

Correspondence.

Millville, Sept. 28, 1914.

Dear Bro. Baker,— I thought you would like a note from the meeting over Sunday for the Highway. Brother Gouthey has preached with power and unction as I never heard him preach before, and conviction has been on the people since the first meeting. A number were helped through in the past week, but the grand break came last night, when there were over twenty at the altar, mostly young people, whom we believe received the forgiveness of their sins. Conviction is still on and we are looking for wonderful things before the meetings close.

E. W. LESTER.

Dear Highway,—We have just arrived home from the quarterly meeting held at Cedar Lake, N. S. We were glad to have the privilege of telling the old story of the Cross at Cedar Lake and Sandford, and found that the old gospel has not lost its power to convict of sin and bring men and women to the knowledge of its truth. God was with us in those meetings. We had the pleasure of meeting some of our brethren and sisters in Christ for the first time.

T. W. MOSES.

Dear Highway,—A word from us at this time may be acceptable. We are enjoying our work here and feel very much at home. We have organized a men's Bible class, and at this writing we have 15 members, and our class meetings are seasons of refreshing. We have also organized a junior union, and have 28 members. They hold their services from 6.30 to 7 p. m. Sunday evening. Sister Carver is the president. We have given the hand of fellowship to three of late. Some backsliders are coming back and we are laboring for a revival. Pray for us. I baptized one for Miss Slipp last Sunday. I am sick in bed at this writing with grippe. Yours in the battle for holiness.

C. S. HILYARD.

WHERE JESUS REIGNS.

Where Jesus reigns there is no fear,
No restless doubt, no hopeless tear,
No base deceit nor faithless prayer,
No angry strife or weak despair;
No greed for gain nor selfish pride,
No bitterness for aught denied,
No evil tongue, no cruel arm,
No envy, hate, nor wish to harm;
No wicked lust, nor trace of stains,
But all is pure where Jesus reigns.

Where Jesus reigns there is no night—
For He is Wisdom, Love and Light;
No raging sea nor tempest dread,
But quietness and calm instead;
No anxious care, no blind unrest;
No heavy heart by guilt oppressed;
No discontent, no gloomy days—
But highest hope and sweetest praise.
No stumbling oft nor galling chains,
No shame nor sin where Jesus reigns.

Where Jesus reigns there's joy untold,
There's wealth that's richer far than gold,
There's service glad and courage true,
There's power to be and strength to do;
There's sacrifice and sweet content,
There's grace divine and mercy sent,
There's triumph over self and sin,
And blessed peace abides within;
There's truest faith that never wanes.
There's love supreme where Jesus reigns.

—Selected.

We can reason down a man's theology, but we cannot reason down the life of a Christian man.—Alexander McKenzie.

If I take care of my character, my reputation will take care of itself.—D. L. Moody.

THE MAN WHO LACKED MORAL COURAGE.

A few years ago I went to close a meeting and said: "Are there any here who would like to have me remember them in prayer? I would like to have them rise." And there was a man rose, and when I saw him stand up, my heart leaped in me with joy. I had been anxious for him a long time. I went to him as soon as the meeting was over and took him by the hand, and said: "You are coming out for God, are you not?" He said: "I want to, and have made up my mind to be a Christian; only there is one thing standing in my way." "What is that?" I asked. "Well," he replied, "I lack moral courage." Naming a friend of his, he added: "If he had been here to-night I should not have risen; I am afraid when he hears I have risen for prayer he will begin to laugh at me, and I won't have moral courage to stand up for Christ." I said: "If Christ is what He is represented in the Bible, He is worth standing up for; and if Heaven is what we are told it is in the Bible, it is worth living for." "I lack moral courage," he answered; and the man was trembling from head to foot. I thought he was just at the very threshold of Heaven, and that one step more was going to take him in, and that he would take the step that night. I talked and prayed with him, and the Spirit seemed to be striving mightily with him, but he did not get the light. Night after night he came, and the Spirit strove with him; but just one thing kept him back, he lacked moral courage. At last the Spirit of God, which had striven so mightily with him, seemed to leave him, and there were no more strivings. He left off coming to church, was off among his old companions, and would not meet me in the street; he was ashamed to do so. About six months afterward I got a message from him, and found him on what he thought was his dying bed. He wanted to know if there was hope for him at the eleventh hour. I tried to tell him there was hope for any man that would accept Christ. I prayed for him, and day after day I visited him.

