

## CORRESPONDENCE

Newbury Jct., N. B.

Dear Brother Dow:

Enclosed please find money order for \$2.50—\$1.50 for our Highway and balance for Supplementary Fund.

Several members of our family and many of the neighbors have been ill with the flu, but mostly everyone is now on the mend.

Trusting this finds both you and Mrs. Dow well, and wishing you the very best for the New Year.

Sincerely,

JEAN E. BROWN

Howland, Maine

Dear Brother Dow:

Enclosed you will find \$2.00 for my subscription to the King's Highway. Through it I keep in touch with many loved ones and receive much spiritual help.

Wishing you a Happy New Year in the Lord's work,

Sincerely,

FLORENCE E. COSMAN

Sepulveda, Calif.

Dear Brother Dow:

Enclosed please find five dollars, one dollar and fifty cents for the Highway another year, and the balance for the Supplementary Fund.

I enjoy reading the Highway very much, and it has been a great help to me at the church that I am a member of out here in California, when I am asked to speak in the young people's meeting. The last paper that I received has a fine piece to read to the young people, the "Parable for Young People." That is a good thing for every one to read.

The beginning of another year still finds me anchored in Jesus and glad to know that there is nothing greater in this world than the salvation of one's soul.

I pray that more will take advantage of the blessed privilege while there is yet time.

A brother in Christ,

CLAUDE A. CRONKHITE

Fredericton, N. B.

Dear Highway:

We are very thankful to our heavenly Father for His gracious mercies and benefits received during the past year. We were kindly remembered by our friends far and near during the Christmas season. We received 150 greeting cards with other substantial gifts. At the close of the Sunday school entertainment held on the evening of Dec. 27th, Mr. C. N. Goodspeed, on behalf of the church and congregation, presented me with an envelope containing a nice sum of money. We tried to thank them for their thoughtfulness of us. We feel unworthy of all these blessings bestowed. We do not feel any disposition to lower the standard, but by the help of the Lord to keep it floating above the world, "Holiness unto the Lord." God bless you all, and may this be our very best year, 1941. Keep on praying.

Yours in Him,

P. J. TRAFTON

Norton, R. R. No. 1

Dear Homeland Friends:

We wish to express through the Highway our grateful thanks to the many friends who kindly sent us beautiful cards and gifts this

Christmas season. We deeply appreciate the loving thought and remembrances and wish you all a very Happy New Year with "the blessing of the Lord which maketh rich and He addeth no sorrow with it."

The old year was surely a very blessed one, and we have so much to praise God for. The new year will have many new experiences for us all but we have an unchanging God and our "hope as an anchor of the soul," so we can look into the future with faith and confidence. Praise the Lord!

Yet we do feel for the sorrowing world and those who suffer so deeply though we realize but faintly what they are passing through.

We are very grateful for the good home we have with Mrs. Hayes and are very happy here. We find the people most kind and they have remembered us so kindly at this Christmas season, both in Norton and Mercer Settlement.

Icy roads and sickness have kept a good many of us housed for the last two weeks, but we have got out again and His blessing attends our pathway.

Yours in His will,

HELEN AND ALICE STERRITT

Saint John, N. B.

Dear Highway Readers:

We have been slow in getting our letter in—usually we write for the 1st issue in January, but better late than never.

First of all we want to say we are enjoying God's blessing on our souls. His presence is very real, and we never felt more determined to be true to the cause of holiness than now. If ever God's children needed to have faith in Him, and needed to pray and talk and act as if they did, it is in these days. In spite of the fact we believe we are living in the days when there is a great falling away and many departing from the faith, and allowing their cares, their problems, their families and their interest in worldly things to draw them away from God. Praise His name. There are those who are keeping true to the principals of the Gospel of Christ, and who intend by the grace given unto them, to go through on Holiness lines.

We were very generously remembered at Christmas time by our church members and friends, both of Saint John and Greys Mills. Numerous gifts came to us for each member of the family, also money amounting to \$25.00 from various ones of both churches. God bless each one and help us to give of our best to them in return. Over 100 greeting cards came from old and new friends. We had a fine Christmas service, also a watch night service. Mrs. Owens spent New Years with her parents in Nova Scotia, who were both sick with flu. Mr. Mullen is gaining very slowly.

There has been a great deal of sickness among our people, and congregations during the epidemic were small, but the Lord always meets with us, and assures us of His presence. One soul was saved recently. She said she had been a church member for some time, but never knew of the Lord. She prayed through at the parsonage. We see other signs of encouragement. Some are hungry that we have been calling on and praying with in their homes. We are looking forward to and believing God for a revival. He is able, when we are willing to pay the price.

May God bless all the brethren who are engaged in special effort at this time, and may they see their hearts' desire in many souls seeking the Lord.

Yours in the work,

ARTHUR AND HAZEL OWENS

## MINISTER FOR THE TIMES

## III.

"Loss of all things"—Phil. iii, 8

The minister for the times is an unworldly man. Dedicated to Jesus, he has, of course, renounced the pomp and glory of this transient world. It enchanted him once,—rising to his vision in all the fascination of brilliant promise, joyous hope, and transcendent beauty. Here was his heaven—the desire of his heart—the idol of his being. In his dream, he forgot that life is a vapour—that time is a span—that beauty and music die—that heaven is all. It is different now. He is transformed in the spirit of his mind. God has met him and touched him. Boundless grace, employing one or another instrumentality, has renewed him. A kind and gentle baptism, like the shower of softest dew, may have fallen upon him; or, more likely, his heart was crushed by disappointment,—earth became suddenly wrapped in gloom,—he turned away, burdened, and weary, and sick, and gave his mortal interest up, and died to earth, and lived henceforth to heaven. The change was complete, and his treasure is no longer on earth, nor his affections or his hopes. Now he is a stranger and a pilgrim. He is passing, and his home is away in heaven. He meddles not with earthly riches or gain. His desires for fame are crucified. Even his hopes of renown as a Christian and Christian minister, are dismissed. He has set himself as steel against every alluring influence breathed over him, and by which so many beautiful lights have become quenched forever. He receives the great grace, that causes to perish out of his heart the last lingerings of worldliness. Living in the world, he yet lives about it,—treading beneath his feet its pleasures and its prospects. What things were gain to him, those he counts loss for Christ;—yea, doubtless, he counts all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord. The position of this minister relatively to this world and its attractions, is very much as we might imagine would be that of an angel spirit who might be deputed to reside here, for a time, on some mission of heavenly mercy. That celestial being, we might suppose, would hasten to accomplish his work. While here, he would feel himself abroad in a foreign and stormy world. He would seek no connection with earth, other than what might be necessary for the fulfilment of his mission. He would no more think of becoming wedded to this scene of things, than would the weeping exile dream of an attachment to the wild and frightful wilderness where, far from his native home, he roams forlorn. Fading and empty must appear such a world to the visitant from above, and he would long to finish his work, that he might hasten away to mingle in the far more lovely and desirable scenes of his heavenly home.

Thus the minister for the times. A great and solemn work is before him on earth. He retires presently. The world above waits, with its exceeding rewards, for his coming. He relinquishes earth.