

CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW TUSKET.

Dec. 9th, 1908.

Dear HIGHWAY:—I don't believe I have written to you since Alliance and I suppose some of you readers would like to hear from us. Because I have been silent is no reason that I have not been busy in the Lord's work. I find that the fields are ripe, ready for harvesting, and the true labourers are few.

We have greatly missed Bros. Sabine and Mullen from our small number, but I thank God that we have still left with us some whom we can depend upon. Truly we are placed among a kind and thoughtful people who are willing to sacrifice for the Lord's cause. Thanksgiving evening a number of our friends gathered at our home. We spent a pleasant evening together and they left us about \$15 or better off in cash and produce. But that is saying little of their constant care for our comfort.

We meet with encouragements and plenty of discouragements in the work here in New Tuskett. Have baptised and received into the church one. We have the command to "be not weary in well doing" and the promise that "we shall reap if we faint not" and I am standing on the Promises, Praise God!

At Forest Glen we are greatly encouraged. God is working and "giving the increase." Have baptised two or three and there are more to follow. Have been striving to get a few established in the first principles of the doctrine of Christ but now feel that the time has come to lead on to perfection and teach the "second blessing." O! what a privilege to lead those who are willing to be led. I hope in the near future that we will be able to organize a church there.

I find there are few who are willing to spend much time in prayer for the work of God. Yet I know this is the only way any real work can be accomplished. Brethren let us pray more for one another that we may be wise in winning souls.

Yours in the Service of God,
E. W. LESTER.

REFORMED BAPTIST MISSION,
PAULPIETERSBURG, Natal, South Africa
Nov. 2nd, 1908.

Dear Friends:—Our fourth Quarterly Meeting ended yesterday. The attendance was small Friday and Saturday as all the people are busy planting. Had unusually large congregations yesterday. Many unbelievers from far and near, some coming from a distance of about twelve miles had listened attentively to the Word. Had several visitors from other missions, who gave their testimonies. Our early morning meeting was devoted to prayer for God's blessing upon the work during the day. He answered our prayers.

Before the afternoon service a young man and a boy followed the Lord in baptism. This young man has been ill for some time, we fear he has consumption. Please pray for him.

His father is indeed a heathen, will not listen to any one or anything pertaining to spiritual life. I think he only allows this son to believe because he thinks he will not live long. He absolutely refuses his daughters to become Christians, one of his wives also wants to believe, when he goes off to beer drinks, they come to study, but of course he does not know this. The Lord may remove him yet, in order that the others be saved.

Our work is very encouraging, the Lord is giving us souls, for which we give him all the glory.

We have our evening class of children usually about ten gather in the kitchen to study, Lidia and I teach these, they are making good progress, then we have prayers with them, after which comes my Bible class, so you see our evenings are well taken up as well as every hour of the day. How we praise the Lord for the rare privilege of teaching, especially these children, who are our coming people. We are expecting much from them, probably some of them will be teachers to carry the message of eternal Life to their own people, for has not God said, "My word shall not return unto me void."

I have just been telling you of the brighter side, there is always the dark side for Satan is always busy, he tries in every way to throw down the work of the Holy Spirit. He does not always need

to come as an angel of light to these souls so recently transformed from heathen darkness and has as many tricks to upset their faith as in the home land.

So beloved, pray on with great faith and I believe we shall still have victory in spite of the Devil.

We thank the Lord for physical health again as well as all other blessing that comes direct from our father's hand.

Our people appreciate your prayers for them, and very often we hear them praying for you all, especially the workers. May the Lord continue to bless each effort put forth in the home land for the saving of priceless souls.

Yours for darkened souls.

IDA M. KIERSTAD.

Haverhill, Mass.,

Dec. 10, 1908.

Dear HIGHWAY:—I praise God for what He can be to the trusting soul. He is unspeakably precious to me these days. Six weeks since my dear mother went to be with Jesus on her way He kept me through this great loss. So many times I want to get by myself and almost wish to see her again, when these words come to me: "Safe in the Arms of Jesus, Safe on His gentle breast; Sweetly her soul shall rest." Just before leaving me she said, "don't cry, you have nothing to cry for; everything is all right."

My prayer is that I may live so that I can say that at any time I do want to meet her again. Five days since leaving my old home. God bless Millville and its people. Bro. Richardson is a man of God and of much power. Bless God for ever, I am his today.

Saved by grace,
MILDRED HOYT CONLEY.

WESTCHESTER STATION, N. S.

