

August 15, 1913

## Correspondence.

Dear Highway:—

Just a note to say that I am still in the fight, and God is giving the victory. Bless his dear name. I spent Sunday, July 27th, with the Reformed Baptist church at Jonesport, Me., and found the little flock still standing true, and pressing the battle for Jesus. I preached three times on Sunday and on Monday evening. God gave us victory, praise Him! I am exceedingly glad to learn that Sister Ella Slipp has accepted a call to the Jonesport church, and I trust God will wonderfully bless her labors there.

Dear brothers and sisters, let us pray much for this work which is standing for true holiness in the midst of false doctrines and unbelief.

I remain yours seeking the lost.

Rev. George W. Henderson.

## OUR TESTING.

And it came to pass after these things, that God did prove (test) Abraham.—Gen. 22:1.

Why are Christians not exempt from trial? Why are those who are seeking to do his will often more buffeted than their less deserving neighbors? Why is that saintly woman so repeatedly afflicted and that godly family so constantly in difficulty?

Goodness must be proved before it can be pronounced such. The stronger man or woman may be, the sharper must be the test. If a bridge is to carry only foot passengers, it need not be subjected to a ponderous weight before it is opened for traffic; but let it be a railroad bridge over which great trains are to pass, and every brace and joint must undergo the severest testing.

If God did not try his saints, it would show that he did not expect much of them, or could not place much dependence upon them. Sore trials are a compliment, if we would but know it. We should not seem to amount to much in God's sight if they were not sent. Some one has put the right and wrong view of the matter thus:

"Hast thou sorrow?" saith the tempter bold;

"It shows thy Father hath forgotten thee.  
Renounce thy faith; thy trust in Him withhold;

Would one who loves afflict so grievously?"

"Hast thou a sorrow?" faith saith to my soul;

"It shows thy Father seeks thy betterment.  
Ask Him so to direct it and control

That thou mayst gain the blessing with it sent."

Who are the sweetest and strongest persons among your acquaintances? The pampered and indulged, or the persons whose way has led them through much perplexity and hardship? It is the digger who achieves, the climber who attains. The vessel that has the heaviest load always sails the steadiest, the pansy-bed oftenest picked that blooms the best, the crushed geranium whose fragrance is wafted the farthest. And the men and women whose characters are the chastest are those whose hold upon the temporal and earthly has been so dislodged by repeated wrenches that the only thing they have to cling to is the eternal, and their hold upon that is close.

As clear to my memory as if were only yesterday is my father's injunction as I was starting out with our prized pony one day for a long hard ride. "Drive with care, my boy," and remember that a level country like this is harder on a horse than if it were hilly."

## THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

God knows that a level life is not the best for character, and so he casts up a hill now and then. They are easy for us to mount, but every hill we climb takes us to a higher level and will bring us at length into that country where "every valley and mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight and the rough places plain, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together."

—Rev. John Balcom Shaw, D. D.

## IS IT A SIN TO USE TOBACCO?

Why not? Using tobacco is an expensive and wasteful habit, tobacco costing more than bread; and is not needless waste a sin? What right have Christian men to waste the Lord's money in useless and expensive indulgences? What right have they to burn up that which might feed and clothe the suffering poor?

The use of tobacco is certainly needless, for many do without it and are none the worse, many who once used have abandoned it to their great advantage, and the civilized world got on comfortably without tobacco from the time of the creation down to the discovery of America, when white men learned the nasty habit of the naked savages, giving them in return the devil's fire-water to ruin them body and soul.

Tobacco using is an uncleanly habit. The miserable weed nauseates those learning to use it, and makes those who continue to use it an offence to decent people among whom they mingle. A tobacco-using minister going to the bedside of a delicate invalid, supposes himself to be ministering Christian consolation, when in fact he ministers only nausea and disgust. Many a tobacco-using clergyman will fill a room with a stench which is as far from the odor of sanctity as darkness is from light; and as for the smoke of tobacco, if the smoke of the bottomless pit is any worse, let us pray to be delivered from it.

