

CORRESPONDENCE.

PAULPIETERSBURG, Natal, S. A., March 3, 1908.

Dear Readers of the HIGHWAY.—Could you step in this morning you would find but a small company of us left. Our small house seems large, empty and silent, and we go around with an ache in our hearts, for yesterday Dr. Sanders and family left us starting on furlough. Yet we are glad they can go and we pray they may return to us renewed in both body and soul. Sister Sanders needs a change and rest almost as much as the doctor for she is very much run down.

Last evening I felt depressed, the time seemed so long before they could possibly return. Just then the Spirit whispered "it is only one day at a time." I looked up and thanked Him for that thought, it made me feel better. How sweet His presence is to us. How many times He whispers words of comfort and cheer in the ears of His beloved, and though at this time we feel so insignificant of ourselves to undertake the many duties and responsibilities, yet we know our Father is ever near to give the strength we most need, so we will trust presuming you are all praying for us daily.

No doubt our brother and sister will keep you posted of their journey. They left here in saddle, a team met them at the Police Camp, eight miles from here. They ride to Vryheid, thence by rail to Durban. They have an ideal day for travelling, not too warm and roads quite free from dust I should think owing to a recent rain, which will make the ride more pleasant.

Crowds of natives began coming early yesterday morning to say good bye. Sunday the people came from far and near to attend the services. In giving their testimonies they told of what help our brother and sister had been to them in leading them into the fold. Even some who were not even christians but want to be, told of what help they had received also, and were sorry "the teachers" were going to leave. They are quite original. One girl said "It is nice to have both teachers, for the little father goes around with us and we hear his words, then on the big Sunday we come here to hear the words of the big father."

Julia, who has been very sick, had strength given her to walk ten miles to be present on Sunday. She is still with us and will remain until after Class tomorrow.

We praise the dear Lord for many rich blessings from His hand. He supplies all our needs.

Yours in christian love,

IDA M. KIERSTEAD.

P. S.—In my letter not long since our printer made a mistake. I did not say "there are those in the homeland who say they do not believe in Messias," but rather "who say they do not believe in Missions." Doesn't that sound better?

Dear Editor,—I have taken the King's Highway for three years or more, and reading it this week and seeing what God is doing for his children, I felt like giving my testimony and telling what He is doing for me. God is wonderfully keeping me these days. I am talking now from experience. Experience is a great teacher. I praise God for a full and free salvation that satisfies every longing of the heart. "Jesus says this is the will of God, even your sanctification," praise his dear name. I give God all the praise. I am glad I know when I was converted. Jesus has done a good work for me. He stopped the sinning business. Jesus told me to "go thy way and sin no more." I am glad also that I know when God sanctified me wholly as a second work of grace, which makes the Christian life complete. I love to sing these words:

O blessed land I love so well,
I'm going on, I'm going on;
It's wondrous beauties, who can tell,
Bless God I'm going on.
I'm in this glorious land to stay,
Until my Saviour some sweet day,
Shall call my soul from earth away,
Bless God I'm going on.

Henry G. Seelye, Waterville.

GRAY'S MILLS, Kings Co., N. B.,
March 6th, 1908.

Dear Bro. Baker,—Pleased find enclosed my renewal for the HIGHWAY for 1908. I send you and yours many happy Easter greetings, and I am glad to testify that he who said in John 11:25, "I am the

resurrection and the life" is my personal Saviour that he saves me from all sin, that he has sent the Holy Spirit in my life and gave me entire sanctification which enables me to come out on the blessed promises and to be kept under the precious blood of Jesus and he is filling my soul with perfect love that passeth understanding every day, giving me sweet peace and happiness and the precious blood has brought victory in my soul over trials and temptations. Oh, hallelujah, Jesus is all I need.

Yours in holy love,
S. H. BRADLEY.

NORTH HEAD, N. B., April 11, 1908.

Dear HIGHWAY.—I thought I would inform you of the good work at North Head. We began special services at the close of our Quarterly, assisted by Brother S. H. Clark of Woodstock, the church uniting with the pastor and his wife in the work. From the first meeting God honored our faith and conviction grew upon the people. In the first week God gave us victory. We had steadily labored together, and soon the altar was filled with earnest seekers; some for pardon, others for full salvation.

