

Hid in Jesus.

BY A CONGREGATIONALIST.

I am entirely surrounded by the presence of God to day, and my soul is drinking in His glory, and feasting on His love. I desire to tell the readers of the precious "Guide" of the hour I spent alone with God last evening. I had knelt, as usual before retiring, to commit myself to His keeping, and offer again those petitions, that lay so heavily upon my heart, and had been daily, yes, and many times a day, presented to a throne of grace. Not for blessing for myself; had it been thus, I should long ere this, by faith in Jesus, claimed the fulfillment of His word, but God had laid a burden of soul upon me, and while earnestly pleading before Him, the Spirit gently whispered "Whatsoever ye shall ask in Jesus' name I will do it."

I caught at the words in Jesus' name, in them as never before. I saw such a meaning in them, such power and glory. Instantly I seemed to think out of self, and saw, by the eye of faith, as clearly as I could with my natural eye, Jesus far above me, and I held him there, right between me and the Father. I was entirely hid, but there was Jesus, my precious Jesus, taking my poor petitions, sprinkling them with His own precious blood, and presenting them faultless before the Father. I knew He could not turn away the pleading of His Son. And O, the glory that came flooding to my soul; prayer was turned to praise, sorrow to laughter, for only in that way could I give vent to the holy joy that filled to overflowing my poor heart. I knew the word of God was sure, and I could rest upon it. All glory to His name. Then the Spirit showed me that while I had brought this petition day after day, and said "in Jesus' name," "for Jesus' sake," there had been a secret something unknown before, which said "because I ask, because I so much desire it." But now glory be to God I could say from the depths of my inmost soul, "for Jesus' sake," and victory was mine.

Now I only wait in the full assurance of faith, for the accomplishment of His word, knowing it is yea and amen to those that believe. Praise His holy name forever, and to-day my hold is strong on God. I realize more fully the value of the precious victory gained. Why, God could not fail to answer when Jesus undertook the case. No. He could not turn away the pleadings of His son. O, precious Advocate! blessed Jesus! would that I could love Thee more.—Selected.

"The Fathers Where Are They?"

The last words of the sainted Rev. E. B. Sabin. "This is worth praying for; if this be dying, it is very pleasant dying! Glory, glory, glory!" Said Bishop Hedding, "I used to wonder how it could be that Christ could have mercy on such a poor, miserable sinner as I am and save me. There was a kind of mist over the subject, but within a few days all this mist has been cleared away. I now see such goodness, such glory, such power—such power," repeating the word with great emphasis, "in the Redeemer, that there is now no difficulty in it! It is all plain now! O, to preach Christ. I would rather preach Christ any where, on the hardest circuit, than to have all the wealth and the honors of the kingdoms of this world."

Ah! they live and die well. Amen.

A Naughty Think.

A little girl one day said to her mother, "Papa calls me good, aunty calls me good, everybody calls me good; but I am not good."

"I am very sorry," said the mother. "And so am I," said the child, "but I have a very naughty 'think.'"

"A naughty what?"

"My 'think' is naughty inside of me."

And on her mother's inquiring what she meant she said: "When I could not ride yesterday, I did not cry, or say anything; but when you were gone, I wished the carriage would turn over and the horses would run away and everything bad. Nobody knew it, but God knew it, and He cannot call me good."—Sabbath Visitor.

Advice to the Newly Sanctified.

A. A. H.

How true is it that we are all creatures of change. Times, seasons, surroundings, circumstances, and change of locality have more or less to do with our spiritual state; more so with those who are in the first stages of perfect love.

What can we do to maintain that heavenly-mindedness, that calm peacefulness, that holy sanctity that pervades the soul after it has received the baptism of fire? The thought often occurs doubtless to the newly-sanctified heart, that this glory of high wrought emotion and holy joy will always remain, and if at any time the Saviour withdraws his sensible presence from such a soul, and leaves them to trust alone in Him, regardless of feeling, it will at once begin to doubt, and perhaps earnestly pray for this weight of glory to return.