Dec. 8th, 1908.

Dear HIGHWAY:—Some time has passed since I contributed anything to the filling up of your columns, and perhaps some of your readers might like to know of my whereabouts, and of God's dealings with me.

He has promised to keep us in perfect peace if our minds are stayed on Him, and I want to praise Him for peace that floweth like a river this morning.

God has been with me and blessing my weak efforts. Coming to this part of the fields.

As requested at Alliance I visited the church at Lutz's Mountain, started in with them on August 29th for three Sundays, after which I attended Quarterly Meeting at Marysville and held a few meetings at Penniac. Coming to Grey's Mills for Sunday, Oct. 4th. I enjoyed the day with the dear brothers and sisters in Christ. On that field I must say God is manifest there in both power and spirit, and the testimonies of the saints flow like a river. Brother Howe visits them occasionally and they enjoy and appreciate his visits much. Some of the brethren are doing some out post work in that place and we trust God will open up a larger field there in the near future. I returned to Lutz Mountain in time for Quarterly Meeting, Oct. 6th. The meeting was much enjoyed by all, the weather and roads being perfect. At the close of the Quarterly Meeting Oct. 9th, I put on special services, Bro. Coy remaining over Sunday and until 14th inst, which continued until Nov. 15, when on that date Bro. M. S. Trafton came up from St. John and administered the Ordinance for Baptism to six candidates and in the afternoon gave them the right hand of fellowship into the church. There are others we trust will also in the near future follow their Lord in the same way.

Truly God was with us in all the services and as in all cases those that sacrifice most for God get the greatest blessings.

We remained with the Church until after Sunday Nov. 19th. Our meetings being well attended up to the last. Too much cannot be said of the people at Lutz Mountain church for their kind attention to the Word, and the kind way we were received into their homes by those outside of our respective church as well as those of the church and we know that God blessed numbers of other church homes, for which we give Him praise and glory. On Dec. 2nd we came to Amherst spent three evenings with the people there and God was in the services. I am glad he has a faithful few even in that city, who will not defile their garments with

the popular sins of the day but keep true to Jesus.

Was very sorry to find our dear Bro. Lock passing through severe testing on account of his wife and babes both being so sick he was unable to attend the last service. (Brethren let us pray for Brother Lock and family), surely God is keeping him like a giant in that wicked city. My impression was that God has victory for our church in that place when help can be given them, which we trust will be soon.

I came to this church on Sat. 5th was met at the station by Bro. Colwell, who is at present in very poor health, and taken to his home, where I am being very kindly cared for and expect to remain with the Church here until after 13th inst. I will visit Amherst again on my way back to Lutz Mountain, where I expect to spend Sunday Dec. 20th.

After that date I will endeavor to tell you of my whereabouts in another issue. Trusting God's blessings will be upon all you dear readers of the HIGHWAY and that you will have an indeed Merry Xmas and Happy New Year. I am as ever

Yours in the Master's Service.

S. HARLEIGH CLARK.

MILLVILLE, Dec. 12th, 1908.

Dear HIGHWAY:—I write you to-day to let you know that we are all well and are enjoying the blessing of the Lord and kindness of the people. The different denominations met at the parsonage and presented us with goods and cash to the amount of thirty-five dollars, for which we are very thankful. We are among a very thoughtful and kind hearted people, surely we can say as the Psalmist; "The lines are fallen to us in pleasant places, yea, we have a goodly heritage." Bless the Lord for ever. And on Tuesday evening, Dec. 8th the brethren and sisters met at the parsonage for a thanksgiving meeting, to thank the dear Lord for His goodness to us in helping us to erect this building, and sending us money from Boston, Haverhill and Lynn, and from out West. He did bless us as we thanked Him for it, it was a precious season. Our meetings are good and the interest is increasing. I expect to begin special work soon. Brethren pray for us here.

Your Brother under the Precious Blood.

J. S. RICHARDSON.

HOULTON, Maine.

Dec. 10, 1908.

Dear HIGHWAY:—I had a very pleasant visit to Belvidere Siding, Crystal, on Nov. 20th, having been appointed on a Council of three by the Quarterly Meeting, to investigate and if thought best to organize a Free Baptist church at that place. And after due consideration we proceeded to organize a church of nearly forty members.

After which the new church elected their officers. Bro. P. L. Cosman, pastor; three Deacons, clerk and treasurer. It was a very pleasant time. There were nine ministers present.

Yours Truly Saved to the uttermost,

Z. M. MILLER.

PORT MAITLAND, N. S.

