

CORRESPONDENCE.

Hartland, N. B.

Dear Highway:

It is some time since I have written anything to your columns. I want to add my testimony that I am saved and His glory fills my soul, hallelujah. I will give you a brief sketch of my life since I came among the Reformde Baptist people. It was in 1905 under the preaching of Rev. S. A. Baker at Hartland, where he poured in the truth, for six weeks, that seemed sharper than a two-edged sword, that put me under awful conviction. The more I tried to fix myself up, the greater did the Holy Spirit grip my soul. On the 6th day of February at ten o'clock at night, I got to the end of myself and decided that I would go through, live or die, and I did die to self and the death was real, in that supreme moment the Holy Ghost came and burned out carnality and I was free. For whom the Son makes free he is free indeed, and I have triumphed through faith. To God be all the glory.

Twenty years have passed, and it is getting better every day. I love to feast on the good things my heavenly Father has to give. The Lord has allowed me to pass through some light afflictions to prove me that his grace was sufficient. I am glad that I ever came where I heard holiness preaching. I can say to the glory of God, He satisfies all my longings, the cry of my soul is deeper yet. While the world rushes madly on, my determination grows stronger to be true to God.

Yours in Christ,

ZIBA ORSER.

Upper Mangerville.

Dear Friends and Readers of the Highway:

I believe I am impressed of the Holy Spirit to write a few lines to you. The cares and burdens press so heavily upon me these days that I do not get any chance to write to my friends, so in this way I can write to you all. I am thinking too of you who are in Africa and have not forgotten me, but have remembered to pray, and also with letters which came with wonderful blessing to my soul. I am continuing to pray much for God's work in Africa.

I praise God for Brother and Sister Sanders who have been faithful and true to that which God trusted them with. I also will warn you who are young and God calls you to work for Him, do not say no or why, even if it means darkened Africa, India or China, but do say I will go. It pays to follow Him.

The way to Heaven will be harder the more we say no to God.

I don't believe I average more than four times a year getting to Church, so you see I miss some good blessings that some of you who will read this do enjoy.

I do enjoy the presence of Jesus, and all His blessings we can receive through prayer.

I have six dear children, the eldest just ten years of age. They are a blessing and yet a care, but in caring for them each I am praying God to direct me right as I realize the responsibility that rests upon me concerning their souls which are pre-

cious. Pray with me that God may hold me very steady and true.

This is a very testing time for me, a great battle on. I find the enemy of my soul more mighty each day, yet I realize God is Almighty and has never yet lost a battle. Glory, glory, to His precious name. Yes, He can conquer every foe, hallelujah. I am determined that old enemy that is against my soul, shall be defeated, and I shall gain the victory. I think of Christ talking with his disciples telling them they shall be scattered and must meet with trials. He says, "In the world ye shall have tribulations, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,

He'll never, no never, desert to His foes; That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,

He'll never, no never, no never forsake.

MRS. D. E. NIXON.

Wollaston, Mass.,

March 17th, 1925.

Dear Highway:

We received \$54 from the Students' Fund. As Mr. Dunlop did not take any this time, we divided the amount among the three of us. We thank every contributor.

Yours in the Master's service,

G. A. ROGERS,

E. B. JOYE,

C. RAY HAGERMAN.

Whittier, Calif.

Rev. P. J. Trafton:

Dear Brother: Am enclosing \$10 for the Highway Fund. How we enjoy its pages from time to time, and pray for you dear people in N. B. that God may continue to make you a blessing. Time passes so rapidly, you will soon be making preparations for Camp Meetings at Beulah and Riverside. How we would love to be there.

Prayerfully your brother,

E. M. SMITH.

Four Falls, N. B.

Dear Brother Trafton:

Enclosed find the amount of my pledge to the Highway Fund, and my renewal. Wife and I love the clean teaching we get from its pages. We can say that Jesus saves and his blood cleanses from all sin just now. Praise His name.

Yours kept by power divine,

THOMAS WOLVERTON.

Patten, Me.

Dear Editor:

Enclosed find my renewal for the Highway. I like to read its clean pages. They are uplifting and a great help to me. It was my father and mother's paper while they lived, they have both gone to claim their reward. I am trying to live so that when Jesus calls me, I can meet them in that upper and better world.

Yours trusting in Jesus,

MRS. S. B. GEE.

Somerville, Mass.

Dear Brother:

Kindly change the address of the Highway to 10 Radcliffe Road. Mrs. Culberson is gaining nicely now. She went through a serious surgical operation on January

23rd. My limb and foot that was burned so bad are well again. The Lord knows all about our troubles and is looking after us. Praise His name. We are having pretty good meetings in our church here. The Lord is a precious Saviour to us these days, and we are trusting him to take us safely through.

Yours in Jesus,

CHESTER AND MILDRED CULBERSON.

Jonah 1-6. Call upon thy God!

Yes, child of promises, call upon thy God. Tempestuous billows surround souls. Waves of temptation, of sorrow, of trial, of misery, and of worldliness, the seas of popular amusements, the pictures, the cards, the ball games, joy-riding and Sabbath desecration are producing the octopus of sin to throttle, to ruin and to damn the youth of our land. Waves of higher (?) criticism, Russellism, Eddyism, Mormonism, fanaticism and lodgism are washing from people's minds the realization of sin, death and the judgment. Seas of divorce, adultery and crime are surging through homes, breaking hearts, destroying virtue and drowning hope. Nations are forgetting God, worshipping gold, silver, fame and other idols. Churches are asleep, while thousands are going out on the sea of eternity, into a devil's hell! What meanest thou, sleeper? Arise! Call upon thy God! Yea, call mightily!

PERCY GREEN.

IMPELLED BY LOVE.

In one of Mr. Roosevelt's eloquent passages he used this language: "Do you love to go out to sea in a rowboat in a gale? No, you go out to save; you hate the storm." A missionary is said to have been asked if he liked his work in Africa. His reply was "Do I like this work? No. My wife and I do not like dirt. We have reasonably refined sensibilities. We do not like crawling into vile huts through goat stands. We do not like association with ignorant, filthy, brutish people. But is a man to do nothing for Christ except what he likes? God pity him if not! Liking or disliking has nothing to do with it. We have orders to go, and we go. Love constrains us." Herein lies the impelling power that puts forth the fairest and the best of men and women to do the work of human rescue.

"The one impregnable fortress in this world is a perfectly sincere and honest soul whose reliance is in God. Earth has no impregnable fortress. For many years the old French City of Quebec was believed to be an impregnable fortress; but the intrepid Wolfe, nursing the last spark of life in his enfeebled body, led his little army up the rugged walls of granite to the Heights of Abraham and accomplished its overthrow. But there is one fortress the walls of which no assaulting column can scale and whose garrison cannot be starved out by any siege—a frank, sincere soul whose trust is in God."

It is one thing to be religious in a crowd, but quite another to be religious when alone. Many a soldier has been full of courage in the ranks who would have been an abject coward if left alone.