

Correspondence

St. John, N. B.
May 10th, 1911.

A VISION OF HEAVEN.

LOOKS BY L. MILTON WILLIAMS.

AND THEY SHALL SEE HIS FACE
AND HIS NAME SHALL BE IN
THEIR FOREHEADS.

Rev. 22:4.

I have read a Bible story, of a city far away,
In a land of wealth and splendor,
where no night excludes the day;
Where the air is ever fragrant, with
the breath of summer flowers,
And the birds are singing sweetly in
their shady leafy bowers.
Where no storm-clouds ever gather,
and no death can enter there,
For within that land of splendor, all
is peaceful bright and fair;
And I think of all the glories of that
quiet resting place,
But the joy my heart holds dearest, is,
"I'll see my Saviour's face."
I have read of many mansions, built
by hands "unseen Divine,"
For the chosen ones of Jesus, when
they in His Kingdom shine;
Of the bright and crystal fountains,
where the living waters flow,
And the trees of Heavenly Manna, in
the breezes bending low;
And they say that white-robed angels,
chanting praises to their King,
As they tread the shining pavement,
make the Heavenly Arches ring.
Oh how glorious seems the prospect of
a home so free from care,
But the joy my heart holds dearest, is,
"I'll see my Saviour there."

Oft I've listened to the story, how the
half has ne'er been told,
Of that land with walls of jasper,
gates of pearl and streets of gold;
From the Blood-washed throng are
gathering one by one from every land
And receiving crowns of glory from
their Father's loving hand.
Yes, they talk to me of Heaven, as a
home beyond the sky;
And they speak of all its glories we
shall witness when we die;
Of the many scenes of beauty we shall
find in that dear place;
But to me 'twill be far sweeter, just
to see my Saviour's face.

Just to feel those arms entwine me,
and to lean upon His breast,
When I hear His gentle whisper: "Wel-
come child to endless rest."
Just to know that "Faith" forever,
has been lost in blissful sight,
And no longer I must wander where
dim shadows veil the light.
Do you wonder that my spirit often
longs to soar away,
And be always with my Saviour in
those realms of endless day?
You may talk of birds and flowers,
gates of pearl and jewels rare,
But to me 'twill be far sweeter, just
to see my Saviour there.
Only just a few more shadows, and
that "Blessed Day" will dawn,
Only just a few more burdens, and the
crown of life be won,
Only just a few more valleys where
the thorns lie hidden deep;
Only just a few more journeys up the
rugged hills so steep;
Then will break that "glorious morn-
ing," and my soul will take its flight
Through the gates into the city, clad
in robes of stainless white,
I shall enter with my Saviour, while I
praise Him for His grace,
And throughout "Eternal Ages" shall
behold Him face to face.

LALIA WETMORE.

JUNE QUARTERLY MEETING.

At the quarterly meeting of District
No. 1, held at Woodstock in March
last, it was planned to hold a tent
meeting at Geary. I have consulted
the friends at Geary and they are will-
ing to do all they can for the success
of the meeting. We will arrange to
hold the meeting during the last week
in June, including Sunday, June 25th.
The brethren will please make a note
of this date so that a large number of
ministers and delegates will be present.
Pray that it may be a time of special
victory.

S. A. BAKER,

Dear Highway:—

A series of revival meetings have been held at River de Chute, in the town of Easton, Me., which I believe will be memorable throughout Eternity.

Brother Percy J. Trafton opened on Thursday evening, April 6, and in the all-conquering name of Jesus, with much prayer, faith and courage, pushed the battle every night, with the exception of one Saturday evening, and through three successive Sundays the good work went on with increasing interest. Three services were held each Lord's Day. Though on account of the mud the roads were a little unfavorable, yet the Lord did give beautiful weather. The attendance was good. There were some heavenly sittings together in Christ Jesus. In these meetings the gospel came not in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance." With reference to those saved and sanctified we cannot speak definitely as to numbers. Such records are unerringly registered in the annals of Heaven. There is, we feel, a growing tendency in these days to send in glowing, if not greatly exaggerated, reports, as to the number saved or sanctified. God deliver His people from this thing! But if the Servant of God, either as Pastor or Evangelist, in his preaching and exhortations, keeps back nothing that is profitable, shuns not to declare the whole counsel of God, and can say with Paul "I am pure from the Blood of all men, let him, like Philip of old, go on his way rejoicing, not in numbers, not in denomination, nor in denominational prestige, neither in popularity, but, bless God, rejoicing in that he has done his whole duty, and, like Caleb of old, has "wholly followed the Lord." It will not be said in the Great Day, "Well done, thou eloquent and popular preacher," or "Well done, thou highly successful evangelist," but simply "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"

We believe God sent His servant, our dear Brother Trafton, to this place at the right time, and gave and honored the message each night unto the salvation of precious souls. We believe Holy Ghost conviction was wrought on many poor sinners who yet rejected Jesus Christ, to the hardening of their own hearts, and possibly unto the sin against the Holy Ghost, and His departure from them forever, through the wilful resistance of their last call. If such should be the case, how sad, how awful! Yet we "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory for those who did obey God and who we trust are going on with Him to-day." To God be all the glory!

