

September 30, 1913

## THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

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## Correspondence.

Dear Editor of Highway,—I beg leave to make some corrections in my article that appeared in the Highway of Aug. 30th. I can hardly believe that I spelled "anointings" with two n's at the beginning, when the word should have only one. "When carnality was written" should read "when carnality was within;" "upward spiritual life" for "inward spiritual life;" "they have not kept their conversation perfect" and "every morning they do not renew their conservation"—"consecration" is the word I intended. "They endure as (not on) seeing Him who is invisible," and this sentence, not the one that precedes it, was meant to be put in quotation marks. "Firey" should be "fiery." "If he leave not the experience" should read "If he have not the experience." A capital letter is used in the word him—"pray Him through"—when a small h should be used.

I do not positively blame the typesetter or the editor for these egregious errors; they are probably due to my poor penmanship or carelessness. Bad spelling is indeed offensive to my eye and I hope to exercise more care in the future.

Thanking you in advance for the above corrections, I am

Yours fraternally,

W. E. SMITH.

Perth, Scotland, Sept. 11th, 1913.

We do not accuse Brother Smith of being a poor penman, but it would help us very much if a little more care was taken to write plainly.—Ed.

Greenbush, York County,  
September 23rd, 1913.

Dear Highway,—Some time has elapsed since a report from us has appeared in your columns, but since returning from Beulah and Riverside Camp Meetings we have been engaged in special services at Middle Southampton, and feel that a few words respecting same should not be out of place.

We began on August 23rd with a small attendance, but the interest increased and on the Sabbath the house was well filled. On the afternoon of Sunday, Aug. 31st, at the close of the service, two followed their Lord in the ordinance of baptism, who when coming up out of the water revealed the fact by their shining faces that their hearts were aglow with the love of God. Since then others have testified before many witnesses that they have left the world to follow Jesus; these we expect to go forward in baptism soon. At nearly every meeting some requested either pardon or purity, and we believe that a good number have found God for the first time or have been reclaimed who have not as yet demonstrated it publicly.

Rev. H. S. Dow, who had been engaged for the meeting, was delayed on the way, so was not present the first Sunday, but came on Monday following. Upon the faithfulness of this brother in his calling do we feel much rested in giving success to the meeting, not forgetting, however, that God is the source of salvation and power and without him we can do nothing.

Personally, I feel I never received so much help from a meeting, for truly Brother Dow preached the Word, "not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the spirit and of power."

We were impressed that no one present could feel they were personally aimed at, yet there was no compromise of the Truth, for the Word was declared fearlessly as in the day of

Judgment, and as one feels who has been commissioned to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, and who desires to meet God with the consciousness that he has not shunned to declare His whole counsel.

It has long been on our hearts to have a meeting at this point, but somehow we have been disappointed until now, and we trust that He who alone has the words of eternal life has spoken peace to many hearts who will feel it their duty and privilege to live and act for Him who has redeemed them with His own precious blood, and who still is their intercessor at the throne of God.

Upon request Brother Dow will hold week-end services at least at Greenbush, where we believe God still waits to honor His truth, and to as many as receive Him give power to become the sons of God.

To God be all the glory who giveth us the victory again and again.

Yours in the work,

L. T. SABINE.

P. S.—We expect to hold special meetings at both Lower Southampton and Meductic (D. V.) as soon as someone volunteers to help us. Who will come? Beloved, we need your help and prayers.

L. T. S.

Dear Fellow Workers in Christ,—

Don't by any means neglect to keep the precious atoning blood of Jesus constantly before the minds of the people. It is the blood for the saints and the blood for the sinner. Through the blood only that the guilty soul obtains pardon; by the precious blood the depraved heart is cleansed and sanctified.

"Tell the world, all the world,

There is cleansing in the Saviour's blood."

A. F. TANNER.

West Pembroke, Me.

Dear Highway,—We are pushing the battle for God. The devil does his best to prevent God's work, but in spite of all his devices our congregations are increasing. Jesus said: "The thief comes to kill and destroy, but I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." I praise God for the abundant life. Our meetings are good and the Master's presence is in all our services.

T. W. MOSES.

## A TESTIMONY ON THE CARS.

I was riding on the train through the eastern section of North Carolina. The rain was pouring down fast, and for a person so inclined not a better day and place for the blues could be found. Looking out of the car window brought nothing more interesting to view than pine trees, bony mules and razor-back hogs. Groups of men, white and black, gathered at each station to see the train arrive and depart. Each passenger that entered brought in more damp, moisture and blues.

Two men at last came in and took the seat in front of me. Shortly after, one of them took a bottle from his pocket, pulled the cork and handed the bottle to his companion. He took a drink and the smell of liquor filled the air. Then the first one took a drink, and back and forth the bottle passed, until at last it was empty and they were full. Then one of them commenced swearing, and such blasphemy I never heard in all my life. It made the very air "blue"—women shrank back, while the heads of men were lifted to see where the stream of profanity came from. It went on for some time, until I began talking to myself.

"Henry, that man belongs to the devil."

"There is no doubt about that," I replied.

"He is not ashamed of it."

"Not a bit ashamed."

"I belong to the Lord Jesus Christ."

"Are you glad or sorry?"

"I am glad—very glad."

"Who in the car knows that man belongs to the devil?"

"Everybody knows that, for he has not kept it a secret."

"Who in the car knows you belong to the Lord Jesus?"

"Why, no one knows it, for you see I am a stranger around here."

"Are you willing they should know who you belong to?"

"Yes, I am willing."

"Very well, will you let them know it?"

I thought a moment, and then said: "By the help of my Master, I will."

Then, straightening up and taking a good breath, I began singing in a voice that could be heard by all in the car:

"There is a fountain filled with blood,

Drawn from Immanuel's veins,

And sinners plunged beneath that flood,

Lose all their guilty stains."

Before I had finished the first verse and chorus the passengers had crowded down around me and the blasphemer had turned and looked at me with a face resembling a thunder cloud. As I finished the chorus he said: "What are you doing?"

"I am singing," I replied.

"Well," said he, "any fool can understand that."

"I am glad you understand it."

"What are you singing?"

"I am singing the religion of the Lord Jesus."

"Well, you quit."

"Quit what?"

"Quit singing your religion on the cars."

"I guess not," I replied. "I don't belong to the Quit family; my name is Mead. For the last half hour you have been standing by your master; now for the next half hour I am going to stand up for my Master."

"Who is my master?"

"The devil is your master, while Christ is mine. I am as proud of my Master as you are of yours. Now I am going to have my turn if the passengers don't object."

A chorus of voices cried out: "Sing on, stranger, we like that."

I sang on, and as the next verse was finished the blasphemer turned his face away, and I saw nothing of him after that but the back of his head. He left the train soon after. I've never seen him since. Song after song followed, and I soon had other voices to help me. When the song service ended an old man came to me, put out his hand and said: "Sir, I owe you thanks and a confession."

"Thanks for what?"

"Thanks for rebuking that blasphemer."

"Don't thank me for that, but give thanks to my Master. I try to stand for Him wherever I am. What about the confession?"

"I am in my eighty-third year. I have been a preacher of the Gospel for over sixty years. When I heard that man swearing, I wanted to rebuke him. I arose from my seat two or three times to do so, but my courage failed. I have not much longer to live, but never again will I refuse to show my colors anywhere."—Rev. C. H. Mead, in *The Christian*.

The man to whom God has spoken doesn't spend much time looking over his shoulder to see who is following.—C. A. McC.