

TESTIMONIES.

BROTHER THOMAS WHITTEN.

My testimony is that Jesus is very precious to me. I am trusting the precious blood and enjoying His great salvation. Bless His holy name forever and pray that the Lord will abundantly bless you all in all the services and save some persons' souls and put mighty conviction on the unsaved everywhere.

Yours ever.

BROTHER E. HIGGINS.

Dear Bro. Baker,—

I am very sorry to tell you that I will not be able to attend this eighteenth anniversary of the organization of the R. B. Church at Woodstock. But I am glad to tell you that the Lord has saved and sanctified me, and is keeping me day by day.

Your brother in Christ.

BROTHER M. B. COX.

Dear Bro. Baker,—

You can only imagine how much I would like to be present over Sunday, but it's impossible, and I feel the Lord wants me to stay here just now; there are so few who really trust God and don't get discouraged. Well, I'm saved; blessedly saved and victoriously kept from sin, discouragement, blues, scowls and frowns, and am living in the sunshine and pressing holiness unto the Lord with all my God-given powers. Oh, I praise Him for victory all the time through Jesus.

Yours for the work.

BROTHER F. H. NOBLE.

Dear Bro. Baker,—

I would like very much to be present at your Anniversary and roll call, but it is not possible. I shall look for an account of it in the next HIGHWAY. My testimony is Jesus saves me, and His precious blood cleanses me from all sin. Bless His dear name. Hoping you may have a glorious time, I remain,

Your brother in Christ.

BROTHER ALBERT BABCOCK.

I would love to be present at the anniversary but will not be able to come. My testimony is Jesus saves me and His precious blood cleanseth me from all sin, "and upholds me by His free Spirit." Bless His dear name. Hallelujah!

BROTHER W. L. ESTABROOK.

I would like very much to be present at the anniversary at Woodstock, but fear I will not be able. My testimony is I know that Jesus saves me and that is enough for me.

REV. A. HARTT.

Dear Bro. Baker,—Your invitation received some days ago. I would be glad to be present to represent the work and promotion of the spread of bible holiness, which your anniversary is a part. It is not possible as my spirit, soul and body is now engaged in pushing the battle for God and holiness in this place and adjoining neighborhood. My testimony is I am the least of all saints but enjoy the fullness of God's love beyond anything or experience of the past. Eighteen or twenty-five years ago experience of the power in redemption applied was only a foretaste of what is gloriously burning in my soul today. My greeting to all the saints.

Yours.

REV. A. KINNEY.

Dear Brethren,—

I would indeed like to be with you at the 18th anniversary of that glorious day and wonderful event. It is very fresh in my memory and I am delighted to have the opportunity of sending my testimony, which is this, "And we have known and believed the love that God hath given to us." "God is love; and he that dwelleth, dwelleth in God and God in him." "Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment, because as He is so are we in this world." And such a dwelling place with such a companion means soul satisfaction, as to "be filled with all the fullness of God," which is mine. Bless His dear name. Hallelujah! Amen.

MRS. SAMUEL SIPPERELL.

My testimony is, I have an anchor that keeps the soul steadfast and sure while the billows roll. Fastened to the rock which cannot move, grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love. God is known in the palaces for a refuge. He is my strong habitation whereunto I continually resort.

BROTHER ELIPHALET JONES.

Dear brothers and sisters in the faith,—

Without holiness no man can see the Lord. I am glad the doctrine of holiness has been taught in N. B. Had it not been I should still have been in the wilderness wrestling with doubts and fears, but I praise the Lord doubts and fears are things of the past. Brethren we see by faith the blest abode of the saints—the city of God with its jasper wall, and streets of gold, and its golden spires in beautiful prospect rise.

Faith doth take a pleasant view,
Hope waits, Love sits and sings,
Desire flutters to be gone,
But Patience clips her wings.

Please sing "When the first trumpet sounds I'll be there."

Yours in the faith.

SISTER ASA MCNINCH.

Dear ones in Christ,—

I send my greetings, as my health won't permit me to meet with you. "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." I am so glad to praise dear Jesus with you today. For twenty years past my heart has been cleansed by His precious blood from all sin. I experienced a definite second work of grace in my heart, and I have the Comforter to abide with me, and I am living under the precious blood, rejoicing in His power to save and keep from all sin. "When the roll is called up yonder I'll be there" to answer to my name in full.

MRS. MANZER THORNTON.

I regret much that I cannot be with you at this grand feast. I am praying that Jesus will wonderfully bless all His dear children, and save sinners. My testimony is that Jesus is with me all the time. I am saved and sanctified and kept by His mighty power. I have no other purpose in life but to do His will, and to be true wherever I am. Praise His name.

GEORGE DRAPER.

