

PLEDGE

Toward Paying for Balmoral Farm.

On or before June 1st, 1905, I promise to pay to the Treasurer of the Reformed Baptist Missionary Board \$2.50, to pay for one acre of the Missionary Farm, situated near Paupietersburg, South Africa.

(Signed)

Cut this out and sign it and mail it to the Rev. S. A. Baker, Hartland, N. B.

BALMORAL FARM.

Number of acres previously acknowledged 203.

Amount.....	\$507.50
A friend.....	2.50
Mrs. Wm. Tedlie.....	2.50
Rev. A. Kinney.....	2.50
C. Allen Kinney.....	2.50
Simon McLeod.....	2.50
Mrs. Simon McLeod.....	2.50

Highway Acknowledgements.

Mrs. G. B. Nixon, Sept. 1905; John D. Fulton, April 1905; Mrs. Samuel Sipprell, June 1905; Mrs. E. A. Calder, Nov. 1904; J. Good, Dec. 1905; Mrs. Thos. Waugh, Dec. 1905; Mrs. Augusta Grant, April 1905; Miss Jessie Crosby, July 1903; Joseph Magee, Dec. 1906; F. M. Boyd, Jan. 1905; Mrs. Wm. Tedlie, Dec. 1905; Annie Blency, Dec. 1905; Simon McLeod, Dec. 1905; Sada Walker, Dec. 1904; Mrs. S. S. Practor, May 1906; Mrs. Alfred Wetmore, Oct. 1904.

MARRIED.

At the home of Mr. Samuel Cody, Main Street, St. John, Saturday the 12th, by, Pastor M. S. Trafton, Mr. William Moore, of Cody's, Queens County, and Miss Jessie Dailing of Nauwigewank, Kings Co.

DIED.

Died at North Head, Grand Manan, N. B., on Friday, November 11th, 1904, Alma, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Johnson, aged 10 months. God needed one more angel bright Among his shining band, And so He came with angel touch And clasped our darlings hand.

H. C. A.

The Reformed Baptist Quarterly Meeting of Third District will convene with the church at Calais, Me., on Thursday, December 8th, at 7.30 p. m. All are invited.

Mission Fund.

HOME MISSIONS.

C. S. True.....\$2.00

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

C. S. True.....\$2.00

C. K. SHORT, treasurer, St. John.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

I stood before Phoebe Cary's chair the day before she died, and we conversed concerning her early life. She said she wished to go back to her old homestead before she died, and see her lover's grave. She added: "Before he went from this world I had no interest in the other world. I never questioned whether there was an eternity or not. The thought never seemed to have any power over me. Men talked about it and preached about it, and I read about it, but it never struck my heart and never touched my life. I had no desire to know of eternal things. But when loved one went so suddenly, falling dead in the street, I asked over and over, 'Is there another world? Will I meet him? Will I live with him forever?' And then I so decided to know." That desire led her to that beautiful poetry which is in the hymn books of all the world today:

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer home today
Than I ever have been before.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BEALS, Maine, Nov. 24th, 1904.

Dear Highway.—Our work is moving on very successfully. Our meetings are very good. Large congregations and much interest and conviction on the people. Our church is doing well. We have now a good strong body of christian workers. Our young peoples meetings are well attended. We have selected a number of good leaders, two of them being young converts, and they are taking an active interest in all the work.

Our Sunday School is growing. We have now about 60 in regular attendance and the interest is excellent.

The band of willing workers is doing good work. It is through these sisters that the church has moved in the matter of securing a lot for parsonage. The plan of the building has been drawn, and it is the purpose to have one large room that shall be used exclusively for their work and where the sisters may gather once a week to plan and extend their work. It is also suggested that we have in the parsonage a small room for a circulating library, where good readable wholesome books can be loaned to young men and young women at a small fee. This library to be under the care and charge of the pastor. This work will answer, to some extent, in place of a Christian Association work, and be a great help to the religious education of the young. We are trusting that all our people and friends will take hold of this work and push it forward to completion. A parsonage now has become a necessity, as no permanent rooms can now be secured to rent, consequently the pastor of the church is hindered very much in the matter of extending the cause of God. A parsonage is now the only solution of the difficulty, enabling the church to push out in the work of God as never before.

As a people a great work is before us, especially in our relation to the young people. We appreciate very much the efforts of our sisters in the church to bring the matter before the community, and also to secure a suitable home for their pastor. May they have as good success in this undertaking as they did in lifting the debt on the church. And it can be done, if every one of us will unite and do our very best.

We are very glad to say that my wife's health is slowly improving, and we trust that in a few weeks she may be completely recovered.

We are now looking forward to our Quarterly Meeting at Calais, commencing on the 8th. We are expecting a time of much victory. Will the brethren and sisters pray for us and the work, that success may crown all our efforts.

A. L. BUBAR.

MILLVILLE, N. B., Nov. 22.

