

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Highway:

I had the pleasure of attending the quarterly meeting of District No. 3 which convenes at Calais Sept. 15-18 and remaining with our Brother and Sister Clark through the following week and over Sunday of the 25th, assisting them in special services following the quarterly meeting. We had meetings each night during the week and three times on Sunday. We had a grand quarterly meeting as there was a good delegation from Beals and Grand Manan Churches especially, the word was brought with power and in the Spirit, and there was great freedom in the testimonies, which especially marks the quarterly meetings of all our districts.

This may be a good start for the week, as some of the good people in the church were already hungry for the blessing of holiness and the meetings had not gone far into the week until quite a number were at the altar seeking the blessing of a clean heart and praise the Lord. We believe they received it in the good old fashioned way, although yet under conviction because they had not been tithing, and said they were going to and we pray God he may keep them steady with the flag at the mast head, and the fire burning bright until Jesus comes.

We were royally entertained at Brother and Sister Clark's. We had little idea what was going on in Calais and feel our dear brother and sister needs to be commended on their sacrifice, service and faithfulness in their work there, having gone there when the windows of the church were nailed up and no meetings at all, and now the church building is in good repair, except it needs a foundation, and a good congregation to preach to; also Brother Clark bought a house that had been partly burned and has fitted it up and made a nice home of it. It would make a great parsonage and be a good investment for the cause of holiness, and be a great help for any pastor who would feel like going to Calais if Brother and Sister Clark should leave at any time. Altogether we feel it was a very profitable meeting and shall not soon forget our trip to Calais.

In our absence Mrs. I. F. Keirstead supplied for us on this field which the people enjoyed very much.

Yours in Him,

E. W. LESTER.

SAINTS ON EARTH.

The Church has canonized certain individuals after they have died, but the Apostle writing to the Romans, Ch. 1-7, tells them as he also tells the Corinthians, in his first epistle, Ch. 1-2, that they and we which believe in Jesus are called to be saints. Certainly it is a high calling. I have been privileged to meet some of the shut-in saints and my soul has been blessed in doing so. I left Fredericton the other morning and went to Ripples, Sunbury Co., to visit our dear sister, Lillian Young, whom many of the readers of the Highway have met at Beulah and listened to her notes of praise in her wheel chair. Her brother's home is two miles from the depot. I got a man to drive me over in his car and I had the satisfaction of spending about three

hours of blessed fellowship with this dear saint of God. How she did shout and praise the Lord with her feeble voice. She is confined to her bed now; cancer of the breast has developed, that has added much to her suffering, but no word of complaint, only magnifying God for his goodness. One wonders why? but I see, God is showing the world that his grace will enable his saints to endure suffering with the spirit of praise in the midst of it, as truly as did Stephen, Paul or Silas. She is waiting patiently God's time. I came away saying, money well invested visiting this saint. Amen. Brother Robert Barr is wonderfully sustained by God during these trying days. His testimony is like this: I am like a person going on a journey, who has all his baggage checked and is at the station with his ticket purchased and waiting for the train. How beautiful to be ready and fully prepared for life or death. The sanctifying grace of God can and does bring people into this blessed condition. Praise the Lord. Remember these in your prayers. I rejoice that God gives me victory these days and is helping me to win one here and there for him. Keep on praying.

P. J. TRAFTON.

ITEMS FROM ROYALTON.

The special services led by Evangelist Foster were seasons of blessing to those who were in a receptive attitude. The Church was strengthened and encouraged. Brother Foster preached with unction of the Holy Spirit. He was definite on the two works of grace, showing the necessity of heart purity and a life hid with Christ in God. Many of the unsaved were moved upon by conviction who would not yield, but there were others, a few at least, who were willing to pay the price and go through on the victory side. Two sisters received the pearl of great price, one coming all the way from Littleton, Me., who was hungry for the blessing of full salvation and went home rejoicing. One soul was reclaimed and a young boy saved for which we praise the Lord.

We had good congregations throughout, many coming from long distances who enjoyed listening to Brother Foster.

Mrs. Foster accompanied her husband. The people were pleased to meet her. Sisters Hudson and Cogswell sang sweetly; the people appreciated them very much.

The people were glad to hear the different brethren who attended the quarterly meeting. They were all warmly welcomed as well as the delegates and proved a great blessing to the community, for they came filled with the Spirit. The carpenters are pushing the work on the parsonage and hope to have it completed before winter.

At the quarterly meeting \$233 was raised for this work for which we are very grateful.

I. M. K.

Unrestricted familiarity between the sexes is a toboggan slide over the precipice of moral ruin. The dance hall is frequently the starting place, although it has not got the monopoly as loosely controlled homes and careless parents are responsible for too much of it.

BEWARE OF THE "GAS HAWK."

A "Gas Hawk," according to Mrs. Catherine Herbert, Juvenile Court Worker of Columbus, Ohio, "is a thing that wears trousers, prowls about at night in an automobile, snares his victims with the knowledge that young girls like automobile rides, and carries them off."

"Each summer a great many girls are brought into Juvenile Court on charges of delinquency, and in more than half the cases the automobile ride is responsible," declares Mrs. Herbert.

"They tell the stories of invitations to ride in fast automobiles which soon leave the crowded city streets behind, and of desperate fights in isolated 'Lover's Lanes.'

"We have found girls stranded at Buckeye Lake, Newark, Plain City, and in other nearby towns where they were taken by strange men after accepting invitations to ride.

"Three girls last year were taken for such a joy ride and were kept from home several days. They were reported missing and when found later they told the 'old story.'

"While girls who accept such invitations from strangers are really to blame, the auto lure is one of the biggest temptations in city life.

"Above dancing, theater-going, cabarets or any other form of amusement, a young girl likes to ride in an automobile. The longing is so strong that often the impulse to accept is irresistible. The automobile is the strongest strand in the net that some men weave to tempt girls."—Selected.

MY LITTLE CHURCH.

My little church, so humble, small and plain,

Where year by year I've worshipped there.

What gain?

What lifts I've had upon a weary road—
How many lightnings of a heavy load.
In every pew I courage read, and grace,
Because of those who sat each in his place
Faithful and true, until the very end,
And every one of them to me a friend.
The pastors in the pulpit who have stood
For God, and right, and everything that's good;

In solmen train they, too, come back and say,

"Forget not what we've said, watch on, and pray."

My little church, so humble, plain and small,

I would not change you for the finest. All
You've been to me I can not well define,
Lifting my soul to Him of life divine.

And so to me it is a holy place
In which I oft recall each vanished face
Of those I loved, who by the Crystal Sea
Are watching, waiting there, to welcome me.

Oh, little church, the peace and hope
you've given,

When many times my soul with grief was riven.

Love can not fully measure or express
Your holy mission to uplift and bless.

—Susan Hubbard Martin in Kind Words.

Conceit in a minister is like fog over a city—it obscures the man.