

CORRESPONDENCE

HARTLAND, Jan. 26th, 1910.

Dear HIGHWAY:—It was indeed a pleasure to be with Bro Blaisdell on his circuit. I find he is generally liked and is doing good work.

I cautioned them in the missionary meetings the home work was first to be provided for, and reminded them that they might not have any to spare for the foreign work, and yet they were anxious to have a share in our African enterprise.

One of the chief pleasures of the day was the presence of Bro J Gravinor in our morning meeting. Though years have left their mark, and his physical health is not as in former years, yet the soul life is apparently growing brighter.

Bro A J Marsten, of Meductic, kindly entertained me in his comfortable home, took me over the river to the morning service, and did all he could to further the work.

The Tuesday evening appointment at Lower Southampton fell on a stormy time, yet our visit to that place was by no means time wasted. Much interest was aroused in the Foreign work and friendships formed.

The bad conditions of roads made it necessary to return by the way of Millville. Upon arrival there Thursday morning, the train had gone, so I called on Pastor Richardson, who, after dinner, suggested that I accompany him to the prayer meeting at Maple Ridge that evening.

The churches on all this circuit seem to be in a good healthy condition, and appreciate the faithful work of their pastor. They have done well in building the parsonage at Millville but admit it to be a monument to the Divinely inspired faith of Brother Richardson.

Yours in Jesus, H. C. SANDERS.

Golden Gossips.

"There are two kinds of gossips. One kind tell the ugly things about those they know; and the other kind—the golden gossips, some one has called them—tell all the nice things they can about people.

Ministers Relief Fund.

Previously Acknowledged... \$55.00 John Good... 2 00 A. J. MARSTEN, Treas. Meductic, N. B.

A Queer 'old Rhyme.

E P MARVIN.

Let us survey with criticism, This pleasing Universalism. It says to all, it shall be well, No angry God, no endless hell, Drunkards may into glory reel, And after death, no sorrows feel, Murderers with their galleys sail, Up to the throne of their great King, Judas betrayed lost Israel's hope, And swing to heaven on his own rope, Before his Lord he reached his home, And then looked back to see him come, Saphira was for lying driven, Away from earth direct to heaven, And likewise Ananias lied, Unto the Holy Ghost, and died, And for this sin though unforgiven, Was instantly shut up in heaven, The Sodomites and the old world, Were for their sins to glory hurled, The Canaanites so wicked were, God took them up into His sphere, The valiant Joshua shed their blood, And sent the rascals home to God, Christ died for all and all must come, To heaven and find a lasting home, This is the creed and catechism, A pleasing Universalism, Now let a warning added be, To this vain pleasing sophistry, It should be kindly, plainly said; It contradicts the Word of God, Lockport, N. Y.

The Sense of Security.

God is with and within entirely sanctified persons as He is not with and in others, although we make no effort to define all that this may mean, and this extraordinary presence of God gives a sense of wonderful security, it increases many times the courage and fortitude of a believer, and makes even timid persons bold for God and truth and right. On every hand it is acknowledged that these are the kind of people the world needs most, and we do not see why it is not for the general public good to induce as many as possible to enter into the experience of entire sanctification, if for no other reason, just that the world may be furnished with the class of heroic people it so much needs. How are men and women to be brought into this experience if it is not preached? It becomes in the light of these facts, a public duty to preach the doctrine of holiness and make alter calls and do everything possible to get men sanctified wholly, and he who fails at this point is failing in a public as well as in a private duty.—Wesleyan Methodist.

How to Read the Bible.

Few men know how to read the Bible. Few understand what the book is really intended for. A word upon this point was spoken by the Rev. Joseph Dalton, on Newcastle-on-Tyne, and we are glad to append it. He says: "When men search the Scriptures, not to extract the uttermost meaning out of a Greek particle or a Hebrew point merely; not to discover those passages which may be torn from the context to be fastened as proofs on to some theological system; not to give scientific exactness to that over which there hangs all the shadowy indefiniteness of magnificent metaphor; not to cram into a thimble what was meant to fill the sky; and when laying aside all the petty methods and pigeon notes begotten of pedantry and literal mindedness, they regard the Scriptures as the record of the gradual unfolding of the divine in human history, and dig down under its poetry and story, its parable and song, to find principles which cannot die and laws of life which abide forever—they will the Bible have a resurrection as His who was carried to the grave as a criminal and emerged from it the conqueror of the world."—Selected.

Mrs. Mary R. Coolidge, formerly president of economics of Stanford University, startled a Teachers' Institute at Sacramento, Cal. a few days ago, by the declaration that fashionable clothing is a sign of mental incapacity. This new dogma should prove very comforting to most of us, and if generally accepted by our sisters, for whom it seems to have been originally intended, it would mean a great saving in mental wear and tear.—Christian Guardian.