We wish to note in the HIGHWAY that death has again visited our ranks and removed from among us one of our oldest residents and beloved sister, Mrs. Harriet Alice Cann, aged 83 years. She has been a resident of this place for fifty years. She leaves to mourn their loss, an only daughter, Mrs. Helen M. Fox, and one son, Charles Cann, one grandson. She was born in Yarmouth, N. S., the second daughter of the late Capt. Benjamin Brown. Sas was the widow of the late Charles Cann. Sister Cann had the misfortune of a bad fall about four years ago, and has been confined to her bed ever since. She bore her sufferings without a murmur, being fully resigned. She testified to having received the definite second work of grace the gift of the Holy Ghost which she received about twenty years ago, after having lived a consistent member of the F. C. B. church for many years preceding this unquestionable experience which brought such glory and sunshine into her soul, that it shone out with sweetness, not a doubt nor fear crossed her pathway. It was a source of comfort to visit her and hear the clear ring of a sanctified heart claiming victory over every foe through the blood of Christ and the word of her testimony, thus she passed away to her inheritance, to receive the crown. The interment took place in the Island cemetery on Sunday afternoon, after a service held at the residence of her daughter Mrs. Helen M. Fox, by the writer assisted by Rev. A. J. Posser and Rev. Mr. Wright.

PENIAC, Dec. 11th, 1908.

Dear HIGHWAY:—I feel that perhaps many of the readers of the HIGHWAY would like to learn how I am faring spiritually these days of bereavement and sorrow. I think I can more than ever

realize and enter into the experience of the apostle when he says "As sorrowful yet always rejoicing." He who is too wise to err and too good to be unkind has been dealing with me, and I feel and realize that the experience through which I have passed and am still passing, is being guided by the hand of Him in whom I trust, whom I love and who loves me. All to Him I owe, I praise Him for that Charity that beareth all things, endureth all things" and never fails. The experiences through which I have recently passed, have indelibly impressed upon my heart and mind, the relationship that our lives here bear to the life that is beyond this life, and if we attain to the years of three score and ten or even four score, how soon are we cut off and flee away. How quickly the days and years go by. "The present moments just appear, then glide away in haste." And yet how full of import is each moment as it swiftly passes away: crowded within the narrow bounds of our short lives here are matters of eternal internal. Sin has entered the human heart and the wages of sin is death: not only the death that lays our loved ones away in the cold grave; but a death that separates man from God spiritually; and if there had never been any plan of redemption devised, if there had never been any way of escape if God had not so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son for our redemption. How sad, oh how sad indeed would have been forever our condition; but the plan of God's purpose for the recovery of the ruined race cries out, "O death where is thy sting?" "O grave where is thy victory." Death is swallowed up in victory and the victory is through our Lord Jesus Christ and not only is there victory over the grave, when the corruptible shall have put on incorruptibility, and the mortal shall have put on immortality, but victory over wretchedness of the soul through the exceeding sinfulness of sin all through our Lord Jesus Christ. I feel now in my declining days to need more and more the great loving arms of that Saviour whom I love and whom I trust. Oh, how I love that name that is above every other name. I am so glad that in the great plan of redemption provision has been made for the pardoning of sin and for the cleansing of the heart from all sin, so that in our daily lives we may live in communion and fellowship with God and be ready at any moment for the final change to which we are all approaching. I feel to tender to the many friends who have so kindly expressed their sympathy and regard for me and our families in the sad bereavement that has come to our home, our most heartfelt thanks, feeling that the many prayers that have been offered in our behalf have been a great source of comfort to us all. May the Lord bless all the dear readers of the HIGHWAY and especially its editor. May he be long spared not only to preach a complete and full salvation from all sin but to continue to send forth the Highway with its messages of love and good will to all.

B. N. GOODSPEED.

BEALS, Me., Dec. 12, 1908.

Dear Highway,—Your readers have already been informed of my visit to Meductic to assist Bro. Macdonald on his field. My trip was a real pleasure to me, and I trust was of some blessing to the people. However, in all of our meetings both at Greenbush and at Meductic the Spirit of God was present blessing the saved and convicting the unsaved.

Bro. Macdonald is doing a good work on his field in his wise way of presenting the truth of full salvation so that many are ready to accept and are hungering after the blessing who otherwise might have been prejudiced against it.

His work is extending, and he has now a strong band of organized workers who are doing a good work and must be of great strength to him in his work.

