

way home Judson was behind, interested in an inlet of rocks that lay near low water mark. Of a sudden our dog noticed that Judson was not with us, and away he dashed to bring him. Miriam and I were watching and wondering how he would make out. Finding it difficult to make Judson understand that he should be walking with us, back he came on the run to report his failure. Soon Judson started, then doggie was delighted that he had his adopted company all together as they should be.

By this post I am sending Ch. I. of a Bible story to the Highway. I felt led to write it in Alegory, so if you fail to understand some parts of it, ask some one older than you are to explain the meaning—some one who really knows their Bible.

Good-bye, but I hope to write you again soon, as I am not too busy here like at our Mission Station.

Your friend,

H. C. SANDERS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Editor:

Enclosed find my renewal to "The King's Highway." I trust the Lord will help you to keep up the standard. I have taken the Highway these many years and although I will be eighty-four years old the last of November, if I should live, I cannot do without it.

JUDSON BURPEE.

Beals, Maine.

Dear Brother Trafton:

I am sending renewal for the Highway. We have taken it for about twenty-seven years and do not want to be without it as we enjoy the news from our people. The missionary correspondence is very interesting and we are glad the Lord is blessing them. We enjoy our pastor and his family. We are looking to God for an outpouring of his spirit upon us. We want to be more like him and do better work for him.

Yours in his service,

MRS. ALONZO L. ALLEY.

Dear Brother Trafton:

We are enjoying the blessing of the Lord upon us here. Our pastor, M. E. Slipp, preaches the word in power. We have had services regularly at the Reach. She has also preached at Jemseg, Cambridge and Jenkin's Cove. These openings have afforded an opportunity of presenting full salvation. We trust the Lord for good results.

S. H. BRADLEY.

Dear Highway:

I would like space in your pages to acknowledge the kindness of the people of Greenbush and Middle Southampton, who at the close of the prayer meeting, held at Wayman Wright's home on the evening of Nov. 5th, presented us with a thank offering to the amount of \$33.50 in cash, and 2.50 worth of butter, then on my way home I was given a nice piece of deer meat and five dollars in cash, making a total of \$41.50. We are very grateful to God and his people for these tokens of love and care. Our hearts are stirred to be true to God, and the precious souls of the people, and do all we can to help them on their way to glory.

P. W. BRIGGS.

Dear Highway:

We thought that a line from St. John Church might be of some interest to some of your readers.

First, we were all saddened by the death of our esteemed brother, W. B. Wiggins, of precious memory. Personally, we can say of a truth, he has been a very dear brother to us, having known him intimately in Christian fellowship for over 37 years. Both wife and I will miss him very much in the days to come. But we anticipate a heavenly greeting in the glory-land. Amen!

Well, we report a very successful campaign by Brother H. S. Mullin, laboring with the Church at St. John. Many bowed at the altar seeking for help, and quite a few found help of the Lord. The interest in the Spiritual work of the work has not subsided yet, and the prayers of God's children are ascending to the throne daily for an outpouring of God's Spirit upon the people.

The Church here has recently given a unanimous invitation to Rev. F. T. Wright, of Fort Fairfield, Me., to take general care of the Church for a while. He has accepted, preaching his first sermon to us last Sunday, Nov. 2nd. Both sermons were preached in the power and unction of the Holy Ghost, and the saints were blessed in their souls with the joy and gladness of receiving a message from heaven, spontaneous shouts of "Praise the Lord," bursting forth from many glad hearts.

We wish also to say that Rev. G. B. Trafton supplied for the Church at a previous Sunday, giving us a wholesome and helpful message on the old, full salvation Gospel lines. The holy fire still burns in his soul, as in the days of his early ministry. Our hearts were all glad to listen to the message. These warriors in the battle for holiness, stir our souls to their depths, as they pour out the flood-tides of glory upon us, from their full and overflowing hearts.

We are expecting and praying that Brother Wright's ministry to the church here may be sealed of God, in the salvation and sanctification of very many precious souls. And the glory shall be the Lord's. Amen.

Dear Brother Trafton:

Just a few lines for the Highway.

When I received the Highway of Sept. 30th, 1924, I was very shocked and indeed grieved to know that Brother Wiggins had passed away so suddenly. Only two weeks previous to his death I received a beautiful letter from Brother and Sister Wiggins, in which he stated that he was very well in health. His letter related God's goodness to him, and indeed his letter did me a considerable amount of good.

I always had a Christian love for Brother Wiggins and his wife. Their cheerful look and kind words always helped me on my Christian journey. And my heart goes out in sympathy and in love to Sister Wiggins in her sad bereavement.

I know what it means because I have gone through just the same myself. When we lose our best earthly friend it leaves us very lonely in this world. But God has promised to be the widow's God. When we have the everlasting arm around us to keep and comfort us, it is better than all the world to us.

Brother Wiggins was ready for the call,

and prepared for the great change. There is nothing in this world like being ready when the call comes.

I praise my Heavenly Father this day for his many blessings to me all through my widowed life. "I am saved by His power and cleansed from all sin by His precious blood." Glory Hallelujah to His name forever and ever. Amen.

"Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,

So free from all sorrow and pain,
With song on our lips and with harps in our hands,

To meet one another again.

To meet one another again.

Your sister in Jesus' name,

MRS. A. HORTON.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

Dear Highway Readers:

I know you will pardon personal reference to myself or my work of the past, but there are a few of my personal friends who will be interested.

Our trip from Moncton was indeed a pleasant one. We were accompanied to St. John by Sister Keirstead, who had been supplying the Moncton Church most acceptably for three Sundays, and incidentally acting the part of a nurse to Mrs. Baker and myself during our preparation to leave Moncton, guarding us very carefully. Also Mrs. C. A. Scovil, Mrs. Baker's sister, accompanied us all the way to her excellent home at North Head, Grand Manan, where we are so pleasantly situated and are now receiving the best of care in every way. Mrs. Baker is now able to direct and care for her husband to see that he does not overdo in anything. In some ways he naturally feels quite competent to judge for himself, but our eight hours journey here was all pleasant, and not overly wearisome. Since coming here we have been very deeply moved by having so many friends calling to see us, and welcoming us to Grand Manan after twenty-two years absence. Of course many of the old people are gone, a comparative few remaining, but we are exceedingly happy to find that many who were younger then to be the strong men and women in the churches. Many of whom were converted in our revival services. We have also received beautiful letters from young people who were either converted or received deep impressions in our services that have followed them resulting in leading useful Christian lives and services.

One of these was a young man who graduated from the Provincial Normal School at Fredericton while we were pastor there, who was converted, receiving spiritual blessing, who is now in the Gordon College, from which he expects to graduate in June, 1925. He is now the pastor of the Centre St. Baptist Church, corner of Centre and Mozart streets, Jamaica Plains, Boston, Mass., with a very promising future before him. He was baptized by the writer in the Fredericton Church.

"For the promise is to you, and to your children." This has been verified to us, as all of our children were converted under our own ministry, and baptized by us except our eldest daughter, who was baptized by the late Rev. G. W. MacDonald.

S. A. BAKER.