Through Bro. Trafton's preaching many were made glad, some sad, and a few mad. Some threw away their tobacco and got right with God, others it is feared, held on their tobacco and stayed right with the devil.

Brother Trafton is a fearless preacher against all sin. He preaches to the sinner, that, except he repent, there is an eternal hell awaiting him, and to the believer he preaches Holiness or Hell.

The last two meetings were held till nearly midnight. We believe there was joy in Heaven over sinners who repented. Backsliders returned to Father's house. Children participated in the blessings of God. The meeting closed on Monday evening, April 24, with a shout of victory.

Bro. Trafton went to his home in Woodstock, N. B., returning the following Sunday, April 30, on which day he baptized five converts. We believe there are others waiting to follow the Lord in this ordinance.

Yours truly,

L. G. HAMILTON.

Dear Bro Archer:—

Greetings in our dear Saviour's name.—I am indeed glad to be able through His grace to send good news from the Battle Front. God enables me still to abide in the land of rest, and enjoy the second blessing experienced as a second work of grace. In our special meetings two of our sisters in the church were able by faith and obedience to come clear out into Canaan. Others were refreshed, while many lingered and thus failed to receive from God. We enjoy the Highway much, and are glad for your success with it. You will find enclosed my offering towards missionary box.

Your Brother in Jesus Christ,
ROBSON GIBBS.

CLEAN LIPPED LOVERS.

In the lonely little city of Whittier, California, now fragrant with its wealth of orange blossoms, a movement has just been launched that we hope is destined to sweep the country, for it would mean much for the improvement of the health, culture and morals of future generations as well as the present. It is a practical effort to sweep out of those orange orchards, and out of our whole land, that very unsavory thing tobacco, so that even on the streets of our cities it will be possible to enjoy a breath of pure air, and to do this by pledging the young women to require their lovers to present mouths unpolluted by the poisonous weed, else look for mates who are on their own low plane.

Prof. G. W. Savory, who proposed the endless chain method, disclaims credit as its originator, declaring it to be an inspiration from their patron saint, the poet Whittier—now one of that "great cloud of witnesses" by whom "we are compassed about"—who in his charge to the city that bears his honored name, says of that name:

"No child have I to bear it on;
Be thou its keeper; let it take
From gifts well used and duty done
New beauty for thy sake."

Following a lecture on "The Larger Motherhood," before the "Homemaker's Association," the pledge which follows was taken in packages of 100 each to be sent out to friends for signing, and later the plan was presented in the churches, several thousand pledges being eagerly welcomed. The wish is that many in all sections of the country may be interested to send a dime (silver) for 25 copies of this simple but practical pledge, furnished at cost, allowing a trifle for expense of correspondence, and that other periodicals favorable to this "new American tooth-brush" will please copy this article, and push along a good thing. "Be thou the first true merit to defend His praise is lost who waits till all befriend."

Whittier Memorial Pledge.
"The fair ideals that outran
My halting footsteps, seek and find
The flawless symmetry of man,
The poise of heart and mind."
—Whittier.

I pledge posterity and our Maker to accept as intimate companion no young man who uses tobacco in any form or alcoholic beverages or unmanly language. And I pledge my example and influence against such degrading habits—securing signatures to this pledge from young women and young men personally and by mail.

Name

Date

Twenty-five for 10c silver from "The Order of the Orange Blossom," Claremont, Cal.

The Whittier Woman's Christian Temperance Union adopted the following resolution with much enthusiasm: Resolved, That we as a W. C. T. U. most cordially endorse the "Whittier Memorial Pledge," believing it to be a blow not merely at the foul tobacco habit, but as many evils allied with

Dear Mother:—

It is Sunday and as I have not written to you since I came up here, I will try to do so now. I expect you think I might have written before, but you will forgive me for my neglect. I suppose you heard that I have been very sick.

I never used to think much about Heaven or hell. I always thought that when we died we were put in the ground and that was the last of us. Mother, you were right; there is a hell and a heaven, and I shall never again say there is not. I have seen for myself, and they who preach there is no "bad place" are doing wrong. They never can be working for the Lord, or they would be preaching something different from that. I know now what is right. I expect you will think that there is a big change in me. Mother dear, if you could go to heaven, and come back the way I did, you would know what is right for us to do. Tell the boys they want to live a good life, so they can go to heaven. I have been a wicked girl in my life; but I know now what is right and hope I shall always be found working for Him who has brought about the change in my life. I really believe he sent me back to tell others. I am going to tell you what I saw. I expect you will imagine me crazy, but I am not. I am as well today and my mind is as clear as any time in my life. I feel that it is my duty to tell you.

