

CORRESPONDENCE

Pembroke, Yar. Co.

Dear Brother Trafton:

Enclosed find my renewal to the King's Highway. The Lord is my strength and my shield, my heart trusted in him, and I am helped, therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth, and with my song will I praise Him.

I enclose \$5.00. What is over from renewal, please take for mission work.

MRS. CHARLOTTE SCOVILL.

Beals, Maine

Dear Brother Trafton:

Enclosed you will find our renewal for the King's Highway, which we enjoy reading very much. The missionary letters are very interesting as we like to know what God's people are doing in that far away land.

We praise God for saving and healing power that can keep us anywhere if we put our trust in him.

Your brother and sister in his service,

MR. AND MRS. ALTON URQUHART

Moncton, N. B.

Dear Brother Trafton:

Deeper, my God, in Thee, deeper in Thee,
Even though it be a cross that deepens me;
Still all my song shall be,
Deeper my God in Thee, deeper in Thee.

In peace let me resign my breath,
And Thy salvation see;
My sins deserve eternal death,
But Jesus died for me.

I will sing the wondrous story,
Of the Christ who died for me
How he left his home in glory,
For the cross on Calvary.

I have passed my 89th birthday.
The journey long has been,
But home will soon appear.
Each landmark passed proclaims to me,
I am almost, almost there.

Hallelujah for the prospect
When duty's path is trod;
We shall dwell amid the splendors
Of the promises of God.

R. P. P.

GO YE AND PREACH THE GOSPEL,

H. C. Sanders

I remember, as a young man, conducting a few revival meetings in Penniac, New Brunswick. Meetings were held evenings, while the days were spent visiting, until a call had been made at every house. God blessed, and souls were saved; but the deepest impression on my mind was the contrast between this village and Port Maitland, my home. At Maitland every home had one or more who were professed Christians, and nearly every name was on the Church books, while at Penniac there were but a very, very few professing religion.

Some twenty years later, when home on furlough from Africa, it was again my privilege to visit this place and preach the good old gospel. This time God gave a gracious revival, and a church was organized that promised to keep the "lower lights burning."

I have often been at Port Maitland (which is like most of our home pastorates) when special meetings were being held, and honest

effort made to rescue the unsaved. The results were generally very small, whereas the same effort expended in a place like Penniac, would have given splendid results.

Even Christ "could do no mighty works" where hearts had become hard with unbelief. He did not remain in such places, but moved on where people would receive the truth. His commands to the twelve, the seventy, and finally His great commission, after His triumph over death and the grave is "Go ye," to those who will receive your message.

I remember working as evangelist with Mr. Blaisdale at Calais, Me. The meetings were times of blessing and power, but the unsaved, outsiders would not come. They preferred the skating rink, a short distance away. Yet those few who were persuaded to attend almost invariably found God.

The gospel of Christ is still the power of God unto salvation, but we must devise ways and means of getting it to the ears of the savable masses. The Apostle Paul was guided by a dream, the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us." Then, at Corinth, the Lord stood by him in a dream, saying, "I have much people in this city," stay on here and preach. We are to find the Corinthians where God has His savable people, and the revivals are certain to come.

Our African work grows faster as we push out into new fields, that are more needy than the ones nearer our central station. We find that the preaching of the gospel is one factor, while the twin factor is the going.

If Pentecostal holiness is a need in any village or town, surely that is a Macedonian cry for help. Then why not respond, as holiness people, and strengthen our stakes and lengthen our cords, trusting God to seal the messages by manifesting His mighty saving power.

Our last Way of Faith gives a striking paragraph, illustrating the need of gospel preaching. "There is no greater missionary field in the world than the City of San Francisco, right here in our own homeland. With a population of approximately 750,000, there are but 15,000 names enrolled as members of Protestant churches." Think! Only one person in fifty! What about the other forty-nine? Aren't some of them Corinthians? And is not God saying, "I have much people in this city" waiting for the gospel? And what is true of San Francisco is true of a thousand other places nearer our doors.

I think it was Mr. D. L. Moody who said, "Since the saving of souls is the Christian's chief business in life, then let every Christian take an hour or day to plan and pray how he can best accomplish this task!"

It just occurs to me, our editor in the last Highway says: "A large percentage of so-called holiness people have not the passion for souls." The pastors and others aflame with this holy passion, must "stir up their pure minds" until they can not but speak the things that they have seen and heard.

What does the unsuccessful farmer or business man do? Throw up his job? No, he copies the methods of his successful neighbor. The farmers and business men of our churches should bring their talents that enable them to succeed in things temporal, and let God use such talents to devise "ways and means" of winning more souls to Christ.

An eminent city pastor has said, "My church is not my field, but it is my force." Let all our pastors be able to say this, and things will begin to happen that will cause poy among the angels in heaven.

ORIGINAL COUPLETS FROM A PREACHER'S NOTE BOOK

The dudiest dude, so neat and so dapper,
Is caught by the wiles of the vamp and the flapper.

As false as woman with a made-up face,
Is he who simulates the fruits of grace.

Real piety with ignorance may be found;
Rare flowers bloom on rough and stony ground.

Three thousand miles may intervene,
Yet we're not far apart;
Love fills up all the space between;
I have you in my heart.

You cannot soil the truth by outward touch;
Nor yet destroy, though you abuse it much.

Truth crushed to earth may faint but never dies;
Its resurrection power in God shall make it rise.

Who studies well himself is e'er at school;
He measures motives by the Golden Rule;
God calls him wise; the proud mark him a fool.

Listen, if you would the vain talker please;
His sponge is full and gives without a squeeze.

Some think their fore-bears once swung in a tree;

I wonder at their sweet humility.
Their words and acts off make me quite agree.

Do well thy part today thy God to please,
And soon thy yesterdays will smile on thee.

The greatest man will do the humblest thing:
He wears a crown that might become a King.

He goes so fast that you must see him quick—
Stolen, or borrowed car, or bought on tick.

Grace in the heart doth make one truly wise;
To bank their riches far above the skies.
Safe from the grasp of scheming, dangerous men.

His heart is there; they shall be his again.

A hireling preacher is a sorry sight;
He'll preach that right is wrong, and wrong is right.

And all because his dupes do him applaud—
Exalt the devil to the place of God.
Excuse the worldling's sin with pious text;
All for this world unmindful of the next.
In Heaven's livery he serves the devil well;
And sanctifies the primrose path to Hell.

Some read success in fortune, pomp and power;

In things that lure them in the present hour.
In sight of death, like one of old they see
That earthly good is light as vanity.
Paul saw success in counting these but loss;
He won the crown by clinging to the cross.

You don't believe in holiness! You don't?
Not with your will—the trouble's with your won't;

A carnal heart doth now you quite deceive;
reptnt of sin and you must God believe.

W. E. S.

Your souls and your money will move in the same direction if you are children of God. Your money as well as your life and lips must reveal to whom you belong.—Good Tidings.