

CORRESPONDENCE.

PAULPIETERSBURG, Natal, S. A.
June 8th, 1909.

Dear HIGHWAY:—This is the expression of my heart these days "Bless the Lord oh my soul, and all that is within me bless and praise His holy name," and why shouldn't I when our precious Saviour is answering our prayers, which for years have been offered up in behalf of loved ones.

One dear sister is saved and so happy writes, "I don't know why I stayed away so long," now she is praying with us for the others who are unsaved. Praise the Lord too that He is saving some of our old friends and neighbors in Millville as well as in other places.

It seems to me I realize more than ever the importance of being at our very best for Jesus, and the value of a soul, how priceless, worth more than millions of worlds, for when the heavens shall be dissolved, and the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll, the soul shall still live, and for ever, what a thought.

I read, not long since, an article on "the Eternity of Hell," it was most startling, to think of a soul being eternally lost. I wonder how we can be so content when we know that souls in the home land as well as in this dark land, are so destitute of eternal life. The Lord help us to so prevail in prayer for the unsaved that we will see a great tidal wave of salvation from one end of the country to the other.

Last week we hoped to have had a week of prayer for a real revival among us, but only a few here, and but for one day, as all are so busy reaping they feel they cannot leave just now.

Yesterday, (Sunday) we had good congregations, some came from across the Pongola and returned making a walk of about twenty five miles, but felt it a grand privilege to come and give their testimonies. Of course the Lord blessed them.

We hope to have special meetings quite soon. Beloved, pray for these.

Some of our members who have been ill are recovering.

There is much sickness among the people, many deaths are reported.

We praise our Father for health and for the many blessing He is bestowing upon us daily. He supplies all our needs according to His great riches in glory, and we rejoice to be here, to fill a little corner in the Master's Vineyard.

We with other missionaries are planning for a convention to be held at the village about the last week in July.

We are having beautiful winter weather, some frost, nights quite cold, days of sunshine.

May the peace of God abide with each reader of the HIGHWAY.

Your sister in Jesus,

IDA M. KEIRTFEAD.

HAVERHILL, Mass.

July 23, 1909.

Dear HIGHWAY:—Jesus sweetly saves me this morning. I love Him better than ever before, couldn't get along with out His help, fills and satisfies my soul. Bless His name.

God bless you dear ones that have just parted with (Father) he has gone home. My heart went out for you dear ones that missed (mother) at Beulah this year. Oh, yes Jesus cares. His heart is touched with grief. Glory to God. I am His.

Yours for Jesus,

MILDRED HOYT CONLEY.

Acknowledgements.

Evangelist S. H. Clark, Sept. 1909; J. E. Murphy, July 1910; Miss Nellie Falding, July 1910; Harold F. Sabine, July 1910; Mrs Edwin Williams, July 1910; Mrs Abraham Schriver, July 1910; Mrs Jane Lindsay, Dec. 1908; Mrs W. C. Wright, May 1910; Mrs Bessie Branscomb, August 1910

Riverside Hotel.

We have secured the help for the hotel department for Riverside Camp Meeting, and expect to be in readiness to care for all who come from the beginning to the close of the Meetings.

Weak Churches

There are churches which are numerically and financially weak, and it may not be their fault, but to be spiritually weak is the fault of every member who is weak. There is no excuse for spiritual weakness. For it is not by Power, nor by Might but by my Spirit, saith the Lord. Mens way, may be hedged in all around them, but the way between them and heaven is always open.

There is always a direct cause for spiritual weakness. Faith is the backbone of christian experience and activity in christian work. A faithless person is as limp as an eel, and of about as much force in the work of the Lord as a jelly fish. They have a certain amount of influence, but it is all in the wrong direction, for where faith is lacking unbelief with all its death dealing forces are present.

These econd direct cause of weakness is people of a compromising conscience, doing things themselves; they would quickly and strongly condemn in others. Among these things are small tricks in business, loose talk, and many ways that wont bear the clear light of scriptural standards of right. There are a thousand sources of weakness but there is one source of strength. Jesus after His resurrection said; "But ye shall receive power, after the Holy Ghost is come upon you." This is the only infallible remedy for spiritually weak churches. A few men and women, soundly converted, and baptized with the Holy Ghost, with good sanctified common sense will constitute a spiritually strong church anywhere; and under all circumstances. Bless God they have something they know, and know they have something, and they will stand true every time. They trust in the Lord and are as Mount Zion which cannot be removed, but abideth forever. Brethren! Sisters! Let no man deceive you, nor entrap you. If you have ever received the baptism of the Holy Ghcst you know it is true, even though you have weakened or even lost your witness and power. Nothing short of the fullness of the blessing can, or will satisfy you. Any amount of work will not restore your joy or peace. Get back to the fountain of cleansing, make a straight and full confession, quit the things that the Holy Spirit is condemning in your life. The Lord is not subject to your circumstances, nor dispositions, nor physical condition, nor opposition. A man or woman of faith can down all these things, and triumph over every difficulty and have an influence in any community for God and holiness.

