

CORRESPONDENCE

South Devon, N.B.,
May 13, 1938

Dear Miss Sargeson:

I wish to express my thanks through the Highway to all my friends for their many acts of kindness to me during my nine months' illness in bed. For the number of cards, and gifts of flowers, fruit, etc., I wish to especially thank my pastor, Rev. P. J. Trafton and members of the Fredericton Reformed Baptist Church and my Sunday School teacher, Miss Lois C. Goodspeed and girls of my class for their kindness and interest shown to me. Thanking you,

I am sincerely,

Yours for Him,
PAULINE L. SAVAGE

Hartland M.S., S. A.,
April 28, 1938

Dear Highway Folk:

Once more we greet you from Africa, the land of our adoption. We trust that this finds you all well and enjoying the blessing of the Lord. We are all fairly well, and rejoicing because of the blessing of the Lord upon our work here.

We rejoice to hear the news of the coming of the Kiersteads early in the New Year. Our joy is all the greater because we know both of them, and we believe that in them we will find splendid missionaries. We pray that the Lord will continue to bless them in their preparations for their coming. We believe that they should come as early as possible. Many of our natives remember Brother and Sister Kierstead, and some even remember "Lugini and Kali Zulu" as they used to call them. Of course twenty-five years is a long time . . . it will be twenty-five years from the time they went home before they get back . . . and many of those who knew and loved them have passed away in the days that have intervened.

Though he should have had his furlough long ago, George is willing to stay another year, and we rejoice in the prospect of having him with us another year, and also in the way that the Lord is using him.

This has been a pretty good year here, and all over the country as far as the Malaria is concerned, and there have been very few deaths from that cause compared with other years. Even though it does start up now, as it is doing, it cannot last long, for the first frost fairly well kills it off.

Seldom does a Sunday pass that one, at least, gives himself to seek the Lord, and two or three on one Sunday is quite common. They are coming in increasing numbers, both old and young, and there is a growing spirit of revival on the work.

Some of our most unpromising branches are having a real revival touch, and are very much alive now. Of course we have opposition from many sources, but the Lord is giving us victory.

Since I last wrote, I have lost one of my best friends that I had in this country, Mr. William Engelbrecht, a German farmer, the grandson of a missionary . . . a splendid man, and a friend of our work. He was like a big brother to me ever since I came to the country. I feel his going is a real loss. The Grootspuit branch, where Alfred Metula preaches is on his farm, and I have visited his home often on account of the work. If I was any trouble he always helped me. He leaves a wife and five grown children, all fine people.

We are going to have our first Camp Meeting two weeks from today, lasting for three days. We have eight days' meetings every three months

but this is not a camp meeting. The Native crops are later than usual, and reaping may interfere some with it, but this is the time we feel we should have it. We are expecting this to mean a real blessing to our people in general.

Charles and Grace have been with us almost a year and are proving themselves a great blessing to the work, and are greatly beloved by all the people. We are a united band, white and black, working and praying that souls may be saved here in this land and our white as well as our black, continually pray for you in the Homeland.

Yours in His service,
REV. D. M. MacDONALD

4597 Windsor St.,
Vancouver, B.C.,
May 17, 1938.

Dear Mr. Dow:

I am enclosing clippings from the daily paper, telling of the sudden death of my father. He was active until the moment of his death. He had been to church and Sunday School on Sunday. On Monday, he spent the usual day until eight o'clock in the evening when he fell on the dining room floor and was gone in about ten minutes.

We miss him so much but we are thankful he did not suffer. It is such a wonderful comfort to know he is in Heaven.

My father has been a subscriber of the Highway ever since it was first edited. We would appreciate it if you could put the account of his death in your paper.

Sincerely yours,

ETHEL B. COLWELL

Note:—The King's Highway extends sincere sympathy to the bereaved ones left to mourn the loss of our highly esteemed brother. We with them have sustained a loss in his passing.

EDITOR

Lincoln, Maine,
May 24, 1938.

Dear Editor:

I am enclosing \$2.00 to pay for my Highway. I praise God for the Highway; through it I hear from those I used to know. I am now past eighty-four, and I have always taken it since it started and so well I remember the day in Millville when I took the little paper in my hand and started out as its agent. One thing made me feel very thankful that I had done or tried to do something: After I came to Maine to live, I was back and went to meeting and in the business session, a discussion arose about the paper, when dear Bro. Baker said "Sister Greenlaw was the best Agent I had." How pleased I was the day I went to the post office and found Bro. Baker had sent me a picture of himself and family for a prize. I was looking at it last summer when I was home in Topsfield as I did not bring it with me, but left it in the best room. I saw that my son-in-law had moved it to a room which I had left furnished.

How many changes there have been, which makes life lonely, but I thank the dear Father that my husband is left with me and is well and loves to go to church and Sunday school and loves to read the Highway. The paper is almost strange, so many of the older ones gone on, so many new ones, I never met yet they have the same ring in their testimony as the old ones had. Bro. Percy Trafton is about the only one I remember much about now. I enjoy hearing him on the radio as well as Bro. Dunlop, whose mother and father were our old friends.

I never was acquainted with our Editor but he is good, and makes the paper seem all alive, lots of good things to cheer us old folks.

My daughter Violet is with us, and has been for nearly two year, as I am confined to my bed

or chair, all of the time. Cannot get out without assistance

We have a good M. E. minister, and Good Friday he made us a call and administered the Sacrament to us, as I am shut in. It seemed good to be at the Lord's table again, even in one's home.

May God be with you all until we meet in the Gloryland

MRS. JAMES W. GREENLAW

GOSSIP

When gossips meet, the devil goes to dinner. The gossip's mouth costs her nothing, for she never opens it but at another's expense.

The highest culture is to speak no ill.

Never say of another what you would not have him hear.

Many have fallen by the edge of the sword; but not so many as have fallen by the tongue.

An evil-sayer differs from an evil-doer only in the want of opportunity.

He who stabs my name, would stab my person if he durst.

The slanderer kills a thousand times, the assassin kills but once.

It is only at the tree loaded with fruit that people throw stones

It is the finest peach in the orchard that has the most stones thrown at it.

As he who spits at the stars soils not the stars but the spittle returns to defile him, so is he who slandereth the virtuous man.

Who throws mud at another soils his own hands.

If nobody listened, to whom would gossip talk.

In scandal as well as robbery, the receiver is as bad as the thief.

He does not dislike scandal who listens to it. There are but two sorts of people for whom there's little use,

The one sits still and listens, while the other heaps abuse. —Selected

WHISPERING TONGUES

The advantages of living in a small town are not always fully appreciated by its residents. Make no mistake about it! There are many advantages to be had by all in a small town which are not for the average city resident to enjoy.

Like everything else, however, a small town has its good points and its bad points.

Among the bad points we are aware of none so despicable as the gossiping habit. The renowned whispering tongues mar the beautiful picture of the many enjoyments and advantages in a small town.

"Whispering tongues can poison the truth." And how some tongues can whisper! And how the truth is poisoned!

If the individual but fully realized the misunderstanding, the harm, the ill-feeling, the hurt and the all that his or her gossiping did, either indirectly or directly, there is no doubt about it but that they would stop and think before they made statements, the full facts of which they did not know.—Hartland Observer.

THESE MINISTERIAL UNDERTAKERS

"Many a preacher is the undertaker of the subject he undertakes."—Contributed.

Between the great things that we cannot do and the small things we will not do, the danger is that we shall do nothing.—Adolph Monod.