

PLEDGE

Toward Paying for Balmoral Farm.

On or before June 1st, 1905, I promise to pay to the Treasurer of the Reformed Baptist Missionary Board \$2.50, to pay for one acre of the Missionary Farm, situated near Paulpietersburg, South Africa.

(Signed)

Send this out and sign it and mail it to the Rev. S. A. Baker, Hartland, N. E.

BALMORAL FARM.

Number of acres previously acknowledged, 414. Amount, \$1035.00.
 Charles H. Hoyt, 1 acre, \$2.50
 Miss Lillian Tedford, 1 acre, 2.50
 Mrs. Edward S. Conley, 1 acre, 2.50
 Miss Gertrude Young, 1 acre, 2.50

FOR PAINTING WATERVILLE CHURCH.

Previously acknowledged, \$18.00
 Mr. S. Miller, 1.00
 Mrs. Alfred Kaye, 1.00
 G. G. Gray, 1.00

We completed painting the outside of the church on the 23rd instant. The work was all done gratuitously except two days work by an experienced painter, one half of that was paid for by another person, so we only paid out \$2.50 for labour, but we need more money to pay for materials used and we hope the amount will be sent in immediately so we will not need to make another appeal. If you cannot send one dollar or more, send what you can, use stamps if more convenient. Address S. A. BAKER, Hartland, N. B.

Highway Acknowledgements.

Mrs. A. S. Lawson, Oct. 1906; Miss Lillie M. Bell, Oct. 1906; Mrs. G. W. Brown, Nov. 1906; Mrs. W. Windsor Phillips, Jan. 1907; Ezra Ingraham, March 1908; Mrs. George Tedlie, Dec. 1906; Mrs. Warren Hillman, Dec. 1904; John Erb, July 1906; Mrs. Harriett S. Shea, Sept. 1906; W. B. Webb, Dec. 1906; G. H. Colwell, Dec. 1906.

Mission Fund.

HOME MISSIONS.

Mrs. Mercer, \$1.00

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Mrs. Mercer, \$1.00
 Earley Steeves, 10.00

C. K. SHORT, Treasurer, St. John.

PUBLIC TEMPERANCE MEETING.

The ladies of the W. C. T. U. held an out door temperance meeting in front of the Exchange Hotel at Hartland, Saturday evening, 16th instant. The Hartland Brass Band played several selections. S. Hayden Shaw was chairman. Rev'ds. C. T. Phillips, Mr. Steeves and S. A. Baker were the speakers.

There are intimations that encouragement is to be given to the cultivation in America of the poppy plant for the home production of opium. If this should take place, this country will be cursed as in China. America in its attitude toward this terrible drug should emulate Japan, which is the greatest anti-opium society in the world. Had Japan been the slave of opium as is China, Russia would have an easy task in conquering it. The government should set its face sternly against any movement to increase the use of this baneful drug.—Ram's Horn.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BEALS, Me., Sept. 26th, 1905.

Dear Highway,—We thought a few lines from this field would be of interest. Glad to say we are well and happy in Jesus, and pushing the battle against sin. We just returned from our Quarterly Meeting at West Pembroke. It was a time of blessing to the people. On Sunday there was much conviction on the people. All the brethren preached well. Bro. Henry Smith is well liked by the people and there is prospect of much good being done.

We are sorry, and so will be all the brethren of our denomination to learn that Bro. Daniel Hilyard of West Jonesport is seriously sick with Typhoid-Pneumonia. The Doctors do not entertain much hope of his recovery. We pray that he will be recovered, if it be God's will. Our sympathies go out to the family in this time of sore affliction. Brethren, remember the family in your prayers.

Our work here is moving on very harmoniously. The brethren and sisters are united in the work, and God's Spirit is working among the people. Pray for us here.

Yours in His service,
 A. L. BUBAR.

EATON, N. Y., Sept. 15th, 1905.

