

Dear Brother Baker:

Enclosed please find renewal for the Highway and contribution for Balmoral Farm Fund.

My Lord is like a sheltering rock in a weary land, and rivers of water in dry places to my soul. Bless his dear name. I am so glad He took me in. He has forgiven all my transgressions and cleansed my heart from sin.

Mrs. G. B. Porter.

Cedar Lake, N. S.

Dear Highway:

We have great reason to give God the glory due Him as the expression of our hearts' gratitude for His presence with those who stand firm on the promise. "My God shall supply all your needs, according to his riches in glory, by Christ Jesus."

How many times we have proved this promise in this field where the church is small and not very able. Our meetings are times of blessing. God is real in every service. We want to thank the dear people for remembering my wife with a token of love of eleven dollars, which we appreciate very much.

T. W. Moses.

Weymouth, N. S.

"WITS' END CORNER."

Are you standing at "Wits' End Corner,"
Christian, with troubled brow?

Are you thinking of what is before you,
And all you are bearing now?

Does all the world seem against you,
And you in the battle alone?

Remember—at "Wits' End Corner"

Is just where God's power is shown.

Are you standing at "Wits' End Corner,"

Blinded with wearying pain,

Feeling you cannot endure it,

You cannot bear the strain.

Bruised through the constant suffering,

Dizzy, and dazed, and numb?

Remember—to "Wits' End Corner,"

Is where Jesus loves to come!

Are you standing at "Wits' End Corner,"

Your work before you spread,

All lying, begun, unfinished,

And pressing on heart and head,

Longing for strength to do it,

Stretching out trembling hands?

Remember—at "Wits' End Corner,"

The Burden Bearer stands.

Are you standing at "Wits' End Corner,"

Yearning for those you love,

Longing and praying and watching,

Pleading their cause **above**,

Trying to lead them to Jesus,

Wond'ring if you've been true?

He whispers at "Wits' End Corner,"

"I'll win them, as I won you!"

Are you standing at "Wits' End Corner,"

Then you're just in the very spot,

To learn the wondrous resources,

Of Him who faileth not—

No doubt to a brighter Pathway

Your footsteps will soon be moved,

But only at "Wits' End Corner"

Is "the God who is able" proved!

—Psalm 107:27.

Wesleyan Methodist.

"How many professors there are who have light enough to know what should be done; but have not love enough to do what they know!"

Missionary Correspondence.

The monthly Missionary meeting of the Reformed Baptist Church, Woodstock, was held Friday evening, February 11th. The President, Mrs. Phillips, not being able to attend, Mrs. Dow, first vice-president, occupied the chair.

The meeting was opened by a number of musical selections, prayer by Rev. Mr. Coy, and reading of Scriptures by Mrs. Dow.

The speaker of the evening, Rev. L. B. Rockwell, of the Adventist Church, was then called on. Mr. Rockwell was formerly a pioneer missionary on Sherwood Creek, one of the branches of the Congo River in Africa.

He mentioned a number of the happiest days of his life; one being his conversion, another his baptism, and another his call to the foreign field.

The speaker defined the spirit of missions that controlled Christ; who knew no difference in all the people he associated with; who was to all just the same. "To them gave he power to become the sons of God." The measure of missions is the measure of need. But the key to the whole situation is fervent prevailing prayer. Then he went on to relate some remarkable instances of answers to prayer. The steamer on which he sailed carried twenty-seven missionaries, some of whom were extremely susceptible to sea sickness. The Bay of Biscay, which is a turbulent stormy body of water, was very calm and smooth as they sailed through. It seemed as though a holy calm was spread over the face of the deep. The captain said that in twenty years he had not seen the like. They attributed this to the prayers of the loved ones in the homeland who were bearing them up in the arm of faith to the Lord, who was able to say "Peace be still" to the usually stormy waters.

The country was rough and the people wild in that district, but not dangerous, but the speaker had been within twenty miles of a cannibal district.

In closing, the need of much prayer was urged upon the audience, and as light came each one must walk up to it.

The address, which was listened to by a good-sized audience, was instructive, interesting and helpful.

Receipts of evening, \$8.13.

Luella Colpitts, Cor. Sec.

BE CAREFUL FOR NOTHING.

Col. 4:6.

"Commit they way unto the Lord"

And "also trust in Him;"

Thy steps shall ordered be of God,

And plain the way once dim.

"Commit thy works unto the Lord,"

Then happy is thy lot;

He truly promises He will

"Establish every thought."

Then "cast thy burden on the Lord,"

This promise has been proved;

"He shall sustain thee," and shall ne'er

Allow "the to be moved."

"Upon Him casting all your care,"

No anxious thinking do;

He will supply your every need,

"He careth now for you."

Mrs. H. C. Mullen.

Grand Manan, N. B.

READING THE OTHER SIDE.

The hollow, proud unbeliever of the day is wont to call Christianity and Christians narrow. They are in the habit of saying to us that there are two sides to this matter and you people read only the one side. Why don't you read this or that other book? They refuse to see the absoluteness and final authority of the Word of God, with the momentous and exclusive plan for man's salvation which that Bible contains. No set of authors or works in any or all of the ages of the past combined, furnish the light or strength or hope contained in any one of thousands of solitary verses in the Holy Bible. The following apt reply to one of these sinister cavilers is furnished by an exchange:

Going along the street in Logansport one morning, says James Burwick, a business man from the other side called out to me, "Good morning, Jim!" and crossed over to where I was.

After the usual greetings, I said to him: "Are you saved yet?"

"Laughing, he said: "There you go again!" Then he said to me: "Jim, you ought to read the other side!"

I asked him what the other side was.

He answered: "Did you ever read Socrates?"

Calling him by name, I said: "No, I haven't read Socrates; but honestly, now, did you ever see a man on his knees thanking Socrates for all that he had and was?"

"No, Jim," he replied, "I never did."

"You ever see a good old woman on her deathbed calling her children about her and telling them whatever they did, to stick to Socrates?"

Again he answered: "No, I never did, Jim."

"You knew old Jim Burwick, didn't you?"

"Yes, I surely did."

"And you know the new Jim. Well, did you ever see such a change made in a man in all your life by reading Socrates as has been made in me?"

"No, Jim, I really never did."

"Say, man," I said to him, "you'd better read the other side!"—Ex.

THE SPAN OF LIFE.

Life is too brief

Between the budding and the falling leaf,

Between the seed time and the golden sheaf,

For hate and spite.

We have no time for malice and for greed;

Therefore, with love make beautiful the deed;

Fast speeds the night.

Life is too swift

Between the blossoms and the white snow's drift

Between the silence and the lark's uplift,

For bitter words.

In kindness and in gentleness our speech

Must carry messages of hope, and reach

The sweetest chords.

Life is too great

Between the infant's and the man's estate,

Between the clashing of earth's strife and fate,

For petty things.

Lo! we shall yet who creep with cumbered feet

Walk glorious over heaven's golden street,

Or soar on wings!

Margaret E. Sangster.

Let us reduce the amount needed for Balmoral Farm Fund two hundred dollars per month from this until the meeting of the Alliance.