

Correspondence.

East San Diego,
California,
January 14, 1916.

Dear Highway,

We welcome your every issue, an drejoice with you in all your good work and labor of love in spreading Scriptural Holiness. Trust the interest in Balmoral Farm will continue. I enclose my offering. I am enjoying my coast trip very much. This is a land of sunshine and flowers. In July my sister and I took the trip to Los Angeles by the steamer Yale, and from there to the Holiness Camp meeting at Huntington Beach, a 20 mile ride from Los Angeles. We enjoyed it, although it differed in many respects from our beloved Beulah. We visited Brother and Sister J. Hamilton Seeley in their cosy home at Inglewood, and how we did appreciate the reunion. also meeting Sister Mary Seeley, son and grandson, from Durant. Brother Seeley is still full of the old-time fire. How we did enjoy the holy fellowship at their family altar. From there we went to Pasadena to visit Brother and Sister Ezekial Smith. They are living in Canaan, both temporarily and spiritually. We went sightseeing with Miss Gaia Smith in her little electric to many places of interest. Called at Rev. Budd Robinson's home and at Sister Eatons, a recently returned missionary from India. Many millionaires have fine residences here. In Los Angeles we visited several of the churches and missions, Bible Institute, etc., etc. We find much of interest out here. We had the pleasure of attending a 10 days' meeting held in the M. E. Church in San Diego, led by Rev. Joseph H. Smith, holiness Evangelist. He has few equals in the study and preservation of the truth. The M. E. Conference convened here in October, also the Board of Bishops. It was a rare privilege to hear these holy men of God report the work from all parts of the world. To hear such men as Bishop Cranston from Washington, D. C., and Bishop Henderson, who gave a fine address on Consecration with great results. Bishop Nielson, of Zurich, Switzerland, gave such a sad account of the work in Europe since the war began. Bishop Homer Stuntz, of South America, gave such a graphic picture of the country, missions, etc., which was certainly new to me. Then a few weeks ago I had the pleasure of really seeing the grand old man, Thomas A. Edison, the great inventor, to whom the world owes so much. He received a great ovation here at the exposition. Billy Sunday as well gave us a lecture on butterfly chasing, which was rich in practical thought, even from such a subject. He includes under that head every human activity and institution that is in any way useless or without purpose. I must tell you of the Sunday school I attend here in the M. E. Church. They have an enrollment of over one thousand. I am in a class of ladies. Sister Rood, a beautiful, sanctified lady, is the teacher, and how we do enjoy the study of her words. She is a great Bible student and rich in experience. We had a giving Christmas this year, and I wish you could have been at our exercises on Thursday preceding Christmas, each class marched in two by two [while the orchestra played) carrying gifts for the poor. There were tables in front of the altar rail to receive them, and what they brought filled 164 baskets that were sent out next day on their

mission of love; and, besides, they gave Christmas dinner to a large number of people. They are great givers. Quite often they will take up two collections in one service, one for some special purpose. They don't seem to mind. Must tell you a little of our great exposition. Instead of closing when the new year opened, it has taken on greater proportions, with the addition of many new exhibits, since the closing of the San Francisco Fair and we are to have the beautiful Canadian exhibit, which is now being installed in the industrial building, which all admit is among the best, if not the very best, of all the exhibits. Good for Canada. I am anxious to see it, and will as soon as all is in readiness. I feel very much at home here. I feel very much at home here. Praise the Lord! wherever I go I find Holy Ghost-filled workers for the Kingdom, but none more faithful than our dear home workers. The Lord bless them, everyone. I left such a nice Sunday school class of 54 ladies when I left Homer, N. Y. I enjoy the Master's service, and find plenty of work wherever I go. Not wishing to weary you. Your Sister in Jesus, saved and kept, Annetta A. Tracy.

Dear Highway.

My testimony today is:

"Lord, I have started to walk in the light,
Shining upon me from heaven so bright
I've bade the world and its follies a-dieu,
I've started in Jesus and I'm going through.

Chorus—

I'm going through, I'm going through;
I'll pay the price, whatever others do.
I'll take the way with the Lord's despised few;
I'm going through, Jesus, I'm going through."