Let me say to such, if you have let your gift touch the altar, there let it remain. If your whole body, soul, and spirit are laid a willing sacrifice on Christ, just believe according to God's word that it is accepted, that your debt is paid, and as long as this covenant is perpetuated between God and your soul, so long you may with boldness claim a full salvation. If anchored to Christ, what difference can it make to us what our feelings or trials are with regard to our acceptance with Him? Our faith that we belong to Him, gives us a continuous victory, and we can count it all joy when we fall into divers temptations.

But we ask again, what can preserve this peace in our souls? We answer; by cultivating a close and intimate acquaintance with God in secret prayer, and when we pray, let us not utter words to no purpose, but ask in humble simplicity for just the thing that we need, and at the same time have faith that whatsoever we ask in prayer, believing, we shall receive; also, let us set a close watch at the door of our lips, that no corrupt communication may proceed out of our mouths; and when we are engaged in every day cares, let us take the advice of the sainted Fletcher, and entertain holy thoughts of God and an inward recollected spirit, and keep an eye steadily to Christ and we are safe. Earth, hell, principalities, nor powers can ever daunt our faith while Jesus is our hiding place.—Selected.

Kind Words.

Kind words do not cost much. They are quickly spoken. They do not blister the tongue that utters them. They never have to be repented of. They do not keep us awake till midnight. It is easy to scatter them. And oh, how much good they may do! They do good to the person from whose lips they fall. Soft words will soften the soul. They will smoothe down the rough places in our natures. Care to say kindly things will drill our natures in kindness. It will help pull up all the roots of passion. It will give us a spirit of self-control. It will make the conscience delicate and the disposition gentle. A woman can not make a habit of speaking kind words without augmenting her own gracious temper. But better will be their influence upon others.

If cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words madden them, so will kind words reproduce themselves, and soothe and quiet and comfort the hearer. They make all the better elements of one's nature come trooping to the surface. They melt our stubbornness. They arouse an appreciation of better things.

Let us say the kindly word. No one can tell how many burdened hearts may be relieved, how many discouraged souls may be inspired. Say it every day; to the one who disturbs you while you are busy, asking for work; to the one who has almost lost all hope; to all. Remember kind words can never die.—Sel.

Subscribe for the HIGHWAY.

No Oil in the Lamp.

A pastor from Canton of Vand related an incident of the conversion of a lady in his parish, at a public gathering of ministers. She was one of those who live only for the world; thoughts of her sins had never caused her uneasiness; she was careful and troubled about many things, but neglected the one thing needful. One night, while alone in her room, she saw the lamp which lighted it suddenly go out. Although she was alone, she said aloud, thinking only of the accident which left her in the dark: "There is no oil in the lamp!" The words thus spoken echoed in the room and sounded in her ears, but with a new sense. She recalled the parable of the five foolish virgins who had no oil, and whose lamps had gone out at the coming of the bridegroom; and from that moment, day and night, the Word of God remained in her soul, as an arrow remains in the side of a stag which flies away from the hunters. It occurred to her constantly—"No, I have no oil in my lamp! My God, what will become of me?" She was filled with fear; then she began to pray, and continued to pray until God answered her favorably, and gave her peace.—Selected.

Two Different Breeds.

Much of what a boy is bred out of may show in his conduct toward others. A Washington correspondent writes: "A burly boy and a little boy, each some distance from the Pennsylvania Avenue. An old lady who had become confused stopped the burly boy and asked him for a direction.

"Why, you go this way and then that way, and then back again," he said, with a mean laugh at the further discomfiture of the lady. Then he passed on. But the little boy stepped up to her, raised his hat, found out what she wanted, took her to the right street corner, and blushed prodigiously when she insisted on kissing him and telling him that a gentleman could always be told by his actions. He made his escape, but the grateful old lady waved her hand to him until he was out of sight, and then pursued her way.

