

CORRESPONDENCE.

HARTLAND, N. B., March 28th, 1905.

I am glad to report through the HIGHWAY that after years of testings, trials, bereavements, misrepresentations, friends foes adversity, temptations, sickness, health on the land and sea, at home or abroad, I am enabled to rejoice in hope, patient in tribulation continuing instant in prayer, that through the grace of God I am being strengthened with might according to his glorious power unto all patience and longsuffering with joyfulness. That the second blessing properly so called is not a experience of the past alone, but is a present reality, which burns and glows in my heart and life, which more than satisfies me, that the choice of years ago was God inspired and God given, and the continuance of the same faith in the precious cleansing blood of the Lamb and enables me to bear witness that the Baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire, purifies my heart from all the evil trends of my sinful nature, and enable me to rest in my blessed Saviour's love, wisdom and power. I am also glad beyond expression to add my testimony to what I have seen felt, and fellowship of the way God is working here at Hartland. The Lord is richly rewarding those who have been breasting the storms of opposition and adverse tides, by all ways that satan could devise, and that they live to enjoy the answer of their prayers in the salvation of sinners, reclaiming of wanderers, and the cleansing of believers through the baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire, and to live to see and know thee the false prophets of the past as well as the present, have not proven to be sent of the Lord.

The old man is having a hard time at Hartland, he is twisting and turning as usual. And is being inspired of all the big devils as well as the little ones to hold on to his strong hold. But thank God he is powerless where faith, living faith is coupled on to a living Saviour and Lord, who is able and does save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him. The gospel of full salvation, that which gives no quarter to sin, and holds up a Saviour which will and does exterminate all sin and stains now as ever and is what is manifest now at Hartland, and every where else. Thank God I am on the fire line and expect some day to enjoy the reunion of all the blood washed in eternal glory and have a continuous fellowship for all the white robed of earth.

A. HARTT.

HARTLAND, March 24th, 1905.

Dear Highway,—I always enjoy reading the testimonies of others. It sends thrills of joy through my soul, especially from the dear saints that are far away. As regard myself, I have been shut in much of the time during the winter by poor health, but the blessed Holy Spirit has been to me a constant joy and strength, while unable for active church work that my soul delighted in. I could say with Paul (Rom 8 37) "In all things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us."

I thank God for a constant victory in my soul over sin, for twenty two years of a sanctified life. "Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy." Jude 24. Love to all the saints including our missionaries in far off lands.

S. HAYDEN SHAW.

REVERE, MASS., March 21st 1905.

Dear Highway,—As I read the grand article by Dr. Carradine, the sieve and the fan, I thought of the difference in the two implements, and their uses in every day life, how true it is, we can see the sifting going on, although I knew it all before, yet it has been blessedly brought to my mind, and has been a blessing to my soul. O I just pray that the dear Lord will turn his fan on me and fan out all the chaff and that the pure wheat may remain. I love the HIGHWAY and wish it was a weekly. I look first for home news, and then read the letters from the dear people that I met last summer at "Beulah Camp." I often recall the precious seasons enjoyed at the beautiful Camp Ground on the St. John River. The dear Lord help us not only to be HIGHWAY readers but also HIGHWAY livers, and to keep in the way which is cast up for the ransomed of the Lord to walk in. I enjoy Rev. M. S. Trafton's notes on the Sunday School lessons very much and

think them very helpful, and after all it matters not if we are in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia or B-ston, in the Reformed Baptist church or the Pentecostal church we must all come in the same way through the precious blood of Jesus and, "It is not by might nor by power, but by the Spirit saith the Lord." I praise the dear Lord for pentecost and for the HIGHWAY and while sin is all around us, yet Jesus saves me just now hallelujah, and the past is all under the blood.

MRS. A. WATSON.

BEALS, Maine, March 28th, 1905.

Dear Highway,—We are glad for your regular visits to our home. Your coming always brings us cheer and encouragement.