Mission Money.

Not previously acknowledged although in last year. June 20th, '09—Greenbush... \$4 19 Meductic... 2 24 RECEIVED BY REV. H. C. SANDERS. Jan'y 16th 1901 Greenbush Col... \$2 87 Mrs Wendall Phillips... 1 00 Mrs David Phillips... 1 00 Mrs John Phyllis... 1 00 MEDUCTIC. Collection... \$1 58 Miss Kathleen Marsten... 20 MIDDLE SOUTHAMPTON. Collection... \$4 16 Grace Grant... 50 LOWER SOUTHAMPTON. Jan'y 18th Collection... \$1 17 Mrs F Fox... 1 00 Mrs Fred Stairs... 50 Mrs Hazel Parent... 1 00 " Pearl Parents... 50 MAPLE RIDGE. Jan'y 20th. William Graham... \$1 90 Mrs S A Elliot... 1 00 Mrs Robert Frizzle... 1 00

All on Board.

Passengers for Immanuel's land should lose no time in having their berths secured as only one vessel can ever succeed in reaching that country. Vessels name "Gospel Ship." Romans 1:16. Port it leaves, "City of Destruction," 2 Peter 3:10. Bound for Immanuel's Land, Hebrews 11:16. Time of Sailing "To-day." Hebrews 3:78. The fare, "Without money, without price," Isaiah 55:1. Captain's name "Jesus Christ, Hebrews 2:19. Crew, "Workers together" 2 Cor 6:1. Passengers, "Sinners saved by grace," Romans 5:1-2. Sea over which it passes "Time." Revelation 10:6. Lighthouse "Holy Scriptures" Psalm 119:105. Compass "Truth," John 8:32. Sails "Faith and Love," 2 Thess 1:3. Wind "The Holy Spirit," John 6:63. Storage "Grace," Isaiah 55, 2 Cor 13:9. Anchor, "Hope" Hebrews 6:19. "All are invited" Revelation 22:17. Reader are you on board this Gospel Ship bound for glory, if not, why not. Ah why? There is no possibility of a single soul being lost on the passage. "Matt 25:46, Christ died for the ungodly.—Selected.

Flowers of Hope.

It was two days before the family intended going to the new summer home, and Ruth had been standing at the sitting-room window, looking beyond the field to the wide avenue. Mrs. Clarke, busy with thoughts of packing, did not realize that her daughter was so near, till Ruth turned to her and said, "Mother!" "Yes, Ruth?" "What shall we do with our flowers? Our yard is just full of them. They look so pretty! But I don't want to leave them there, do you?" "Why not, dear?" "Oh, well—because. You gave Mrs. Willson a good many this morning, didn't you? I guess she will not want any more to-morrow. What shall we do with them, mother?" "I don't know, Ruth, dear. Suppose we leave them where they are? We'll only be away for a few weeks." "I want somebody to have them," the child insisted. "Somebody would love to have them, if we only knew who."

Mrs. Clarke busied herself with work, but the child stood with her bear in her arms, as if thinking seriously. On the avenue, just opposite the house, was the children's hospital, an immense red-brick building. One end was given up to day patients, and as the child absently gazed out of the window again she saw many children, some accompanied, others

alone, enter the great door, which swung noiselessly behind them. As she stood there a sudden idea came to her mind, and she hurriedly called her mother had left the room. Caller came later, and Ruth forgot to speak of her plan.

Mrs. Clarke went shopping the next day, and did not reach home till quite late. Then she was met by her husband, who had just returned.

"Come into the sitting room, Nell," he said. "I have something to show you." She followed him. To her surprise he did not pause, but crossed the room and stood at the window.

"Do you see over there, at the hospital door?" he asked, his voice trembling a little in spite of himself. "Why, it looks—it looks like Ruth! But—why—Ted, it is? Yes, it is but what is she doing?" "Wait just a minute, and you'll see."

Even as he spoke a belated woman hurried along the street, holding by the hand a puny little cripple. They turned at the door where Ruth stood. Reaching forward, she pressed a flower into the child's hand, and her lips parted in a delighted smile as he grasped it eagerly.

"Bless her heart!" murmured Mrs. Clarke. "Her own idea, too! But, Ted, go over and get her when she's through, and help her bring back that big basket; she must have carried it alone."

Mr. Clarke set out on his errand. His wife stood still at the window and watched the little figure, whose short skirts blew gayly in the wind, at the hospital door. They say flowers carry cheer," she murmured. "In this case I am sure they will carry hope, too. She certainly has been a blessing to others to-day."—"The Sunbeam."

What She Saw.

