

CORRESPONDENCE

Rev. H. S. Dow

Dear Sir: Please find enclosed \$2.00 to pay on my Highway subscription. I enjoy reading the Highway very much.

The Season's Greetings.

MRS. ELLA LUNN,
Florenceville, N. B.

229 City Rd., Saint John, N. B.
December 13, 1934.

Dear Brother Dow:

Enclosed find Postal Note for \$1.50 for my subscription to the Highway.

We are expecting Charles and wife home next week to spend Christmas.

All are quite well. Hope you and yours are well and wish you a Happy Christmas and Prosperous New Year.

Sincerely,

MRS. G. B. TRAFTON

Melrose H'L'ds., Mass.

Dear Brother Dow:

Will you kindly credit my account with the enclosed \$2.00.

I enjoy reading the "Highway" very much, and it is a great comfort to me as it leads to that Home where all is Love, Peace and Joy.

Wishing you a very Happy Christmas and New Year.

I remain,

Yours Sincerely,

L. A. W. TAYLOR

130 North St., Milford, U. S. A.
December 10, 1934.

Dear Brother Dow:

Enclosed please find \$2.00 for renewal of Highway. Please pardon for the delay. I should have sent it before. I was thinking this morning of the times when you used to drive out to Gordonville, sometimes very cold too, some changes since then, but God never changes.

Expect to remain true to the end which will not be so long now.

Yours in Christian love.

WM. J. JONES

On Wednesday evening, November 28, a goodly number of the people of New Tusket gathered at the parsonage and gave us a very generous donation, including a sum of money. The evening was spent in conversation and singing. Refreshments were served by the ladies present. We certainly enjoyed the evening spent with these friends, and appreciate very much their kindness to us. Our hearts are made to rejoice in the Lord, and to praise Him for His bountiful care for us.

F. A. ANDERSON

Saint John, N. B.

Dear Highway:

Just a line tonight. We just want to say our services are going good. God still lives and is still moving upon souls. Several have found their way to our altar of prayer here lately. Two were forward in one of our prayer meetings.

Last night we held our annual Christmas services. God was with us in a special way while we tried to point souls to the Unchanged Christ, the Babe of Bethlehem, the Man of Galilee. Yes, the Christ of Calvary. He who is unchanging in His Love, Power, Demands, Promise and Judgments. Shouts were rendered, tears were shed and one young man requested prayer.

We thank God for 1934 and trust if Jesus tarries and our lives are spared that 1935 may be a much better one. May God bless all the Highway readers and make 1935 your bes.

Just for souls my aim has been;

Just for souls my aim shall be;

And now I have just one request,

That when you pray just pray for me.

Yours truly,

H. S. MULLEN

Hartand, Route 3

Dear Brother Dow:

We are sending \$5.00 to pay on Arthur's Highway. I feel that we have much to praise God for this Christmas and feel like saying, Praise the Lord oh my soul and all that is within me, praise His Holy Name.

Wishing you and yours a Happy New Year.

Yours sincerely,

ELIZA KEARNEY

Hartland, N. B.

Dear Brothers and Sisters:

We would like to express our praise and thanks to our Heavenly Father for His care over us during the year, now so near spent. It has been a good year to our souls. Prayer, the study of the Word, and the endeavour to preach His Word is becoming more and more a delightful privilege. These fall months have been very busy ones. We had special meetings in three of our churches, which we feel were helpful to the saints, and a few sought the Lord. Brother Burrell Kimball was with us a few days at Victoria Corner. He is a very fine helper, God blessed his preaching. We want to also express our appreciation to our people for the various personal donations received lately, including wood, produce and cash, and for the many gifts received at Christmas; also the kind greeting cards that make one feel it is good to be remembered. Brother Howard Robertson spent Christmas with us. We enjoyed having him so much. He led the prayer-meeting for us Wednesday night. May God bless all of the brethren in their work.

Wishing all a Happy New Year, we are, ever intending to be true.

ARTHUR & HAZEL OWENS

THE COOK OR THE BOOK, WHICH?

The Cooking Squad Vs. the Praying Band
The early church PRAYED in the UPPER ROOM, the Twentieth Century church cooks in the SUPPER ROOM.

Today the SUPPER ROOM has taken the place of the UPPER ROOM! PLAY has taken the place of PRAYER, and FEASTING the place of FASTING. There are more FULL STOMACHS in the church than there are BENDED KNEES and BROKEN HEARTS. There is more fire in the KITCHEN RANGE than there is in the CHURCH PULPIT. When you build a fire in the church kitchen it often, if not altogether, puts out the fire in the CHURCH PULPIT; ICE CREAM chills the fervor of SPIRITUAL LIFE.

The early Christians were not COOKING in the SUPPER ROOM the day when the HOLY GHOST came, but they were PRAYING in the UPPER ROOM! They were not WAITING on TABLES, they were WAITING on GOD. They were not WAITING for the fire from the STOVE, but for the FIRE from ABOVE.

They were DETAINED by the COMMAND OF GOD, and not ENTERTAINED by the CUNNING of MEN. They were all FILLED with the HOLY GHOST, not

STUFFED with STEW or ROAST.

Oh! I would like to see the COOKING SQUAD put out, and the PRAYING BAND put in. Less HAM and SHAM and more HEAVEN, less PIE and more PIETY. Less COOK, and more use for the old, OLD BOOK. Put out the fire in the church kitchen and build it on the CHURCH ALTAR.

More LOVE and more LIFE. Fewer DINNERS and get after SINNERS. Let us have a church full of WAITERS, WAITING on GOD, a church full of SERVERS, serving GOD and waiting for His dear SON from HEAVEN.—Selected.

"FOR WE ARE THE FRAGRANCE OF CHRIST"

(Weymouth Translation) 11 Cor. 2:15.

A glory crowned richly the roses at morn,
But the gardener would pluck them away,
Then swift from their crushed dying petals was born

A world where a new fragrance lay.

So Sharon's pure rose from the Garden above
Was taken and ruthlessly marred,
That all earth might feel the sweet breath of His love

Through us, the perfume of His nard.

—Opal Leonore Gibbs.

FUTURE JOYS

When the cares of our lives are all over,
And earth's lessons have all been learned;
We shall then be fashioned like Jesus,
The Savior, for whom we have yearned.

Oh! The joys we shall have in His presence,
What bliss when we gaze on His face,
The light of His love shall be ours
And sweet joys in that Heavenly place.

He is now preparing the mansions
That we with Him, may dwell there in peace;
Oh! The rapturous songs of the angels
When He gives to our souls sweet release.

Let, us now, give our hearts to Jesus
His way, leads to life ever more;
If we only will follow His footsteps,
We shall sing on that beautiful shore.

MATILDA WALKER HUNTER,

Linden, Oct. 24, 1934.

REALIZATION

As we go about the day's labors,
Our thoughts are so pre-occupied
With the sense of the duties before us,
And our outside interests beside.

We take all our blessings for granted,
And think they are rightfully our due,
And all of our trials and our failures
Seem to be complained of anew.

And when the blessed night cometh,
And dusk settles down o'er the hills,
When our tasks and our pleasures are over
Our souls, with sweet peace, it then fills.

And we know that God has been with us,
And from Him our blessings did flow,
And the troubles we thought were so irksome

Were tests, and we're glad since we know—

And we kneel to thank God for His mercies,
'Tho we do not quite understand,
We find we are far better for it
And start a new day in His hand.

RUTH W. GRANT,

Southampton