

CORRESPONDENCE.

REFORMED BAPTIST MISSION,
PAULPIETERSBURG, Natal, S. A.

July 5th 1909.

Dear HIGHWAY:—We could almost imagine we were at Beulah yesterday. You surely must have been praying for us. We had a Camp Meeting here on a small scale. At the close of our communion service an invitation was given for seekers, also for others present who had some occasion for stumbling to come forward for a season of prayer. A number responded and after we had been praying for some time one woman who had committed some offense broke down and began crying to God. Soon after U Sala, a girl who had been working for us and has also been a seeker for several months, began sobbing and crying out to God in the old fashioned way for salvation. We believe the answer came for she is happy now. She is a bright girl and unlike the natives in general, never drank nor used snuff. We trust she may soon become established and prove a blessing to the work. She may be the future wife of our boy preacher, Mathlanga.

U. Maruta, a young man who came home from work recently and has been seeking a long time, seems also to have got blessed yesterday. We are glad to say that we saw more evidence of real sorrow for sin in our service yesterday than we have seen for some time. Praise the Lord, keep a steady grip on the rope of prayer and we feel confident that victory will crown our united efforts here as well as at home.

We have had to part with one of our workers lately. U. Solomona, he has gone to work for a year to earn money to pay for his wife. We have not been able to find a young man to put in his place but have sent Mathlanga, who has been with us about all the time for two years or over. He is quite well qualified now to teach but is young and will need your prayers. The writer will go to look after the work there as often as he can and also send an older worker some times, so hope to carry on the work successfully there.

A woman with a sick child is here for treatment at present. It is improving some, though very sick when she came, and we are praying that she may get well as in that case the mother may be permitted to believe.

Two girls on Alonis district have long since finished believing and desire baptism, but have been hindered by their owners. Please remember to pray that they may be delivered from a life of bondage.

We are having some drawbacks in the work. The Devil is doing his best but we rejoice to think he is a conquered foe. We are trusting the Lord to defeat his plans and give victory.

We are praying that you may have showers of blessings at Beulah. Riverside and in your regular church services.

We are still on the altar and the fire is burning in our hearts.

Yours for ever,

I. F. KEIRSTEAD

RIVERSIDE CAMP GROUND.

Aug. 1 1909.

Dear HIGHWAY:—A busy scene is presented at these grounds this morning. Nearly every body getting ready to leave, some by auto, more by carriage, but most will take train. All feel that this has been a season of much blessing. Old friendships have been renewed, and, best of all, is the general spiritual help so many have received. But our editor will tell you all about these most excellent meetings and I will mention only two phases of the good work.

More than twenty professed to be con-

verted in the children's meetings, and the interest was good throughout. Parents come to Beulah and Riverside Camp Meetings next year and bring your children.

Many, too, return to their homes more interested in foreign missions than ever before. As a result of the Missionary meetings, one forenoon and two afternoons were given to this important subject, and God put His seal upon these services.

Yours and His
H. C. SANDERS.

Beulah on St John River

Mrs. J. B.

Beulah, Beulah, Lovely Beulah
Sacred is this hollowed spot
God alone adored and honored
Worldly pleasures enter not.

Consecrated grounds and holy
To the service of our King
"Naught that is unclean shall enter"
Even the stones His praises sing.

Fountains sparkling, flowers flinging
Their sweet perfume to the breeze,
Walks, Faith, Hope and Charity found
Beneath, the evergreen trees.

Step by step ascend Mt. Horeb.
Hear the sound of bird and bee
Listen! the waters ripple sweetly
A soft and suppliant melody.

Near by is the tabernacle
Where so many have found peace,
Joined to Christ in mystic union
Called to grace and Holiness.

Beautiful St John River
Many have bowed beneath the wave
In Baptism, by faith in Jesus,
Risen with Him from the grave.

Onward, therefore Holy Brethren
God's cause shall triumphant be
Even now the shout of Victory
Sounds aloud o'er land and sea.

Long, long years you've raised the banner
Held the blood stained standard high
God's own holiness forever
Was your watchword and your cry.

Called to suffer with your master
Patiently you've run his race,
Soon you will be crowned victorious
In His presence face to face.

To "Our Friends" we give this greeting
"As their days their strength shall be,
God alone will reward and bless them
Throughout all eternity.

At a meeting of the Ministerial Associations of the Reformed Baptist Alliance of Canada held at Riverside Camp Ground, Me., on August 15th, 1909.

Rev M E Borders, of Malden, Mass., who had been appointed by the Pentecostal church of the Nazarenes, to convey the greetings of that body was present and read their letter expressing their love and fellowship in the work of spreading Bible holiness.

After the reading of same, the following resolution was unanimously passed.

Resolved, that we express to Bro Borders as the representative of the Pentecostal Nazarenes, our appreciation of their greetings and wish to express to them our wish for their success in the work of spreading spiritual holiness.

