

CORRESPONDENCE.

Marysville, N. B., Jan. 13, 1920.

Dear Readers of the Highway:

Another year is before us. The holiday season is over. Christmas has come and gone and we feel like buckling on the armour tighter and settling down to fight evil harder than ever. The churches in Marysville united in a week of prayer that I feel was not without good results.

At the Christmas season we as a family were remembered in a good many ways by friends, and the churches of this circuit donated us \$70.00 in cash. Mrs. Lester's class presented her with one half dozen nice silver teaspoons at an interesting concert given by the Sabbath school Christmas night. For all these blessings we thank God and take courage. We also pray God's richest blessings on those who made it possible for Him to supply all our needs. The leading thought of our S. S. lesson last Sabbath said, "Through Christians God blesses mankind." This last has been a year of testing financially to us as sickness has entered our home to a greater extent than any since the first year of our ministry but thank God He still has those through whom He can work.

The Church at Marysville is enjoying the benefit of their labours through the summer in getting a nice concrete wall under the church, and furnace installed. Our faith is firmer in God than ever and in these times, when the world is going with a rush and Satan is trying to keep Christians so busy that they will neglect the means of grace, we feel the need more than at any time before of keeping close to God and giving more time to the study of His word and prayer.

Yours in the Faith,
E. W. AND MRS. LESTER.

Dear Brother Baker:

It has been on my mind for some time to write something about our paper. The King's Highway. It seems to me that it has been a semi-monthly as long as it ought to be. I think that all who take it would be willing to pay double the present price of subscription and have it come weekly. I for one would be willing to do this, and suggest that it be talked up in the quarterly meetings, and also that an effort be made to have it passed by the Alliance. I would like to hear what you think about it in the next issue of the Highway. I believe the Lord has put it in my mind to say this.

Yours truly,
JUDSON BURPEE.
Upper Woodstock, N. B.

Old age has its compensations. It is the quiet eventide of life, when the raucous voices of the day are hushed and nature has her chance to speak to the inmost soul of man. The hot passions of youth have died down and lie in ashes upon the earth. The ambitions of life are memories. The house of the soul has open windows, and out of the clear glass shines immortal spirit. Age is the soul's hour. The soul near heaven reflects the clear shining of heaven's morning. God bless the aged. They point us to the perfect life and the heavenly day.—The Methodist Protestant.

AGONIZING PRAYER.

Rev. P. B. Campbell, President of the Allegheny Conference.

Agony is the strongest word in the English language descriptive of suffering. Luke uses this word in giving an account of the praying of Jesus in Gethsemane. Also, he mentions the bloody sweat of Jesus, which was doubtless caused by the intense earnestness of His praying at this time. Luke's training as a physician would naturally cause him to make a record of this. He says, "And being in an agony, He prayed more earnestly; and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling to the ground."

The posture of the body of Jesus betokens greatest earnestness. Only in rare instances has standing in prayer had accompanying it an earnestness bordering on the spirit of agony; and never, in our knowledge of it, has the stiff, one-kneed form had a shadow of agony in it. Hannah is an instance of earnestness while standing; but accompanying that were other expressions of the pent up feelings which could not well be expressed in words or posture in that court of the women in Eli's presence. The account says: "She was in bitterness of soul and prayed unto Jehovah, and wept sore. . . . Eli marked her mouth. . . . She spake in her heart, only her lips moved but her voice was not heard." It would seem that her body swayed to and fro, for Eli charged her with being drunken. She replied, "Count not thy handmaid for a wicked woman: for out of the abundance of my complaint have I spoken hitherto."

Luke records of Jesus in Gethsemane that He "kneeled down," which probably marked the beginning of His prayer. Mark says He "fell on the ground and prayed," and Matthew who was an eye-witness, says "He fell on His face and prayed." Notice that neither of these witnesses speak of Him as deliberately lying down, but both of them say "He fell." It seems evident that He would have died in this intense agony had not an angel come and strengthened Him, for He said: "My soul is exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death."

It was not a silent hour of suffering. The Apostle to the Hebrews says of Him at this time: "He offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save from death." Does it seem strange to us that these men, His chosen and most intimate companions, for whom He had done such marvelously great things, should be so indifferent in the sight and hearing of His unequalled sufferings, and after He had plead with them to watch and pray with Him, that He must needs awaken them from sleep three times?

But brother, let us not be too fast in condemning them. Did He not say and have it recorded and kept for your instruction and mine: "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me?" In the Church which He purchased with His own precious blood are persons who once were aflame with heavenly light and love and life, but now are so taken up with this old world, its fashions, customs, ways and pleasures that they are wholly indifferent to their

own best and eternal good and to the eternal interests of others. And, on the other extreme are those whose life is being poured out rapidly in their intensely earnest labor for the salvation of men. Are we, I ask, like those disciples that night in Gethsemane, fast asleep? How long has it been, brother, since our hearts were aching, our tears flowing, and our needed rest set aside while we prayed an hour for perishing souls and over-burdened workers? "Lord, teach us"—not how to pray, as some quote it, but—"Lord, teach us to pray."

Recently I became earnest in requesting the Lord to draw me out in private prayer. I had in mind that delightful enjoyment of heavenly drawing which makes prayer a time of holy, ecstatic fellowship and communion with Him. In a very short time afterward information came of such conditions in the Lord's work under my care as almost crushed me. Then quickly it came to me: Is not this what you requested? Does not this grieve Him as much, aye, more than it can grieve you? Are you not having fellowship with Him now? My request had been granted.

"Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye."

—Wesleyan Methodist.

IN AFRICA.

By Frances S. Hannay.

If you could stand in Africa tonight,
And see the moonlight on those green-clad hills;
If you could hear the youth's wild, minor trills,
Dancing their life out, in that calm moonlight.

If you could know the pity of their plight
Without God, in a world of deadening ills—
Then you would know the deep despair
that fills
The heart of sinsick Africa tonight.

And God says, "Go," to all who name The Name.
And out of darkness reach those hands for Light.

Upon us be the burden of the shame
That Christ reigns not in Africa, tonight.
—S. S. Times.

GOD WANTS US TO TRIUMPH.

Remember that God permits every test to come in your life, and that He is watching to see what you will do; glorified and pleased if you triumph with all long-suffering, gentleness and love; grieved and ashamed if you lose your victory and give way to passion and temptation. Your heavenly Father is using all these situations in life which come to you to educate you for something higher, and the way in which you meet them is determining your own future position in His glorious kingdom. He wants a race of men and women who can walk in perfect love and triumph under all circumstances.—A. B. Simpson.