

treasures of the hail, which I have reserved against the time of trouble, against the day of battle and war?" (Job 39:22-23).—The Alliance Weekly.

### THE DAY'S DEMAND

God give us men! A time like this demands Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;

Men whom the lust of office does not kill;  
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;  
Men who possess opinion and a will;  
Men who have honor—men who will not lie;  
Men who can stand before a demagogue,  
And denounce his treacherous flatteries without winking;

Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog  
In public duty, and in private thinking;  
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,

Their large professions, and their little deeds—  
Mingle in selfish strife lo! Freedom weeps,  
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps!  
—John G. Holland

### DON'T SNUB

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Bell, the inventor of the telephone, first entered Boston, he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches, although it was in the depth of winter.

Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretending. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log cabin.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

Don't snub anyone: not alone because some day he may outstrip you in the race of life, but because it is neither kind, nor right, nor Christian.—Selected.

### SOME FAMOUS BIBLES

The largest Bible is said to be in the Royal Library of Stockholm. Its covers are made of solid planks four inches thick, and the parchment pages are a yard long, and number 309.

The smallest Bible is the famous "Thumb Bible" in the Theological Seminary at Washington.

A shorthand Bible is exhibited in London. It is the work of an apprentice of the time of James II. At that time even to possess a Bible was considered an offense.

An American woman owns a Bible which an ancestor of hers baked in a loaf of bread when a house-to-house search was made for copies of the Scriptures.

The Codex Sinaiticus, one of the oldest and most valuable copies of the Bible in the whole world, is believed to have been written in the Fourth Century, in Egypt. It was discovered in May, 1844, by the Biblical scholar, Constantine Tischendorf, during a visit to the monastery of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai.

A few years ago the Codex was bought by the British Museum for the record price of \$500,000. It was brought to London in an old tin box, wrapped in cotton wool, with its pages tattered and crumbled and many of them loose. After six months' exacting work it was restored to enable it to withstand the ravages of the next five centuries.

God forbid that we should suffer a blackout of the Bible.—Selected.

### CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Editor of Highway:

This is New Year's Day and I send greetings to you and all the readers of the Highway from Intercession City, Florida, praying that God may make the new year the best you have ever seen.

I left Boston Dec. 22nd, 3.00 p. m., by bus, for Washington, D. C., and reached there next day at 11.00 a. m. I have a son there, and enjoyed a three-days visit in that wonderful city. Wife and I were there in '23, but since then magnificent buildings have been erected, and one would scarcely recognize the place. I visited there the National Capitol, going through with a party, while an attendant described the various chambers, the Supreme Court Building, the Congressional Library, Mellon's Art Gallery, the Washington and Lincoln Memorials are most interesting. We also visited Mt. Vernon and Arlington Cemetery in Va. On Christmas Eve thousands thronged the White House lawn and heard the president and Premier Churchill speak. The Marine Band was in attendance, and also a great chorus choir that led the crowd in Christmas carols. It was a thrilling occasion.

I left Washington by train 6.30 Christmas Night and reached this place next p. m. at 4 o'clock. I was led to come here by an article in the Pentecostal Herald, and I find it to be a most remarkable place.

This city was built by a corporation that called it Inter-Ocean city. It lies south of Jacksonville 130 miles and is about equal distances from the Gulf of Mexico on the West, and the Atlantic on the East. It was built after the world-war but when the depression came on, the company went to smash, the place was abandoned and for a few years was called "Ghost City."

But some holiness folks saw in it wonderful possibilities and purchased the property that consisted of many acres of land, five large buildings, three of them fully equipped, with other smaller buildings. They paid \$150,000 for the property and have it now clear of debt.

The main building is large. It contains the main office, the main lobby that is 50 x 75 ft., the smaller lobby 60 x 30. Then there is the dining room that can seat more than 200, and a commodious kitchen. Above there are 60 rooms with excellent lavatories and shower baths.

In the other two buildings are the music studios, class rooms, dormitories and a chapel capable of seating 400. These buildings are all strongly built of concrete and finished in first-class shape; plastered, and floors of hard pine. The two other large dormitories are being completed to accommodate the growing attendance.

The courses given here are the grades, High school and Bible courses. The teachers are well qualified, being graduates from reputable colleges or Normal schools.

The night I arrived here there was a service in the chapel, fully 200 in attendance, and it was wholly given to testimonies. They came fast and strong. They were all sane, joyous and scriptural—just like Beulah—interspersed with praise. In prayer nearly everyone knelt. I felt God was there. No tonguism here. Second blessing holiness has right of way. Many denominations and states are represented. It is like one big family. I have been here one week; have seen no smoking, nor have seen a cross look nor heard a cross word. The atmosphere

of love and devotion prevails. There is a preaching service every night and I have heard some great messages. Spiritually-minded people come here to spend the winter and some to recuperate their health. We have preachers and missionaries and laity all enjoying the blessings of the place.

I ask some if they had been here before. They say yes—some for a number of years have been coming and like it more and more. Some are buying lots and building to make it their home. I must say that I enjoy it here. I room with a preacher 80 years young, Rev. George Erskin, of Ohio. He drives his own car and made 400 miles the last day coming down. He looks and acts like a man of 60 or less. When the bell rings he is up and dressed. Sight, hearing—all his physical and mental faculties keen. We enjoy sweet fellowship together. He drove me out the other day to an orange grove where we got a bushel of lovely sweet oranges and a bushel of the finest grapefruit—all for \$1.00.

I can live here much more cheaply than I can in Boston. The water is excellent and food ample and palatable.

When I reached here it was in the eighties, but we have it cooler now. This time last year I was wading the snow in Aroostook Co., here we are picking oranges. I enjoyed it there; I enjoy it here, for I feel I am in the will of God. I know of no place where one can get so much for his money as he can here, be he tourist or student. Any young man or woman, boy or girl, with grace and grit and gumption, and who wants to prepare for Christian service will find here an open door.

I shall be glad to hear from friends in the North. This is the day set apart by our President for National prayer and intercession. While I write I hear a strong cry going up from the chapel. We began in our room before daylight. It will go on all day.

God bless you all. The glory holds and the fire burns.

Yours for holiness

W. EDMUND SMITH,

Intercession City, Florida

### A PRAYER

As Thou did'st walk the lanes of Galilee  
So, loving Saviour, walk with him for me.  
For since the years have passed and he is grown,

I cannot follow; he must walk alone.

Be thou the feet that I have had to stay,

For Thou can'st command him in every way;

Be Thou my voice where sinful things allure.

Pleading with him to choose that which endures.

Be Thou my hand that would keep his in mine,

And all things else that mothers must resign.

When he was little I could walk and guide,

But now I pray Thee, that Thou be at his side.

And as Thy blessed mother folded Thee,

Dear Saviour, fold my son for me.

—Selected by Mrs. Ethel Albright

When Commodore Perry forced open the gates of Japan nearly one hundred years ago, merchants occupied the lowest place in the social scale and soldiers the highest. Now six powerful families have become immensely rich and control the economic life of the empire. Since they largely furnish the financial backing of the empire, they are liable to become equal to the soldier class. This is a mightier revolution than at first appears.—Selected.