Dear Brother,—

Hope you may have a good time at the anniversary, and that God will bless your gathering. All that I can say of my testimony is, that I have put my all on the altar and I believe it was accepted, and I am now living by the day and praise God for His mercies.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PAULPIETERSBURG, Natal, South Africa,
Oct. 15th 1906.

Dear Highway,—Perhaps I have never made quite clear what this place is like where we live. Well let me try. We have high mountainous hills all around us in every direction North, South, East and West. Yet, where the house stands is in sort of a long valley with hills on both sides but far enough so as not to quite shut us closely in. Then too the nearest hills are the smallest but above and miles beyond are greater ones towering up in some places into very mountains. It is a hilly country, big hills, little hills with sides so steep that the torrential rains have worn deep crevices down their sides which are a great safe guard to the country in carrying away the surplus of water in our down pour of rains. These crevices called dongas are not always very wide but are sometimes twenty or thirty feet deep and, in most of their entire length have precipitous sides so neither man nor most animals can cross them save at certain places where the sides are less steep and the natives have made paths. Even these crossings are perpendicular and it is quite a feat to keep one's seat on the saddle while the horse scrambles up the wall like sides. Dongas abound all over the country and are often a source of danger in storms, as well as a safe guard.

I remember one severe down pour which lasted for hours and the next morning word reached us that many goats and sheep had been swept off through hill sides into these dongas and drowned. Many of their bodies were carried miles away down into the rivers by the raging torrents. I have said some of these dongas are from twenty to thirty feet deep. This is very common indeed but there are also many more shallow ones. When one of our tropical storms bursts upon us the hills being so numerous and their sides so steep the water rushes down into these dry dongas filling them some times clear to the top and changing them immediately into raging foaming torrents whose roar can be heard for a long distance even after the storm has passed. These

dongas, of course have their outlets into streams or rivers and quickly raise the height of water in a crossing so shallow, that the horses feet were only nicely wet, would in half an hour be several feet deep and often too dangerous to attempt to cross as horse and rider would be swept away by the flood.

While Balmoral has hills they are few and small most of the land lying flat and easy to cultivate because of so little stone. Of course there are no woods or swamps to clear, no stumps to be rooted up as there are no trees at all save here and there an isolated thorn or a few scrubby ones clinging to the sides of the dongas. We often wish there were trees especially

near from Howber a few of a will I hip not shel that while ly w first A pret mar for whe are this ten whe gola cout T cout plac dow kraa the I h mou ed si rock back valle nati a ver are t their with a few pumpkins and citron making up the bill of fare year out and year in.

From the above you can form an idea of the kind of country we have to travel over to reach our people. Add to this that the kraal or villages are often far apart so miles of such country must be covered in order to make a good day's work.

Last week a man coming home from a beer drink where he had become drunk, fell into a donga breaking his leg. The bone protruded through the flesh and the hemorrhage was so severe as to almost result in death. Dr. Saunders was sent for and thought to have him moved nearer us so as to tend him properly but found him too weak. The next day he returned to attend him and arrived just in time to see him die. Poor fellow died as he had lived, in his sins. However an opening has been made for another preaching place, we think, as one of the head men of the four kraals all near together, seems willing. Dr. Sanders' medical practice has never done much beyond paying expenses, as far as money goes, but it is continually being used, like the above instance as the opening wedge for the gospel which after all, is more than silver or gold.

Last Sunday three more were taken into the church who had been baptized the Sunday before. Several of our young men who have pushing forward the work are leaving us to go to work in the towns. We shall miss them but God will raise up others to fill their place.

Three girls had to be set aside from the communion as contrary to the rules of the church and their own consciences they attended native dances. However we think they have learned a helpful lesson and in a few months will be taken back again. Perhaps some may think us rather strict but this is the only way to have a healthy, working church and also it lets outsiders see how serious a thing it is to join the church.

God is with us in continual blessings

and we are happy and contented in the work.

Yours in Him,
E. SANDERS.

THE STORY OF A SUFFERER.

During twenty years of constant pain—fourteen years with her head never raised from the pillow—Lizzie Johnson has lain upon her bed. In that time she has lived sixty-eight years of vigor and effective service in the persons of mission-workers, whom she has supported by the toil of her own suffering hands. In those years she has pieced quilts and made bookmarks, and with the sale of these has earned nine thousand dollars for mission-

work. Her book-marks now are made, but her own hands cut the ribbons and ravel the fringed ends and write letters. Fifteen native workers are supported by her, and three free scholarships for girls are maintained on profits of these little ribbon book-

marks. Twenty-one years ago, Lizzie Johnson, thirteen years of age, became ill of a fatal disease. In the early years she lay flat on her back, but now for two-thirds of the entire period she has lain on her bed.

"One night in 1890," she writes "nervousness and headache kept me from

I prayed for rest, and the question came to me 'Are you willing to consent to be a sufferer?'

