

CORRESPONDENCE.

PAULPIETERSBURG, Natal, South Africa, Oct. 5th, 1908.

Dear HIGHWAY.—Our rains have set in for sure, have plenty of it, so every body is busy in their gardens. The natives do not work many hours of the day, however, they usually begin their hoeing about 9 a. m. and leave off at 1 or 2 p. m. After this time they are at leisure to study, (those who want to believe,) so our workers are on hand to teach them.

There is a great scarcity of food, in fact many are having a real famine, and are living on weeds and roots, or anything they can get to sustain life. Never a day passes but members come here asking for food.

It is most impossible to give much to them all, but it is so hard to refuse any when they tell us they are dying of famine, so we have managed to give them at least one sweet potato each, thus far, yet "our potatoes will soon finish" as they express it.

It is most impossible to give these hungry ones the Bread of Life before they are given something to satisfy, in a measure, their craving for temporal food.

They scarcely feed their dogs anything at the best of times, but now, it makes my heart ache to see them, mere skeletons, we wonder what keeps them living at all.

We praise the Lord for new vegetables again, such as peas, beans, carrots and parsnips, and Irish potatoes, and in the fruit line, beautiful strawberries which are indeed luxuries

Yesterday a young man and a boy followed the Lord in baptism. They with a woman were given the right hand of fellowship. The young man took for his new name Stephen and the boy Phillip. We pray they may prove worthy of these names.

We have adopted a new plan in dealing with those desiring baptism. We give our Evangelists liberty to question them before the church, concerning their faith, knowledge of God's word, sins forgiven etc., and find it very satisfactory.

We would rather keep them waiting some time, than have a doubt about the genuineness of their conversion. One of our members, (the young man we have written about, who had been sick for some time) was translated two weeks ago. He did not seem to realize the end was so near, yet rejoiced in faith. He loved to study the Word, and we believe he had an abundant entrance.

The young man baptised yesterday was a brother of his, so you see as one leaves us others step in their place. Two of our members are very ill, and can scarcely hope for one to recover, he is very low.

We are doing what we can, visiting and administering both spiritual and physical needs.

We are quite amused sometimes when some are telling us their experiences. A young man very desirous of believing was telling us he had given up snuff, beer and isangu, (this latter affects them as opium) also said he did love a girl, but he does not love the girls any more than he loves these other things now, but said he heart cried all the time, because he was afraid of the Devil.

We hope that in his simple way he may soon be able to step out on faith and claim the promises for himself. Our faith takes hold for larger victories. We are pressing onward and upward, and giving Jesus all the praise for things accomplished as well as for those which shall be ours in the future.

We still need your prayers beloved for wisdom in the work line

Yours in His name.
IDA M. KIERSTEAD.

Children can ask questions that philosophers cannot answer. A little girl boy assumed that that was the new man promptly wanted to know what he become of the old one. Another wanted to know where the fire went when it "went out."

Every believer in "Entire Sanctification" as definite second work of grace should subscribe for the HIGHWAY.

Every Reformed Baptist should have a special interest in the success of the HIGHWAY, by helping to obtain new subscribers and renewals.

Tribute to the Late Mrs. Albina C. Sanders.

How we loved her when among us
When upon the earth she trod:
When to us she talked of Jesus,
Told us of her precious Lord."

How in joy, He was with her,
In her trials he shared a part;
And in time surrender to Him,
Sweet communion filled her heart.

Often under dreadful trial
She would say, "my Jesus knows.
I will go where'er He leads me
Till refined shall be my gold."

Never doubting that he loved her,
Precious bridegroom of her heart;
Always telling of His whisperings,
By His Spirit in her breast.

Sometimes telling how she nestled,
Tired, wounded, sick and sore
On the Christ, whose arm is stronger
Than earth's millions e'er could be.

How we think of her this morning!
And her counsels, true and straight;
They can never be forgotten
Pointing right to Heaven's gate!