The Apostle Paul's Salary.

Hunger, thirst, fasting, nakedness, persecution, stripes, death. Very much like the salaries of some preachers now-a-days; only Paul received more.

I urge upon you communion with Christ, a growing communion. There are curtains to be drawn aside in Christ that we never saw, and new foldings of love in him. I despair that I shall ever win to the far end of that love, there are so many plies in it. Therefore dig deep and sweat and labor and take pains for him, and set by as much time for him as you can. He will be won in the labor.—Samuel Rutherford.

People going to Riverside Camp Meeting from Woodstock should get a return ticket on the C. P. R. to Houlton, and then get a "Riverside Camp Meeting ticket" on the B. & A. which will cost \$1.15 from Houlton and return.

You cannot afford to miss the Riverside Camp Meeting.

Woodstock Beer Saloons.

"The Carleton Sentinel," has called the peoples attention to these festering sores on the face of our town in strong terms.

But we suppose that medical men would tell us that there is something wrong with the blood when eruptions appear on the face, and any thoughtful stranger entering our town would diagnose our moral condition as a town in the same way, when they see these putrid moral eruptions in such evidence. Men who are bad enough to do this line of business will do it, if men of the town and churches are limp enough in their moral backbone to permit them to do it. Let us get at the facts. If we attack the beer sellers, they will show their licence to sell. If we go to the Mayor he will say I simply preside at the Council Board. If you go to the council they will refer you to the framer of the licence law, if you go to him he will refer you to the voters, others will say that the churches are at fault, and the churches will blame their pastors, and the pastors will frankly tell you that the whole thing originated with the devil. But the trouble is that the devil is fooling the whole crowd, hence the thing is permitted to go on.

The Wine Cup Mightier Than The Sword.

It is a warrior whom no victory can satisfy, no ruin satiate. It pauses at no Rubicon to consider, pitches no tents at night, goes into no quarters for winter. It conquers amid the burning plains of the South where the phalanx of Alexander halted in mutiny. It conquers amid the snow drifts of the North where the Grand Army of Napoleon found its winding sheet. Its monuments are in every burial ground. Its badges of triumph are the weeds which mourner wear. Its song of victory is the wail that was heard in Ramah: "Rachel crying for her children and weeping because they are not."

The sword is mighty, and its bloody traces reach across time, from Nineveh to Gravelotte, from Marathan to Gettysburg. Yet mightier is its brother, the wine cup. I say "brother," and history says "brother." Castor and Pollux never fought together in more fraternal harmony. David and Jonathan never joined in more generous rivalry. Hand in hand they have come down the centuries, and upon every scene of carnage, like vulture and shadow, they have met and feasted.

Yea; a pair of giants, but the greater is the wine cup. The sword has a scabbard, and is sheathed; has a conscience, and becomes glutton with havoc; has pity, and gives quarter to the vanquished. The wine cup has no scabbard and no conscience; it's appetite is a cancer which grows as you feed it; to pity, it is deaf; to suffering, it is blind.

The sword is the lieutenant of Death, but the wine cup his captain; and if ever they come home to him from the wars bringing their trophies, boasting of their achievements, I can imagine that Death their master, will meet them with garlands and song, as the maidens of Judea met Saul and David. But as he numbers the victories of each, his paean will be: "The sword is my Saul, who has slain his thousands; but the wine cup is my David, who has slain his tens of thousands."—Tom Watson, in the Weekly Jeffersonian.

"Kate Field says that a woman who aims to be fashionable must neglect home, husband and children, put away comfort and convenience, be a first class hypocrite and a good slanderer, and at the end of ten years break down a physical wreck."

Communion with God makes us light hearted, strong, swift, bold and buoyant; and still keeps us at our post, at desk, mill, study, kitchen, farm office or shop.—Ella Lewis.

Riverside Camp Meeting begins next Friday evening, Aug. 6th.

A Lesson In Giving.

