

CORRESPONDENCE.

West Somerville, Mass.

Dear Editor of the King's Highway:

We wish to report victory in the Pilgrim Nazarene Church, Cambridge, Mass. We worship in the Chamber of Commerce Hall, fourth floor, 698 Mass. Ave. In the six months of our existence a goodly number of souls have prayed through to victory. Sunday evening, the 16th, the glory broke upon us in wonderful manner. In a ministry of thirty-two years I have never seen a greater cloud-burst of glory in church, camp meeting or anywhere else. It was easy to get souls to the altar. We believe it to be a token of what God is going to do in Cambridge, where the flag of holiness is being trailed in the dust.

Our finances are well sustained. The missionary spirit is strong. We maintain five prayer meetings a week, a great street meeting and three preaching services on Sunday, besides the Sunday school. In all my ministry I never had back of me a more devoted people, and I find it easy to get four new messages a week in the atmosphere of revival power. After a long time to test out the thing, I can say that I am so glad that I ever died out to the popular religion of the day, and took the rugged way of Holiness. Sunday was the best day of my life. The prospects for holiness are as "bright as the promise of God."

Yours for pushing the battle,

W. E. SMITH.

August 16th, 1925, was Temperance Sunday at the Reformed Baptist Sunday School at Moncton. Brother Archie MacCallum, the Temperance Superintendent, occupied the chair. The school was opened in the usual manner with prayer by Brother Jeremiah Fillmore.

At the conclusion of the opening services, the various classes had all resumed their respective places. After a brief review of the lesson by the various teachers, we all assembled in the school room, when a short programme was carried out. It is as follows:

Song by Mrs. Somers' class—"I am so glad that Jesus loves me.

Responsive Reading by Mrs. Charles MacCallum's class.

Reading by Mr. J. R. Thompson—Only a vote on "Local Option."

Duet by Lucy and Blanch Blakney—Where is my wandering boy tonight?

A few closing remarks by Brother Archie MacCallum, after which he gave us a five minute talk upon the theme of Liberty as set forth in the first verse of the Sunday School lesson.

As to Brother J. R. Thompson's reading, it had to do with a vote on "Local Option."

By the way of illustration, he incidentally referred to his experience while living in Springhill, Nova Scotia, and what he had to contend with while thus trying to bring into effect the law forbidding the use and sale of alcoholic stimulants, etc. His speech indeed has left a profound impression upon our minds and we are more determined to fight for the cause of temperance and thus work so that the

sale of all liquors will be ultimately prohibited.

Closed with the benediction by our pastor.

S. GRASS.

JOHN 15.

It is a lovely study, the Vine and the branches. It represents our union with Christ. Jesus says I am the Vine, ye are the branches. No fruit grows on the vine, it needs the branches to bear the fruit. The branches must be completely united to the vine to receive the proper strength and nourishment. Jesus needs us and we need him, without him we can do nothing, for we are laborers together with him, and he that keepeth his commandments dwelleth in him and he in him; and we know that he abideth in us, by the spirit he hath given us.

Jesus cannot evangelize the world without us (the branches). Behold I say unto you: Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white, already to harvest.

The harvest home of God will come,

And after toil and care,

With joy untold your sheaves of gold

Will all be garnered there.

Jesus says, If ye love me keep my commandments. Go ye into all the world, etc.—R. P. P.

OUR APPRECIATION.

On the evening before our departure to our new field of labor, we were invited to the home of Deacon O. F. Weade, where about sixty-five of our friends had gathered. This was unlike any previous meeting, for they had met to say good-bye. Mere words fail when we try to express our appreciation for all the kindness shown us by the people on the Royalton circuit during the six years we labored with them. We have shared their joys and sorrows, and naturally they have become dearer to us as the years have passed. So it was not an easy thing to leave them. It was surely like leaving home.

Our prayers will continue to be for them, and we are looking to our Father to direct a pastor to them who will wisely shepherd the flock, and have real success in soul winning. After refreshments were served the following address was read by Miss Edith Weade.

We endeavored to express our appreciation and had prayers, asking the Lord's blessing upon them and committing them to our Father's loving care. Then we were forced to say good-bye.

I. F. AND MRS. KEIRSTEAD.

Address:

To Mr. and Mrs. Keirstead:

"There is no new thing under the sun." These words of wisdom spoken in ages past reassert their truth tonight, when we remember that farewells are no exception to this statement. We have met here tonight to say "Farewell" to our retiring pastor, Rev. I. F. Keirstead and Mrs. Keirstead, and the pleasures of the evening have been mingled with sadness at the thought that tonight our ways must separate, and that the pleasant associations of the past years will henceforth be severed.

During the six years that you have been with us as pastor of Royalton and its people, you have filled a large place in the life of the community. All departments of church work have been faithfully kept up; and your personal kindness, your spirit of fairness to all, your devotion to duty, your untiring perseverance in the face of seeming discouragements, your honesty to truth and all Christian teaching, have led us to appreciate deeply the worth of your stay among us. As you go out from among us you leave a large place vacant which it will be most difficult to fill.

As a very slight token of our good will and esteem, we take pleasure in presenting you with this purse of money. Please accept it as a memento of the love and reverence of the people of Royalton and Knoxford.

Our best wishes follow you in the field which you have chosen and to which you now go. The paths of the future are unknown, but be assured that from no one will there come more earnest and hearty wishes for your success and prosperity than from those to whom you now bid Adieu."

Just as a plank is drifted,

Tossed on a billowy sea,

Another plank encounters,

Meets, touches, parts again;

This ever on life's journey,

Some friends we chance to see;

We meet—we greet—we sever—

Drifting eternally.

And now another word—we would yet hesitate to say it—we would not wish to say it—a word which has been and must be—Farewell.

WHAT A PROP PROVES

A young fellow who had secured a position which exacted long hours and hard work, was offered sympathy by some of his friends. "It's an outrage," they said, "that you should have to do work of this kind. Can't your uncle do something for you?" He's a rich man and ought to have influence."

"I didn't ask my uncle for any assistance."

"Well, he should have offered it. It's a shame for him not to help you when he is so able to do it."

The boy was something of a philosopher. "Look here," he said. "When I see a tree propped up, I conclude that it's either a sapling that hasn't had time to get deeply rooted, or an old tree that's about finished bearing. It always strikes me that a prop is a reflection on the tree. Now my uncle thinks I'm able to stand on my own feet, and I thank him for his confidence."

The young man was right. When we prop something, it is because we think it cannot stand by itself.—Sel.

Our very peculiarities fit us in some sense for the work in hand, if we will only yield and stand under the Divine Anointing, ready for anything He chooses. Don't let your make-up discourage you, nor lack of faith disqualify you, for "He hath formed thee."

"A man's character is revealed by the things he does not care for."