

CORRESPONDENCE.

MIDDLE SOUTHAMPTON, N. B.
Oct. 29th, 1902.

Dear Readers of the Highway,—Perhaps it is about time that we note a little in reference to the work on this circuit. At present we are engaged in special services at this place. We began on Oct. 10th, as previously announced in HIGHWAY. During this time we have been assisted at different times by Bros. Wiggins, McDonald and Colpitts, who have all rendered much assistance in the work.

The Lord has wonderfully blessed us in this place. The church has been revived, wanderers reclaimed, and sinners converted. Last Sunday it was our privilege to baptize four happy converts, who united with the church in the evening. Many others have been deeply wrought upon, but so far have not yielded.

The services are being continued and we trust and pray that others will surrender to God. We praise Him for what He has done for us, and trust Him to do greater things for us in the future. Pray for us.

The work in the other churches goes on about as usual. The dear Lord is with us, and trusting in Him we look forward to victory. Personally we praise God for Salvation. Jesus is precious to us these days. We are determined to serve him forever.

Your brother in the work,
H. C. ARCHER.

TABANKLOPE, Via Estcourt, Natal,
Sept. 25th, 1902.

Dear Highway Readers,—As I look out on these beautiful green fields and lovely mountain ranges all sparkling in the sunlight after the rain, I can but wonder. How different from what I had always pictured for us in Africa. Instead of the dreaded malarial fever, we have here a climate more delightful than that at home. The people, too, are not all marked savages but a goodly sprinkling of christians we find among them at our coming. Thirty-three members in our church and as many more awaiting baptism. But yet we are sure this is God's choice for us at this time. The future, he holds, and will reveal it to us at the right moment.

We can not expect a future so pleasant in climate scenery and people, but our house. I suppose we should not be disappointed in this. It is quite like we would expect in the heart of Africa. Our hut is a real native built one, with sod walls, thatch roof and mud floor. One door and two little windows make it appear a bit civilized. The interior ten feet by nineteen is small indeed for us all. But we have the promise of another room or two when the government consents to the building.

Yours in His service,
H. C. SANDERS.

MILLVILLE, York Co.

Dear Highway,—Perhaps a few lines from me would be in order as I am now quite settled on this circuit. I left the camp ground July 15th, for a few weeks in Kings and Queens Counties I felt led by the Spirit to open a tent meeting at Havelock, so brought our tent from Beulah at considerable cost and labour. After some difficulty I found a piece of ground to pitch it on. I was looked upon very suspiciously by the villagers at first. A few who were favourable in heart did not wish to commit themselves, but my wife who was with me had relatives there and my wife's relatives fitted in very well just then. Indeed only for them I don't know that we could have found lodging while putting up the tent, but God always opens up a way. I kept up the meeting for three Sabbaths in the tent and notwithstanding the heavy winds and heavy rains our congregations were large every evening of the week and on the Sabbath. As the doctrine and experience had never been preached in that place, my principle work was to explain what it was and to remove difficulties from the minds of seekers. God helped me to do it.

I felt the need of help very much. The first two weeks I had to do all the preaching, all the singing all the praying and all the testifying. But I was assisted during the third week by Bro. Douglas Robertson of Norton and the last Sabbath by Bro. Carson Robertson and Rev. G. W. Macdonald, God was with us. The last Sabbath Bro. Macdonald preached with such power. Many were helped, some received

the experience of cleansing, some of pardon and the feeling of the people was so changed that before I left we had plenty of homes offered to us. I was strongly urged to set up the tent next year which I promised to do, and arrangements will be made for a weeks convention immediately after the camp meeting.

Those counties are up for Holiness. Their ministers cannot hold the people with their dry crusts. A number in all the Baptist churches are longing after a higher life and deeper experience and their ministers do not know how to lead them into it. It is left to us as Holiness workers to lift our banner on which must be encribed "Kings County for God." The winter could have been very profitably spent there but duty seemed to call to the Millville field.

Yours for purity,
J. H. COX.

SEBEC STATION, Oct. 10th, 1902.