To the Editor of the Highway,—It is with grief that I have heard of the recent death in the Reformed Baptist church in Hartland, and with a sense of personal loss I pay a tribute to the memory of those two saintly women, Sisters Burt and Thornton whose lives were a blessing to so many.

Ten years ago last July I became pastor of the Methodist Church in Hartland. Having been sanctified at Jacksonville I regarded the appointment with joy knowing that there I would meet those who in experience and sympathy would be an inspiration to me. My expectations were more than realized, for I think the Reformed Baptist church in that village contained more strong, well balanced sanctified members than any church of similar size I have ever been acquainted with. It was indeed a privilege for me to attend the Holiness prayer services and there hear the language of Canaan as only sin cleansed souls can utter it. In memory I can see sister Thornton, with radiant face and a fervency that cannot be described, telling of the preciousness of Christ and his power to fully sanctify and keep. She truly lived in the sunlight of God. And what a noble woman was Sister Burt, cheerful and whole souled, sparkling with sanctified wit. More than once I felt myself a victim to it but in a manner that left no sting. I will remember her triumphant testimonies, one in particular, speaking of contentment she said; I would rather be a sanctified woman here in Hartland than Queen Victoria upon her throne.

Ten years have gone by. My association with the Holiness people in Hartland will be a bright spot in my memory. I had left the lumber woods and the farm to preach the gospel. Some said when he sees more of the world and goes to college he will lose his fanatical view of sanctification. I have since then seen considerable of the world and have had the privilege of attending school for five years, and sitting at the feet of some of the ablest professors in America. At various times in class the so called Holiness people have been discussed and their peculiar views assailed and never have I been ashamed even in the presence of many theological students to stand for the doctrine of Holiness as taught by Wesley "The second blessing properly so called." And what sweet blessings have come to my soul when the cutting things were at times said. I am frank to confess I have lived far below my privilege in this blessed life, but I have studied theology new and old for years. Higher criticism and lower criticism, rationalism, but never, Hallelujah, never has my faith in the all sufficient power of Jesus been shaken. Thank God he can anchor the soul. The sense of his complete sanctifying grace was never sweeter than as I write.

I heard with pleasure of the good revival in the Hartland church last winter and that prejudice in some quarters had been overcome. When souls get truly blessed or hungry even, they do not find it hard to warm up to Holiness people.

But what sorry hearts there must be in that church today, for the richest experiences of grace make the ties of brotherhood and friendship all the stronger. But in the sorrow there is glorious victory. Those blood washed souls have left a fragrant memory. Being dead they speak. How triumphantly they swept through the gates. The abundant entrance we all believe was theirs. More than any honors or applause men can give I pray for that humble lowly, trusty attitude toward the blessed Christ that shall make my life a blessing to all I meet.

Yours saved and sanctified through the blood of Jesus.

W. E. SMITH,
 Pastor of Eaton M. E. church, N. Y.

GREEN BUSH, Sept. 13th, 1905.

Dear Highway,—Looking back to the latter part of July. I find myself in Amherst, N. S., packing my furniture in the midst of circumstances that would seem impossible, to the natural eye for any man to move to Green Bush, N. B. Well there I was with my furniture in the station and my family all dressed for the journey, and no money in my pocket to pay freight or buy our tickets, and only just a few hours before the train would start.