Contrary to all expectations, he began to recover; and when he was convalescent, finding him one day sitting in front of his house, I sat by his side, and said: "You will soon be well enough to come up to the church, and you are you will come up, and you are just going to confess Christ boldly, are you not?" "Well," says he, "I promised God when I was on what I thought to be my dying bed I would serve Him, and I made up my mind to be a Christian; but I am not going to be one just now. Next spring I am going over to Lake Michigan, and I am going to buy a farm and settle down, and then I am going to be a Christian." I said, "How dare you talk that way! How do you know that you are going to live till next spring? Have you a lease of your life?" "I was never better than I am now; I am a little weak, but I will soon have my strength. I have a fresh lease of my life, and will be well for a good many years yet," he answered; "The fact is, I have not the courage to face my old companions, and I cannot serve God in Chicago." I said: "If God has not grace enough to keep you in Chicago He has not in Michigan." I urged him then and there to surrender his soul and body to the Lord Jesus; but the more I urged him the more irritated he got, till at last he said: "Well, you need not trouble yourself any more about my soul; I will attend to that. If I am lost it will be my own fault. I will take the risk."

I left him, and in about a week I got a mes-

sage from his wife. Going to the house, I met her at the door weeping. I said: "What is the trouble?" "Oh, sir! I have just had a council of physicians here, and they have all given my husband up to die. They say he cannot live." I said: "Does he want to see me?" She replied, "No." "Why did you send?" "I cannot bear to see him die in this terrible state of mind," she said. "What is his state of mind?" "Why, he says that his damnation is sealed, and he will be in Hell in a little while."

I went into the room, but he turned his head away. I said: "How is it with you?" Not a word; he was as silent as death. I spoke the second time, but he made no response. I looked him in the face and called him by name and said: "Will you not tell me how it is with you?" He turned and fixed that awful, deathly look upon me, and, pointing to the stove, he said: "My heart is as hard as the iron in that stove; it is too late; my damnation is sealed, and I shall be in hell in a little while." I said: "Don't talk so; you can be saved now if you will." He replied: "Don't mock me; I know better."

I talked with him, quoting promise after promise, but he said not one was for him. "Christ has come knocking at the door of my heart many a time, and the last time He came I promised to let Him in; and when I got well I turned away again, and now I have to perish without Him." I threw myself on my knees. He said, "You can pray for my wife and children, you need not pray for me; it is too late." I tried to pray, but it seemed as if the heavens were brass over me. He lingered till the sun went down. His wife told me that his end was terrible. All that he was heard to say were the fearful words: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved." As the sun was sinking behind those western prairies he was going into the arms of death. As he was expiring, his wife noticed his lips quivering; he was trying to say something, and she reached over her ear, and all she could hear was, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved," and the angels bore him to the Judgment. He lived a Christless life, he died a Christless death, we wrapped him in a Christless shroud, nailed him in a Christless coffin, and bore him to a Christless grave.—D. L. Moody.

TWO PRESSING NEEDS.

One thousand dollars to free Riverside Camp Ground from debt; must have it by Christmas.

We have pledges for \$380.00 of this amount now, leaving a balance unprovided for of \$650.00.

We will open a subscription list in this number of the Highway, and hope for a quick and liberal response from our people, for we are all anxious to wipe out all debts from this beautiful spot. Send the money for this purpose to S. A. Baker, Fredericton, N. B.

The second need is for immediate help for our missionary funds. We are glad to note the activity for missionary purposes among our churches. Will all of the churches and missionary societies please gather up their dues and forward to Rev. H. C. Archer, Fort Fairfield, Me., who is the Treasurer, and will acknowledge the amounts through the Highway.

These needs can be easily and quickly met if all act and act quickly.

S. A. BAKER,
President Mission Board.

A friend loveth at all times.