

est by the orphan children, to whom we extend our deepest sympathy, but the denomination will feel deeply his absence and wise counsels. Personally the writer mourns him as an old friend, co-labourer and brother in Christ, having become acquainted with him in the autumn of 1874. He laboured faithfully to the end and died at his post. Now he rests. O sweet rest!

W. B. W.

OUR DEAD.

It is with sad heart that will fail to find expression in the few words that I shall at present pen concerning our departed brother G. W. Macdonald, that I now attempt to write, while confined to my bed where I have been for the past twelve days.

It was hard to be laid aside but the saddest thought of all, the saddest that has come into my experience during the past year is, that during these days that our brother departed and was laid away I was unable to be present to pay the last tributes of respect, and give the service of love that my heart so warmly felt.

I had the privilege of visiting our brother twice in his room after he came to the city. The last call I made was on Monday afternoon, Dec. 29th. He seemed cheerful and had strong hopes of recovery, and as we talked over matters of the Highway and the work in general, it seemed the old time zeal was fanning to a flame.

I can best express my feelings in these simple words, I loved him. When a few years ago I was undecided just what turn my life would take, I was very clearly led to associate myself with Bro. Macdonald in a series of meetings he was then conducting at Meductic. I spent six weeks with him there and after much counsel with him and earnest prayer and much of God's blessing on my efforts, I decided to devote my life to the work of the ministry feeling, God had clearly shown the way. I have always found Bro. Macdonald a willing and helpful counsellor.

As a preacher our brother was truly a man of gracious words. God certainly has owned his efforts and given many who will rise to call him blessed.

We have heard others, who perhaps had more light and flashing oratory, but few if any, who were sterner in rebuking sin or more gracious in warning, admonition and counsel from the pulpit.

I feel a personal loss. It was always a helpful pleasure for me to sit and listen to him whenever he chanced to be with us on Sabbath and prayer meeting nights. As a denomination we will miss him. In his death we have lost one of the strongest advocates of Bible holiness.

He will be missed, his seat will be vacant, the camp ground will seem lonely as we miss the familiar form.

God bless the sorrowing loved ones, especially would we pray for our brother George, as he labors with us. May God bless him richly and may the mantle of the father indeed rest on the son.

Rev. 14:13—"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth: Yea, saith the spirit, that they might rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

M. S. TRAFTON.

MEDUCTIC, N. B., Jan 15th, 1903.

Dear Readers of Highway,—In the death of our late Bro. G. W. Macdonald the KING'S HIGHWAY has sustained a great loss, as he was one who has always been interested in its welfare and willing to do what he could towards the furtherance of it. For a number of years he has been a member of the HIGHWAY committee, but for the past three years he has very acceptably filled the place as editor of the paper. During that time the HIGHWAY has not failed to come to us laden with many good and inspiring things, especially those coming from the pen of the editor himself. Some of us hardly know or realize what it has cost our dear brother to give us these good things, but when we stop to think with the care and work of the circuit on which he labored, we see some of the sacrifice it cost

him to do the work he did in connection with the paper. Many times when pastoral duty called him away from home he would take paper and pencil along and write as opportunity afforded; other times as he would return home tired and worn out with the work, and would have to spend hours in getting something ready for the HIGHWAY.

And especially during the past few months, as his health was not very good, much of his writing was done under physical suffering.

Being closely connected with him in the work of the HIGHWAY for a few months, these things have been known by us, when perhaps others have not known or thought of them.

But we wish to say that so great was our brother's interest in the welfare of the paper, that all of this work and self sacrifice was done willingly, as we have never heard him utter a complaint, except as he sometimes did through the paper, saying that he would like for us all to write some and thus help him in the work. But Bro. Macdonald has gone. We shall all miss him. He will be missed much in connection with the Highway. His place is vacant. Others will take up the work and carry it on, but the place of our dear beloved brother will never be filled. We shall all miss him as a faithful minister of the gospel, as a true friend, one "who went about doing good," and as a father in the gospel to many of us. Personally I shall never forget his kindness to me. He has gone. But our loss is his gain. He has gone to his reward. Let us all as readers of the Highway, seek to follow the advice given us from time to time by him.

H. C. A.

HARTLAND, Jan. 10th, 1903.

Dear Highway,—I feel moved to write a few lines with your permission with reference to our late lamented pastor Rev. G. W. Macdonald. I remember his noble self-sacrificing life for the cause of righteousness and holiness and how he laboured for the good of others! How he bore persecution for righteousness' sake; How they pecked at him, but he went straightward—great heart that he was. He was one of nature's noblemen. We shall never forget his great sermons; his safe advice; his keen perception.

