

## Correspondence.

Dear Highway,—

In sending my renewal I thought it might be in order to write a short letter as well. I am glad to tell you I am having a good time spiritually, keeping in touch with Heaven, eating of the fruit of Canaan, realizing the saving and keeping power and every once in a while getting the overflow.

What a grand experience it brings to our souls when we let God have his way, when we give him first place in our lives, put his service first. How it freshens the testimony and gives a real heaven-born interest in his service.

Yours under the Blood, saved, sanctified and kept.

BERTRAM M. COLPITTS.

Dear Highway,—

I wish to acknowledge the kindness of the church and friends of St. John who met at our home on Thursday evening, Jan. 16th, and after spending a pleasant evening together Bro. A. E. Whelpley was called to the chair and said the object of their meeting was to make their pastor and wife a friendly call, and show their appreciation of their labors with them in a more tangible way, which they did in presenting us, through the chairman, with a purse of money, for which we wish to thank one and all, and after a nice lunch which the ladies had provided had been partaken of, they bade us good night.

I also wish to acknowledge the kindness of Deacon E. Cosman, who presented us with a very nice turkey for our Christmas dinner, also other brothers and sisters who ministered to our needs. I am still contending for the faith that was once delivered to the saints, and believe the Lord is with us.

G. B. TRAFTON.

## EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

We take the liberty of printing the following good words which were not written for publication—but please don't ask who the writers are.

A brother writing from Woodstock says: "Brother Archer gives us excellent sermons."

A sister writing from Columbus, O., says: "I was glad to see the face of Brother D. F. Knight in the Highway. I am not acquainted with him, but have known of his work and labor of love in Fredericton."

A brother writes from Prince Edward Island: "Enclosed please find my renewal for the Highway. I love to read it. Sanctification is explained so beautifully. My prayer is that God will keep us all under his shadow. P. S.—I am sending 25 cents additional for enlargement of the paper."

A sister writing from Hartland, N. B., says: "I am sending renewal for the Highway and 25 cents extra. I prize the Highway very much—seems as if I could not do without it."

Rev. Z. M. Miller, Houlton, says: "Enclosed please find renewal for the Highway. Saved to the uttermost."

A Brother writes from Nashwaak, N. B., and says: "As we have the Christian Witness coming to us every week, I was at a stand whether I could afford both, being laid aside for some time, and the possibilities are that my work is nearly done. But I like the Highway, and I am glad to see it growing. I pray that it may be a blessing through divine power for

## THE SWEETNESS OF LOVE.

A life filled and overflowing with the universal sweetness of love! Is this the superlative best? That is for you to decide. If you do not see it to be the superlative, you will not choose it. Have you fallen in love with the overflowing idea of universal love? Are your dreams, thoughts, prayers and studies all centred on being lost in love? Do you so pant and thirst to have your whole being dipped in the dew of love? or, to change the figure, entirely consumed in the ecstatic fire of love, that you would gladly yield up all other talents and graces and rewards, in order to reach such a consummation. What is the sweetness of love?

It is love made perfect, and filling, enlarging and overflowing the breast—love pushing its tidal wave up into the intellect and will, deluging all the mental faculties with its delicious currents. Love filling the tongue, selecting the most fitting words, sweetening the voice or else holding it in precious silence. Love that obeys God in everything, and yet selects the very humblest and sweetest way of doing it. Love that conceals all its pains in the bosom of Jesus, and gives its sunshine to others. Love that can toil all day without appreciation or reward, except to sleep at the Saviour's feet at night. Love that may have those that are above it in office or wealth, or learning to treat it with injustice or neglect or sarcasm, and say nothing about it; but receive it lovingly, as strokes from its father's hand. Love that can sow seed amid pains, persecutions and tears, and willingly have another to reap all the harvest and praise. Love that follows wicked souls to the gates of hell and seeks to alleviate and reduce their sufferings, even though it cannot save them from woe. Love that seeks to conceal itself and exhibit Jesus, that exhausts every art in its reach to populate Heaven, to purify and brighten earth and to diminish the sorrows of hell, and asking no pay except a larger supply or an increase of love.

