

CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland, N. B.

Dear Highway Readers:

Just a few lines today to thank so many who have kindly remembered us at the Christmas season. The many beautiful cards (190) and also the numerous kind gifts remind us that we are never forgotten and we thank you all most gratefully. We marvel at the goodness of God to us and thank Him for you all, for His loving care. May He give unto us all a year of great spiritual blessing.

We are very grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Eilas Crabb for their kindness in giving us rooms in their house this winter. We came here in November and have been enjoying the quietness and the comfortable quarters very much. We appreciate all their kind thoughtfulness more than we can express. May the Lord bless them much, we pray.

We find that the people on this circuit are wonderful to their returned missionaries as well as to their good pastor and his family. We surely belong to a most loyal and generous people and we do appreciate you all deeply.

After leaving Beulah Camp Ground in August, we spent four months at various churches. We were in Royalton, Riverside Camp, Gordonsville, Lower Brighton, Victoria Corner, Beals Island, Jonesport, Calais, Saint John, and the Head of Millstream. We have many kindnesses to remember and be very grateful for.

Rev. F. A. Anderson and his church asked us to Beals in October with the slides of Africa. We surely had a wonderful week enjoying the many kindnesses bestowed upon us in every way. We had also a few happy days in Jonesport and Calais. We had not been in these three places since 1937 and it was a pleasure indeed to visit them again and the folk seemed equally glad to have us with them. God bless them all—the pastors, their good wives and the kind people.

It was good to have a week in Millstream and meet the kind friends there whom we love in the gospel, with Lic. Anderson and his wife. We enjoyed so much being there again too.

We ended our journeyings by attending the Quarterly Meeting at Fort Fairfield which was a gracious time in the Lord and also had our slides in Perth in November. We trust that those months of travelling about were of some blessing to others and not just a time of refreshing to ourselves. We do appreciate the kindness of the Lord's dear people to us.

Brother and Sister Cann are loved by their people and Brother Cann is much helped by the Lord in his ministry as he keeps busy in the work of God. We are praying that God will give us a time of revival in the meetings that begin next week (D. V.) with Dr. Wilson.

Yours happy in His will,
HELEN & ALICE STERRITT

HOPE

Some years ago a party of tourists decided to visit a clinic where a great doctor performed operations of a surgical nature, and students and others had the opportunity of viewing him at his work.

Before the more serious cases were dealt with a man, suffering from foot trouble, limped into the operating theatre and was instructed to lift and place his foot upon a stool.

Taking a pair of scissors, the great surgeon thrust one of their long narrow blades under

the nail of the great toe, up into the quick, and even into the root. With a pair of pincers he seized half of the nail which had produced the disease, and tore it away with a quick sharp jerk.

There is no doubt the patient's sufferings, though brief, were somewhat similar and equal to the cruellest torture ever invented by heathenish people in past years, yet the man let forth neither shriek nor groan. He stood as if made of marble.

He not only kept quite still and quiet, but great was the astonishment of all, when he withdrew the limb and offered his other foot for treatment, and suffered the second time.

His disease was curable, and the pain, though excruciating, only lasted a moment or two. But he was able to endure it because of his hope, that out of this temporary discomfort, health and good would come.

Hope is a blessed and comforting grace, when difficulties nearly swamp us. Let us hope and trust continually in our God, who has never yet failed to help and heal.—Captain Ivan Halsey.

FAIRER IS HE THAN ALL

By Leland Wilcox

I dreamed I was in Heaven,
Its gates did there unfold:
I saw the Holy City,
With streets of shining gold.
But when I saw my Saviour,
I at His feet did fall;
Amid the heavenly glories,
Fairer was He than all.

I saw the walls of jasper,
Where Heaven's sunlight gleamed,
I heard sweet strains of music
By saints that were redeemed;
But Christ had far more beauty
Than Heaven's jasper wall;
His voice the sweetest music,
Fairer was He than all.

I saw the blood-washed pilgrims
Redeemed thru' Jesus' Blood,
There with bright shining angels
Before the Throne of God.
I saw the blood-bought millions
Upon the crystal sea,
But Christ the Lord of Glory,
Fairer than all was He.

I saw Him interceding
Before the Father's Throne:
I heard Him plead for sinners
That His Blood might atone.
O come ye heavy laden,
He now does gently call,
O sinner, now receive Him,
Fairer is He than all.

Chorus—
Fairer is He than all,
I at His feet now fall,
Of all of Heaven's Glories,
Fairer is He than all.

MYSELF

"I have to live with myself, and so
I want to be fit for myself to know;
I want to be able as the days go by
Always to look myself straight in the eye.
I don't want to stand with the setting sun
And hate myself for the things I have done.
I don't want to keep on the closet shelf
A lot of secrets about myself.
And fool myself as I come and go

Into thinking nobody else will know
The kind of person I really am.
I don't want to cover myself with sham;
I want to go out with my head erect;
I want to deserve the world's respect,
And in the struggle for fame and pelf
I want to be able to like myself.
For I never can hide myself from me.
I see what others can never see.
I know what others can never know,
So, no matter what happens, I want to be
Self-respecting and conscience-free."

Letters from Our Pastors

Fredericton, N. B.

Dear Highway Readers,

We as a family feel we have much to be thankful for. The people here have been very kind to us and remembered us with a fine gift of money at Christmas besides other gifts. The Lord has been blessing here in the services and we feel encouraged in the Lord as we enter a New Year.

Yours in Him,
H. E. MULLEN.

Havelock, N. S.

Dear Highway Friends,

Greetings in Jesus' name.

We wish to report briefly from this field.

Although we haven't anything outstanding to report yet we feel that we are making some progress. We started services in Easton in the fall and have felt encouraged at the interest shown in the Sunday School and preaching services.

On December 11th members of the church and friends in the community gathered at the parsonage bringing produce, groceries, and cash. We appreciate the thoughtfulness of the friends here in remembering us in this way. Again we say a hearty, "Thank you."

To our friends who remembered us during the Christmas season we wish to express our sincere appreciation.

May God richly bless our people and extend our borders.

Yours in His service,
RONALD T. and MRS. SABINE.

WEDDINGS

Rollison—Henderson

On October 4, 1946, Phillip John Rollison and Emma Marguerite Henderson were united in marriage by Rev. G. A. Rogers at 254 Grover Street, Woodstock, N. B.

Hayes—Buxton

At 254 Grover Street, Woodstock, N. B., on November 2nd, 1946, Reta Pearl Buxton became the bride of William Edward Hayes. Rev. G. A. Rogers performed the ceremony.

Kneeland—Weed

At 254 Grover Street, Woodstock, N. B., on November 30th, 1946, Mr. Hazen Elmer Kneeland and Miss Irene Alberta Weed were united in marriage by Rev. G. A. Rogers.

McCulley—Stanley

On the evening of December 27th, 1946, at the Reformed Baptist Parsonage, North Head, N. B., Miss Stella Stanley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ashton Stanley of this place, became the bride of Mr. Lorne McCulley of Parrsboro, N. S. Rev. J. A. Owens performed the ceremony.