

CORRESPONDENCE

Milltown, Me.

Dear Bro. Dow:

Perhaps a few lines from this part of the vineyard would be acceptable at this time.

I noticed that most all the pastors mentioned being well remembered at Christmas time, for which we are grateful, but those that wrote were not the only ones that were used well for we too were well remembered both by our churches and friends.

Then on March 2nd a number of church members and friends met at the parsonage and gave us a donation of groceries and money. We are very grateful to these thoughtful ones and to God for all these tokens of His love.

On March 5th we began special meetings in the church at Calais with Rev. W. E. Smith as evangelist. These meetings were carried on for three weeks closing March 26th. The meetings were well attended and attention was good. Bro. Smith did some wonderful preaching and God blessed his messages. We were disappointed in not seeing more seekers at the altar but we praise God for those who did seek and find.

We believe that some have real definite victory because of this series of meetings and we know that the church was edified by our brother's ministry.

Yours in His service,

H. S. and MRS. WILSON

Dear Highway:

On Jan. 23rd Rev. H. E. Mullen gave a fine sermon at the R. B. Church, Port Maitland. Brother Mullen paid a short visit at the parsonage.

Our revival campaign was conducted from Feb. 1—22 under the able ministry of Rev. F. A. Dunlop. His messages were all that we could desire. He uncovered sin and lifted up the Sacrifice of Calvary as the cure. His messages were scriptural and searching. Two distinct works of grace were clearly proclaimed. The church stood by the evangelist with their presence and prayers. The pastor and church felt that Brother Dunlop gave his best, and he in turn made us feel that we tried to do our best. Our week night crowds were a good average and our Sunday crowds were large. Some souls were at the altar and claimed victory. Our church cannot be the same after the strong messages of our evangelist. His message over CYLS was enjoyed by his radio audience. Brother Dunlop stayed at the parsonage and his fellowship was greatly enjoyed.

Brother Carl Mullen, Havelock, N. S., was with us for the Sunday services. He is a good song leader. His specials were good, a great asset to the meeting and should be used in many revivals. His mother was with him for the last Sunday and they rendered several selections. Our singers from Sandford and Port Maitland also assisted.

We were very glad to have Rev. and Mrs. G. R. Symonds and Rev. and Mrs. H. L. Robertson in a number of the services. We enjoyed their fellowship and prayers. Brother Robertson led several song services also.

We are praising God for His blessing and we are trusting Him for great things.

Yours for full salvation,

G. A. ROGERS

Port Maitland, N.S.

Dear Highway:

In spite of a hard season here this year the people of this circuit have been very thoughtful concerning our needs. They are very appreciative of our endeavors. At Christmas the Port Mait-

land church presented us with a fine electric lamp, the Sandford church a fine gift of cash, and friends from Yarmouth, Brazil and other places sent along gifts of money. We shall try by God's help to minister to their spiritual needs.

The churches have had their business meetings. The call in each church was unanimous. We are remaining for the fourth year. Pray that God will make it a great year in spiritual things.

Yours in Him,

REV. and MRS. G. A. ROGERS

Brighton, Digby Co.

Dear Brother Dow:

Enclosed please find \$3.00 for Highway. I enjoy reading the Highway. It has been a blessing to me this winter. I would not want to do without this wonderful paper. I want to praise God for a salvation that saves and keeps.

Yours in Christian fellowship,

MRS. F. C. SULLIVAN

GOOD MEN VS. GREAT MEN

John Kitchen says:—

"I have sometimes compared the great men of the world, and the good men of the world to the consonants and vowels in the alphabet. The consonants are the most and the biggest letters; they take up most room, and carry the greatest bulk; but, the vowels though they are the fewest and least of all the letters, yet they are most useful; they give the greatest sound of all; there is no pronunciation without vowels. O beloved, though the great men of the world take up room, and make a show above others, yet they are but consonants, a company of mute and dumb consonants for the most part; the good men, they are the vowels that are of the greatest use and most concernment at every turn; a good man to help with his prayers; a good man to advise with his counsels; a good man to interpose with his authority; this is the loss we lament, we have lost a good man; death has blotted out a vowel; and I fear there will be much silence where he is lacking; silence in the bed, and silence in the house, and silence in the shop, and silence in the church, and silence in the parish, for he was everywhere a vowel, a good man in every respect."—Sky Pilot.

"I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest once cut down; the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds

"You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of the bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers began to fail? Winter is on my head, but the eternal spring is in my heart. I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilies, the violets, and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history.

"For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and in verse; history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, and song; I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, 'I have finished my day's work.' But I cannot say 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare.

"It closes on the twilight, opens on the dawn."

—Victor Hugo.

Temperance Column

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging. Whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. 1:20.

GOVERNMENT CONTROL

We get some idea of how the government controls the sale of liquors by the following letter, which the editor received recently from a young man who used to patronize the liquor stores, but has quite recently been saved and is now trying to help others to see the error of their ways, and to give up their evil habits and get saved also. The party whom he is telling about in his letter is himself before he was saved. That is why he knows the facts so well. And without a doubt what he did is only a sample of the kind of business that the government liquor stores are doing every day. Instead of curtailing the "bootleg" business, they are increasing it by starting more men in it.

EDITOR

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A FEW FACTS ABOUT GOVERNMENT CONTROL

A few years ago when the Government wanted to put in liquor stores, they came out with these three points:

1st. No liquor would be sold to anyone under 21 years of age.

2nd. No one could buy more than one bottle at a time.

3rd. They would put out good liquor and thus put the bootlegger out of business.

Before Government Control we had two classes of non-Christian young people who were temperate.

First class were afraid of bootleg liquor because some bootleggers were said to be unscrupulous enough to put anything into their liquor.

Second class were respectable and would not be seen around a bootleg joint.

But Government Control changed all that.

First it took away the fear of bad liquor. Government stuff had to be good.

Second it took away the disgrace of being seen around a bootleg joint; it made liquor handling and drinking respectable so-called.

A certain young man went into a liquor store in one of our Maritime cities and asked for two bottles of whiskey.

The clerk made two trips from the wicket to the shelves and cash register. He sold him only one bottle at a time, but that young man came out with two bottles of whiskey and he was only 18 not 21 years old.

Again a young chap went into a liquor store and passed a clerk an envelope.

A few hours later he came back and asked for a case of ale.

To the chance onlooker that chap purchased a case of ale. But that case contained \$50 worth of hard liquor to be resold after the store had closed for the day.

That chap was under 21 years of age. (The envelope contained the order and \$50.00 less the price of one case of ale).

What do you think of that as a sample of Government Control.

"Men ought always to pray, and"—although faintness of spirit attends on prayer like a shadow—"not faint." The soil in which the prayer of faith takes root is a life of unbroken communion with God, a life in which the windows of the soul are always open towards the City of Rest. We do not know the true potency of prayer until our hearts are so steadfastly inclined to God that our thoughts turn to Him, as by divine instinct, whenever they are set free from consideration of earthly things.—Selected.