From C W Ruth

I have just come from St John, New Brunswick, where the Lord gave us a most glorious camp meeting. It was the first time I have labored with the Reformed Baptists, but had a most delightful time with them. They are an "out and out" holiness people—our kind—and ought to be a part of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. I never had more delightful fellowship with a lot of ministers than I had with these good brethren. During this camp we had some genuine gales of blessing and glory from the upper sanctuary. On several occasions there were as many as thirty definite seekers and more at the altar for pardon and purity in one service—with salvation flowing in every service. The old gospel plow of full salvation still plows. Praise God!—Nazarene Messenger.

Foreign Mission Fund.

Gordonville Mission Band...	\$1.00
Mrs F Pelkie	1 00
Mrs Abram Schriver	1.00
Collection at Riverside Camp Meeting	\$22.85
H C ARCHER,	
Asst. Treasurer.	

The Lodge and the Church.

EDWARD F WALKER, D D

"I was at the lodge. Surely nothing could keep me away from prayer meeting but the lodge." These words I heard from the lips of a "Near-Christian" the other night, in answer to the chidings of a brother church member, because of the absence of the speaker from the mid-week prayer meeting. Such words evidence some real interest in the church, if not the cause of Christ; but they betoken greater interest in the lodge—indeed that only the lodge meeting was esteemed above the church meeting, and more, that it should be so. The tone with which the words were spoken, indicated that the preference ought to be accepted without question.

As a matter of fact good lodge members, who are also church members, generally treat the church as of less consequence than the lodge; and their loyalty is supreme to the latter. But no real Christian can maintain such an attitude. He prefers Jerusalem above his chief joy, and gives to the church his supreme allegiance. He sings;

"For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

It is certain that the perfect Christian—the one who is complete in Him, who loved the church and purchased it with His own blood—will like his Lord give himself for its sanctification. Nothing at all can for a moment rival the church in his affection and devotion.

If all church members were what the Head of the Church would have them be the glorious things that are spoken of Zion would be realized, and even in the eyes of the surrounding world it would be the grandest institution in existence. But alas! how is it now discredited, how feeble its influence over the world, because of the dereliction of its avowed devotee.

In this city whence I write, a "leading" church, with which a member of my family is connected, has a regular attendance of from four to twelve at prayer meeting and of from forty to sixty at Sabbath morning services—while many of the members are "lodging," automobiling, excursioning—or engaging in some other diversion—to the discouragement of the earnest pastor and his faithful few, and the discredit of the holy cause that is supreme in fact, and ought to be in the esteem of all who are called by the holy name.

More and more am I convinced that salvation from sin and holiness unto the Lord are necessary to respectful and consequence respectable church membership. All short of this is failure, if not folly.—Nazarene Messenger.

Depths of Consecration.

Consecration means obedience
To the Spirit's every call—
Meaneth dying, meaneth living,
Death of self, and life in God;
Meaneth work, or patient waiting,
Or submission 'neath the rod!
Meaneth such a full surrender,
We shall never dare to ask
Why God gives our faith such testing,
Or assigns so hard a task.
We are here to be perfected.
Only Christ our need can see;
Rarest gems bear hardest grinding—
God's own workmanship are we.
O for the altar's glowing coal
To touch my lips and fire my soul
To purge the sordid dross away,
And pure as crystal make my clay.
Then if a messenger He ask—
A laborer for the hardest task—
Through all my weakness and my fear,
Love shall reply, "Thy servant's here."
Nor should my willing soul complain
Though every effort should be vain.
Enough the recompense shall be
To work and suffer, Lord, for Thee.
—Doddridge.

Bound To The World.

Seamen tell us that in capturing the whale the boat's lines sometimes become entangled with the flukes of the fish so as to join the two together. When this happens, all depends on instant action. These lines must be severed or the whole boat's crew will be drawn to the bottom by the prowess of the monster. But one thought possesses all, and that is to find and cut every rope that ties them to their enemy. So it is that the lines of carnal

desire bind us to the world. Sometimes there is but one; sometimes there are many. Sometimes they are plainly in view; sometimes they are hidden from any but the closest search. But few, or many, visible or hidden, they must be all searched out and severed, or the soul is dragged downward to death.—Selected.

I Wonder If They Keep Cider?

Two pastors were walking along a city street one evening several years ago, and were passing a liquor saloon when one stopped suddenly and looking into the saloon door, which stood open, said: "I wonder if they keep cider in there?" It is needless to say that it gave his companion a considerable shock, who replied, "I would not go in if they kept gold there." "Why?" he asked in amazement; "Don't you like cider?" His companion replied; "It is not a question of what I may like, but of what is right. There are ministers and evangelists who are exceedingly thoughtless, to say the least on these lines. They are away from home in strange places, and naturally think people don't know them, or perhaps they think that it is a harmless thing for them to sit and chat over a good glass of soda water at an apothecary's counter. But the best and most conscientious holiness laymen of the community, who is paying the Evangelist a high price for his services, would not for a moment think of doing such a thing, because of his influence over others, for he knows that men, and sometimes boys, drink whiskey over that same counter, possibly from the same glass.