Dear Highway,—About six years ago I wrote from this place reporting the work that God was doing here through the labors of myself and Brother Gray a fellow workman and as God has led me this way again and I have entered the homes and met those that at that time gave their hearts to God and I find them still bearing testimony to Christ's power to save my heart goes out in thankfulness to my heavenly Father for using me at that time in bringing precious souls to the feet of Jesus and I believe that eternity alone will reveal the extent of the work done at that time for his glory. Surely he has more for me to do in this world where sin abounds and I am praying to that end and God is wonderfully filling me with his love and power and fitting me up for some work I know not what. Pray for me that I may be as clay in the hands of the potter and be a vessel of honor sanctified and kept for the Master's use. Yours saved and kept under the blood.

C. S. TRUE.

SANDFORD, Yaf. Co., Oct. 6.

It is with sad hearts we record the death of Bro. Jacob Harris of this place. Bro. Harris was with us in the service on Sunday, Sept. 28th, in the morning service and was the first one on his feet to give his testimony. He told us the blood cleansed him from all sin just now. That night a little after midnight God called for him. It was sudden. The funeral was attended by the writer, assisted by Rev. M. W. Knolen, F. B. It was a solemn time, the church not being able to hold the people. His casket was loaded with flowers, all seeming anxious to show the esteem they had for our departed brother. A sorrowing widow, six sons, one daughter, two step sons, (one of them Capt. Derry) and a step daughter mourn their loss. Four of the sons came all the way from the west to attend the funeral which took place Oct. 5th.

We very much enjoyed having those four sons, fine strong looking young men, with us on Sunday, each of them giving their testimony and sitting with us at communion. We sincerely sympathize with the mourning friends, especially his aged mother, who survives him. May the dear Lord make this sudden call a blessing to many who are living to take warning. "Be ye also ready." Bro. Harris professed religion a good many years ago. During our acquaintance with him for about 12 years I always found him a genial friendly christian. He was in his sixty first year.

H. H. C.

DOMINION LINE, S. S. MERRION,
Oct. 9th, 1902.

Dear Bro. Macdonald,—Thanks for the Highway which was received just as we were leaving Liverpool on the 2nd, Sept. We are now off the "Banks of Newfoundland" and hope to arrive in Boston on Sabbath, 12th.

My heart is full of gratitude to our Father for all His loving kindness toward me. In Liverpool I was prostrated for some day by influenza, but am all right now and enjoying the sea.

In England the people are being stirred as they have not for centuries over the question of Salvation by faith in Jesus. Kensit and his crusaders are agitating for religion's liberty and freedom from Ritualism. The night air resounds with such songs as "Dare to be a Daniel," "Crown Him Lord of all" and other hymns. Kensit Junior was illegally

arrested, and is still lying in his cell in Liverpool. The father is in a very precarious condition from a wound inflicted by an assailant. He is still in a Liverpool hospital.

Persecution because of the truth is not lacking these days even among those who profess to love Jesus. The silver crucifix is secretly worn while the "Old rugged cross" is shunned.

Heard Mr. Kensit, Senior, one evening, clergymen of all denominations were on the platform. I was struck with the simplicity of the speaker and the Christ like spirit he manifested. He was once a Ritualist but was converted through the instrumentality of Joseph Odell a primitive Methodist.

One cannot help regretting that such agitation is necessary. Yet thank God for the movement, anything rather than stagnation. The waves are high today but the rainbow dances on its crest. What a calamity if there were no rising tide and the ocean were stagnant, disease and death would follow. We look back over the seas to dear but dark India and pray that the tide of salvation may rise and sweep away the refuse of superstition and idolatry from the Himalayas to the islands of the sea. May it be the privilege of many God called workers to share in the coming victories over there. Ere my feet touch the shores of the homeland I am looking to the near future when I shall return to finish the work to which the Lord called me so definitely twenty-four years ago.

Since leaving India letters have come saying, "The rain has come at last but in such abundance that three feet of water is standing on the yellow yet unripened grain. It is hard to tell what the outcome will be. We are taking in more orphans all the time. Our workers are overburdened. Do not forget poor dark sin cursed India in your prayers." I pass the request on. The sea is rather rough today but praise the Lord He keeps me in perfect peace. "The blood of Jesus whispers peace within."

Yours in the Master's service,
JESSE B. HOOPER.

Dear Bro. Macdonald,—In view of the great cry for missionary labours, I have felt moved to write an article for your columns.

Most every religious paper I have read lately, has in it something about the need of more men and women on the mission fields China with its millions is asking for teachers. Great numbers seem willing to listen, yes really asking for teachers to tell them the story of the gospel.

