

CORRESPONDENCE

Presque Isle

Rev. P. J. Trafton:

Kind Sir: Find enclosed renewal for the Highway. It is a fine paper. I enjoy reading it very much.

MRS. MARY E. KINNEY,  
Presque Isle, Maine  
R. F. D. 3. Box 14

Gardiner, Maine

Dear Brother Trafton:

Find enclosed my renewal for the Highway, which we love very much and always look forward to its coming.

Your sister in Christ,  
MRS. W. C. GRANT

Saint John, N. B.

Dear Friends:

Riverside—the same dear, old place, with its side-hill grove of stately trees, and the quiet river at its foot.

Our camp was beautiful this year and, best of all, God was with us. The evangelist and singer, the Revivalist girls, our own ministers and workers, all united to do their best and God blessed. We have been refreshed, strengthened and our vision been broadened, so we return to our fields of labour more determined than ever to live for Jesus and push the battle to win souls.

By special invitation, Grace and I stayed behind, and Judson also, to visit some of our churches in Maine and Carleton Co., and am reporting our trip.

This trip has been my daughter's introduction to many of our people and given her experience in giving addresses. We have greatly enjoyed being together in meetings and travel.

The brethren have been most thoughtful in taking us to the different points and the folks so kind in entertaining us.

Again I have been reminded that any sacrifice or effort we make for the salvation of souls God never forgets, but repays in a marvellous way, truly as we sow we do reap.

At Knoxford and Victoria I again met folks who had been saved in meetings held at Rosedale twenty-two or three years ago this winter.

No one but Jesus knows the effort I had to make to go there at that time. A family to care for, a nursing baby, etc., etc., but the call came and my heart responded, and I said: "Yes, Lord!" He used a dear old saint, Brother Stephen McMullen, who with horse and carriage, carried me back and forth over rough and muddy roads, through snow or rain, and for thirteen weeks we battled away. My! I can hear him shout and testify still and his face shone with victory. His very testimony put souls under conviction as much as the preaching, and souls felt God was in that place. Many were saved, some sanctified there and at Avondale. I met four of these and felt, while they told how God still kept them, surely this joy in my heart is but a foretaste of that we shall have in Heaven when the sheaves are all gathered in and laid down at Jesus' feet.

Here and now we toil and sweat and battle. Results seem insignificant, but on that glorious day, when we see His face and He smiles on our feeble efforts, what joy, what rapture will be ours! "The toils of the road will seem nothing, When I get to the end of the way."

We visited the following churches: Royalton, Knoxford, Gordonsville, Perth, Fort Fairfield, Hartland, Victoria, Lower Brighton, Meductic, Woodstock and Marysville.

At each place we renewed acquaintances with those we had first met in days gone by, some as far back as when Sister Mary and I first started out in the work.

It has been sweet to hold fellowship and pray together and I thank my Father for such privileges.

At Meductic we had the opportunity to spend a day with Brother and Sister Owens, who are so busy settling in their new first home. God bless them and make them a successful blessing.

We have met quite a number who needed help to get back to God or to go on with Him and "fight the good fight of faith." The Devil has done his best to overthrow the faith of some, but God never fails, so let us march on.

I feel this trip has been profitable in stirring us all up to remember the heathen in Africa who sit in great darkness, and also those who are saved, that we pray they may continue in the faith. We must hold up the hands of our missionaries out there for circumstances and surroundings are much more difficult than in the dear home land.

Yours in Jesus,  
MRS. H. C. SANDERS

Port Maitland, N. S.

Dear Brother Trafton:

I feel it is time for me to report about our tent work in this part of Nova Scotia. The Sunday following Beulah we began tent meetings at Liverpool, N. S. Brother Dunlop and Brother Cochrane as workers. We held forth there for two Sundays and then felt that the Lord would have us move on. Our labors there were not in vain, one woman was saved as a result of the tent meetings and since leaving there we have heard of a young man being saved. From Liverpool we moved to Wood's Harbour, there we found people hungry for the Truth. Nearly every service we had from three to thirteen at the altar. About 50 different people came forth as seekers and a number of them found victory. Brother Dunlop stayed with us ten days at Wood's Harbour, then he returned to his work at Seal Cove. After he left our workers were Brother Gordon, of Deerfield, Brother L. J. Sears and H. C. Mullen and myself. The last Sunday we had baptism. Twelve people followed their Saviour in the ordinance. One old man of 80, two young men, a man and his wife and seven young girls. Two weeks have passed since we moved the tent from Wood's Harbour but the interest is good. The first Sunday after moving the tent the Baptist Church was opened to us and they asked us to come preach for them. Brother L. J. Sears went and preached in the afternoon and evening. This last Sunday Brother Sears and I were both there in the afternoon. I preached and Brother Sears preached in the evening. He plans to be there for two services next Sunday. God is blessing and we give Him all the praise and glory.

Yours in Him,  
HARTLEY E. MULLEN

Millville, N. B.

Rev. P. J. Trafton:

Dear Sir: Enclosed please find renewal for the Highway. It is, truly, a splendid paper. We enjoy reading it very much as it is always filled with good things. Would that

more people had a taste for such reading, instead of so much fiction.

The love of God most precious,  
Is abiding in my heart.

It fills me with a longing

In His service to take part.

I will sing in joyous praise,

Of His wondrous care for me,

His love so pure and boundless,

His grace, so full and free.

Yours in Him,

MRS. SANDY BLANEY

"LEFT OVERS."

To be a "left over" is not a pleasant thought. It reminds us of the fish in the daily shrinking puddle, left over from the flood. What a desolate state is pictured in the lines:

"And if I should live to be

The last leaf upon the tree

In the spring;

Let them smile as I do now

At the old, forsaken bough,

Where I cling."

Yet many a beautiful girl today is preparing herself to be a "left over" twenty-five years hence.

Let Mrs. E. N. Durfee tell us how it looks, to a woman of mature years. Her article taken from an exchange, follows:

"Oh, do you smoke?"

"Why, yes, I do."

"Do you like it?"

"No, I cannot say that I do."

"Does your mother know that you smoke?"

"Yes."

"Does she care?"

"Yes, she does not like it, but I smoke for the same reason that I bobbed my hair, and wore short skirts and use lip stick, because it is a passing fad which I shall drop as soon as it is out of style."

The above dialogue was between a new roomer and a house-mother in a girl's rooming house in a college town.

As I think of this conversation, I first hope, then wonder. I hope that smoking among girls may be a "passing fad," and I wonder if it may be as easily dropped as this young woman thinks.

I am a woman nearer sixty than fifty, and I well remember, when I was a child, two old women who smoked and were, I am sure, "left overs" from a "passing fad" of perhaps a previous quarter century. One was a brown, bleary-eyed old crone of whom the children of the neighborhood stood in fear, yet taking every opportunity to peek in to see her smoke her old clay pipe, then running away as fast as their sturdy legs could carry them.

The other one was the grandmother of a family of beautiful girls, all of whom were ashamed of her, and dreaded her visits to them.

Twenty-five years from now, in every neighborhood there will be two or three of these disgraceful old smokers, left over from the "passing fad" of today.

Girls! Do you want to be one of these "left overs"?

Certainly none of the girls who have indulged in the "passing fad" will say "Yes" to the question with which Mrs. Durfee concludes her article.—*Good Tidings.*

"When service is cradled in a true man's heart and conveyed by a true man's gentleness service becomes the hall-mark of humanity's nobility."—*Good Tidings.*