

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

P. O. Hartland,
Via Paulpietersburg,
Natal, So. Africa,
Oct. 12th, 1920.

Dear Highway:

To reach the church at Utrecht this year Mrs. Sanders and I took our one-horse trap and a spare saddle horse, which answered much better than going without an extra horse as we have gone other years. We remained over two Sundays, having baptism, communion and a general time of blessing and power.

Our last Sunday was a farewell service, and in spite of heavy rain the attendance was good and the meetings the most blessed of them all.

Ten were received into the church by baptism and three by letter, while four new names were added to the list of seekers, and nine children were presented to the Lord, making the present total, babies, seekers and church members forty-seven. This the fruit of four original members who left here so many years ago.

Shortly before we left home there was a new system of proselyteing instituted almost at our very door. Our nearest neighbor, belonging to the Dutch Reformed Church, has at last, after several vain attempts, succeeded in getting his mission society to send a paid native evangelist to live and work on his farm. They give higher salaries than we and have thus bought over two of our workers, Filimon and his wife, Mata, who live on that farm.

These two are now trying to draw others away from us according to their leader's original plan. Thus far, however, their success is small and we are trusting God to vindicate the right. They teach a lower standard of morals and make the way much broader than we do.

We believed that God would care for His own work while we visited at Utrecht, and upon our return find that he has indeed been strengthening our church members at the central station. Faith will tell you of this.

Pray that we may be steady in trial and blessing for we are having both. Remember our little band at Utrecht who are trying, with so little help, to keep close to Jesus.

Yours in Him,
H. C. SANDERS.

SONS OF GOD.

"Heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ, priests and kings. Light of the world. Saints, salt of the earth. Stars." A few names applied to Christians—How would the tobacco and cigarette and cigar smokers, tobacco chewers. Theatre, picture show, horse racing, dancing people like to be called by these names.

"Did you ever know a person who was blue on Monday and jolly on Tuesday, friendly on Wednesday and indifferent on Thursday, polite on Friday and rude and impatient on Saturday, all things in a week and nothing for long? If you are in any danger of being that sort of person, vacillating and changeable, remember that the plant that is pulled up by the roots every twenty-four hours will never get to the point of blossoming."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Brother in Christ:

I always take great pleasure in reading your paper, The King's Highway; it reminds me of the past, when we were younger; also of your faithfulness in the great cause of holiness.

I was in Portland, Maine, and in Boston, and Lowell, Mass., and did some personal work and found very few praying in these days. If you ask for a Bible they look all around the house before they find one in a back room, they might not have had for a month for all I know. Dear people, I must say that the world and the flesh and the devil have taken a great portion of the spirituality from the church at large; they are blindfolded because they ceased to pray.

Samson had great power with God until he gave up with his head in a silly woman's lap, who sought to know the secret of his power. In doing so he lost his eyesight. They put out his eyes. We not only lose our spiritual eyesight, but lose our power with God, so sad, dear ones, don't stop praying—

"Don't stop praying for every need,
Don't stop praying the Lord will heed:
Don't stop praying but have more trust,
Don't stop praying for pray we must."
With love to all, I am kept by his power.
S. O. KINNEY.

Blaine, Maine.

Dear Highway:

I am glad to report victory through the precious blood. I think God is beginning to move among us. I saw a cloud last Sunday, "the size of a man's hand" and I am looking for the showers. I am not looking at outward appearances, but to the God of Elijah. I praise him this morning for the Holy Ghost, the precious guest, the abiding comforter that fills my soul while I write. God bless all of our dear brethren on the fields of labour.

T. W. MOSES.

An old sister, nearing 90 years, sends us the following verses:

"I have a friend so precious,
He is everything to me,
He loves me with such tender,
He loves so faithfully.
I could not live apart from him,
I love to feel him nigh.
And so we dwell together—My Lord and I.

Sometimes I'm faint and weary,
He knows that I am weak,
And as he bids me lean on him,
His help I gladly seek,
He leads me out in paths of light,
Beneath a sunny sky,
And so we walk together—my Lord and I.

She says: I am sending a dollar for the Highway Fund. Please accept my feeble thanks for continuing to send me the Highway. Please look to the Lord for your pay. He is my pay-master, his riches are unsearchable—Eph. 3-8. Safe bank to deposit in where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt and where thieves do not break through nor steal. The Bible is my bank book.—Yours in Christ Jesus.

R. P. PRINCE.

OLD TIME REVIVAL

(Continued from page two)

upon being baptized by him because his labors have been blessed to their conversion. He says to them, "I am soon going away; your pastor is henceforth to be your spiritual guide; he ought to baptize you, especially if you regard it as a point of attachment." So he utterly refuses to marry those who apply to him, where there is a pastor. By these and other methods he strives to attach the hearts of the people to their ministers. Sometimes persons begin to whisper to him, "We wish our pastor was a man of revival spirit." He quickly perceives the strife to which such whisperings tend. He proceeds to explain the differences between the duties and labors of a pastor and those of an evangelist. "Your pastor," says he, "wears much longer than I could; my preaching is over in a very few weeks; my sermons are few, his are many." Every pastor feels himself strengthened and cheered by him. How different this from what sometimes takes place! Some, whose labors are even blessed to the conversion of many, either from want of proper care, or a proper spirit, sow in every church they visit seeds of discord.

It would appear from a little attention to the subject, that the rights of pastors in many places might be treated with more respect than they are; but the fault alluded to, may be regarded as an evil incident to a state of transition: it will doubtless pass away in a few years. The pastoral office will soon be more fully appreciated among us.

From Waterborough he went to Limington; from there to Newfield. In the latter place, he labored in connection with Elder Samuel Burbank. All things here appeared at first forbidding, but still they prayed in faith. "The reformation cloud soon appeared, and a good work followed."

DONATION.

On the evening of Nov. 12th, the people of Meductic and some friends from Woodstock and one lady from Greenbush gathered at our home. We were very glad to have the privilege of spending a very pleasant evening together, which all seemed to enjoy. Time soon passed. Mr. H. M. Edwards on behalf of the Meductic Church and friends, in a few well chosen words, presented Mrs. Mullen and myself with the sum of \$65.00. There was also eight pounds of butter. Two dollars were given us the following day by friends who were not present the evening before, making a total of seventy-one dollars. We tried to thank them and our heavenly Father for all this love and kindness, but we could not find words to express our feelings; but we did our best.

May God richly bless the people. We are having good times together. I am not at all well yet. Please pray God's speedy touch that I may get out again to do my bit to help bless these kind friends, and win souls for my Master. God is so good to me. I love him. He saves and sanctifies tonight.

MR. AND MRS. H. S. MULLEN.