

CORRESPONDENCE.

PAULPIETERSBURG, Natal, South Africa,
Dec. 20th, 1904.

Dear Friends,—You all are so busy now and there are so many plans to make Christmas just the happiest and most joyful season in all the year, and your dear ones. I can imagine it all so clearly. Here 'tis the midst of summer, the hot sun seems almost to scorch things while with you King Frost reigns or the beautiful snow is falling all around you. What a contrast your home and ours are at this time of the year! May you all have a joyful and happy time and may the Christ child indeed be pleased with your gifts and acts!

These poor people know little or nothing of what Christmas really means. One said "Tis the beginning of the year." They did not seem to know 'twas Jesus' birthday so we'll tell them about the sweet story of old when Christ laid aside his royal robes, came to this old sin cursed earth and gave himself for us. What a gift! Do we fully comprehend all this priceless gift means? I wonder. Ah, no, our minds cannot grasp it all in its sweet fulness but he has promised we "shall know." He has surprised in store for us far beyond our highest thoughts. What about the mansions above! Their exquisite furnishings and all the appointments. How little we really do know. John only gave us a tiny glimpse he could not tell all but God let him say enough to ravish our hearts with a determination to keep true to God that we might go and see for ourselves. How sad that so many are blind to these hidden things and only want things of earth! My heart aches so often as some old heathen man turns from the gospel message. They don't want to hear anything about sin and their need of Jesus. Sometimes they say like an old man who calling at the tent door one day said "Oh Inkasibas (queen) I am dying with the famine, I am dead."

When I asked him about it I found out all his Amabeh (about the grain they use to make beer) was gone and his beloved drink was no more. There was plenty of corn as if food but the beer was gone now he felt as if famine did indeed stare him in the face. I tried to tell him of the famished condition of his soul and how Jesus was the bread of life but he soon got up and was off he was in too big a hurry to listen about such things because he loved sin. There are so many just like him so soon they must die but they will not listen. Oh! will they be aroused before it is too late?

I am sure you are all praying for us. I wish I could tell you dear ones how much this wish means to me, but I cannot. God is continuing to answer prayer and the very thought of your holding us up to God in prayer gives us courage and strength when we are so tested. So tested—perhaps I ought not to put it so strongly for God knows what we need else trials could never come. We have had a few things but they do not discourage us, our trust remains strong. God faileth never, his promises are enabling. Since the tent blew down we decided the unfinished house was a much safer place in time of storm. So it has proved as a most tempestuous storm came suddenly upon us with large, round flattened hail stones that has wrecked all the gardens around us, torn off the grass of the native huts, broke the new grass strings off of some new others and did damage generally. As the top of the house is still open we put the roof of the tent on it. The hail broke through this in several places, the rain came freely through too so in a short time pools of water lay on the mud floor which was not very comfortable to get about in. Three window panes was smashed out though protected by mosquito netting. This is the only window that was in on that side of the house. It made lots of work for us to dry up the things that got wet and muddled but I can't express our gratitude that we were not in the tent. It would have gone down and we, probably, more or less injured by the large hail stones. The rain was very heavy till about ten o'clock that night and I did pray the Lord to protect Dr. Sanders as he was climbing up on the roof tying the canvas down with ropes in the face of a heavy gale and driving rain. His experience about boats comes in frequently. He was not safely over a night attack of Tonsolitis, but God cared for us and notwithstanding his drenching

he felt no bad effects from it all. But I will tell you no more of our trials. I like to count up our blessings best "count your blessings, name them one by one, and it will surprise you what the Lord has done." This is blessedly true and even though we do have hard places we have more blessings to thank. With Christmas greetings to all; I remain,
Yours in Him,
E. SANDERS.

LYNN, 114 Bowler St., Jan 20th, 1905.

Dear Highway,—Through your clean pages, we can report victory in our soul. To friends at home or elsewhere. All glory to Jesus, God is wonderfully leading and as he leads, the way grows brighter and more delightful. Thank God for a band of true holiness workers in Lynn. The first Pentecostal church, is truly a Holy Ghost filled church.

