

Church and District News

FROM WESTCHESTER, N. S.

Dear Highway Friends:

Greetings in the name of our Lord. As I have not reported through the pages of The Highway since taking up my pastoral duties here, I would like to do so at this time.

We would first praise God for a risen Lord and Saviour. And He who lives today and intercedes for us, declares, "Because I live ye shall live also." "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead."

In the early fall it was our privilege to have Rev. H. R. Ingersoll with us for a special evangelistic campaign. Attendance and interest grew, and was, as so often is the case, at its best when the meetings came to a close. We were grateful for the help received in these meetings. However, the outward move of souls to God was not seen. The devil is still fighting, but God is still working in the hearts that need Him. May God help us, that prayer may continue until we prevail, and the power of God breaks through in revival and the deliverance of souls, some of whom have already revealed their need and desire for "Peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

We had a three day Missionary Convention in November with Rev. and Mrs. Charles Sanders and Miss Thelma Rose as special missionary speakers. These services were blessed of God and were both interesting and a challenge to our faith and vision. An outward sign of the inward challenge was shown in the good response made in pledges for the Foreign Mission Work.

The church has done very well on its budget, but it seems quite evident that by the end of the year it will be paid in full. This has been a rather difficult year here as far as employment and finance are concerned, so we are grateful for what has been done in this phase of the work.

Having accepted a call to remain here for the coming year we trust that we shall see, in the months before us, God's Spirit outpoured in revival power. An interest in your prayers would be greatly appreciated.

Yours for souls,

R. T. Benson

FROM OLD TOWN, MAINE

Dear Highway Friends:

Greetings from Old Town, Maine. Some time ago we wrote the editor announcing our resignation. Our plan was to open the church that was recently closed, a fine church building, and with great possibilities; also to open a work in Bangor, Maine. Then there are open doors all around us. East Corinth, Maine, affords an opportunity for someone with a burden for the lost.

We appreciate the confidence of churches who called us, but wonder if our work is finished in Old Town. For several months we have been praying over the matter.

The work here in Old Town is on the increase, with record attendances last Sunday 103 in S. S.

We have just closed a short, but very good

The King's Highway

FROM MEDUCTIC, N. B.

Dear Highway Friends:

Greetings in the name of our blessed Lord. Our hearts are rejoicing, because of God's goodness to us in this part of His vineyard. Especially so in the week that has just passed. It has been our privilege to have Bro. Randolph Nicholson and family of Sussex, N. B. with us for a short series of meetings, April 13-17. Bro. Nicholson wondrously displayed his talent as a chalk artist each night, and on three occasions, sister Sandra Higgins sang hymns in keeping with the picture that was drawn. Sister Higgins, too, is very talented and sings in the Spirit of God, which added much to this part of the service.

Bro. Nicholson's messages were timely and soul searching, and while we did not see the results we had hoped for, yet many received help from the services. On Sunday Evening, the closing night of the campaign, three seekers were at the altar. Two testified of victory. Praise the Lord.

On Sunday morning, following the regular service, we gathered at the water for a baptismal service. Bro. Nicholson baptized seven candidates and received them into church membership in the evening service. Is it any wonder we feel like rejoicing? Truly, we can sing with the hymn writers, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow", and, now more than ever, "We feel like travelling on." But yet there is room, and yet there are many here whom God has been dealing with for a long time. Highway friends, remember to pray for us here, pray for the new Brothers and Sisters in Christ, and pray for those that we are so burdened for who need God. Then, too, many of you will be interested to know that Bro. Samuel Guptill is starting meetings in Middle Southampton, N. B. on May 15, 1955, for a two week campaign. There is truly a great need there. Pray for Bro. Guptill and the work, that God's will may be done. There are only just a few residential members of that church, and so, as usually happens, the burden falls for the most part on the few. At the present time we are badly in need of an organ or piano. Last fall when we were repairing the church, hurricane Edna arrived, and the heavy rain came through the roof, down on to the organ and completely ruined it. So if anyone could assist in any way in this needy cause, it would be greatly appreciated.

Yours for souls,

Georgia & Kenneth Jewett.

meeting, with Rev. and Mrs. Wilfrid Montoux, of Peterborough, Ontario. Several young people were at the altar. There was good interest, and fine preaching.

We hope to have these fine people with us again in the future for a meeting.

When around the family altar, or in your prayer closet, mention us in prayer. It is so needed in these days.

God bless you all.

Yours for souls,

H. O. McGEORGE

"If you cannot be great, be willing to serve God in the things that are small."

Only A Boy

Encouragement for every preacher and Christian worker: "Cast thy bread upon the waters" (Eccl. 11:1). "Forasmuch as . . . your labour is not in vain in the Lord" (1 Cor. 15:58).

Over seventy years ago, a faithful minister coming early to the kirk, met one of his deacons, whose face wore a very resolute but distressed expression.

"I came early to meet you," he said. "I have something on my conscience to say to you, Pastor. There must be something radically wrong in your preaching and work; there has been only one person added to the church in a whole year, and he is only a boy."

"I feel it all," he said, "I feel it, but God knows that I have tried to do my duty, and I can trust Him for results."

"Yes, yes," said the deacon, "but by their fruits ye shall know them," and one new member, and he, too, only a boy, seems to me rather a slight evidence of true faith and zeal. I don't want to be hard, but I have this matter on my conscience, and I have done my duty in speaking plainly."

"True," said the old man, "but 'charity suffereth long and is kind; beareth all things, hopeth all things.' I have great hopes of that boy Robert. Some seed that we sow bears fruit late, but the fruit is generally the most precious of all."

The old minister went to the pulpit that day with a grieved and heavy heart. He closed his discourse with dim and tearful eyes. He lingered in the dear old kirk after the rest were gone. He wished to be alone, the place was sacred and in-expressibly dear to him. It had been his spiritual home from his youth. Before this altar he had prayed over the dead forms of a bygone generation and had welcomed the children of a new generation; and here, yes, here, he had been told at last that his work was no longer owned and blessed.

No one remained. No one? Only a boy.

The boy was Robert Moffat. He watched the trembling old man. His soul was filled with loving sympathy. He went to him and laid his hand on his black gown.

"Well, Robert?" said the minister.

"Do you think, if I were willing to work hard for an education, I could ever become a preacher?"

"A preacher?"

"Perhaps a missionary."

There was a pause. Tears filled the eyes of the old minister. At length he said, "This heals the ache in my heart, Robert. I see the Divine hand now. May God bless you, my boy. Yes, I think you will become a preacher."

Some years ago there returned to London from Africa, an aged missionary. His name was spoken with reverence. When he went into an assembly, the people rose; when he spoke in public there was a deep silence. Princes stood uncovered before him; nobles invited him to their homes.

Robert Moffat had added a province to the church of Christ on earth, and brought under the Gospel influence the most savage of African chiefs, had given the translated Bible to strange tribes, had enriched with valuable knowledge the Royal Geographic Society, and had honored the humble place of his birth, the Scottish kirk, the United Kingdom, and the universal missionary cause.

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