

CORRESPONDENCE

Millville, N. B.

Dear Brother Dow:

Enclosed please find my renewal for the Highway. Reading it blesses my soul. And it helps to keep us in touch with others of the Highway family. May the Lord bless you in your good work; and all who help to make it such a good paper. My prayer this morning is that we may each be at our best for our Master. Please remember us in prayer, and the work in this part of the Master's vineyard.

Greetings to all old Friends,

MRS. WM. BARBOUR

Killams Mills

Dear Highway Readers:

Greetings in Jesus' name. I am writing a few lines for our King's Highway to report the good time we have been having, and are believing God for greater things. We have just passed through a series of meetings with our young brother, A. D. Cann. We certainly enjoyed his messages of truth which were close and searching. There were several to the altar to be saved and reclaimed, also some for sanctification. The seed which was sown is still bringing forth fruit for which we praise the Lord. We request the prayers of God's people.

I remain as ever your brother in Christ,

BAMFORD FAWCETT

LIFE'S WEAVER

By William J. Robinson

I sit today at the loom of life and weave and weave and weave;

The warp is laid by hands divine, but the woof is where I grieve.

For every moment in every day, the shuttle flies through and through!

And the patterns I scheme with the dreams I dream

Are made up of the things I do.

I have naught to do with the warp I tread, the threads are already set.

But my duty lies as the shuttle flies, in the fabric I'm weaving yet.

Smiles and tears, kind words and fears, are wound on the bobbins I wind.

And every thoughtless word is there, and every word unkind;

And every act I would fain forget,

And the thoughts that were dark and vain,

I view in the fabric of life I weave, and I see them and see them again.

But I sit and weave with an aching heart, and a world of intense regret,

And tears fall fast as I view the past, and I pray that I may forget.

But out of repining and soul recoil I look in the future and see

My life stretch out in its future plan and a new hope comes to me.

I know not the length of the warp I view, I know not my given span,

But into the fabric I yet may weave I'll put all the best I can.

Smiles and kindness and patient care, unselfishness, service and love,

Harmony, sunshine, faith and hope, and thus my contrition prove.

When the "throw" shall fall from my nerveless hand, and the shuttle lies at rest,

May I hear the Voice of the Master say,

"You've done what you thought was best."

—Sent in by S. Ann Gray.

BALANCING PRAISE WITH PRAYER

Paul S. Rees

Let us take our Testaments and turn to the first chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Colossians. In the third verse we come upon the words that suggest our theme: "We give thanks to God and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, praying always for you." Thanksgiving and prayer—blended and balanced! Praise for their attainments and petition for their progress!

It is no wonder that St. Paul ranks next to our Lord in shaping the forms of Christian thinking and charting the progress of the true Christian church. His wisdom as a teacher and leader shines with an undimmed luster after the passing of these many centuries. Writing to these recently converted men and women of Colosse he cheers them with a glowing word of appreciation. He is grateful that they have received Christ and that the three grand Christian graces of Faith, Hope and Love have taken root in their hearts and begun to blossom in their lives.

But a good beginning, important as it is, is not enough. There must be ongoing in order to a triumphant ending. So praise for what has been accomplished mingles in the apostle's soul with prayer for what remains to be realized: "For this cause we also, since the day we heard it, do not cease to pray for you, and to desire that ye might be filled with the knowledge of His will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding; that ye might walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God."

Knowing God's will comes first in the prayer. Can we really know God's will for us? Christ says we can. Paul was sure that we can. The big things of His will—our turning from our sins and receiving Christ as our Savior, our dedicating ourselves to Him for the purifying power of His Holy Spirit, our regulating our conduct according to the principles laid down by Jesus—are clearly revealed in the Word of God. We are to be informed Christians if we are to be invincible Christians.

We must, of course, acknowledge that it is not always easy to determine what God's will is in all matters that enter into our individual lives. Here prayer is so very necessary. We need personal guidance from the Holy Spirit, who will surely sharpen our wits and speak through our consciences in order that we may take the big principles given to us by our Lord and apply them to the details of our lives.

This leads naturally to the second thing in the prayer of Paul: Doing God's Will! Knowing is not enough. There must be the practice of what we know. We are to "walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing." My first need is to know the road. But once I know it, there must be no flinching. That road I must walk—obediently, persistently. Enoch did it, and carried in his heart the "testimony that he pleased God." We too can catch the Enoch-step and carry the Enoch-testimony. Elijah did it, and heavenly fire came down upon his mountain sacrifice and blazed before his eyes. We too can make the Elijah-climb and behold the glory of the heavenly flame. David did it, and he had "songs in the night." We too can march with a David-tread and have our nights serenaded with the David-music. Doing God's will! It is the highest thing in life!! For "God's way is the best way."

Finally, we have fruit-bearing through knowing and doing God's will. If we could see with the eyes of the angels we would discover that the lives of selfish, godless souls, however fine

the clothes they wear or the houses in which they live, are like dusty wastes of a dreary desert. On the other hand, we would discover that the lives of those who live for God and for others, however poor their clothes or houses, are like lovely gardens where fountains splash and flowers bloom and fragrance freights the air, and where, as a result, tired people are refreshed and sorrowing people are comforted and discouraged people are enheartened. So

God's Revivalist

"Lord, help me to live from day to day
In such a self-forgetful way,
That even when I kneel to pray,
My prayer will be for others.

"Let self be crucified and slain,
And buried deep, and all in vain
May efforts be to rise again,
Except to live for others.

"Others," Lord, yet, "Others:"
Let this my motto be.
Help me to live for others,
That I may live like Thee."

THE JOYOUS HEART

Joy in itself—natural joy—is a strengthening thing. The proverb says, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine"; and it is true in the common thinks of everyday life, that we have ten times the power, and accomplish all we have to do much better, when our hearts are happy, than when weighed down by some anxiety, or sorrow, or care. It is more so in spiritual things; "the joy of the Lord is your strength." Because, spiritually, there is no strength apart from the Lord, it is conscious, happy communion with Him that invigorates the soul. You have no strength to go forward in the race unless your hearts are made strong by the joy of the Lord.—Mrs. W. Pennefather.

CRUCIFIXION

Hark! A crash of rending rocks,
Dense darkness clouds the sky,
The lightnings flash, the thunders roll,
Stark Death is drawing nigh.
The graves long sealed have opened up,
The veil is rent in twain,
The fire upon the Altar dims,
Revives, then quickly wanes.

What means this Soul Devastating scene,
This stricken motley crowd?
What means the agonizing sound,
Of women sobbing loud:
See on yon rugged rough hewn cross
The Prince of Glory hangs,
Blood trickling from his wounded side,
His head, his feet, his hands.

The Son of God, pure, sinless, chaste,
Reviled, renounced, exposed,
Hangs there, an offering for man's sin;
Law dies, as Grace arose.
Let every heart revere His name,
And worship at his feet,
Sing praises, every Soul of man,
Redemption is complete.

M. McBRIEN,
Amherst, N. S.

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."