Thursday evening I was lying on the couch and they tell me I had a fit or something. Mrs. Ellis and Dr. Welsh were near me; the Lord came and took me in his arms to heaven. He did not have far to take, for it seemed only a little way. No one saw him but myself. We were only what seemed a second going. The road we went was straight and narrow. I saw many people going to the bad place, the road they went on was wide, they were crying as they went; and it seemed too late for them to repent. I saw them no more after I got to heaven.

I was given a white horse and had to make a bridle for it out of gold. There were many white horses there. I saw lots of old ladies, in heaven and Ernest's father and mother sitting in gold chairs, and brother Harvey was there. You know mother he was talking to some one before he died. His spirit did not die but went straight to heaven, so I suppose he was talking to the Lord, or one of His angels, which had been sent for him. He is much happier there than he was here, and would not come back for anything. Their only work is to bring those for whom they have been sent. Heaven is a very large place, with walls and streets of gold. There is no top; it never rains, and they have no night there. They are so happy they never think of eating or drinking, but sing all the time. Perhaps you will think I had a dream but I did not; I was in heaven as truly as I am on earth today. The Lord sent me back to get right and bring Ernest. I saw him out on the water in his bunk. I asked the Lord to let him come to heaven and he told me I could come back and get him. Ernest was home Friday night to see me, and I told him everything; and that he must give up chewing and smoking and get right or else he could not go. He says he is going to give up everything bad and live a good life.

Dear Mother; the Lord said you and father could come if you were good, but father will have to give up chewing tobacco for there is nothing like it. And we urge young women everywhere to sign and circulate this pledge as a means of standing together to demand true nobility and purity, health of body and mind, in the future fathers of our nation.

A good thing for this pledge to be adopted by Canada's young women.—Ed.

WHERE ART THOU? or Spiritual Earthquakes for Saints and Sinners. This is his first book. It begins with Adam in the Garden; his fall from purity and holiness; and the result of that fall upon the human race; the steps man must take in order to get right with God. This book contains some of Bro. Williams' best sermons. Hundreds have been led to God; in one instance an entire family of ten persons, through the reading of this book.

Handsomely bound; large print; 320 pages; \$1.00 postpaid.

JACOB, the HEEL-GRASPER. This book is unique, in a class by itself; it handles subjects not often dealt with in public. In the introduction, A M Hills says: "This book will spoil a good many elaborate, highly-wrought, eloquent sermons of which their authors were proud; and it will send them to the waste-basket." That prophecy has proven true. It lays the life of Jacob bare, and raises the standard of regeneration to where the Bible places it. HE THAT IS BORN OF GOD DOTH NOT COMMIT SIN. It is packed full of vivid illustrations; abounds in unanswerable argument, startling facts and exposures of the damning, fashionable sins of today. Dare you read it? Cloth cover, splendid type, 347 pages, \$1.00 postpaid.

WAR OF THE AGES.

This has been pronounced his masterpiece. In the introduction Dr. C. J. Fowler says, "The preaching of this man keeps people awake, ** and if we mistake not, this book will do the same." It deals with such subjects as,

FIRST PART:
The Origin of Sin.
Who made the Devil? and Where did he come from?
Why was this planet created? For what purpose?

What was the supreme purpose in Christ's coming to Earth?
First and Second Chapters of Genesis explained.

The Infidel and Critic Answered.
SECOND PART:
The destruction of Sin, or Saved or Lost.

Saved or Lost, or Provisional Sanctification.
Saved or Lost, or Partial Sanctification.
Saved or Lost, or Personal Sanctification.
Saved or Lost, or Righteous Indignation vs. Anger.
What Sanctification is NOT.
How to Obtain Sanctification.

THIRD PART:
A Soldier of Jesus Christ.
After the war is over.
This book answers a number of perplexing questions and throws much light on the scriptures. Beautifully bound. 336 pages—\$1.00 postpaid.

MARRIED.
At Woodstock, N. B., on May 10th, by Rev. H. C. Archer, Warren B. Gallupe and Olive A. Chase, both of New Limerick, Me.

that in heaven. If he could only know what heaven is like he would not think that much to do. I have made it as clear as I can in this letter which I want you to read to him; I have written it for you all to read, and I feel that I have done my duty. Mother talk to the boys and Sadie and tell them right from wrong.

Your loving daughter,
EVA.

Note: The above is true, as I have the facts. This woman stoutly affirmed after seeing the vision that she was only going to live a short time. She got right with God and about two months after took diphtheria and died.

P. J. TRAFTON.