

CORRESPONDENCE

Fort Fairfield, Me., Dec. 20, 1927

Dear Highway: Just a few lines at this time to let you know we are enjoying ourselves very much on our new field; our meetings are good, and the people have been very kind and considerate of our welfare. You know, I had a birthday the 13th of December, and that evening about thirty of our congregation and friends came to our home and after some time spent in social chat, the ladies served us with a delicious lunch of ice cream and cake, after which Sister Ella Slipp, on behalf of the company, presented wife and myself with forty-five dollars in cash as a birthday gift. We tried to thank them as best we could, then with grateful hearts we knelt in prayer to our Heavenly Father, thanking Him for His people, His sovereign love, and above all, for His great salvation that brought us into the great family of God. Praise His dear name.

P. W. BRIGGS.

Hartland, N. B.

Dear Brother and Sister Trafton: I reached my 85th milestone recently. I know not why I am here so long, but my Father knows. My general health is very good, but the infirmities of age are upon me. My eyesight and hearing have failed greatly. I have very much to praise the Lord for, as the promise in Phil. 4-17 is for me and is really fulfilled. The lines have fallen to me in pleasant places, and I have a goodly heritage. I am just waiting and longing to go and see Jesus face to face; and tell the story, "saved by grace"; also to meet the precious ones who have gone before. Yes, a great multitude, which no man could number (in white robes) praising Him forever and ever.—Rev. 7-9. Amen!

MRS. S. H. SHAW.

Lisbon Falls, Me.

Dear Highway: I have not written to your columns for some time. I want to send the season's greetings to all my kind brethren and sisters. I am not very strong in body at present, but the Holy Spirit is very real these days in my weakness. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one for another.

My eyes are on Jesus. He is coming soon to claim His bride. Be faithful unto death, all of you, then ye shall receive the crown of life.

From your brother washed in the blood of Christ.

T. W. MOSES.

Brother Moses would be glad if the brethren would write him. A recent letter says he is very poorly again. Cheer him up with a kind letter—Editor.

Fredericton, N. B.

Dear Friends: Greetings in the name of Him whose we are and whom we serve! The leading of the Lord in my leaving Salem has been just as blessed and dear as through the time of my stay there.

The Lord continued to give good interest blessing and results in the two weeks since Quarterly Meetings, five more souls being saved and two sanctified. The people themselves are getting a burden and concern for their unsaved loved ones and neighbors, which comforted me much. Our prayer meetings and love feasts have grown increasingly blessed, and the fellowship of these dear people ever sweeter.

Our Brother Howard Robinson, of Norton, was recently engaged by the Salem people as school-teacher, and sweetly sanctified in the meetings. His presence has been a real blessing to us all, and his testimony and prayer have

brought the glory down again and again. We have rejoiced to note his progress in grace from one service to another.

The Lord made it plain to us all that in this young brother who is called and who has for some time been preparing himself for the ministry. He had the chosen vessel for his further service in this place. The fact that this little church could not attempt to call or support a regular pastor during the winter months, that Bro. Robinson was there in their midst, led there of God in a remarkable manner, just at this time—yes, and several other noteworthy providences, have satisfied us as to God's leading.

The Lord gave us a message on tithing Friday and the people were stirred, so Sunday afternoon a number pledged themselves to tithe their income during the coming year. In the evening a number manifested their desire and intention of having some definite part in the Lord's work in Africa. We are trusting in the near future to hear from these.

The Lord prospered and blessed me in the farewell visiting during last week, and one precious sister was a great help and blessing, driving me around with her "old black horse," and taking right hold in prayer.

The favour with which the people have received Bro. Robinson bids well for the future blessing of his work in Salem. The Lord laid it on his heart to announce a day of fasting and prayer for Sunday, January 1. This announcement was gladly received, and we are expecting God will meet them in rich blessing. I have seen such mighty results from these services in Africa that somehow this prospect seemed to be the last thing that was needed to make my cup of gladness overflow.

Plainly it would, under these circumstances, be presumption for me to stay longer, and I am satisfied that for the present at least, His work for me at Salem is done. Thus, another wonderful chapter in my life is closed, and as I look back my heart is full of praise. The future lies veiled before me, but I am assured of His continued leading.