As long as we persist in keeping in the middle of the stream of love, we can never touch the hard shores, and sharp points of severity. Pure, immutable, lowly love stimulates its own toils, cures its own pains and is its own reward and is the most saintly choice of the will.—*Selected.*

## MARRIED.

At Woodstock, N. B., on Jan. 15th, 1913, by Rev. H. C. Archer, John B. Depow and Miss Gertrude A. Dickinson, both of Canterbury, N. B.

At Woodstock, N. B., on Jan. 15th, by Rev. H. C. Archer, Kilburn K. Bruce and Miss Mildred M. Elliott, both of Littleton, Me.

At Woodstock, N. B., Jan. 20th, 1913, by Rev. H. C. Archer, Arthur W. Parlee and Mrs. Ada Ginson, both of Lansdown, Carleton county, N. B.

At the residence of the bridegroom, on the 21st inst., by Rev. S. H. Clark, Mr. Colman Winter and Miss Lottie A. Moses, both of Brazil Lake, N. S.

good in every home it enters. Enclosed please find renewal."

A sister writes from Everett, Mass.: "Enclosed please find our subscription for the Highway. We had it discontinued, but find we miss it so we cannot do without it."

## PITY OF BAD MANNERS.

A gracious elderly woman who loves young girls dearly, makes frequent plans for their pleasure, and finds in their society a continual delight, recently expressed herself as shocked at the departmental delinquencies of many well-reared girls when they were away from home.

"Perhaps," she sighed, "I invite Jennie to accompany me on a journey. I anticipate actual delight in her girlish good spirits and freshness of viewpoint; I hope to make the journey a pleasant one for her. But Jennie, whom I know at home as a sweet and gracious young lady, seems to alter strangely once we get away.

"She talks loud, it may be, or jokes too familiarly with train men and other public officials. If we visit the country she seems to forget that the laws of good breeding are the same the world over, and either makes too free or unflattering comment on unaccustomed features of life or carries unconventional behavior beyond the limits of ordinary politeness.

"I shall never forget the face of a quiet old country woman as she watched some thoughtless city girls riding about a small town on the top of a milk wagon, tearing along the village streets like small boys outside a circus tent, exchanging unrestrained badinage with the village lads whose ideals of urban young women they thus irrevocably lowered. And I felt all the sadder because I knew those silly girls were acting that way because, carried away by the excitement of the moment, they had forgotten to think!"

The local judge of a pretty village last spring had brought before him for trial three weeping girls from the neighboring city. These girls, charged with theft and the despoiling of property by a stern old native, claimed that they were innocent of any evil intention. Walking in the woods which this man happened to own, they had seen and picked violets, not to immoderation. Their captor asked why he had believed it expedient to be so harsh, explained that so many Saturday and Sunday parties of young folk weekly ruined the wild flowers and ferns that were his joy and pride, he had lately made an invariable rule of having all depredators arrested. He had no grudge against these particular young ladies; he was sorry for their distress and humiliation; but he had suffered so much from their kind.

The moral needs no pointing. Standards of correct behavior are practically the same everywhere, being based on the laws of courtesy and good breeding. The girl who acts rudely or boldly away from home because "out here nobody knows me," or "it doesn't matter what one does in the country," is making a serious mistake in more than one direction. In the present day of easy and perpetual travel, it is difficult to go anywhere without meeting a friend or acquaintance; moreover, and this is far more serious, since conduct not only expresses but in the end shapes character, rude behavior anywhere, at any time, under any circumstances, starts a new groove of habit into which it becomes more and more easy to slip.—*Ethel Colson in The Continent.*

Dr. C. W. Mateer estimates that in China the sum of \$130,000,000 is spent annually for the paper money burned in ancestral worship.—*Selected.*