

Correspondence

S. S. KWARRA, ONE DAY FROM
CAPE TOWN.

Jan. 27th, 1912.

Dear Highway;—

Thirty-two days from Sydney brings us to Cape Town, and Durban is about twelve days distant as we have items of cargo for Port Elizabeth and East London. But the largest item for Cape Town is the mules. And now there will be no more daily visits for the children to our zoo. But they will not mind this so much as all along the eastern coast we will have the land in sight.

A sunset at sea has the added charm that water always lends. Not every evening, but once or twice a week, the cloud effect has been just right to make the scene more beautiful than words can describe. "What must Heaven be?" Is the question that has forced itself upon me over and over as I have stood watching the ever changing colors. For surely the glories of Heaven will exceed anything earth has to offer.

Then too, the clouds, without which the sun set would be very tame, remind one of the trials of life, which, if received in the right spirit, "work out for us an exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Like Jacob, we are apt to say, "All these things are against me." When in reality God is simply working out His plan for our good.

I wish you could be with us during our Sunday evening services, on deck when the weather permits and in the saloon at other times. Then, too, we frequently visit the fore-castle and have a chat with the sailors. My heart has rejoiced in telling them of a Saviour, mighty to save and keep under any and all circumstances.

Tonight one of the children expressed the desire that the voyage might be twice as long. Every day has brought its charms. There has been no end of interest in watching the waves. The two nights we were near the Cape Verde Islands the water seemed charged with electric light. I have seen a similar sight in the waters of the Bay of Fundy but much interior to this. The mysterious light shows only where the water is disturbed and is seen best in the darkest nights. At the time in question there was no moon but a strong breeze that covered the ocean with white caps which radiated the beautiful blueish white light. It seemed that we might be in the midst of an illuminated city. And yet the S. S. plunging along appeared to be plowing through billows of liquid fire. We watched this weird glory until 12 o'clock the first night and the second, caught some of this "phosphorus" or "phosphorescent" water in the regulation canvas bucket. But its power to shine was short lived when imprisoned. In one brief hour it refused to sparkle when shaken in a dark place. Whether the above mentioned phenomenon is due to the condition of the water or the atmosphere or of both I have never learned, but some say the so called "phosphorescence" is more common near volcanic islands, and yet the wind and weather must be just right or it does not appear.

The children never grew weary watching the flying fish. These little creatures go in schools and when alarmed come out of the water and actually make their wings go, though they lose their head way at thirty or sixty yards and fall into the water or, just as often, simply allow their tails to touch when, by a rapid sculling motion, they take a new start for another thirty yards.

We have much to be thankful for in having no disagreeable weather thus far—all has been quite ideal.

We hope to send another letter before reaching Durban.

Yours in Jesus,
H. C. SANDERS.Paulpietersburg,
Natal, S. A.
Jan. 1912.

Dear Boys and Girls:—

A few days ago Lidia and I started about 8.30 a. m. kraal visiting. The sun was intensely warm, what we might call hot indeed. Our first visit was at a large kraal where we found a woman totally blind from cataracts. She is so anxious to believe, also two girls at her home. Another small girl also wants to believe, but her father will not allow her to become a Christian. We had a service there had quite a congregation. One young man cannot talk at all, can only make signs with his hands, yet he told us he wants to believe.

After lunch we went on farther where we found two girls, sisters, sick. A short time ago their hearts were so hard they didn't even want to talk about salvation, but now they both want to service there, then on to the home of believe. Praise the Lord. Had another two of our girls. Ida and Lidia had a short visit with them. After prayers we made our way towards home, calling on an old member who has back-slidden, tried to encourage her to return to the Lord, had prayers outside of her hut for it was so small, and warm inside. We could at least get good air outside. Another woman at this kraal told us very emphatically she did not want to believe.

We arrived home about 5 p. m. tired and thirsty, but oh so glad for the opportunities we had had. Today five of these new seekers, including the boy unable to talk, came to meeting. They were all at the altar, two of them prayed.

We want you all to help us pray that they will very soon get out in the light and liberty of Christ.

How thankful you should be for Christian homes and influence. These dear girls and boys know so little about God, and many who want to believe are whipped and forbidden even to go to a service. It just makes our hearts ache for them. We can only pray that the Holy Spirit will work upon these hardened hearts, until they will at least allow their children to believe. We can hope more for the children and young people than for the older ones.

Trust this will find you all well and trusting the Lord. With love.

Your old friend,
IDA M. KIERSTED.Seal Cove, N. B.
March 9th, 1912.

Dear Highway:—

I feel it my duty to report the work of the Lord in this field of labor.