I wish you all a very Merry Christmas, and pray for a New Year of conquest in the "very much land" which "yet remaineth to be possessed."—Jas. 13:1.

Yours in the battle for Holiness,

FAITH SANDERS.

Lowville, New York.

Dear Brethren: Greetings from the Empire State. I received The King's Highway, an Advocate of Scriptural Holiness, this 4.30 p. m. As usual, I sat down and read it through from start to finish. It always reminds me of other days when a Free Baptist, and gives me a bit of heart-hunger. If you folks were not so far away I would be tempted to be one of you in membership, and almost have a good mind to do it anyway. Come over into this State and start a few Reformed Baptist churches, and I will help you. As there is no Free Baptist denomination now, I find quite a few church buildings scattered through the country empty or in need of a live pastor. Bless God, it can be done! I do enjoy The King's Highway as a visitor to my home.

At this time I solicit your prayers—prayers until you pray through and get an answer. In my home town there is a regular Baptist church. Forty-four years ago this month I united with them in fellowship by baptism by water in a stream back of my present home. Seventeen years later I was saved in the fall of the year on the sidewalk going to the office at 6.45 a. m.

The following spring, six months later, Jesus sanctified my soul on the same sidewalk at 6.45 a. m., and I can feel it yet as the Spirit came down. Glory to God!

Three years later I was ordained by men to the ministry, and since then have seen hundreds saved and sanctified, and some healed.

But what I desire your prayers about is: In this church above-mentioned they have a young people's Sunday school class, a list of thirty women and thirty-three men. They have been without a teacher for a year and scattered some. Three weeks ago they asked me if I would take the class. I confess this was as big a cross that I ever picked up and a struggle in my soul, for the church is cold and lifeless and interested in most everything; I mean individuals. After much thought and prayer I gave my consent, and hold my third S. S. class next Sunday, the 20th. I rested my faith on a burden God gave me for that people over one year ago, which burden has lingered with me by times. I had a great weeping and praying time. My acceptance became town talk and agitation among the Baptists, for they know me as a holiness preacher. Some were in favor, others not. The fight is on. The S. S. class was a goodly size last Sunday and will result the largest in the S. S., if not in the town. It is a big responsibility to face them, most of which, possibly all, unsaved, and no one who knows about a pure heart.

Were it not for God, it would stagger me. My boys and girls are organized separately, known as "The Gideons" and "The Deborahs." Each has a class monthly paper, "The Crusader" and "The Olive Leaf," and their motto 2 Tim. 2:15, 1 Peter 3:15.

Unusual interest is manifested so far. Do pray that God give me every soul and a revival in the church. Pray! pray! pray! This class will be mine until our summer camps open up next season, at which time Mrs. Miller and I are gone until away into September. Have remembered you in your two big camps and longed to meet with you.

Sincerely in Jesus' name until He comes,

REV. F. E. MILLER.

The Woodstock Missionary Society held their monthly meeting Dec. 9th.

Mrs. Mutch, the President, read as a Scripture lesson the prophecy of Jesus' birth as given in Isa. Chap. 9 and its fulfillment given in Luke Chap. 2. She also gave us a short talk on the lesson which was very interesting and wonderfully helpful.

Prayers were offered by Mrs. R. Harding and Muriel Lester, all joining in the Lord's Prayer. A short but profitable programme was then given, the first number being an exercise by the Friendship Class, each girl representing a foreign nation, and making an appeal to the home churches.

As nearly half the congregation were teen age girls, a lesson on the map of Africa, given by the writer, quickly engaged their attention; questions and answers flying thick and fast for a while. Mrs. F. Brown, Mrs. Harding and Mrs. Britton each gave readings, dealing with the different phases of African life, education, religion, superstition, witchcraft, etc.

This with the appropriate missionary hymns sung by the audience during the evening made up an excellent programme.

Meeting closed with remarks and benediction by the Pastor, Rev. E. W. Lester.

Yours in His service,

MRS. ORISON R. ESTEY