

# THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

OSKALOOSA, Iowa, April, 13th., 1908.

Dear Highway;—I want to give my testimony. I am glad to say that Jesus saves, and sanctifies me wholly just now. Sixteen months ago I could not have given such a testimony, though I knew God and was walking in the light as best I knew. Strange as it may seem to some, I had not even heard of a Holiness Movement or of a second work of grace. On Sunday evening, January 27th., 1907, I heard the first sermon on sanctification. There was something in the sermon and something in the life of the preacher which I could not understand. It was something which I did not have; but which I began at once to seek for. When the altar call was given, I was the first one at the altar to seek the blessing of a clean heart. The thought of "putting it off" did not, so far as I can now remember, cross my mind. But for all that I did not receive the blessing that evening. Monday and Tuesday were days of darkness to me. I can see already now why it was, though I did not understand it then. In that critical moment of my life, the legions of demons from the regions of darkness were fighting to keep me from the blessing which God had sworn in the days of Abraham, that I should have of course if I would meet the conditions. On Tuesday evening about the hour of ten o'clock, after two hours of praying, weeping and struggling while the servant of God expounded the truth, my consecration was complete, my faith touched the blood, and, Glory be to God the fire fell and purged me. The demons of Hell were defeated and my soul was sanctified.

I had entered Beulah land, since that night (the 29th., of January, 1907), I have been eating corn and drinking wine and honey and fighting giants. To-night the fire is still burning. Hallelujah!

Last September, in answer to prayer God opened a door for me to enter school again. I came nearly two thousand miles but I can say that the advantages of being in a real Holiness School are well worth going ten thousand miles for. Through a kind friend I receive the HIGHWAY. I anxiously await its arrival and read of the work of Holiness in my home land. May God bless the work in every land and nation until righteousness covers the land as the water covers the sea. Yours in Jesus,  
IRA DEWITT LONG.

NORTH HEAD, Grand Manan,  
April 27, 1908.

Dear HIGHWAY,—Glad to report that the work here is still going on with good interest. Our young people are doing fine. They are right up to the front of the battle. Last Saturday evening we organized a Young People's meeting of 25 members. They have a pledge which is very simple, comprehensive and helpful. At their first meeting last Tuesday evening nearly everyone took part and testified. There were no pauses between testimonies. It was a grand sight to see and hear them. The older ones present had to wait for their turn.

Last Sunday, 19th, we had a very beautiful and impressive baptism, when two young men and three young women followed their Lord in baptism in the presence of a large number of people gathered on the shore. Sunday evening we received six into the church. The meetings have been good all this last week. The work will be continued as the Lord, by his Holy Spirit may lead us.

Yesterday, 26th, was a good day. In the evening, in the presence of a good congregation we gave the right

hand of fellowship to another well-saved young man who desired to unite with us. There are five more to be baptized later, and as some of them are young, we have set the date for their baptism the 24th of May. I am pleased to say that all these converts are bright and clear, and very strong in their faith. Praise the Lord for all this.

The work at Seal Cove is about the same. Wood Island is doing grand. Bro. Richardson's labor told for good. To God be the glory.

A. L. BUBAR.

S. S. INYONI, English Channel, April 13th 1908.

Dear Friends:—It is one month and eleven days since we said good-bye to Brother and Sister Kierstead and our christian natives at Balmoral. There was a goodly number of natives on hand Monday, March the 2nd, as they knew we needed to have our baggage carried to the police camp, six miles distant, where a donkey wagon was to meet us. Our neighborly policeman sent down a horse on which Faith and Paul rode, Mrs. Sanders and I following on Jess and Pet. Once at the camp we found a hot supper and sleeping accommodations waiting us, as well as the donkey wagon. We soon had the trunks repacked and forgot the trouble it had been to make up several native loads, from each trunk, in the prospect of having better transport the rest of our long journey.

