

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Editor: Rockport, Mass.

I'm enclosing (\$5.00) five dollars. Please renew the "King's Highway" Balance for the Supplementary Fund.

The blessed Lord has been so kind to us these past months, since the home-going of our dear daughter.

He has helped us wonderfully through this great sorrow.

Jesus is our help in every need, so very near and dear is He. My heart goes out for other troubled souls.

May God's richest blessings be upon all of His dear children.

MRS. ANNIE B. SEAVEY

Head of Millstream,
Kings Co., N. B.

Dear Highway Readers:

Though you have read that special services were held here, doubtless some of you would be interested to hear a bit more about the Lord's goodness to us.

It was a busy time of hay-making and harvesting, yet the Lord drew a good many to His house and the services were greatly enjoyed.

Rev. C. H. and Mrs. Brown gave themselves whole-heartedly into the meeting, and the ministry of the Word was very refreshing, also their ministry of music and song. The blood of Jesus was continually exalted as the perfect remedy for sin, and the sanctified life as the standard for Christian living, by the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, and Christ was lifted up as a Physician for soul and body.

We rejoice over the happy conversion of three fine young sisters and a husband who returned to the Father's house, and for others who were definitely helped. Several were touched in body as well as in soul, and we praise God for all that was done, and are encouraged by the bright faces and testimonies of these new ones in our weekly prayer meeting. We are still praying for others whose hearts were softened during the services but who did not yield to God at that time.

We so much enjoyed the presence of Brother and Sister Brown in our home, and thank God for sending them this way. Their fellowship in Spirit and in prayer was a real uplift, and we wish they could have stayed longer. We feel that they left a trail of blessing behind them and may God bless them as they journey on to the Bahamas.

The meetings seemed a special token of God's interest in this place as it was not a planned one—He brought it about, and we are looking to Him for His continued favor and blessing in the days to come. Pray for us.

Yours happy in His will,

ALICE F. STERRITT

THE SURE WAY TO A REVIVAL

All great soul-winners have been men and women of prayer. I have known nearly all the great evangelists of this generation, and many of the last. All were men of intense prayer.

One man moved my soul tremendously when I was a young, unconverted journalist. He was staying with a Presbyterian minister, and I said, "I would like to see Mr. So-and-So." The minister spoke of him with awe in his voice and something wonderful in his

face, and said, "I have never had such a man live in my house. I do not know when he sleeps. When I go to his room at night to see if he is comfortable, he is in prayer. I saw him go into the church early this morning, and he has not been home for meals."

I found the church * * * I crept in lest I would disturb him. It was in the tropics of Australia. I found him divested of his coat and collar. He lay prostrate at the communion rail. I could hear the agony of his voice and the tears in his voice as he pleaded with God for that great gold mining city that he might lead souls to God. He had been praying all night. And he had fasted and prayed all day.

I crept up to where he lay. I knelt by his prostrate form and put my hand on his shoulder and it was wet with sweat. He had never seen me before but he looked up for a moment and said, "Pray with me, brother. I cannot live if this town does not turn to God." He had been there about three weeks without conversions. * * * I knelt with him and prayed with him and he opened his heart to God and pleaded as I never heard a man plead. I went back to my office awed, humbled, trembling. * * *

That night I went to the great church where he preached. No one knew he had had no food all day, and no sleep the night before. But when he rose in the church I heard several say: "What an unearthly light is on his face." It is true he was a great Bible teacher, but not an evangelist, but that night as he preached, something happened, and the whole place broke beneath the power of God. That was the first great ingathering of souls I had ever witnessed.—Lionel Fletcher, in *The Flame*.

A HAPPY MEETING

Robert Moffat, the missionary to Africa, on one of his visits to his native country, had been engaged in a missionary service in the north of England, and was invited to stop for the night in the home of a friend. Here he met an aged minister named Caldwell. In the course of the conversation, Moffat referred to his mother, for whom he entertained the most devout regard.

Mr. Caldwell, whom Moffat did not know, not even his name, mentioned that he perceived that he was a Scotchman.

"Yes," said the missionary, "the scenes of my boyhood and youth in my native land are very dear to my memory. I often think of them when far away among the heathen. I often think of my excellent mother leading me, when a little fellow, to the old meeting house to hear an excellent minister whose name was Caldwell." He then spoke with enthusiasm of his mother, of the minister, and of the impressions he had received then and there.

The venerable listener rose up, with the tears coursing down his cheeks, and exclaimed: "Can it be? Are you little Bobbie Moffat? Is Moffat, the missionary, the little fellow whom his mother used to lead to my meeting house in Falkirk when I was a minister there many years ago?"

The mutual recognition, the embrace, the rapture may be better conceived than described. The venerable Caldwell had not, till then, identified the little boy with the man who had done so much for Africa.

May there not be many such surprises in store for workers when they enter into their rest in Heaven? We are favored even now to

enjoy some instances of his happy nature; but what will be the unfolding of the pages of our life history in the perfect light of eternity? Christian worker, faint not, even in the darkest hour of discouragement. The wintry days and stormy nights will soon pass away; and then will come the reward of labor with eternal peace and rest.—Sel.

THE REVIVAL NEEDED

If God should let a red-hot, sanctified John Brown sort of man burst upon society—a man that would strike as much terror to the dead pulpits of the church as to the dens of iniquity—it would be the thing we need. In the revival I mean, the carnal is never repressed under borrowed garments, but torn out root and branch; a revival in which no one ever rises for prayer, but where people fall and pray for themselves, and weep and mourn and make the doctor think they are insane; a revival that will make preachers forget their manuscripts and burst out and weep in the pulpit; a cyclone of mysterious Omnipresence that, when it strikes a church or a community, will make the people awfully mad or awfully happy.

I declare in the presence of God and His hosts, I am ready for just such a moral scene. Nothing is so alarming as the utter absence of alarm in the churches. Nothing is so dreadfully terrific, in my mind, as that sinners have no terror! O that God would so baptize with fire a thousand people as to render them incomprehensible amazements of power! O for a few men so dead to all things but God, and so filled with Him as to make them more than a match for the rest of Mankind. O Thou Triune God of Sinai, Calvary, and Pentecost! Art Thou not nursing under the horizon the lightning and thunder and rain of an amazing Holiness revival? Lord, let it come! Let it strike our nation, though it may blow the steeples of our abominable church pride in the dust; though it thrust our philanthropic fairs and festivals in the gutters; though it should confound all the wise ones and be understood by no one but Thy Divine Self—let it come! Thou art the Master of Thine own tempests. O send us a storm from the Holy Ghost before Thou sendest the storm of Judgment.—Sel.

PERSONAL SOUL-WINNING

Word has reached us from two churches that they are planning a personal soul-winning campaign. This will be your greatest delight, you will find. Actually this is one of the most workable ideas that ever grasped a church. If it were not so the Lord would not have planned it for His church 2,000 years ago. We welcome the return of the early church methods to our congregations. This the Holy Spirit will definitely bless and use. If we can't get the lost man within hearing distance of the Christian message, we must get the Christian message within hearing distance of the lost man. He can hear it in his home, and if you think enough of it and of him to take it there in the spirit of an eternal mission, he will be impressed with your love for your Lord. Soul-winning is not a theory. It is the first and best way our Lord could discover to save men and women from hell. It has never been improved nor a worthy substitute found.—Brethren Evangelist.