'Must I?' was my reply. 'Are you willing?' the question came again.

The struggle was hard; but at last I said, 'Yes, Lord, if it is Thy will?' Sweet peace then came and in the morning it seemed that a new sun had arisen.

The new sunrise did not remove the darkness which has been there ever since; but it was a new strength to bear the pain with a new willingness, not only to submit to make the sorrow a blessing to others, but to make the sorrow a blessing to others.

And from that day began a new life. Where there are any lives darker and more hopeless than her own? If so, how could she find them and help them? The woman in hopeless superstition had infirmities worse than hers; she would seek to cure them. She pieced a silk quilt, and some difficulty, sold it. But some-thing expensive, something costing labor to the weary invalid, something enabling a larger number to share with her the service by purchasing her work seemed better for her strength and opportunity.

So began the new work, and year by year enlarged, as one and another person showed the piece of silk ribbon and told its story.

In dimes and quarters the money came in, and the mails bore back the little ribbons; and the bedroom of the sufferer became a place of loving activity for other's sake.

That is how, in fifteen of her twenty years of imprisonment, Lizzie Johnson has supported in various foreign countries native workers whose aggregate of service is sixty-eight years.—Youth's Companion.

FAMILY PRAYER.

Family prayer supplies parental opportunity. By it the foundations of doctrine may be laid, reproofs administered, divine authority recognized, dangers apprehended and avoided. It is much easier to govern a family of children where parents and children habitually invoke God's blessing. Family prayer, especially where there are very young children or worldly-minded young people, need not be objectionably protracted. How many things one can ask for in a prayer one minute long! Let us have a fixed order. Never omit it. Before breakfast or after breakfast; fix the time and daily mark it. Sit down deliberately. Avoid all signs of haste. Read carefully a few verses—five, ten or more. Kneel for prayer. Then pray. Pray for something definite. Pray briefly, but in a calm, reverent and leisurely manner. Open the home and the hearts that are in it to the heavens. Do this daily. Let nothing prevent. The reward will come.—Sel.

"The size of your Christian life is measured by the size of your prayers."

BUD ROBINSON

Said the dead churches reminded him of wheat-threshing time, with men and mules, women and all at work threshing, the straw and chaff were coming out right along, but no wheat, and said that the only thing, according to the church's way of doing, that was needed, was to paint the thrasher. He said the farmer would quit threshing at once if no wheat came out, but the churches just whitewash or paint over, and cover up the sins of church members, and let the church machine run on just like it was turning out a good yield of wheat.

The truth of the matter is, the preachers know the churches are full sinners and unsanctified believers, but for lack of manhood, and for fear of cutting off some fellow who "pays up every time promptly," he lets the known, outbroken sinners go on in their sin without ever reproving them, and they continue to bring reproach upon the church.

ABOUT KISSING MOTHER.

A father speaking to his careless daughter, said: "I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you noticed a careworn look upon her face. Of course it has been brought there by no act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up tomorrow morning and get breakfast. When your mother comes and begins to express surprise, so right up and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face. Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. A long time ago when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your feverish breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. Through years of childish sunshine and shadows she was always ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured with these first skirmishes with the rough world."—Indianapolis News.

EVILS OF CIGARETTES.

In Tennessee, near Nashville, a bright boy of much promise, the delight of friends and idol of parents, became suddenly demented as the direct effect of smoking cigarettes, and arming himself, attempted to kill his father.

The father tried every way possible to prevent it, succeeded only by way of himself shooting his own demented boy, lodging a shot in the limb.

Lying in jail in a certain county in California today is a boy, once bright and fair, but now under the awful charge of having slain his mother.

The daily papers claim he was insane when he committed the deed, and is now.

Boys, don't smoke. You will find many who do smoke, but that they ever contracted the habit, but you will not find, of all your acquaintances one who does not smoke regret the fact that he never learned how.—Pacific Methodist.

A WORD ABOUT TOBACCO.

Tobacco is a twin evil to the drink habit. Jerry McAuley, a reformed drunkard, who is so widely known for his faithful work as a rescue mission worker in New York city, says of the tobacco habit: "I consider it a great stumbling block in any Christian's life; but when a man has had an appetite for liquor, and is trying to keep from drinking, the use of tobacco is positively fatal. It will surely bring him back to his cups. If I had given it up when I gave up rum, I believe I should have had none of those fearful falls. I was led at last by the grace of God, to do the clean thing—to give up every sinful habit, and from that Jesus has kept me."—Sel.

ONLY BE SELFISH.

If you want to spoil all that God gives you; if you want to be miserable yourself and a maker of misery to others, the way is easy enough. Only be selfish and it is done at once. Think about yourself, what respect people ought to pay you, what people think of you and then to you nothing will be pure.—Charles Kingsley