

CORRESPONDENCE

Westmoreland, N. B.

Dear Brother Trafton:

Enclosed please find five dollars. You can advance our subscription for the good old Highway for another year, and use the balance where needed most.

The Lord is very precious to my soul this morning. Praise His dear name.

Leaving us all in good health,

Yours in Christ,

MRS. V. H. BECKWITH

North Head, N. B.

Dear Friends:

These are days when we need to look to God for help and encourage ourselves in the Lord.

"What time I am afraid I will trust in the Lord," said David. He found God never failed him and so have we.

Man may fail but God remaineth, so let us trust him. Count him able to fulfil all his promises to us, his children.

"Able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think."

"Able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound in every good work."

God has blessed us, as a people, very much indeed, and is still blessing in our foreign mission work. In spite of the fact we are a small people, we have a good sized work among the Zulus in South Africa and hundreds, already have been saved—some have gone home to Heaven, that glorious home the heathen knew nothing of until you sent forth your missionaries to tell them the glad tidings of salvation.

The missionaries sacrificed to go and continued to sacrifice to live there, but you sacrificed to raise the funds to send them there, and to keep them there, as your representatives.

At the present date we need to continue to do all we can for our foreign work.

Last season a dry summer gave poor crops, but this summer—just closing—there has been a bad drought which involves a large tract of country, much of Zululand. Our work is on the outskirts of this section of country, so our natives are affected and there will be a great shortage of food, as I am persuaded, many will reap little or nothing.

This condition would be bad enough, but added to it is the financial depression which South Africa feels like all other places. Work for the Zulu men is not plentiful and if he has no work he has no money to buy food with. This means famine.

A letter from a Dutch lady living some miles from Hartland Mission station—something like 90 miles away—writes of conditions on this farm where usually they raise from 300 to 600 bags (of 203 lbs. each) each year. This is what she says: "The place looks like winter, even worse than winter, mealies (corn) white on the lands so, we are not expecting to reap this year. The drought is something awful here and the scarceness of water—this farm has not a drop of water, only a little mud water for our few cows we have here. I get two buckets of water from our neighbors for a day, so we must leave here on Saturday for high veldt where our son lives. The poor natives without food, starving in Zululand, so many are dead of hunger, and money so scarce you can't sell anything, etc."

You can see it is pretty wide spread and many people affected.

Of course when the people are in such need the missionaries must do all they can to help.

This is an opportunity to do good and by it gain the hearts of the heathen who, seeing the care for them, are made willing to listen to the gospel and get saved.

Let us pray for them in their distress—let us help them—even if we have so little—let us not miss so great a chance to win souls.

God is able. He says: "Ask of me and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession."

Yours in Him,

MRS. H. C. SANDERS

Weymouth, N. S.

Dear Brother Trafton:

Enclosed you will find P. O. for my renewal to The Highway. Hope this finds you all well. I just can't get along without the Highway. I get blessed as I read its pages. I cannot see why our own ministers do not write more articles for it. If they knew what a help it is to those who are shut in all winter, I believe they would. I am glad Jesus saves, the Blood cleanses and the Holy Ghost is real.

"These are evil days I know, and the devil has much power, but I am glad with the thought that while the devil is mighty, our God is Almighty. Bless His name.

Yours in Christian love,

MRS. DOUGLAS MULLEN

Millinocket, Me.

Dear Brother Trafton and Highway Friends:

Just a few lines to let know that I am still on the acting side. I have been thinking of the hard times, and the good times I had with the friends when I lived in Hartland, N. B., and at times I think I would like to live it over again, but the old friends are about all gone.

My loved ones are gathering yonder,

My friends are fast passing away,
And soon I shall join their glad number,
And dwell in eternity's day;

They're safe now in glory with Jesus,

Their trials and battles are past,

They overcame sin and the tempter,

They have reached that fair city at last.

I am getting along very well, but rather lonely most of the time. May the Lord bless you. Pray for me.

A. B. CRAIG

Marysville, N. B.

Dear Highway:

A report from our work here I suppose is in order since on Sunday night last we finished a five-week campaign with Rev. H. S. Mullen as evangelist.

As everywhere, when God's people go to prayer for advance in His work the evening gets busy, so here Satan's effort appeared in many ways, but though he is mighty the Lord is Almighty, and gave a good measure of victory.

There were over forty persons who knelt at the altar for help and many professed to be definitely born again, reclaimed or sanctified.

Brother Mullen gave us interesting and searching truth and spared not himself to make the meeting the greatest success possible. He had been here several times before

as evangelist and yet the people greatly enjoyed to have him again.

A true man of God does not lose his charm because he is well known.

We expect the church to be greatly benefited by the meeting and a number added by baptism and experience.

I have never labored with a church where the praying ones stood by the cause more nobly or had it more at heart than in Marysville. May they be richly rewarded for faithfulness, and all who contributed in any way the services what they were.

The work is continued this week by the pastor with good attendance.

We would not forget to make mention of the choir service which was excellent as well as many heart inspiring solos (by Brother Bennett Cochrane), duets and quartettes.

To God be all the glory for another good meeting, the result of which has made Heaven shout for joy.

Dear holiness people, far and wide, let us all be faithful a little longer and prove by sermon, song and example that the doctrine of full salvation—two distinct works of grace—is scriptural, experimental and satisfactory. Glory to God.

Yours for holiness,

L. T. SABINE

TAMMANY

Everybody has heard of "Tammany" as a power in the politics of New York City, but probably very few persons outside of the Tammany society are aware of the origin of the organization.

On May 12th, 1789, died a very aged chief of the Delaware tribe of Indians, named Tammany. This Indian was quite celebrated—perhaps justly—for his virtues; and as the first Congress under the new constitution had met but two months before his death, the idea was suggested of making "Saint Tammany" the patron saint of the young nation. Of course, the suggestion was a jest, but it was in keeping with the spirit of the times, for reverences was then at a discount and joking upon religious matters was common.

The idea was so far acted upon that Tammany societies sprang up in New York, Philadelphia and other cities. Their object was charitable and benevolent. Their officers bore Indian titles such as "Sachem" and "Sagamore," and in the ceremonies there was talk of tomahawks, wampum and other articles in use among the Indian tribes.

Except in New York, these societies were everywhere short lived. In New York the Tammany society flourished, and became one of the great institutions of the city. Many years ago—exactly how long ago we do not know—it began to take, as a body, an interest in politics. No doubt, at first it was animated by a patriotic spirit and a desire for good government.

Its members were men of prominence and influence, and the action of the society carried with it a weight very much in excess of the numbers comprising the organization. As soon as politics became the chief topic of interest in the society, its usefulness as a benevolent association began to wane and was soon wholly gone. And it was not surprising that intriguing politicians, seeing the power of the society, were eager to join it, and to exercise that power themselves and for themselves.—Ex.

"It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man."