After an acquaintance of thirty-three years which improved with each year, how we miss him: but the results of his work remain. He has gone to his eternal reward. Farewell dear brother! we shall meet no more on earth but, by the grace of God, hope to greet thee on the shining shore.

I cannot close without reciting the beautiful words of the poet "Servant of God, well done: Praise be thy new employ; And while eternal ages run, Rest in thy Saviour's joy."

G. GRAY.

DIED.

At Geary, Sunbury Co., Dec. 30th, 1902, William H. Smith, aged 69 years, leaving three children, three brothers and six sisters to mourn their loss.

Bro. Smith was one of the charter members of the Reformed Baptist Church at Geary. He lived in sympathy and touch with the holiness movement and died in the triumph of faith.

At his request the funeral was attended by the writer on New Year's day. We extend our sympathy and prayers to the bereaved family.

G. B. TRAFTON.

At Pinney Cove, December 19th, 1902, Garfield Smith aged 22, of consumption of the blood, after an illness of two years, during which time he found Jesus as his Saviour. A little motto which his sister Mrs. Farnsworth brought him from camp meeting he kept with him continually, which was, "the Almighty shall be thy defense." We tender our sympathy with the bereaved.

C. S. H.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EMAQUISHINI, N. S. TABAMHLOPE,
Via Estcourt, Natal Dec. 4th, 1902.

Dear Highway Readers,—Some of you may be interested to hear a bit of what our native service is like. Though the people have no clocks or watches to tell them the time, yet a little while before meeting we see them coming in ones and twos and threes along the paths that lead to our station. Like at home more women come than men, doubtless, more women will get to heaven. Our christian women do not have hats but are exceedingly careful to have their heads covered. They use a square yard of cloth, and twist it round and round their head and tie the ends or tuck them under. The predominating color is black, but here and there over the congregation a blue, or green, or pink, or black and white head dress may be seen. Occasionally besides the head rig there will be a handkerchief brought down and tied under the chin, covering ears and sides of face. When you come to visit us, you must not ask such a one if she has pain in her face, as I did, for this extra wrap is not for comfort but for ornament. One woman wears four rings on one hand, and this hand is generally held pressed against the cheek in a manner to fully show the pretty rings to the other women who were not so fortunate (as to have married a white man as she did. The younger christian girls wear no head dress. All the heathen women come with bare heads; the married ones and those soon to be married have their hair mixed with red clay and stuck up in a steeple like projection on the top of the head, and just far enough back so as not to interfere with carrying bundles of wood or other articles. Even some of the men seem to love dress, but are not obliged to follow any fashion set by others, only now and then does one afford to wear a collar. So it seemed to impress the meeting when there entered a fellow with a high stand-up collar on, and two large flashy neckties, one outside and a little below the other.

The congregation arrange themselves very systematically. In the back seats are the men and boys. In front of them the oldest women. The younger married women take one of the side seats, while on the other long side seat are three classes, near the door are the heathen women and the women with babies. In front near the organ the young unmarried women form a self-constituted choir. While between these two groups are the elderly women. The girls and children sit in front, the latter upon the mat covering this portion of the mud floor. In their homes these people all sit upon mats on the floor, but in the church we have long benches for them. In your churches it might look out of place to see women and girls get off the seats and sit on the floor to rest themselves. But here we see it every service and think nothing of it.

Perhaps you think these people can't sing. Well, they can, and very loudly too. Between the morning and the afternoon services we have a recess of half an hour. This time is improved by the young people in singing, and when alone they sing much louder than when the white missionaries are present. I often look in on them. There they will be sitting in one or two long rows, their bodies swaying forward and backward, as the body of one person, to the time of their music. You may believe that this singing is inspiring when I tell you that even a deaf and dumb girl sits with them and sways with the rest as though she were a part of the same machinery.

The others who are not inside the church listening, are standing or sitting in little groups near the church. The stronger christians may be doing mission work—speaking to the heathen—or may be reading some scripture, if one present can read, or chatting. While in the outer groups are the heathen, and, I am sorry to say, a few of the church members taking snuff, which is native tobacco and the same as they smoke.

These people are great for shaking hands. Everybody shakes hands with everybody else twice; once when they arrive and again when they depart. But what we have been describing is mostly exterior, that what may be seen. God looks at the hearts. And among this lowly people, who live in little thatch, bee hive huts; and know almost

nothing of the outside world, and care not, read the scriptures for themselves, and whose necessary worldly possessions, other than the house they live in, might be carried on their heads in one load; among this lowly people, God has His chosen ones, with hearts as pure and loyal as among those who live in palaces. "By wisdom the world knew not God," but to these humble ones God has revealed Himself.

