

mouth, presented us with cash and goods to the amount of forty-five dollars.

We tried to thank them in return for all their thoughtfulness, but words fail to express our appreciation of these loyal people. "Blest be the tie that binds" was joined in heartily by all and the pastor offered prayer after which the company retired, followed by our God bless you, and come again.

The parsonage has been repaired and painted recently at a cost of one hundred and sixty dollars.

We expect to engage in revival services in the near future and we request the prayers of all God's people for success in the work. We are confirmed in the truth that what the church needs today is the baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire. Keep on praying.

Yours and His,
MR and MRS. P. J. TRAFTON

North Head, Grand Manan, N. B.

Dear Friends:

My heart greatly rejoices in God and sings for joy as I remember His "exceedingly great and precious promises." Not one has ever failed me and I am persuaded, not one can be broken. So, let us look up and trust on.

Letters from Africa continue to tell of the great needs of our work there. Those who have seen "the Light of the world" and come out of such heathen darkness and the bondage of Satan, need help and teaching " . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you."

How many in this land after they gave themselves to God look back and see how God led them to certain meetings or to certain people who "instructed them in the way of the Lord more perfectly." Only for this help they would not have gotten far.

If this be so in this enlightened land with all the privileges of schools and churches, how much more is it needed out there where few of such helpful things are found or none at all.

Nothing definite yet but little tokens from God come often letting us know He is working. He has not forgotten so be encouraged, Beloved, and pray on and let your faith increase.

Yours in Him, waiting to go to the lost heathen again.

MRS. H. C. SANDERS

Long Reach, N. B.

Brother Dow:

Please find enclosed postal note for my Highway. I enjoy reading it and then pass it on to others who enjoy it.

Yours truly,
MRS. FRANK FULLERTON

Port Maitland, N. S.,

Oct. 22nd, 1934

Dear Fellow Workers:

The following resolution was passed by the Mission Board at Beulah: Resolved a committee be appointed relative to the Sanders family being returned to South Africa.

The following were appointed such committee: Revs. P. J. Trafton, H. S. Dow, L. T. Sabine, H. C. Archer, F. A. Dunlop, G. A. Rogers, Mrs W. B. Wiggins.

As chairman of this committee I am writing asking for suggestions in reference to the matter. Shall we set time to make a drive for finances, enlisting the cooperation of all our ministers, and giving notice in the Highway? Shall we set a time for their departure?

If they are to go sometime during early winter, it is time to be doing something. Should we have Sister Sanders make a tour of our churches in the securing of funds?

Let me know your mind in the matter at your earliest convenience.

Yours in the work,
P. J. TRAFTON,
Chairman

CARD-PLAYING

Rev. John Clement

For some time it has been in my mind to write an article on card-playing. This is becoming a brazen act more and more, and there is less crying out against it than there used to be, as well as some other evils. I learned to play cards in the home of a professed Christian. Of course, we played for pastime, and never thought of gambling, but I learned to play too well to sit and play for amusement, so took to gambling. That and whisky almost proved my ruin. I wish to warn our young people never to play their first game of cards, and they will never become gamblers. Cards were invented to amuse an idiotic king and they have been used more or less by that class of people ever since. Some folk have come to think that they cannot entertain without a game of cards.

1. I condemn them because they are the gamblers' tools. If you are arrested with burglars' tools it is strong evidence that you are a burglar. What about gamblers' tools? I can't make myself believe that the grace of God abides in a home when I see a deck of cards on the center table in the parlor. Billy Murphy was pardoned out of the penitentiary in Indiana that he might go out on the road and warn the boys against gambling, and he made such inroads into the gambling vice of this country that he was finally killed. He proved that slot machines were made to enrich the owner and not to benefit the other fellow.

