

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Highway:

No doubt your readers are wondering how I am getting along. They have been praying for me and trusting God to bring me through alright. He surely has answered prayer. Bless his dear name. I never praised God more for his wonderful salvation than I did while lying in the hospital. The devil was there but God was more than conqueror. We don't understand just why some things come to us, but we can rest assured that "Jesus understands." It was hard for me to go to the hospital at all and still harder for me to become reconciled to the knife but God just walked beside with his inexhaustible supply of grace and as I needed it he just poured it in. Hallelujah. Surely his promises are true. "He has promised to never leave us nor forsake us," and it is true. I am not what you call well of course yet, but have gotten along exceptionally well since being operated on four weeks ago last Friday, March 18th. I am praying and trusting God for complete recovery and am longing so much to get into the work again.

There is much I might say but don't want to take up too much space. I do want to thank God for what he has done. I know many have offered up prayer for me and I surely thank you. I thank God for the good doctor and an especially good nurse. She always had a smile whether the bell rang at 12 o'clock at night or at midday. Last but not least, I want to thank the people who so liberally gave of their means that my expenses were all met nicely and some to spare. The people on this field don't seem to know when to stop giving. My expenses amounted to \$145.25, and there was sufficient sent in from this field to pay them. God bless them all and give a special blessing to Melvin Cronkite, the dear brother that got saved in our cottage meetings this winter, who collected the most of this. As an overflow God sent in some extra from outside brethren.

We appreciated the many kindnesses shown us by the brethren and sisters at Woodstock. At Easter beautiful flowers were sent in to cheer up the sick room. God bless these dear hearts.

Brother and Sister C. P. Phillips were very kind in entertaining us both before and after I went into the hospital. We cannot begin to thank all these people enough. Barbers were sent ad paid, coach-me paid, etc. Much more might be said but will say one more great big THANK YOU and stop. We give God all the glory and honor. Pray for us still.

Yours truly,

H. S. MULLEN.

Dear Highway:

For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.—Rom. 1-16.

Many things occurred in my life before I was saved that I am ashamed of, and it is not pleasant to me to speak of them, but I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, nor what my Lord has done for me. Hallelujah! I feel it my duty to praise God for some things he did for me so definitely.

For two years I have been troubled with

pains in my lungs and thought of discontinuing school and returning to my home. But I read Heb. 13-8. Jesus Christ the same yesterday and today, and forevermore.

Jesus healed the halt, the lame and the blind. I sought privately for healing in simple child-like faith, and stepped out on the promise and was healed, and all pain has left. Glory hallelujah!

God has definitely called me to missionary work and it would have broken my heart to have given it up, but I have taken fresh courage, which rises higher every day. Oh, to get out into the work, and I know of two other young people that God is definitely calling into mission work.

Pray for me that I may prove faithful unto the end.

The precious blood cleanses from all sin, and keeps and gives me victory every day.

Yours in Christ,
STILLMAN A. MULLEN.

Wollaston, Mass.

Dear Brother:

A word from us: Fairly well; we performed the most touching baptismal service yesterday we ever witnessed. Brother Loren Wilson's daughter, Winnie, who has been sick four months with cancer, wished to be baptized so we did it on the lawn in a bath tub. Brother Henry Benson and her brother John assisted us. Every eye was filled with tears as we carried her back to the house. Although handicapped by being both deaf and dumb she has found God as her Saviour and has become a bright christian and says the angels will carry her home.

Received three into fellowship in the evening. Our services are fine. We have resigned. They have asked us to remain; we do not know the Father's will as yet.

Yours kept,

C. S. HILYARD.

Dear Highway:

Would first like to add my testimony. I am glad this afternoon that I am on my way to glory. And I was just thinking how a soul would reach out after spiritual help and would cry out like David. Purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean, wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

Anything of a sinful nature becomes repulsive more than ever before to the one whose soul is yearning after God.

He realizes there is something more in store for the soul and determines to have it. Earnest prayer to God brings him in sacred nearness in a way that things begin to be revealed which before could not be realized, or understood.

The old man self must be put to death, crucified and Christ enthroned within with sweeping victory over all powers of the enemy. The sinful nature destroyed out of the heart, and the Holy Spirit reigning supreme.

Your sister in Christ,

MRS. SIDNEY MORAN.

Presque Isle, Me.

Dear Brother Baker:

I am enclosing a subscription for the Highway. This is my testimony. I am so thankful that I can say I have victory through the precious blood of Jesus Christ. My soul has been blessed while

attending the revival services at Water-ville this winter, and seeing precious souls giving their hearts to the dear Lord. I am so thankful for this wonderful salvation that gives peace, "and joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Praise his holy name. My prayer is that we may all be kept true and under the blood.

MRS. HATTIE E. YORK.

Upper Woodstock.

Dear Sir:

As I have a little of the Lord's money on hand I will send it to you for the Sterritt Sisters's Missionary Fund. Am glad that I can help in the Lord's work that way; am praying that I may be able to get out more in his service; am glad to say that I am still trusting in the cleansing Blood of Christ, am praying that I may be able to get to Beulah this summer for I do love to be among God's people.

Your brother in Christ,

CHARLIE R. COREY,

Corey P. O., Queens Co.

FILLING THE PEWS.

Somebody, Spurgeon, we think, said: "It is the business of the preacher to fill the pulpit, and the business of the people to fill the pews."

"Let the preacher, by putting thought and sparkle into the preparation and delivery of his sermons, draw the crowds"—do we hear some one say? Then let the manufacturer depend entirely upon the merits of his goods for the patronage of the public—why should he send out agents to button-hole people and induce them to buy?

As a usual thing, a church can make or break a preacher. If the members "talk him up," and stand faithfully by him, the people of the community will appreciate and patronize him. If they "talk him down," or treat him and his work with indifference, the community is not likely to go wild over him, and fill his auditorium.

Here and there a preacher is a failure, because it just isn't in him to succeed. He is a misfit in the ministry, and a misfit in the ministry is unfortunate for the preacher, the community, and the cause. However, the average preacher is a man of brains, culture, and ability, and with the help of his brethren his work will succeed.

Every member of the church should rally—all the time—to the support of the preacher, especially by "taking him up," and interesting the community in him. And, by all means, members of the church should be present to fill their own pews. Let all the members of a given church attend regularly the services and the crowds will be sufficient to arrest the attention of the community.—Selected.

The man who accomplishes nothing generally—The person who criticises others, accomplishes nothing himself, he has never established anything, he has originated nothing, he has built up nothing, he lives on others' building; he pretends much, but does nothing but talk; and when he is done he has said nothing, and when he dies—there is nothing to point to that he ever lived.