We are still "pressing on the upward way," and praising the Lord for His wonderful salvation. Our meetings are seasons of spiritual blessing and the brethren and sisters are much encouraged to press the battle against sin. We are now having beautiful weather down here by the sea, and such magnificent sunrises and sunsets, it is grand to witness. We have had the usual amount of sickness in our community. And two of our sisters are now at the Hospital at Bangor for special treatment. One of them sends on in private letter her testimony that "Jesus saves her and keeps her from sin every day by His grace." We are daily praying for them that they, with others, may soon be restored to bodily health and vigor and have the privilege again of uniting with us in the blessed worship of God.

Glad to say that Mrs. Bubar's health is being gradually improved. God is answering prayer and blessing the means used and our hope and faith in God is strong and unwavering. We are looking forward to great victories during the coming months, and we hope for another prosperous year in spiritual things for this church and people.

My testimony this morning is that Jesus saves me to the uttermost. His blood cleanses, His power keeps. All praise to His glorious name.

A. L. BUBAR.

PAULPIETERSBURG, Natal, Jan 31, 1905.

Dear children,—Let me tell the boys at home a little of how these Zulu boys spent their time. Their days are long as all the natives go to bed soon after dark and get up at dawn, winter and summer. For generations back the boys have always done as their fathers did when they were boys. There is no going to school, and all the year around is holiday. They have no play things such as you have, and never play the games you so enjoy. They do in play what their father's do in work and never seem to think their lot a less happy one than the white boys.

They begin very young to mould clay cattle. For these they build a little isibaga, or cattle yard, always round, like their father's and made with little sticks or stones. For their exen they make little yokes of grass, and perhaps a clay plow and a drag. Then with grass for ropes they make these oxen plow in the sand. Then all the cattle are put in the grass to feed and to be cared for by a clay boy.

The native boy soon learns to carry canes as does his father. There is the usual number and with these a boy is ready to meet snakes and kills birds or even to fight, they always fight with sticks. With his three sticks a boy often carries a little shield made of cow skin. And with shields and sticks they have great sport in sham fights.

Boys are not expected to work much in the garden as this is woman's work principally. But yet they have work as all the flocks of sheep and goats, and all the cattle are cared for by boys. It sometimes happens that one boy alone must spend the long summer days watching the cattle from the gardens. But more often there will be two boys from one kraal who will do this work together or the young shepherd's from different kraals will manage to be together where they are company for each other and can play together.

As soon as day light the young herdsmen are sent away with the cattle to remain until their clock, the sun, tells them that it is time to milk. Any time from 8 o'clock to 10 a. m. will do. About 11 a. m. everything is ready for breakfast, and they gather with mother and

sisters around one big dish of corn meal porridge. The men eat by themselves and the big boys in yet another place, as they would feel humiliated to eat with women or children. Such things as tables, chairs, plates cups, saucers, knives, forks and spoons, are not thought of and each boy uses his fingers as a spoon. Their appetites are sharp and no sugar, milk, or butter is used, not even salt. Yet they eat a surprising amount of porridge and get up from their meal much increased in size. Then off again to their play or work until near dark when they meet for their second meal of corn meal porridge with perhaps pumpkins or greens cooked in with it.

Yes, this is the way you would have to live were you a Zulu boy. When you would get up mornings your mother would not hear such questions as where's my other shoe? or where's my hat, or my coat isn't where I left it. No, you would have no good clothes, no pants, no coat, no shirt, not even a hat, only a little untsba or piece of calf skin tied on with a string. And when you went to bed, instead of getting in between sheets on a soft bed, you would curl up on a straw mat spread on the hard mud floor and pull over you one old dirty blanket, which has never seen and never will see soap and water. In the night if you should wake up cold the only remedy is to get up and build a fire.

Then, unless the good Christians across the ocean should send out a missionary, how would you learn of Jesus the way to heaven. Because the people here about us ask if He was black or white, a man or a woman, showing that they know nothing of "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." A boy to whom Paul was speaking the other day asked, "Where is God?", and when Paul answered, "Up in Heaven," the little fellow looked up with such a strange expression on his face, as if he only half believed that anyone lived up beyond the clouds. Yes, all is dark to their minds. So often the natives say, "We are only Zulus and are in darkness."

