

CORRESPONDENCE.

FOUR FALLS, N. B. Jan. 1909.

Dear HIGHWAY:—A rare treat it is to attend this quarterly meeting, it being my first since getting home from Africa. I purpose to gather some crumbs day by day, as we feast, and pass them on.

Our opening meeting last evening was indeed a good beginning, two young women professing to find Jesus as their Saviour.

Brother Richardson remarked that he brought along some "fire" with him.

One brother suggested that regeneration gave us a "through ticket" to glory, but it was necessary to "change cars" at "Pentecost Junction," and that no "smoker" was provided from this station on.

The pastor spoke of laying aside all weights and sin that we might run the race set before us. While another brother informed us that we may even get wings for this race, "mount up on wings as eagles, run and not be weary, walk and not faint." That these wings are useful in running is shown by the ostrich which will spread its wings and run faster than the fleetest horse. All these wings are kept in store at "Pentecost Junction, where pilgrims receive them in exchange for weights they lay aside, and while waiting upon the Lord. The first company known to have availed themselves of these wings were the famous "One Hundred and twenty," who found them at the said Pentecost Junction, in the "Upper [Waiting] Room."

Brother Trafton was just from special work and special victory, where the best man in the village had, gotten sanctified. His wife remonstrated with brother P. J. saying "My husband is just the best christian man in the place and he dont need a second work. "But the husband hungered for the fullness of the blessing, and was so determined to get it that when his good wife failed to make room for him to get out her end of the seat, he turned and found a longer passage way out to the altar. There he made his consecration complete, including opinion of others. And next day, while driving on a load of potatoes, the fire fell upon his soul and his hungry heart was satisfied with the "fullness of God."

His wife was too proud to come to the meeting that evening, but the husband felt that he could not stay away, nor hardly keep still after he got there. He had given God all, ten tenths had brought all the tithes into the storehouse and now had not room to contain the blessing. Four times his heart ran over and he found relief each time in testimony.

But next night the wife was seeking the same experience, having decided that if the husband did not get all at conversion, then she did not. "Oh Lord, kill this pride in my heart . . . Thus she prayed as self was being put to death.

Jan. 1st, p. m.

This afternoon's meeting was one of power "Bring all the tithes into the store house," was the theme. The old Jews were commanded to do this that the Levites or priesthood might be free from farm work and devote all their time to the service of God and the temple. When the eleven other tribes had done this at harvest time, then they by commandment came and declared "that there are no hallowed things (tithes) in our houses."

And unless this was done the Levites had no means of support. In the days of Nemah these priests had "fled every man to his field," as some preachers had done, that we know of, because they were not cared for and provided with temporal supplies.

Though we are under grace and not law, yet the ten commandments, and this giving unto the God must be observed. The old Israelite had only home missions to support, but we have both home and foreign, and the man who pleads "enough to do at home, better convert all the heathens at home first, is more than 2000 years behind the times.

Also, as giving in proportion, as God had prospered the Jew was a condition of blessing, it is today. God has not become blind, nor sleepy, nor careless, but sees to it that "good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over" is returned to the liberal soul.

This is the historical setting of Mal. 3:10, but lessons and illustrations in the spiritual life are abundant. The "tithes" stands for what belongs to God. And in this age, the Holy Ghost dispensation, God

demands our all, not one tenth but ten tenths. We are to live, not unto our selves, but unto him who loved us and gave himself for us. This is but our "reasonable service, namely, "to present our bodies a living sacrifice. Anything less than entire consecration is "robbing" God.

Then, too, the other side holds good when we cease to rob God and bring to Him our ten tenths in consecration. He opens to us the windows of heaven and pours out upon us as upon the waiting "one hundred and twenty" the overflowing blessing spoken of by Jesus, as "rivers of water" to flow from them who believe in Him, that is the Holy Spirit that they who believe on Him should receive.

HARTLAND, Jan, 9th 1909.

