

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Bro. Baker:

We enclose renewal for The King's Highway with our testimonies to the goodness of God our Heavenly Father for His abounding love and mercy, through His Son, our Saviour and Lord, that through His grace has enabled us to hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering, and the blessed assurance that greater is He that is in us, than he that is in the world; and that we are overcomers through the Blood of the Lamb, and the word of our testimony. And can gladly say: For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.

No storm can shake my inmost calm,
While to that refuge clinging;
Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth,
How can I keep from singing,
The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,
A fountain ever springing.

These are times which test the foundation of all that which is only human, while the foundation of God standeth sure. The experimental Bible holiness is the only sure refuge, and through the abiding of the Holy Ghost the Comforter revealing Christ, the hope of glory now, and of eternal glory a little later on.

With all the mistakes and blunders of years as they have come and gone so swiftly, there is one eternal yes in my soul to the choice made over half a century ago, and the grace that has and does enable me to perpetuate that choice through sanctification of the spirit, and belief of the truth. All that memory cherishes, that is of any tangible worth now and ever shall be is the outcome of the faithfulness of the blessed Holy Comforter in enabling me to take all gladly that is in store, whether it be life or death, friends or foes, sickness or health, for the prize is just ahead.

Say to all those who are contending for the faith which was once delivered to the saints, that it pays to keep where we abstain from all appearance of evil.

We were very much pleased to hear of the good work done at Beulah and Riverside. Let the good work continue. I have been disappointed in not being able to carry out what was in my heart in the way of writing a history of my father's life and work, and as a part of the history of the work of holiness in New Brunswick. It may come later if the good Lord will give me health to do so. We are remarkably well in spirit, soul and body, considering our youthfulness in age.

Yours in perfect love,
A. HARTT AND WIFE.

431 Pond Street,
South Weymouth, Mass.

Dear Brother Baker:

We had a grand day on Sunday, the 7th inst. In the morning Rev. E. Ramsay preached from the text, "Keep the Sabbath day holy," to a large congregation. He showed up the fearful way the Sabbath law was being disregarded and broken, and warned the hearers of the consequences which were sure to come to those who violate the law of God.

In the afternoon Sister Alice Sterritt had charge of the service, taking for a Scripture lesson, Hebrews, 12th chapter. Sister Sterritt, who has given her life for the cause in far-off Africa, exhorted her hearers to be witnesses for Jesus in their every day life by word and action, as well as in the church. There were a large number present, among whom were Brother G. S. and Sister Cosman and Brother Peter Cos-

man, of St. John; Brother Noah E. Hicks and his two daughters, of Lower Millstream; Bro. W. R. Carson, Brother C. E. and Sister Murphy and little Freddie, Brother and Sister Lewis, Sister Cripps, of Norton; and Mrs. C. S. Connell, of Cody's. The service was turned into a "love feast," and surely "His banner over us was love."

In the evening all the brethren and sisters from St. John and Norton and a number from Grey's Mills church went by automobiles and teams to the Baptist church at Kingston, a distance of about five miles. Brother Peter Cosman of St. John, led a praise and testimony service, reading for a Scripture lesson, 1 John, 3rd chapter. It was a very impressive service of testimony, exhortation, praise and prayer, continuing until about 10 o'clock. Surely all these services were blessed of God, as the Spirit's presence was manifested and "glory crowned the mercy seat."

S. H. BRADLEY.

September 8th, 1919.

THE CIGARETTE MENACE.

By Oliver Pinkstaff.

The American Tobacco Leaf says that we are using 100,000,000 cigarettes a day in this country. They would reach 3,000 miles if laid end to end in an unbroken line! One for every man, woman and child in our country! The year of 1918 is a notable one indeed and marks achievement in the history of the tobacco trust. Never has it made so many friends; never has it enrolled so many followers in a given period of time. 1,500 new boys enroll in the cigarette army each day. It is estimated that fifteen hundred more of adult age join their little brothers in the ranks.

Our consumption in 1917 shows over the preceding year a gain of 7,000,000,000 cigarettes; but the year ending June 3, 1918, showed an increase of 10,000,000,000, as many as we used altogether seven years ago.

The consumption for one year will total almost if not quite 40,000,000,000 cigarettes. If this situation continues for fifty years or even twenty-five years longer, what will be the condition of our land?

The tobacco trusts took up last year an advertising campaign involving the outlay of millions of dollars. Advertisements for the sale of cigarettes were published everywhere. The alluring advertisement went into every home.

Sympathy for the boy in the training camp and the trench during his lonely and monotonous moments was aroused by appeals for something to relieve that situation. The cigarette was hit upon as the only relief, and thousands of good men and women were prevailed upon to give support to the cigarette propaganda, who under any other circumstances would have bitterly opposed it.

In some places even the school children were appealed to to contribute to the tobacco fund.

In not a few places the church lifted no warning voice.

Today the cigarette has a place in the nation's life, in the first trenches, that it has never had before. Not only is it not condemned, but even condoned and upheld. It has a respectability that it has never before known. To dislodge it from its fortified positions is going to be the work, not of a day, a month, or even a year, but of years demanding the combined efforts of good men everywhere.—Free Methodist.

"In the spiritual world a man is measured not by his benius, but by his likeness to God."—Sel.

THE BIRD WITH A BROKEN WING.

Written by a Rescued Girl.

It lay by the dusty roadside where the people came and went,
But none looked down on the panting bird whose life was nearly spent.
One woman did, but she hurried on with a sigh of helpless pain,
For she said, "Poor bird with a broken wing, you can never fly again."

It fluttered in anguish all day till the sun was set,
And night came down in silence on the slopes of Olivet.
But the Master who lay on the sod that night 'neath the trees and the open sky,
Could not sleep for the sound that pierced His heart, of the dying birdling's cry.

As the glory of the morning was touching the eastern hills,
He came to where the weary bird lay cold, and faint and still.
He bent His head in compassion over the shattered thing;
It was bruised, and broken, and dying; it could never soar or sing.
He drew it from the tangled grass with a hand of healing power,
And said, "You shall soar and sing for Me as bird never sang before."

He lifted it high on His blessed palm, and it spread its wings to fly,
And filled the blue Judæan sky with a flood of melody
Which echoed over hill and plain with such triumphant strain
That men stood still to drink their fill and turned to drink again.

Then with wings that were strong and tireless as an eagle's on its way,
It mounted up to the Throne of God, past the gates of earthly day,
And sang its song of liberty while angels stood in amaze,
And took up the song as it swept along, and all heaven rang with its praise.

The song of the bird with the broken wing is the song my heart is singing;
The story of His matchless grace through all my life is ringing;
Up out of the tangle of sin and shame His love hath lifted my soul,
And the healing touch of the Son of God hath freed me and made me whole.

Definite faith is a definite power for a definite result.—Rev. Alfred Cookman.

Jonah had the first experience of submarine transportation, and so far as known, holds the record for deep water prayer.

"God can get along without me, but I cannot get along without Him."

"O child of the tired heart, the Master knows, and sympathizes, and helps!"

"Reverence for divine things is part of true manhood."

What matter then where your feet stand, or where your hands are busy, so that it is the spot where God has put you, and the work which He has given you to do.—George Eliot.