Our farewell Sunday services before leaving The Mission Station was well attended and very impressive. All the christians testified to what God has done for them and they also spoke of the time they were in heathern darkness. One after another told how they had been just as the heatherns about them, in utter darkness, with no knowledge of God and no hope beyond the grave. Then God, in His mercy, sent the uMfundise (teacher) with the light. They came to the meetings, some from curiosity, others because of a desire they found awakening in their own hearts, and still others from a longing for the knowledge of God that had been with them for a year or more. And now their father and mother were to leave them, but God had sent another uMfundise and inKosiKaji (lady or queen), who were to remain. They did thank God for these who were to stay with them. Tears were abundant and heart pangs real, not only with this little flock but with us who truly love them. It was hard indeed to tear ourselves away from them. Had you not sent us these who are now to care for this flock of God, I do not know how we could leave them. They were thankful for the remaining uMfundise but we more so. Wolves are watching to destroy and scatter and Brother and Sister Kierstead need all the support we can give them in prayer, sympathy and encouragement.

True there are valuable helpers doing good work, and new hearts are being touched, and new Kraals reached continually, but wisdom from on high is indispensable to guide the forces, and minister to the individual sheep as need may arise. Let us pray, and uphold the hands of them whom it is to look after this large work.

But we are a long time getting away on the donkey wagon. We say good-bye to the kind policeman at eight o'clock on Tuesday morning, and I go on to the village by horse to do some necessary business, while the slow donkeys follow. The morning is cloudy and I reach Paulpilersbuy just as the sunshine breaks through with burning heat that is unknown in your cool home land.

At two o'clock the donkey wagon crawls in and after an hour's out span we push on hoping against prospect that we may reach a certain store at the Pivaan Bridge, where travellers can find a rough shelter. The afternoon ride was exceedingly monotonous yet we will always remember it by the burning we all got in spite of umbrellas. Glad indeed were we when the sun went down even though we must ride on for hours after dark. A very short out span for a hurried supper and another trek until after nine, and we have covered twenty-four miles of hills, by means of slowest transport known in Natal.

The two Rose brothers, who keep a native store here, and a "Bar" receive us

kindly and do what they can to make us comfortable beds. Judson and George have been sleeping for two hours and the older children are very anxious to get to bed, even though it be on a mud floor.

The donkeys are left loose that they may eat during the night and be ready for a start at sunrise the next morning. We hope to reach Vryheid in time for the 5 P. M. train for Durban.

But alas! The donkeys are no where to be found. The Boer driver and his native boy seek in all directions, but in vain. His boy, however, true to native custom, seeks not so much for the donkeys as for some person who may know their whereabouts. In this he is successful and returns with the distracting news that the whole eight donkeys are being driven to the Vryheid pound. They got into a native's corn garden in the night and were found there before sunrise. Already the driver is on his wheel (fortunate for him and us he had it) hastening towards Vryheid.

We find ourselves hung up, wondering when we may again resume our journey. The children rather enjoy this rest from being cramped up so many hours in the wagon, and we think our present plight may not be worse than a whole day in the intense heat of the unclouded sun.

The driver overtook his donkeys within four miles of Vryheid, made some arrangement with the offended native and retraced the fourteen miles to Pivaan Bridge. Of course the little animals were tired, but after a rest they were inspanned and in the early afternoon we were on our way rejoicing that matters had been no worse. The prospect of a night on the veldt, under the cart did not bother us much. But when, at last, the evenings trek was over and the beds had to be made in such cramped quarters as under a wagon—and in complete darkness, we did wish for a light. We had not anticipated travelling at night and had only matches which now proved valuable indeed. The children slept well not minding trifling inconveniences that rob their elders of rest.

We had passed many hills, but the worst were yet to come. Eight donkeys were unequal to the task of pulling their load up several of the mountainous hills, so, of course, we got off and walked. And coming down again, we were glad to believe that the brake was a strong one. The unforeseen delay at the Pivaan Bridge had lowered our lunch basket, so that now we were glad to push on towards Vryheid, where, at 2 P. M. we did justice to a good lunch.

It was a pleasant change to leave our wagon for the train which left Vryheid at 5 p. m. Thursday and arrived in Durban on Friday afternoon. But this letter is already too long and must be discontinued here.

Yours abiding in Him,  
H. C. SANDERS.

BULDANA, Berar, India, March 27, 1908.