Fragrant with the breath of Heaven,
Truth abiding in her heart
Made her counsels, firmly given
Tell for God in holy art.

From our own youth her life has swayed us,
And her words have been as rain
On the tender plants in summer,
Causing them to grow again.

And her love so true and tender,
Like the sunshine to the flower;
Causing it to open wider
To receive and to mature.

If in us she saw some human,
Clamoring for the mastery,
Instead of censure, she was ready
Always, with an helpful strain.

Tenderly she'd say—"Your human
But your Saviour understands
How to deal with his dear children,
And He'll take your life in hand,"

"Only follow all He bids you,
He will mould and chisel you;
Never flinch, for e'en in suffering
He is working out His will.

"And remember, child, remember,
With God there are no little things;
All His words must be considered,
Listening, heeding everything."

And we can't but thank every morning,
Of the last sweet hours we met;
Short they seemed of short duration
For we drank in fellowship.

And the last words we heard uttered
By those lips we love so true
Lips so pure, so calm, so tender
Yes, ah! yes, we loved them well.

Yes, my child God loves thee truly
Thou art precious in His sight
He will try thee, prize thee, mould thee,
Till thou art stamped by Him just right.

Till within he sees His Image
Till within the diamonds shine
For he loves thee—Oh He loves thee!
And thy beauty He designs.

So just now He's called her higher,
Yes, His weary, wayworn child;
And He loves her, loves her, loves her,
And she's resting with her Lord

And she's gazing, gazing, gazing
On the face of Christ her Lord,
Satisfied to gaze upon Him
Upon Him her soul desired.

Upon Him whose Blood redeemed her,
From the cross it poured and flowed
Down the Ages, till it reached her,
Blessed, precious, blessed Lord!

Now she's drinking, drinking, drinking
Draught on draught of pure delight;
Resting her tired heart before Him
Peace and joy complete.

Laying out before him trophies
He had helped her gather here,
Giving to Him all the glory
Joy enough to be his Bride.

Heart no longer to be hungry,
As it was while here below;
So, He's called her His to claim her
In His arms he'll fold her—peace.

And true joy, it e'er shall leave her,
Every longing satisfied;
Purified cho' earth's deep testing
Naught her soul shall be denied.

Freedom o'er the hills of glory,
Freedom in her Father's Home:
Hither thither thus to serve Him
While the countless ages roll.

Safe in Heaven she has landed
And her works do follow her
She is dead, yet still she speaketh
Speaks for God and truth and love.

Yes, we loved her, and we'll miss her
And thence to her we cannot go
And the ties they seem so severed
But in Jesus they can grow.

Until, sometime in the future
Not so far away perhaps

As our vessel nears the leeshore,
She will greet us at the last.

She will clasp our hand in friendship
And we'll say, "we loved you still;
Thro' these years of absence from us
Doing each our Father's will.

You up here in precious mansions
We mid earth's clouds yet a while
But together now we'll praise him,
Who hath loved us all the while.

And we'll cast our crowns before Him
Lay our trophies at his feet;
Asking naught but his approval,
And his joy to be complete.

MRS. ETHEL G. RAMSEY,
Everett, Mass.

Sweet Out of Bitter.

What! Have no trials!
Shed! Hallowed, sick and sore
Meet with no losses
Through the passing years!

That spot is a desert
Where there falls no rain
The flowers bring no war
O'er the deluge-swept plain.

Soon our heart's garden
Would a desert be
Neither fruit nor flower
Nor leaf of shady tree.

Welcome then the crosses,
We carry day by day,
The sorrows and the losses
We meet with by the way.

We'll carry every burden
To our Lord on high
All our bitter trials
Let him sanctify.

Then like "watered garden"
Or sheaf beneath the press
Shedding dew and freshness
Other lives to bless.

A. J. S. ROYALTON.

Oct, 1908.

A Handsome Premium Free.

