

CORRESPONDENCE.

PAULPIETERSBUR, Natal, So. Africa,
Nov. 23, 1908.

Dear HIGHWAY,—We have been real busy quite a portion of the time during the last month planting our gardens, as the white man says November is the month for planting corn to get a good crop.

Our earliest gardens are looking well so far. We will have all the green corn we can use after about two weeks if nothing happens it.

The garden for the church, of which we spoke in our last letter, is partly planted, though Jona who promised to give the ploughing, has not shown up yet. He believes in working where he can get money for it first, and then at the end of the season, when he has finished planting his own gardens, and can no longer get money for his work among his own people, he will perhaps give a day or two to the Lord, for then it would be no sacrifice. I wonder if there are any at home who are in the habit of giving in that way? I hope not, for the one who treats the Lord in that way will receive a reward according to his works. We are glad, however, that all our people here are not Jonas. One such is enough for the present age. We believe the most of our people here have the spirit of giving and will be glad for a chance to work as they do. We have much money.

It has been over a month since we visited uSalomona, as we cannot always cross the river at this season, so are not in a position to report his work, but Finioso, Sanuyele and Aloni are doing good work. uLidia has been called away by her white man. A police boy came for her last Monday. We could do nothing but let her go. Her father sold off his other girls so he would not be obliged to send them. She will likely have to remain a year or more. It seems like this will be quite a loss to our work as she was doing as good work among the people as any of our boys. But the Lord is able to make "the wrath of man to praise Him." So please remember to pray that she may be used in that place in bringing light to some souls in darkness, for we believe she will be true and speak the truth as she has opportunity even though she may suffer for it.

Our meetings on the station continue to be well attended and our evening school is still flourishing.

uThiisti, whose old name was Dabula, seems to be going fast with consumption. He may not be with us long. Though very young in Christian experience he is happy and earnest and it is well that he is for his time is likely short for work. Each one of us should be just as much in earnest however for our time may pass before we are aware of it. So let us all pray, work and give our best to our opportunities of the present for they are slipping from us and will never return.

We praise the Lord for all His temporal and Spiritual blessings.
Yours in His service,
I. F. KIERSTED.

Dear HIGHWAY,—We are enjoying the blessing of the Lord and the kindness of the people, about twenty of whom came to the parsonage on Christmas eve and presented me with a nice fur coat, and my wife with a fine fur cap, and I also want to acknowledge the kindness of Dr. Owens in sending us a fine goose for our Christmas dinner. We appreciate these kindnesses very much, and pray that the giver of every good and perfect gift may richly bless all these kind friends. We are very much indebted to sister Young for her interest in getting these presents for us. We feel much at home among the people here and pray that we may be a blessing to them. We held a praise service Christmas night to praise God for his precious gift to this lost world, and he did richly bless us. My present testimony is:

"My soul is cleanse d from inbred sin,
And this is how I know,
The Spirit answers to the blood,
And surely tells me so."

I expect to attend the quarterly meeting at Four Falls on the 31st.

We wish you all a happy new year.
Yours at Jesus feet,
J. S. RICHARDSON.

HARTLAND, Dec. 29, 08.

Dear Bro. Baker,—I fear that it is too late for my Highway letter, but so much unexpected company is my excuse. Here are items in case this note may be in time:

My first duty is to correct a mistake in last issue, "a good break at Lower Brighton." This break, I regret to say, has not yet come. I could wish that this miss statement were prophecy of what God will do very soon.

Special services will begin (D V) at Hartland church January 3rd, to continue indefinitely. Bro. P. J. Trafton assists for the first ten days.

Bro. S. Harleigh Clark called yesterday. We were pleased indeed to meet him again and to hear that God keeps him true and gives him victory in his work. He had just spent the Sunday at Gordonsville, and spoke of openings for work in various places. I have thought that had I been made steward of some wealth, part of it would be invested in giving the gospel of full salvation to these needy village and towns where there is interest but not enough to fully support a worker.

