

### MINISTERS AND CHURCHES

The address of Associate Editor, Rev. W. E. Smith, is now 42 Meacham Road, West Somerville, Mass.

Rev. N. E. and Mrs. Trafton will conduct special services in our church at Woodstock, N. B., Nov. 24th—Dec. 8th. The meeting is being sponsored by our Bible Institute.

Rev. F. A. Dunlop will assist Rev. F. A. Anderson and our church at Beals, Maine, in a revival campaign beginning Nov. 25th.

Rev. P. J. Trafton preached in our church at Fredericton at both services Sunday, Oct. 27th, supplying for the pastor, Rev. H. E. Mullen.

### SUPPLEMENTARY FUND

Lic. Clayton Alley .....	\$1.50
Mrs. Myrton Brownell.....	.75
Miss Helen McKim.....	.50

### HOME MISSION FUND

Jennie Bradley .....	\$10.00
William Morgan, jr. ....	100.00
Moses Hillman .....	25.00
Westchester Church .....	25.00

May the Lord bless each giver.

G. R. SYMONDS, Treasurer

### ONLY SIX WEEKS LEFT

In the "New Subscription Campaign" for this year. We have received a good number of new subscriptions but hope that many more will reach us before December 31st.

Remember, an award of a trip to next year's Youth Camp, with all expenses paid, will be given the young person sending the largest number of subscriptions.

### NOTICE

The Bible School is in immediate need of a maid. Would any person interested in the job or anyone who knows of someone who might be available, please write

RALPH INGERSOLL,  
Holiness Bible Institute,  
Woodstock, N. B.

### IN APPRECIATION

Dear Highway Readers:

We want to take this opportunity to thank all those that have remembered us in this sad time in the loss of our loved one.

We do so appreciate the kindness of friends in sending letters, cards and gifts of money to us, and not the least is the prayers of the saints that has helped us so much. May God richly reward you all for your kindness to us in this time when it meant so much to us.

REV. H. E. MULLEN and FAMILY.

### WE HAVE MORE APOLOGISTS THAN APOSTLES

Sometimes I have thought that the most unappreciated man on earth is a Pullman porter who must go down that mahogany lane in early morning to awaken passengers who are in no mood to be aroused. But this business of rousing people is a thankless job whether it apply to a Pullman porter or to a minister of the Gospel. Too many Christians come to church on Sunday to rest at ease in Zion and across their faces one seems to see as upon hotel room doors, "Please Do Not Disturb!"

It is not enough to be orthodox. We must awaken to action. We have more apologists than apostles. Too many fundamentalists are sound—sound asleep! We have the facts but not the fire. If we had as much vitality as we have had vocality, we would have set the world on fire long ago. We have talked much farther along than we have walked. We need to let our feet catch up with our tongues. We defend the Truth but we do not live the Truth. We ponder it instead of proving it. We preach a dynamite Gospel but we live firecracker lives. The power of the Spirit is not a sedative but a stimulant.

Said an infidel lawyer to a young preacher, "If I believed what you claim to believe, I could not take it as lightly as you do. I would not rest day or night. I would warn men and plead with them to be saved. If I plead my cases like you present Christ, I would lose them all."

We need today a ministry of exhortation. Finney used to say, "We must have exciting and powerful preaching or the devil will have the people." The saints who left their impression upon this poor world were men whom God made drunk and all the powers of Satan could not sober. This generation is terribly excited about the unimportant and terribly unexcited about the important. The same church-members who yell like Comanche Indians at a football game sit like wooden Indians at church on Sunday. If ever Presbyterian Sepulchers and Baptist Graveyards and Methodist Mausoleums are to resound with revival, we must recover the ministry of exhortation.

—Vance Havner.

### THE LEANING ATTITUDE

There are many leaners in the world today. They are all the while leaning on someone else. When the prop fails, for one cause or another, they are helpless and miserable. It may be that the person on whom they may be leaning moves away or tires of being sapped or suffocated by a clinging vine.

There is a story of a sturdy Scotchman who was a great admirer of Andrew Bonar, under whose ministry he had been converted and often edified. Indeed, his whole spiritual life seemed to depend upon the great preacher.

When Bonar died, this man was dazed with grief and wandered in a stunned and helpless manner through the park. It so happened that as he was walking through the park he met a nurse wheeling two children in a little carriage. One of them happened to be lolling against the other and so the nurse said,

"Sit up! Don't you lean on Andrew Bonar"—meaning one of the children in the carriage, named for the distinguished minister.

The wanderer through the park, hearing those words, received them as a message from God. He had been leaning upon the preacher and his prop was now gone. Let him lean upon God, and he would have a support which will never give way in time or eternity.

—Selected.

### THE LIVING FIRE

Oh, for that flame of Living Fire  
Which shone so bright in saints of old;  
Which bade their souls to Heaven aspire—  
Calm in distress, in danger bold!

Where is that Spirit, Lord, which dwelt  
In Abra'm's breast, and sealed him thine;

Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,  
And glow with energy divine?

That Spirit which, from age to age,  
Proclaim'd Thy love and taught Thy ways  
And brightened Israel's vivid page,  
And breathed in David's hallowed lays?

Is not Thy grace as mighty, now,  
As when Elijah felt its power—  
When glory beamed from Moses' brow,  
Or Job endured the trying hour?

Remember, Lord, the ancient days;  
Renew the work; Thy grace restore—  
And while to Thee our hearts we raise,  
On us Thy Holy Spirit pour.  
—Anonymous.

### OTHERS

Lord, help me to live from day to day  
In such a self-forgetful way  
That even when I kneel to pray,  
My prayers shall be for—Others.

Help me in all the work I do  
**To ever be sincere and true,**  
**And know that all I'll do for You,**  
Must needs be done for—Others.

Let "self" be crucified and slain,  
And buried deep; and all in vain  
May efforts be to rise again,  
Unless to live for—Others.

And when my work on earth is done  
And my new work in heaven begun,  
May I forget the crown I've won,  
While thinking still of—Others.

Others, Lord, yes, O-T-H-E-R-S,  
Let this my motto be;  
Help me to live for others,  
That I may live like Thee.  
—Selected.

An insignificant seed, without strength, color, or beauty, is the most powerful thing in nature! Wooed by sunshine and shower, vitalized by the life God has given it, a seed can tear a stone wall to pieces, lift a ton weight, and thrust aside well-nigh any obstacle which stands between it and the light.

A seed is full of life. Consider the giant oak! It is not easy to imagine that it sprang from a tiny acorn, but such is the fact. Behold the heaped-up wheat on the granary floor, or fields of waving grain! That ship's cargo of ripened fruit! The impenetrable jungle or mighty forest! All of these from seeds that a bird could swallow!

The Word of God is compared to a seed—an incorruptible seed which supplies the moral and spiritual harvests of the world. Think of its tremendous strength, beauty and power! What loads of iniquity it has thrust aside! What growths of spiritual revival have leapt their way over land and sea, influencing the nations in a manner most incredible.

Jesus said: "Faith as a grain of mustard-seed . . ." Read the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, and be staggered by the harvest thereof. Search the pages of history, and be amazed at what faith in the hearts of men has accomplished.

Have you a grain of faith, my comrade? Then plant it deep in the rich soil of God's love, and watch results. No surer is the harvest from the seed broadcast over the land than from faith in God. Sow your seed today. Leave the reaping to Him.—Sel.