

## CORRESPONDENCE

Millville, N. B.

Dear Brother Dow:

God has richly blessed me in His service at two little preaching stations belonging to two other denominations. However, I would like to serve my Master under our own denomination.

I would appreciate very much if you would let our people know through the medium of the "King's Highway" that I am open for a call to any of our churches.

Wishing you and yours and our Highway friends God's richest blessings throughout the year.

Yours for souls,

MERED M. GRANT

Dear Highway:

Saint John

We would like to mention in your columns that we have had the privilege of having our missionaries, the Sterritt Sisters, with us over the last two Sundays. We feel that we had a gracious missionary convention.

We are continuing the services over another Sunday with Evangelist A. D. Cann as our special worker. He is bringing us some wonderful messages. We thank God for such young men who have the cause of God at heart.

We are now looking forward to the quarterly that convenes here March 31st over April 3rd. We hope we have a good number of preachers and delegates present. Let us all pray for a wonderful time.

Yours for souls,

H. S. and MRS. MULLEN

Milltown, Maine

Dear Friends:

I feel as though I should write a few lines to the Highway. I have been confined to the house by illness for two months, and some of the young people came to see me and brought me some Highways. (God bless our young people!) I did enjoy reading the papers so much, especially Brother Rodgers' and Brother Dunlop's messages. I am taking this way to let all the Highway readers know I am still trusting in the Lord, and pray I will soon be able to get out to Church. We hear some good sermons on the radio, and read some, but it is not like getting to church and hearing it from the pulpit. Some of the older folk will remember me as Miss Grace Allen, of Marysville, N. B. I am glad I found this way of holiness.

MRS. GEO. WOODMAN

Dear Highway Friends:

Brother Dow asked me some time ago that the ministers' wives write for the Highway. Now some of us ministers' wives cannot comply with that request as we have no ability on that line. We have not the "pen of a ready writer." But I would like to tell you of an experience I had on the line of faith. We were living in a certain town and were having as we supposed an early spring. The sun shone hot out of a blue sky, and the air was balmy. With the advent of Spring came as always the urge to get the Spring house-cleaning done. So forthwith we had the heater stove carried out and tucked away for its summer rest. Then began the fine art of house-cleaning. But in a few days nature changed her mind and a cold, windy, bleak time settled in, and we shivered in cold rooms. On Friday evening after prayer meeting some

of the good folk informed me that next day was our Sunday School Superintendent's birthday, and in appreciation of his faithfulness they wished to make him a surprise birthday party, and have it at the Parsonage in the evening. Imagine my distress. Then I remembered the promise: Your Heavenly Father knoweth what things ye have need of, and on the strength of those words I bade them come. I felt God was able to supply any need and before retiring I told Him all about it and then lay me down in peace to sleep, fully expecting to see the sun shining brightly in the morning—but it wasn't. Instead, the rain was falling and being driven by a cold, raw wind, such a day as we used to call on the farm a "lamb-killer." But nothing daunted I still trusted in a God with an ability to do exceeding abundantly more than we could ask or think. By four o'clock the rain had ceased, but a cold wind prevailed and penetrated the house. Perhaps some one is saying, Why didn't they put the stove back again? If anyone is saying that it is someone that has always been heated by a furnace or steam. For no one who has ever stumbled through several rooms carrying a heavy, awkward stove out into a shed, storing it in a corner, or that ever cleaned and scrapped several joints of stove pipe, laying it away in the attic, or that "cleaned up" after that process would enjoy doing so every few days. One would rather endure any discomfort for a few days than that. About this time my neighbor from across the street came in and I mentioned to her of our predicament. She said, I'll send over my electric heater for the sitting room, and my gas stove for the hall, and they will help some. It didn't sound like much help to me, but I thanked her, and set them going.

In due time the party arrived, and after spending some time in pleasant conversation, presenting of our gifts to our Superintendent, and listening to some fine speeches, someone called for a sing-song. The pianist said, "Do you think I could play when it is as hot as this room is." Someone obligingly turned off the heat. And then someone in the hall piped up: "If you think it is hot in there, you should be here; we're melting." And I carried out the little heater, and we actually had to lower the windows to cool the rooms. My heart went out in praise to my Heavenly Father, and I stole away to my room to thank Him for his kindness to one of the least of his children.

MABEL R. BRIGGS

Dear Brother Dow: W. Jonesport, Me.

We wish to report a good series of revival meetings with Brother George DeLong as our evangelist, following Brother A. D. Cann. Brother DeLong gave us some great preaching under the anointing of the Holy Spirit. The efforts were blessed with some seekers for pardon and entire sanctification. We praise the Lord for His continued blessings upon the church.

We have undertaken a new responsibility as a Church and expect to install new pews soon after Easter. We have a good portion raised toward paying the bill and are praying that God may help us raise the balance at the time of or before the dedication service.

We are looking forward to our coming quarterly meeting next week, expecting that God may lead us on to a great victory. We appreciate the prayers of all the holy brethren.

Yours in the Master's service

REV. E. R. BRADLEY

Long Beach, Calif.

To Rev. H. S. Dow:

Dear Editor: Please place to my credit on subscription to the Highway the enclosed two dollars (\$2.00). It is beautiful to fellowship with God's people through the medium of this paper. I was quite surprised one day to receive a letter from India in which the writer said that he got my address from the Highway. This "India Christian Faith Mission" is being used of God in the saving of souls. We pray for this work.

D. McLEOD

May we ask an interest in your prayers for our work? Pray that we will keep in the very center of God's will, that many souls will be saved, comforted and built up in the faith and that sufficient finances will come in to keep the Gospel message going forth until He comes.

In His blessed service,

G. JOHN THATHAYYA,

Missionary

Amalapuram, East Godavary, India.

The foregoing was sent from India to Mrs. D. McLeod to Long Beach, Calif., who sent it to us. Sister McLeod is probably our oldest subscriber to the King's Highway. She is well past 90 and still takes a keen interest in the Lord's work.—Editor.

## "THE AWFUL TIMES"

I copy the following from the bulletin of a Methodist church of March 3rd issue. It shows conclusively how history repeats itself.—W. E. Smith.

"It is a gloomy moment in history. Not for many years, not in the lifetime of most men who read this paper has there been so much grave and deep apprehension; never has the future seemed so incalculable as at this time. In our country there is universal prostration and pains, and thousands of our poor fellow-citizens are turned out against approaching winter without employment and without prospects of it.

"In France the political caldron seethes and bubbles with uncertainty. Russia as usual hangs like a cloud, dark and silent upon the horizon of Europe; while all the resources of the British Empire are sorely tried, and are yet to be tried more sorely, in coping with the vast and deadly Indian insurrection and with its disturbed relations in China. It is a solemn moment and no man can feel indifference (which happily no man pretends to feel) in the issue of the events. Of our own troubles no man can see the end. They are fortunately as yet, mainly commercial; and if we are only to lose money and by painful poverty to be taught wisdom, the wisdom of honor, of faith, of sympathy, of charity, no man need seriously to despair; and yet the very haste to be rich, which is the occasion of the wide-spread calamity has also tended to destroy the moral forces with which we are to resist and subdue the calamity."

This editorial appeared in Harper's Weekly Oct. 10th, 1857, or just 81 years ago, and was printed in the Church Bulletin.

When men are richly occupied their amusement grows out of their work, as the color petals out of a beautiful flower; when they are faithfully helpful and compassionate, all their emotions are steady, deep, perpetual and vivifying to the soul as is the natural pulse to the body.—John Ruskin.