

## Correspondence.

Dear Highway,—

All along these years I have learned by simple faith to trust Him whom my soul loveth. When the trials and afflictions of this life pressed upon me, I have always found His kind hand to sustain. Over and over, again and again, I have proved Him to be a friend at all times, and in simple faith I have cast all the burdens incident to life upon Him, who has promised all our burdens to bear. I feel to magnify the riches of His grace to sustain and keep. What a wonderful Saviour we have, who doth care for us. We feel like saying with the Psalmist, "O magnify the Lord with me and let us exalt His name together." And now as the journey of life is nearing its close, I feel so glad that I have learned to trust Him, that His precious blood cleanseth from all sin.

"Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus, just to take Him at His word;

Just to rest upon His promise, just to know 'Thus saith the Lord.

Jesus, Jesus, how I trust Him; how I've proved Him o'er and o'er;

Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus! oh, for grace to trust Him more.

Oh, how sweet to trust in Jesus—just to trust His cleansing blood;

Just in simple faith to plunge me, 'neath the healing, cleansing blood.

Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Jesus, just from sin and self to cease;

Just from Jesus simply taking—life and rest and joy and peace.

I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, precious Jesus, Saviour, Friend;

And I know that thou art with me—will be with me to the end."

B. N. GOODSPEED.

Penniac, March 10, 1915.

Royalton, N. B.,

March 10, 1915.

Dear Highway,—

A great many of your readers will be interested to hear from Brother Eliphalet Jones, of Knoxville, N. B. He is, I think, the oldest living man in the denomination, and one of the very first who received the blessing of entire sanctification in early days of movement in New Brunswick. He is now in his eighty-seventh year. This last fall and winter he has been declining somewhat in health, not being able to attend church since November. For the last few days he has been confined to his bed. He is not suffering any but is simply weak. The writer called on him Monday of this week, and as usual it was a season of real blessing and refreshing to be in his presence. The Spirit is indeed present with him and his joy is boundless. His interest in the entire denomination is as keen as ever. No interest is closer to his heart than that which pertains to the spread of holiness.

The following are some words from his own lips: "I have no pain and am just as happy as can be. Am weak, but the weakness of my body doesn't make my faith any less—rather better. Just as natural for me to praise the Lord as to eat when I am hungry. Oh, how I prize the Highway. I took the first copy of it."

Further he says, "Tell the brethren that I would like to be at Beulah if it were possible. I have faith that there will be the greatest meeting at Beulah that we have ever seen."

Upon being asked what his favorite scripture text was, he replied that it all suited him fine, he loved it all. To my mind Brother

Jones is a good illustration of the words of the hymn:

"E'en down to old age all my people shall prove My sovereign, eternal, unchangable love; And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn Like lambs, they shall still in my bosom be born."

I am sending this at Brother Jones' request. He had the desire to write a letter for the Highway, but his hand was too feeble.

H. C. MULLEN.

St. John, N. B.,

March 10, 1915.

Dear Highway,—

As I have seen nothing about our missionary meetings within your paper, I thought it would be both interesting and encouraging to your readers to know how that part of the Lord's work was progressing here.

For the past few years the interest has been growing less and the attendance decreasing until it seemed, from the natural standpoint, almost impossible to think of reorganizing; but knowing it was ours to do our part and the Lord's to take care of the results, our Missionary Society was re-organized on November 6, 1914.

The Lord has certainly been with us since and at every meeting we can feel the smile of His approval upon us. Our attendance and interest is increasing and we feel like Paul, to "thank God and take courage," claiming the promise, "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus," as ours, we "Press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus."

May this year be the best we have yet known in our missionary work, and this can only be accomplished as we give to Him our best, knowing that He will not forget the feeblest service, humblest love. He only asks that of our store we give to Him—the best we have.

JOSIE CODY.

Dear Highway,—

I wish to acknowledge the kindness of the people to me. On the evening of the 13th the churches at Greenbush and Central Southampton, and members of the United Baptist church, met at the home of Brother and Sister Wayman Wright, and spent a pleasant evening in singing and conversation. The ladies prepared a very nice supper of which about forty-five persons partook, after which the meeting was called to order and Brother Wright, who was chosen chairman, expressed the people's appreciation of the labors of the pastor and presented the pastor and his wife with \$47.00, and several gifts have been sent in since, raising the amount to over \$50.00.

The pastor and Mrs. Coy expressed their appreciation in short speeches. The meeting closed with the Doxology and benediction.

J. H. COY, Pastor.

## PEACE, PERFECT PEACE.

While very ill a dear friend brought me a beautiful motto, which she placed on the table beside my bed.

During the intense pain and in spite of bells ringing, patients groaning and the ceaseless tread of the night nurses, two lines of that motto were constantly in my mind.

Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin;

The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

I had such a restful joy, knowing I had that abiding peace in my soul.

On mid-ocean during a storm, our great

steamer cut her way through those white capped billows with comparative ease. We did not wonder that those disciples were afraid in their crude fishing vessel when the wind howled and the waves beat high around them. But, oh! the Master was there. His word of peace was sufficient. The winds ceased and the angry billows shrunk away as if ashamed of their fury. I can almost imagine I can see the look of astonishment on their faces, and hear them saying, "Isn't it wonderful. He must surely be the Messiah."

Again we see the wonderful working power of this man of Galilee.

We are in dark Africa. The gospel has been preached; the message of salvation has been told again and again. Light has penetrated that darkened intellect; the soul has been awakened and has grasped the meaning of a Saviour.

She begins to give up her heathen customs and sins; but many months pass away, yet she has not finished believing. Satan asserts his power through her love of beer, and so she is troubled and tempest tossed.

So vivid is that Sunday of long ago. I was alone that day with the natives. At the afternoon meeting I again told them "that sweet story of old," and gave them a single lesson on faith. The Holy Spirit brooded over that service. We had an after-service where all prayed aloud, some weeping, pleading for forgiveness of sins, others praying for the unsaved or praising the Lord—yet without confusion. That dear old soul, Lidia's grandmother, passed through, and was born again. Those who had known of her struggle rejoiced with her. I believe even her heathen friends were glad.

Some doubting Thomas may say that was only a delusion brought on through excitement. Not by any means. The shine on her face was an unmistakable sign that the work had been accomplished, and ever after amid all the trials, sickness or when food was scarce, she testified of the peace which passeth all understanding. Praise the Lord.

Does this not give an inspiration to seek this peace?

We cannot obtain it through good works or by popularity, or even our high standing in the church; money cannot buy it, but a complete surrender of our lives to our Saviour, when the consecration is complete—the blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

I. M. K.

We need this aggressive evangelistic movement, because this is an intense age, and because the non-Christian nations are intense nations. An intense nation is one in which the people are absorbed. I never visited a land in which the people were more absorbed in money making than in China. I have never visited a country in which men were more earnest and self-denying in their ambitions for political preferment and advancement than they are in Japan. I have never been in a country where the people are so fully occupied with what we call the struggle for existence as they are in India.

The point I am making is simply this: If the Church of Christ is to arrest and hold the attention of men on the subject of personal religion, that church must be tremendously in earnest.—*Presbyterian Record*.

Life is short and we have never too much time for gladdening the hearts of those who are traveling the dark journey with us. Oh, be swift to love, make haste to be kind.—*Amiel*.