

CORRESPONDENCE.

PAULPIETERSBURG, Natal,
South Africa, Oct. 21st, 1907.

Dear loved and fellow helpers in the gospel of Christ,—Greetings. May grace and peace and all the fruits of the spirit be multiplied unto you.

We were glad to hear through the last number of the HIGHWAY which reached us that Bro. and Sister Macdonald were on their way home. We trust they arrived safely and are now actively engaged in the work.

We were also pleased to learn of the organization of the new church and pray that this little vine that has been planted may continue to grow and spread out and become useful in saving the lost.

No doubt our friends at home will be glad to learn that several new settlers have decided to build on our farm. Finosi our evangelist, has chosen his building site and will be our nearest neighbour. George, another of our church members, chose his building site today and his mother commenced their garden. Though a boy of about fourteen years he will be the head man of his home, his father being dead. You may be interested to learn that George's future wife is already chosen. She is a bright Christian girl. Of course they will not marry for several years yet, the natives are seldom in a hurry along that line. They will be the nearest neighbour of Finosi.

The brother of Aloni, also wants to come here to live, but he will build further away from the station. He is not a Christian though he says he wants to be. We hope his coming may result in his conversion.

We are expecting Peter home from his work before long and it is just possible he may come on our farm to live as he told me before going away that he was going to look for a new building site. We have been spending a little of our time recently transplanting the following varieties of fruit trees. Pomegranate, figs, mulberries, quince, loquit, apples, peaches and some grape and grenadella vines. We have also invested a little of our tenth money in oranges and a few other trees which are on the way from the nursery now, so we hope future missionaries who may arrive at Balmoral will be supplied with fruit and will not be obliged to buy or go without as we have had to do. Dr. Sanders also has a good variety of fruit trees started.

The spiritual part of the work is going on quite well but we need a real revival among the people and we trust the time is near at hand when it may come. Please help us to pray to this end. We believe that God who can cause the waters to break out in the wilderness and streams in the desert, so the parched ground will become a pool and dry land spring of water, can also give us a refreshing in this land of darkness.

Yours looking upward,
I. F. KIERSTEAD.

BEALS Me., Nov. 22nd 1907.

Dear Highway.—As I have not written for some time I thought an account of my trip to Meductic, York County, might be of interest to your readers. By invitation of Brother McDonald I left home Nov. 4th, arrived at Benton six miles from Meductic at 11.30 p. m. Brother Hillman met me at the station and took me to his beautiful home and cared for me during the night and next day. Brother Theodore Marsten came for me where we had a very pleasant drive to Meductic. That evening I had the pleasure of speaking to a very attentive congregation. I soon learned that a great work of grace was taking place there. It was my privilege to remain with Brother McDonald for over two weeks assisting all I could in the work which I very much enjoyed. A great many of the heads of families have come out in the meetings and are now happy in the Saviour.

Sunday Nov. 17th I witnessed a very impressive baptism, eleven happy souls followed their Lord in Baptism. It certainly was a beautiful sight to see those men and women thus yielding themselves to the Lord. Their faces shining with the Glory of God. Brother McDonald is much loved by the people and truly the Lord is blessing him. I have always found him true and a desirable man to work with. My prayer is that yet many more souls will be brought into the kingdom as a result of his labour. During my stay there I was made comfortable at

the home of Sister Marsten who with her family were very kind and untiring in making one feel at home among themselves. On the 20th I received word from home that I was needed, and so had to leave. But shall always be glad for the privilege of having some little share in so grand and thorough a work. I pray God's rich blessing to continue to rest upon them.

Yours H. H. COSMAN.
MEDUCTIC, N. B.

Dear Highway,—Like many of my brethren, I have been neglectful in the matter of reporting myself through your columns. It is perhaps due to this neglect on our part that the HIGHWAY is of local rather than general interest and wherein we are at fault. Let us improve ourselves. Previous issues of the HIGHWAY have hinted that a good work was in progress here and a word in regard to the matter may be in order at this time. The meetings which have been in continuance for six weeks were owned of God at the start and have been very gracious and blessed in their results. The community has been stirred as it has not been for many years. The interest has been such that no unfavourable weather conditions could deter the people from attending the services. Hearts and homes have been wonderfully blessed. Whole households in some instances have received salvation and many strong men have given their hearts to God. We have had a baptismal service on each of the two last Sundays, in which sixteen in all have followed the Lord in that ordinance. Last Sunday evening I had the pleasure of receiving a number into the church. Both Churches, the United Baptist and our own will profit by an increase of membership and I believe that by the grace of God the community will never be quite the same again. We have organized a strong praying band with a membership of fifteen, and the project of building a new church has taken definite and hopeful form. Brother Coy relinquished the pastorate of this church to me stating that the other three churches on the circuit gave him plenty of work while the difficulty of crossing the river at this season made it hard for him properly to care for all. At his request I assumed the responsibility. Brother H. H. Cosman of Beal's, Me., came to us at my invitation and remained with us two weeks rendering valuable assistance in every way and winning a place for himself in the hearts of the people. I am to repay him later with two weeks assistance in his work at Beals. Brother H. C. Archer of Hartland was with us in several meetings and over last Sunday. His work also was much appreciated and very helpful. Brother Coy and other brethren notably Bros. Smith Dow and Bertram Colpitts were present at different times and gave us precious help. Bro. Vallis the Baptist pastor has taken every opportunity to show his sympathy with the work and has been frequently present. For all of this great work we thank God and take courage.

