

**CORRESPONDENCE**  
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fifty-five dollars worth of paint and paper on the parsonage, which was greatly appreciated by us, and also repairs were made on the outside, which has made it much brighter and warmer to begin the winter months.

Thinking this to be the extent of their thoughtfulness for this fall, we were more than surprised one evening when about forty people, young and old, arrived at the parsonage, and after a blessed evening of fellowship and song, we were presented with a generous purse as a welcoming gift, after which a delicious lunch was served.

Once again words failed us as we tried to thank our Heavenly Father for His goodness.

Then in September our Y. P.'s Rally was all that Brother Mullen reported it to be, and more as he was not privileged to attend the last service which climaxed with a gracious altar service, after which testimony and song could be heard until a late hour, reminding us of camp meeting over again.

On Nov. 14th, our revival services began with Rev. H. R. Whiting, Meaford, Ont., as evangelist, and truly every one felt from the very first service that God was in our midst in an old-fashioned way, as four souls prayed through to victory that night, and throughout the entire meetings there were few services without seekers, and gracious after-services, where weeping and shouting manifested the blessed presence of the Holy Spirit.

In addition to the souls God gave us, and the help our church received, two young women received calls to special work, and a young man announced his call to the ministry. This also brought great blessing on the saints, and needless to say, rejoiced the pastor's heart.

Brother Whiting is truly a man of God, with great feeling and power in his messages. His personality won the hearts of the church, as a whole, and we feel to thank God again for sending him our way, and only pray God these days to make us worthy of these good people, and by His Grace and power be a true Shepherd of His flock. Pray for us that others who are still under conviction may yield to Him.

Wishing you all as happy a New Year as possible in these perilous times.

Yours for souls,  
REV. G. A. & MRS. DeLONG

Island Falls, Me.

Dear Highway:

After a long silence we wish to bring greetings to your readers and join with them in thankfulness to our Heavenly Father for the extended mercies and blessings of which we have so many.

God has been so kind, giving abundant harvests to satisfy not only our needs but to assist in supplying the needs of the less fortunate in the world at large. How appreciative we ought to be that we are privileged to make contributions of goods and money when our fellowmen are in dire need—as so many are in Europe today, and especially as the winter season approaches.

God not only supplies the temporal needs, but has planned for the Spiritual needs as well, saying in His Word, that He will supply ALL your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

As a people we have enjoyed two good Camp Meetings this past summer, and revival services and quarterly meetings have charac-

terized the Autumn season. How we should be grateful to have accorded to us the privilege of being co-laborers with Him in the spread of the gospel of His Son.

We greatly enjoyed the ministry of Rev. H. C. Mullen as he labored with us in revival effort from Nov. 7th to the 19th.

The people of God were greatly blessed and edified by the ministry of this good preacher. The truth that saves and edifies was presented clearly and forcefully and blessed of its Author.

The people of both Belvidere and Crystal attended the services and we feel assured, from the interest manifested by the congregation, that the evangelist's message was well received and further ministry will be better appreciated, for, in Thy light shall we see light.

Since November 26th we have been assisting in special services at Crawford, Maine, where we greatly enjoyed assisting the faithful pastor and meeting His good people. May God richly bless them in the labors of love.

It has been our custom for many years to greet our many friends here and there, with cards at this season. This year, however, we wish to take this opportunity to extend to them by this form of greeting, our sincere and good wishes for "A Happy and Prosperous New Year."

May God bless all The Highway Family and grant us peace and joy in believing.

Yours in Christian love,

L. T. & MRS. SABINE

**BY THEIR FRUITS**

Freling Foster, writing in *Colliers*, says: "Bridge-table arguments have caused an annual average of five murders and about 500 divorces in this country for years." According to our information bridge is that mild little card game played by church members and refined ladies on pleasant occasions. The betting on bridge is likely to be in smaller amounts. The really "manly" card game, we assume, is poker. Here the betting is bigger, the money is in larger amounts, and the murders are multiplied.

Also try the dance by its fruits: fallen girls, divorces, wrecked homes, children thrust out upon a cold world when they need parental care are among its progeny.

Try the movie. Do not ask this editor. He is prejudiced. But ask the juvenile judge, the keeper of the reformatory, the head of the Department of Justice of the United States. From these you will find that this institution is a promoter of juvenile delinquency in general, theft, holdups, drinking, smoking, immorality, and murder in particular.

"By their fruits ye shall know them."—Sel.

"Our life is a dream: Our time, as a stream,  
Glides swiftly away,

And the fugitive moment refuses to stay,

The arrow is flown—the moment is gone:

The millennial year

Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here."

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

—Shakespeare

"I would be always in the thick of life,  
Threading its mazes, sharing its strife,

Yet—somehow singing!" —Montgomery

**THE NEW YEAR DAWNS**

J. Gilbert Mortimer

The new year dawns, the last is gone;  
And farther still the other years  
Are disappearing, but upon  
This year we cast our hopes and fears.

I know not what the future holds;  
It now enshrouds a mystery;  
But as the days and weeks unfold,  
I'll know what it withheld from me.

A year's full days are now at hand,  
And on its verge we now await;  
We have each day at our command;  
One day misused can seal our fate.

The greatest precept I have learned,  
From other days mixed with neglect;  
Was that the credit I had earned,  
I gained by winning men's respect.

We have these lessons of the past  
At hand for use to make this year,  
The best of years that has been cast;  
So let us say, "Our day is here."

**NEW YEAR'S EVE**

Ring out wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying clouds the frosty light;  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new;  
Ring happy bells, across the snow;  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right;  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free;  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land;  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—Alfred Tennyson

**DAVID LIVINGSTONE'S PRAYER**

It was David Livingstone's habit every birthday to write a prayer. On the next to the last birthday of all, this was his prayer: "O Divine One! I have not loved Thee earnestly, deeply, sincerely enough. Grant, I pray Thee, that before this year is ended I may have finished my task." Says R. E. Speer: "It was just on the threshold of the year that followed that his faithful men, as they looked into the hut at Ilola, while the rain dripped from the eaves, saw their master dead on his knees beside his bed, in the attitude of prayer."—Selected.