

Jarrett great. He is a fine man and a great pastor. I am still enjoying full salvation. I feel more like pressing on and going all the way than ever before. He saves and sanctifies me, and I always mean to let the Holy Spirit have complete dominion over my life. I am so glad that Jesus has power to save and to keep us in a wicked city, or wherever we are. Well, I must close. Hope to see you at Beulah next summer. Wishing The Highway a prosperous New Year,

Your brother in Jesus,
EARL R. SHARPE.

Dear Brother Trafton: Enclosed you will find renewal for The Highway. We love to hear of the good work going on in other places. As we look over The Highway we are blessed and feel to praise the Lord for His love and care through the past year. I love Him, and now that the new year has come, the prayer of my heart is "Lord to be like Thee."

May the Lord bless all the readers of The Highway and give each and every one a very prosperous new year in the work of the Lord.

MR. AND MRS. D. H. HAYES.

Brookline, Mass.

Dear Bro. Trafton: Enclosed find my renewal for The Highway. I enjoy reading our own church paper.

Jesus is precious to me to-day. He is my all and in all. Well, God bless all of our ministers. I do pray that this will be the best year that you have ever known in bringing in the people from the fields of sin.

Trusting in Jesus and the Precious Blood that cleanseth from sin, I remain,

Your sister,
MRS. ANNIE HORTON.

Seal Cove, N. B.

Dear Bro. Trafton: I promised God that if He would take all sin out of my life I would testify through our paper, The King's Highway. I have been on the way for about seven months and am enjoying the new life more and more each day. I thank God for such men and women as Bro. and Sister Dunlop. Bro. Dunlop certainly preaches the great and full salvation clear and strong.

We are having good prayer meetings, and the preaching services are well attended. God is wonderfully blessing the saints, for which we give Him all the praise and glory. Praise His Holy Name forever!

We need to think of the poor and needy around us, and may God help us to think less of self and give more fully to the needy souls around us, as we are commanded in God's word, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." It is not the amount we give, but the spirit in which we give it. May the Lord help us to learn this lesson more fully, and may God's name have the praise.

Your brother in Christ,
HARRY GREY.

Dear Highway: Fredericton, N. B.

A word of appreciation through your col-gifts to wife and me, the Church remembered us at the Christmas season. Besides many gifts to wife and I, the Church remembered us at the annual Christmas entertainment with a gift of money.

We appreciate too the hearty co-operation which we receive, and the real kindness of the Church and congregation.

God is blessing our labors here and has given us a few tokens of his grace, not as many as we long to see, but, praise Him, a few, we believe have really been saved. Last

evening's prayer meeting was truly a blessed time of refreshing.

Two were sanctified and one precious soul found the Lord in saving power.

We give all the glory to Him who is worthy, and covenant with him to press the battle for the coming year.

Yours in His glad service,
FRANK A. WATSON

Dear Brother Trafton Hartland, N. B.

Enclosed please find my pledge in the Tent Fund.

This morning finds me rejoicing in the Lord, and happy in the service of the King.

Since Riverside Camp, I have been exceedingly busy in revival work. Some of the meetings were hard old battles, but, thank God for what victories we did see.

Just now I'm assisting Brothers Dow and Hilyard. God is manifesting his soul-saving power. A number have already sought God, and many more are under conviction. We are praying and believing for a good break. May God bless all those in special work.

Yours saved and sanctified,
HAZEL MULLEN

Port Maitland, N. S.

Dear Brother Trafton:

The meeting that we had at Port Maitland with Brother Emery Cosman closed on Dec. 22nd. Brother Cosman worked hard; he led the singing, sang solos and preached. God owned the message by a number of seekers. Brother Cosman is a zealous worker. We pray that God's blessing will be upon him as he goes to other fields of labor.

We would also like to mention a bit about Christmas. Another Christmas season has gone into history, but with its passing we would like to acknowledge the kindness of those who remembered us at Christmas time. We found the many friends displayed their generosity as usual. Several days before Christmas, letters, cards and parcels began to arrive, bearing gifts from many friends. The friends on this Circuit remembered us and our children with gifts of money and many useful presents.

The Sandford Church gave us a gift of sixty-three dollars for which we are very thankful. We wish to thank all the friends for their kindness and gifts. May God bless them all.

Yours in His service,
MR. & MRS. HARTLEY E. MULLEN

Dear Highway: Calais, Maine

Just a line to voice my appreciation to the good people here at Calais. Although a number of families were obliged to move away to other fields of employment, those who remain are loyally standing by the work. The Church gave a splendid Christmas concert on Dec. 26th. At the close of the concert I was presented with a purse of money. This is but a token of the kindness I have received while on this field. God's presence is felt in our services. We are praying and trusting that the Spirit of God will so move upon us that a revival will break out in this community. May the love, the mercy, the matchless grace of God, the fellowship and comfort of the Holy Spirit, the tender, compassionate and sacrificial spirit of Christ, strengthen you, build you up, and keep body, soul and spirit in perfect peace down through the New Year.

Your brother in Christ,
REV. C. R. HAGERMAN

MARRIED

Wiers-Nevers

The home of Fred W. Nevers, Woodstock, N. B., was the scene of a quiet wedding, Tuesday evening, Dec. 31st, 1929, when Bessie A. Nevers became the bride of Wesley F. Wiers, also of Woodstock, N. B. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. W. Lester, in the presence of a few relatives and friends. They will reside at Woodstock, and have the best wishes of their many friends.

OBITUARY

Mrs. G. J. Blaney

The death occurred on Dec. 11th, of Mrs. G. J. Blaney at her home in Woodstock. Service was held at the home on Friday, Dec. 13th, in charge of her pastor, Rev. E. W. Lester, assisted by Rev. A. L. Tedford, of the U. B., and Capt. Hammond, of the S. A. Two of the hymns used, "Rock of Ages" and "No Disappointment in Heaven," were favorites of the deceased. The remains were taken to Hainesville, where a short service was held in the Reformed Baptist Church in charge of Rev. L. T. Sabine, Rev. E. W. Lester assisting.

Sister Blaney has "gone home" in two senses of the expression. Truly she has gone home to her Saviour, and her remains were laid to rest just at the gateway of her girlhood home.

Those left to mourn her departure from this life and to rejoice at her entry into the better life above include the husband, one sister, Mrs. E. J. Billing, of Anson, Me.; three daughters, Mrs. Arthur Harris, Saint John; Effie, who came from Lowell to care for her mother; Mrs. Arthur Semple, Florenceville, N. B. and one son, Harvey.

The deceased had been confined to her home for a number of years, although she took her bed for the last time the latter part of September. The suffering, which was hers for so many years, was borne with patience as coming from the Lord. Sorrow and pain may follow one in this life, but how wonderful is the thought of that one slipping out from under all the burdens of life, triumphant, into the arms of Him who will dry all our tears and soothe all our pain. Truly, the things of this life have no hold upon the child of God.

The deceased was a faithful Christian, a dutiful wife and a praying mother. More than the worth of gold and silver she has left behind her priceless memories, the example of a godly life, charges to be kept by loved ones, and above all, a mother's prayers.

Hearts are broken,
Lives are saddened,
Grief must be our part;
There's a chamber
Forever vacant
Deep within each heart.

The deepest grief
Our lives o'er shadow.
Is there not a balm?
'Neath the ocean's
Mighty billows
Lies their not a calm?

Has mother left us?
Has she forsaken?
Shall we never see her more?
She has not left us:
She's just waiting;
Over on the other shore.