

CORRESPONDENCE

Maple Ridge, N. B.

Dear Sir:

I enclose a postal note for my renewal to the Highway. It is truly a splendid paper and I should be sorry to miss even one copy.

I am also sending a copy of the Missionary Program that was given recently in the Maple Ridge Reformed Baptist Church by the members of the Sunday school.

Very truly yours,
MRS. SANDY BLANEY

Perth, N. B.

Dear Brother Trafton:

We are living in Perth at present and expect to be here for the winter if the dear Lord permits us to live, so if it wouldn't be too much to ask you to change the address on my Highway, please send it to Perth, N. B. I love to get it and hear how the work is coming on. Am enclosing my renewal and the balance for the Supplementary Fund.

I love the Lord with all my heart and his precious blood saves and keeps just now. Praise His sweet name.

MRS. A. A. HARTLEY

Lower Hainesville, N. B.

Dear Brother Trafton:

Enclosed please find my renewal for the Highway. I feel as though I don't want to give it up. I like to hear through its columns from others. My testimony is that I am trusting still in Jesus as my Saviour.

MRS. WM. H. WIGGINS

Bath, N. B., Box 54

Dear Brother Trafton:

Enclosed please find money order for renewal of subscription to the Highway. My testimony is that I am trusting God and know that he can answer prayer, and will if we trust him; praise His dear name today. I expect to go all the way with him.

Your sister in Christ,

MRS. F. BEVERLY DENTON

Black's Harbor, N. B.

Dear Brother Trafton:

I would like to have you make an addition to the letter of report I sent in a while ago, and state the fact that the church took a special offering for me Oct. 23rd, in which I received \$14.83. If you receive this too late to add that to the letter I sent, would you please make some note of it in the next Highway. Thank you!

Yours in Him,

F. A. ANDERSON

THE UPRIGHT SCOT AND HIS SEED GRAIN

"You have some wheat to sell?" said the miller to Macalpin.

"I have three thousand bushels," replied the settler.

The miller's eyes narrowed; then he made Macalpin an offer for his wheat that made the thrifty Scot stare.

"Why, man," he exclaimed, "at such a price you could make no profit grinding that wheat into flour! What have ye in mind?"

"Selling it for seed grain," replied the miller coolly, for he thought he was sure of his man.

A vision swept before the mind of Macalpin. Misfortune had overtaken the settlement. Early frosts the year before had killed all the

grain and the last that his neighbors had had from the years before had long since gone to keep them a few cattle alive. They looked into the future with dismay. Macalpin, because he had farmed more extensively and had sturdy sons to help him, had grain stored away from the previous years when prices were low, he had refused to sell his wheat at a loss. Now the miller was offering him money beyond his dreams! But in his vision Macalpin saw the cold-hearted man going among his struggling neighbors menaced by famine and extorting money from them, and the cold sweat came out on his brow. He would not sell his wheat to this man.

The next Sabbath morning, dressed in his best, Macalpin took his stand early by the little kirk on the hill side, and as each fellow churchman and neighbor passed he whispered to him: "You can get seed grain at my place measure for measure. For each bushel you take at seed time you can bring me a bushel after harvest."

After doing that for the members of his own congregation, he sent his sons off to other churches in the neighborhood to make the same offer.

Early the next day a procession of men with bags on their backs, men on horse back, men on oxen, and men in wagons came at Macalpin's gate. Not one was denied.

"You're all alike to me today," said Macalpin. "Bushel for bushel it shall be. What you take at seed time restore me bushel for bushel at harvest."

His sons measured out the precious grain and filled the bags and boxes of their neighbors. For three days the work of distribution went on until every man in the neighborhood was provided with seed grain. The act of the great-souled Macalpin saved the settlement, and the deed is held to this day as treasured remembrance.—Youth's Companion.