Bro. and Sister Pierce are missed very much. During the four years of labour spent on this field both pastor and wife became very dear to the people. May God's richest blessing rest upon them in their work. Bro. Sherman is well liked by the people, and we believe God will use him in the salvation of precious souls. Yours saved, sanctified and ready for the harvest.

ABBIE B. FOSTER.

WESTCHESTER, Jan. 23rd, 1905.

Dear Highway,—I would like to speak a few words through your columns. Dear brothers and sisters in Christ, greeting: We have entered upon a New Year with all its privileges before us. The privilege of heralding the truth as we have it recorded in the sacred word for it takes the whole truth to save and keep a soul in this unfriendly world amidst all the sin and worldliness and deception and false teachings, that we are surrounded with. But bless God if the whole truth is prevented we have therein a complete armour for each and every one of us, that will shield us from each and every poisonous dart on the enemy; it matters not who the devil may use as a bow, by which he may throw his dart at us.

The privilege of living for Christ for we are not our own, we are bought with a price. No king ever paid the price for a kingdom as the king of Glory did for his. The price he paid was contempt, shame, ignominy, abuse, suffering, death, blood, pure blood.

What a privilege it is to live for such a Saviour with an eye single to his Glory knowing that he is by our side in the study to reveal the truth and to enlighten our minds and to show us the needs of our people. He is with us as we may go from home to home. He is with us in the church listening to the discourse working upon the hearts of the people convicting, converting, sanctifying, strengthening and edifying.

Then we have the privilege of loving our enemies. This is the greatest surprise the world receives through our lives. They expect a kick for a kick, a slap for a slap, a scorn for a scorn. Because they have been receiving such from their own brothers and sisters in the church. But when they meet a man that has no spirit of relation in him and always manifests perfect love. Surely it is a great surprise to them. But that is what the world needs today to convince them of the truth which we preach and profess.

Now just a few words from the church. This is a pretty hard place to keep up regular appointments in country districts, the wind comes in from the bay and the gulf and sweeps over those mountains with terrific force. And just now the la grippe is sweeping over our land and a good many are stricken down. Whole families being wrapped in its embrace at once. And their suffering is intense and a good many never rally but succumb to its fatal attack. Our little church of late has lost one of its beloved members in the person of Sister Patriquen who fell asleep in Jesus. But our loss was her gain. But through it all God is wonderfully blessing, souls are saved. Of late quite a number have accepted Christ as their personal savior and have experienced that wonderful charge of passing from death unto life. Backsliders are being reclaimed and a good interest manifested, to God be all the Glory. Pray for us.

F. H. GRASS.

January 9th, 1905.