There seemed to be no time for me to write more while at the quarterly meeting, so now I will give a few items that impressed me.

As usual, God wonderfully blessed in the meeting held for the children, Sunday, p. m. All but two or three old enough to understand were saved, and now notice how God raised up a "Peter" to "feed my lambs"

I was at a farewell cottage prayer meeting held the day we were to leave. There was singing, reading, a lesson and then a season of prayer, during which heaven seemed very near and God revealed His will to those determined to walk in the light.

As soon as we arose I told how I felt that God would choose or had chosen some one to look after the children like he had at Victoria Corner. There by the way, a dear sister had what she terms a "call from God" to this grand work, and says its came to her in unmistakable clearness, while she was over the wash-tub. "You first visit every family who have children in this village and get the parents to consent for their little ones to come to a weekly children's meeting to be held in your home." They all readily assented and now a grand work of God is being conducted by this young sister. No one doubts but what God spoke to her.

I even mentioned by name the sister here at Four Falls whom I felt God would use to care for His lambs. Then soon as I sat down Brother Turner arose and said that he too, felt impressed that this sister was the one. Then sister Everett herself, told of how much she was interested in work among children, and had been even before her conversion, etc., so that matter was considered settled.

Another important matter was then brought up showing how God had been dealing with several others. Bro. J. S. Richardson told of his leaving his home at Grand Manan and coming to Millville. His earthly all was there as a little homestead. He had locked the door and left the house in God's care, without insurance, and now God was saying, "You must trust me to care for you, and exchange the real estate for souls in "Darkest Africa." Before now Bro. R. said, he had seen the need at home, and reasoned that after the home work was enlarged then there would be more people to care for that abroad. But now God had showed him the greater need beyond, and he purposed to obey the new light given at any sacrifice. Therefore this property was to go as needed for half support of a native worker in Africa.

Then he added, "And I believe also that God has been speaking to some one else in this room." And, sure enough, Bro. D. F. Knight immediately pledged the other \$30. per year.

Already word has gone to Brother Kierstead that he may extend the work accordingly. And while these two brethren are asleep at night, resting, from the labors of each day, their representative will be preaching for them, where the sun rises six hours before it does here. Bless the Lord! Think of it ye children of God who are holding on to property that you do not need and can not use upon yourselves in this world. Would it not better to lay this treasure up above where moth and rust doth not corrupt, nor flies destroy, nor thieves break through nor steel. Surely your sleep would be more refreshing if you knew that your bank account or real estate was preaching for you six hours or more before you rise each morning.

You need not tell any body, but my private opinion is that there are a lot of people who read the HIGHWAY that God

would have go and do likewise, as our brother Richardson has done. You say, "I dont see that this is my duty." Suppose you waited upon God to know His will in financial matters, and continued to wait before Him until you got near enough to hear His "still small voice."

Then again, there are some of God's people who do not need a special vision to know that God means what He has said regarding "laying up treasures here below." Could all the holiness people get where God's word clearly teaches, we would not find them giving only perhaps \$5.00 per year to home missions and the same to foreign missions, and their dying and willing thousands to their children who are already abundantly supplied with this worlds goods. But instead there would appear announcements in the church papers that so and so had made his will, leaving so many thousands or hundreds to be divided equally, or as stated in said will, among, not his already well-to-do children, but "foreign and home missions" our "aged and infirm ministry," The "widows and orphans, if needy, of our ministry," etc., etc.

This would untie the hands of God in the holiness movement of our day, and we would see, not only spiritual blessing poured out from the windows of heaven, but holiness preachers, backed up by these funds, going through all our noble Dominion leading God's hungering people into the "fullness of the blessing of gospel of Christ" nor would this work be confined to our own land. As truly as do believers need to know of the baptism of John, so truly do believers need to be lead into the baptism of Jesus, viz., with the Holy Ghost and fire. Because, as the Jewish church rejected Christ, so to day, (lamentable fact!) the christian church is rejecting in the Holy Spirit.

