

CORRESPONDENCE.

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We have almost all kinds of green vegetables on the tables now, and have had for some time past; in fact they raise vegetables nearly all winter.

I had almost forgotten to mention the fact that distilleries are more than plentiful. Many persons lose their lives when officers are making arrests on the moon-shiners.

The schools of Columbia are second to none in any other city in South Carolina, ranging from the Kindergarten to the High School. The staff of teachers are all graduates of the State Normal School, and are presided over by Superintendent Hand, who is a very efficient officer well calculated to direct the teachers, in their efforts to train the young idea how to shoot.

They also have colleges and hospitals for the colored population, which are well looked after in some cases by the white people.

Wishing the Highway and its readers prosperity on all lawful lines, and especially on spiritual lines, I beg leave to subscribe myself.

Fraternally yours,

G. H. MINER.

Columbia, S. C.

THE TWO WAYS.

Rev. H. C. Sanders

Let us notice the vision Mr. Hadly saw, and look even beyond. Not far from Mount Calvary, where stands the life-giving cross, we see Joseph's new tomb, now guarded by Roman soldiers. There they stand in the grey dawn, with long spears and glittering shields. Suddenly, like a lightning flash, the morning mist is cleft by the brightness of a mighty angel, descending with his legions, to attend the greatest event in history. In spite of sealed tomb and Roman guard, Michael rolls away the stone and, seating himself thereon, quietly awaits the majestic coming forth of Him, who, but three days since, hung between two thieves on yonder cross. While now, that same Jesus, is declared to be the Son of God with

power, by His resurrection from the dead, by the Holy Spirit. The Roman guard, where are they? Fallen to the ground, lying prostrate, like dead men.

For what are the angels waiting? Why not escort the great hero of Cavalry to His glory? "Just a moment," says the Victor over death, "I tarry to speak to that weeping woman who waits in this same garden. Because of her great love to me I would have her announce my triumph over death, to my chosen ones." Then, through her tears, she sees Him, recognizes His voice and falls at His feet in adoration and worship. The first believer in the resurrection! The first witness to the victory of Christ—A woman! And one of the fallen daughters. No wonder today sees more handmaidens than servants, witnessing in foreign lands to a risen Saviour. There also seems to be a more ready response in the womanly breast to the gospel call, so that more names of sisters are found on the church rolls, than names of brothers. Woman, in carrying the glad tidings of the resurrection, comes into her own appointed sphere; and it is to this end we read, "I will pour out my Spirit upon . . . my handmaidens," and they shall speak my messages.

Later, having ascended to His Father, with the key of death, and having led the multitude of delivered captives, He returns for a forty-day sojourn among the chosen and faithful. To them He appears many times. They see His wounds, recognize Him, and fall at His feet saying, "My Lord and my God." "All power and authority, in heaven and in earth, is given unto me," He announced when giving them their commissions, adding, "I am able to save to the uttermost and ever more, for I have tasted death for every man, and borne the whole world's sin. No case is too hard for me. Though their sins be as scarlet or crimson, I can wish them whiter than the purest snow."

I recall what another soldier writes of his being rescued from death by a ministering spirit. He had wandered very far from the narrow way, and was a captive of the enemy, with very little hope or desire of rescue. One day, while riding,

his horse took fright and threw him violently to the ground. He was found unconscious, with his head lying upon the sharp outcropping of a hidden rock. All wondered that no woman appeared. But many years later, and after he had become a faithful soldier, the matter was explained to him in a dream, thus: He entered the city of God and was conducted, by his guide, to a certain picture gallery of paintings from his own life. One represented him lying, unconscious, his horse standing near by—and there was the angel with his arm placed between his head and that cruel rock. He awoke from that dream with new cause of gratitude to the love that saves and sends His angels to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation. Others have told of angels encamping round about and delivering them from lions, wicked men, shipwrecks, fire and all number of dangers, too numerous to mention. Some say that a day is coming when angels will be permitted to even preach the everlasting gospel.

(To be continued)

SUBMERGED IN GOD.

Hearts become radiant when they live in the presence of God.

Some conceive of God as a glorified Being living far away upon some throne in the high sky. But to a radiant heart there is no farawayness about the Infinite Spirit. "He is within and without and around about."

God, as Spirit, is infinite.

There is no place where God is not. From beyond the vast boundaries of the most distant universe down into the electrons of an atom, is the presence of the Infinite. As the Psalmist in his realization of the everywhere-ness of God sang: "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit, and whither shall I flee from thy presence?"

Like a fish living in the vastness of the Pacific, so are we living in the midst of Infinite Spirit. The Apostle Paul very forcefully expressed the fact that the realm of our life is God when he exclaimed: "In him we live and move and have our being."

We speak of God within the heart. And we speak correctly. But we should also be aware that we are in the midst of him as we are in the midst of a bright, warm, sunny atmosphere when walking through a field of daisies under the beaming sun of a summer's day. Oh, how I have felt the presence of God on every hand!

Early one morning, as I stood out in a field under the vast expanse of the vaulted blue, I lifted up my hands, not as we sometimes say, "toward" God, but, as I felt, "through" God. Surrounded and submerged as I was in the fragrant atmosphere of the early morning I was impressed with the everywhere-ness of God. As far out as the eye could reach, as far up as mind could pierce, was the unseen, yet vitally present Infinite Spirit—and there was I, submerged in him!—Rev. C. M. Griffith.

"Time is so precious that there is never but one moment in the world at once, and that is always taken away before another is given."



The above is a picture of the Reformed Baptist parsonage at Royalton, N. B. There is also a nice barn in connection and the lot on which it is built contains two acres. It is free from debt and has been built during the pastorate of Rev. and Mrs. I. F. Keirstead.