Bless God—I felt quite easy about the matter, knowing what Jehovah Jireh meant to all who would trust God. So I knew the Blessed Lord had been working and believed that he was still living. Hallelujah! there is nothing too hard for God. While I was in Amherst getting ready to move, the dear Lord who has said, I will supply all your needs, was working in the hearts of his people at Green Bush, and they in obedience to His Spirit, the still small voice, mailed me an express order for thirty dollars. So that evening upon the arrival of the C. P. R., I received the order, got it cashed, and when the train moved out from the station we were all comfortably seated in a first class car, speeding along towards Woodstock with hearts full of gratitude and love to Jesus. Who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think. Bless His name for ever. Upon arriving at Woodstock we were kindly entertained over night by Rev. W. B. and Mrs. Wiggins. The next day Bro. H. W. Grant kindly met us and conveyed us to Green Bush, where we were very kindly received and provided for by the people until our furniture arrived. A few days after this our furniture came and Mr. Judson Hillman, who is always ready to put his shoulder to the wheel and help along the Lords work, harnessed his horses and very kindly and carefully placed our furniture in a neat little cottage, owned by him situated at Green Bush. Well bless the Lord: I began to unpack my furniture and before I got things set to rights, the baskets began to come in, well filled with good things all ready to eat. One evening we were visited by Bro. David and Sister Tompkins, who surprised us by presenting us with a snug little sum of money, donated by the people of Green Bush. Before closing I want to say, that the dear Lord is working by his Spirit, our meetings are well attended and we have victory all along the line. Jesus keeps me sweetly saved and sanctified, not only in testimony, but in deed and in truth, to Him be all glory.

W. J. HAMILTON.

MAKE THE BEST OF ONE ANOTHER.

We may, if we choose, make the worst of one another. Every one has his weak points; every one has his faults; we may make the worst of these; we may fix our attention constantly upon these. But we may also make the best of one another. We may forgive, even as we hope to be forgiven. We may put ourselves in the place of others and ask what we should wish to be done to us and thought of us were we in their place. By loving whatever is lovable in those around us love will flow back from them to us, and life will become a pleasure instead of a pain, and earth will become like heaven, and we shall become not unworthy followers of him whose name is love.—A. P. Stanley.

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.

The Bible contains 3,566,480 letters, 810,697 words, 31,165 verses, 1189 chapters and 66 books. The longest chapter is the 119th Psalm. The shortest and middle chapter the 117 Psalm. The middle verse is the 8th of the 118th

Psalm. The longest name is in the 8th chapter of Isaiah. The word "and" occurs 46 627 times; the "Lord" 1855 times. The 37th chapter of Isaiah and the 19th chapter of the 2nd book of Kings are alike. The longest verse is the 9th of the 8th chapter of Esther; and the shortest verse is the 35th of the 11th chapter of John. In the 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra is the alphabet. The name of God is not mentioned in the book of Esther. The model prayer is the 17th chapter of John. The 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians is the most practical. It contains Knowledge, Holiness, Wisdom, and Love.—Missionary World.

PAPA'S "DOLL."

"You have no papa to give you presents," said Rose, sympathetically, to her papa, as she sat on his knee caressing her new doll.

"Oh, yes," said papa, looking tenderly into her eyes. "I have a Father who gave me you."

"Am I your doll, papa?" laughed she. "A nice doll," said papa, "with eyes that can open and shut, a little red mouth that can say I love you, and little feet that run to meet me. Besides you, my Father gave me your brothers and sisters, gave me your lovely mamma."

The little maid missed awhile. "Your Father gives you the nicest things, but"—her face lighted loyally—"I'm satisfied with dolly, papa; I'm satisfied with what you give me."

And papa, as he explained how his Father, the good God, was hers also, wondered if we were as loyal to his Father—as grateful for God's wonderful and perfect gifts as was his little daughter with the inanimate toys he brought her.—Sel.

MURMURING.

Murmuring is a species of blasphemy. You are in the Lord's guest chamber. You sit at his table. If you complain of the fare, you insult him on whose bounty you live. If you doubt whether you will be taken care of, you impugn the truthfulness and love of him, who declares that he is more willing to give good things to them that ask him than parents are to give bread to their children. Mark Guy Pearse says: "God does not pitch men into the world hap-hazard. Don't cry out so much against your circumstances; it is half blasphemy. What you have to do is to find Christ. He will be a match for your circumstances." If we had eyes and hearts of faith, we would see what ever he gives is best for us.

The first condition for an inner life is that we shall have time for reflection.—Charbonnel.

