

May 15, 1913.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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O sweet rest! O sweet rest!

'Tis the rest of the soul, so happy and blest;
By faith in His promise, I lean on his breast,
My soul from its labor has found its sweet rest.

Glory.

A. G. Peters.

Woodstock, May 12.

Dear Highway,—As you have not heard from me directly for some time, and as many friends are enquiring after me, I write you a few lines this bright beautiful May morning, and I can say praise the Lord for all his benefits; my soul says hallelujah as I look out on Nature and see that all Nature is praising Him.

In the first place I must tell you that I met with an accident. On the tenth of April, I was thrown from my carriage and fell, my whole weight, some five or six feet down hill and struck on my back below my shoulders on a sharp rock. The shock injured the muscles and nerves of my right side, so I have been nearly useless ever since. At first I suffered severely day and night, but this last week I have so far recovered that I can lie down with comfort, or sit still; but the least shock on my right arm, such as driving a nail, or even singing or speaking, causes me much pain. I hope to recover soon, and I ask your prayers to that end. Partly on this account I have resigned my charge at Royalton, where I have been pastor for the last year. I will attend as I feel able until Alliance, and will no doubt spend some time at Riverside Camp Ground, to oversee the repairs on the roads and the grounds.

Royalton is an inviting field for some young man who could live there and take up work in earnest. They are a kind-hearted people, united in the work of pressing the cause of holiness as a definite experience. There are a number who are in the experience who have not as yet joined the church, but all work together for the common cause. We have not held any revival services since I became pastor, which I very much regret, for I believe a faithful pastor and a faithful church ought to keep conviction on the people continually.

The principal reason that I did not hold revival services was that just before I took up work there, Brothers Grant and Ellingwood, from Caribou, Me., held evangelistic services for four or five weeks, and the people thought they had reached their limit, both in time and means, so there did not seem to be much of either left for me; but a nice revival took place this spring at Knoxford, due largely to the influence of our holiness workers at Royalton and Summerfield. Brother Grant had a large revival at Summerfield and a holiness praying band has been organized there. He is now preaching there and I have no doubt the two fields will eventually be united, and it would make an inviting field.

Brother Fred Wright was pastor at Royalton for one year and did excellent work. Sister Ella Slipp was pastor for two years preceding me, and did much in strengthening the cause, and on leaving left behind her hosts of friends.

Our social and preaching services have always been seasons of power and victory.

Hoping to meet you at Beulah soon,

Yours in the work,

J. H. Coy.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

THE TEST OF LOVE.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. John 15:13.

In thinking of these words, a story, a Roman legend came to my mind. Now, of course it is only a legend, there may be some truth in it, there may be none at all; but my purpose is to bring out a beautiful thought involved in it.

When Rome was still young, so the story tells, a mountain near the city began to separate, slowly at first, but with increasing rapidity day by day, until the opening became so wide that the citizens became very much alarmed. When it threatened to engulf the whole population, the people came in droves to consult the oracle. "O Sacred Oracle," they would cry, "tell us how to avert this terrible disaster." To each would come the reply. "The gods demand that the most precious thing in Rome be thrown into the gulf." The oracle would not tell what the most precious thing was, and the people thinking that gold must be meant, threw in large quantities of it, but to no purpose, the gulf did not cease to widen. One morning, in the early dawn, the whole city assembled at the terrible abyss. They stood there in utter dejection as those who have no hope, when suddenly their Prince rode in among them. They welcomed him with joyful cries for they loved him well for he was their comforter and adviser in their distress. He looked strikingly noble to them and they hushed their cries and gazed at him intently. They noticed that he was attired in pure white raiment, and rode a milky-white charger. On his left arm he had fastened a shield and in his right hand was a spear. His helmet was pushed up and his face shone with some high resolve as he began to speak. "Know, O Romans," he cried in clear silvery tones, "the most precious thing in Rome is self-sacrifice, this I come to offer to the immortal gods, on your behalf." As he finished speaking he turned his head and gazed for an instant into the west, the home of the spirits of departed heroes, then he spurred his snorting horse to the edge of the terrible void, and while a beam from the rising sun kissed his brow tenderly, lovingly, he plunged into that dark gloom and disappeared. Immediately the ruptured mountain was joined and Rome was saved by self-sacrifice.

But God commendeth his great love for us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Rom. V. x 8.

In the story we have just been considering, we find a man who died for those he loved and who loved him. He gloried in self-sacrifice, he died for the public good; he dared to die for those who loved him, for the helpless children, for the men and women of Rome. There are many stories told of men who died for their friends and we can easily understand how they were willing to do as they did; but when Christ died for us, we were sinners, we hated him, the world would have none of him. We did not and do not appreciate His great sacrifice. Like the Roman Prince, the Heavenly Redeemer came to close up the horrible abyss between us and God. We should certainly have perished when the gulf broadened and drew us in. We were saved from such a fate "for God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." John 3, 16.

How we would scorn one who did not ap-

preciate a sacrifice. How we shrink from the girl who does not return her mother's affection; but God loves us more than mother, father or friend, and many of us cannot be coaxed to take Him into our lives. The Saviour comes to our hearts and says: "Give me thy heart; I will come and bless thee and thou shalt have peace and joy, only take up thy cross and follow Me." But some of us say impatiently: "No, I don't want to be a Christian, I don't want the cross, I haven't time to talk to you, Christ!" and we shut Him out!!! Oh, how terrible, no time for Christ. He comes again with the same plea and again meets nothing but insult. O soul how many times do you expect Him to come pleading, knocking at your heart's door. Think how you grieve His divine heart. We are told that the higher the nature, the greater the suffering. O how He must suffer. Those who scorn Him here in this age of the world, are those who would have shouted: "Away with Him! away with Him!" at the time He was delivered to death. Think of that unconverted soul! And O let us follow Him closely, let us keep close to Him, let us love Him and serve Him with our whole hearts, with no deceit whatever. Some day we will have to answer for denying Him entrance into our hearts and of course we'll be shut right off from His presence. But thousands who love Him, who have honored Him and followed closely will have "an abundant entrance" into the greater love He has promised. Soul, are you rejoicing to think that some day He will come or are you trembling even now, because you have rejected Him. He will save you even yet. Insult the Almighty no longer for the time will come when Mercy wearied with much intercession will give place to Justice. Then those who do not desire Him now, who prefer worldly pleasures to communion with Christ, will be told to depart from His presence forever for none enter Heaven but those who love the Lord.

Do some exclaim: "We would not use the Great Redeemer so,

We would not crucify, nor scourge, nor fill His cup of woe;

We would not press the thorny crown
Upon His head, nor on Him frown."

Ye souls! who vaunt yourselves, attend!

Ye think ye would our Lord defend!

Hark! Christ Himself speak thus to you:

"My friends and lovers still are few!

Me, infidels still crucify

And careless sinners still deride

The Higher Critics on my brow

Still press the thorny, cruel crown.

The unconverted grieve my heart,

And pierce it through with many darts;

Alas! my love is not esteemed,

By souls at such a cost redeemed.

—Helen D. Stanley.

Read before the Young Women's Christian Association, Fredericton, N. B., Feb. 16th.

Jesus, thou soul of all our joys,

For whom we now lift up our voice,

And all our strength exert,

Vouchsafe the grace we humbly claim;

Compose into a thankful frame,

And tune thy people's heart.

—Charles Wesley.

No man can enjoy perfect peace who is back in his subscription.