

## CORRESPONDENCE

Fellsmere, Fla., Box 194

Dear Highway:

Perhaps the readers of the Highway would like to hear a word from us. We arrived here without serious mishap, covering the twenty-two hundred mile journey in good time. The climate here is wonderful, the weather is warm and balmy with an abundance of sunshine and a cool breeze every day. Truly an ideal place to recoup one's physical powers.

We enjoyed our short pastorate on the Meductic field and both Mrs. Kimball and I were sorry to leave. There are some of the salt of the earth there who are determined to keep up the work.

Since coming here our health has greatly improved, in fact we feel altogether different for which we thank the dear Lord. We are looking forward to spring and our return home to engage in the work again. We have tried to locate a holiness church, but our efforts have been fruitless, the nearest one being over a hundred miles distant. Have heard various preachers, and though they preach sound doctrine, there is a pronounced lack of power and conviction and the services are formal and dead. Am praying that there shall be a revival of salvation descend upon us that will continue until Jesus comes.

A Merry Christmas to all the Highway family.

Yours for Holiness,

HOLLIS KIMBALL

North Devon, N. B.

Dear Brother Trafton:

You will find enclosed my renewal for the King's Highway. I would not miss an issue as I delight in reading the news of the different churches and missionary letters.

My testimony is: I am still trusting in Jesus and enjoying full salvation. Praise His dear name.

Yours in Holiness,

MARY A. COOK

Brown University, Providence, R. I.  
The King's Highway:

Dear Editor: I am not sure that what I am doing is either customary or proper, but there are occasions when one feels constrained to act contrary to both custom and propriety. Neither am I writing to make myself conspicuous, but solely to pay a filial tribute to my late father, whose passing was recorded in The Highway of Nov. 30th.

It is not my place to refer to the loss sustained by the Church of which he was a charter member, nor by the community in which he lived for seventy-five years. Reference to the former was made in the obituary notice in the Highway, and to the latter in similar notices appearing in the provincial daily press. I do wish to say a few words, however, concerning the more intimate relations of home life.

His daily life was always consistent with his Sunday profession. By precept and example we were shown the beauty of the Christian life. Reading of the Scripture and prayer immediately preceded or followed the morning meal, and I remember no occasion, even in the busiest season, when the day's work was considered of more importance than the morning devotions.

He loved children — his own, his grandchildren, and those of the community. They felt instinctively that he was their friend. As has been written of another: "He was a mas-

ter of friendship because he had learned to know the Master Friend." It seems to me that Jesus' interpretation of God as a kind and loving Father becomes more intelligible and fraught with deeper meaning to those of us who have been so fortunate as to have such an earthly father.

I am aware that what I have written is not applicable to him alone, but to many other fathers whose example of godly living may well furnish an inspiration for all who knew them. As I write, I think of such a one, a friend of father's from boyhood, and whom he loved as a brother. Within the last three years, his family have been called upon to mourn his passing, but his memory remains evergreen in the hearts of his children. Of such men it may well be written: In the way of righteousness is life; and in the pathway thereof there is no death.

He is not here: with mortal eye  
We strive to penetrate the gloom,  
Attend with human ears and try  
To hear his footsteps in the room.  
We call his name with waning hope;  
Our voices fall on empty air  
With futile hands we blindly grope,  
And groping, find the vacant chair.

In vain we strive to see his face,  
Or wait his step with eager ear,  
In vain we seek his 'customed place,  
Half-hoping yet to find him here.  
Of-times we see him while we sleep,  
And waking, find the vision fled,  
And so we turn aside to weep,  
And weeping, say that he is dead.

He is not dead: Death has no power  
To steal the memories we hold dear  
Of tender care in childhood's hour  
Of love grown stronger year by year,  
Of kindly word and friendly smile  
And worthy counsel freely given.  
Contact with him made life worth-while,  
And earth a little more like heaven.