Some may say that this is straight laced religion if they will, but beloved, any thing that has the appearance of evil should be abandoned for Christ's sake; and anything which detracts from a christian's influence should certainly be stopped short. The writer, for one, don't want the assistance of any more Ministers and Evangelists who think more of the ice cream counter and soda fountain than they do of the influence it has upon men. The harm is not in the soda nor ice cream, but it is in joining the crowd "whose God is their belly."

The Joy of Obedience.

Perfect obedience to the whole will of God is perfect joy and happiness. We often seek for feelings and wonder why we don't feel the joy of the Lord as in days of yore; hence we agonize in prayer with great distress, pleading for feeling. We forget that joy can be obtained only as we obey, and all our agonizing is in vain unless we perfectly submit and obey the whole will of God. The same "yes" to all His will which brought the joy when He first saved us is the only way whereby we may keep the joy. As ye have received Christ Jesus, so walk ye in him." We walk with Him only as we obey Him. "Behold to obey is better than sacrifice." God is calling for obedient soldiers, those who will work for Him willingly. Never do we receive His blessing when we are all the time murmuring or complaining—not a service of duty, but a service of love.—Selected.

Love For God.

God cares more about how his creatures feel toward him than any service they can render. The perfections of His being lift Him above necessity or dependence, but He is deeply concerned that intelligent beings should cherish right dispositions. The great command is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God." The highest service is unacceptable unless inspired and accompanied by love for Himself. A seraph's song would degenerate into a chilling musical performance, if a cold, unloving heart lay back of it. The melody of affection sweetens many a cracked voice, and atones for many a vocal discord. Both are better than the most exact musical performances without love and faith.

"Love is the fulfilling of the law," in

both the letter and the spirit, and contains in itself the inspiration to obedience. All can render this most acceptable service. Capacity may be limited, and opportunities circumscribed, but there is unlimited freedom here. The heart can pour out its richest treasures when the hands are denied the service they would gladly render. The spirit ennobles the endeavor. Jesus lifted the smallest service to sublime heights when he said, "Whosoever shall give you a cup of water . . . because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward." True love does its best, and adds itself.—W. H. C., in Free Methodist.

Comfort Hunters.

Coming into the railway coach one night with coat on arm, lugging a valise and panting and perspiring, my very stout friend said: "I tell you I'm not suffering with comfort tonight, sure."

Sunday morning my neighbor was calling to neighbors to learn whether they were going to order ice, hailing ice-waggon to see whether they had any extra, and over at my house 'phoning the ice company. All for a little ice to put in drinking water, when his well water is pleasantly cool. He worked himself into a state of red-hotness trying to get cool.

The Judge's wife said: "Last summer was one of the most pleasant I ever spent. And I didn't leave home at all. Everything was so comfortable. I could have just what I wanted, and have it just as I wanted it. I didn't have to keep dressed up all the time. I tell you there is no place like home for real comfort.

It makes me prickle with discomfort to note some of the comfort hunters. Trunks and traps, boxes and bags, children and chattels, strings and things. Then flies and fleas, chiggers and chaps, bugs and ants and gnats and ticks and trials. And so-called beds and baths and cooks; trips and tips and crooks; fools and fellows and follies. There's no place like home."

Comfort hunters like happiness-hunters, rarely find what they seek. Both are subjective, not objective, within, not without.

Of course, take a vacation, if you can—provided you have a vocation. Rest, if tired. But comfort is right here, as well as over there. Quit hunting comfort, worrying over comfort. Simple be sensible; make the best of your situation; just begin to be comfortable in spite of things, or the lack of them.—Cumberland Presbyterian.

Tomorrow Never Comes.

It has been well said that no man ever sank under the burden of the day. It is when tomorrow's burden is added to the burden of today that the weight is more than a man can bear. Never load yourselves so, my friends. If you find yourselves so loaded, at least remember this: It is your own doing, not God's. He begs you to leave the future to him, and mind the present.—George MacDonald.

Blessed are the sorrowful who carry a cheery face.—New York Observer.

There are ways in which even silent people can belong to God and be a blessing in the world. A star does not talk, but its calm, steady beam shines down continually out of the sky, and is a benediction to many. Be like a star in your peaceful shining, and many will thank God for your life.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

God gives us always strength enough and sense enough for what he wants us to do; if we either tire ourselves, it is our own fault. And we may always be sure, whatever we are doing, that we cannot be pleasing him if we are not happy ourselves.—Ruskin.

Two good missionary meetings were held at Riverside by Dr. and Mrs. Sanders.

Rev. J. N. Noble led the prayer meeting in the Woodstock church on Wednesday evening. It was an excellent meeting.

The Woodstock annual Sunday School picnic will take place at upper Woodstock on the 20th

The Camp Ground committee have rented the stable near the hotel building at Riverside which will add room for 35 more horses. This will give us barn room for about 90 horses.