In spite of thatch roof, sod walls, white cotton windows and mud floor, the spirit of our service compares favorably with that at home. There is singing with the Spirit; prayer and preaching in the power of the Spirit; and the reading of God's word is listened to with remarkable reverence.

The first Sunday of each month we have the Lord's Supper. Then the members of a church the other side of Mt. Tabamhlope come here for communion. Last month they came in a body, singing as they drew near. To see this little company of well dressed, happy, singing christians impressed me powerfully. I knew they had all been raw heathens just a short time ago, and now they come from the heathen surroundings of their various homes. Perhaps one from one Kraal and two or three from another, and so on. Where there was one in this company there were perhaps ten or twenty heathen remaining behind to spend the Lord's day as they would any other.

We met them at the church which is near our hut and greeted them, while they continued to sing. Then I hastened back to the house to weep alone. In my imagination I could see little companies just like this, of called out ones, coming up to the throne of God from all over this sin cursed world, singing the "new song" to Him who had redeemed them to God by His "blood out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation."

At home you can't see the contrast between saved and unsaved as we can here. Black and white, darkness and light, gives a good picture.

By the way, the preacher to this church at Tabamhlope, tells a wonderful experience. He is called Zaccheus, I expect because he is a very small man. He was very sick and says he died and went to heaven. But Christ healed him and sent him back to warn his people to leave their sins and flee from the wrath to come. His labors have been blessed, but now the same disease has returned and in his great suffering and helplessness, he is asking God to take him to Himself. His wife now preaches and carries on the work.

Yours for Darkest Africa,

H. C. SANDERS.

CALAIS, ME., Jan. 13, 1903.

Dear Highway,—We have stepped over the line between the old year and the new, and have entered upon 1903 with a full purpose to be at our best for God and His service. Many of the dear saints here were exceedingly sorry to hear of the sudden death of Bro. Macdonald. He ministered to this church in holy things for one year, and many are the kind remembrances of him and his labor among them. He passes on and we are left to follow.

We are expecting much blessing from God upon the quarterly meeting, which commences the 22nd. We hope there will be a good rally in this district. Brethren, pray for us and the work here. Greeting to all the saints.

A. L. Bubar.

YOUNGS COVE, Jan. 3rd, 1903.

Dear Friends,—We are alive and well, and having continued evidences of His favour, we had a very profitable meeting last Sunday evening, 3 at the altar and 5 more up for prayers, one young man said, in rising for prayers, I must be a Christian! I will be one! and when I told him at the altar, to ask God to save him, said, "I believe I am saved now," and as far as I can learn they had a great praying time at home after meeting that night, thank God, that we came here.

Your Brother in Him.

C. S. HILYARD.

Mission Fund.

FOREIGN MISSIONS

Lutz Mountain church. \$14 00

C. K. SHORT, Treasurer.

St. John.

Highway Acknowledgments.

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SPECIAL HIGHWAY NOTICE.

The Highway committee are arranging for an Editor, and the announcement will be made in the next issue of the paper. All correspondence for next issue only may be addressed The Highway, Dispatch Office, Woodstock, N. B.

All letters with money and subscriptions to be addressed Rev. H. C. Archer, Meductic, N. B.

A. L. Bubar,

Sec'y to Com.

Ministers and Churches.

Rev. S. Greenlaw of Moncton, supplied the pulpit of Rev. M. S. Trafton, St. John, Sunday, Jan. 4th.

Rev. M. S. Trafton, who has been confined to his bed for two weeks with mumps, is able to be up again and expects to be able to take up his work the coming Sabbath.

The church at Moncton is prospering under the labours of Bro. Greenlaw.

LET US TAKE TIME.

Let us take time for the evening prayer. Our sleep will be more restful if we have claimed the guardianship of G

Let us take time to speak sweet, loving words to those we love. By and by, when they can no longer hear us, our simplicity will seem more wise than our best wisdom.

Let us take time to read our bible. Its treasures will last when we shall have ceased to care for the war of political parties, the rise and fall of stocks, or the petty happenings of the end.

Let us take time to be pleasant. The small courtesies which we often omit because they are small, will some day look larger to us than the wealth which we have coveted, or the fame for which we have struggled.

Let us take time to get acquainted with our families. The wealth you are accumulating, burdens father, may be a doubtful blessing to the son who is a stranger to you. Your beautifully kept house, busy mother, can never be a home to your daughter whom you have no time to caress.

Let us take time to get acquainted with Christ. The hour is coming swiftly for us all, when one touch of his hand in the darkness will mean more than all that is written in the day-book and ledger, or in the record of our little social world.

Since we must all take time to die, why should we not take time to live, to live in the large sense of a life begun here for eternity?