

pears that God is enlarging our borders.

The people seem glad to have us back and we trust that we will be better fitted for the work that lies before us, because of the change and rest that we had.

The young people have been having special cottage meetings, the past few weeks. I do pray that it will be a help and blessing to all.

School closes the end of next week for about ten days' holidays, so our children will all be home again. Harold is attending Piet Retief High School this year, the two younger boys are in Comondale.

I believe our Christmas mail has ended and we received about one hundred and thirty beautiful cards as well as letters, etc., and we want to again thank one and all for their tokens of good cheer and help. May God bless you and give you peace each day.

Yours, in His love

GLADYS KEIRSTEAD

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Highway Friends:

Salem, N. B.

Greetings in the Precious Name of our Blessed Redeemer.

May I take this opportunity to thank many friends for their kindness and cards, flowers and fruit sent to me while a patient in the Moncton City Hospital, and especially thank the pastor and his wife and the good people of the Reformed Baptist Church for all they did to make my stay in the hospital pleasant for me.

I am now on the road to recovery for which I am very thankful to God.

Yours in His service,

MRS. ORLAND BLACK

IS RELIGIOUS WORK DRAB? . . .

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." (Daniel 12:3).

There are minds which cannot easily conceive or readily understand the eagerness of those who, touched by the love of God, are willing to endure hardships and make sacrifices in order to better the condition of their fellow men.

Not long ago a friend asked the question, "Don't you find the work you are doing somewhat drab?" This man's question set me to musing, and before long a concourse of heroes and heroines of other days passed before my mind's vision, and I wondered what their answers might have been if such a question had been asked them. Did they find their work "drab"?

Among those whose experiences came to my mind was St. Paul. I thought of his long list of sufferings, despite which he carried his head proudly as he said, "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." And I seemed to hear him as he continued, "But God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."

Next I seemed to see that rollicking, care-free youth of Assissi, but he was now transformed. Instead of wearing princely apparel he was clothed in rough material tied around the waist with rope, he and his companions

subsisting on berries and whatever they could get, happily proclaiming over hill and dale the love of the Christ.

Wycliffe and Tyndale, too, came before me. I saw them busy with their Bible translations, and heard Tyndale saying, "Is there no place in England where I can translate the Bible?" That was just before he escaped to the continent to pursue his work. Luther, Melancthon and Zwingli were there, and I thought of the persecution and opposition they received. I seemed to see bold John Knox standing before the Queen uttering truths which made her tremble and caused tears to gush from her eyes.

In the group, too, were the three bishops with Cranmer holding his right hand in the fire—the hand that signed the papers of recantation, so that it should be burned first.

Then I seemed to hear Hooper praising God in the flames, and Ann Askew declaring her confidence in God in the presence of the stake. I could visualize John Bunyan in Bedford Jail enjoying, in spite of his bonds, a freedom unknown to his persecutors. He seemed actually to be joyful as he wrote his glorious allegory of the Christian warfare, which was destined to find its way into almost every Christian home.

Elliott and Brainerd, too, were there—they who had given themselves so unstintingly, braving winter's cold and summer's heat, the uncertainties and dangers of the lonely wilderness, for the spiritual welfare of the American Indians.

And there were others—the Wesleys, who traveled 250,000 miles up and down England and Ireland on horseback and on foot, in rain and sunshine, enduring great hardships to make the Gospel known. And Whitefield, who went up and down New England like a whirlwind to deliver the burning message; William Booth, gallantly defying tradition in order to carry the Gospel to the needy, working tirelessly among the debauched, the downtrodden and the poor, for their salvation.

The great host of Christian stalwarts of centuries gone were possessed of some impelling force which sprang from the Eternal God, causing them in a cheerful mood to face dangers and death unafraid, if by so doing mankind could be helped and God's name glorified.

It may be drab for the life-saving crews facing the angry billows on a stormy night to save the sinking vessel's crew, but there is joy in bringing to them deliverance. It may be drab work for firemen to crash into a burning building and face great dangers, but if they can rescue a single human life, they feel amply rewarded.

We are often called upon by the very nature of our work to do very disagreeable things. In following the Master's command we find ourselves coming into close contact with those who have little care for themselves, physically or spiritually. Is this drab work? Perhaps so, if one looks only at the means, and not at the objective. But it is joyful beyond description if one bears in mind what is being accomplished.

Persons engaged in work such as ours should not think of the disagreeableness of the task or the difficulties of the way—rather, they should remember that by their efforts a little child is placed in the path of righteousness, a young man or woman is saved from the pitfalls of sin, a life is rescued from despair, a drunkard is made into a sober man, a home is brightened by the incoming of the

Prince of Peace.

Drab? I think not. Our God-given work is filled with all the beautiful colors of the rainbow. Our task is sublime—because it is divine! —Holiness Christian Messenger.

MY CALL TO PREACH

Rev. Simon Hilyard

God said to me while I was on my knees, just a new-born happy convert: "I want you to go to Dennysville (Maine) and preach the Gospel." I said, "Lord, this fall when the factory closes and I lay up my boat for the winter I will go." When fall came and I laid the boat up for the winter, instead of going to Dennysville, I took my wife and went to St. John, N. B. to visit her folk. God punished me all the time I was there. Let me say here when I came to myself the night I was saved, my father, mother, wife and sister were all at the altar. I came back from St. John, left my wife at my father's and started for Dennysville. Mr. Moses (Rev. Thomas Moses) was preaching at Pembroke, so I stayed there a few days. Then I borrowed a horse and drove to Dennysville. As I drove through East Dennysville, I came to a white school house, and God said: "This is where I want you to preach." I went on to the main village and gained permission from the school agent to use the school building, came back and announced a meeting for the next night, and took the team home. Mr. Moses said, "Where have you been?" When I told him, he said, "Who will preach?" I said, "I suppose I will have to." I went the next night and the school building was filled. I went in trembling, but determined to obey God. I got behind the desk and opened the "Good News in Song" hymn book to the hymn, "I've anchored my soul in the Haven of Rest," and broke down and wept. After a time I got hold of myself and told the folks I had read what that hymn said, and told them how I had been saved and of God's direction to come there, and without any scripture reading, prayer or anything, I asked if there was any one wanted the same experience. Fourteen people rose to their feet. I closed the meeting and said there will be a meeting here tomorrow night, and returned to where Brother Moses was staying.

I told him how the meeting turned out and he said: "I'll go and preach for you tomorrow night." I said, "No. God has shown me I am on the right line." So I went back, and before the meetings were over I baptized over fifty converts. These went to the woods, got out the lumber and built a church. In the spring the man whom I had boated sardine freight for was calling for me, so I got a passage down the river to North Lubec and on my way I said: "Now, Lord, if you want me to keep on I must settle it now; when I get up to the main road, if there is a man there in the road and he asks if I want to sell my boat, I will know what to do." When I got to the road a man was there and the first thing he said was: "Sim, do you want to sell your boat?" I was stunned for a minute. Then I said, "Thank you, Lord," and to the man, "Yes, I will sell it." He agreed to the price and that ended my boating, and although I felt my own inefficiency and unworthiness, I never once doubted my call. And how many times I have thanked Him for giving me the privilege to preach His wonderful full salvation and for the large degree of success He gave me during the many pastorates I filled and also as evangelist. For all of this I have been very grateful.