OBITUARY

Dorothy M. Mullen

We are very sorry to have to report the death of Dorothy M. Mullen, which occurred Monday at 2 a. m., Oct 31st. This was a very sudden happening and came to the sorrowing ones as a great shock. She was in the act of putting peanut shells in the stove when her little apron caught on fire and before the fire could be extinguished she was so severely burned that it caused her death. Everything was done that could be done. A doctor and two nurses were secured but of no avail. She lived about fourteen hours. She was eight years of age, a very smart, bright, intelligent girl with every prospect of a future well filled with good things. We do not understand these things but we know that "He doeth all things well." She leaves to mourn their loss a father and mother, Rev. S. A. and Mrs. Mullen, two brothers, Wendall and Waldo, two sisters, Anna and Marguerite, all at home; two grandfathers and grandmothers, Mr. and Mrs. W. Phillips, of Southampton, and Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Mullen, of Weymouth, N. S., besides these, uncles, aunts, cousins and many little friends she had won along the way.

The floral tributes were beautiful and numerous, showing the high esteem in which she and her parents were held.

The funeral service was held from the home at Lower Millstream. It was in charge of the writer assisted by Rev. Mr. Brown, of the United Church, and Rev. Mr. Currie, of

the United Baptist Church, and Mr. Cochrane, of Marysville. The songs rendered were: "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," "Jewels," and a special by Mr. Cochrane and daughter Gertrude, "Does Jesus Care," and the closing, "Will the circle be unbroken." The body was taken to Southampton, where interment was made. Committal service by Brother J. A. Owens, Lic. We assure the sorrowing ones our sympathy and prayers.

H. S. MULLEN

Dr. John Fairchild

After an illness covering several months duration, Dr. John Fairchild passed away from this life at Wellington, New Zealand, Oct. 21st, 1932, in the 57th year of his age. He leaves to mourn, his sorrowing wife, Ethel, daughter of Mrs. Amanda J. Boyer, formerly of Hartland, N. B., one brother and one sister. To the sorrowing ones we extend our sympathy.

P. J. T.

F. Beverly Denton

F. Beverly Denton, of Bath, N. B., passed away at his home on Sept. 1st. aged 61. The funeral service, which were largely attended, were held Saturday at the United Baptist Church, Bath, conducted by Rev. A. A. Stott. Music was rendered by a quartette, with Ronald Tompkins at the organ. Interment was at the nearby cemetery. The flowers were numerous and beautiful.

Mr. Denton leaves to mourn, besides his wife, one son and one daughter, his aged mother, three brothers, Ludlow and Lewis, Caribou, Maine; and Robert, South Manchester, Conn., and three sisters, Mrs. E. L. Stanley, Milton, Mass.; Mrs. H. A. Currier and Miss Grace Denton, Caribou.

The pallbearers were his three brothers and brother-in-law, H. A. Currier. Among relatives and friends from other places present at the funeral were: Mr. and Mrs. William Orchard, Mars Hill, Maine, and their daughter, Mrs. Charles McKay, Florenceville; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Orchard and daughter and Mr. and Mrs. Burns Duffield, Centreville; Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Olmstead, Mr. and Mrs. Wetmore Davidson, Mrs. Frank Nevers, Miss Bessie Watson, Perth; three nieces and a nephew from Caribou, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Olmstead, Woodstock; Miss Greta Pond, Fredericton; Miss Gladys Brazie, Caribou, and Mr. Kenneth Tweedie, Boston, Mass.

THANKING GOD FOR ALL THINGS

A mother said to me upon the recovery of her child from a serious illness, "Wasn't God good to give us back our child?" I was about to agree with her, when a thought came to me as never before, and to her surprise I said: "Yes; but would not God have been just as good, just as kind, if your child had not come back to you?" Her answer was doubtful and without enthusiasm.

It is easy to give thanks and to speak of God's goodness when we are having our wishes granted and everything is going our way, but, when we realize that we are to thank God for all things, we are brought face to face with the serious fact that pleasure, gladness, gratification, are not essential features or factors in thanksgiving.

God is always good. God is always love. Therefore we may indeed, with hearts overflowing with thanksgiving, trust and praise and thank Him always.—S. S. Times.