Bishop Cassels writing from Si-ch' uen says: "I have just returned from a 45 days journey into eleven different counties, covering about 1000 miles. In twenty or thirty places I have met with companies of people, numbering from a little handful up to a hundred or two hundred, who desired to enter the church, and who have, in some places been most importunate in their entreaties that I would send them missionaries," and he adds, "Some of our old stations still unoccupied, and with all these new places calling out for workers, what are we to do?"

The China's Millions says: "There never were greater opportunities for work in China than today, and yet the offers for service from suitable men and women are fewer than they have been for many years," and goes further to say, "we as a mission are not alone in this." In the Sabbath reading of late I saw an article from another man in China who states the need for foreign workers to oversee stations. In the C. M. A. we hear the same cry. While from Africa we hear of the same death. The Africa Inland Mission needing more workers, an old man travelling miles to ask for a teacher, and Mr. Hurlburt the director of that mission had no one to spare. Uganda, where the gospel has had glorious triumphs, has lately asked for 200 teachers. The society to which the appeal was made could only promise two.

In a view of this great Macedonian cry coming from over the sea to us; what shall our answer be? Is there no one whose lips have been touched with fire from off God's altar who will answer, here am I send me. Where are the young men and women who this past summer bowed at your Alliance and Convention altars and pledged their all to Christ? Have none of them heard the Master's Go, and the heathen's Come?

Oh for men like Paul who felt, Woe is me if I preach not this gospel, or men like Carey, who replied, when asked why he became a missionary, "Because I could not say no," or words similar if I mistake not. Or for women like Maggie Cooper who when dying a martyr death in China wished she might go back to the place where she had been driven out from and tell them about Jesus.

FRANK W. SABEAN.

DAVID B. UPDEGRAFF'S EXPERIENCE.

Nineteen years after receiving the experience of sanctification, Brother David Updegraff, of the Friends' Church, wrote as follows:—

"Selfishness, pride and prejudice joined forces and rose in rebellion, while the 'old man' pleaded for his life, but I could

not, and would not draw back. Vile affections were resolutely nailed to the cross, and those things that 'were gain to me'—denominational standing, family, business, friends, possessions, time, talent, and reputation—were irrevocably committed to the sovereign control and disposal of my Almighty Saviour. With my all upon the altar, I had no sooner reckoned myself dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God, than the Holy Ghost fell upon me. Instantly I felt the melting and refining fire of God permeating my whole being. I had entered into rest. I was nothing and nobody; am glad it was forever settled that way. It was a conscious luxury to get rid of ambition and self will, and have my heart cry out for nothing but the will of God. I am deeply conscious of his presence and sanctifying work. The inmost calm and repose in God; of that time, that day, that hour, were a wonder to me then, and it continues to be so still."—Witness.

Ministers and Churches.

We regret that Rev. A. H. Trafton is suffering from injuries received by being thrown from a carriage, an accident which might easily have proved fatal, and seems only to have been prevented by the intervention of a merciful Providence. We trust Bro. Trafton will have the prayers of all our brethren that he may be enabled speedily to resume his work in the gospel.

Hartland circuit has not yet secured a pastor, nor do we know whom they have invited.

Middle Southamptou church has been greatly strengthened by the special meetings held by Pastor H. C. Archer, assisted by several of the brethren.

Woodstock church is hastening on the completion of their church edifice.

MARRIED.

At the Reformed Baptist Parsonage, in Lubec, Me., Oct. 18th, by Rev. Z. B. Grass, Mr. Howard Archer, of Lubec, and Miss Edna M. Huckins, of the same place.

At the residence of the bride's parents, October 22nd, by Rev. W. B. Wiggins, B. A., Mr. Herbert G. Dickinson, of Smyrna, Me., to Miss Bessie, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nehemiah Ackerson, of Lower Bristol, Carleton Co., N. B.

At the residence of F. C. Brown, Middle Southamptou, N. B., by Rev. H. C. Archer, Mr. Bruce Hillman, of Canterbury, and Miss Augusta Stairs, of Lower Southamptou, N. B.

At Parker's Cove, September 25th, 1902, by Rev. C. S. Hilyard, Brother James Ramey, of Parker's Cove, and Mrs. Mary E. Sabean, of Port Lorne, were united in marriage.

DIED.

