

## CORRESPONDENCE

E. N. College,  
Wollaston, Mass.

Dear Highway:

We wish to acknowledge that we received the sum of thirty-five dollars from Rev. M. Ella Slipp, treasurer of the Students' Fund. Thank you for your good work.

G. A. ROGERS,  
S. G. HILYARD,  
E. R. BRADLEY,  
A. B. HAYES.

Dear Highway:

For some time I have not reported to your columns, so will now say, I and family are quite settled at Millville, N. B. Here we find a needy field, but all seem willing to take hold in the work and push the battle.

The congregations are good all over the field. I have six preaching places so am kept busy, with also three weekly prayer meetings.

On Tuesday evening, Sept. 28th, after prayer meeting at Lower Hainesville, a donation was made for us at Brother Henry Hoyt's by the people of Maple Ridge, when nearly every home was represented. A good time was enjoyed by all in pleasant conversation, song and prayer. Before leaving a nice lunch was served by the sisters, and Brother M. H. Young, on behalf of those present, gave us a purse of \$28.50. It is just like these good people to thus care for their pastor, and to them and our Heavenly Father we feel grateful for Christian fellowship and this token of remembrance. We pray that together we may labor successfully in the Master's vineyard.

We, as pastor and people, greatly enjoyed the late quarterly meeting. A great treat to again enjoy the quarterly of this district.

The preaching was excellent and the saints refreshed. Not much visible results, but we trust for fruit some time. Millville will not soon forget this meeting. May the blessing of the Lord rest upon all your readers.

Yours in His service,

L. T. SABINE AND FAMILY.

Mercer Settlement

Dear Brother Trafton:

We are happy to have the Highway come to our home, and can say the Lord is very precious to us. Praise God for the Highway of Holiness. We are enclosing an amount for the Highway Fund.

Yours in the love of Jesus,

MR. AND MRS. D. H. HAYES

Everett, Mass.

Dear Brother in Christ:

I thank you very much for your kindness over the paper. I did not want to part with it at all, and I am wondering if it was the plan of God that I should have it. I hope I may be led to send you something of worth for its pages.

A dear sister, not knowing from human lips of my illness at all, said I was brought into her thoughts in the night and she was led to pray for me, and a precious promise given her for me. She felt I was in some kind of trouble. After finding out I was, by writing, she came quite a distance and sat with me and by

me, bearing another's burden and so fulfilling the law of Christ, for about a year, then herself called home to be with Jesus. Glad to go to Him whom her soul adored and served.

My heart is full, grateful to Him for His love and care and presence at and through this trying hour.

"That the trail of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ.

Isn't it worth our while to hold still in the furnace? To trust Him?

I arose from the lounge tonight to get something to eat, with the lines of a hymn I heard when a child coming to me and it came over the years tonight with such sweetness.

The lilies of the field,

The beautiful lilies of the field,

Your Father cares for them

And shall He not care for you?

He giveth the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

May His presence, His power, His strength, be with you in your work.

Yours in Christ Jesus,

MRS. E. R. RAMSEY.

Waterville, N. B.

Dear Brother Trafton:

Please find enclosed my renewal for the Highway. I enjoy reading its clean pages. I praise the dear Lord for sending my brother this way to preach the truth to us, his messages are food and blessing to my soul. Our numbers are increasing in our Sunday School and preaching services. I praise God for full salvation and I am enjoying his blessings in my soul, and the way is growing sweeter each day. I cannot praise him enough for the real joy and peace he gives me in obeying him.

Your sister in Christ,

MRS. JUDSON HILLMAN

## GOD'S VISITS

When we are expecting a friend to come into our homes, even if he is going to spend only a day or two, we are careful to put our houses in order, and exert ourselves to make him comfortable while he is our guest. If we have invited him, we owe it to him, and we owe it to ourselves, to entertain him to the very best of our ability. We give him the best room, the easiest chair, and neglect nothing that would add to his comfort.

We invite God to come into our hearts, and abide with us. We ask Him to pour out His Holy Spirit upon us. We approach Him with reverence and confidence, calling Him "Our Father." When we feel that strange warming of the heart which heralds His approach, we hesitate, and shrink from the visit of God. If we would be quiet and open the door, He would come in and sup with us, and while He is here, we would hear the still small voice saying: "Peace. My peace I give unto you."

Sometimes we call upon God in faith, and yet when He comes we do not have time to receive Him. When He knocks we are "busy here and there," and we do not hear Him. We wonder why He does not come; He has promised: "Call upon

Me, and I will answer thee." We call again, He comes again, but we could not watch and wait; we are asleep.

Sometimes God calls upon us. Sometimes He makes us an unexpected visit. Sometimes He comes, wooing us, saying, "Give Me thine heart." If we respond cheerfully, and give Him ourselves, we will lead to other visits. Some day when He calls to say to us, "It is enough; enter into the joy of thy Lord," happy, thrice happy, will we be if He finds us ready to enter in through the gates to go out no more for ever.—Mrs. Sarah Cannon Leamon, in Pittsburgh Christian Science.

## YOUR TROUBLES

By Rev. W. Edmund Smith

When you are in great trouble, words freeze upon your lips;  
The sun of your prosperity is in complete eclipse.  
Don't think that you are in a place that none has been before—  
Remember when old Brother Job lay scourged at trouble's door.

Of course your troubles are the worst—  
the Devil makes you think;  
And paints the present picture in colors black as ink.  
He did all that for Brother Job and peeled him to the skin;  
He took away all that he had but could not make him sin.

Yes, in the darkness of his grief Job saw a star of hope.  
His wife advised, "Curse God and die," and handed him a rope.  
But Job cried, "Foolish woman, I'll trust in weal or woe;  
I know that my Redeemer lives and I shall live also!"

Some may misunderstand you, and falsely some accuse;  
They did all this to Brother Job—turned comfort to abuse.  
God sent them to the altar—four sinners in a row,  
And called on Brother Job to pray: The Bible says it's so.

Don't let your troubles crush you: There is a future bright,  
The clouds of your adversity will break with heavenly light.  
Just think of Job: God lifted him; He is the same today;  
And in the sunshine of His love all troubles melt away.

He that is habituated to deceptions and artificialities in trifles will try in vain to be true in matters of importance; for truth is a thing of habit rather than of will. You cannot in any given case by any sudden and single effort will to be true, if the habit of your life has been insincere.—F. W. Robertson.

Few men suspect how much mere talk fritters away spiritual energy—that which should be spent in action, spends itself in words. Hence he who restrains that love of talk, lays up a fund of spiritual strength.—F. W. Robertson.