and confusion, need desperately to hear and heed God's ancient words—"Be still, and know that I am God."—S. D. Huff in the Religious Telescope.

Our great test and glory is, not in favor falling, but in rising every time we fall.—Con-fucius.

## MINISTER OF CHRIST FOR THE TIMES

XI.

"Always rejoicing."—2 Cor. vi, 10

The minister for the times is a rejoicing man. It is not all sorrow with him;—it is never sorrow, so as to exclude joy and rejoicing. He weeps over the prevalence of sin, and the wretchedness, present and eternal, following in its train. Yet he is a believing, a sanctified man. He has peace with God, and joy in the Holy Ghost. The peace which passeth understanding is his. The life of God is in his soul. His sins past are hidden—his name is written in heaven. He loves Christ perfectly, with the glorious assurance that Christ loves him. The mystery of salvation perpetually astonishes his mind, and ravishes his heart. The cross allures, and charms his soul forever. Such is his vision of the grace of Christ, that all things else grow dim to his eye. He counts all as loss for the excellency. All language is beggarly to express the glory he contemplates. The natural eye hath not seen it; to the unsanctified mind it has never occurred; but to him the Spirit of God has revealed it. The heirs of heaven are scattered here and there; while upward, amid the multitude, shoot the songs of the redeemed, rising on the ear of God. The Sabbath is there, and the sanctuary is open, whither he walks in company with the excellent of the earth—those dearest to him, dearest to heaven. The Scriptures are opened to him more and more, sanctifying him more and more deeply; dispelling the mists along his pathway, as he hastens to the bright morning of immortality. Meanwhile, a sinner repents on the right hand or on the left, and, though earth is silent, he must needs sympathize with the joy of angels; and, trusting the sweet visions of prophecy, he sees a great company coming up from many dark nations, to be given for an inheritance to Christ. Then why should not his eye turn often away toward the hills of life? There is his treasure—there is his heart—there his home. He approaches the New Jerusalem. Already soft breathings, at times, from those sacred regions, seem wafted to meet him; while voices thence, dearer than all below, whisper along the air, "We wait thy coming." Out of dark sorrows and afflictions here, is about to emerge, as from some cold eclipse, a sunshine of supernal radiance and immortal beauty—a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

Always rejoicing, then, always praising, onward this minister passes. A thousand worldly, guilty eyes pursue him, wondering at his blessedness; while backward on their hearts rolls the stern conviction that he has a joy beyond their own, as the heavens are above the earth.

The minister for the times is a rejoicing man. Write it, ye heralds of Jesus Ye behoove to fly on your heavenly errand with sprightly, joyous wing; and those trumpet notes with which ye summon a slumbering world to life, should be glad and brilliant, as though an angel sounded.

Faith sees the glory of the future in the gloom of the present. "The power of drawing a brighter future into a dark present belongs not to those who build anticipations on wishes, but to those who found their forecasts on God's known purpose and character.—W. Graham Scroggie.