

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Brother Baker:

Please find enclosed my renewal for the Highway. I enjoy reading it very much. My testimony is that Jesus is very precious to my soul. How precious, oh, how precious, for it was when I was a sinner bound for destruction that Jesus saw me, and came to my relief, and saved me. Glory to God.

"For it is written, I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and will bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent.

Where is the wise? Where is the scribe? Where is the disputer of this world? Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?"

SILAS BURTT.

Dear Highway:

I am still enjoying that peace which the world cannot give, but which is a gift of God. Oh! What a wonderful Saviour I have. I cannot praise him enough. When I try to tell what he is to me the words seem so small and mean compared with what Christ is to me. He saves and keeps me every day, and though I could find plenty to worry about, I just look away to God and always find there the help I need. I do enjoy the Highway; do not think we write enough for it. I always look up the correspondence page first. Enjoy the letters written by our brothers and sisters in Christ.

MRS. HENRY J. SEELEY.

East Winn, Me., April 18, 1917.

Dear Brother Baker:

As you published my last letter I felt that I would like to send a report of my work now and then, especially as you have been so kind in letting me have the Highway, at the workers' price. This courtesy is appreciated very much by me as I dearly love the paper and the beautiful message it brings to our house.

I am glad you have decided to use your own ministers to do the preaching at the camp meetings. A number of years ago I attended Riverside, and although I enjoyed the evangelist yet I just hungered to hear some of the brethren whom I had listened to in earlier years, and I know there are others who like me have not the privilege of listening to our old pastors, love to hear them again at the camp meeting if opportunity favors us by being present.

On March 25th a small band of young ladies ranging in age from thirteen to sixteen years of age met in my home and we organized a class for Bible study, our aim to be the promotion of the religion of Jesus Christ in our hamlet.

This place is a small corner by the side of a pretty stream with only thirty-one families, mostly unsaved persons. We have a few professing Christians who are living far beneath their privilege and only two outside of our family take any interest in the things of the Kingdom.

We have many difficulties to overcome here as the young people have been many times unduly criticized, and it needs tact and wisdom to go on with the Lord's work and yet, taking care that in no way we point out the failings of others. These young ladies asked me to hold a service

Sunday evening and I responded to the call. As it was a bad night only about twenty were out. The following week our storekeeper, a fine young man but not a Christian, offered me the hall over the store, and the next Sunday night, I spoke to a congregation of thirty-one men and nine women. God blessed me in speaking from Matt. 25-14:31.

We observed Easter in the morning by a preaching service. Considering the fact that roads were bad, the people scattered and unaccustomed to a morning service, and never having had an Easter service before, a goodly number attended, and many seemed deeply impressed by the message given from the words of Paul in Eph. 6, 14, "Awake thou that sleepest," etc. In the evening the Young Ladies' Bible Class gave a concert which was carried on in such a manner that any who attended could not but feel that Jesus suffered for us, and was risen again, to give us eternal life. We have a number of young men and women here and I seem to be getting into touch with them, and how I long to see them all saved. Oh, pray that God may clothe me with humility and make my life so much like the Christ whom I serve that I may win these dear ones into the Kingdom. I have assisted at a few services held in a schoolhouse in a neighboring town recently, and expect to go there once in two weeks this summer and have a cordial invitation to hold special services there. I would like to do so both there and here in the summer and am praying God to provide ways and means. My salary is paid by the free will offerings of the people, and I'm afraid if I had no other way of support, might prove inadequate, but oh, the joy of working for Jesus!

I am asking God to open up the way for me to exchange work with some pastor or fellow worker and thus obtain help for special work.

I wish some of the Holiness brethren might find it impressed upon their hearts to come this way. The people need the old time gospel preached. One person said to me recently, "You continually preach Jesus. I never heard anyone like you."

Oh, that I might so lift up Jesus that men and women would be drawn to Him. Pray much for me.

Yours saved and kept by the power of
Jesus' Blood.

VIOLET J. G. BAGLEY.

THE TRIAL OF YOUR FAITH.

Child of God, did you stop to consider
(When you were light hearted and free
Just running all day in His service
As happy as happy could be?)

Did you think that day when you asked
him

To make himself all things to you!
Did you count the cost or consider
All that you might have to go through?

Did you think that day you were pleading
That your heart with himself he might
fill,

How that heart might be torn and bleeding
E'er you learned to delight in his will?
Did you know that heart had its idols
And that tearing them out would cost
pain,

Did you know his wise hand must cut
deeply

E'er you learned to count nature's loss
gain?

Or when you asked God his salvation

For the loved, unsaved ones in the home,
Did you think it might mean deepest an-
guish

For you e'er the answer could come?
Did you think if he'd show to them Jesus,
That he might choose to show him
through you,

Displaying his grace all sustaining
And His patience in what you'd pass
through?

When you asked him to make you a vessel
For a channel of mercy and love,

Did you know that each vessel needs test-
ing

By fire, its endurance to prove?
If you draw back or faint 'neath his test-
ing,

Do you know your unfit for the fight?
For the testing is only to strengthen
That you may go forth in his might.

That day when you asked the Father

To fashion you like to his Son,
Did you think it would mean the furnace
Of affliction e'er this could be done?
Did you think you were so unlike him.

That the chisel would have to be
brought,

And the fire, and the hammer and anvil
E'er this mighty change could be
wrought?

Did you know as each day he'd be mould-
ing

The result he'd not trust you to know?
But you'd still see yourself more unlike
him

As unto his image you'd grow?
And you'd only know whether your living
In obedience true to his word.

But not the result of his moulding
Till you stand face to face with your
Lord.

—Selected.

A MODERN MARTYR.

They are killing our Sunday of long ago,
The good old Sunday we used to know;
The day of quiet, when everywhere
The spirit of rest pervaded the air,
And the whole world wearing its Sunday
best,
Sat down by the roadside of life to rest.

They are killing our Sunday, not with a
blow
To end it suddenly; but sure and slow,
As they did the martyrs who suffered
shame,
On the wheel and the rack and in the
flame.

They are killing our Sunday, and when it is
dead,
When the last, last drop of its blood is
shed,
And its spirit has gone from the knowledge
of men
In their world-weary struggle for pleasure
—what then?

—W. J. Lampton in Congregational.