Night after night Brother Clark poured in the truth of God upon the people's hearts, following up his sermons with red hot exhortations to the unsaved and backslidden, God was honored, Christ was lifted up and the Holy Ghost brought great conviction upon the people. As a result eleven precious souls, the majority of whom are young men and young women, have come out and declared themselves for Jesus. We expect that they will soon follow their Saviour in baptism. They have decided to be baptized on Easter Sunday. May the risen Christ rule in their hearts and lives!

We praise God for all these tokens of His power to save. The church also has got wonderfully revived and encouraged in the work. We have appreciated very much the labors of Brother Clark. God is making him a true soul winner. He lifts up and magnifies Jesus. We are sorry that he cannot remain with us longer. His labors close with us on the 12th, as he feels he must go to other important fields of labor. He carries with him the prayers and best wishes of our people for future success in soul saving. We say from our hearts "God bless him and give him souls wherever he may go."

Personally, we are much encouraged in our work at North Head. Our pastoral relation with this church has been very pleasant, and, we believe, has been also appreciated. If the Lord wills we would remain with these people another year. We believe we are in His hand.

A. L. BUBAR.

HARTLAND, April 13, 1908.

Dear Highway,—The work is going on well here. The interest is good and those who started in our special services are getting along well. The special services at Victoria are being continued with good results. The meetings are well attended and some have been reclaimed and others converted. The services will be continued this week. Bro. Morrell is with us still, and his illustrated sermons are appreciated much by the people of that place. We are looking to the Lord for greater victory.

Yours in the work,
H. C. ARCHER.

ST. JOHN, N. B., April 9th, 1908.

Dear Brother Baker.—Our last missionary meeting was very interesting and well attended and I am sure the interest in missionary work is on the increase among us here. I enclose the programme for the HIGHWAY:

PROGRAMME.

Recitation, "Mother's Jewels," Elsie Ferris.
Recitation, "Hello! Hello!" Ethel Colwell.
Duet, "Missionary Music," Ethel and Emery Cosman.
Recitation, "A Lady," Agnes Short.
Recitation, "Little Missionaries," Vera Moore.
Duet, "Toiling for Jesus," Emery Cosman and Clayton Moore.
Recitation, "Small Service," Mary Short.
Dialogue, "Black and White," Ethel Cosman and Vera Moore.
Recitation, Elsie Ferris.
Recitation, "All I Have," Emery Cosman.
Readings, "India Coming to Christ," "The Papacy Smitten in Italy," "Inde-

pendent Catholic Movement," "What it Costs to be a Christian in Korea," by the pastor.

Reading, "A Merchant's Dream," Helen Stanley.

Remarks by the president.
Singing and benediction.

I am glad to tell you I am having victory and Jesus is a precious friend. Our meeting tonight, 10th, was a blessed time. Praise the Lord for full salvation. I am glad there is much land ahead to be possessed and praise God, I am going on by His grace. He saves and sanctifies me tonight. Hope to meet again at Beulah if God wills.

Your brother in the Lord,
ROBSON GIBBS.

Dear Brother Editor.—I come again to ask for a small space in the HIGHWAY for my testimony. Truly God is good to those who love and trust in Him. I have been wanting to renew my subscription for some time, praying and waiting patiently for the means to do so, and this morning I believe the Lord heard and answered my prayer, and I received the money from a brother who came to see me at my home. I enclose it for the HIGHWAY which is a help to me spiritually in my lonely moments. I am a firm believer in the holiness movement and I have been for a number of years. "For without holiness no man shall see the Lord." And now, dear readers, this may be my last letter to the HIGHWAY as I find that I am failing in bodily strength. But I praise the Lord, "though the outward man perish, the inward man is renewed day by day," for I am saved and sanctified wholly and kept by the power of God's dear Son whose blood cleanseth us from all sin. I mean to be true and follow Jesus to the end and dwell with Him above.

Humbly yours,

ISAAC McFARLAND.

