

Mrs Loren Wilson  
Lubec Maine  
Washington County

H. H. Cosman, preacher  
Beals Me

THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

Correspondence

Paulpietersburg, Natal,  
July 10th, 1912.

Dear Friends;—

I purpose giving you a brief history of each of our Native helpers, and regular reports from them all. uSolomona Kumalo came to us from the American Baptists in August, 1908, shortly after we went home to Canada on furlough. Seven others joined with him, while four more were nearly ready for baptism and entered our church the next year.

From that time on he has been a regularly paid teacher and preacher, but probably confined his efforts too much to his home church, as only two have since been taken in from his field. Last year, however, he began preaching in a second place where there may be some fruit. And just the last month a third preaching place has been added to his work. So we are hoping that the future will bring more visible results from his work.

As a Native he is above the average in intelligence, and seems to specialize in remembering dates. Nine years ago at the age of about seventeen, he sought the Lord and was baptized though he did not learn to read for two years later. When asked what led him to repentance he replied, "continual sickness." His parents are common heathens, and he gives no interesting items of personal history.

Not being as fortunate as our Aaron (in having his father buy a wife for him) he had to pioneer for himself. The Lord helped him he says so now he has a wife. She was a member of a church in Swaziland cared for by a Native pastor. This black shepherd gave out that if any young men wished to propose to the maidens of his flock they were to do so through him. Accordingly Solomon, after visiting this church, and having been smitten, proceeded to write two letters from his home. One to the girl which brought to reply. The other was to the Native pastor, Timothy, who true to his trust, interceded so successfully that the damsel said, "all right." The next move then in order was the engagement, when the couple stood before Timothy, in the presence of the assembled church and vowed to be true to each other and to the commands of God and the church. This, by the way, is a custom among Christian Natives which takes the place of the heathen betrothal, an occasion of much importance and ado, little less than a wedding.

This was in Nov., 1907, while the marriage took place Feb., 1911. And here again Solomon says the Lord helped him. It was on this wise; he had only four cows to pay, while the Native custom calls for eleven, and cash down. The father-in-law "softened and consented" to sell on part trust. So now the happy couple, with a five month old heir live in their square built stone house with thatch roof and mud floor. No smoke here as their cooking is done in a separate native built hut.

This winter Soloman has been able to collect five scholars whom he is teaching to read Zulu, and later, New Testament. This five days in the week, with his three preaching places keeps him busy, and looks like we should see good results. It just occurs to me that you may remember that his field is North from Balmoral, across the Pongolo River. This present time of year is the best for our work, while the Natives are not planting, weeding, watching the gardens from the birds or reaping. The Native school at Balmoral is in full swing with day and boarding pupils. Faith gives the daily Bible lesson while Paul teaches English to the few who aspire to learn. The Sunday services are especially well attended, and classes are all that could be expected. Four Native men are

at work making repairs and improvements, and on the whole the mission station is a very busy place. Wood for fuel, goat manure and ashes for fertilizer are continually coming in on the heads of Natives. One little boy today brought his ashes in a native basket with only loose grass placed as substitute for the missing bottom. He had turned almost white except his eyes by the time he reached here, of course he had no coat or pants and the white ashes had sifted down and adhered to all his body until it appeared that he was changing color from mingling with us white folks.

Last Sunday we had a visit from Michael—not the angel, but a native girl, who lives north from us about thirty five miles. She has visited us several times, always making this a lodging when on her way to and from her school. Five years she has spent in the school for Native girls at Inanda, near Dorban, trying to qualify as teacher. She now speaks English quite well and hopes to receive a certificate in one year more. One to hear her talking and not see her would think her reading. To meet such a girl is an inspiration. Descended from heathen parents and yet possessed with such an ambition—she is one in hundreds who is willing to work her way up amid obstacles. She is, however, a sample of the few among the Zulus who are becoming lights and leaders of their people.

Yours in Him  
H. C. SANDERS.

Hartland, N. B.  
Aug. 27th, 1912.

Dear Highway:—

Praise God for full salvation. There is deliverance from our inward foe, "Thank God."

It is good to be in the will of God; I believe he has led me to this place, to take up my pastoral care of the churches on this circuit, and I do trust that he will make me a blessing. I am finding Jesus precious to my soul. I am determined to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and that my speech and preaching will not be with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the spirit, and of power; that their faith shall not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God.

Bro. Dow my predecessor was a true and faithful shepherd, and held in high esteem. Our prayers go with him to his new field of labour. Truly God is good to Israel, even to such as are of a clean heart Ps. 73-1.