At Benton, Maine, Jan. 23, of consumption, Lizzie, beloved wife of Melbourne Boon, aged 33 years, leaving a husband and four boys to bear the loss of a kind Christian wife and mother. Sister Boon professed faith in Christ when quite young and was baptized by Rev. J. Gravinor, and united with the F. Baptist church at Victoria, Sunbury Co. A few years ago she united with the Reformed Baptist church at Geary. From there she removed with her family to the above named place in Maine, where she by her consistent Christian deportment endeared herself to her neighbors and friends. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Ives, Baptist minister, who spoke words of comfort to the bereaved and of commendation of the deceased. J.G.

At Hartfield, on October 15th, Guy M. aged 11 months, infant son of John and Nancy Turner.

Let us come to figures. Twenty-five years ago there was not a single school in Central Africa. Today there are nearly one hundred and thirty in one mission alone. Twenty-five years ago no one in Central Africa knew a letter of the alphabet. Today we have more than twenty thousand scholars in our schools. Twenty-five years ago there was no Christian in all the country. Today three hundred native preachers preach Christ in the villages every Sabbath day. Twenty years ago there was but one inquirer after Christ, and a year later the missionaries met with a great joy to baptize him in the name of the Trinity. Last year there were more than three thousand catechumens in the baptism classes, and on a single day at one of the stations, more than three hundred adults were received in the church of Christ.

NEARER MY GOD TO THEE.

Whether it be that Dr. Lowell Mason Music is so restful and invigorating, or that these words voice the human spirit innate cry for return to God from whom we all have unhappily wandered; or that the sentiment is so liberal as to contain no obstacle to its use by Protestant and Romanist, Unitarians and Mohamedans, this hymn, by Sarah F. Adam has long been very popular and is destined to be a universal favourite for years to come. When sung with proper emphasis and tenderness it is very pathetic and a devout spirit is resting in Jesus, is born onward toward the land of rest. As one enrapt with music, I think the hymn owes much of its popularity to the sweet harmony breathed into it from the heaven inspired spirit of Dr. Mason.

The words have been a prayer of hungry souls and a solace to aching hearts and are therefore very sacred to many, and even any questioning of their correctness may seem sacrilege. But how many have observed that the way by which we may draw nigh to God is not made clear? The names of our Lord and Saviour and the blessed Holy Spirit do not occur in this beautiful hymn. The words, "e'en though it be a cross that raiseth me" do not seem to refer to the cross on which Jesus died to bring us nigh to God, Angels and woes, not the Holy Spirit, become instrumentalities, if not agents, for shortening the distance between the sinful humanity and God. No intimation is made of the wonderful atonement of Christ, or of its application by the Holy Spirit. While we may well rejoice in any good this hymn has done, or may do, it has lost much of its attractiveness and much of its use to me since I observed the absence of the names of my saviour and sanctifier. Whether these omissions were designed because the authoress was a Unitarian, or, as some say, that no offence should be given to the unbelieving in the mixed membership of secret societies for which it is said, it was first, yet to devote christians—there are serious omissions.

The following version, or reversion, by Rev. H. Ganse, D. D., set to the old time could be used, I believe, more profitably in christian assemblies and in private devotion, and more to the honor of our common Lord.

Nearer, my God to Thee
Nearer, to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Nearer, my Lord, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
Who to thy cross didst come
Dying for me!
Strengthen my willing feet!
Hold me in service sweet,
Nearer, O Christ to Thee
Near to Thee!

Nearer, O Comforter,
Nearer to Thee,
Who for my absent Lord,
Dwellest with me!
Grant me thy fellowship,
Help me each day to keep
Nearer, my Guide, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

But to be nearer, still,
Bring me, O God!
Not by the visioned steeps
Angles have trod.
Here when thy cross I see,
Jesus I wait for Thee,
Thence evermore to be
Thence! Nearer to Thee!
—E. A. ALLABY.

Mission Fund.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Woodstock Sunday School, \$9.82.
Woodstock Mission Society, \$2.95.

HOME MISSIONS.

Woodstock Mission Society, \$2.95.
C. K. SHORT, Treasurer, St. John.

Evangelistic Fund.

Hartland Church, \$4.20.

E. COSMAN, Treasurer, St. John.

Will the churches please make up their contribution and send to the treasurer as soon as possible. The amount has not been paid that was promised last year.

E. COSMAN, St. John.