A missionary meeting at Lower Brighton was held on Xmas eve. They report a good audience and a generally successful service. There is also a movement started to secure good books on proper subjects to make their meetings even more interesting and instructive.

Any missionary society wishing a hint as to some good missionary literature may drop me a note. I would like to see a good missionary library in each pastoral circuit. About \$15 will buy a fairly good library covering the larger portion of the fields, such as Africa, China, India, Japan, South America, etc., Medical Missions, Home Missions, special readings for missionary meetings, and many other subjects. Even \$5 will get enough for a good beginning. There are so many grand books just suited for this work and plenty of talent in all our missionary societies that every meeting should be not only interesting in extreme, but a power for good. \$2 will bring from two to four of the most interesting books.

H. C. SANDERS.

P.S.—Hope to have the experience of Sephen McMullin for next issue.

H.C.S.

MARYSVILLE, Dec. 1908.

Dear HIGHWAY, Editor and HIGHWAY family.—I wish you all a Happy New Year! A Year of great spiritual prosperity. Praise the Lord. He has it for us if we conditions are met. I read the HIGHWAY with much interest. I observed in the last a peculiar statement in regard to one of our preachers. That he presented the doctrine of entire Sanctification, so wisely that prejudice was disarmed and the truth was readily accepted. Well Jesus and Paul could not do that or did not, so our preacher so highly commended could have taught the Christ and Paul something they did not do. I wonder if the said preacher has the wisdom which cometh to naught. I world which cometh from above, or of never knew that the preacher who dealt out rugged truths so sugar coated ever led any one into the experience of entire sanctification and possibly never will, and if he did they would not know they had it. Well praise the Lord. Jesus suffered without the gate. And we are to go without the gate bearing the reproach I found in my case, it was Holiness or hell. God help our preachers to preach the Word.
Yours Under the Blood,
W. L. ESTABROOKE.

Dear HIGHWAY.—Please grant me space in your columns for the acknowledgement, of the following donations.

First, in response to Bro. Baker's appeal in my behalf, we have received from

Woodstock church, the sum of \$11.00 names of donors not known. Ezekiel Smith, \$5.00; Rev. P. J. Trafton, \$5.00; from some unknown person, \$5.00; Dr. Saunders, \$2.00; Rev. S. Greenlaw, \$2.00; G. B. Story, \$2.00; Franklin Carr, \$2.00; S. H. Clark, \$1.00; Sister Noble \$1.00; Sister McNinch, \$1.00; Bro. Smith Dow, \$2.00; for which they have our sincere gratitude and our prayer that the God of all grace may bless them abundantly of the riches of his grace.

Also the proceeds of a donation given some weeks ago by the brethren and friends of the community in which we live, composed of members of the different churches, who met at our home and after enjoying a pleasant evening socially, and some speech making and singing and prayer then more singing, they departed to their homes feeling that they had enjoyed a pleasant time, and leaving us the better financially in the sum of \$32.00 in cash and produce, which was afterward supplemented, making in all \$40.00, for which we tender all who instituted and carried the matter out to a successful issue, our deepest gratitude, and prayers for an inheritance with the saints in light.

J. GRAVINOR.

Since Bro. Gravinor reported the above he has received from his friends at Geary collected by Brother Samuel E. Carr and forwarded by Rev. G. B. Trafton \$19.00 and \$2.00 from Brother A. T. Jones and wife, Knoxford, making a total of \$100.00.—Ed.

Criterion for Amusement.

When John Wesley was a student in college his mother wrote him these wise words of advice. "My son, would you judge of the lawfulness of any proposed pleasure, take this rule: Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off your relish for spiritual things; what ever increases the authority of your body over your mind, that pleasure, to you is sin."

In these days when there is so much discussion of the amusement question, I apply Susannah Wesley's criterion will find little difficulty in determining what amusement ought to be rejected by one who desires to love the Lord with all his heart and serve Him acceptably.—Sel.

