

Correspondence.

My dear Brother:

It is with great rejoicing that I give a few words of encouragement voicing what has already been said that the Highway is a great blessing to those who read it.

Have been thinking more of late that it should have a greater circulation and a more frequent visitor and hope this may be realized. We do not appreciate good clean scriptural reading as we should which the "Highway" always contains. Also we need to acknowledge your untiring efforts as editor more.

May the Lord especially bless you and prosper the work to which you are called—preaching the Word in its purity.

Yours depending on His Merits alone for Salvation and Sanctification.

EZRA IGRAHAM.

East Corinth, Me.,

Dear Highway:

My soul says this morning, Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning even so is it now and forever shall be world without end, Amen. This is the closing up day of my fifth year of ministry among this people on the eastern shore of the Bay of Fundy. I was awakened early in the night by the down pour of rain, which has hindered very much in my work all the spring and now it is past time for my first service and it still pours down, but perhaps you think I am sitting by the stove enjoying a good case of blues but I want to say the Devil wrote me a letter in the night but I have not had time to answer him I have been so busy praising God all the morning, my furniture packed, the walls of my home and the floors bare, wife and John already on the road towards Beulah, rain coming down in torrents, sun hidden, the privilege of preaching the word three times today gone, the remuneration that would have been of importance to us at this time, have sunken into insignificance as I have taken the word and and talked it all over with the Father. I was impressed to take paper and pen and drop you a line of thanksgiving to our Father in Heaven for five fine years of successful labour upon this field with health to preach the word three times on Sunday driving an average of 25 miles each Lord's day, I have only missed one service on account of health. The increase in our churches have not been large between 25 and 30 members have been added, mostly by baptism, and with one or two exceptions all are in good spiritual condition, each year it has been my blessed privilege to bury some by baptism, for which I praise God, and today as the rain is closing up my work, I look over my field and see ten or twelve persons that have given their young hearts to God, and are doing well spiritually, but it has not been my privilege to administer the rights of the church to them, but as I thought it over I took in the expression as Paul in 1 Cor. 3-6 I have planted, my successor will water, and God; Glory hallelujah to His Name. We trust to Him to give the increase, and now like Abraham of old, Heb. 11-8, not knowing whether we go for as it has not been our honored privileges to receive many calls, but we have received a royal commission, Glory- Mark 16-15, 16. Go ye into all the world and that is good enough Brethren, but yet we find it does not end at that, the climax of his royal commission is handed down to us by Isaiah 33-16. He shall dwell on high; his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks; bread shall be given

him, his water shall be sure, Oh Glory, Glory, Glory, and we expect He will throw in once in a while a bunch of grapes or pomegranites, this will be just like him, is it any wonder I have stamped all around over the bare floors this morning while the rain has come down in torrents and the day has been so full of disappointments, and made these old walls bare and uninviting resound with praises unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own Blood, but we must now stop, lest we take up too much space.

Yours and His.

Rev. H. S. Clark,
Port Maitland, N. S. June 18th, 1916.

Dear Bro. Baker,

I wanted to have told you in your special number of the Highway of April 15, (but was prevented) That when our home was burned that a copy of every publication from the first issue of the Highway was burned, and I wanted to express my thankfulness to the many who read the paper, who have sent messages of sympathy to us in our loss. Among the sweet memories of my home is when God's dear ones come and we enjoyed their company. Now as you meet at Camp Meeting, there will be sadness over the changes the year has brought, and the awfulness of this war, but I shall also rejoice with you in the fact that "God is Love," He never changes, though Heaven and earth pass away, God remains the same and unchangeable. I am so glad for such a friend, a sure foundation. My hope is built on nothing less than Jesus Blood and righteousness.

Yours under the Blood,

Mrs. G. E. Tedlie
Lower Brighton, N. B.

MARRIED.

Akerley-Dalzell.

June 14th. At the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. F. T. Wright, Grace Rebecca, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Dalzell of Seal Cove, Grand Manan, N. B. and Mr. Harry M. Skerley of St. John, N. B. Mr. and Mrs. Akerley will reside in St. John, N. B.