Tobacco using is an unhealthy practice. Thousands doubtless are in their graves to-day who might have been alive and well if they had only let this poisonous drug alone. There is now and then a dyspeptic old glutton who thinks that tobacco does him good, and that he can not digest his food without it; just as there are men who think that they can not do without strong drink. But if such men were put on short allowance for a little while, and made to earn the little they eat, their stomachs would soon take care of a reasonable amount of food without the aid of this narcotic, as multitudes of men can testify who have quit their pipes and report themselves all the better for their abstinence.

Tobacco, like other narcotics, holds men with a grasp which they do not anticipate or realize. Any healthful article of food can be dispensed with without inconvenience. A man who has eaten bread, or potatoes, or beef for years, can omit any one of these articles and substitute something else in its place without uneasiness or difficulty, but when men are deprived of tobacco they are wretched, miserable, sick, and savage, and almost insane. This is the case with all unnatural appetites. They become tyrants and drive their slaves headlong to ruin.

Is it not time for Christians to shake themselves clear of such an unnatural, expensive, unhealthy and disgusting habit? Is it not time for ministers of Christ to purge themselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, and be clean and decent, rather than dirty and disgusting? A man who prays to the Lord for

a clean heart, ought to see to it himself that he has a clean mouth.

The evil example of tobacco using is most reprehensible. It is easier to lead the young astray than to guide sinners back to paths of virtue and obedience. Bad examples live when their authors are in their graves; hence Christian men, for the sake of their children, and the children of others, should adjure this evil habit, and be clean. Nothing that defileth can enter the heavenly city, hence we judge that pipes and cigars will be left outside the gates.—H. L. Hastings in *Safeguard*.

## "LET RUM ALONE AND IT WILL LET YOU ALONE."

There is a sack-twisted sophistry spun down the line of years which runs, "Let rum alone and it will let you alone." Will it? There never was a baser sadder lie than this. My ears ring now across forty years with the "keening." Did you ever hear it? Oh, the wordless, piteous long-drawn agony of it, of a fine girl from Erin's Isle who found her brother dead in the weeds beside a doggerly in the village of my youth, and all night above the chirring of the crickets, the call of the katydids, the plaint of the whippoorwill, rose that unearthly, soul-chilling wail. She let it alone, but it branded her for life.

I can see the well-to-do farmer sitting before me in church as I told the old, old story. As twilight fell, I dismissed the people and he rose, went to his wagon, rode home, entered the door to be shot dead by a drunken hireling. He touched no glass, drank no drop. He let it alone, but the fuddled fool who slew him hauled his corpse to a stream and flung it in. He was hanged for it and, weeping in his prison, told me drink had been his downfall.

The dear old German father who took me one night to help get his son out of a dive said, "When he was a baby he had the fever, and the doctor said he would die before morning. He was the only child I had and I couldn't let him go. I prayed the Lord to spare him, but I have wished a thousand times he had died in his innocent childhood. He is a drunkard now. He has crushed his mother and brought my gray hairs down in grief." That sire let it alone. He is in heaven today, but, oh, if I could say he was my boy.

It lets no one alone. I have seen a bonnie wee girl under a surgeon's knife because of her father's craving. I have seen a chum hang his head as a debauched parent tottered by. I have seen honor smirched, man degraded, woman dethroned, childhood disgraced, bodies rotted, minds clouded, souls lost. Our whole nation is impoverished, peeled, made sorrowful by the trouble it makes.

Do you hear the children sobbing in the night, my friend? Do you hear the poor women praying? Hark, they are saying, "Lord, is there none to help?" Give me your hand. Let us stand up together and make a vow: "While we have a vote or a voice, we are against this thing any time or anywhere."—Bishop R. McIntyre in the *Christian Advocate*.

## QUARTERLY MEETING.

The first district quarterly meeting will convene with the church at Millville, N. B., Tuesday, September 9th, 7.30 p. m.