Yours in fellowship,
G. B. MACDONALD.

MERCER SETTLEMENT, Nov. 27th, 1904.

Dear Highway,—Just a few words from this part of the field probably would not be amiss. We are having victory in Jesus name, Hallelujah! Following our quarterly meeting at the Head of Mill Stream, we held special meetings for about four weeks, my Bro. Z. B. remaining with me. The result was good. A number were saved and sanctified, some following our Lord Jesus Christ in the ordination of Baptism and more to follow, a few uniting with the church and others to unite soon, and the work still goes on. Since the special meetings closed, some have given themselves to God. The meetings also had a lasting benefit we believe on the community. The pure and unadulterated word of God is sure to be felt for the word says that is a Saviour of life unto life or of death unto death. The labours of Z. B. were highly appreciated as an evangelist in this community. This church has also purchased a splendid organ which greatly adds to the music in worshipping God in song, and I believe it is to the Glory of God. Ps. 150x4.

F. H. GRASS.

Try to leave every church stronger than you found it in membership and spiritual force.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

LIQUOR LEGISLATION ACROSS THE LINE.

The Springfield Republican.

That Alabama would join the southern column of prohibitionist states has seemed assured since Georgia set so conspicuous an example. Under local option Alabama has already become largely "dry" and but recently the state's largest city, Birmingham, was carried for no license. The lower branch of the legislature, at the present extra session, has no difficulty in passing a state prohibitory law by a two-thirds majority, and there is every reason to suppose that the upper house and the governor will concur. The southern movement, which was much accelerated by the Atlanta race riots of last year, serves enormously to push the no license campaign in the west and north, and these signs of storms and stress for the liquor trade were clearly seen by the executive committee of the New York wholesale liquor dealers' association, when it said recently in its report:

"Prohibition is the most serious question which confronts you today. Pure food questions, internal revenue questions, all deal with the manner in which your merchandise should be sold. The critical and impending questions, however, which confronts you is not how you shall sell or brand your product, but whether you are to be allowed to sell it at all; not whether there shall be certain legislation regulating your business, but whether you are to be legislated out of business."

This is a distinct warning to the trade that its very existence is imperiled. And the trade is undoubtedly frightened.

FAITH IN THE NIGHT.

BY L. S. TRACY.

We were camped at Pimpalgaon, Sarai, fourteen miles from Buldana. One day we took a trip over a small mound in with which the section abounds, to preach to the people in a couple of villages there. The mountain road was very rough. The water, in the rainy season, had rushed down the hill in the night and left nothing but stones and ledges. At times we had to get out and walk; and sometimes had to hold back on the tonga to keep it from pushing to hard on the bullocks. As we returned from these villages and were walking up the mountain behind the tonga, we noticed a large heap of stones near by. They were immense stones built from the side of the mountain, forming a rough house with a door at the front side. Thinking it might be a sepulchre, we walked over. It proved to be an old temple which had at one time been quite beautiful. This we learned from the long finely cut stones lying all about on the ground.

The inside of the temple consisted of only one small room with the floor some eight feet below the surface of the ground. The walls were made of long, square stones laid horizontally, one upon the other. The roof had evidently once been quite elaborate, but was now covered with large, shapeless, flat stones, built like a dome. Stone steps led down to the floor which was also of stone. In the centre of the room was the god. He much resembled a huge, stone frying pan, with a stone post in the centre about eight inches high. An image was in a stone shrine next the wall. We were told by a native farmer who was standing by, that a solitary Brahmin lived in a shanty near and worshiped this idol, but he had gone away for a few days.

As we walked away, we thought, surely this Brahmin would not leave his home and friends and come out in this jungle on the mountain to live alone and worship this idol unless he were very anxious to obtain salvation. If we could get a chance to talk with him, we might find him dissatisfied with his religion; he might see that Jesus Christ is the only Saviour and finally get converted. I went away much encouraged, believ-

ing that at last we had found one who was seeking peace and would at least not be indifferent. Decided to visit him if possible before we broke camp.

One night, while we were still at Pimpalgaon, Sarai, I reached the tent a little before midnight, having ridden twenty-six miles on my wheel, the last ten through the jungle, over a very rough road. Was tired, so told the native preachers that they might walk to some village in the morning. I would not leave camp until afternoon, and they might accompany me when they returned.