Dear Highway,—I wish to write a little experience I have had; it may be the

means of helping some one else that is in like circumstances. I have been a professing christian for fourteen years, and most of that time I have been like the little Hymn, that is, sometimes trusting, sometimes doubting, sometimes joyful sometimes sad, but in 1903, the dear Lord sent one of his servants here to preach Holiness, and tell us about the way. I had been on the Highway for a long time but on hearing about the way in the HIGHWAY, and finding out that it was my privilege to walk therein, I just put my hand in my Saviour's wounded palm stepped over the line and trusted the future to him, as I thought then; but I find the devil is never idle, and the spring 1904, thinking he might get me to give up serving God with all my heart he just worked in a way leaving me without support for myself and child, well the precious Lord spoke to me and said be of good cheer I am with you. I was then and am now living with my mother, she was willing to share her living with me, but I wanted to be independant, I prayed over it and was sure it was the will of God that I go out to work. I was teaching a class of girls in the Sunday school, and I loved them dearly and prayed that the Lord would send them a teacher. I did not wait on Jesus long enough to just know what he would have me do, on hearing from friends they wanted me to come as there was an opening work that would help me support myself and little girl. I packed my my wardrobe amid tears and went. I worked one week. Everything seemed to be going along smoothly until an accident came. I was working in a woolen mill running a loom, knowing it was fast. The loom was stopped as quickly as possible, and as soon as I was able to he did up the wound in my arm, stand I was taken to the nearest doctor, I suffered much pain, the people where I was board'ing being saints of God we made special prayer for the recovery of my arm and God's will concerning my future, and all the christians on hearing of it bowed before our God in prayer for me. I never saw anything heal like the wounds in my arm; truly it was touched by the healer divine. We know it was the great physician, praise his dear name; but not wanting to go home, I thought I would work through the winter there as soon as my arm was sufficiently well. I went back to work. There were several accidents happened while I was there. The girls I was working with said they had never seen the like there before, and the book of Jonah came before me very plainly when God spoke to Jonah telling him to go to Nin'vass he did not mean for him to go to Tassus so we all knelt down and asked God's will concerning me, how kind the brothers and sisters were to me in that home. I shall never forget my prayers that the Lord will bless them abundantly. I had three letters from different ones of my Sunday school class asking me to come home; had a letter from superintendent telling me that my class that I loved was dropping off and losing interest. Finally, my mother took sick and wrote me asking me to come home after much prayer. I said I'll go where you want me to go dear Lord, if it is to live on one meal a day, I'll do it. I came home: God will have his way, and whom he loveth he chastiseth. The dear Lord wonderfully blessed me. I was taught a lesson. I asked my Saviour to let me be an instrument in his hands, and never let me be idle but keep me going with his unseen power, and use me to his honor and glory. So praise the dear lord. I am for Jesus this year, what ever trials may be ahead he says my grace is sufficient for you. I am at my mother's home, going to work and trust; it is not much I can do but I read in his word that nothing done for the Lord is done in vain. I have never been so happy in all my life. Truly the dear Lord has supplied all my needs. I would much rather walk with God through the darkest hours of life, than to walk alone by sight. I am glad to tell you Jesus saves and sanctifies and is helping me to watch and pray, and looking for his print of the nails in his hands and for me your loving sister in Jesus name.

Mrs. M. E. T.

BEALS, Maine Jan 24th, 1905.

Dear Highway,—We appreciate the coming of your visits very much. The various reports from the field brings us cheer and comfort.

We are glad to report that the Lord is still blessing us in gracious seasons of the presence of His spirit. Our Sunday school is well attended and the teachers and scholars are unitedly advancing in building up the interests of the school.

Our preaching and prayer meeting services are well attended and revival interest is manifest among our people. We are looking and praying for more abundant blessing, and that precious souls unsaved may break away from the power and bondage of sin and find Jesus their Saviour.

One feature in our work impresses us very favorably—the spiritual union that exists among our members. The "old devil" has tried hard to break in upon our ranks and cause division, but the spirit of Christ yet united in our hearts and God keeps us united and aggressive. We have in the church some strong spiritual workers, both brethren and sisters, and the community is feeling the influence and power of their lives; for it is the life that tells for God. To Him be all the glory.

We are pleased to also say that the church is taking hold of the parsonage matter in a real business like way. Brother C. H. Beals is now taking an active part in the matter, and that means that things will move around. Already we learn that he has nearly \$500 subscribed. We trust that all who can will aid in the noble, praiseworthy, and very necessary undertaking. Those who give will be blessed themselves, and those who withhold, it will tend to poverty. So teaches the word.

As a community, God has greatly blessed us. His smile rests upon us. We seek unitedly to build up the entire community in spiritual blessing and the enjoyment of gospel privileges.

We are glad to say that my wife's health is improving. She is able now to go out on fine days. May the Lord continue to bless. My testimony is that "Jesus saves me to the uttermost."

Bless His name forever,

A. L. BUBAR.

AMHERST, Jan 17th, 1905.

Dear Highway,—You no doubt think it is a long time since you have heard from Amherst, while our members are few, we are still on the upward way. Of late we have had Brother Brown of M'nc-ton with us on Sundays and God is using him to build up the work here. I believe it is a good thing to get the saints thoroughly established before we look for members to be added, and that God wants a good foundation to build upon. We are now looking forward to a revival in the town. We expect Sister Grass in a few days to help press the battle. There are many in this town greatly opposed to holiness, but Jesus keeps us safe, and to day we are stronger in Him than at any other time in the past. Glory to His name.