The Christian Herald (a weekly visitor to many people in this locality) is this year giving free to every new and renewing subscriber a most attractive gift, which is very appropriately called "The Art Gallery De Luxe." It consists of six famous paintings, superbly reproduced in fourteen colors, aggregating 1,000 square inches. The artist catches the glint of the sunbeams through orchard trees and makes them dance and gleam on canvas. But how can we paint in mere words the beauty of these six exquisite pictures? A handsomer premium was never offered by any magazine.

Probably no comment is necessary concerning The Christian Herald, "the magazine that fully satisfies," as only the best in literature and art is presented and every one of its 52 issues, the whole year around, sparkles with gems from cover to cover. The Christian Herald contains 1,200 large pages and 1,000 illustrations yearly—as much as any four \$1 magazines.

The subscription price is \$1.50 per year, but every new subscriber who sends \$1.50 to The Christian Herald, 444 Bible House, New York, will receive The Christian Herald every week from date of order until January 1, 1910, and in addition the incomparable "Art Gallery De Luxe" free.

You must act quickly, as this splendid offer expires December 10, 1908.

A Prayer.

Giver of all good, our loving Heavenly Father, help us by a child-like faith and answering love to rest our hearts on Thee without anxiety or worry. Since Thou hast taken on Thyself the care of all our needs, teach us to plan and do our part in full confidence that all things shall work together for our good. Keep us from the folly of distrust, from the troubled thoughts which sap our strength, from the needless cares and perplexities of life. In the way of Thine appointing may we find a continual peace of heart. When trouble comes in like a flood be Thou our refuge and our confidence. May no ungrateful worry spoil our joy or mar our witness, but help us to be faithful, provident and wisely foreseeing in cheerful work with Thee. In the name of Christ. Amen.—Sel.

Testimony.

REV. S. A. BAKER:
Dear Friend,—No doubt you will be glad to hear that I have returned to the Father's house, and now feel it my duty to ask you to put this testimony in the HIGHWAY. On Sunday Nov. 1st in the holiness church of Fort Fairfield, God showed me again that I was a sinner lost and undone without Him, and of all men the most miserable. I came out to the mercy seat and sought Jesus and found Him as my personal Saviour and praise God He forgave me. I arose from my knees from my heart and I have been seeking to know more of Him. He has revealed to me that He wanted me to let Him have His way with me. He showed me there was nothing in my heart but vanity and a desire for the world and its pleasures, that I had need of cleansing as I was full of pride and sinfulness, and I have found that the "old pipe" and every sin of every form must go. I kept saying "yes Lord," to everything. All at once I felt the Holy Spirit enter my soul and I was filled and began to shout for joy, and oh, I cannot tell you how happy I am tonight. I have made up my mind not to stop like I have many times before, but I want to be found at Jesus' feet, and I humbly ask Him to ever keep me in the way He would have me go. If I have wronged any of the holiness people in Woodstock or elsewhere I ask their forgiveness and hope I will be able to make all wrongs right. It will be the object of my life to get right and keep right with everyone and to be anything God wants me to be. I desire an interest in your prayers that I may ever be humble.
Yours, trusting in Jesus for all,
W. W. JONES.

Fort Fairfield, Nov. 8th, 1908.

The Twentieth Anniversary Services

As announced the services in commemoration of the 20th anniversary of the organization of the Woodstock church, was held on Nov. 1-3. The services were helpful and well attended. On account of the storm there was not as many in attendance from out of town as on previous occasions, but there was a good attendance and good interest. Sunday was a good day, a testimony and praise service was held at 10 a. m. led by the Pastor, followed by preaching at 11 a. m., by Rev. M. S. Trafton. Communion at 12 a. m., conducted by Rev'ds. B. Colpitts and J. H. Coy. Sunday School at 2:30 p. m. Preaching at 3:30 p. m. by Rev. Mrs. H. C. Sanders. Dr. H. C. Sanders spoke at the same hour to the children in the vestry. Preaching at 7 p. m., by Rev. G. B. MacDonald. Monday a prayer meeting was held at 10:30 a. m. and testimony meeting at 2:30 p. m., and Dr. H. C. Sanders preached an excellent sermon in the evening. Another good day was enjoyed on Tuesday with a prayer service at 10:30 a. m. A testimony service at 2:30 led by Brother F. T. Wright, and preaching in the evening by Dr. H. C. Sanders. The meetings were continued Wednesday and Thursday evenings. Mrs. Dr. Sanders preached both evenings, to the great help and pleasure of those present, Rev. J. H. Coy and Rev. B. Colpitts and Brother F. T. Wright were present and helped in the services. The meetings were good and many were blessed.