Moody bids us notice that some of the strongest men in the Bible failed on the strongest point of their character. Elijah was noted for his boldness and Jezebel scared him out of his wits. Moses was renowned for his meekness, humility and gentleness; yet he became angry and killed that Egyptian; he was angry and said; "Must I bring you water out of this rock, ye rebels?" Peter was one of the boldest of all the disciples, but when one little maid looked at him and said: "You are one of His disciples," he began to curse and swear, and to say that he was not, and down he fell. John and James were noted for their meekness and gentleness, and yet they wanted to call fire down from heaven to consume a town in Samaria. The lesson is that even our best qualities are false props without Christ to uphold us.—Dr. Maclaren.

Secret Prayer.

"As the tender dew that falls in the silent night makes the grass and flowers and fruit to flourish and grow more abundantly than great, hard showers that come in the day, so secret prayer will more abundantly cause the sweet fruit of grace, love and holiness to abound in the soul, than all those open public and visible duties of religion, which too frequently are mixed with the sun and wind of pride and hypocrisy.—Brooks.

It was while engaged in the monotonous and prosaic duty of flock-tending—and that on the edge of a desert—that Moses received the Divine revelation which transformed the whole plan of his life. Many a soul wastes years in longing for the "halo" without realizing that it generally comes by way of the "humdrum." It is in the common acacia-bush of an unromantic environment that the light of God appears, and makes it glorious to the watchful, faithful soul. What stupendous issues for time and eternity hang upon fidelity to our daily trust we may not realize at the moment, but God will see that true loyalty will never miss its mark.—Selected.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN

Child Wives and Mothers.

Yesterday I sat in the midst of a number of Hindoo women delivering God's message, when I noticed among them a bright interesting young face. The stunted form and immature development and unnatural look on the child's face made me suspect her history. She carried in her arms a fine child seven months old. I said to her.

"Whose child is that?"

"It is mine," she said.

"Yeurs!" I answered, "why, you are only a child yourself!"

"I know, she said, I am only thirteen. My baby was born soon after I was twelve. I used to go to school; but cannot go any more."

There was a touch of sadness in the child's voice that went to my heart. The story the women standing by told of her suffering and of the burdens of care now resting on her young shoulders, made me determine more than ever to fight this diabolical system. It robs us of our bright young girls in school; blights the beautiful years of childhood. It brings death to many a young life, and suffering and misery to many more all their lives. This system is the cause of the great number of childwidows in our midst.

Two little girls attend our school—one about five years old, the other six. Both are widows and doomed to the life of privation, ignominy and sin only known to a Hindoo widow. I found another one of our school girls a few days ago, with a red mark in her forehead. I said to her mother.

"Why do you not send her to school? The child is doing nicely."

"Oh! her husband has come and will not permit her to go!"

I asked to see her husband. They showed me a nice looking young man of twenty. I asked why he had forbidden this little girl to go to school.

"Oh," he said, they all talk about her going in the street. But if you like, you can have her another year; I wish her to learn to read well."

You should have seen the child's delight when I told her she could come back to school.

Oh, the suffering of these little girl wives! the hunger and wrong treatment of the thousands of child-widows all over this city! How glad I am God has sent me to tell them and all of these dear people of Jesus, their friend and Saviour. There are hundreds of women shut up in these homes within a few minutes walk of our house, who hear me gladly.

* * *

Into a day school I go.

"Where is Morree to-day? I miss her bright face."

"Come, lady, with me; she lives near by. Her husband has died, and the family will not let her come to school."

I go with the woman who gathers the children. The women of the zenana gather about me. Monce's mother-in-law begins to weep and tell me of her son's death. I ask for his little wife; I see her sad face as they point to a corner in the background. They bring her to me—only seven years old and a widow! Her ornaments are gone, her borderless sari, once white but now nearer black with filth; is drawn close about her face. My heart aches for the little girl I had learned to love. The mother-in-law curses the fate that brought the child into her home for of course some sin of the now little widow has caused the death of her husband. I asked why they had taken her from school. The answer is:

"What need has she of an education? She is now a slave, and must be about the household work of the large family and kept busy with acts of penance and idol worship required of the Hindoo widows."