[Brother McFarland is an invalid and we will be glad to place his name on our free list if he will accept it.—Ed.]

At Hawkinsville, York Co., N. B., March 25th, of brain fever, Samuel T. Wiggins, aged 42 years. Brother Wiggins leaves a wife, two daughters and two sisters, and four brothers, with many friends to mourn their sad loss. The funeral service was attended by the writer, assisted by Rev. J. H. Puddington, United Baptist.

S. GREENLAW.

BEULAH CAMP MEETING.

Don't forget that the Camp Meeting at Beulah this year will begin on Sunday, July 5th, and continue till the 19th of July.

REV. H. C. MORRISON,

of Louisville, Kentucky, who was at Beulah a few years ago and was greatly appreciated, will be with us (D. V.) from July 7th to 19th.

Be sure to lay your plans to come and enjoy the rich spiritual blessings to be received. NOW IS THE TIME TO PLAN.

W. B. W.

Mission Fund.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Miss Cora Trites, \$2.00.

Notice of Alliance.

The Twentieth Annual meeting of the Reformed Baptist Alliance of Canada will convene (D. V.) at Beulah Camp Ground, Kings Co., N. B., Thursday, July 2nd, at 10.30 o'clock, a. m.

The first business session will begin at 2.30 p. m.

Every member of the Alliance is expected to be present at the opening business session.

(Signed) REV. A. L. BUBAR
Sec. of Alliance.

By order of the Alliance Executive.
North Head, Grand Manan, April 11, 1908.

P. S.—Complete travelling arrangements will be announced later.—A. L. B.

"Hell Gate Rock" was blown to atoms and out of the way, by a touch of an electric button. With as much ease and speed God can blow any hell gate rock out of his way, and your way, and everybody's way."

An Honest Man's Decision.

If a man is really honest before God, it does not take long for him to find out what is right or wrong. But if his will, his appetite, and his passions come in, and he cannot deny himself, he will quibble, equivocate and excuse, he will argue that white is black, and will finally trample on conscience, and go his own way whether right or wrong.

"When I was a young man," said President Finney, "almost every man used tobacco, and I among the rest. After I was converted I continued to use it. The practice was so common that the question as to whether it was right did not occur to me. I was as innocent as a baby about it. But once when I was holding revival meetings in New York City, I was one day filling my tobacco box from a paper I had just bought, when the gentleman in whose house I was stopping, came into the parlor and said: "Brother Finney, do you think it is right to use tobacco?" "Right?" I said, "right? Of course it isn't right. Here, you take this tobacco and keep it till I call for it." The minute the question was presented to me I knew it wasn't right, and I have never touched tobacco from that day to this. And I believe what success I have had in life, has been due in a great measure to my manner of settling such questions. When I saw a thing was wrong, I gave it up at once and forever; and when I saw a course was right and my duty, I entered it without stopping to confer with flesh and blood."—The Safeguard.

When the Chain Must be Cut.

A few years ago I was on a North German Lloyd steamship in the harbor of Gibraltar. The captain gave orders to get up the anchor. The little donkey engine puffed at its task, but went slower and slower, until finally the crank broke, and a hundred feet of chain shot out. The anchor was caught in the rocks. A gale was blowing and a heavy sea running. We began to drift rapidly upon a fleet of British men-of-war. The captain rushed down from the bridge and shouted instant orders to cut the chain. A mechanic with a huge cold chisel and sledge began to cut one of the mighty links. When only a thin strip of metal was left, the captain himself assumed the final responsibility, and with a small hatchet cut the last vestige of iron. The great link split open like torn cloth under the great strain, and we left the valuable anchor, chain and all, in the bottom of the harbor, and in a few hours we had reached a sea where all was calm and peace. So God sometimes calls us to cut the chain that holds us to the past, with all its old associations, and sail out through wind and waves, firm in the faith that sooner or later we shall reach a sea of safety.—Edmund Grindal Rawson.