Dear Highway.—Sunday evening, 13th, we had the pleasure of meeting with the people at Lower Southampton. A full house awaited us at an early hour. The choir gave some appropriate selections for a missionary meeting which went to make our meeting a success. The dear Lord gave freedom and the strength needed as we spoke of the work to attentive hearers.

Called at Hartland a few days ago. The church there presented me with a beautiful bible, and words fail me when I try to express my appreciation. This was just what I needed. The Lord bless these dear people abundantly.

Yours in him,

IDA M. MORGAN.

MOUNT PLEASANT, St. John, N. B.

Dear Highway.—I think the best way to let people know that Jesus is mine is to write through this beautiful paper. I think it is the best paper one can have in a home. I do not take it myself but it is given to me by a friend. Oh this week has been the best of my life. I praise God for his goodness to me I mean to try and prove faithful to him, and do all I do for Jesus sake. Dear friends pray for me that Jesus may become more precious to me day by day. I thank Brother Trafton for his wonderful light that has come into my life. Pray for me friends that I may get nearer to Christ.

Yours in Jesus,

ISABELLA B. MITCHELL.

NORTON, Nov. 18th 1904.

The above is my address at this time of writing; have been at Mercer Settlement holding meetings for some time, the weather affects our attendance somewhat differently than in towns and villages. It is very true that one half of this world does not know how the other half live. Very many have but a faint idea of the worth of their privilege where they can step out on a sidewalk and in a few minutes be in church. However we find some faithful ones who do "endure hardness as good soldiers of Christ." The other evening two persons converted in our meetings at Millstream, drove 12 miles and back to be at the meeting. Children if your hearts are warm snow and rain can do you no harm. I believe that our religious temperature has a good deal to do with our courage, but it does not shorten the distance, nor abate the storms. The men who are settled down on their town and village pastorates, ought to thank God, and say but little about the men who are out in the country districts, trying to hold out the word of life among those whose minds have been perverted by false teachings and be careful in their appropriations not to "muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn."

Mighty conviction prevailed the entire community. Several times we believe the cloud larger than a man's hand has been seen. We have had some droppings but for the showers we plead. Five have been converted, many others have expressed desires but have not yielded fully. We are holding on to God for victory.

The circumstances surrounding the church are different from what they were when I was here before, some seven years ago. Most of the old tried members have gone home to their reward, others have moved away. A new people have come in. The neighbourhood is a strange one to me now, 7 years makes a great difference, with children who were then 11 years old, now young men and young women, their fathers having died, who were the leaders, and no one left feeling the responsibility of the cause of God, makes it a New Battlefield. During these years the enemy has been sowing his seed. "An enemy hath done it."

At Norton we are at a loss for a place of worship. Those brought to God through the teachings of Holiness are being gathered in by those who repudiate such teaching, don't like the way the bricks are made but are ready to build with them. I believe in Christian Manhood, don't believe in using untempered mortar, nor stooping to low practices. I do not believe in the trumpet giving an uncertain sound, "Holiness unto the Lord is our watch word and song." Glory to God! I like holy people and those who are true to first principles. The Holiness that made us peculiar eighteen years ago has not altered, "I the Lord change not." We may tone down if we will, God will be dishonoured and another people whom God can trust will be raised up. "Having loved his own he loved them to the end." God forbid us uniting with any union not begotten by the Holy Ghost.

November 24th.

Since I began this letter victory has come, others have found the Saviour. Last night exceeded any meeting of my life, a full house, all on their feet for prayer and the power of God prevades the entire country. Do not know who long it will take to finish up the work, and "gather up the fragments that nothing may be lost."

Yours in Him,

A. H. TRAFTON.

HYMN.

TUNE: "ORTONVILLE."

My sins by Jesus washed away,
No more entangle me;
I have through darkness and through day,
Salvation full and free.

God's children live in realms of peace,
Unconquered by a foe;
From sin they have complete release,
And unto heaven go.

But sinners live in wretchedness,
And awful misery;
For without joy they surely spend,
Time and eternity.

Then, sinner, come to Jesus now,
Accept his loving grace;
That you throughout eternity,
May see his blessed face.

M. S. BLAISDELL.

SMILES.

Why not be a smile dispenser? The world is dark and smiles are sunny—why not contribute some brightness to human life? When we were bowed down in hopeless despair God smiled at us, not in derision but in pity, and the smile was a sun-burst in the leaden sky of our cheerless lives. We are blest that we may bless. Our worldly wealth is barely sufficient for our needs. Our bank account is nil. Our answer must be to demands upon us: "Such as I have give I unto thee." Helpful smiles are spontaneous not forced. They begin in the soul and end in some other soul. Their birthplace is love. Christians have no right to be cynical or cold or indifferent, even though men may be foolish and wilful like dumb driven cattle. It is love that we must offer and love's first expression is a smile. Earth's conditions ought not to amuse us. It is tragedy not comedy that we confront. Our efforts to help and relieve will be viewed suspiciously unless they are preceded by a smile. The smile of true kindness is not a smirk, and can never be simulated. It is the indispensable and generally irresistible accompaniment of our soul winning efforts. Let the heart be kept warm and tender. Let the sympathetic muscles of the soul be kept flexible. Let the eyes speak kindness and the lips breathe love. Do all this and your home, your church, your neighbourhood, will be the better and brighter for your life, and the God of smiling kindness will be glorified in you. G. B. M.

