

CORRESPONDENCE

Woodstock, N. B.

Dear Highway:

New Year's Greetings.

Although I am late in sending my thanks to the Highway family for the many lovely cards I received, as well as letters from dear friends, I am truly grateful for them all.

They brought cheer to me and pleasant memories of the times we had mingled in their homes at Christmas. I had many little surprises of gifts of fruit and all kinds of Christmas treat that help to make the holiday season pleasant. I got over a hundred cards, and I appreciate them all and I really felt that God was comforting me by these tokens of thoughtfulness.

The year that has passed has been one of great suffering and sorrow to many, and yet God comforts. His children and we can trust him to carry us through whatever may be in the future.

I enjoyed the last Highway so much and the letters from our pastors and wives were encouraging as were the letters from our dear missionaries. The editorial from our editor should cause us all to see our need and show us how we can help on the work of God; we are all anxious for a revival in the churches, so let us look to God as never before in these strenuous times.

We thank God that He has preserved little groups of people who still hold the old time way of repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. And the result is pardon and joy of sins forgiven and the witness that they are sons and daughters of a Heavenly Father. I feel to praise God these days for His many blessings to me, as I am able to get to Church Sunday mornings through the kindness of a neighbor, and our pastor gives us good sermons, so we can say with the Psalmist: "Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life." Again I thank you and may we each live the year 1943 with the blessing of God upon us.

With love,

MRS. S. A. BAKER

Dear Friends of the Highway Family:

I am writing just a few words to say that God is still my refuge and strength, and I find Him more precious as the years go by. I often think of the old friends, and I would like to meet you all at some old-fashioned convention, but do not know as I will be able to do that, but expect there will be a great meeting some day. Praise His name.

Your sister in Christ,

MRS. SUSAN VARNEY,
144 Ocean Ave.,
Pawtucket, R. I.

Lincoln, Maine

To the Editor of The King's Highway:

Greetings to all the children of the Heavenly King.

These are days of hurried and varied changes, but to those who know the Lord Jesus. He is so very precious. Over and over again in facing the problems of life, I have found that Jesus never fails.

Last Sunday was one of rich blessing, somehow, no doubt because it was the 52nd anniversary of my being buried with the Lord in baptism. It always seems so wonderful to me when it comes on Sunday and I am preaching. How little I knew, then, as a child the leading

of my Lord, and am glad that I surrendered all, to follow Jesus. Sorry? Oh, no! For

"Back to this old world I would not go;

Back to the old world of sin, oh, no,

I've had a vision of Jesus."

I regret delaying the renewal of my paper these few months, but every day seems to be full. I have four preaching stations, in formerly neglected fields, where the Lord has graciously blessed in giving us a few souls, and we are praying for more.

Since war was declared, by the invasion of Pearl Harbor, I have organized five White Cross Mission Circles for each week. We meet and after prayer for our soldiers and missionaries in the war-torn world, we then make bandages, etc., or remodel clothing for the people who are wandering about as refugees. It is about 60 miles over my field and I'm quite weary at night, but have a glow in my heart that comes through helping others.

As I am unsalaried, some of my friends ask me how I live and I just say, "Oh, in Hebrews 11"—it's a grand place to live. God is faithful who has promised, and He does supply our greatest needs.

My father, with whom I live, is past 88 years, but strong in faith and we have blessed times of refreshing at the family altar.

May the Lord bless you all, and keep us faithful at our appointed task, until His blessed return.

Yours in Christian fellowship,

(Rev.) VIOLET GREENLAW BAGLEY

Millinocket, Me.

Dear Highway Friends:

I thought I would write a few lines to let you know that I am still going along in the Way. I feel well only I am very lonely. I am able to get out. I would like to see and hear from you all. I often think about the good times we had in Hartland, N. B., the way the good Lord blessed us and kept us in the Way.

Your friend in love,

A. R. CRAIG

Saint John, N. B.

Dear Highway Readers:

We are late with our letter this year, thanking all who remembered us so generously at Christmas time with cards, personal gifts and cash.

Our people here were very thoughtful and as a result, we are enjoying a new book-case and writing desk, purchased with the money given by members and friends of the Saint John, and Grey's Mills church. May God richly reward them for their kindness. We have had sickness continually since the first of the New Year, but are all on the road to recovery now.

We praise God for His rich blessings on our souls, and only want to be used in a greater way for His glory.

REV. & MRS. J. A. OWENS

North Head

Dear Highway Friends:

Another church year is rapidly slipping away, and we want to leave a few lines along with others to express our deep gratitude to our heavenly Father for His many blessings bestowed upon us, as we have labored with our good people here for another year.

We can humbly say this has been the best year of our ministry here, including the Xmas season, when we were again remembered with a good purse and many personal gifts and also cards from far and wide for which we say: Thank you, and God bless you.

Our revival meetings with Lic. W. H.

Mullen have just come to a close, running four weeks, five Sundays, with real out-pourings from God from time to time. A blessed spirit prevailed in every service, and quite a number prayed through, some to be reclaimed and others for sanctification. Our brother surely proved his ability, both in preaching the old-fashioned gospel, and in singing and playing with guitar accompaniment. The attendance was the best we've ever had in special meetings and Brother Mullen's sweet humble spirit surely won the hearts of the people. As a result we feel the whole church has been greatly blessed and drawn closer together. Brother Mullen leaves here this week for Seal Cove to assist with the music there until Feb. 28th, after which he will be open for a call as evangelist, and we can truly recommend him as an asset to our work with his messages, music and burden for souls.

May God bless all our Highway readers and give us constant victory.

Yours in His Service,

G. A. & MRS. DeLONG

TO THY KNEES, O ZION!

Go to thy knees, O Zion!

For perilous times are here;

Go to thy closet, crying

To God alone, in prayer.

For some the old landmarks are leaving,

To travel the modern way;

Deceived are they, and deceiving—

I beg thee, O Zion, pray!

Go to thy knees, O Zion!

Thy God shall meet thee there.

Go! Though Satan be trying

To hinder and keep thee from prayer;

For those whom the devil has taken

And started on the road to despair,

Have first their closets forsaken,

And left off their secret prayer.

Go to thy knees, O Zion!

Thou needest reviving so much;

And on thee the lost are relying—

Responsible thou art for such!

It is only through thee, O Zion,

That the sinner can find the Lord;

Then how canst thou hear his crying,

And not pray oft to thy God?

'Tis "Woe unto them," O Zion,

Who are now at ease in thee.

While millions of souls are dying,

Canst thou contented be?

When thou, in thy tears, travailest,

Then children will be given;

Thy God, who true prayer hearest,

Will answer thee from Heaven.

Of all thy plans, O Zion,

Which thou couldst henceforth make,

Or all thy desperate trying

Will be but a sad mistake

If thou shouldst leave off praying—

For praying must be done;

And until ye stop delaying,

Revival will not come.

Awake, awake, O Zion!

Arise, put on thy strength!

Go to thy closets crying,

And tarry there, ye saints;

Then God will truly answer—

Revival fires will fall.

One day we'll see and praise Him,

And "crown Him Lord of all." —Sel.

The man who never makes a mistake loses a great chance to learn something.