

Lord, whose life was the fulfillment of plan and prophecy.

But this letter is already too long, so I will close for now, with deepest love from your father,

H. C. SANDERS

Note.—This precious letter is too good to keep to myself so you may share it.

FAITH.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee."—Deut. 8:2.

He was better to me than all my hopes,
He was better than all my fears;
He made a bridge of my broken works,
And a rainbow of my tears,
The billows that guarded my sea-girt path
But carried my Lord on their crest;
When I dwell on the days of my wilderness march
I can lean on His love for the rest.

He emptied my hands of my treasured store,
And His covenant love revealed,
There was not a wound in my aching heart
But the balm of His breath had healed.
Oh! tender and true was the chastening sore,
In wisdom, that taught and tried,
Till the soul that He sought was trusting in Him,
And nothing on earth beside.

He guided by paths that I could not see,
By ways that I have not known;
The crooked was straight and the rough made plain

As I followed the Lord alone.
I praise Him still for the pleasant palms,
And the water springs by the way
For the glowing pillar of flame by night,
And the shelter cloud by day.

There is light for me on the trackless wild,
As the wonders of old I trace,
When the God of the whole earth went before

To search me a resting place.
Has He changed for me? Nay! He changes not,

He will bring me by some new way
Through fire and flood and each crafty foe,
As safely as yesterday.

And if to warfare He calls me forth,
He buckles my armor on;
He greets me with smiles, and a word of cheer
For battles His sword hath won;
He wipes my brow as I droop and faint,
He blesses my hand to toil;
Faithful is He as He washes by feet
From the trace of the earthly soil.

Never a watch on the dreariest halt
But some promise of love endears;
I read from the past that my future shall be
Far better than all my fears.
Like the golden pot of the wilderness bread
Laid up with the blossoming rod,
All safe in the ark with the law of the Lord
Is the covenant care of my God.

— Anna Shipton.

Prayer is the key-note of the most sanctified life, of the holiest ministry. He does the most for God who is the highest skilled in prayer.—E. M. Bounds.

CORRESPONDENCE

Truro, N. S.

Rev. P. J. Trafton:

Dear Sir: Enclosed please find post office order for renewal of my subscription for the Highway, and will you send me a copy of the one of July 1st. In some way mine has been lost as I did not receive it, and I do love to read every number.

I do hope and trust you had a blessed time at the Camp. I have not seen any report so far, but probably will in the next Highway.

I had a short but delightful visit from Faith Sanders that I will never forget. She certainly is a chosen vessel of the Lord, and a marvel as coming from a heathen nation, where most of her life has been spent. Long may the family be spared to do the Lord's work.

With best wishes for all,

Yours sincerely,

MARY H. FRIZZLE.

523 S. First St., Louisville, Ky.

My Dear Brother Trafton:

I am sending you herewith a MS for your paper, and hope it will reach you all right. I have so many MS at home, which I can send, when I get there early in September, and I hope your people will enjoy them.

I want to thank you for your kindness and generosity to me, and all the many kind things they said to me while I was there. I am beginning in my next camp Wednesday, the 20th,

Much love to you and yours.

Fraternally,

C. F. WIMBERLY.

Moncton, N. B.

Dear Christian:

I am sending my renewal for the King's Highway; also send it to the two others I mention. I wish the Highway success in the future. I am much interested in your missionaries and enjoy reading their letters in the paper. I wish them success and prosperity.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN W. BAKER.

Vancouver, B. C.

Dear Brother Trafton:

Please find enclosed renewals for the Highway. I enjoy the paper and as I pass it on to others, hear expressions of pleasure from those reading its pages. Have been much with you all at Beulah this week. So glad I can enjoy the service of prayer with and for you all. Had such a good hour this morning in the "secret place" and believing you are having a blessed time, with many helped, but we long for souls; souls are out of Christ. How dreadful when the time is so short. The hope today of bringing conviction must be in prevailing prayer. Activities without power in answer to fervent prayer fall short.

May these days be times of heart searching for every believer. I am finding that secret prayer sets right, with the promises before us, the light falls upon our own hearts, then on the pathway of service and the result, his will done in and through us, with ever increasing opportunities and light on the precious word, increasing helplessness in ourselves, and increasing faith in him, to whom it is nothing to help whether with many or with them that have no might. Praise his name.

Yours in His fellowship,

LIMA F. HALE.

SEEING GOD.

She was a little girl of an inquiring mind. She wondered over many things as children will and asked the questions that were easily answered. She had been told that God took care of her and watched over her wherever she was, but this did not satisfy her.

"Did you ever see God?" she asked her father one day.

He was busy, and he thought it only "one of Margaret's queer questions." He answered very briefly in a tone to stop further questions.

"No, child, of course not. No one ever has seen God."

Silenced, but not satisfied, the little girl waited. A relative was at the house one day. He was to be a minister sometime, and Margaret looked at him with awe, and supposed he knew everything. She seized her first opportunity when there was no one to interfere, and asked with an abruptness that startled and confused the young man:

"Did you ever see God?"

"Why-why, little cousin, I—you know God is a Spirit; we do not see Him the way we see people around us. No one can see Him and live," he answered, groping for the right thing to tell her, and not finding it at hand. He knew more about books than he did about children, and the supper bell ended the conversation to the relief of both parties. The little girl dropped the inquiry in despair, and never asked it again until the summer she was with Aunt Hannah—Aunt Hannah of the white hair and serene face, not over-burdened with the lore of the schools, but wise in many a lesson of life and the Spirit. Her thoughtful eyes often seemed to hold blessed secrets, and it was really of them that Margaret asked:

"Auntie, do you ever see God?"

The old eyes brightened, and the reply came happily:

"Child, sometimes it almost seems as if I didn't see anything else! Everywhere I look it's—God. In the beauty of the sunshine and the flowers, the hills and the river, in the sunrise and the starry nights. Who else could have made such things? God is everywhere. I see Him in all the pleasant things that happen to me, the comforts, the friends, the little surprises. It took me a long time to learn to see Him in the sorrows and disappointments, but I can do that now, many a time."

"Is it your eyes you see Him with?" asked the child.

"With your heart—the self inside you. Why, child, that's the way you see everything you love. If you saw only your mother's face she wouldn't be any more to you than a picture. You see her in her care for you, in the things she does for you every day, in everything that makes your home happy. That's the way we see God."

It is learning to see God everywhere, to feel His presence as we come and go, to recognize Him as the Friend at our side, interested in all our interests, quick to hear the faintest prayer, ready to help in every need—it is this that makes us truly Christians and our religion real.—Selected.

"Happiness is never found by one who seeks it as an end to itself."—Wesleyan Methodist.