We began special services here the first day of Feb., with Bro. P. J. Trafton, our evangelist to assist, who has proved himself to be a very able and efficient worker. He preached every evening for about two weeks without any signs of yielding on the part of the unsaved, but we stood by the evangelist, and God rewarded the united labor, both of the past as well as present, and one Monday evening after nearly three weeks of hard work the cloud burst, and nearly fifteen young men and women came to the altar, and since then numbers have flocked to the altar every evening seeking pardon or purity, until about fifty have been either restored, pardoned or sanctified. Last Sabbath was a Pentecostal day for us. After a very powerful sermon, by the evangelist we repaired to the calm beautiful shores of the Bay of Fundy, and thirteen happy converts were buried with Christ in baptism, and after a whole day of victory thirteen received the hand of fellowship into the church. Five more were received for baptism last evening and we expect some others will yet follow, as we purpose continuing the meetings longer at Wood Island.

The doctrine and experience of instantaneous and entire sanctification

as a second definite work was made clear, and as a result some eight of ten of our leading members who had never claimed the "blessing" received it, as well as some members of the United Baptist Church; to God be all the glory.

Beside this the hearts of the church and pastor were very much cheered and strengthened, as you may suppose, after months of prayer and tears by a band of as faithful Christians as I ever saw. The superintendent and teachers of the Sabbath School are rejoicing to see the young men and women of their classes coming to Jesus.

Wednesday evening a most beautiful scene was witnessed, one young man while I was speaking sprang to his feet and said I am a great sinner and I want your prayers, he afterwards came to the altar and Bro. Trafton asked all his saved companions to come forward and kneel with him and twelve, all in the bloom of youth and manhood came and knelt with him, and prayed for him, and he went from the altar rejoicing in his new found Saviour. I feel to say with Simeon of old. Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Glory to God.

J. H. COY

Seal Cove, Grand Manan,
March 5th, 1912.

Dear Highway:—

Your readers may be wondering by this time what has become of the writer, as I have not reported for two issues of the paper. I have been with Rev. J. H. Coy at Seal Cove, Grand Manan, since the last day of January.

Many times I fear that we do not hold on long enough. We hold a few meetings and if things seem hard and the people do not move we give up. I came here not feeling very jubilant, as I was here about one year ago and it seemed to me very little was done, but the seed has to be sown, and that which springs up the quickest, does not always bring forth fruit; apparent results are not always to be relied on. We have had a hard battle, but the Lord, who is on our side, has given us the victory; "Praise His Name." For the first two weeks and more it was a continual bombardment of the enemies stronghold, with no visible signs of weakening. The third Sunday evening there was a slight breaking away, and on the next evening sixteen came to the altar. The work has been going on steadily ever since. Nearly fifty have knelt at the altar a large number of them testifying to being either reclaimed or pardoned; several have claimed their inheritance among them that are sanctified. Some who have been members of the church for years have just entered the Cannan experience.

Sunday, March 3rd, was a grand day. Bro. Coy at the close of the morning service baptised thirteen happy converts, and at the close of the evening service received thirteen into church membership. We believe the end is not yet. I may not get away from the island before April 1st. I am receiving more calls than I can fill. Pray ye the Lord of the Harvest, that he may send forth more labourers into the harvest. Pray for the work and your humble servant. I am glad for the blessing of entire sanctification. The Comforter abides. Keep on praying.

Yours in the work,
P. TRAFTON.Millisocket, Me.,
Feb. 24th, 1912.

Dear Highway:—

I thought I would write a few lines to let you know that I am still in the "Highway of Holiness," and am having a good time in my soul, bless God for ever.

My only boast is in Jesus Christ. I have found Him able to save to the uttermost and to keep imperfect peace. The desire of my heart; more of His

love. The one central thought and purpose of my life is to proclaim salvation full and free, for all men, from all sin, by simple faith in the blood of Jesus Christ. I am so glad that I have found a salvation that don't dry up in summer or freeze up in winter; but is evergreen, bless God. When everything goes against me in this old world, I have a Friend who stands by me. I know what I am writing about for I have gone through some trials. I have tested and tried God's promises and know they are true. I am so glad I ever heard about the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and Bro. S. A. Baker made it so plain that I saw my need of it and consecrated my life and all to God, and received this great blessing in my soul. I have it today, bless God. We still have our cottage prayer meetings every Thursday evening at Mrs. Geo. Jones, and the Lord meets with us and blesses us. May the Lord bless all who read these lines and remember us in your prayers. I want to make a request of all, that you will offer special prayer for Mrs. Craig. She has been afflicted for six weeks with rheumatism. I believe much in prayer.