Bro. Miles and myself begin a campaign at Millinocket on Aug. 29th. to Sept. 8th. Will the saints pray earnestly for this meeting.

My testimony is that the blood of Jesus cleanses my heart from all sin, and the precious holy spirit abides. Keep on praying.

Yours in Him,  
P. J. TRAFTON.

Beals, Maine,  
Aug. 23rd, 1912.

Dear Highway:

Just a line to let your readers know we are well, and still in the fight for the right. This is the time of our Q. M., but the fog was thick all day yesterday and it is raining hard today, so the prospects are that we won't have many from a distance but we are having our meetings all the same. Last night we had a good gathering and the Lord was with us. We will have meeting to-night and Saturday and over Sunday. We look for some from nearby. I wish the church in Jonesport had a pastor. It does seem that the Lord ought to put it in the heart of some brother to come this way, and care for those people as they need a pastor. I have given them some care since Alliance but find the extra work too much for me, so I have had to give it up. It is all I can do to attend the church here, and the different parts of the

work.

The Lord is blessing us and we trust Him for greater blessings.

Yours in Jesus,  
H. H. COSMAN.

Beals, Maine,  
Aug. 26th, 1912.

Dear Highway:—

We have just closed one of our most interesting Quarterly Meetings. The Lord was with us from the start. We were sorry not to have the churches represented outside of this place as they always have been; but we felt it best to go on with our meeting as they had been advertised.

On Thursday Rev. H. H. Cosman preached from Phil 3-10, subject; Fellowship of His Sufferings.

Friday—Elder Erkson, (Advent) preached from Numbers 10-25 Subject, Journeyings of the Christian to the Promise Land.

Saturday—H. H. Cosman preached from I Peter 2-29; Subject, The Holy Nation.

Sunday—2 p. m. Bro. Cosman preached from Judges 6-14. The Lord put His seal upon this service and many of the saints were led to rejoice.

At 7 p. m. Elder Erkson preached from I Peter 1 chapter and 25 verse. Subject; The inspiration of the Bible. This was a very able sermon. The Lord helped the preacher and many were very much impressed.

All of these services were well attended and on Sunday night the church was packed to the door. All of the other churches on the Island closed and came to the Q. M. There were no delegates present outside of Jonesport, and as Bro. McMillan of Calais, failed to send the Sec'y's book we did not have any business meeting.

We heard many say that this was one of our best Quarterly Meeting's, yet they regretted the absence of the delegates from the churches of the Sec't. protem.

THE BOOK YOU WANT

A new book written by Rev. Fred Weiss of Shenandoah, Iowa, entitled, "From Bar Room To The Pulpit, and Mission Field of Africa," has just been put on the market. It is bound in cloth with Gold lettering, has 400 pages, 40 illustrations pictures mostly of life in Africa. The writer has been a missionary in Africa for a number of years. This book tells of his early life spent in sin, then his conversion in Chicago, his call to the work of the Master, his three trips to Africa, and work among the Zulus, and other missionary work. Sent Post Paid for \$1.12.

Address: REV. FRED WEISS,  
Shenandoah, Iowa.

QUARTERLY MEETING

The next Quarterly Meeting of District No 1 will convene with the church at Upper Hainesville, York Co., N. B. on Sept. 19th and continue over Sunday. Pastors in the district will please take notice. The churches will send delegates and written reports. As this meeting is held during the time of moonlight nights a good attendance is expected.

DR. J. E. JEWETT,  
Sec'y.

No circumstances, however unfavorable they may seem, can ever justly be given as an excuse for unfaithfulness. Rather should hostile surroundings be accepted as a blessed opportunity to prove to gainsayers God's power to deliver or sustain His obedient followers. He will eventually be glorified therefore."—Lazarene Messenger.

Fashionable religion is very much like the modern fashionable skirt, too short and too narrow to cover the deformities of a corrupt nature. A church member who dines after ball rooms and is profane may be satisfied he has the world fooled, but the world has no confidence in a religion that does not make a man sober and decent of speech.

INFLUENCE

There is a silent personal influence that accompanies us all. It goes out from everyone and leaves results and impressions wherever it touches. We cannot live and not touch some one. We must exert an influence either for good or ill. "For none of us liveth to himself."

