

CORRESPONDENCE

Moncton, N. B.

Dear Highway Friends:

Greetings in the name of our Lord. Perhaps it would be in order if I give a report of my stay in Bristol, N. B. I went there with plans to stay only during the special effort, but remained for nine weeks, leaving then to come to Moncton, where I expect to spend an indefinite time with my sister, Mrs. Milton Steeves.

We were conscious of the presence and help of the Lord from the beginning of the meetings in Bristol. Sister Rogers and myself began children's meetings the first Saturday we were there. The meeting was not well advertised and only two children were there. But the next one found eight present and the number increased until there were as many as seventeen. The children were very interested and attentive as we taught them choruses and lessons from the Word of God, trying to make the way of salvation practical and simple to them. We pray that these meetings will help the children to accept the Lord Jesus as their personal Saviour early in life and thus be saved many regrets as they face the temptations of the day. Sister Deplissey plans to continue these children's meetings each Saturday afternoon in her own home.

The prayer meetings were an encouraging product of the campaign. These have been held weekly in the different homes. I felt blessed in leading these services. The Lord's presence was near and all who attended seemed helped. I believe Brother Hilyard, of Perth, plans to conduct them as they continue. The people enjoyed Brother Hilyard's messages both Sunday afternoons he preached in the Hall. I tried to bring messages from God's word the three successive Sunday evenings there. The number present was small, but those that came were a blessing to the service as they testified at the close.

The meetings in the Hall will be discontinued due to the inconvenience of heating it in cold weather.

During our stay in Bristol we found the people very kind, inviting us to their homes for meals, and helping in different ways. At time of leaving, friends gave me a good number of very useful gifts. I appreciated these expressions of love, and will, by God's help, try to be worthy of their confidence and appreciation.

I shall not soon forget the kindness shown toward me during my stay in the home of Brother and Sister Deplissey. They set a good example of those who are willing to inconvenience themselves and sacrifice for the sake of God's cause.

May God bless His people all over the earth and help us to be prepared to live, and if need be, to die for the Faith!

Yours, seeking His Will,

THELMA ROSE

Amherst, N. S.

Dear Highway Friends:

The words that I have been thinking on these days are: "The Lord is not slack concerning His promise as some men count slackness, but is long-suffering to us-ward." 2 Peter 3:9. Even though the battle is a rugged one, we believe a great work is being wrought here in Amherst and expect greater things of Him because faith is increased by battles that have been fought and victories won. The devil may do his best to bring isms and

heresies to try and deceive the people, yet if we have the faith of God we shall say to this mountain: "Remove hence to yonder place." Matt. 17:20, and that barrier will be removed.

Our people are very good to us and we have grown to love them for their determination to see things through for God. We were favored by a surprise donation last evening when a number of our church members and friends gathered at the parsonage for an enjoyable evening. The time was spent in the singing of the songs of Zion and a talk on the Word of God. Lunch was served and we closed with prayer, thanking God for the splendid way in which our people have helped to make it as well with us as it is. O, we have so much to thank God for. Praise His dear name! May we never forget the goodness of our God as so many do these days.

An expression of thanks is given to all for their prayers, cards and contributions during Mrs. Marston's illness. God has certainly provided in a marvelous way according to Phil. 4:19. Thanks be to God who knows and understands our each and every need. Do pray for us.

Yours for holiness,

D. W. MARSTON

Alexander, Maine

Dear Brother Dow:

Inclosed please find renewal of Highway and 50 cents for Supplementary Fund.

I enjoy your paper very much and wouldn't like to do without it now.

I am thankful today for salvation and glad to report victory in my soul.

Sincerely,

GLADYS CROFT

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

By Edmund Smith

If you would keep the vision clear, then have a heart true and sincere;

Search well the hidden motives deep, where conscience has her judgment seat.

If you will keep the record true, nothing of harm can come to you.

* * * *

You think you were born for something great, And for its coming you sit and wait;

Dreaming doth fill your idle day;

The great things passed another way.

If you'd live more nobly than many kings,

You must see the greatness of little things.

* * * *

When I died out to proud Ambition's sway, Contentment placed her crown upon my heart.

She scattered flowers along a shining way.

And took from disappointment all the smart.

I waited God to straighten out the things

That would have crushed my spirit to the earth.

Lo! for my weary feet He gave me wings,

Turned sorrow's woe to gladness and to mirth.

Contingent to God's will I make my plans;

Content to know "My Times are in His hands."

* * * *

There is an old tree called the mift tree

With its branches spread high and wide.

Sometimes you may spy on his branches so high

Those who have been stung in their pride. They refuse to come down but just sit and frown,

Or put their heads under the wing; If they e'er sing a song they get the tune wrong,

In a minor cord always they sing.

"They ignored me," you say, "and would not let me play

On the board or the programme they made."

O be big and come down and you'll own the town,

Why sit in the dark sombre shade?

The sunlight is best; there's where you'll get blessed;

God will notice you if you are true.

Pitch in where you can though small folks lead the van,

God will give double rations to you.

When I had self-pity all things seemed to go wrong;

I had plenty of grumble but little of song.

My troubles were written all over my face—

A poor advertisement for God and His grace.

The food that I ate did me little good;

My prayers and my preaching all sounded like wood;

For folks didn't pity me—not as they should.

When I told them my troubles this I seemed to hear;

"My troubles are worse; grin and bear it, my dear."

Why couldn't they see what a fix I was in;

The way that they used me was surely a sin.

They could laugh, sing and shout while I had to moan;

And I cried, "O your hearts are as hard as a stone;

If you had perfect love, you would show me its charms

By carrying me and my load in your arms.

When you see me so wretched and see me so sad,

It would help me a lot, if you'd say "that's too bad."

But your seeming indifference, well—almost makes me mad.

So I really ran down both in body and soul, And I longed for a doctor that could make me whole;

But medical doctors to me seemed but quacks, So I gave them the go-by and these are the facts;

I sought Doctor Jesus and he looked me through;

He said, sir, I know what's the matter with you.

So He mixed up a bottle without any haste; He said, "if you'll take it—it may seem bad to the taste—

But it will cure your disease and not leave a trace.

Fifty parts of repentance I put in this vial; It surely will work if you give it a trial.

There's confession, surrender and death to all sin;

Especially self-pity all these I've put in. Take it early at morning, at noontide and night,

And perhaps through the day when things don't seem to be right."

Well, I took the mixture; it first tasted bad; But when it was down I began to feel glad;

And e'er it was gone I was in a new day, For carnal self-pity had vanished away.

The church membership of Washington, D. C., is approximately 270,000—80,000 Catholics; 90,000 colored membership, mostly Baptists and Methodists; a Protestant membership of 150,000.—United Presbyterian.