Dear Friends.—Believing that without a knowledge of India and its needs, there cannot be much proper interest, we take this opportunity to inform our friends of India's need in general, and what the Pentecostal Nazarene Mission is doing to meet that need in the section where the Marathi language is spoken.

Political agitators inform us that India must have an entire change or at least a modification in its government before it can be what it should. Educators tell us that its young men and young women need mental and physical training. The financier urges a resurrection on modern lines of the country's lost industries and the retaining of Indian money for Indian development. We admit more or less truth in each of these contentions but unhesitatingly state that India's real redemption will be brought to pass by something that goes deeper than trade, education or government, viz.—the regeneration of the inner heart, the overthrowing of idolatry and setting of India's millions in harmony with God, the enthroning of Christ in the heart of the nation. It is absolute folly to try to regenerate the nation by simply changing outside customs and government. There must be a greater and deeper change.

We will reserve for some other time a comparison of the merits of Christ and his claims to those of other so-called incarnations and confine ourselves to giving general information about the branch of the Pentecostal Nazarene Mission labour-

ing in the Marathi field.

Our object is to see as many people as we can possibly touch saved from their sins, made ready to live and ready to die; and we believe that until their hearts are regenerated by the Blood and sanctified by the Holy Ghost they are prepared for neither.

This part of the field contains four principal stations, viz.—Buldana, Chikhli and Malkapin in the Berar District, and Igatpuri in the Bombay Presidency. Malkapin is at present unoccupied because of a lack of workers. The work in each of the stations and the surrounding country is carried on by missionaries assisted by native helpers. Five native preachers have their regular circuits of villages within a radius of four miles or more of each station. They are expected to walk to at least one of the villages, and there are many, daily and hold meetings in the streets. They distribute tracts, sell gospels, song books and other religious books at a very low price, and give them away when the people are not able to purchase. We believe that "the entrance of Thy word giveth light," so make every effort to get it into the hands of the people. When conveyances are available and the weather permits, the missionaries go also. The lady missionaries with the aid of Bible Women enter as many homes as are open to them. They hold meetings and talk individually with the women.

In two of the occupied stations well attended Sunday schools are held with the heathen children. Here they are taught the Word and given a picture card or something of that nature, as an inducement to continued attendance. At the other station, there being quite a christian community, the Sundays are given to preaching services and Sunday school for the native christians. Prayer meeting is held once a week for the christians and workers. God does bless our souls as the word is given out in the Marathi language.

During the cold season we take small tents and camp in the outlying district. By making centrally located towns our headquarters and working in the nearby villages we are able to touch the "regions beyond." How our hearts ache as we see the darkness and ignorance of these people!

We believe that if christians are always employed by the Mission they become weak and dependent, hence it is our practice as far as possible to have converts work and live outside the Mission compound. We encourage them to live in the towns. This means persecution, but persecution only makes them more stalwart if they endure it. But it is often impossible for new converts to live in the towns, therefore we try to secure employment for them. For this purpose we have a 23½ acre farm. Have recently dug a fine well and begun a much needed garden. The well is very essential for irrigation in hot season. We believe that if we could get once started, the farm could be made to pay for itself and perhaps be a source of income to the Mission.

Besides our small company of native christians we have a few orphan boys whom we are training with the hope that they will make strong christian men. One boy is attending English high school in a distant city, two others are in the lower grades in Buldana, and one is learning gardening at the Mission farm.

When it is possible a sewing class is carried on among the girls in the town, also among our native christian women.

Much more that is interesting might be said but we will reserve for another time. Space will not permit more now.

Yours for India's salvation,

L. S. TRACY, Manager,  
Buldana, Berar, India.

GORDONSVILLE, April 25th, 1908.

Dear HIGHWAY.—In my last letter of March 24th from North Head, G. M., I promised to give you a report of myself and work in a letter of a later date, but my stay on the island has been already pretty well reported through the kindness of the pastor. But I want to say to the glory of God that His presence was manifested with us and it did our hearts good to see people go down under the truth and come up to walk in the King's highway. It is not always the pleasantest or most popular thing to tell people the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, but if afterwards it yieldeth the peaceful fruit of righteousness we do feel like rejoicing that we went through the death

route with Jesus.

The pastor, wife and church stood by the truth until souls were saved and the church was generally built up and strengthened.

