

CORRESPONDENCE

Millinocket, Maine

Dear Highway Friends:

I have felt the urge for some time to write a few lines to the Highway. I do love to read it. It is a clean cut paper and I love to hear from the friends; it cheers me up when it comes. I look for it as I would a loving friend. I want you all to write a few lines, so I can hear from you. I am very lonely at times. I am enjoying good health for which I feel thankful to the dear Lord.

Your friend,

A. B. CRAIG

Millinocket, Maine

Dear Brother Tarfton:

Please find money order for renewal of our paper to 1934, and use the rest for the Supplementary Fund. We would not want to do without the Highway; we love to read its clean pages. I feel I must give my testimony today: Jesus is very precious these days. Another Easter has passed. I pray the joy will remain with us through the year. We hear so much of depression, but thank God His storehouse is full; he will freely give us the soul food which we need more than anything else. May we not trust to earthly things.

Yours trusting in Jesus,

MRS. GEORGE JONES

Gordonsville, N. B.

Dear Young People:

Have been thinking of writing a few lines to let you all know that our young people's society is going strong in the Lord. Brother H. S. Mullen came here the last of February and held three weeks of meetings and through his good preaching, two of our young people were saved and one came back to God.

Wish he could have stayed longer as he sure is a man sent from God. We as young folk are looking forward to the time when Brother Kimball and Brother DeLong will put on revival services here.

Would love for you all to pray for us that God might save many precious souls at that time. We had an Easter program that the Young Peoples' Society and Sunday School put on at our Church.

Yours, trusting in the Lord,

MISS MAUD W. CAMPBELL

Hartland, N. B.

Dear Brother:

Find enclosed my renewal for the King's Highway. I am still on the victory side, and the word of God is precious to me these days.

Yours saved by the blood,

MOSES HILLMAN

Fort Fairfield, Me.

Dear Brother:

Three were received into the membership of the R. B. Church at Fort Fairfield on Sunday evening, April 9th. There were two seekers at the altar that evening.

G. A. ROGERS

Wallace Highlands, Col. Co., N. S.

Rev. P. J. Trafton:

Dear Sir: I here enclose postal note for three dollars. I have enjoyed reading the Highway very much and also enjoyed attending Sunday School, and listening to the preaching of God's Holy word while I was at Westchester.

I trust the seed that was sown will bear

fruit, all to the honor and glory of God.

Yours very gratefully,

MARY COLE

THE BLUEBELLS

(An Old Story Retold for this Generation)

One day Mr. M. Morrill's attention was called to a little, pale, thin bootblack who had a bunch of bluebells in his buttonhole. The gentleman let the boy black his boots, then, balancing a quarter on his finger, said:

"Here is ten cents for the shine and fifteen cents for the flowers," pointing to the bluebells.

The lad put his small hand over the flowers.

"No, sir; I can't sell them; if I was starving I wouldn't sell a bluebell."

"And why not, little man?"

The lad looked at Mr. Morrill so piteously that he was almost sorry he had asked him. He put his hand on the boy's head and said:

"Excuse me for asking: you need not tell me unless you wish, and you can keep the quarter besides."

"I like you and I'll tell you. Just a year ago this month (and it has been such a long year I thought the bluebells would never come)," and then he stopped and put his hands over his eyes as if to shut out some horrid sight. Presently he took down his hands and said abruptly:

"My father was a drunkard. We once owned some property, I've heard mother say, but that was before I was born. We got so poor, mother had to go out and wash to get food for Bess and me. We lived in a log house, a quarter of a mile from town.

"One Friday afternoon there was only a plate of cornmeal and about two spoonfuls of molasses. Mother baked the meal into bread and told me to feed the baby when she awoke, and to keep a sharp lookout for father while she was away washing that day. She kissed me at the door. 'Be a good boy, Willie, and take care of little sister,' she said.