After dinner we walked to the other side of the hill to visit our Brahmin friend. Found him down in the temple worshipping. The upper part of his body was bare, as is always the case when Brahmins eat or worship. First he washed the great stone frying-pan, which he called a god, with thick, sour milk; then he put leaves in it in certain specified places and sprinkled water on them; with a small, brass spoon he daubed on saffron and a number of other things, muttering incantations as he did so. After all was completed, he sat there with bowed head and finished his prayer; then came out.

While this man was worshipping, we engaged the two other Brahmins and the farmer, who were standing outside, in conversation, which we gradually turned from secular to religious topics. One of the Brahmins seemed quite friendly and conversed freely; but the other would hear nothing. He broke in with expressions something like this: "We worship God and you worship God, so why bother us? You say our religion is false, but it is older than yours. We are satisfied, and that is enough; let us alone!" I made no attempt to answer him and he soon went off to the house to which the Brahmin who was worshipping had preceded him. The other Brahmin, with his little son and the farmer, remained, and we talked to them about Christ, the uselessness of worshipping idols, sin, salvation, etc. The two Brahmins in the house were afraid we might influence this one, so came out and, making the excuse that they were going to eat, succeeded in persuading the other to leave us. We continued to talk to the farmer and felt that some of the truth went home to his heart. We were battling hand to hand with the powers of darkness on their own territory. It was hard, but God was helping. The Brahmins in the house did not eat, but began to sing a very lively song in Sanskrit. Of course I could not understand it, but often recognized the name of the god in the temple and supposed they were singing his praises. They marched around in the house, clapped and waved their hands. It reminded me very much of some of our Pentecostal meetings, but the spirit that impregnated the very air was most fiendish. The devil was getting stirred, and the men were getting excited. We felt we could do no more and it was not wise to presume on God's power to protect, so quietly walked away.

The native preachers were somewhat down-hearted, but I told them God's word would not return to him void. We have been faithful in sowing the seed, and He would give the harvest sometime. Perhaps seeds dropped into the heart of the Brahmin who was inclined to listen, or in the heart of his little boy, or of the farmer, or perhaps in all. Nothing was lost. We would believe God. Personally, there was a song of praise in my heart because, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless return again, bringing his sheaves with him." Amen! God is true!—Beulah Christian.

THE WONDEROUS BLESSING.

BY D. RAND PIERCE.

There was a thirsting in my soul,
A hunger in my breast,
A longing still unsatisfied
For sweet, unbroken rest;
I knew not how to find it then—
Praise God, I do to day!
The precious, all-atoning blood
Has washed my sin away.

For long I dared not hope that I
Might full salvation win;
That such a blessing could be mine
While in this world of sin;
But when I consecrated all,
And vowed the world to tell,
With waves of peace and purity
The fire from heaven fell!

'Twas not for aught that I had done
The wonderful blessing came;
My dearth of toil and sacrifice
Had filled my heart with shame;
'Twas Jesus, who, for such as I,
Paid all upon the tree!
Whose tears and blood in anguish flowed
To cleanse and make me free!

So now my soul delights itself
In Canaan's richest spoil;
Grows fat on honey, milk and grapes,
And corn and wine and oil;
And, oh the blessed victory
That keeps my soul aflame,
Since that sweet day the Comforter
Into my poor heart came!

Beulah Christian.

"LORD, AND WHAT SHALL THIS MAN DO?"

Jealousy is the most cruel and base disposition that has come to mankind direct from the devil. No pen can picture, nor tongue tell the awful havoc it has wrought in the world, in the home, and in the church. It is the very thing which crucified Jesus Christ. The heading of this article found in John 21-21 is sufficient proof that it remains in the heart even after conversion, which is proof that it is not a sin to be forgiven, unless it breaks out in words and actions. But it is something from which the heart needs to be cleansed. If a person never meets his equal or superior in the circle of life in which he moves, he may not be conscious that such a base monster lies dormant in his breast, but when that fiery serpent of hell awakes, he will find it is the most subtle of all the unchained passions of the carnal nature, and there is nothing in fallen nature so difficult to conceal. Anger, lust and pride are but smouldering embers compared with a raging forest fire, when compared to jealousy. It is to a greater or less degree a universal malady, but the world is confounded when they find that the green-eyed monster still survives genuine pardon and manifests himself among christian people, and is found full grown among the christian ministry, and in this case, before the very eyes of our blessed Lord.

Jealousy is little short of the fire of hell. It destroys everything of peace, love or manliness in the person who permits it to burn in his breast. It will cause him to stab to the death his very best friend if he becomes the object of his suspicion. It began by the murder of a brother by Cain. It still sustains its true character. There is only one cure for it, viz. "the precious, cleansing blood of Christ."

It actually manifests itself as in Peter after conversion, after reclamation, under the best preacher, Jesus Christ. The other apostles also showed its remains in them when they disputed about who should be the greatest. The remedy is surely a second work of grace.

It is a sure proof to a man that he has lost the blessing of entire sanctification if he discovers the fire of jealousy within. As long as the blessing remains we love our brethren "in deed and in truth." It is impossible for a person to love another of whom he is jealous.