The annual convention of the Robie Union Holiness Association will begin in Memorial hall, Friday, November 27, and continue ten days. Rev. C. W. Ruth, of Indiana, a leading holiness preacher, will be in charge. A fine singer will also be in attendance to lead the music, Arthur H. Johnston of Akron, Ohio, an experienced song evangelist.—Fort Fairfield Review.

Don't forget to renew your subscription now. A large number of subscriptions expire in Nov. and Dec.

Ministers and Churches.

Rev. J. Gravinor is slightly improved in health but not sufficiently to get out yet. We are glad that several persons responded to our appeal for contributions for him, and we hope many more will do so. Send your contributions direct to him, addressed Rev. John Gravinor, Grand View, York Co., N. B.

Dr. H. C. and Mrs. Sanders attended the Monthly Missionary meeting of the Woodstock church on the 6th, inst., and gave excellent addresses on missions, which were highly appreciated by those present. Brother and Sister Sanders have won the hearts of the people of the Woodstock church.

Rev. J. H. Coy has received a call to the Grand Manan churches and expects to begin his pastoral duties there soon.

Brother J. S. Richardson reports go meetings on the Millville circuit His family have arrived there and expect to move into the new parsonage next week.

The Special services are being continued at Fort Fairfield by Pastor P. J. Trafton. Rev. M. S. Trafton returned to St. John on the 9th, inst. The services have been successful many have been helped.

Rev. H. H. Cosman is assisting Rev. G. B. MacDonald on his circuit. He will remain over two Sundays. On the 15th, Brother Cosman preached at Lower Southampton in the morning, Middle Southampton in the afternoon and Green Bush in the evening. Brother MacDonald preached at the Lane in the afternoon and evening.

Personals.

Sister B. N. Goodspeed was taken suddenly ill with an attack of pneumonia this week. Her daughters, Mrs. J. E. Jewett and Mrs. W. B. Wiggins were summoned to her bedside.

Rev. Mr. Bennison, Primitive Baptist, died at his home at Hartland on the 12th.

Rev. E. F. Walker, who held a ten days meeting in the Aroostook County Holiness Association last December at Fort Fairfield, has accepted the pastorate of the Pentecostal Nazarene church at Pasadena, California.

The Pentecostal Nazarene denomination claims that it now owns a half million dollars worth of property, and have about eleven thousand members.

"A train of twenty-five car loads of whiskey is on its way from Belleville to Winnipeg. There must be a awful lot of grief to be drowned in the west when the orders for the wherewithal are given in train loads."—Carleton Sentinel.

If there is no grief there now there will be after the whiskey arrives. The rum interests claim to have upwards of one hundred million dollars invested in this awful business of destruction in Canada, and that they pay annually, provincial and government licences amounting to fourteen million dollars, and that they use grain and sugar products in its manufacture to the amount of \$4,500,000, and they use \$1,000,000 worth of bottles and pay \$1,500,000 in freight and express charges. These figures are given in the cry against what they call "the growing evil of Prohibition." And in their appeal to the working men they refer to the temperance people as "the misguided kid-gloved temperance people," which if the working men who are addicted to drink would read it right, catching their admission that temperance people, even though misguided, can afford kid gloves. Prohibition is surely coming and the liquor interests are trembling. God hasten the day!