EXTRACTS FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.

Dear Brother Baker,—Thinking perhaps you would like to hear from one of your old converts. It is with much joy and gladness I write of this wonderful salvation, so grand, so full and free, how can we tell it to others so that they will believe. I have been kept by the power of God ever since the day I first believed glory be to his holy name forever. If I should write every day for a hundred years I could not make known the joy and real satisfaction this great salvation brings to my soul. Oh how miserable my life would be if I should in any way defile the temple God has cleansed for his Holy Spirit to dwell in, and he dwell there now, and makes me glad indeed that full salvation as a definite second work of grace is preached, and I believe it makes men stand, where others fall who do not believe that God has power to keep them all the time. To have to witness every day in the year gives me more real joy and peace than all else beside. Since God cleansed my heart shortly after he forgave my sin. I have been free from condemnation.

Your brother in Christ.

WM. J. BENSON.

MISSIONARY SHOCKS.

I regard the office of the missionary as a most glorious occupation, because the faithful missionary is engaged in a work which is like that of the Lord Jesus Christ; and a missionary who is unfaithful sinks to the lowest of his species in guilt and ignominy.—Judson.

GIFTS TO MISSIONS.

Rev. John Williams proposed to his Raitan converts that each family should set apart a pig to be sold for the missionary cause. They gladly accepted the proposal, and the next morning the squealing of pigs was heard as they received the mark in the ear which indicated their designation to this service. The result was a money contribution of £103. An Englishman sent half a pint of beans to a missionary meeting with the request that some one would plant them for three years and give the result to missions. Two farmers took them with this result: first year eleven pints, second year nine bushels, third year two hundred and seventy-six bushels, which netted £81, 14s., 9d. The setting apart of a hen or more, whose entire products shall be devoted to missions. Bullocks, cows, sheep, ducks, bees, fish-pots, cocoanut, cherry and other fruit-trees have been set apart for the same purpose.—Sel.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

HARRISVILLE, N. B. Nov. 19th 1904.

To the dear reader of the dear Highway.—I am a little girl 12 years old, and the daughter of Mr. Geo. T. Harrop. I see that our dear editor has opened a Young People's Column in the HIGHWAY so I thought you might remember me. I did not get to Beulah last summer, Mamma, Lucy, Gertie, and brother Guy went, and it was Jennie and my turn to stay at home, I hope it will never be my turn to stay from Beulah again. But I have been to New Glasgow, N. S. visiting brother Austin and sister Maggie for three months and they have a lovely baby girl; we are going to bring her and her mamma up to Beulah next year, if the dear Lord spares them and it is his will. Well I did not like New Glasgow very much; they do not have nice meetings like ours, but I found some nice people there, I wish they could have some good holiness preaching there. Mamma came down and stayed five weeks, we started for home on the 12th of Nov. thinking we could get to Westchester for Sunday but we had to stay in Truro at our cousins Mr. and Mrs. Murray and had a nice time; went to church twice. Came to Westchester on Monday, we had a very nice time visiting with Mrs. F. H. Grass, she likes Nova Scotia very much, we meet Brother Z. B. Grass there, we came to Spring Hill with him where he preached; they have a hall there; we had a nice meeting, the holiness people are getting along nicely there now, and then we came to Amherst and had another lovely meeting, it seemed like getting back home again, and on Thursday, mamma and I started for home again and got home for Thanksgiving dinner. I was very glad to get home again and to see papa and all of my brothers and sisters once more and the horses and cows, chickens and everything else for we are living on a farm now 3 miles out of Moncton and I like it very much, I shall go to school next week. Well dear editor if you think this is worth putting in the HIGHWAY perhaps it will encourage some other little girl to write and I am sure that I like to hear from any that I have met at Beulah.

From your loving friend.

Every troubled condition has its secret and it is usually some bosom sin. Let that go, though the effort strain you to exhaustion and though life's outlook for a time grows so barren because of its departure that it seems as if cheer would never come again; and straight-way heavenly energies find their field and your prayer can be answered.—Sunday School Times.

Jesus himself could not keep the divine life in him up to its healthy tone save by getting out of the whirl in which daily life held him, and getting by himself, finding, making quiet—quiet that had not merely rest in it, but God. And if such as he needed such reasons, how much more we? How much we miss, or how much we fail, through want of them!—J. F. W. Ware.