

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Mr. Baker:

Please find my renewal for the Highway. I enjoy the paper very much. My testimony is, Jesus is precious to my soul. He is my all in all. Praise his dear name.

HATTIE RUSSELL,
Seal Cove, Grand Manan, N. B.

Dear Highway:

I am sending my testimony to you. I love to read testimonies from others. The fire is burning in my soul for which I praise Jesus for we had a wonderful sermon yesterday morning. The text was the three last verses of sixty-first Isaiah. She, our minister, (Mrs. Curry) spoke mostly about the mourners in Zion and beauty for ashes. She also preached from same texts in evening, taking in the whole of them. Am so glad I have been a mourner, but now have joy and praise for heaviness. Glory be to God, and am trusting him to keep my soul from day to day under the blood; also to keep my feet in the "old paths." 'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus, just to take him at his word. He has never failed of one good word of his promise. Bless his name. I purposed in my heart when I was saved to go through with Jesus and am of the same determination today. I know there are joys awaiting us when we get to the end of the way. Hallelujah, Jesus went by the way of the cross. If we are following him that is the way we are going. I don't expect to be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease. "Sure I must fight if I should reign, increase my courage Lord." It is easy to float down stream with the current, but I find we just have to take our stand against wrong and stand straight up and down, and refuse to yield to all temptation. The devil don't tempt us to go in the world for pleasure, but he tempts us on other lines. I am remembering the home Church and Brother and Sister Briggs in prayer. Also our missionaries. The Lord bless them all. Then, brothers and sisters, how much our R. B. ministers need our prayers, these dear soldiers of the cross. There are only a few today preaching holiness. I admire anyone that preaches sanctification these days by dying out and being crucified with Christ, choosing to suffer affliction with the people of God, than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. If people will pay the price they can get sanctified these days, for Jesus is just the same yesterday, today and forever. Bless the Lord. Mr. Sabean's health is much better here in Massachusetts than in N. S. We attend the Nazarene Church and get fed with strong meat and my soul is being blessed. Glory to God. Every meeting, prayer meeting or preaching is helpful. There was a woman sanctified last week in the woman's prayer meeting. Oh, the promises stand out in the word today just the same as ever, and mean just as much as they did when they dropped from his blessed lips, "If ye shall ask anything in my name, he will give it you." Then, "He shall call upon me, and I will answer him. I will be with him in trouble. I will deliver him and honor him." Those and others are a strength to me. Happy to tell you the Holy Ghost dwells within, revealing the truth, comforting, giving joy

and peace, etc. Your sister in the Lord,
MRS. J. H. SABEAN.

16 Hazel Park, Everett, Mass.

Dear Brother Baker:

We send the renewal for the Highway, and testimony of Brother and Sister Hartt. We are living in the land of plenty, where love and peace abound, and no carnal thing is found. We love the old paths and He walks and talks with us and claims us for his own. We expect some day this mortal shall put on immortality and death swallowed up in victory.

A word of commendation to encourage the young men form the province and their friends. They are worthy of praise, for they have the confidence of the President and faculty, also the school for their persevering and faithfulness in study, and unwavering loyalty to Jesus Christ and his doctrines in testimony and life. They have the credit of being among the best at school. I write this without being requested by them or any one else.

Yours for old time religion and Bible
Holiness,
A. HARTT AND WIFE.

Dear Highway:

I thought I would drop you a line at this time to let you know that we at West Pembroke intended to have the quarterly meeting here, but on account of my wife being so ill, it would be impossible to have it at this time, but will have it some time later. I am so glad I can report victory in my own soul and God is very real in all of our services.

T. W. MOSES.

West Pembroke, Me.

CASTING ALL YOUR CARE UPON HIM.

A writer in The Congregationalist gives an illustration which impresses the lesson of the above verse of Scripture upon our hearts. He says:

"Sand in the shoes makes walking anything but easy! A big rock in the path wouldn't give half so much trouble. You can just walk around the boulder and that is the end of it. But those pebbles in the shoes! You carry them along with you and every step you take they hurt. A boy or a girl would very soon sit down by the roadside and shake the sand out of both shoes and go on rejoicing. Of course! But there are some people—grown-up people—who are not so wise. They have a good many troubles, some of them large, like the boulder in the road, but most of them small, and the small trials plague them a good deal more than the big ones. They have learned to leave the greater difficulties to God. The boulder is too large for them to lift out of the road; so they just leave it to the heavenly Father, as they have a right to do, and go on their way. But the sand grains in the shoes! these are the petty trials, and these they just carry about with them. I wonder if people think that God can not be trusted with the pebbles as well as with the great boulders? 'Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you' must include the pebbles."—Sel.

"Money is weight in a grasping life, but wings in a giving life."

THE LORD REIGNETH, LET THE EARTH REJOICE.

Do men or nations, drunken with pride and swollen with ambition, claim place beside Him on His throne, and in their ruthless cruelty bring suffering untold?—GOD REIGNS.

Is the world, after war, like ocean after storm, still having with strife of race and class, and seething with selfishness and luxury and waste, with robbery and murder, with disregard of human law and law divine?—GOD REIGNS.

Is our Empire—victorious abroad—weakened and imperilled at her centre by foes at home?—GOD REIGNS.

Does the Church suffer from indifference and worldliness, from false teaching and lack of teaching, from disregard of God's day, and Word, and Worship?—GOD REIGNS.

Do business plans miscarry, bringing disappointment and loss?—GOD REIGNS.

Does frost or drought, or blight or storm, prevent or destroy the fruits of the field, and toil reap no reward?—GOD REIGNS.

Is there unemployment, and wide-spread poverty and want?—GOD REIGNS.

Do personal or family troubles and anxieties make life's day dark and drear?—GOD REIGNS.

Does fire or flood lay waste, or plague and pestilence destroy?—GOD REIGNS.

Is there sickness in the home, or has death and bereavement come?—GOD REIGNS.

Does the valley of the shadow draw near or are we called to pass through it?—GOD REIGNS.

How a Holy and Righteous God can be sovereign supreme, and man be free to work all kinds of evil, is beyond finite ken.

Nor need we understand. Enough for us that God bids us use our freedom to do His will and, whatever seeming ills may come, to trust His Infinite Power and Love to bring about what His Infinite Wisdom sees best.—Presbyterian Record.

WHAT IS CHRIST TO YOU?

When a college mate said to Alfred Tennyson, poet-laureate, "What do you think of Jesus Christ?" the poet plucked a flower and, looking from it to the sun, and from the sun back to the flower, said: "What the sun is to this flower Jesus Christ is to my soul." To the sun the flower owes its life, its beauty and fragrance. To Jesus Christ every soul owes its life, its beauty, its joy, its hopes. Without Him there can be no life, no strength, no beauty, no hope, no heaven. What is Jesus Christ to you?

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

"Lord, I thank thee for the night,
And for the pleasant morning light,
For rest and food and loving care
And all that makes the day so fair.
Help me, Lord, to love thee more
Than I ever did before;
In my work and in my play
Be thou with me through the day."

—Selected.