Rideout-Rideout

A very pleasant event took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot Rideout, Somerville, Car. Co. Wednesday June the twenty-first at two o'clock p.m., when their eldest daughter, Eva May, was united in marriage to Walter Arnold Rideout of the same place. The nuptial knot was tied under an arch of evergreen and flowers on the front piazza, in the presence of more than one hundred and fifty guests. The bride looked charming in a dress of cream figured silk, wearing a bridal veil and carried a bouquet of bridal roses, she was attended by her sister Pearl, while Bradford Craig acted as best man. Rev. P. J. Trafton was the officiating clergyman. A sumptuous supper was served and the bridal party left on the evening train, amid showers of confetti and good wishes, on a honeymoon trip to St. John and other parts of the province. The presents were numerous and beautiful.

Holiness people—who are "truly sanctified"—Have renounced the hidden things of dishonesty, do not walk in craftiness, nor handle the word of God deceitfully, but by manifestation of the truth commend themselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God, dishonesty, craftiness and deceitfulness has been cleansed out of their hearts. A profession of holiness where these things are present is rank hypocrisy.

OBITUARY

Miss S. A. Thomas

At Upper Brighton Friday morning, June 16th, after a short illness, Miss S. Amanda Thomas, passed from this life in the eighty-fifth year of her age. She was born at Fredericton Sept. 12th, 1831. She was baptized and confirmed in the Anglican Church in youth, when about twenty years of age she came to visit in Carleton County and came out and was immersed under the Free Baptists. She came to reside in this country about twenty-eight years ago. She allied herself to the holiness movement and has always showed a deep interest in our work, in the church and at the camp meetings.

She leaves to mourn their loss two brothers, John Thomas at Peel, with whom she lived, and A. Duncan Thomas at Fredericton; one sister, Mrs. Edward S. Boyer of Newburyport, Mass., Rev. H. R. Boyer of the N. B. Bible Society is a nephew.

The funeral service was held in the Reformed Baptist church, Hartland, Saturday afternoon, the writer officiating, assisted by Rev. N. Franchette.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.

P. J. Trafton,

Sister Thomas was a regular reader of the Highway for many years. Ed.

Mr. R. W. Richardson.

On Monday the 19th, while attending to his business at Patton, Me. Mr. R. W. Richardson was killed by a falling tree. He was a brother to sisters J. D. Shaw and Mrs. George Tedlie and J. F. Richardson of Lower Brighton, and G. W. Richardson of Fort Fairfield, and half brother of conductor Charles Taylor of the C. P. R. and L. A. W. Taylor of Boston, Mass.

He leaves a wife and one son. Sister Richardson is among those who have been regular readers of the Highway for many years. We join in sincere sympathy with the sorrowing friends. Ed.

INFORMATION WANTED.

At Christmas time 1914 Mrs. Duncan Reed of Northumberland St., Fredericton received a parcel through the mail from some friend, tied to her parcel was a second containing children's clothing sent by Amy C. Saunders. Sister Reed has endeavored to find the owners but has not been able to do so. If any person seeing this note can direct her to those owning the parcel Mrs. Reed will be glad to send it, or write to the Editor of the Highway.

Every day brings its message to us from God. Some days call us to energy and work. Some days call us to be patient and brave. Some days bring us to call to brotherhood, sympathy, and self-denial. We cannot choose the day's message. It is not always what suits our desires. But only by accepting it will we reach the fullness of life and experience that God means us to have.—J. R. Miller.

There are only two ways of using power; the one is to use it for God, and the other is to use it for self. What does power amount to if we do not use it for something else than to serve ourselves? Life may be a bottomless abyss, into which we shall pour all our riches, and all our strength, and all our wisdom, and pour it endlessly; or life may be a fountain out of which shall flow all the wealth and wisdom and strength which God shall give us, flow out to others in inexhaustible streams.—G. Glen Atkins.