



CHURCH NEWS

Havelock, N. B.: I feel that I should report through the Highway some of the Lord's goodness to me.

I came to the Salem-Killams Mill churches following Beulah Camp meeting. It was like coming back home, for it was my privilege to minister to these good people for three years twenty years ago.

The folk here have been so good to us. They have finished two bedrooms in the parsonage since our coming, and now we have as nice a home as it has been my privilege to live in. The people have had a mind to work and to give, the men, after working all day, came here in the evening and did carpenter work, the good women carried their share of the load by paper-hanging and helping, some gave paper, some floor coverings, and some gave generously toward getting the bathroom equipped. Insulating material was also donated.

We have a fine supply of good wood all under cover, enough to last the winter and this was all supplied us free. It's hard to express just how much all this has meant to us since we have not the strength to cut our wood.

The churches gave us one of the best Christmas seasons that it has been our privilege to enjoy.

Both Killams Mills and Salem have been generous in giving us donations of food. On New Year's Eve, the Salem folk surprised us by giving us a fine donation of groceries and a generous gift of money.

We trust the Lord will give us the health to carry on. we are to leave tomorrow for Lahey Clinic for a check-up. We are trusting God for a good report.

Yours for Souls,
Rev. and Mrs. H. E. Mullen.

REGINALD KIERSTEAD WRITES:

Dear Highway Friends,

One year ago it is today that the ship sailed from South Africa on the first lap of the journey to Canada. As I think back on it I remember the feelings of doubt as to the outcome of the step I was about to take. I have lived to realize a few of the things that would happen to me. Some of these I would like to share with all my Canadian friends at this time.

As a young person I felt the call of God to missionary service at a very early age. In the years that followed I doubted the call and sought a "sign" from God to make me sure of my call. As may well be expected no sign came. In 1954 I went to the Nazarene Bible College of South Africa, completing the two-year course in Nov. 1955. Plans having been made for my immediate entry into active mission work, Dad became disturbed about my age (not quite 19 at the time) and my ignorance concerning our church in Canada. Plans were changed and Canada was made real to me.

The trip to Canada was of great blessing having been spent with God's Word. From January to June I studied for Grade XI and passed. With all intentions of returning to Bethany in the fall I visited my brother and his wife at Beals, their place of service for God. Very unexpectedly I began to think quite seriously about going to Normal College, but decided to try teaching for a year to see if I liked it enough to spend three additional years in Canada to get it. In four months my decision is made. The realisation of the shortness of time, the fact that I am a South African, know the language, have the training necessary, experience in teaching, I came to realize that

time is too short. God has not called me to teach, even if it is a wonderful profession. God has called me to win souls for His Kingdom. I must go—so many of my people do not know of Him who died for their souls. Teaching has brought new light on child needs, new depth of spiritual experience, and contact with some of our churches, but I am constrained by God to preach salvation, sanctification, and final glorification. My message is too precious to keep to myself any longer. I must go!!

The only thing I lack is the fact that I am in Canada. As there are others waiting to go I intend to wait my turn and then, when God leads the way—I'll go. Until then my plans are to take a church God may lead me to until such time as He sees fit for me to go to the regions beyond.

Many will be the needs as I prepare. The greatest of these is a closer walk with God. Second to this need I would place the assistance of praying friends.

Your gifts this Christmas have helped in getting ready for the future, and in making the present more enjoyable, but the greatest gift, and one I treasure far above all others, is prayer for God's guidance, help and presence in these days of preparation.

May God richly bless you every-one, and may this coming year be one of new endeavour for God personally, collectively in our own home churches, and as a denomination. May the message of PEACE be our theme and may God apply it to the salvation and sanctification of many souls for His Kingdom.

Yours for the lost souls of men,
Reginald R. Kierstead.

DOING SOMETHING ABOUT THE LIQUOR EVIL IN MY PERSONAL LIFE AND IN MY DIVISION

I am afraid most of us are like a lot of sponges. We see the effect of the liquor evil, we hear facts about the heavy drink bill, government revenue (?), the problem of youth drinkers, the big lie about moderate drinking, the demands for more liquor outlets. We take this all in and do nothing about it. Remember, the man who tries to do something and fails is definitely better off than the man who tries to do nothing and succeeds. It is still true, that the liquor trade would put the church out of existence if it could. But the Christian church could put the whole liquor trade out of existence if it would. If you are a church member, what are you doing to put this great evil out of business?

We must face the liquor evil in an intellectual and factual way. The average person does not understand the sociological, physiological and psychological aspects of the drinking curse. But we see enough to convince us of its evil effects, and we ought to be concerned enough to cast aside all apathy and say, "I pledge myself to fight this evil for all I can, from this moment onward. God helping me."—Forward.

REFLECT AND ACT

By a wise stewardship of time, I can bring a new sense of space and leisure into my now so hurried days, and let me especially see to it that I make room for prayer in my life, for calm and unhurried spaces of quiet remembrance of God. This in itself will bring a freedom from strain. God teach me to manage my life and time more wisely!—Francis B. James.

Prayer is the most important thing in my life. If I should neglect for a single day, I should lose a great deal of the fire of faith.—Martin Luther.