The minister whose sermons are made up merely of flowers of rhetoric, sprigs of quotation, sweet fancy, and perfumed commonplaces, is—consciously, not unconsciously—posing in the pulpit. His literary charlotte ruses, sweet froth on a spongy, pulpy base, never helped the human soul—they give neither strength nor inspiration. If the mind and heart of the preacher were really thrilled with the greatness and simplicity of religion, he would weep by week, apply the ringing truths of his faith to the vital problems of daily living. The test of a strong, simple sermon is results—not the Sunday praise of his auditors, but their bettered lives during the week. People who pray on their knees on Sunday and prey on their neighbors on Monday, need simplicity in their faith.—Baptist Banner.

The longer I live the more deeply am I convinced that that which makes the difference between one man and another—between the weak and powerful, the great and insignificant—is energy, invincible determination—a purpose once formed, and then death or victory. This quality will do anything that is to be done in the world; and no two-legged creature can become a man without it.—Buxton.

The more thou frequentest thy closet, the more thou wilt like it; the less thou comest thereto, the more thou wilt loathe it.—Thomas a Kempis.

IN MEMORIAM.

Lines written on the death of Mrs. Robert Haines who died Nov. 20th, 1907.

And can it be, dear mother's gone,
The one we loved so well;
She's left behind the things of earth,
And gone to heaven to dwell,

Yes, it is true, dear mother's gone,
Her pain and sorrow o'er;
She has exchanged her earthly home
For heaven's bright blessed shore.

We look around her empty room,
We see the vacant chair;
We turn away with lonely heart,
There's no dear mother there.

We miss her kind and loving voice
That we have heard so long;
But then, we soon shall pass away
To join the blood-washed throng.

Yes, we shall meet to part no more,
Around the Great White Throne;
We'll sing forever with her there
Where sorrow ne'er can come.

How often at the morning hour
We've heard her trembling voice
In pleading tones she'd ask of God
To save her two dear boys.

Her children all remembered were,
That they with her might be
Gathered in one unbroken band
Through all eternity.

And friends and neighbours, too, she'd bear
To Christ her Saviour King,
Who bought them with his precious blood
And for their sins was slain.

For pardon and for cleansing, too,
She knelt at Jesus feet;
Her testimony in God's house
Was, Jesus saves complete.

And while before the father's throne
She knelt in fervent prayer;
A holy hush fell on our hearts,
She met her Saviour there.

And shall those prayers be forgot
Our God who cannot lie
Has promised in his precious blood
To hear his children's cry.

And while we mourn our mother's loss
We know it is her gain;
She's freed from every earthly care,
From sorrow, toil and pain.

And ah, methinks sometimes I hear
As oft she used to say;
The soft hand of Emmanuel God
Shall wipe all tears away.

Then Hallelujah to the Lamb
Who bore the curse and shame,
That we with her might ransom be
All glory to his name.

BERTHA N. CLARKE.

Lower Haynesville, York Co.

Many preachers and multitudes of professing people, are studious to find out how many imperfections and infidelities, and how much inward sinfulness are consistent with a safe state of religion; but how few, very few, are bringing out the fair gospel standard to try the height of the members of the church, whether they benefit for the heavenly army, whether their stature be such as qualifies them for the ranks of the church militant. "The measure of the stature of the fulness" is seldom seen; the measure of the stature of littleness, dwarfishness, and emptiness is often exhibited.—Adam Clarke.

Mr. Fields, a prominent Iowa seedsman, advertises among other things a sure remedy for the destruction of insects and worms and all other garden pests, and especially good for melon bugs. He says it is cheap, safe and sure death—Tobacco Dust. It is well known among farmers that, "long green tobacco," steeped in water will make a liquid that is sure death to lice on hogs, horses, cattle and ticks on sheep.—Truth.

I do not know that martyrdom will prove any harder than discipline which renders us quick to forgive, which can look upon the success of a rival with loving pleasure, which can maintain a guileless integrity in the minute transactions of life.—George Brown.

Dr. Samuel Currie Ewing, of the United Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, is dead in Egypt, at the age of 77 years. He is said to have been the oldest Protestant missionary in the world, both in age and point of service.

Mr. Isaiah Sharp of Pembroke, N. B., died at his home on April 1st, aged 78, he has been a subscriber for several years.