

and often much more, for giving; and Rob and I have divided this between us, so that he has administered a half and I have administered the other half of our separated portion. It has been a continual source of spiritual strength and satisfaction. Some time I'll tell you more about it."

As the story ended, the car drew up to the door of the Hilton home. Helen Chamberlain, grasping the hand of her friend, looked her squarely in the eye and said, "Good-by, dear Mrs. Hilton. I thank you with all my heart for giving me this glimpse into your life, and I can promise you that John and I are going to "come to an understanding," too. before this day closes."

**From The Missionary Voice in which it was printed with the following notes This stewardship story which has fallen into the hands of the editor was sent to her office by another Board. It carries no imprint, and consequently we are unable to secure permission for its use or to give credit. We offer our apologies to the publisher.*

Herald of Holiness

CORRESPONDENCE

Jan. 29, 1931

Dear Brother Trafton:

Find enclosed my subscription for King's Highway. My testimony is that Jesus is very precious to me these days.

MRS. F. P. WILSON.

Woodstock, N. B.

Rev. P. J. Trafton:

Enclosed find P. O. Order for renewal of Highway. I enjoy reading it very much and I would not want to do without it.

Yours respectfully,

MRS. H. W. JONES

Cambridge, Mass.

Jan. 31, 1931.

Dear Brother Trafton:

Please find inclosed money order for my renewal to the Highway. I would not want to be without the Highway; it is a great source of blessing, and I look forward to its coming. My testimony is this:

He washed all my sin-stains away in His blood, He cleansed my poor soul in His soul-cleansing flood,

I'll praise Him forever, Oh! Glory to God, For saving a sinner like me.

Yours for deeper depths in Him,

ALICE M. LEWIS.

Fair Vale Station, N. B.

Dear Brother Trafton:

Sorry I am late in sending my renewal to Highway as I am out here caring for a lady who had both ankles broken; I did not yet my papers till this week.

I am still trusting in God and He does never fail me. I miss the church and people very much.

Yours,

MRS. M. J. FENWICK

Woodstock, N. B.

Dear Brother Percy:

I am enclosing money order to renew my subscription to the "King's Highway" as I don't want it to run out.

Yours sincerely,

MRS. DAVID F. ALEXANDER

Fort Fairfield,

Dear Highway Friends:

As we watch the snowflakes and listen to the caroling of the wind we think back to last winter, of that lovely south-land with its blue waters sparkling in the sunshine, its soft balmy air, filled with the odor of the orange blossoms, its fragrant flowers, and all kinds of tropical plants which make it a paradise for the fisherman, as the waters teem with all kinds of fish. Game is also very plentiful.

Most people go south for a change, and to get rid of the cold northern winters. St. Petersburg is conceded by many to be the tourist city of the south. There are many fine churches and they are crowded on the Sabbath. At one church the pastor preached in the morning, and played golf in the afternoon. Picture houses and theatres are also open Sunday evening. While I have spent several winters in the south I never saw a drunken man, nor heard an oath on the streets, as no man in the south will use profane language before a lady—but I know that, while human nature is the same everywhere, there is as much sin and wickedness there as anywhere.

I was told that a magnificent church in a certain town was to be sold, Wall Street to blame for that many people who had given pledges, were not able to pay as their savings were swept away.

At this time special entertainments of all kinds are being staged for the benefit of the northern visitors. At Tampa there is a great festival called The Gasperilla Pirate ships will sail up Tampa Bay and seize the town. Bands will play and thousands of people will flock there to see the wonderful sights.

One sees much of a tragic nature in the south, passing Tampa Bay, on our way to Lakeland Campmeeting we noted some very beautiful islands. Here were beautiful homes, fine public buildings, with rare tropical flowers and trees, we were told these were the Davis Islands, so called, as they were built up on sandy bars by a very rich man, Davis by name. Great dredges carried tons and tons of sand and earth, until above sea level, then streets were laid out, rare and costly trees were planted, beautiful homes were built and as a result, many wealthy people own and enjoy their homes on these beautiful islands—but in the meantime, something happened, and the creator and founder of all this, leaped from his costly yacht into the sea.

Driving by a beautiful river one day we saw what looked like a deserted village in embryo, but fast falling into decay. Streets were laid out, a large hotel had been built, with houses for the workmen, but the great dredge stood rusty and silent, another rich man decided to found a city, but death intervened, the heirs wanted the money and the project had to be abandoned.

Much gambling and betting is being carried on in these southern cities. Greyhound racing is very popular. Many of these blooded animals, get better food and care than many poor children in our cities. Havana is the centre of much racing and gambling.

At this time when gaunt hunger is prevailing in many places, these idle rich are spending large sums of money on themselves, sailing in their costly yachts and serving the god of this world.

Lakeland Campmeeting is now being held, there is a good staff of workers and as most of us know Dr. H. C. Morrison will be one of them. I have met many devout Christian people among the wealthy class, who give liberally to the cause, but as a general thing finances do not come

easily at these southern camps, so many have lost money in the Wall Street crash, and also by banks failing.

The Word tells us that the wicked prosper like the green bay-tree, and that his day is coming, and so let us who have been saved from sin, rejoice and look up for our redemption draweth nigh, and may we have a greater burden for the lost and perishing this year of 1931, than we yet have known. We extend greetings to the brothers and sisters and all readers of the Highway.

MRS. F. T. KIMBALL

Rev. P. J. Trafton, Moncton, N. B.

Dear Sir:

I am enclosing my mother's subscription to the "Highway" She enjoys reading it very much.

Yours sincerely,

G. H. ARCHIBALD

Mrs. Robb Frizzle, 86 Main St., Truro.

Woodstock, N. B., Feb. 2, 1931

Dear Brother Trafton:

At our last Sunday School Convention I was appointed to visit the Sunday Schools of District No. 1. So far have visited L. Brighton, Victoria, Gordonsville and Hartland and each visit has been getting better, the strangeness is wearing off and am beginning to feel more at home or it is becoming easier. Had a grand time at Hartland yesterday. Had charge of the prayer service in the morning and enjoyed it greatly. There is a great inspiration in facing and looking into interested faces, it lifts me wonderfully. Brother Wright preached in the evening, and had freedom. He preached over an hour.

I have really enjoyed the visits so far and the Lord has blessed my soul, also enjoy the meetings. At Gordonsville also had a grand time, in teaching and leading the social service. Words seemed to come easy. It will soon be Q. M. time again am not sure whether it will be here or at the Fort.

There are some grand things in the Highway of Jan. 15. Your editorial and "Healing the Hurt Slightly" by Fairbairn. That "Be sure you are justified", how that ought to be emphasized, so many are mistaken, where they have simply been reclaimed and call it sanctification, then in a few hours or days they feel a great need and hunger in their soul, which really is conviction for a clean heart but take it as condemnation and soon fire the whole thing to the winds, say there is nothing in it. And then what? their mouth is opened to the first bait that is offered, it may be modernism or Millenium Dawnism or some other "ism." Their usefulness to God's cause is gone they are stranded, "Clouds are they without water, carried about of winds; trees whose fruit withereth, without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots. Raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame; wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever" Jude 12:13.

May God's richest blessing attend you.

Yours saved and enjoying the blessing.

B. M. COLPITTS

The perfection of the gospel system is not that it makes allowances for sin, but that it makes an atonement for it; not that it tolerates sin, but that it destroys it.—Dr. Adam Clarke in "Entire Sanctification."

"Our greatest glory is not in never failing, but in rising every time we fail."—Wesleyan Methodist.