"I thought it was a pretty fair sort of telescope for one that wasn't very big," said Uncle Silas. "I rigged it up in the attic by the high north window and had it fixed so it would swing around easy. I took a deal of satisfaction in looking through it, the sky seemed so wide and full of wonders, so when Hester was here I thought I'd give her the pleasure too. She stayed a long time upstairs and seemed to be enjoying it. When she came down I asked her if she'd discovered anything new." "Yes" she says, "why, it made everybody's right seem so near that I seemed to be right beside 'em, and I found out what John Pritchard's folks are doing in their out-kitchen. I've wondered what they had a light there for night after night, and I just turned the glass on their windows. They are cuttin' apples to apples—as rich as them cuttin' apples!"

"And actually that was all the woman had seen. With the whole heavens before her to study, she had spent her time prying into the affairs of her neighbors! And there are lots more like her—with and without telescopes."—Sel.

The Colonel at Church

A military officer, writing in the "Atlantic," of a sermon that he had recently heard, speaks of it in the terms of his profession as follows:—

"I went to church yesterday and witnessed a series of operations that filled me with dismay. The minister began by seizing a text as a base of operations. I observed that the base was not secure, but this made less difference, as he was evidently prepared to change his base if the exigencies of the engagement demanded it.

His first mistake was one of over caution. In order to defend himself from any attack from the Higher Critics, he had strengthened his front by barbed wire entanglements in the way of exegesis.

"This was an error of judgement, as

the Higher Critics were not on the field at least in sufficient force to take the offensive. The entanglements intended to keep a hypothetical foe from getting at him prevented him from getting at once at the real enemy. He thus lost the psychological moment for attack.

When he was endeavoring to extricate himself from his own defenses I trembled for the issue of the affair. Having finally emerged into the open, he was apparently prepared for vigorous operations. I watched intently for the development of his plan. I was bewildered by the rapidity of his evolutions. With a sudden access of courage he would make a wild charge against an ancient line of breast-works which had long been evacuated. Then he would sweep across the whole field of thought, under cover of his artillery, which was evidently not furnished with accurate range finders. The next minute he would be engaged in a frontal attack on the entrenched position of Modern Science. Just as his forces approached the critical point, he halted and retreated to his textual base. Reforming his scattered forces, he would sally forth in a new directing.

"At first I attributed to him a masterly strategy in so long concealing his true object. He was, I thought, only reconnoitering in force before calling up his reserves and delivering a decisive blow at an unexpected point.

"At last the suspicion came that he had no objective, and that he didn't even know that he should have one. He had never pondered the text about the futility of fighting as 'one that beateth the air.'

"As we came away a parishioner remarked, 'That was a fine effort this morning.' " 'An effort at what?' I inquired."—Sel.

Concerning the Church.

As Christians we do well to give the church the highest place in our affectionate regard. The church stands for something in the community. It stands for the highest things of God, and it stands for the highest good of man. Paul speaks of the church as the medium or channel through the manifold wisdom of God is made known to the world. He speaks of it as the household of faith. He speaks of it as the pillar and ground of the truth. He speaks of it as the bride of Christ. He bankrupts rhetoric in the use of similes and symbols to figure forth the power and splendor of the church that culminates as the church of the first born who are enrolled in Heaven.

No organization can come within as tronomical distance of the church in beneficent service to society. There is no organization that believes so intelligently in the Fatherhood of God, and so practically in the brotherhood of man, as the church of Christ.

The church plants itself on the oneness of humanity the world over. It overrides all racial differences, ignores all social differences and binds in one divine fraternity all people that on earth do dwell. It refuses to call any man, or any race of men, unworthy the redeeming grace of the gospel of God. At its communion table all differences of class, clime, color, creed vanish, and mankind meet on their broad basis that all are equal in their need, and equal in access to the impartial grace of God's salvation.

There is no organization on the face of the earth, there never has been any, that gives such practical expression to the oneness and divine of humanity as the church of Christ. It sends its ministers and missionaries to the darkest corners of creation and bids them bend in loving service to the mental and moral enlightenment of all classes and conditions of men.

To establish a church in a community, is like planting an oasis of palms in an arid desert; it is to erect a life-saving station on some dangerous coast; it is to turn an irrigating stream into a dry and thirsty land, it is to bring the saving health of God to the sin-sick children of earth.

The best love and service we can render our fellowmen is to help make the church a centre of all that will illumine and elevate and gladden the lives of men, woman and children. The best investment a man can make of his life and money and energy is to invest it in the church that Jesus loved and gave Himself that He might make it a glorious church, beautiful as a bride adorned for her husband.

He who helps to strengthen his own local church thereby helps to strengthen the church of Christ throughout the world. Next to the honor of having one's name written in the Lamb's Book of Life above, is the honor of having it written in the church of God on earth. The culminating blessedness of salvation is to be enrolled as a member of the church of the First-born written in Heaven.—"The Congregationalist."