Then if a missionary does come near to the home of one of these black boys, the boys father may be willing for him to attend meetings and school or he may be unwilling. And should the boy disobey, and come against his father's will, he is beaten with a big cane.

Between your life and the black boys you see a great difference, and all is explained by the fact that you have the gospel light, and he has not. He has no opportunity of choosing the way of life. Perhaps you can do something to help your little black brothers. If you can't think of any way ask your parents or your pastor or your Sunday School teacher, and I am sure that they will tell you some way by which you can help.

Ever your friend,

HERBERT SANDERS.

P. S.—Do you know that I have been looking but looking in vain, for a letter in the Highway from some of you boys. You see, I am writing to the boys this time, but may send the girls a letter some other time. And my opinion is, that when the girls once begin to write to the Highway they will do just as well as their brothers.

H. S.

PAULPIETERSBURG, Natal,

Feb. 14th, 1905.

Dear Highway,—Friday, the 10th, I got my Witness and the peace for which I had been longing some time. Though I was converted three years ago on my way to Africa, and though I was baptized a year ago, I lost my peace by being careless. But now I expect to be one of the Lord's children all the time and never back slide again. I will watch and pray and read my Bible and be a missionary and preach to the people.

Your little friend,

FAITH.

PAULPIETERSBURG, Natal,

Feb. 14th, 1905.

Dear Highway,—On the first day of the New Year I was baptized and a lot of people, natives; there were seventeen with me. Etonibi, or Maiden is the name of the river where we were baptized. I was very glad to be baptized.

Faith, my sister was baptized in a donga just a year ago, and ever since then I have been longing to be baptized

and to get the witness of the Spirit.

I got converted two years ago at Tatambholo or "White Mountain" in a native house thatched with grass. I am now most seven years old. Good bye, from your little friend.

PAUL.

PAULPIETERSBURG, Natal,

Feb. 14, 1905.

Dear Children,—As Faith and Paul wished to write, I will make my letter short, and tell you a story I read a few days ago. It is of a girl's dream. This dream helped the girl ever after to be a watchful Christian.

She dreamed that she was returning home from school when she noticed a large gathering of people on the village common. In much curiosity she joined the company and discovered that an angel from heaven was measuring all the people of her village. The angel's measuring rod was a beautiful golden reed, and, to her surprise, he was measuring not the people's bodies but their souls. This made her feel very solemn, and she noticed that some with large bodies had only small souls. For instance, the girl's pastor, a jolly, kind-hearted man, of grand bodily development, was found to have a soul much dwarfed. Another case just the opposite was the village seamstress—a poor little woman with distorted spine, whom every one pitied—was seen to have the most perfectly developed soul in the whole community. For a moment, as the seamstress passed under the rod the girl caught a glimpse of her soul—a face and figure so beautiful that the girl caught her breath in wonder and admiration.

Then came the girl's own turn, but her soul was found to be so weak and feeble, so nearly dead, that she burst into tears saying, "O won't you give me another chance, please? If you only will, I won't starve my soul as I have in the past."

The angel looked sadly into the girl's eyes and said: "Yes, truly, you have starved your soul, but I will give you one more opportunity. See to it that I do not find you in this poor condition when I come next time."

The story showed that from this time forward the girl no more neglected the care and development of her soul.

Dear children, ask some good Christian how they keep their soul so fat and flourishing.

Your friend in Jesus,

Herbert Sanders.

SYDNEY, C. B., March 21st, 1905.

Dear Editor,—I have been getting the HIGHWAY regularly since Xmas. It being a gift from my dear sister, and I have found it a source of great delight, and blessing and as a good thing is worth passing on, I have been trying to get a few subscribers. I have succeeded in securing one and have the promise of another. There are not very many Holiness people in Sydney, the most of them belong to the Army and are doing a blessed work.

My testimony this morning is that I am improving more and more God's power to save and to keep. Bless his dear name forever.

