

Correspondence.

Hartland, N. B.

Dear Highway,—

It has been some time since I wrote to your columns, and perhaps some might wonder if we are still engaged in the work. We certainly have much to thank God for. Wife and children are all well and I am enjoying good health, both soul and body. I realize it means much for one to have spiritual health and vigor. It seems the age we are all living in is full of everything to destroy spirituality, and one needs to be on the alert and take every precaution against infection. We as a people need to keep the glory on us. In order to do this there must be continued waiting on God. There is so much of hurry and worry that the people, or rather Christians in general, are about carried off their feet. There is nothing that will help us so much as waiting on God. A profession of sanctification without the fire and power is a sad sight. The work as a whole seems quite encouraging. The friends have been very kind and all our needs have been supplied, thank God. We are sorry that a number of the older ones are not able to get out to meeting, so the praying band is taking meetings to them.

Brother Stephen McMullen has passed his 89th birthday, and Brother Alfred Thornton and some others who once were active in the work are now laid by; but they still are vigorous in spirit and can still fill a gap in the prayer life. Some souls have got over into Canaan and some converted since our last writing, and others are seeking for full salvation. We purpose by the help of God to keep on the victory side and looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith. Keep on praying.

Yours in Jesus,

P. J. TRAFTON.

Clearview, N. B.

Dear Brother Baker,—

I have never written for the Highway before, but will now do so. About November 20, Rev. P. J. Trafton was with us for a meeting and the Lord blessed his coming. He left an appointment for his father, Rev. A. H. Trafton, for November 29th, and despite the bad condition of the roads there were good congregations and marked interest all day. He remained with us for eight or ten days meetings and has been with us nearly every Sunday since. His preaching has been much appreciated by all and we have had some very helpful meetings indeed. I think I never saw such attention given to preaching, which speaks well for both preacher and people. There has been deep conviction on the people and good effect on the community.

We are praying that God will bless the seed sown and many souls will be gathered in. The brothers and sisters from Summerside and Knoxford have attended the services and greatly assisted in the work. We expect Brother Trafton with us again on the 14th.

Yours in the Work,

W. J. JONES.

Dear Highway,—

I praise the dear Lord for his goodness to me, "That all things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are called according to his purpose."

I love the Lord and he keeps me by his sanctifying power. Glory to His precious name.

Your Sister,

MRS. W. S. BEALS.

Upper Springfield, N. B.

Houlton, Me.,
February 10th, 1915

Dear Highway,—

As I look out on the fields this morning and see the beautiful clean, white mantle of snow God has covered this part of the country with, I am reminded of His great power in dealing with the heart of man. "Purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean; wash me and I shall be whiter than snow"—Psalm 51:7.

I am so glad I can report victory in my soul. The work here is very encouraging indeed. The members of the church are mellowing up nicely under the blessed truth of God's word. Sinners are being saved, thank God. The people seem anxious to show their appreciation of our labors among them in many ways. On the 27th of January they met at the parsonage by sleigh and sled loads and took us by surprise. But we soon saw they had planned a donation for us. After a very pleasant evening together, singing, reading the scriptures, prayer and testimony; they left us \$32.00 better off in cash and goods. How good the Lord is to us in giving us such a pleasant field to labor in. We feel to thank him for all.

I have three regular prayer meetings during each week—one here, one on the Ridge and one in the school house near Montecello. All of these meetings are well attended and will bear fruit to the glory of God. I am trying to be faithful in the ministry of the word, as I fully realize I must render an account to God of my stewardship. Pray for us.

Yours in Him,

H. H. COSMAN.

Dear Editor,—

I did not notice that my subscription was overdue. Sorry I did not renew before, but will now enclose money for two years subscription. The Highway is the most like the old Religious Intelligencer that I can get. It is a good paper, and that is what we need. Enclosed please find \$2.50 for this year and next.

MRS. J. H. ROBERTS.

This is a grand example for subscribers. Look at your label, then pay a year in advance.
—Editor.

PRAYER INDISPENSABLE.

I am convinced that nothing in the whole Christian religion is so difficult, and so rarely attained, as a praying heart. Without this you are as weak as weakness itself. With it you are irresistible. This, by some, would be thought a strange remark, and to savor strongly of fanaticism. But I tell you the church will have to turn over a new leaf on this subject, and take a new lesson on the subject of prayer. Frequent lessons of secret prayer are, in my own mind, wholly indispensable to keeping up an intercourse with God.

Let me say again and again, if you lose your spirit of prayer, you will do nothing, or next to nothing, though you had the intellectual endowment of an angel. If you lose your spirit of prayer, you lose your spirituality, and had better stop and break off in the midst of your preparations, and repent and return to God, or go about some other employment, for I cannot contemplate a more loathsome and abominable object than an earthly-minded minister. The blessed Lord preserve and deliver his dear church from the guidance and influence of men who know not what it is to pray.—Charles G. Finney.

To lower the standard is to surrender.

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Paulpietersburg, Natal,
December 29th, 1914.

Dear Friends,—

At our Christmas supper table papa asked each of us children to tell the thing that impressed him or her the most among the scenes of the celebration of the natives' Christmas.

Judson said, "The thing that impressed me most was to see some little boys eating a goat's head, ears, skin, hair and all."

Miriam thought "the time the young men clapped their hands and shouted for joy," was the most impressive.

The feast this year would have been more largely attended than any we have ever had before, I think, if it had not rained so. It rained the night before and filled the Pongola river so those who had planned to come over were disappointed. Only six, who crossed before it rained, came from our church over there.

But in spite of the lowering clouds and rain over two hundred hungry natives gathered for the feast we had prepared. There were five goats killed, and as there is no part except the skin and bones that these people do not eat, there was enough to give them all a taste. Ninety pounds of corn, cracked, sifted and cooked as rice, supplemented the meat.

Because of the rain, an open air service was impossible, and as our church was too small to accommodate all the people, we had to separate. Mamma held a service under our verandah, while papa conducted a meeting in the church. After a short talk in which he reviewed the progress and effect of this mission since we first came here, eleven years ago, papa called on his helpers to speak, and five gave short addresses. On the whole we had a very nice meeting, and I believe that not a few darkened souls were led a step further toward the kingdom. One thing I marked as I looked on the eager faces before me was, that with the exception of some three, all of the 120 present were either saved or seekers. Just the opposite was the case in mamma's meeting. Among her sixty only one was a believer. They, too, reported a good service.

After meeting they were feasted. Because of the rain and mud they ate, some in the church, others under the verandah and in the kitchen and stable.

As I look back over the past year since last Christmas, my heart bounds within me. God has indeed blessed our work. Many of those who then came merely to eat, now are earnest seekers. There are nearly twenty on our own farm who have recently started and that is but a small fraction, for we have many outposts and at each of these there are a few who are earnest seekers, and almost every Sunday brings in the news of some new one who has made a start. And the spiritual condition of our church members is getting better. And so God blesses and souls are being saved, but in comparison with those around us, who still remain in Satan's power, these are as a drop in the bucket. They are not hard hearted; very seldom as we plead with them, for God do we meet with a refusal, but the almost universal plea is, "Satan binds us."

From time immemorable their fathers have lived in heathenism and it is exceedingly hard for these to break loose from the chains of heathen custom that bind them so strongly. And their darkness is so dense! Oh, friends, words fail me when I try to picture to you the awful darkness with which these heathen souls are shadowed. Only God's power can free them. The Prince of the power of darkness