

CORRESPONDENCE

Sandford,
Yarmouth Co.

Dear Bro. Dow:

Please find enclosed my renewal for the Highway. I love to read its clean pages and find much spiritual help in doing so. I like to read about how the work is going on in other parts of God's vineyard.

Salvation is the uppermost thing in my life, I am glad to be able to testify to God's wonderful saving and keeping power. I find Him a very present help in any time of trouble. I could not live without Him. Jesus sweetly saves, sanctifies and satisfies every longing of my soul. My prayer is that God will bless you in your good work and make us all a vessel unto honour, sanctified and meet for the Master's use.

Yours really "satisfied" in Christ's way,
I remain,
MRS. EVERETT BAIN.

Dear Bro. Dow: Sagus, Mass.

We enjoy the Highway much. The last issue was especially good, and I was blessed in reading many of the articles.

The God of all grace bless you abundantly.
In Christian fellowship,
MRS. OSCAR F. CROSBY.

Dear Bro. Dow:

I am still rejoicing in the God of my salvation. Am so glad I sought and found Him a good many years ago. In these testing days am finding Him a present help in time of need. So glad He saves me now.

Yours in the faith,
WM. J. JONES.

Brighton,
Digby Co., N.S.

Dear Bro. Dow:

Enclosed please find \$1.50 for Highway. We enjoy reading the paper very much; it is a great blessing to me. We live a long way from our church and don't get there very often but I can praise God to-day for His saving and keeping power.

Yours in Christian love,
MRS. FRANK C. SULLIVAN.

This sacred song is my testimony—

I do not know the depths of Jesus' love
That bro't Him down to earth from Heaven
above

Nor why He bore the Cross of Calvary,
And shed His precious blood so willingly.

I do not know what pain He suffered there,
The burden of my sin and shame to bear;
It may be well to hide it all from me,
Lest my own heart should break in sympathy.

I do not know what I can do or say,
My debt of gratitude to Him I pay;
But I at least may cry: O Christ divine:
Had I a thousand lives they should be thine.

But this one thing I know—
That when the crimson flow
Dropped to the earth below it fell on me;
My eyes were opened wide,
I saw Him crucified and knew for me
He died on Calvary.

God bless you and yours,
MRS. J. W. MURDOCK.

Dear Friends: Amherst, N. S.

This morning I was reading John 1 and found written of John Baptist: "He was not that light but was sent to bear witness of that light." I thought "that is exactly like missionaries, they are not the light but are sent to bear witness of that light."

Some are asking if we have had any letter from our travellers yet, but it is not time a week or possibly more, unless things have gone faster than we are able to judge.

In looking back over my journals I find these things:

After leaving Saint John we stopped in Sydney, N.S., 24 hours, and crossed the equator after 22 days out.

This boat "Calgary" is larger and of course faster than ours was but her first stop is on the West Coast, Free Tower, Serra Leon, Colong and we may hope for letters from there but, they would come to us via England, making a few days longer than if they came direct, so, it will likely be a month from the time Charley and Grace left till we hear from them.

Other stops at Cape Town, Port Elizabeth and East London will take time but even then she will only be 35 days from Saint John to Durban while we only made two stops, on same journey, after leaving Canada, and yet there were 6 weeks adverse winds, slower boat, etc.

Keep holding them up in prayer as they have many opportunities to hold meetings, some private conversations and may have other ways of helping the ship's company. May they win souls!

A letter from Faith speaks of her slow recovery from her recent operation and wonderful blessing from God, 15 or more souls won for Christ while in hospital. Hungry hearts every where. She did not speak of her staying in Durban till Grace and Charley came so may go home first, nor did she or George say the Sterritt sisters had returned to Altona but they were intending to do so and I believe had gone.

The work was going on and a quarterly meeting in session at Hartland when she wrote. God provided a woman, whom Faith met in Durban, to go to the mission station and help at time of quarterly meeting so we thank God for all His blessings. Praise Him for His goodness and press forward in His will.

Yours in Him,
MRS. H. C. SANDERS.

"DECLARE HIS GLORY AMONG THE
HEATHEN, HIS WONDERS AMONG
THE PEOPLE." Psalm 96:3

Is the glory of God being declared to the people of today? Or do the people of today speak of God's glory or His wondrous works? In the Heathen land the Gospel is being told by our missionaries who go among them facing trials which we can but fancy, bravely because God bids them go, and when those heathen out there that are bound by superstition groping blindly for the light of the gospel, receive it, what true, faithful followers of Christ they make. How self-sacrificingly they struggle on against the entanglements of the devil and even their own people would hinder them in their Christian journey. How bravely they fight against overwhelming odds holding fast their faith in God, encouraged and helped by our missionaries they press on. And is their work in vain? No! God sees that they are doing their best, they are teaching His word, and He rewards them.

But here in this enlightened land of ours where the gospel has been taught for long years many

are silent. They blush to take their stand with the children of God. They avoid talking of His mighty works. They see young people and older people going on in sin, traveling the road to destruction and yet they never speak to them of their soul's salvation. Is this living the consistent Christian life? I think not. If we shirk our responsibilities as followers of God, how can we expect to have God's smile of approval resting upon our lives. So let us see to it that we do declare the glory of God to the people and strive to help some wandering sinner to God and there find forgiveness for sin.

And when our work here is done we will know that we have done our best both by living the holy life before the people and by speaking to them of their soul's salvation. Then I am sure that God will reward us.

A. M. FORMAN.

Fredericton, N.B.

Dear Brother Dow:

We wish through the columns of the King's Highway to express our appreciation to the many friends far and near who made our birthday on the 23rd of April such a pleasant event. It seemed like Christmas again, such a large number of cards, letters and gifts from various sections. The members of the church and congregation gave us a real surprise party that evening. There was a large number and we had a pleasant evening together. The ladies brought lots of good things to eat, which were enjoyed by all. Mr. Percy Peterson, on behalf of the company and others, presented the Pastor with a nice sum of money. We tried to thank them for all their kindnesses past and present. Before their departure we sang "Blest Be the Tie that Binds", and prayer was offered by the pastor. We were also presented with a very nice birthday cake. We certainly wish you all, those far and near, much of true happiness in the coming days. God bless you all richly.

Yours for Holiness,
P. J. TRAFTON.

THIS IS MY FRIEND

Let me tell you how I made his acquaintance:
I had heard much of him but took no heed.

He sent daily gifts and presents but I never thanked him.

He often seemed to want my friendship but I remained cold.

I was homeless and wretched and starving and in peril every hour and he offered me shelter and food and comfort and safety but I was ungrateful still.

At last he crossed my path and with tears in his eyes he besought me saying, "Come and abide with me."

Let me tell you how he treats me now:

He supplies all my wants.

He gives me more than I dare ask.

He anticipates my every need.

He begs me to ask for more.

He never reminds me of my past ingratitude.

He never rebukes me for my past follies.

Let me tell you further what I think of him:

He is as good as he is great.

His love is as ardent as it is true.

He is as jealous of my love as he is deserving of it.

I am in all things his debtor but he bids me call him friend.—From an Old English Manuscript.

—Sent by G. V. Cramar, Indiana, Pa. Jesus is undoubtedly the friend here described.—Editor.
—Wesleyan Methodist