Yours in Him,

MRS. W. BURDEN.

LOWER SOUTHAMPTON, March 23rd 1905.

Dear Highway,—Just a few lines to let you know that the fight is on. The enemy is strong, but bless God the battle is the Lord's. Evangelist P. J. Trafton is with us, and God is with him in power, Brother Trafton is wielding the sword of the spirit, the word of God. The precious truth is breaking down sin.

Our hearts have been made glad by seeing sixteen souls at the altar seeking salvation. God saved them, and gave them courage to stand and confess Him before the world, others have asked an interest in our prayers. We believe the work has only began. God is working in homes. Dear old men, and women, who are unable to attend our meetings, are

getting saved in their homes, and have lifted their voices in prayer and praise. Evangelist Trafton is proving himself to be "a workman who needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." Let all the saints pray, that God who has given him Holy Ghost power may keep him a flame of fire. Pray for the work here.

Yours in work for Jesus.

W. J. HAMILTON.

LOWER SOUTHAMPTON, March 23rd 1905.

Dear Highway,—My last letter was from Marysville, where we had victory. I am here with Brother Hamilton, in the fight against sin. God has given us victory here already, some have got blessedly saved, sixteen have knelt at the altar so far, and we are looking for greater things. The devil is stirring up the unbelieving. God is helping me preach a full gospel, that saves from all the filthiness of the flesh and spirit, glory. God is giving me great victory in my own soul, as well as undaunted courage, in declaring the "whole council of God." My soul is fat and flourishing, hallelujah. I find Bro. Hamilton a true "yoke fellow." Pray for us.

Yours in the work saved and sanctified.

P. J. TRAFTON.

MARRIED.

At the residence of Mr. Stephen Morrell, Waterloo Street, St. John, on the evening of the 15th inst. by Rev. M. S. Trafton, Mr. David W. Elms, of Hollowell, Me. to Miss Sara A. Kimball of St. John.

At Beals, Jonesport, Me., on the 25th inst., at 8 o'clock in the Reformed Baptist church, by the Rev. A. L. Bubar, in the presence of a large number of invited guests, Mr. Ladwie H. Simmons and Miss Annie L. Beal, eldest daughter of Capt. F. W. Beal, all of Jonesport, Me.

May they have many years of happy wedded life.

HIGHWAY CALENDARS.

We have a neatly printed calendar 11x14 inches containing the portraits of the seven brethren comprising the HIGHWAY committee, a neatly arranged advertisement of the HIGHWAY and the dates of "Beulah and Riverside Camp Meetings." We have on hand only a limited number. We are selling them to meet the expense of publishing. One sent to any address post paid for 15 cents in stamps. A package of ten post paid 1.00. Send the money with the order. If you want them order at once. Address S. A. Baker, Hartland, N. B.

Highway Acknowledgements.

S. H. Clarke, Sept 1905; Mrs Chas E Grant, Dec 1905; J T G Carr, Dec 1905; Mrs J A Gordon, Dec 1906; E M Knight, Dec 1905; Walter Mullen, Dec 1903; Charles LeCras, April 1906; Charles O Match, Dec 1905

A testimony, to having received a definite second work of grace is listened to with delight by some, while to others it is more repulsive than profanity, the state of the heart makes the difference. Which crowd are you in?

A minister in Alberta writes:—

Dear Sirs,—will you kindly send me a number of copies of "THE KING'S HIGHWAY." Several of my people are hungering for holiness and I myself have just entered into a marvellous blessing of the baptism of the Holy Ghost. I would like a number of papers, old or new as samples and hope to get some subscribers. Enclosed stamps.

The pathway to the drunkard's grave and the drunkard's hell is strewn with tobacco leaves.—T. Dewitt Talmage D. D.

An eminent physician who was the superintendent of the insane asylum at Northampton, Mass, says: "Only one half of the patients we get in our asylum have lost their intellect through use of tobacco."

It goes harder for big people to be crossed than for little people. Especially is this the case with big preachers. There is more to cross and a bigger cross.