

The King's Highway

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness

And an Highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The Way of Holiness.—Isa. 40:3

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FAREWELL MISSIONARY MEETING

A farewell meeting for our outgoing missionaries, Rev. and Mrs. E. A. M. Kierstead and family, was held in the Reformed Baptist Church at Saint John, N. B., Wednesday evening, March 1st.

There was a large congregation present, and a wonderful spirit was manifest during the entire service. Rev. P. J. Trafton, of Fredericton, presided in the absence of Rev. F. A. Dunlop, of Marysville, who is the President of the General Missionary Society.

The following programme was carried out:

Opening hymn: All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name. This was followed by the reading of Scripture by Rev. H. S. Mullen, pastor of Saint John Church, after which Miss Helen Sterritt offered prayer, then a special number in song was rendered by DeVerne Mullen. Miss Alice Sterritt followed with an inspiring ten minute address, the male quartette, composed of Rev. H. S. Mullen, DeVerne Mullen, Wm. K. Trafton and Norman Sharp rendered a beautiful selection. This was followed by a timely address by Rev. L. T. Sabine, of Woodstock, N. B., who also received the offering. The congregation united in singing, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains to India's Burning Sands." Mrs. H. C. Sanders gave a stirring address. This was followed by words of good advice for both missionaries and people, from Rev. H. S. Dow. Rev. and Mrs. E. A. M. Kierstead sang a beautiful selection; they also gave a farewell message, thanking the churches for their hearty co-operation, and gifts received, and solicited a continuation of the same for our Foreign Missionary work. All joined in singing, "God be With You Till We Meet Again," after which Rev. W. E. Smith, of Somerville, Mass., offered the closing prayer and benediction.

Mrs. Ida M. Kierstead, mother of Rev. E. A. M. Kierstead, was present, but was not able to take part in the service. All sympathized with her in the parting of her dear ones. The Sterritt Sisters, who are pastors of the church at Grey's Mills, intended remaining in Saint John until the sailing of the vessel Calumet that will carry our missionaries to Durban, Natal, So. Africa. It certainly was a wonderful farewell service.

The Secretary, P. J. T.

WISDOM AND GOODNESS

By Marian M. Schooland

The cold doesn't bother our winter birds one bit. Chickadee and nuthatch and downy woodpecker are not subject to colds. If only they can find sufficient food they go their way happily among the naked trees. And their food is supplied by their Maker.

It takes a hearty all-day-long dinner to keep chickadee alive and warm. And chickadee has been known to eat more than four hundred and fifty eggs in a single day! Of course they were



Our missionary family: Rev. and Mrs. E. A. M. Kierstead and sons, Harold, Glendon, Reginald.

FAREWELL TO OUR OUT-GOING MISSIONARIES

"Jesus calls us, we must go,
To the land across the sea,
Though the flesh would shrink we know
In His will we're glad to be.

Our home to us is dear,
Yet we gladly follow on,
For Eternity is near,
And the setting of the sun.

The "Great Commission" we obey,
As you cheerfully say "God-speed!"
We must work while it is day,
For those in Africa in need.

To our friends we say "Farewell!"
And those on Canadian soil,
We appreciate your wishes well
As for the Master you gladly toil.

To Jesus we will e'er be true
Preach truth and holiness far and wide.
Till we meet again with victories new,
Or shout His praise on the other side.
Yours for the lost of Africa

—Sel. by Mrs. S. A. Baker

tiny eggs—eggs of plant lice and other insect pests. Think of the economic value of one chickadee for your garden or farm! And think of the tiny bright eyes, the sharp probing bill, the little clinging feet, without which the chickadee could not find his food. Are not wisdom and goodness revealed here?

A bit of suet tied to a branch will help chickadee to survive the severe storms. And it may also win you an opportunity to hear that gentle, cheery "Chickadee, dee, dee, dee."

TRAINING AND WORKING ELEPHANTS

On the island of Ceylon, south of India, are many herds of wild elephants which may be captured and readily tamed. Native hunters and keepers have found that preparing the animal for his various tasks is a comparatively simple matter, for most elephants respond quickly to kindness. Kindness and petting, with a reasonable degree of firmness and no cruelty, soon cause the elephant to have respect and real affection for the keeper. He will be very obedient to his master in return for kind treatment. He also insists that he be not overworked, that he be regularly and properly fed, that he be given two baths each day, and that he be permitted to rest in a quiet, cool and retired spot.

In addition to the baths the elephant enjoys being shampooed with a brick, a cocoanut husk, or a piece of burnt clay. This treatment, with an occasional application of oil, adds much to keeping him in good spirits for his hard daily routine.

The chief employments of the tamed elephants are clearing forest lands, working in the brick yards, carrying and piling timber, stone and other heavy objects, drawing wagons, cultivating the land, and carrying their masters on their backs in ceremonial processions. The elephant does his work with great care. If he thinks the ground is unsafe or the load too heavy he refuses to go ahead with the work. If urged too much he becomes quite angry.

The lifetime of the average captive elephant is about seventy years.—Our Dumb Animals.

A HINT TO HIM

A prosperous-looking citizen on a downtown corner in Boston bought a newspaper from an alert little newsboy, who made change instantly without speaking a word to his purchaser.

But the man lingered. "How many papers do you sell here a night?" he asked.

"About fifty?" said the newsie.

"What is your name?"

"Tim Manning."

"Listen, Tim," said the man, "when I was your age I had this very corner for a stand. But I sold two hundred papers a night, and I did it by carefully saying 'Thank you' to everyone who bought a paper. I said it loudly so that they would be sure to hear it."

Three evenings later the man came by again and bought another paper of the little chap on the corner.

"Thank you!" said Tim, not recognizing him. "How's business?" asked the man.

Then Tim knew him. "I'm selling twenty-five papers every night, sir," he said. "I'm not going to forget that any more, either," and he grinned all over his honest, freckled face. Tim had learned his first lesson in the value of courtesy to all.—King's Treasuries.

While faith will open a door to the riches of God's blessings, doubt will close it.—T. H. A.

Mrs. Geo. Teddie, Feb. 58