"Bessie slept a long time, and I passed the time sitting by her and going to the door to watch for father. When she woke up she said, 'Baby is so hungry, Willie, get something to eat.' 'Get up, Bessie, and let me dress you and then we will have some breakfast.' I had not eaten a mouthful, nor had mother before leaving home, and I was dreadful hungry. She got up, and I dressed, washed and combed her, and when we sat down to the table, Bessie just dropped her curly head right down on the table and sobbed out, 'Oh, Willie, I am so tired of cornbread and molasses. I can't eat it; I want some meat and butter.'

"Don't cry, baby," I said, stroking her curls. 'Mother will bring home something tonight.'

"But it is so long to wait."

"Try to eat," I said, and I put a spoonful of molasses on her plate, and she did try, but she only swallowed a few mouthfuls and then left the table. I ate a small piece of dry bread: I thought she would eat the molasses, so I did not touch it. All day she kept saying she was hungry, but refused to eat. It was a long day for us both.

"Father had not come home, and it was nearly dark; we were both sitting on the doorstep. Bessie laid her head against my arm and began to cry, 'I'm so hungry, Willie; mother stays so late tonight.'

"Don't cry, baby, mother will soon be home.' 'Of course she will!' exclaimed George Anderson; he lived a mile beyond us, and as

he spoke he tossed a bunch of bluebells into Bessie's lap.

"Oh, how pretty!" she exclaimed, while the tears dropped from her sweet blue eyes on the pretty bluebells.

"Come, Bessie," I said, 'let me fasten them among your curls.' She stood up on the doorstep with her face toward the house. I stood behind her and tied the bluebells in her golden curls. I had just fastened the last one when some one jerked me off the step. It was father; he was almost crazed with drink.

"He caught Bessie and said, 'You have been crying; what did Willie do to you?'"

"She was so white and scared that I thought she would faint. 'Willie didn't do anything,' she gasped out.

"Father let her go and grasped me; he commenced to shake me awful. 'You rascal, what did you do to Bessie? Tell me or I'll shake the breath out of you.'

"He shook me so I could not answer. Then little Bessie caught him by the arm. 'Please, father, don't hurt Willie: I was so hungry it made me cry.'

"He looked in at the table and saw the bread and molasses. 'You little white-faced liar; you are not hungry; look at that table; there is plenty to eat, and good enough for such a brat as you,' and he shook her roughly.

"She began to cry, and I tried to put my arms around her, but father pushed me away. 'If you can't eat anything I can give you something to drink,' and he caught her up in his arms and started down the path which led to the pond.

"Bessie hushed crying, but she looked awful scared. 'I'll give you something to drink,' he said, when he reached the edge of the water, and I followed scarcely knowing what I was doing, I was so frightened.

"He waded in about knee deep, then took Bessie and put her little curly head down under the water. She threw up her little white hands and cried out, 'Oh, Willie, take baby!' just as the curly head went down.

"I waded around father and tried with all my strength to raise her little head out of the water, but father held it down. I begged father to take her out, but he would not listen. She threw up her hands wildly, there was a gurgling sound, and then all was still. It seemed hours to me, but Father at last lifted up Bessie's white, dripping face. I called her name wildly, but her blue lips did not move: she was dead.

"Father carried her and laid her down on the green grass. 'I guess she won't get hungry for a while,' he said.

"I was so stunned I never moved nor spoke until I saw the bluebells that I had twined in Bessie's hair floating out on the water. I could not bear to see them drift away, so I waded out after them. The water was deep and on I went. It was up to my arm-pits, now over my shoulders: still the bluebells were just beyond my reach, but I must have them. Another step and the water touched my chin; I caught them, and just as I did I heard mother call, 'Willie! O Willie, where are you?'"

"I looked for father. He was seated on the ground by Bessie. 'Willie! oh, Willie,' came mother's voice again.

"I was out of the water now, but so weak I could scarcely stand. 'Bessie! oh, Bessie,' I called. 'Here, mother, at the pond.'

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