

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Highway:

I feel like apologizing to the St. John's Church Missionary Society for not having recognized before their exceptionally kind gift of twenty-six dollars. But have been so deeply buried in studies that it has seemed impossible to write.

This gift I feel sure was sent directly from Him who knows all our needs, even before we tell Him. I am sure this was an answer to prayer. I needed it and God sent it just in time. Glory be to God!

This year has been the best year of my Christian experience and the first term of real success in school.

Praying God's richest blessings upon Brother Hilyard and the greatest success to the St. John Missionary Society and a great harvest of precious souls to you all.

I am yours as ever, trusting in the matchless power of Jesus' blood to keep from sin, and God's bountiful store-house to supply my need.

STILLMAN A. MULLEN.

"We have taken the Highway since it started and are always pleased when it arrives as we love the truth it brings to us. The Lord is keeping us out here in Vancouver and I praise his name for his saving and keeping power. He keeps me sweet and peaceable and I am trusting Him fully.

Your brother in Christ,

G. H. COLWELL.

I renew my subscription to your wonderful little paper. I could not get along without it. Glad to hear the good news, especially from our friends in South Africa. Yours in the fight,

W. E. CHIPMAN, Boston, Mass.

"I enjoy reading the missionary reports from South Africa. The letters are so interesting that I read them through. I love to read the Highway as it draws near to my Heavenly Father."

L. W. CLARK, St. Stephen, N. B.

KIND WORDS FOR HIGHWAY.

Enclosed find renewal for Highway. I love the dear old paper and look forward to its coming, to hear from the churches on the lines of holiness, especially from our New Tuskett Church, and pray for their prosperity on their fields of labor. I earnestly pray that this may be a prosperous year among those who are earnestly working for the salvation and sanctification of souls, and that we may all go down leagues farther in God.

MRS. J. H. SABEAN.

Dear Brother Wiggins:

I suppose you are very nicely settled in your new home by this time and enjoying your new quarters very much. We wish you a very happy and prosperous New Year.

We were very kindly remembered Christmas by the church members with gifts of money and good things to eat. Mrs. Dow received a very nice silver cake basket from her class, for which we are very grateful to these kind people. We had a good congregation both at Sunday School and at church service last Sun-

day and several stood and requested prayer in the evening service. I expect to send you some more new subscribers for the Highway soon.

Yours believing God, for victory, I am,
H. SMITH DOW.

To the Highway Family:

Greetings in Jesus, "the author and finisher of our faith, who for the joys that was set before him, endured the cross despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

I do not feel that I am intruding upon our editor in asking a space in the Highway. My heart is inspired and filled with zeal and fervor when I read reports from different parts of our field, telling of battles fought and victories won for holiness and right. The scripture said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," so a word from this part of God's vineyard will be one more link in the great chain to bind our hearts together in the bonds of brotherly love.

Christmas has again been ushered in, bringing to our memories the scene in Bethlehem's manger, and with the wings of the morning, has again taken its sudden departure. But there lingers behind a holy solemnity, filling one with fond anticipations of the time when we shall see Him face to face, who bore the burden of the cross to save us by his grace.

Did you hear the bells of Christmas,
As they chimed their music sweet;
Seem to say with blended voices
Lay thy gift at Jesus' feet.

Not a gift of earthly treasures,
Did the bells at eventide toll;
But the gift which Christ has purchased,
It's the gift of man's lost soul.

This is my first Christmas spent in Seal Cove, and I can joyfully say that it was one that cannot be easily erased from memory. A week before Christmas Brother Grovenor Cook, one of our deacons, called me over the phone, asking me to call at his home. Thinking he wished to talk over some church business, I immediately went down. To my surprise (although as I have come to know the Seal Cove people, I feel it does not do to get nervous or surprised, for it is their natural way), he presented me with \$85, a gift from the church, to purchase an overcoat and fur cap. I went to St. Stephen and got a fine coat, but as there was no cap in stock I had to leave orders to forward one by mail. While fulfilling my appointment over at Wood Island on Sunday, the church there handed me a gift of \$18.50, to use to the best advantage. I received other gifts which will be very serviceable. I am sure that words fail to express my deep appreciation of such valuable gifts.

The church here is enjoying showers of blessings from God. Some of the older soldiers of the cross are passing over to their reward, but God, in His infinite love and mercy has not allowed their labor to be in vain, but has given our church here a fine band of young folk, filled with the Holy Ghost, moving onward to higher heights and deeper depths of God's great love.

I am expecting Rev. John E. Hewson,

evangelist from Indianapolis, Ind., to be with us from March 12th to April 1st inclusive. Please unite with us in prayer that God, the author of all good, will give us a mighty outpouring of the Holy Ghost. Prayer and faith move things for God.

Brother Howe will be with me for an evangelistic campaign in the Wood Island Church, beginning January 14th. We are praying and believing, by God's help, to take that little island for Him.

To the readers and Editor, may your lives this coming year be filled with the sweet presence of the Holy Ghost and your pathway be illuminated by the sunshine of God's righteousness.

Your brother in Christ,
C. RAY HAGERMAN.

Dear Highway:

At this season we would like to have remembered all our dear brothers and sisters on the fields where we have labored. But when we stop and think we find that they are so many, and we love them all so very much that it would be quite an undertaking to remember them all even by a card, and it is hard to single out particular ones, for all have used us so well and stood by us so nobly.

We have decided that since the Highway reaches all or nearly all of them, that we would take this means to get a message to them. So may all who read this just take our good will for the deed and consider this a message of love and appreciation and good wishes to them. We received a good many Christmas greetings by mail and at least one by wire. For these expressions we are sincerely thankful. We may not be able to respond to all of them so we ask again that all who do not receive a reply from us, but see this in print, may consider it a message direct to them. We say, God bless you all and make this New Year the best and happiest in all your lives.

We have spent a very happy Christmas with our new friends here, and they have treated us most excellently indeed. We received some handsome gifts, besides a purse of \$24.00 in cash. May God bless and richly reward all those who have remembered us so kindly.

Sincerely yours,

H. C. AND MRS. MULLEN AND FAMILY.
Beals, Maine, Jan. 1st, 1923.

Dear Highway:

Perhaps a few lines from me to your treasured columns may not be amiss since I have been absent for some time.

In August last I felt to take a short trip of a month or two to Saskatoon, where I met three of my brothers and a sister, some of whom I had not seen for about thirteen years. Needless to say I enjoyed the visit very much, for apart from meeting loved ones, I greatly appreciated seeing some of our great Middle West—"The granary of the Empire."

In some sections there was grain extending on both sides of the track as far as the eye could see. Particularly was this true in Manitoba. The season was an exceptionally fine one and consequently a good quality of wheat was harvested. I assisted in the various parts of the work, from "cutting" to hauling to the elevators.

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