2. Nine-tenths of the gamblers were taught to play cards in so-called Christian homes. Fifteen out of seventeen boys arrested in a gambling den were taught the game of cards in a so-called Christian home. It is the social games that make the gamblers. Some one says, "I let my children play cards at home so that they will not want to play away from home." There is just as little sense in that as there is in feeding a little pig slop at home so that it will not like it when it grows to be an old hog. No business firm wishes to employ a man for a responsible position when it knows that he is a gambler. If a man tries to get money dishonestly one way he surely cannot be trusted with another man's business.

3. Card-playing associates a man with all other kinds of outlaws. One is not apt to play cards long without learning to drink, curse, smoke and do other sins. It is just as much sin for society ladies to play cards for silk hose and cut-glass as it is for the colored boot-blacks to shoot craps in a back alley for twenty-five cents per game. The poor negro may be arrested for it, while the society woman gets a write-up in the newspaper for her card party. Then, next day perhaps old sister "So and so" is complimented for her "brilliant play" the day before. I heard a judge say that nine out of ten boys he tried for gambling said they learned it in the places provided by a certain Christian association. May the day come when they will take their pool rooms and card tables and bowling alleys out of our institutions and substitute something more uplifting and better for character building!

4. A young man who had learned his card games in a so-called Christian home went to a

gambling hell, and a fight ensuing, he killed a man. Being tried for murder he was sentenced to be hanged. The girl of the home where he learned to play cards went to see him in his cell and said, "O John, I never dreamed that you would come to this!" He was so enraged that he seized her by the throat and pitched her out of his cell, causing her to land on her head in the passageway. He muttered, "Get out of my cell. You are the cause of my being a murderer." The parties had all belonged to the same church. A preacher friend of mine was being entertained in a nice home in a town where he was holding a revival. On coming home from the service one evening he found the brother and sister of the home playing cards. At an opportune time later he warned the young woman of the dangers that might follow, how that it might prove her brother's ruin. This angered her, and she turned her nose up at him and said that if he did not have any more sense than that then he ought to be damned. Before that revival closed some men came home bringing his lifeless body in,—he had been shot to death in a gambling hell in the back of an old bar-room. The girl screamed and pulled her hair and said, "Poor brother, you are in hell and I am the cause of it!" Boys and girls, do not fool with cards, for "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

5. Sow the social game of cards and reap gamblers. Sow the moderate drinker and reap drunkards. My cry to God is that He will help us to cry out and spare not, and stop this awful craze that is on the people for card-playing, dancing, drinking, alcoholic beverages, and for indecent dress, and the awful hell-ward trend.

Preachers, let us launch a warfare against these evils as we never have before. We are here to fight sin and not to entertain the people.—The Wesleyan Methodist.
High Point, N. C.

MONEY TALKS

Yes, the liquor money of brewers, distillers, liquor vendors, and all the smaller agencies of this hell-born traffic is talking out loud in the wet newspapers of the country. One observer noted ten thousand dollars' worth of advertising in one issue of a noted daily paper. Have you stopped to ponder the question why editors of the great daily papers, who are men of at least average intelligence, constantly try to make up a good front for the return of the liquor trade? The answer in our judgment is that they had a price for such a service and the wets are paying their price.

An exchange quotes Sir Edgar Sanders, director of the British Brewers' Society as saying: "If we begin advertising in the press, we shall see that the continuation of our advertising is contingent upon the fact that we get editorial support as well in the same papers." We suppose it is the privilege of a man or a firm to sell advertising space for any purpose that is to their liking, but when liquor money talks it means a great deal of lying and deceit in handling the news that carry reports of the results of liquor. Have you had the experience of meeting a drinking driver of an automobile on the highway, coming toward you in a wild and reckless disregard of safety for traffic? Liquor is not a joke when you meet it on the road managing a sixty-horse power engine with potential death to yourself and family.—The Wesleyan Methodist.

Pay as little attention to discouragement as possible. Plough ahead as a steamer does, rough or smooth—rain or shine. To carry your cargo and make your port is the point.