

them. He built them big enough for Himself. I am trying to get you to see that it is a terrible tragedy to lose a soul, when there opens before you the possibilities of holiness and the possibilities of the presence of God.

#### Eternal Life

Some of you are getting gray-headed. I feel you have just heard your first prattle. What you think is the wisdom of the ages is just the first class you have entered. You have thought it is sunset that is near. It is the dawn that is near. The soul that has gotten its first glimpse of God and upon whose roof the snow begins to gather in the silver age is heading toward the sunrise. All the eternities are yours. No clocks or calendars. No measurement of time. We sweep out of the world that is charted into an uncharted world and you are built for that. How foolish is human speech, how feeble are human words that beat themselves against the rim of the infinite and fall down panting, yet mighty in their effort to reach it. There will come a day when the rim of the infinite against which we have beat our wings will push away and the soul will sweep into infinite glory. Did you ever stop to think what it will mean? Eternal life with no funeral processions. Eternal life without a pain or a disease.

My glorious, beautiful boy used to love to sing:

"Day is dying in the west,  
Heaven is touching earth with rest,  
Wait and worship while the night  
Sets her evening lamps alight  
Through all the sky.

"Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts,  
Heaven and earth are full of Thee,  
Heaven and earth are praising Thee,  
O God, Most High!

"When forever from our sight,  
Pass the stars, the day, the night;  
Lord of angels, on our eyes  
Let eternal morning rise  
And shadows end."

And that boy of mine, with the eagle in his soul, that had beaten his beautiful soul against the rim of the infinite, still unconscious with that terrible disease and with his tongue stiff from the cancer that had penetrated his brain, swept out to that land which knows no limitations and knows no sky line.

Oh, soul, don't ever think you are cheap! Is there any one here that says, I am not what I ought to be. I need to be pardoned, I need to be cleansed, I want God. Will you come and meet me in prayer? Come and touch God. Come into communion with Him. —(A sermon delivered in Syracuse, N. Y., and published in the Way of Holiness. The paragraph titles are ours.—Editor).

—The Wesleyan Methodist

#### CORRESPONDENCE

Eighth Island Lake, N. S.  
Dear Brother Trafton:

Enclosed please find postal note to pay on balance due on my Highway, and I must say that I feel very grateful to you for bearing so patiently with me, so thanking you for all past favours and kindnesses, I am as ever,

Your sister in Jesus,

MRS. L. E. HATTIE

Calais, Maine

Dear Highway Friends:

On Calvary's Cross Christ shed His precious blood for the redemption of lost souls. We report victory only through that blood this morning. We praise the Lord for saving,

sanctifying and keeping power, and have a stronger determination than ever to lean upon His strong arms and fight the battle against unrighteousness. We thank the Christ of the Cross for His help and blessing on the work.

Last Tuesday Lic. E. R. Bradley went to the Chipman Memorial Hospital in St. Stephen, N. B., for an operation on tonsils. He and Mrs. Bradley wish to take this opportunity to thank the members and friends of the Calais Church for all their kindness shown during his illness.

The evening before the operation the treasurer of the church passed us a receipt in full for the doctor's and hospital expense. We appreciate the goodness and generosity of the folk who made this possible. Since returning home some of the folk have brought in milk, eggs, chicken and other appropriate articles of food. These kind deeds of God's people remind us again of how God has promised to care for those who seek first His kingdom and righteousness.

May the Lord bless his folk again and again for their faithfulness to His cause.

Yours in Him,

LIC. & MRS. E. R. BRADLEY

Dear Highway:

Just a line to say that the work is going encouragingly, and we have much to be thankful for. Our attendance has continued good in spite of the distractions of the summer months and the blessing of the Lord has been upon all our services.

We enjoyed a good quarterly meeting. Never heard better preaching, and the addresses at the Sunday School Convention, by Miss Violetta Mullen and Rev. L. T. Sabine were most excellent and timely. We wish to express our thanks to the Marysville church for lending their pastor for the Quarterly Meeting. Brother Hartley Mullen and a number of his good people were present all through while a goodly number came on Sunday. Brother Hallett Mullen was with us until Sunday when he went to Woods Harbor, where he has been following up the work started by the tent meetings.

Our Young People's Association lately organized is running with good interest. We thank God for a loyal band of young folks. Last Sunday night we had an attendance of nearly all of our own people that are within reach of the church and are able to attend, and we had one of the best testimony meetings before the preaching service that I ever was privileged to attend.

As we have said before, the worst feature of this work is the fact that we are so scattered, some living nine miles from the church.

We are looking ahead to a good winter and we expect victory all along the line.

In the King's service,

H. C. MULLEN,

Havelock N. S., Sept. 13

Dear Brother Editor:

A line to let you know that I am still on top, with victory in my soul. In these days of depression it is good to have some compression—in an auto that I think means more power to go up hill on high. It too means power in the spiritual to give expression to the reality of the gospel that can make an impression on the souls of men.

Have been for several months in New York State in tent and camp meetings. Ours were not Billy Sunday affairs, but we saw enough

to encourage us to keep going on in this way of holiness, for I am fully persuaded that this is the only thing that can stand the test of time and eternity. In some respects this has been a hard year for me, but as to real soul victory I have never seen a better year, and the best is yet to come.

I shall soon be back to New York State. I have had the privilege the last year of visiting four of my old charges in that state and of preaching on three of them. I find some that gained the victory when I was pastor are still pressing on, although most of them are now outside the Methodist Church. They have gone where they could find better pasture.

Glad to hear of the victory at Beulah and Riverside. All the camps seem to have been especially good this year. Many of the people are turning to the Lord. I feel like travelling on.

Yours for holiness

W. EDMUND SMITH

Black's Harbor, N. B.

Dear Highway:

This writing finds us at Black's Harbor. We did not get here to begin the eighteenth as we had planned, but we arrived here to begin the 21st. Have had two real good services thus far. God seems to be in this place and we are looking to Him for a gracious revival.

We covet the prayers of all of God's children for this campaign that many souls may be won to Him.

We followed up the tent meetings at Wood's Harbor for four Sundays; had good crowds and three of the Sundays found others at the altar seeking God. We praise Him. Last Sunday we had Sister Grace Sanders down with us. She gave us a splendid missionary address in the morning. We left her there in charge of the work. Do not know just how long she will stay. She is trusting the Lord to lead along those lines. We pray God to make her a great blessing to those dear people. Once more we ask you to pray for us here and once more we say those wishing our assistance for revival effort, get your appointments made just as soon as possible.

Yours for full salvation,

H. S. MULLEN

#### OBITUARY

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Nickerson fell asleep in Jesus at the Chipman Memorial Hospital Sept. 18th. The body was brought to Black's Harbor where interment was made conducted by the writer. To the sorrowing ones we extend our sympathy.

F. A. ANDERSON

Charles Hawthorne

The death occurred on Friday evening of Charles Hawthorne, at his home in East Brighton. The late Mr. Hawthorne was 68 years of age and had been in poor health for some time. He is survived by his wife, an adopted son, Hubert, and a cousin, Milton, of Mount Pleasant. The funeral service was held Sunday afternoon in the Reformed Baptist Church at Lower Brighton, conducted by Rev. H. S. Dow. Interment was made in the Lower Brighton cemetery.—Hartland Observer.

No human actions were ever intended by the Maker of men to be guided by balances of expediency, but by balances of justice.—Ruskin.