Louisa King.

Upper Springfield,
January 19th, 1916.

The Bible never becomes exhausted, never acquires sameness, never diminishes in its power of responsiveness to the quickened soul who seeks it. The most familiar passages yield as much (if not more) refreshment at the thousandth perusal as at the first. It is indeed as a fountain of living water.—Philip Mauro.

ENTHUSIASM.

There is no true work done without enthusiasm. The artist whose heart is cold is a mere artisan; the student of science who works with no great knowledge is only a mechanism more delicately organized than his microscope or his magnetic battery; the statesman who is simply a calculating player, with human pawns on the chess-board of a nation or a political party, is less a man than the humblest citizen whom the impulse of patriotism urges or pushes on to the battle's front in the hour of his country's peril.

The deepest secret of life, as well as the mightiest force of life, is love. Without love there is no enthusiasm, and without ideals there is no enthusiasm. We freeze our hearts by selfishness and stifle them by sordidness; we fix our eyes upon the little field circumscribed by our day's activities and ends. With no wide-reaching affection and no uplifting ideal, we make of our life a tread-mill and of our duty an unwelcome drudgery. We disclaim the highest endowment of the soul and deny our sonship of God. Narrow faiths and narrow hopes put fetters on the spirit, and small affections keep small the heart.—Philip S. Moxom.

DANGER IN THE FIRST GLASS.

No one is absolutely safe who tampers with an intoxicant. Not only the sting of the serpent, but the subtlety of the serpent is in it. The deception lies in the fact that the habit of drinking will become confirmed before you suspect that it is enslaving you. Every glass of liquor increases the desire for another glass. A loaf of bread, a dish of beef, a draught of milk, satisfy hunger; they do not breed a raving appetite. This fact makes it difficult to use wine or brandy without running into excess. A habit of drinking is formed and confirmed before the drinker is aware. You may say, "Every one who drinks liquor does not become a sot." Very true, but every sot drinks liquor; and not one in a million ever expected to become a sot when he began with his champagne or his sherry. Will you run the risk? I would not. The two reasons why I am a teetotaller are that I dare not trust myself, and I dare not tempt others by my example. The most deplorable wrecks are those of men and women who, at the outset, considered themselves perfectly strong and invulnerable. Nothing from the pen of Dickens can surpass the heartrending letter I received from a cultured gentleman, then in an almshouse, tracing all the misery of his life from the first glass he ever drank at a certain hotel.—Theodore Cuyler.

"He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake." Psalm 23:3. He always has a purpose in His leading. He knows where the bits of green pasture are, and He would lead His flock to these. The way may be rough, but it is the right way to the pasture. "Paths of righteousness" may not be straight paths; but they are paths that lead somewhere—to the right place. Many desert paths are illusive. They start out clear and plain, but soon they are lost in the sands. They go nowhere. But the paths of righteousness have a goal to which they unerringly lead.—J. R. Miller.

Christ was a "Man of Sorrows," so that if we meet with sorrows on earth, we do but drink of our Master's own cup, and that should quiet us. In His patient suffering of reproaches, scorns, revilings, contradiction of sinners, temptations, persecutions, bonds, poverty, shame, loss of friends, and suffering all with invincible patience and meekness, without the least murmuring, repining, disquiet, or discontent, without any retaliation (for when He was reviled He reviled not again), He prayed for His enemies. He hath left us "an example, that we should follow His steps." If our Lord, the Lord of heaven and earth, suffered such things, what cause have we to be troubled in our heart when we are persecuted, reviled, forsaken of all our friends, impoverished, exposed to shame and sorrow, seeing our blessed Lord was so exercised upon earth? Is it not enough for the servant to be as his Master? Shall we think to fare better than Christ? His sufferings were to teach us to bear ours with Christian patience, and to sanctify ours to us yea, in all our sufferings He sympathizes with us.—John Bunyan.

We must begin soon to plan for Beulah Camp Meeting.

We should have more correspondence and testimoneis from our brethren and sisters. Shall we hear from you for next issue?