

CORRESPONDENCE

Port Maitland, N. S.  
February 7, 1933.

Dear Brother Trafton:

On Tuesday evening, Jan. 31st, we met at the home of Mr. James Nickerson at Wood's Harbor and organized a Reformed Baptist Church with eight members. The Holy Spirit's presence was very real. Brother H. C. Mullen, Sister Grace Sanders and the writer had charge of the service. After the business of organizing was completed, there was a good testimony meeting. Sister Sanders is being used of the Lord in caring for the work there. The people are planning to build a Church as soon as they can.

At present we are engaged in Revival meetings here at Port Maitland. Brother H. S. Wilson is the evangelist. The services began Friday evening, February 3rd. So far we have had good meetings. The messages have been true and helpful and the attendance good. Sunday evening we had a large congregation for so early in the meeting.

The Lord has been blessing us. We enjoyed a good Christmas and wish to thank all who so kindly remembered us. I am finishing up my work on this circuit this year, as pastor, and would appreciate a call from any of our churches who need a pastor for the coming year.

Yours in Him,  
HARTLEY E. MULLEN

Jonesport, Maine.

Dear Highway Family:

Possibly a brief report of our special meetings at Jonesport, and Alley's Bay would not be amiss at this time.

We began our meetings in Jonesport Jan. 1st, with Rev. H. E. Mullen as special worker. The Lord did bless our brother and helped him to preach wonderful messages from the precious old book.

We had a goodly number of seekers at the altar, some for reclamation, some for regeneration and a few for the blessing of entire sanctification. These all seemed to get through and are enjoying salvation today.

The church got a good spiritual uplift and seems to be on the upward trend. We praise God for all these blessings and to Him we give all the glory.

Then on Jan. 15th, we began special meetings at Alley's Bay with Bro. F. A. Anderson as evangelist. Bro. Anderson did surely preach with unction on his soul and the messages brought were effectual in the saving of seekers. These meetings were well attended and we believe that eternity alone will reveal the good that has been done through the preached word in these communities.

Pray for us that we may be able to lead these converts on into the deep things of God.

Yours in Him,  
H. S. WILSON

Millville, Jan. 12, 1933.

Rev. Mr. Trafton, Dear Brother:

Please find money order for Highway. Hoping these few lines will find you all well as it leaves us.

Wishing all the Highway readers a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Yours in His precious love

C. A. HOYT

Grey's Mills, N. B.

Dear Brother Trafton:

Please find enclosed renewal for the Highway. We enjoy reading the wonderful truths of

God's love, also to know precious souls are coming to Jesus. I want to praise Him for His presence and abiding peace in my soul each day, through the atoning blood. Wishing success to you and family in your labor of love.

Sincerely,  
MRS. W. W. CRONK

Lower Brighton, N. B.

Rev. P. J. Trafton:

Dear Sir: A young people's society was organized in the Reformed Baptist church Jan. 27th, by the district president, Lic. George DeLong, who is holding special services at present.

The following officers were elected:

President—Alice Tedlie.  
Vice-President—Willis Brown.  
Treasurer—Roy Robertson.  
Secretary—Lottie Cook.

The Lord has wonderfully blessed this community. Many Christian hearts have been gladdened and encouraged to go a little stronger for the Lord. Souls have been saved and sanctified and are enjoying the fullness of the grace of God.

The Lord is still pouring out his blessings upon us. Let each and everyone of us call daily upon the Lord to help us and to direct us in all the paths of righteousness. Pray for those who have recently enlisted, and let us be always ready and willing to help other souls to win Christ.

In His service,

(MISS) LOTTIE COOK, Secy

WHEN THE MODERN TIDE  
STRUCK OUR HOME

By Rev. Paul Rader.

I will never forget when the modern tide struck our home. My sister weighed one hundred pounds. She was an artist, nervous and temperamental and all that kind of stuff that we had to watch out for. She was an artist, while we had to make our own living. She got music and some other ideas in her head, and came home from college the first year. That morning after breakfast, when we had prayer, she rose sweetly and excused herself and went upstairs.

She "got by" with it that morning, but father "took note of it;" and the next morning, when she excused herself, he said, "Sit still."

"But really," she pouted, "I don't care to stay!"

"That doesn't make any difference—stay!"

"I think a person should have some liberty in religion," she answered.

"You can have all the liberty you please in religion, father told her, "but I run this house; I paid for your grub, I bought the clothes, you have on, I paid for your education. Sit down there quietly and listen while a father who loves you reads and prays."

My big brother came home one day. He had made money for himself; he had a big fat cigar in his mouth. He smoked it awhile on the back porch. Father came out, reached out his hand, took the cigar, and throwing it into the garden, said, "Don't smoke them around here any more."

"I would like to know what right you have to throw that cigar out," brother complained.

"You know my idea," father answered. "This is my house. I am raising boys and making a specialty of it, and you don't get by with that kind of stuff. When you are working for a man he can tell you whether to smoke in his

office or in his warehouse. I am running this house. God gave me the command to do so."

"I will go somewhere else," my brother threatened.

"I am sorry: I love you," father replied quietly, "but if you want the cigar worse than you do the home, you can go."

He went away three weeks, and came back and said, "Dad, you are right. I submit and will play the game according to the rules."

Most people say, "Well, you have to let children have their way."

Is that so? Then good-bye to home, to government, to everything,—God will not stand for that.

I had a father who stood by the river of life, thank God, an old pile-driver, and smiled when he drove down the jetty. He never licked me in his life, but always knew I had one coming if I needed it. He raised ten children and he did it as an undermaster of God.

You never saw a spoiled boy in your life to whom the mother had given everything she had, that would not take that little mother and trample on her heart before he got through.

God intended parents and children to live together in the unit he ordained. He commands parents thus, and with a covenant attached: "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

I thought I was getting away with something. I left my father's Christ and the Bible because of the teaching in the universities into which I went. The Antichrist spirit of plunder in modern "kulture" clothes attracted me. I lost my faith. My father died about twelve years ago, and before he died, he turned his face heavenward with the happiest, most beautiful smile. Some one leaned over the bed and said, "Dr. Rader, how can you smile like that when there is not one of your children that is serving the Lord?"

He smiled back as he answered, "That doesn't matter a bit. It was settled long ago. I brought them up as He commanded me. They will every one be in. They are a strongheaded group, but God will lead them, He will bring them in."

And every last one of them is in to-night, yes, every one.

God talks to fathers and mothers, and God stands behind fathers and mothers with all the army and navy of heaven when they stand Godward for their children. Oh, for a praying fatherhood in our nation, and mothers that pray for their children! I tell you, God hears them, He hears! He hears!—*Sel. by P. W. from "The Way of Holiness."*—*The Holiness Era.*

A TORN LEAF

A clergyman in England asked a dying Christian woman where she found the Saviour; and she gave him a piece of paper torn from an American journal containing part of one of C. H. Spurgeon's sermons. The scrap had been wrapped around a package that came to her from Australia. The words of Spurgeon were read by her and were the means of leading her to Christ.

Commenting on this incident, a writer says: "Think of it; a sermon preached in England, printed in America, in some way coming to Australia, a part of it used as wrapping paper there, coming back to England and being the means of converting this woman."

What an encouragement there is in such an incident for those who preach the gospel by means of printers' ink! Tracts and religious papers have been wonderfully used of God in the salvation of souls.—Selected.