And the holiness people, regardless of church name, who have this light and glorious experience are guilty before God if they are not doing what they can to push this grand work.

Yours to live unto Him who died for us.

H. C. SAUNDERS.

Church Pride Gets

She was a little old woman, plainly dressed in black bombazine that had seen much careful wear, and her bonnet was very old fashioned. People stared at her tottering up the aisle of the grand church, evidently bent on securing one of the best seats, for a great man was to preach on that day, and the house was filled with splendidly dressed people who had heard of the fame of the preacher, of his learning, of his intellect and his goodness, and they wondered at the presumption of the old woman. She must have been in her dotage, for she picked out the pew of the richest and proudest member of the church, and took a seat. The three ladies who were seated there beckoned to the sexton who bent over the intruder and whispered something, but she was hard of hearing and smiled a little withered smile as she said gently:

"Oh, I'm quite comfortable here, quite comfortable here."

"But you are not wanted here," said the sexton pompously. "There is not room. Come with me my good woman; I will see that you have a seat."

"Not room!" said the old woman, looking at her sunken proportions and then at the fine ladies, "Why, I'm not crowded a bit. I rode ten miles to hear the sermon today, because—"

But the sexton took her by the arm and shook her roughly in a polite underhand way, and she took the hint. Her faded old eyes filled with tears, her chin quivered, but she rose meekly and left the pew. Turning quietly to the ladies, who were spreading their rich dresses over the spot she left vacant, she said gently:

"I hope, my dears, there'll be room in Heaven for us all."

Then she followed the pious sexton to the rear of the church, where, in the last pew, she was seated between a threadbare girl and a shabby old man.

"She must be crazy," said one of the ladies in the pew which she had at first occupied. "What can an ignorant old woman like her want to hear Dr. preach for? She would not be able to understand a word he said."

"These people are so persistent. The idea of her forcing herself into our pew!

Isn't that voluntary lovely? There's Dr. ——— coming out of the vestry. Isn't he grand?"

"Splendid! What a stately man! You know he has promised to dine with us while he is here."

He was a commanding looking man and as the organ voluntary stopped and he looked over the vast crowd of worshippers gathered in the great church, he seemed to scan every face. His hand was on the Bible, when suddenly he leaned over the reading desk and beckoned to the sexton, who obsequiously mounted the steps to receive a mysterious message. And then the three ladies in the grand pew were electrified to see him take his way the whole length of the church, to return with the old woman whom he placed in the front pew of all, its occupants making willing room for her. The great preacher looked at her with a smile of recognition and then the sermon proceeded and he preached a sermon which struck fire to every heart.

"Who was she?" asked the ladies who could not make room for her, as they passed the sexton at the door.

"The preacher's mother," replied that functionary in an injured tone.

How few remember that while "man looketh on the outward appearance, the Lord looketh on the heart."—Sel.

The Laugh Cure.

Laughter induces a mental exhilaration.

The habit of frequent and hearty laughter will not only save you many a doctor's bill, but will also save you years of your life.

There is good philosophy as well as good health in the maxim, "Laugh and grow fat."

Laughter is contagious. Be cheerful and you make everybody around you happy, harmonious and healthful.

Laughter and good cheer make love of life, and love of life is half of health.

Use laughter as a table sauce; it sets the organs to dancing, and thus stimulates the digestive processes.

Laughter keeps the heart and face bright, and enhances physical beauty. It is nature's device for exercising the internal organs and giving us pleasure at the same time.

It sends the blood bounding through the body, increases the respiration, and gives warmth and glow to the whole system.

It expands the chest, and forces the poisoned air from the least used lung cell.

Perfect health, which may be destroyed by grief or anxiety, is often destroyed by a good, hearty laugh.

A jolly physician is often better than all his pills.—Success.

