

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Highway:

We wish through the columns of the Highway to thank all those who remembered us at the Christmas season with greeting cards, etc.

The people here at Moncton were very kind to us. The children were made happy with toys and clothing, also our Christmas dinner was provided complete. In addition to these good things we were presented with an envelope containing an address of appreciation and a generous sum of money. We appreciate these blessings very much.

The Lord is good to us here as a church, sending His blessings down upon us. Several have prayed through to real victory and others are seeking. There is a good spirit on the meetings. We are expecting a real revival. To God be all the glory.

H. M. AND MRS. KIMBALL

Killam's Mills, N. B.

Dear Highway Friends:

Greetings in Jesus' name. We have bid farewell to the past year. In spite of war and all the havoc of Satan, we anticipate greater grace and faith in God in the coming year.

God has been good to us and we wish to thank Him and His people. Over the Xmas season we realized gifts as pastor exceeding \$30.00. This encourages us to trust God and give our best for His people.

Yours for souls in the coming year.

A. D. CANN

Dear Highway:

We would like to express through your columns our appreciation and thanks to the many friends who remembered us with personal gifts and beautiful cards during the Christmas season. Also we wish to thank the members of the churches and congregations to which we minister for their thoughtful care of their pastor and wife during the past year and their generous gifts at this season of the year.

We can report a year of blessed victory in our own souls and at least some progress in the work here. We have a band of faithful people who love holiness and live it, and are a great inspiration to their pastor. We had Brother H. S. Mullen with us during the month of November. We enjoyed his fellowship in the home and in the work. God blessed his labors among us in the salvation of souls, the sanctification of believers and the edification of the church. We hope to have a baptism before long.

And now a new year has come. I am sure that we all hope that it will be a year of victory for the cause of righteousness over the forces of evil.

Thank God we can all have victory in our own souls and enjoy the blessing of peace in our own hearts even while we are at war.

While the dark clouds of war are upon the world, let us remember that God rules and that he can defeat the evil purposes of wicked men and work out his own plans and make even "the wrath of man to praise Him."

We trust that God's richest blessing will rest upon our editor, every contributor and also upon all who read the Highway this year.

Yours in His glad service,

REV. & MRS. F. A. WATSON

OBITUARY

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.—Revelation 14-13.

Mrs. A. L. Bubar

The Reformed Baptist Church at Saint John is mourning the loss of one of its older members in the person of Sister A. L. Bubar, who was called higher Dec. 21st, 1939, after several months of illness.

She was the widow of the late Rev. A. L. Bubar, and was in her 77th year.

Our sister had been a faithful member of the Saint John Church for 31 years.

For some time she was President of the Missionary Society and was always present at services whenever possible. She was beloved by all, but now her place is vacant. Funeral service was held at the home of her daughter, Mrs. G. Weatherhead, with whom she resided during her later years, and was conducted by her pastor, Rev. J. A. Owens, assisted by Rev. H. C. Archer and Rev. Dr. Thomas.

Rev. Mr. Owens spoke from the text found in Psalm 39:4. Rev. Mr. Archer spoke a few words of appreciation of our late sister's life and work.

She leaves to mourn their loss, one daughter, Mrs. G. Weatherhead, eight grand-children and one great-grandchild. One sister, Mrs. Lyla Coughlan, or Arlington, Mass. She was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Good of Moncton.

The many and beautiful floral tributes spoke the high esteem in which our sister was held.

May the sorrowing ones be comforted by the Holy Ghost. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

J. A. O.

THE DESPERATE PLIGHT OF THE MOTE HUNTER

By General Superintendent Chapman

Jesus dubbed the mote hunter a hypocrite—a mere actor on the stage. Here is a man who passes over beams and searches for tiny specks of dust that the worms have worked loose from the beams. You would know he is a little man by the size of the opponents which he chooses. No full grown man would want to spend his time on such infinitesimal tasks. If he were little and weak only, he would solicit our sympathy and deserve our pity.

But the motive of the mote hunter is bad. He seeks to whitewash himself by blackening others. He cries, "Stop, thief!" to divert attention from himself. He is aware of his own beam, but rather than confess its presence and rid himself of it, he sets about giving his attention to reforming his betters. He is both a crook and a coward; and, furthermore, he is cruel. What is an eye to him? Forget the eye, the mote is the main thing. No matter how much suffering is occasioned, that mote must be located.

The dictionary defines faultfinding as "Act or practice of finding fault, especially petty censure." Who can estimate the suffering caused by petty censure? Who can estimate the damage done to the cause of God by fault-finding professors of religion? Church members make a habit of dissecting the preacher and their testifying neighbors at the dinner table, and then wonder that their children lose interest in the church and harbor doubts about the reality of religion. The mote hunter

is in desperate plight concerning his own inner character and outer reputation, and he does desperate things in his small, cowardly way in the endeavor to improve his own standing. He thinks to make his black white by making other's gray.

But, thank God, there is a better way. Get rid of the beam and then you can see that motes are motes. If they must be removed, you can do it while yet sparing the eye. A good man is a merciful man—he has himself obtained mercy!

RELIGION IN RUSSIA

In spite of the anti-religious propaganda to which the people of Russia are subjected, vast numbers of them cling to their faith in God. The League of Militant Atheism is amazed and alarmed at their tenacity and is redoubling its efforts to wipe the name of Christ from the national vocabulary. More than twenty churches continue to function in Moscow, and throughout the vast country men and women gather secretly in their homes to encourage one another in Christian faith and hope. The Communistic state cannot take the place of Divinity in their lives. Worshipping a machine such as a tractor has not provided the spiritual satisfaction for which the hearts of the people crave. The efforts the League are putting forth cannot prove effective, for when a people feel the need of God they will not turn away from Him.—Sel.

SHE KNEW THE CONTENTS

A little girl told a pastor when he called at the home one day that she knew everything that was in the Bible.

The pastor, amused, remarked that she might know a few things, but not quite all. "Oh, yes," was the quick reply, "I do know all that is in it." Her mother, who had been listening, rebuked her daughter for saying such a thing, whereupon, the child in persistence, said, "But, Mother, I do. There is Grandma's favorite picture, three dead leaves, a lock of Bobby's hair when he was a baby, a love letter from Daddy, and recipe for brown bread, and that's all there is in the Bible."—Sel. by A. G. Ward.

MYSELF

"I have to live with myself, and so I want to be fit for myself to know; I want to be able as the days go by Always to look myself straight in the eye. I don't want to stand with the setting sun And hate myself for the things I have done. I don't want to keep on the closet shelf A lot of secrets about myself. And fool myself as I come and go Into thinking nobody else will know The kind of person I really am. I don't want to cover myself with sham; I want to go out with head erect; I want to deserve the world's respect, And in the struggle for fame and pelf I want to be able to like myself. For I never can hide myself from me. I see what others can never see. I know what others can never know. So, no matter what happens, I want to be Self-respecting and conscience-free."—Sel.