

## CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Brother Dow:

Norton, N. B.

I feel led by the Holy Spirit to write a few lines to the Highway. The Lord is very precious to me these days. Not very well in body yet. I will praise Him from Whom all blessings flow. While looking over the Highway I see the good work going on and I will say, praise the Lord and cry out: Lord God send us here at Norton a revival. I do believe there are souls here that would fall in line and be saved. I will keep on praying and believing the Lord will hear and answer. I say the Lord bless the young people in this work and may the blessing rest richly on you. I know you must be rejoicing as souls are being saved in your work at this time, also to have Brother W. E. Smith with you. The blessing of the Lord attend you.

Yours in Jesus' name,

MRS. D. N. HAYES

Houlton, Maine

Dear Brother Dow and all the dear Highway Family—Greetings in His Name:

I have been thinking all winter that I would like to send my testimony to the Highway, but have been suffering greatly with neuritis. My hands have been so lame I could not write; have been in bed the most of the time, but can today praise the name of our God, for He many years ago forgave my sin and I was well for a while, and then through false instructions from those who should have known the way I was led back into the world again until I chanced to be in a meeting at Riverside Camp, Brother P. J. Trafton was the preacher. He made the statement that God had a place for all His children where they could stand and withstand the enemy. I said, Lord, if there is a place that I can stand, I want it, so a little later in a revival meeting led by Brother Fred Foster, God baptized me with His Holy Spirit. He has led me through deep waters, but he has been my pilot. Praise His dear name. I am going through with Him and the way is not far for me when I shall see Him face to face and the toils of the road will seem nothing when I get to the end of the way.

I think a lot of my Highway and when I cannot get to church I seem to prize the silent preacher more than ever.

I solicit the prayers of all the Highway family and may God bless you all.

Yours in the precious Name of Jesus,

GEO. I. TINGLEY.

Grand Manan, N. B.

Dear Brother Dow:

We are sending money to square up on the Highway arrears, and one year in advance as per offer in issue of Feb. 29th.

Very sorry to be so far behind. We certainly enjoy the Highway very much and look forward to its coming as an old friend. Still trusting in Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.

EDGAR R. RUSSELL

Royalton, N. B.

Dear Highway Friends:

Perhaps you are wondering how things are going on this field. We have had an average winter as regards our Church work. There have been no Sundays when we were unable to have services, although I did have to miss a few appointments, the blessing of the Lord

has been with us, and the people are holding out well. Backsliding among the people up here is almost unknown. The young people's work has been doing well, while the Missionary Society remains about the same. With the special offering, however, I believe our giving for missions this year will go beyond any recent year. The people supplement the Sunday collections with occasional donations as well as offerings of produce regularly. Knox-ford gave a donation about Christmas time, and Royalton gave us one during the month of February just past. Right now we are in special meetings in Royalton. Being unable to get anyone to help when we wanted him, we started ourselves. The people are standing by real well, making it easy to preach. The crowds are as good as at any other series of meetings, and souls are under conviction. At the business meeting a couple of weeks ago I was given an unanimous call to remain for another year, it being three years since I first came, but I declined to accept believing it to be God's will. He has the right man for Royalton and another place for me, I believe.

Yours in Him,

H. J. S. BLANEY

Eight Island Lake, N. S.

Dear Editor:

Please find enclosed the sum of \$2.00 on my subscription to the King's Highway. We enjoy reading it very much.

Yours sincerely,

SEWARD FELTMATE

## THE ROBIN'S SONG

Poets and musicians have honored "the pious bird with the scarlet breast" ever since the robin's cheery song first heralded the coming of spring.

Indeed, the robin has found a place in the literature of the world that few of his feathered comrades can equal. Perhaps the robin's popularity may be due, in part, to the fact that he outnumbers all other species save the sparrow, but such an assumption would not be fair to this cheery little fellow of the forest and field.

More likely the robin has been thus favored in the world's poetry and song because he is actually associated with more seasons of the year than are the most of our birds. He is not only the traditional harbinger of spring, and a constant summer companion, but the robin is also one of the last birds to fly southward after summer has mellowed into autumn.

In September, when the first breath of autumn is in the air, the robin greets us with a merry tune. He is at that time, when the songs of other birds have been stilled, "the bird of September and of hope". His song may be "merry and bright, pensive and sad", but little robin red-breast fulfills the poet's thought:

"The robin pensive autumn cheers  
In her locks of yellow."

The robin has long been remembered in the songs of the world. Reginald de Koven, the American composer of light operas, wrote the ever-popular "Robin Red Breast", while Allen paid a musical tribute with his "Arrival of the Robins" and Fisher contributed the "Robin's Return".

Nor can we forget that Joyce Kilmer, in that most beloved of all his poems, turned to the little red-breasted bird when he wrote:

"A tree that may in summer wear  
A nest of robins in her hair."

It is little wonder that the robin has long been affectionately remembered by poets and singers. This merry little fellow with his ruddy and joyful notes makes a worthy companion of all the months from early spring to mellow autumn.

—Jasper B. Sinclair in *Our Dumb Animals*.

## THE GLORIOUS WARFARE

At Wednesbury, John Wesley was attacked by a mob of colliers and other degraded citizens. "He was pushed along from one magistrate to another as far as two miles beyond the town, at night, under a pelting storm of rain. A second crowd from Walsal came down and bore him off. A stout woman, who had headed the first mob, now tried to rally them for his defense, and swearing that none should touch him, ran in among the new assailants and knocked down three or four men, but was soon overpowered. The Walsal rabble dragged him from one end of the town to the other." In descending a steep part of the road they attempted to throw him down. If they had succeeded he would probably have been trampled to death.

One of the sisters of the society was thrown into the river! A man aimed several blows with a bludgeon at Wesley's head, but God turned them aside. He was hit on the chest, and on the mouth so that the blood poured out but said he felt no more pain than if touched by a straw, and amid a "noise like the roaring of the sea" was able to keep as composed as if sitting in his study. Many cried, "Knock his brains out!" "Down with him." "Kill him at once!" "Crucify him!"

At last he broken out into prayer, and the ruffian who headed the mob was awe-struck, saying, "Sir, I will spend my life for you, follow me, and not one soul shall touch a hair of your head." A rally was made by several for the man of God, and he escaped safely to his house. Praise the Lord!

The people themselves endured terrible wrongs. Women and children were dragged in the gutter. The houses were wrecked, so that one could tell the dwellings of the Methodists as he rode through the town. Probably today at Cornwall one could see fragments of furniture treasured in some families as relics of an awful past where their forefathers were outraged for Christ's sake.

At Dariston women were abused in a manner too horrible to be related. Their little defenseless children wandered up and down, no neighbor daring to take them in! The wife of a Methodist was about to be delivered of a child, but the heartless wretches pulled the bed away and cut it in pieces! Men and women fled for their lives, leaving their little ones. At Dudley the lay preacher would probably have been murdered if a Quaker had not enabled him to escape with his hat and coat. The mayor of Nottingham passed by laughing, while Charles Wesley was preaching amid flying missiles.

At Newcastle, he preached from, "Ye shall be hated of all men for My name's sake." The mob was inflamed with liquor, and threatened to pull down the pulpit, striking several of the brethren. At another place, his text was, "Enter into the rock, and hide yourselves as it were for a little moment until the indignation be overpast". With such texts he reassured the stricken people, composing his finest hymns in the midst of tumultuous scenes. The chapel of