We bless or curse by influence. Our influence depends upon our influence. If we are influenced by an indwelling Christ we will bless the world. But if we live for self and are full of meanness, narrowness, covetousness and lust, we will be a curse. If we sow to the flesh we will reap corruption not only in our own lives but in others. We may not be sensible of the influence we exert either for good or evil. A father smokes, drinks swears, or is a debauchee, so his sons. A mother is frivolous, worldly, hypocritical, so the children. Like begets like—the real, the real; the false, the false; the true, the true. Influence is powerful in its quiet working. It depends more upon what you are than what you say or do. Lives speak loudly. Your life tells even while you may be sleeping. The Christ life in you works out from you a lasting influence which is a benediction, an inspiration, a continuous blessing, and this blessing unwrought, gives forth an influence which goes on increasingly, with a multiplied force for good.

Little influence—seemingly small and of little consequence—are the noiseless threads being woven into the robe of life, and through us into the lives of others. Little self-denial, little acts of kindness, little words of love, little looks of affection, little deeds of mercy, little victories over temptations—these are the golden wool of the web of our lives which tell on other lives and scatter an influence that glorifies God.

Brother, sister, what is your influence? Have you the indwelling Holy Spirit? Is your life pure? Are you kind, loving, Christ-like? The judgment day will disclose it all. The blood of Christ can make us holy. Seek and find.—W.

"IF WE CONFESS OUR SINS."

The Bible says, "If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins!" But there is a right time to confess them, and a time when confession will not bring the promised results. God says, "Every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall confess," but with many the confession will not be followed by forgiveness, because the confession will come too late.

Criminals often confess their sins and crimes after conviction, or when they see the evidence is so strong against them that conviction will certainly follow the trial; but generally the confession avails them but little. The confession that counts with God, comes from a contrite heart, truly penitent for their wrong doings and anxious, not only to escape the consequences of crime, but also to escape from the wicked nature that prompted the crime. If many of the criminals were released they would continue in a life of crime. If the one who confesses to God has the same evil heart and intention, he will not be forgiven.

In the day when the people cry out for the rocks and mountains to fall upon them and hide them from God, confessions will be made, but the day of mercy will be passed. Now while you are free and mercy promised, is the time to confess and turn, taking advantage of proffered mercy. The judgment day will be too late. Now is the accepted time; behold, today is the day of salvation.—Sel.

Don't undertake to build a devotional life on the foundation of dishonesty.

Don't knock the man who is working overtime to do the work which you have thrown down.—Ram's Horn.

Lines written upon the death of a friend, Mr. Frederick Harding Hale, whose translation occurred at Fairview in the City of Vancouver, B. C., June 14th, 1912 A. D.

Dedicated to his bereaved wife by the author D. Rand Pierce.

Loosed is the silver cord, and broken now  
The golden bowl that held life's nectar sweet;  
An unseen hand has paled the noble brow,  
And stilled in death the warm hearts loving beat.

As summer's day, when all the earth is bright,  
And singing birds make redolent the air,  
Springs suddenly like sable steeds of night,  
Dark clouds that change to gloom the landscape fair.

So when life's sky was bright with hope and cheer,  
And future days of bliss seemed luring on,  
Fell suddenly death's fitful shadow drear  
And forced into eclipse life's earthly sun.

"How could it be?" the bleeding heart may ask;  
"Why should life's happiness be thus denied?"  
God had for him, perchance, some higher task,  
And yearned to draw thee closer to His side.

God's way is always best. Enough for thee  
To know that love enshrines His sternest will,  
As own'ed thou wept in Gethsemane,  
And drank the dreadful cup on Calvary's hill.

So brood not o'er the mystery that seems  
To shroud His providence from thy poor sight;  
Some day love's joy will far transcend thy dreams,  
Thy sky be never dimmed by cloud nor night.

No loss, no cross can come but what contains  
A hidden key to deepen things divine;  
For what seems ill to us, because it pains,  
Is love allowed, our spirits to refine.

For after all what are the woes of life we feel?  
The broken plans our prayers could not defer,  
If only Christ is ours to soothe and heal,  
And lives within our constant Comforter.

The loved one from thy side hath slipped away  
As petals sweet from some spent rose-bloom fall,  
But soon the morn will break of that glad day  
When dead and living, too, shall hear Christ call.

Again, where death shall ne'er be known, we'll meet  
Our loved ones and the saints of all the years,  
And with them cast our crowns at Jesus' feet  
While He forever wipes away all tears.

Then with brave hearts and firmer trust in God,  
Let us redeem the time—'twill not be long.

And, oh, how sweet to spend His name abroad,  
That others, too, may sing redemption's song.

Vesta Jones  
Emma Cook

Small town in Beals Island Me

Beals Me