Dr. Charles Gilbert Davis, the eminent physician, says: "For more than fifteen years I have pursued my professional work in hospital and private practice; and while within the bounds of civilization have not found it necessary to administer alcohol. I am not at all prejudiced against its use. Beyond scientific medical associations. I belong to no temperance society. My action is based entirely upon scientific thought, observation and experience. I believe that in most, and probably all, cases disease can be better removed and surgical operations more successfully performed without its employment.

Every step in the progress of missions is directly traceable to prayer. It has been the preparation for every new triumph and the secret of all our success.—Arthur T. Pierson.

He who faithfully prays at home does as much for foreign missions as the man on the field, for the nearest way to the heart of a Hindu or Chinaman is by way of the throne of God.—Eugene Stock.

Canon Bristow said recently that the trade of a licensed victualer is necessary for the needs of the community and efforts should be made to encourage men of high character and Christian life to engage in it. The reverend Canon should suggest this to a few of his good Christian friends, and hear what they have to say about it. Imagine a good Christian running a grog-shop!

IF WE EAT OUR MORSEL ALONE.

"If I have eaten my morsel alone!" The patriarch spoke it scorn; What would he think of the church, were he shown Heathendom, huge, forlorn, Godless, Christless, with soul unfed, While the church's ailment is fullness of bread, Eating her morsel alone!

"I am debtor alike to the Jew and the Greek," The mighty apostle cried; Traversing continents souls to seek For the love of the Crucified. Centuries, centuries, since have sped; Millions are famishing; we have bread; But we eat our morsel alone.

Even of them who have largest dower Shall heaven require the more; Ours is affluence, knowledge, power, Ocean from shore to shore; And East and West in our ears have said "Give us, give us your living bread. Yet we eat our morsel alone.

"Freely as ye have received, so give," He said, Who hath given us all. How shall the soul in us longer live, Deaf to their starving call For whom the blood of the Lord was shed, And His body broken to give them bread, If we eat our morsel alone? —Record of Christian Work.

PRESISTANT PRAYER.

Moses prayed and saved a nation.—Exod. 32: 31, 32

Elijah prayed and the prophet of Baal was defeated.—1 Kings 18:36-39.

Jehoshaphat prayed and his enemies were all slain.—2 Chron. 20:1-30.

Daniel prayed and was delivered from the lion's den.—Dan. 6:10-28.

A little prayer meeting around the corner gets Peter out of jail.—Acts 12:3-17.

A midnight prayer meeting unlocks prison doors for Paul and Silas.—Acts 16:24-24.

Luther prayed three hours a day and broke the spell of ages and set captive nations free.

Baxter stained the walls of his study with praying breath and sent a tide of salvation over all England.

John Knox cried; "Give me Scotland or I die!" until God answered his prayer.

Evan Roberts prayed and plead for thirteen months, and now God is pouring torrents of Salvation all over Wales.

Oh, for men and women who will cry as mightily and persistently for America.—Sel.

A POWERFUL SERMON.

"I once listened," said a doctor, "to a sermon delivered from the sick bed of a very old man; almost a centenarian.

"It was on my last visit. I was preparing to leave when the aged sufferer turned his face toward the wall, sighing heavenly.

"His son asked: "What is the matter? Do you want anything, father?"

"Yes, yes," he whispered, "want to go home."

"But you are at home, father," the son said.

"I know; but I want to go to my heavenly home," the old man answered, with something like a sob, reminding me of a home-sick child pining among strangers for dear ones far away.

"I was a careless fellow at the time," the doctor pursued, "but that one sentence from the trembling lips of a dying saint went straight to my heart. I could not shake of the impression. I found no rest until I too, could feel that I was entitled to a home in the city made without hands."

NEVER, NEVER, NEVER!

Never compromise with that which you are sure is wrong for peace sake. Never compromise principle for the sake of advancement or position. Never say yes, when the Holy Spirit puts an emphatic no in your soul.