

course. He had preached several days in Boston and even though indisposed physically, journeyed to Exeter, New Hampshire, where he preached for two hours in the open air. Going from there to Newburyport, he intended to preach next morning, but before the day had hardly dawned, this man who had crossed the Atlantic thirteen times, went to be with God, September 30, 1770, aged fifty-six.

Whitefield wrote no books, but he left behind him a record of indefatigable zeal, countless deeds of mercy, a thousand instances of Christian generosity, and most important of all, an immeasurable company of saints who first saw spiritual light through his ministry.

W. H. M.

CORRESPONDENCE

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"Dr. Rees makes me feel that I ought to go back to school and learn to preach all over again."

Some may be interested to know that I have taken a position on the maintenance staff in a "Home for Aged Men." We have more than thirty old men here—they call them boys. Most of them are very agreeable, but some seem full of the "Old Boy." We have a splendidly equipped place, all kept up to about summer heat by oil fuel. Rooms, lavatories, dining hall, library, reading room are all that could be desired.

We have Harvard graduates here; a former editor of a Boston paper, and men once prosperous in business; now they are glad to be cared for by this philanthropic institution which is heavily endowed. Four nurses care for those confined to their rooms. The men are clothed, and provided with some spending money, and alas! those who smoke get their rations of tobacco. We have one Scotch brother here who ran a mission for many years. After about every meal he goes to the piano and sings and plays salvation songs that ring all through the building.

We have joined a band of Crusaders for Christ. We go to missions and churches to give them a boost. We are free to preach and testify to the second work of grace. These are good days to my soul, and I never felt in better health in all my life. But I am on borrowed time, yet whether it be life or death the best is yet to come. God bless all the Highway family and may 1945 be the best year you have ever seen.

Yours for holiness,

W. EDMUND SMITH

Amherst, N. S.

Dear Friends:

Though late, I am sending everybody New Year greetings. Also thanks for the many lovely cards I received at Christmas. May the blessing of the Lord that "maketh rich and addeth no sorrow with it" be upon each one during this untried year.

How we need Him to keep us under the changing circumstances we pass through these days so we "shall not be moved" away from our own steadfastness.

Then, too, "ye are my witnesses saith the Lord." Let us, by His grace, measure up to all His requirements that by precept and example we may help those about us.

The milkman may need a word or two from God's Word. The groceryman is eager to serve us; let us be watchful to speak a word to him.

At every turn lie our opportunities. Who knows what a word might do? I read once, a servant girl while at work sweeping the door-steps, was singing a hymn. Her sweet voice floated into a room where a discouraged man was about to take his own life, "and end it all," but the words of that hymn which his mother used to sing when he was a boy, arrested him and led to his salvation.

There are so many we may pray for, lonely hearts, sorrowful ones. Prayers can bring God's blessing to them when we may not be able to reach them in any other way.

Think of me, on that line, friends. Mine are so far away, so busy on the vineyard, and there are so many heavy burdens for them too. The hot summer and no chance to go for a rest and change. Every hour of the day some one to help, to sew for, to feed, to extract a tooth or to bind up a burn. Ever and always the missionary gives out, of time, energy, sympathy and spiritual help.

For him or herself who helps them? We may do so, "by prayer and supplication let your requests be made known to God," etc.

Ours too, to ask for a revival for our work over there where the heathen are groping after God. Will we not begin now in this year, while it is young, and have a little prayer each day for the heathen? "Ask of me and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uppermost parts of the earth for thy possession." Ours for the asking.

Prayer is needed for our boys in the services. Pray we have and pray we do, but now let us ask God to prepare us to be spiritual, ready to help and to give them encouragement, when they return.

If we do these things "we shall be neither barren nor unfruitful."

Yours in Him,

MRS. H. C. SANDERS

Woodstock, N. B.,
Box 403

Dear Highway Friends:

Just two months ago we left the Head of Millstream where we spent three very happy, and we trust profitable years among the good people there. We certainly felt very much at home with them all, and we appreciate their kindness to us very much indeed during our stay there. They surely cared for us nicely.

The church gave us a surprise one evening shortly before we left, by gathering at the parsonage where a pleasant time was spent in talking and singing.

The ladies had brought refreshments which were enjoyed by all.

Before the farewell prayer they presented us with a purse of money, which we appreciated very much. We cannot forget the band of praying folks at this Church, and we still continue to pray for the work there, especially the young people of the church. We trust Brother Moses will be a real blessing to them in his ministry. At the present time we are very happy and comfortably settled for the winter at Woodstock in the home of Miss Flora Brown, as many of you know.

They are most kind to us and we are also enjoying meeting the church people here. We appreciate Brother Anderson's grand messages very much indeed.

The praying ones in the church are looking to the Lord and asking for a revival in their midst.

The week of prayer was a time of blessing to many in this town I believe. My sister joins me in thanking the many friends who re-

membered us so kindly at Christmas-time with beautiful cards and gifts. May the Lord bless you all.

Yours in Christian love,

HELEN M. STERRITT

Port Maitland, N. S.

Dear Highway Friends:

I have just received a letter from our missionary, Miss Crowell, who has reached Lisbon on her journey to Africa. She writes that her travel so far has been very pleasant, and expects to continue her journey soon. Miss Crowell has been fortunate in having other missionaries in company, and has received much kindness from clergymen stationed in Lisbon. We are glad to know that Sister Crowell is making such fine progress toward her chosen field of labor.

We have met up with many discouragements and barriers in our efforts to find sailing for Miss Crowell, but her presence in Africa will be a real asset to our work there. Let us remember her in prayer, as she takes up her duties as Supervisor of our Hospital work. It will not be easy, but Miss Crowell has won for herself an enviable record in her nursing career in this country, and we know she will prove equally efficient in Africa. There are other interests also that will prevent her from becoming homesick, but we refrain from speaking further on this subject at present.

I trust our readers will understand that it was quite impossible for us to write of Myra's sailing before. All the plans had to be made under wartime regulations, hence, the reason for the apparent secrecy.

Well, keep on keeping on.

Yours, happy in the Lord,

F. A. DUNLOP

Lorne Park College,

Port Credit, Ont.

I came to Lorne Park College Jan. 8th to further my education for the ministry. I am enjoying my studies, finding them very helpful. I also enjoy the Christian fellowship of faculty and student body. A fine spirit of co-operation pervaded and there is helpful study of the Word. The presence of God that is felt in the services. All these things tend to build up our Christian life, and a spirit of unity among the various denominations represented at the school. There is a fine revival spirit at the school. Young people are getting saved, backsliders restored, etc. Trust you will remember the school, mentioning it before the Throne, and that God will make us a blessing. We have the privilege of an appointment as evangelist, at one of the Free Methodist churches in Toronto for a two-weeks meeting, following Easter holiday.

Sister Thelma Rose is proving herself a real blessing, and one worthy of our highest esteem. May the power and presence of the Spirit be felt in each and everyone of us, pastor and people. God bless you.

Yours for souls,

H. O. McGEORGE

How can that family expect the blessing of God in which the worship of God is not daily maintained?

He knows, He loves, He cares—

Nothing this truth can dim —

He gives His very best to those

Who give their best to Him.

—Guide to Perfect Love