While in that vicinity we took a run across the line to look in at Lawson, whom we found nicely situated in the parsonage at Crystal. The evening we were there proved to be the date of the organization of his new church at Island Falls. Here also we found a good work, a church of fifty or sixty members joined together in the bonds of love and true holiness.

On our way going and coming we were entertained in the nice home of Bro. Archer. Bro. and sister Archer are full of hope in their work at Calais and I believe they will succeed. One thing we do know Bro. Archer will succeed in finding plenty of work as we never know him to be idle. Our work here is encouraging. Last Sunday was a day of victory, our souls refreshed with the divine touch on our hearts.

Yours in Jesus,
H. H. COSMAN.

Golden Anniversary At Victoria.

The comfortable home of Mr. and Mrs. Asa McNitch was the scene of unusual gaiety on Friday, Nov., 20th, when they entertained a large number of friends gathered in celebration of their wedding, solemnized fifty years ago.

A general invitation had been sent abroad to all and any who might feel friendly enough to attend and pay their compliments on this rare occasion. Friends to the number of fifty or sixty gladly responded and through

the afternoon and evening were well entertained. Aside from the pleasant sociability incident to such occasions, substantial refreshments were generously provided, thus adding materially to the success of the occasion. Marks of friendly esteem were everywhere evident, for many embraced the "golden opportunity" to show generous good-will to a deserving household. A large and comfortable Morris chair presented by relatives in Hartland and Simonds was the particular pride of the host. The heroine of this pleasant anniversary occasion was favored with many valuable remembrances most noticeable among them being a \$20 gold piece, presented by the venerable groom to her whom he led to the altar a blushing bride fifty long years before. From their daughter, Mrs. J. W. Sherwood, of Washington State, came words of love and congratulation accompanying a five dollar gold piece, while a lady relative in Kamloops, B. C., sent good wishes along with a golden souvenir spoon emblematic of that western city. A nephew coming from Island Falls arrived one day too late with his words of hearty congratulation and mark of friendly disposition in the shape of another gold five. Ten dollars in gold was the gift from a group of local friends and admirers, while a local family circle presented the esteemed hostess with a beautiful gold brooch. Other remembrances and words of congratulations from friends far and near came to cheer the aged couple on the rare and happy culmination of a half century of unbroken association.

For them life has held its quota of sorrows and pleasures, and since to few is it given to reach the same centennial mark, it were not unreasonable to recognize the fast silencing hair, the faltering step and trembling voice, as shadows that cannot be ignored, reminders that for these friends—basking in the golden gleams of life's autumnal sunset—the time is short!—[Dispatch.

Santa Claus on the Train.

On a Christmas eve an emigrant train
Sped on through the blackness of night
And left the pitchy dark in twain
With the gleam of its fierce headlight.

In a crowded car, a noiseome place,
Sat a mother and her child;
The woman's face bore want's wan trace,
But the little one only smiled.

And tugged and pulled at her mother's dress,
And her voice had a merry ring,
As she lisped "Now, mamma come and guess
What Santa Claus'll bring."

But sadly the mother shook her head,
As she thought of a happier past;
"He never can catch us here," she said.
"The train is going too fast."

"O mamma, yes, he'll come I say,
So swift are his little deer,
They run all over the world to-day.—
I'll hang my stocking up here."

She pinned her stocking to the seat,
And closed her tired eyes,
And soon she saw each longed-for sweet
In dreamland, paradise.

On a seat behind the little maid
A rough man sat apart,
But a soft light o'er his features played,
And stole into his heart,

As the cars drew up at a busy town
The rough man left the train.
But scarce had from the steps jumped down
Ere he was back again.

And a great big bundle of Christmas joys
Bulged out from his pockets wide;
He filled the stocking with sweets, and toys
He laid by the dresser's side.

At dawn the little one woke with a shout,
'Twas sweet to hear her glee;
"I knowed that Santa would find me out;
He caught the train, you see."

The some from smiling may scarce refrain
The child was surely right;
The good Saint Nicholas caught the train
And came aboard that night.

For the saint is fond of masquerade
And may fool the old and wise,
And so he came to the little maid
In an emigrant's disguise.

And he dresses in many ways because
He wishes no one to know him,
For he never says, "I am Santa Claus,"
But his good deeds always show him.
HENRY C. WALSH.—In Our Dumb Animals.

Almost daily one meets on the streets of our town boys not exceeding 14 years of age, and younger smoking pipes or cigarettes. The sight should be sufficient to cause every honest father to quit the habit who is addicted to it.