

CORRESPONDENCE.

A letter from Sister A. H. Trafton says: This writing finds us enjoying very good health. Alfred (Rev. A. H. T.) is much better than for some time past, for which we are very thankful. At the present Calla (Mrs Alvin B. Perry, of Port Maitland, N. S.) and her husband and two children are making us a visit. Tuesday (4th) we went to Hartland to celebrate my birthday, with Percy and family (Rev. P. J. Trafton) and enjoyed a very pleasant time. It is very pleasant for father and I to have Percy so near us, a great comfort to us.

I have been thinking of Mrs. Baker much of late; in the night recently I was thinking of her, and what a great comfort she was to me when dear little Lidie died. I can never forget it. I do hope her health is good. As a family we have much to be thankful for. So far this winter death has not entered our circle, but we have to mourn the loss of dear friends.

They had a lovely meeting at Sister J. A. Shea's at Grafton on the evening of the 4th inst. Our meetings are real spiritual and we are looking forward to a soul saving time in our special services. I praise the dear Lord for his help these days. They have been days of testing, but he has helped me to overcome. I believe I belong to him for time and eternity.

Your sister in Christ,
MRS. A. H. TRAFTON.

Dear Brother Baker:

Enclosed please find my renewal for Highway.

I love to read and learn about the blessed Lord, and to read the testimonies of our brothers and sisters.

Jesus is all the world to me, the only way to live is to live for God. I ask for your prayers. The dear Lord will forgive our sins if we trust him. I want to be a child of God. "To live for him who died for me," and be found trusting in the Lord.

MRS. WM. D. BROWN.
Seal Cove, N. B.

Dear Brother Baker:

Please find enclosed my renewal for the Highway. Jesus is very precious to me this morning.

When storms of life are round me beating,

When through the path that I have trod,

Within my closet door retreating,

I love to be alone with God.

Glory to His precious name.

Yours in Him,

MRS. ALEX ALLEN.

St. John, N. B.

WRITE THEM A LETTER.

Love your missionaries as yourself. Suppose you were ten thousand miles away from your home and friends and only met a white person occasionally. Would you appreciate a letter? Then write one today to your missionaries, to father, mother, boys and girls. (Paulpietersburg, Natal, South Africa). Only a three cent postage stamp.

"The decline of family religion is attended with an increase of family trouble."

OBITUARY.

Miss Flora Johnston.

The death of Miss Flora Johnston, which occurred Friday, Jan. 10th, as the result of pneumonia following an attack of influenza, came as a great shock to her many friends here.

She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Johnston, of Prairie, and was born in Millville, New Brunswick. Fourteen years ago she came with her parents to Prairie, where she has since made her home.

At the time she was taken ill she was training in a private hospital in Seattle, and had made many friends during the short time she was there. She attended the Seattle Seminary for a year, and was a graduate of the Sedro-Woolly High School.

Funeral services were held Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock from Baker's undertaking parlors, Rev. B. F. Brooks officiating, and interment was made in the cemetery here.

Besides her father, mother, two brothers, Ralph and Neal, and her twin sister, Mrs. Clarence Barney, of Centralia, she leaves a host of warm friends to mourn their loss.

Mrs. P. C. MacKenzie.

We regret to learn of the death of an excellent sister in Christ of Brownlee, Saskatchewan, Mrs. P. C. Mackenzie, which took place at the hospital at Moose Jaw, Jan. 25th, where she had gone for treatment.

Sister MacKenzie was a wholly sanctified child of God and ready for every good work, and lived and died in the work of full salvation. She leaves a husband and several children. She was originally from Victoria County, N. B., and her husband from Sussex, N. B. They have lived for a number of years in Saskatchewan. One of her daughters is Mrs. M. W. Hebb, of 840 Monk Ave., Moose Jaw, Sask.

WHO BEARS THE STRAIN?

Somebody must bear the strain of every burden—the only question is, who? We are foolish, and wrong, if we insist upon bearing the pressure and strain of any burden that belongs to another. And every burden of our life belongs to Another—our Lord Jesus Christ. Have we found the secret of letting him bear them all? A Christian man, writing to a friend about the severe illness of a loved one, says: "The Lord Jesus is most precious to me these few weeks past, so full of anxiety and strain, but I have borne neither the anxiety nor the strain—he has done it all, bless his name! A Victorious Life message born anywhere else than in the cradle of one's own experience is an anomalous and lifeless thing I don't know anything about the message, but I have been tasting the sweets of the experience for weeks and weeks past. 'Jehovah is my Rohi,' the Hebrew of which is 'one that sees to,' or shepherd." "Come unto me," says our Lord Jesus, "all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Do we believe him?—Sunday School Times.

WHAT YOU MAY GIVE TO.

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their labouring days had passed. There are public institutions called old folks' homes, but the old folks live under restrictions that eliminate the homeliness of it. The same is true of orphanages, where mother love is wanting.

Do you want to give?

Consider the great blessings of a good real holiness paper on the lives of thousands of people scattered over this continent.

Do you want to give?

Consider people in the home lands who need the great gift of the Holy Spirit in their lives, and the multitudes in heathen lands that know no Saviour's love, and go to Christless and hopeless graves.

Do you want to give?

Consider the men who have turned away from business life for Christ's work, and spent their days and strength on salaries that were rarely sufficient to meet their needs, and that of their families, and had no opportunity to lay anything aside to meet their needs after their strength has failed.

If you want your money to continue to work for God, place it while you can. Don't wait until you are in the struggle of death.

We are not asking you to give. We are answering enquiries.

Your money should back up your profession. If you are a real holiness man, or woman, it leaves a serious doubt in the minds of good people when it has placed in the hands of people who oppose the blessing.

On perpetual interest—There are two views we may take of money placed on perpetual interest, one where people desire to prolong the benefits derived from their money—the other looks like they were loth to part with it.

If we were to advise—we would say: Meet the present need of the work of God that you love, and let future generations look out for themselves.

If Jesus Christ is soon to come, or if he tarry, we need to do all we can, in all ways we can, with all the power we can, to get people saved and sanctified. To do this we need to scatter the word through our paper—the Highway, our Home and Foreign Missions, our Ministry. We need churches in which to work. We need more workers. All these things require money. When the disciples needed money at Pentecost, they did not go to the world for it. They put it up, and backed it up with their property.

There are but few sins left which the popular churches are not sanctioning in the practice of their members. Card-playing, dancing, theater-going, and habitual attendance at the movies are theoretically and practically sanctioned. But God demands a people "separate from sinners." "He that loveth the world, the love of the Father is not in him."—Wesleyan Methodist.

"Premonitions of the Spirit are vouchsafed to saints in a close walk with God to enable them to anticipate and make preparations for some coming events."