As lives the fragrance that was shed  
Although the flower is seen no more;  
As ripples on the surface spread  
In widening arcs from shore to shore,  
So, though the one we love is gone,  
His soul from mortal bonds set free,  
The influence of his life rolls on  
In glorious immortality.  
—HERBERT S. THURSTON

Nortondale, N. B.

Rev. P. J. Trafton:

Enclosed you will find renewal for the King's Highway.

I am glad there is one clean paper to read, and full of good things. I am trusting in the Lord each day and he is precious to me.

Yours in Him,

MRS. JAMES CURRIE

Millinocket, Me.

Dear Brother Trafton:

Enclosed find money for renewal of the King's Highway. We enjoy reading it; we could not do without it. It is about all the spiritual food we get outside of the Bible.

We enjoyed your letters of your travels. May the Lord bless you.

MR. AND MRS. H. B. CRAIG

Port Maitland, N. S.

Dear Brother Trafton:

I feel that its about time we reported about our meeting at Sandford. Brother Dunlop was with us over two weeks and preached the gospel in its fulness. This is the third time Brother Dunlop has been with us on this circuit. Each time he has proved himself a brother beloved in the Lord. God gave us a good meeting at Sandford. There were a good number of seekers and finders at the altar. We would liked to have seen many more get right with God during these meetings, but some failed to obey God and let Him have His way. We are now engaged in revival meetings at Port Maitland. Brother Emery

Cosman is with us. He is laying the truth on and it is having its effect. Tonight there were seven at the altar and there have been others before. We expect to continue these services over two more Sundays D. V. Remember us in prayer.

Yours in Him,

HARTLEY E. MULLEN

Dear Brother Trafton: Everett, Mass.

We are sending money for Highway up to January, 1931. I look forward to the paper coming twice a month. I am interested in the Reformed Baptist people. I pray for their spiritual welfare, especially the Church at N. T., Digby Co., where I belonged. I was so glad Brother Handley Mullen went there as pastor this year. Though here in Mass. I unite in prayer with them when special meetings are going on there. Jesus grows more precious to me as the days go by. Oh bless Him. I love Him with all my heart. Every little while he reveals himself to me, and, oh, how it blesses my soul until I have to say: Glory! Glory! Glory! Glory! He is the one all together lovely to my soul. It is through His tender mercies we shall go through the pearly gates or be caught up to meet Him in the air. So glad I paid the price, died to sin, self, world, etc., when Jesus sanctified my soul. I notice those who go through the crucifixion stand the tests and storms of life. The Lord bless you and keep you true to holiness.

Yours truly,

MRS. J. H. SABEAN

## THE FORMER THINGS NO MORE

(Rev. 21:4)

There are no tears in Heaven;  
The salt, tear-tasting sea  
Has disappeared forever,  
Shall not remembered be.  
The tyranny of sorrow  
No longer bears its sway:  
"The former things" are ended,  
Forever passed away.

There are no graves in Heaven,  
For Death itself is dead;  
And Sin, of power malignant,  
Death's mother thence has fled.  
A deathless, sinless City  
Beheld the prophet John,  
Whence "former things" were banished,  
Forevermore had gone.

There is no night in Heaven  
O'er turned her great black throne  
And Crime and Fear, Night's children,  
Shall never there be known.  
But with a rare effulgence  
Shines everlasting dawn;  
Earth never saw such splendor:  
The "former things" are gone.

No sickness is in Heaven,  
No anguish and no pain.  
Of cold or hunger never  
The people there complain.  
They from all woe and sorrow  
Are evermore released;  
"The former things" are ended,  
Perpetually have ceased.

For Christ is all in Heaven;  
He conquered Death and Sin,  
And over woe and sorrow  
Did matchless victory win.  
Earth's shadows flee before Him,  
He is the first, the last.  
Since He is all in Heaven,  
The former things have passed.

—Rev. E. Wayne Stahl