Notice the method of God in saving the soul. Christ did not make a new eye. He simply conferred upon the eye that was already there the faculty that it had never had. So, when God makes a man into a disciple he creates no new faculty; He does not give a new reason or conscience or imagination or will. He takes what is already there and gives it a new quality to one's being, a new disposition towards God and spiritual things; but there is no creation of a new faculty. He turns the conviction toward the truth; He takes the affections which were perverted and diverted and draws them to God with an enamoring love. He illumines the conscience so that the moral judgment, which may have been misdirected, is now confirmed in righteous decisions. He takes the will and turns it toward Himself in voluntary obedience and surrender. All this is illustrated in our Lord's dealings with this man born blind.—A. T. Pierson.

There are persons who never wait to hear ail of a story before they express an opinion. Their judgments are only half formed, for they wait for but half the information they need to form a fair opinion.—Sel.

"Take into your life the Creator and you will have all creation to use as you have need."

Am I doing anything I would condemn in others?—Presbyterian Endeavor.

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN

My Wish.

I ask, O Lord, that from my life may flow
Such glad some music, soothing, sweet,
and clear
From a fine-strung harp, to reach the weary ear
Of struggling men,
To bid them pause awhile and listen; then
With spirit calmer, stronger than before,
Take up their work once more.
I only pray that, through the common days
Of this my life, unceasingly may steal
Into some aching heart strains that shall help to heal
Its long-borne pain,
To lift the thoughts from self and worldly gain,
And fill the life with harmonies divine:
O, may such power be mine!
Thus would I live: and when all working days
Are o'er for me,
May the rich music of my life ring on Eternally!

—Wesleyan Magazine.

New Year's in Other Lands.

In some countries New Year's Day is celebrated even more joyously than Christmas, and France is one of these. There "le jour de l'an" (the day of the year) as it is quaintly called is a time of much greater fun and merrymaking than Noel (Christmas) which is kept almost entirely as a religious festival. The little French children give and receive their presents at New Year's instead of at Christmas, while the grown-ups call at each others' houses to leave gifts and exchange good wishes with their friends for the year that has just begun.

In Scotland, too, New Year's Day is the greatest day of the year. When Mary, Queen of Scots, of whom you have read in your histories—the unhappy queen whose head was cut off, you remember, because Queen Elizabeth, her English cousin, was jealous of her—went from the sunny land of France to reign over bleak and cheerless Scotland, she took with her the customs of the country she loved so well; and there many of them are being followed to this day, though that happened nearly four hundred years ago.—Sel.

Why Susie Waited.

"Let's say our prayers out loud, Susie," said Mabel, as the two little sisters were getting ready for bed one night.

"All right," answered Susie. So the two said their "Now I lay me" and their "God bless papa and mamma" together. Then Mabel jumped right up on her bare feet, but Susie still knelt a quiet little while by the white bed.

"What are you waiting for, sister?" asked Mabel.

"Why, I was listening for God to answer," said sister; "don't you 'member Miss Josepha said we mustn't hurry over our prayers! She said that was like the little boy that knocked at her door once, and then ran away before she could open it. So now I always wait to see if God wants to say anything to me."

"Did he say anything to you to-night, sister?" asked Mabel looking startled.

Susie nodded.

"O sister! What?"
Susie didn't answer just at first, because it is not easy to talk about what that little inside voice says. But in a few minutes, she said in a low tone, "You know me said, 'God bless all my friends,' and right away I thought of Sadie Burwel, 'cause we had a fuss today, and while I waited, God said, 'Tell her you are sorry.'"

"Will you tell her, Susie?" persisted the eager little questioner.

"Yes, of course, I must tell her."

Mabel crept into bed quietly, saying to herself that she would wait for God's answer, too, and wondering if He would tell her to confess about breaking mamma's cut-glass flower-vase!—Junior Herald.

There is one grand thing about the experience of sanctification; when a man is sanctified he knows it.—Sel.

Better have the affection of your own family, than the praise of a whole town.—Sel.