I See It.

In a certain city, a laboring man leaving a saloon saw a costly carriage and pair standing in front, occupied by two ladies elegantly attired, conversing with the proprietor. As it rolled away he said to the dealer; "Whose establishment is that?" "It is mine," replied the dealer, complacently. It cost \$5,000, my wife and daughter cannot do without it." The mechanic bowed his head a moment in deep thought, and looked sad; with the energy of a man suddenly aroused by some startling flash he said;

"I see it! I see it!"

"See what?" queried the dealer.

"See where for years my wages have gone. I helped pay for that carriage, for those horses and gold mounted harness, for the silks and laces; and jewelry for your family. The money I earned, that should have given my wife and children a home of our own, and good clothing I have spent at your bar. My wages and those of others like me have supported you and your family in luxury. Hereafter my wife and children shall have the benefit of my wages, and by the help of God I will never spend another dime for drink. I see the mistake and cure for it."

Who else will "see it" and work for themselves and their loved ones, instead of toiling to buy silks for rumsellers' wives and carriages for rumsellers' families?—Selected.

Pouts for Dinner.

We are not sure but that man may have been unjust as well as ungallant, who invited a guest to dinner with him, urging him to come, as they were going to have pouts for dinner, and who, when the guest wonderingly inquired, "Where are the pouts?" answered, "Look at my wife and daughter;" nevertheless there are many meals where it cannot be denied that pouts are a constant quantity in the bill of fare.

There is pouting over food, pouting

over raiment, and pouting over a thousand other things which displease, disturb and disgust persons who have always had more comfort than they knew how to appreciate, and more blessing than they were thankful for.

Many persons whose pouting has become a habit, would greatly improve their personal appearance by humbling themselves in the sight of God, and thinking how little good they deserve, and how much evil they have been spared, and how many mercies are now granted to them by the kind hand of a gracious Providence.

Is it not a pity to have people go through this world, whining, grumbling, and faultfinding, where they should be as busy as bees among the flowers, blithe as the birds that sing amid branches, and thankful to God, the giver of every good and perfect gift?

Let us instead of looking out to see how many blessings others have which we covet, and for the lack of which we may complain, consider how many sorrows and afflictions others endure which we are spared, and so thank God for mercies which are new every morning and blessings which are constant as life itself.—H. H., in Common People.

Awake Daughter of Zion!

Awake, right early and sing!
At the remembrance of his mercy
Be joyful in your King!

Loose the bands from off thy neck
Oh, captive daughter of Zion!
From thy wings shake the dust
Of the pots where thou hast lien.

Put on thy robes of silk
And thy garments of wrought gold
Shine in all thy beauty
And thy glory as of old.

Thy beauty was thy holiness,
Thy glory was thy Lord,
Thy shame and nakedness,
For departing from his word.

But arise—arise now and shine
There has come to thee the light
Show the nations thy salvation
And Kings thy glory bright.

Then awake daughter of Zion!

Awake, early and sing!
At the remembrance of his holiness
Be joyful in your King.

A. J. S.
Royalton.

Temperance Notes.

The prohibition movement in the city of St. John, in four wards, is progressing encouragingly. A petition signed by 1200 was presented to the mayor, asking that a vote be taken in connection with the civic elections, the matter will be decided by the middle of January.

The beer and whiskey business continues on its work of destruction in Woodstock and no organized effort is being put forth to stop it. The Supreme Court has decided that the kind of beer being sold here is intoxicating and every one selling it is liable and will be fined if the magistrates will convict them for sales being made.

Sunday Sickness.