A good story is told by a Methodist minister. He says that in one of his charges a good man regularly gave every Sabbath five dollars for the support of the church. A poor widow was also a member of the same church, who supported herself and six children by washing. She was as regular as the rich man in making her offering of five cents per week, which was all she could spare from her scant earnings. One day the rich man came to the minister and said the poor woman ought not to pay anything, and that he would pay the five cents for her every week. The pastor called to tell her of the offer, which he did in a considerate manner. Tears came to the widow's eyes as she replied: "Do they want to take from me the comfort I experience in giving to the Lord? My health is good, my children keep well, and I receive so many so many blessings that I feel I could not live if I did not make my little offering to Jesus each week."—Exchange.

Be Kind to the Aged.

In the rush and hurry of modern life do we think as much as we might of the happiness of those who are growing old. They have lost so much! Their youth, often their health, most of the friends and companions who started with them on life's journey; and yet we often grudge them the joy and brightness we might so easily put into their lives. We will not stay to hear the recollections of old and happy days which they love to tell us; we let them see so plainly that their day is over, and ours has come! That those who have borne the burden and heat of the day, toiled and struggled and worn themselves out for others, should be left to feel lonely and neglected is sorrowful. We can and ought, each and all in our own place and way, do something, to bring the glow of summer and the remembrance of the days of roses and love into the lives fast nearing their winter and their end.

Owning Up.

It is a healthy exercise to admit heartily and promptly when one has been in the wrong. Temperaments differ as to the ease of doing this: with some it seems to be a constitutional difficulty to "own up," with others it is less of an effort. But it is never an attractive task, and those to whom it comes the hardest need its health-giving discipline most. There are none who can safely take the position of the magazine editor who, when he was asked to make public correction of certain misstatements that he admitted had found place in his pages, replied that he regretted that the magazine had no "department for corrections. A magazine may succeed on that basis; a life cannot. The best first step toward righting any wrong or error that we have committed is to admit the wrong frankly and quickly, to those who have any right to expect such an admission from us. Our tardiness or refusal to this hurts ourselves and lessens others' confidence in us.—Sunday-school Times.

I judge that my prayer is more than the devil himself; if it were otherwise, Luther would have fared different long before this. Yet men will not see and acknowledge the great wonders of miracles God works in my behalf. If I should neglect prayer but a single day, I should lose a great deal of the fire of faith.—Martin Luther.

Have you renewed your subscription? If not please do so at once.

Awful, But Doubtless True

Judge gives an awful description of some religious teachers, or preachers, which reveals the state a man may be in, and yet pass as a christian minister, He says;

"These are spots in your feasts of charity, (love feasts R. V.) when they feast with you, feeding themselves without fear;

Clouds without water, carried about of winds;

Trees whose fruit withereth, without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots;

Raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame;

Wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever."

The possibility of such a state is alarming, and should send every preacher to his knees in deep heart searching before God, lest by any means they should lose the clear witness of the spirit to the cleansing of the heart from all sin. How dry and useless is a waterless cloud to a famishing world. How utterly worthless the life work of one whose life work dies with him. He has no fruit in his own heart. No love, no joy, no peace, because he refuses the Holy Spirit in his soul. Twice dead, dead to the regenerating and sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit. Plucked up by the roots. "Not rooted and grounded in love."

Raging waves of the sea, substituting boistrousness for divine power, foaming out their own shame.

In their denials of the supernatural manifestations of the power of God in transforming the lives of men.

"Wandering stars, for whom the blackness of darkness hath been reserved for ever." R. V.

If You Are Well Bred.

You will be kind.
You will not use slang.
You will try to make others happy.
You will not be shy or self-conscious.
You will never indulge in ill-natured gossip.

You will never forget the respect due to age.

You will not swagger or boast of your achievements.

You will think of others before you think of yourself.

You will be scrupulous in your regard for the rights of others.

You will not measure your civility by peoples' bank accounts.

You will not forget engagements, promises, or obligations of any kind.

In conversation you will not be argumentative or contradictory.

You will never make fun of the peculiarities or idiosyncrasies of others.—Patriotic Advocate.

Shows a Rusty Flaw.

H. L. H.

Those who think to pursue a course of sin for years, and finally become Christians at the end, little know the power and permanence of evil habit. A tree was once broken down by the wind, but it was found on examination that it had been cracked many years before, and straightened up and healed; but when the strain came, it broke in the old crack. A broken bar of iron usually shows an old rusty flaw; and many a broken-down man may trace the final wreck of his life to the results of sin indulged in years before.—Selected.

In old age there is peculiar joy which we young people do not taste. You have got to the bottom of the cup and it is not with God's wine as it is with man's. Man's wine becomes dregs at the last, but God's wine is sweeter the deeper you drink of it.—Charles H. Spurgeon.

"A person whose life is full of good works, whose heart is devoted to God, whose faith and hope are sincere, will never be surprised by death."