

## CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Brother Trafton,—Please find enclosed my renewal for the Highway. I certainly enjoy reading its clean pages.

YOURS IN HIS NAME.

Brighton, N. S.

Dear Brother Trafton,—Enclosed please find renewal for the King's Highway. We welcome its clean pages in our home. I praise God today for His wonderful salvation and for His saving and keeping power.

Yours truly,  
MRS. FRANK C. SULLIVAN.

Marion, Mass.

Dear Brother Trafton: I am enclosing an express order for one year on the Highway. We cannot afford to do without it.

Your Sister in Christ,  
SADIE M. BLANEY.

Marysville, N.B., March 17, 1930.

Dear Highway,—Once again it becomes our privilege to report in your pages the Lord's blessing upon us as a church and people. The Lord has been good and gracious to us all along the line, for which we praise His dear name.

Sunday, February 16th, we engaged in special services, being assisted by Bro. H. S. Mullen. Although it was the very worst day of the season, we had good crowds all day, considering the condition of the weather. For four weeks and five Sundays the interest and attendance increased steadily.

Bro. Mullen preached the best I ever heard him. This was his fifth trip to Marysville as evangelist, but never before did the people appreciate and enjoy his ministry as they did this time. Much credit is also due those who helped to make the meetings a success through special song. Between forty and forty-five were at the altar seeking either pardon or purity, and many others have been put under arrest by the Holy Spirit. Eternity alone will reveal the good that has been done in these meetings.

I am tendering my resignation to the Church and I am open for a call wherever the Lord leads.

Yours for Holiness,  
S. A. MULLEN.

North Head, Grand Manan, N.B.  
March 19, 1930.

Dear Highway,—Grand Manan I call my "Patmos," because here, on this island, God is revealing to me His secrets and His covenant. Leisure to be alone with God is the new element that has entered into my life.

Exiled from the one-thousand-and-one daily calls upon my time and energies, leave me free, as never before, to follow as the Master leads, higher up the mountain. As the horizon widens, fresh surprises thrill my heart, as new territory comes into view. Singing birds bask in the brightening sunshine, while rivers of Peace cascade over the falls of Joy. Reeds and rushes and perennial verdure has replaced all desert sands. The zephyrs bring sweetest perfume of ever-blooming flowers, and heaven seems not far away.

The veil that imperfectly hides the glory of His face grows thinner as I walk with my adorable Lord. He tells me why He died on Calvary, and my heart breaks with overwhelming sympathy. I sense and share His shame and torture as He passed through His

unspeakable passion—He the Lamb of God, taking upon Himself my guilt—the world's guilt and death. Sacred fellowship with Him in His suffering leads onward to His compassion for the sin-sick world. He breathes upon me (Jno. 20:22) and lo, I feel as He felt. My heart aches with a burden, unutterable, as I sense the world's great need. Famine, persecution, sickness, lukewarm and back-slidden churches, the approaching Antichrist, signs of the times—signs of the last days and perilous times when, were it possible, even God's elect would be deceived with the plausibility of error dressed in the garb of Godliness, but lacking the vital power that changes human hearts.

How easy His coming would correct all of earth's ills; but there await outlying hamlets, unreached harvest fields, where the glorious gospel of the kingdom must first be preached, men will the end come.

Here is the strategic point for prayer. Who will pray the Lord of the harvest, that He send forth reapers. Where are the intercessors, burdened with the passion like Gethsemane! Only the soul-travail, with groanings and tears and fastings, can prevail. There are strongholds of Satan and fearful obstacles of unbelief and lukewarmness that must be overcome.

Heaven is not far away. The angels are watching to rejoice over each and every new saved soul. They wonder why we are so slow to see and act. Could they but have our privileges! How quickly would the world be evangelized!

Let the church "ascend into the hill of the Lord," where her horizon will be wide enough to see the need; then will her heart be touched and she will act. Let the Church live close to the heart of the Master and she will echo the Spirit's call, "Come"; for the Spirit and the Bride say, "Come."

Yours in love with Jesus,

H. C. SANDERS.

P.S.—The Lord's gracious revival-blessing on this church still continues.

H. C. S.

Wollaston, Mass., March 18, 1930.

Dear Bro. Trafton,—We wish to acknowledge through the Highway the receipt of twenty dollars from the student fund, and we again express our sincere thanks and appreciation to those who contribute to our aid. At such times as this we are made to feel that we are truly of you in the work, although not very often in evidence while out here at college.

We are still trying to match our wits against the motley problems of college life. Plain facts and realities face us at this time of the year, the interval between the enthusiasm of registration and the rejoicing at final examinations being past.

Spring days make one think ahead to summer—and Beulah, and we trust that the spirit that is found in us at that time will be one bespeaking God's approval and blessing upon us. At times we are caused to realize the trust placed in us and therewith determine anew to never betray that trust; for "we have opened our mouths unto the Lord and we cannot go back."

E. N. C. has taken a long stride forward of late, in that the state has given the power to grant the B. A. degree, a privilege denied her up until now. The obtaining of this power in the vicinity of Boston by a college as young

and as lacking in modern educational prestige as E. N. C., is classed as being among the miracles of today. Truly the Lord has honored the honest effort that is being put forth here to uphold the standards of education without lowering the standards of the Word of God. Another advanced step will be the beginning of a new administration building the first of April.

We feel you are praying for us and we know God answers prayer.

Yours for Holiness,  
HARVEY J. S. BLANEY,  
S. G. HILYARD,  
GEO. DeLONG,  
ARTHUR OWENS,  
ERNEST R. BRADLEY.

## PASTOR FLAYS BOY AND GIRL PETTING HABIT

Denver, Nov. 29.—"Petting" is only an old habit under a new name. It is beautiful and clean when used as a pure expression of affection between engaged couples, but it is the "cheapest bargain counter" of the "lowest type of social intercourse" when engaged in promiscuously by those only in search of thrills.

That was the admonishment of Rev. A. E. Cooke, pastor of the fashionable Boulevard Congregational church here before a gathering of the younger members of his congregation. His topic was "Is Petting Low?"

"Better be lonely than low" admonished the pastor.

## Advice to Girls

"No girl should ever do anything that cheapens herself or lowers her in the esteem of anyone else. Petting does. She wonders why, after she has allowed one fast youth to pet her, clean young friends want to do likewise.

"The word has been passed around that she is an 'easy mark,' and she has at once become the target of osculatory arrows in the hunt for thrills.

"Just as soon as these fellows kiss a girl their respect for her is lowered forever. She has stepped down to a cheap common level, and henceforth the interest in her is how she can be used for amusement purposes.

"In all relations of boys and girls the boy is the natural protector. The youth who uses his leadership or his glamor to rob a girl of her modesty and self-respect, and the girls who capitalizes her sex attractions to gain favors are both moral and social freebooters.

## Don't be Cheap

"If you cultivate a taste for the cheap and sensual, you never can enjoy the true and spiritual. Some people have become so free with their favors, they have so abused the whole sex relationships, that they can not experience the rich, spiritual intimacies of real love-making.

"That is only one of the tragedies that follows the chase after thrills—the emotional resources have been squandered and the capacity for refined and lovely experiences of genuine love have been lost."

"Be patient," said a Scotchman, reprovingly, to his little son.

"What is 'to be patient,' father?" inquired the child.

"Bide a wee and dinna weary," replied the father, with a loving pressure on his shoulder.—*Exchange.*