I enjoyed my stay and work on the island much, finding Pastor Bubar, wife and people of all denominations whom I met kind and courteous, giving good attention and attendance at all the services. May God bless them all and save them with an everlasting salvation in my prayer. I stopped in the home of Brother L. C. Watt while there, and can never forget their kindness and the rich feasts we had together with Jesus.

Brother Watt lost heavily in the storm of February 1st, but does not spend any time worrying over his losses. He and his wife rejoices over the fact that their names are written in Heaven.

Leaving Grand Manan on Monday, April 13th I enjoyed my sail across and trip over, calling on Brother G. B. Trafton and enjoying the weekly prayer meeting in his church at Marysville. God was present and one soul at altar for salvation. Brother Trafton is enjoying his work on the circuit and is full of zeal for the extension of the Master's kingdom.

I also stopped a few hours at Millville, called on Pastor Greenlow, whom I am sorry to say is about to leave that field, and found himself and wife enjoying health. I also spent a few hours with my aged father on whom I can see the weight of years is beginning to tell heavily, yet his faith is firm in a resurrected Lord.

After calling on the editor, my boys and some friends in Woodstock I left for my present abode among the faithful few of Gordonsville. Since coming here grip has taken me by the throat, but still God is working and victory is coming.

S. HARLEIGH CLARK.

PORT MAITLAND, April 27.

Dear Highway,—Allow me to express my gratitude to the giver of all good, for the grace and favour conferred upon me the least of all the saints. I realize the fact of being here alone as a representative of the cross under the banner of holiness. It has been said we all preach holiness; if so, pray what kind? We stand for the Bible kind fearless of successful contradiction, not the dancing kind, nor the games kind, but the kind that brings the soul in personal contact with the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ by faith.

I enjoy preaching to the people, if it were not for the prejudice existing many men would hear the word of life, but this awful foe does exist here, which hinders the advance of Christ's Kingdom. We are pressing upon the church the need of an experience that will measure up to our profession. This is a beautiful part of our little world, "where every prospect pleases and only man is vile." Yet we do find a few that are in the path that old Enoch trod which pleases God, all in the land and have the fruits. Our meetings are good and we do say that God is with us in every meeting, His presence is manifested. It would surprise some of the churches who far exceed in members to have one of our little bands to drop in and worship as they do in our own churches. I don't fear the test I believe according to our members we have got by far the leverage of power which is God's presence and abiding, cleansing, sanctifying presence which those who do not believe cannot have for a house cannot be divided against itself and stand. I pray God that we all may keep humble at the mercy seat, our success depends upon walking with God. Yesterday I drove 20 miles, had 3 God honoring services, and am well to day both in soul and body. The weather is fine now have had a cold windy time very discouraging to our Fishermen many of them at present are employed as they were when called to follow Christ, mending their nets or traps. Some have lost over a hundred lobster traps, others part of what they call gear, yet they are a hopeful, courageous lot of men. The catch is good. I have heard of some taking as high as fifty dollars worth at one pull as they call it, yet did not their nets break? I suppose this being true we may expect a share of the proceeds.

Praise the Lord! I am here as a true-yoke-fellow to share adversity or prosperity as may fall to our lot. I regret deeply that my visit to New Brunswick was so hurried that I did not have time to meet many of our old acquaintances, but it all is well I hope to meet some of you again on this side of life. Thank God the tree of life stood on either side of the river.

While you read this short letter from one of the oldest in the field, I hope it will give inspiration to the younger men to be true to the gospel committed to them. I will now close by saying I was informed by the senior deacon that he had secured from the three churches letters to be presented in their yearly business meeting, requesting their cooperation in extending to me a call for the ensuing year which was unanimously passed. You may while looking over the noble qualities of our congregations question their powers of choice.

Yours in Christ,  
A. H. TRAFTON.

## Rest Fund.

Previously acknowledged . . . . . \$561.21  
Woodstock church . . . . . 34.25  
Mrs. Darius Downey . . . . . 1.00

As will be seen by his letter in this issue, Rev. A. H. Trafton has received a call to remain pastor on the Yarmouth County circuit for the ensuing year.