As I thought of the dark future of that child I longed to pick her up in my arms and run away with her to our own happy home, where she, as a widow, but only an innocent, happy child.

On my way home from the villages one day I took the train and found my way to the zenan carriage (reserved for native women), as is my custom. The place was well filled, but I found a place just behind a young girl closely veiled. She was sobbing and crying as though her heart would break. No one seemed to

know her nor to be concerned about her. I leaned forward and asked her why she was crying. She told me she had been married some time before; but her husband had come to claim her, and now she was leaving her mother and home forever.

"What will I do without her! And what will my little brother do with me! How can I go to sleep tonight without him! Oh, how can I go?" and she sobbed aloud.

She was a child about eleven or twelve years old; and my heart went out to her in her in her grief. I pacified her as best I could, and told her to be a dutiful wife—that there was one who loved her, who would never leave her, whose name was Jesus. Still she sobbed.

"What will I do, what will I do?"
Soon the train stopped at a station, and an old withered-up excuse of a man about sixty years old, came to the carriage door and ordered her to be quick and gather up her bundles and get out. I tried to help her as I whispered,

"Who is this man?"
"Oh, he is my husband," she said with one pleading look toward me as he ruthlessly hurried her out of the car and away. Poor heart-broken child! Someone had sold her to this man for money they themselves would enjoy; and she finds herself tied to a man old enough to be her grandfather, with no hope in the future. No sympathy, love nor companionship will ever be her lot; but early widowhood is sure to be her doom. This scene is so common that it attracts no attention and calls forth no comment among the people. And very few in the world care. But would we not if it was our own precious daughter!

O, Jesus, Thou who didst love the children, hasten the day when there shall be no more child-wives, nor mothers, and when the nine million child-wives and twenty-six million widows of India shall be free!

—In and Out of the Homes of India, by Mrs. Ada Lee, Calcutta, India.

There is no jesting in heaven or hell. The saints have a real happiness and the damned a real misery.—Saint's Rest.

Rates for Travelling To and From Beulah Alliance and Camp Meeting.

VIA I. C. R.—Delegates and their wives, and others purchase One way first class ticket to St. John and ask for standard certificate, which, properly filled out and signed by the secretary will entitle holders to a return ticket free, provided ten or more certificates have been filled.

VIA C. P. R.—Delegates and others purchase a one way first class ticket to destination and ask for standard certificate, as on I. C. R. If 50 or more certificates are filled, holders will be returned free, if less than 50 one-quarter of first class fare will be charged for return trip.

VIA D. A. R.—Delegates and others purchase a one way first class ticket to St. John and ask for standard certificate, which, if properly filled out and signed will entitle the holder to a free return provided, 50 or more certificates are filled, if less than 50 one-third first class fare. Time limit, June 28th to July 15th, 1909.

STEAMERS—Str. "Aurora," Grand Manan to St. John, and Eastport to St. John, \$1.00 same as previous years, with certificates return fee.

STAR LINE S. S. Co.—From Fredericton to Beulah, Str. Victoria, and all other boats on this S. S. Line, one first class fare, get certificate from Purser.

ST. JOHN RIVER S. S. Co.—From Fredericton to Beulah, Str. "Elaine," from all other boats on this line, one first class fare, get certificates from Purser.

STR. SINCENNES.—The above Str. will take all persons from all points along her route to Beulah for one first class fare, return free with certificate.

All the above Strs. require certificate of attendance from secretary. Be sure and get your certificates for the Purser when paying fare.

Rates from St. John to Beulah and return will be 30c.

All persons coming by rail or boat be sure and get with your tickets certificates, which will entitle you to free return. Tickets can be purchased from June 28th, and are good for return up to, and including July 15th. Tickets can be purchased and are good to return on any time between the above dates.

Every one come to Beulah this year and swell the number of standard certificates, and fill the Camp ground and get a Blessing.

Signed, S. H. CLARK, Asst. Secretary Reformed Baptist Alliance of Canada.

Westchester Sta., N. S. May 10th, 1909.