Yours in Christ,

F. H. LOCK.

MARRIED.

At the residence of the officiating minister, Connell St., Woodstock, N. B., January 3rd, 1905, by Rev. W. B. Wiggins, A. B., Mr. Frank E. Dunlap to Miss Ethel Blaney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Blaney, all of Maple Ridge, York County, N. B.

At the residence of Harry Jones, Woodstock, N. B., January 25th, 1905, by Rev. W. B. Wiggins, A. B., Mr. Guy E. Arnold, of Woodstock, N. B., to Annie V., youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth Jones, of Upper Hainsville, York County, N. B.

NOTICE.

The next Quarterly Meeting of the Third District will be held D. V. with the church at Seal Cove on Thursday evening, February 2nd, and continue over the Sabbath. Delegates and letters are expected from all the churches in this district.

REV. A. L. BUBAR.

Beals, Jan. 24th, 1905.

Toward Paying for Balmoral Farm.

On or before June 1st, 1905, I promise to pay to the Treasurer of the Reformed Baptist Missionary Board \$25.00, to pay for one acre of the Missionary Farm, situated near Paulpietersburg, South Africa.
(Signed)

BALMORAL FARM.

Number of acres previously acknowledged	Amount
George Mill	1 2.50
Mrs. Springer Cosman	1 2.50
B. N. Goodspeed	1 2.50
Mrs. B. N. Goodspeed	1 2.50
Sara A. Kimball	1 2.50
Mr. and Mrs. George B. Porter	1 2.50
Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Bethune	1 2.50
Mrs. Abella Schriver	1 2.50
Mrs. Stella Redmond	1 2.50

MACDONALD MONUMENT FUND.

We wish to announce to the friends of our late brother, Rev. G. W. Macdonald, that an order for a monument to be erected to his memory has been given; and all who wish to contribute towards its erection will please do so, as we wish to close up the subscription list. We need about \$25.00 more, and we know there are a number of people who have been intending to contribute towards this fund, but have delayed doing so. Will you please do so now, sending your gifts to W. B. Wiggins, Woodstock, N. B., who will acknowledge them in the HIGHWAY.

Previously acknowledged	\$4.00
Rev. A. L. Bubar	1.00
Mrs. Allen J. Brown, Smyrna Mills, Maine	1.00

Mission Fund.

FOREIGN MISSION.

A Friend	\$1.00
Beals Sunday School	5.00

C. K. SHORT, Treasurer.

Eighty-five per cent of convicts testify that they were first debauched and distracted by rum, and thus incited and lured to crime. Nothing blunts the conscience blunts the moral sense and imbrutes human beings like tobacco and rum. The saloon system is the prolific parent of vice and crime. The license law breeds physical contagion, and spreads moral desolation. License fosters and feeds an ulcerous appetite, prepares for violence and incites to fiendish lust and cruelty. License propagates paupers and profligates, spawns idiots and imbeciles, packs our prison cells with youths who found fiery encouragement to sin in a saloon sanctioned by law.

C. W. SHERMAN.

Several women wearing long skirts were employed by Dr. Casagrandi, to promenade up and down the streets of a certain city for one hour. Their skirts were then taken and submitted to a careful bacteriological examination. Among the numerous kinds of bacilli found were large colonies of typhoid fever, tuberculosis, influenza and tetanus germs. The danger of trailing skirts is alarming. Diphtheria, pneumonia and many other grave diseases, are known to be spread by this means. Let every woman who prizes her life and health and that of her family avoid trailing skirts.—S.

Have you ever known what it is to be encouraged to do right, not by being told to do so, but by being near a man stronger than yourself, whose mere presence helped you so that you were the stronger man because he was there? There are men living to-day who are stronger than other men.—R. J. Campbell.

Get Out this one and send it to the Rev. S. A. Baker, Hartland, N. B.