1. The disease. Sunday sickness is a disease peculiar to church members. The attack comes on suddenly every Sunday; no symptoms are left on Saturday night; the patient sleeps well; eats a hearty breakfast, but about church time the attack comes on, and continues till services are over for the morning. Then the patient feels easy, and eats a hearty dinner. In the afternoon he feels much better, and is able to take a walk, talk about politics and read Sunday papers; he eats a hearty supper, but about church time he gets another attack, and stays at home. He retires early, sleeps well, and wakes up Monday morning refreshed and able to go to work and does not have any symptoms of the disease until the following Sunday. The peculiar features are as follows.

1. It always attacks members of the church.
2. It never makes its appearance except on the Sabbath.
3. The symptoms vary, but it never interferes with the sleep or appetite.
4. It never lasts more than twenty-four hours.

5. It generally attacks the head of the family.

6. No physician is ever called.

7. It always proves fatal in the end—to the soul.

8. No remedy is known for it except prayer.

9. Religion is the only antidote.

10. It is becoming fearfully prevalent, and is sweeping thousands every year prematurely to destruction.

2. The Remedy. On Sunday morning rise at seven; use plenty of cold water on the face; eat a plain hearty breakfast. Then mix up and take internally a dose composed of equal parts of the following ingredients, namely: Will, push, energy, determination, Self-respect, respect for God's day, respect for God's book, respect for God's house. Stir well; add a degree of love just to make it sweet. Repeat the dose every few minutes until church time unless relief comes sooner. If the day is stormy, an external application of overshoes, heavy coats, and umbrellas will be beneficial.—Selected.

Savior, Master, Friend.

Jesus Savior, we adore thee,

For thy love so full and free;
In esteem for all thy goodness,
We would yield ourselves to thee.
Thou thy life hast freely given,
To redeem us for thine own;
Each day may we love thee better,
May we live for thee alone.

Thou hast still thine ancient power,
Thou canst't heal the sin sick soul;
Tis thy touch alone oh Saviour,
That can make the spirit whole.
We who know thy healing power,
May we tell it far and wide,
Until many now in darkness
Learn of thee the crucified.

Jesus Master; we will serve thee,
Yielding to thee, everything;
Following where so 'ere thou leadest;
Owing thee our Lord and King,
Thou has bought us with thy life blood
We belong alone with thee:
From sin's bondage thou hast freed us
We will now thy servants be.

We will labour in thy vineyard,
Telling of thy wondrous love
Gathering sheaves along life's highway,
For the harvest home above.
When love's service here is ended,
We will lay our trophies down
At thy pierced feet dear Master
And from thee receive our crown.

Jesus Friend; so true and faithful,
Ever near to cheer and bless;
Thou wilt share our every sorrow,
Comfort us when in distress,
When life's burdens press us sadly,
We may come to thee in prayer:
Drawing near in sweet communion,
Casting on thee all our care.

Other friends may prove unfaithful
But we now thy promise claim,
Thou wilt not forsake nor leave us,
While we trust in thy dear name.
Jesus, we will gladly trust thee,
Till our life on earth shall end:
Then throughout eternal ages,
Praise thee, Saviour, Master, Friend.

E. M. McCARTY,
St. John.

An evangelist tells a of Munacy's great picture of the Christ. A rough, wicked sailor came in to see it one day, intending apparently to give the picture only a glance. Something, however, made him unable to turn away. He stood with eyes fixed on that central figure of majesty and love.

In a few moments he took off his hat which soon dropped from his hand to the floor. Presently he sat down, and, taking up a book that described the picture, began to read, stopping every few seconds to gaze on the canvas. Then he settled back, and looked steadfastly on the likeness. The lady attendant saw him wipe away the tears, still he sat as if he would never move. At the end of an hour, he moved softly and reverently toward the door, took one last look, and said, "Madam, I am a rough and wicked man, and have never used that name except in an oath; I have a Christian mother who made me promise before I went to sea to come and see this picture. To oblige her I said I would come; but I did not believe that any one believed in Christ. But as I have looked on that picture, I have thought that some man must have believed in Him, and I have come to believe in Him, too, and I am going to follow Him from this day forward."—Illustrator.