I remain,
Yours in the Faith,
A. B. CRAIG.Calais, Me.,
Feb. 27th, 1912.

Dear Highway:—

A few lines from this part of the field to let you know that we are in the battle for God and souls. He says: "Fear not little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

On December last we were left without a pastor and it seemed as though the church would be closed. Praise the dear Lord there were a few of us who held on to God and He heard and answered our prayers by sending us Brother Tanner. He is with us every two weeks and will continue until Alliance. We have weekly cottage meetings, and the Lord is blessing us. It is not the strength of man but the strength of God that does the work. It is best to trust Him, and let Him fight our battles for us. If we only do what He gives us to do, however small it may be, we will receive our reward. How much we all need to learn of Him, His power, grace and love. How feeble is our faith and how imperfect our knowledge. I am seeking to know Him better, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of His suffering.

Yours, saved and kept,
MRS. H. ALLEN.Green Bush,
York Co., N. B.
March 13th, 1912.

Dear Highway:—

Perhaps a few words from this part of the field would not be amiss, for it is through such means we hear from different places of labor which we appreciate so much.

It was quite late in the fall when work was begun at the different points, but the Lord has given us good services, honored by his presence and we believe that good has been done. We are looking ahead to special work at the different churches which we expect to have as soon as circumstances will permit.

Personally I feel to thank God for his wonderful salvation, which I prize so much these days, for to me it is better than all the world can afford. Praise the Lord for the privilege of being "new creatures in Christ Jesus" and "sons and daughters of God Almighty."

Praise his hallowed name forever and ever.

Beloved, remember us in prayer.

Yours in His service,
L. T. S.

"Seeing no harm in things that are harmful ought to set us thinking."

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Frances Marion Polleamus died on Feb. 14th, at 1 p. m., at the residence of her parents, Mr and Mrs. W. S. Lockwood, 958 24th Ave. N. E. She had been a resident of northeast since 1883.

In 1904 she removed to St. Paul and made her home with her daughter, Mrs. Maebelle H. Fairchild, going with her to Montana in 1910. She returned to the home of her parents in 1911, and has been there since. She was born in Woodstock, N. B., Canada, and came to this city with her parents when a child.

She has been a great sufferer with heart disease for the last 20 years and had many attacks when it appeared as if she could not recover. She was taken with her last illness on Thanksgiving day last and since that time had been critically ill.

The funeral services were held at the residence of her parents on Feb. 17th at 2 p. m., and were conducted by the Rev. E. C. Horn, pastor of Trinity M. E. church. The interment was at Lakewood. The floral offerings were of an unusual display and attested the affection in which she was held by her many friends.

She is survived by her daughter, Mrs. Maebelle H. Fairchild and three grand children, her parents. Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Lockwood, a sister, Mrs. E. O. Cosman, a brother, Dr. S. O. Lockwood, all of this city.—St. Paul's Paper.

Died at San Antonio, Texas, on Feb. 14th, 1912, of pneumonia, Mable E. Shaw, aged one year and nine months, infant daughter of George M. and May Shaw.

Died at Lower Hainesville, Mrs. Fred Jewett, March 1st, 1912, of cancer, in the 86th year of her age. She leaves behind two daughters, and a grandson with whom she has resided the latter years of her life.

Sister Jewett was a charter member of the Reformed Baptist Church at Lower Hainesville and was a faithful Christian all her life. Funeral service was attended by Rev. E. W. Lester.

The death of Rev. Joseph Noble took place at Houlton, Me., on Feb. 12th, age 65 years. The deceased had been in failing health for some time, but was able to get around some when suddenly the summons came for him to go. He was born at Brighton, Car Co. N. B., on April 30th, 1847. He was converted when quite young, but did not enter the ministry until he was 35 years of age.

He spent some time in Michigan and New Brunswick, but his work was principally in the State of Maine, being stationed at Bridgewater, Crystal, New Limerick, Littleton and Mt. Chase. During the last five years he has resided at Houlton, Me. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. F. C. Hartley pastor of the Free Baptist church where the deceased attended, assisted by Revd's Miller, Wheeler and Richardson. He left a wife to mourn her loss.

The death occurred on March 14th, of Mildred, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Shaw, of Lower Wakefield, Car Co, N B, age 7 weeks. The funeral service at the house was conducted by Rev. H. C. Archer, burial taking place at Middle Simonds. "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Beloved, God never said look ahead, God said look up; God never said look around. He never said look down. He only said, look into the face of the living God.—H. W. Webb Peck.

"Let us then rejoice in mercy, and faint not though God's hand may seem heavy upon you."