

# Sisters All!

Dear Martha,

Your last letter started me off on a train of thought that has dominated my mind ever since. It all began with your mention of Freddie's question, "Mummy, what are we giving up for Lent?" and your inability to answer him. I seemed to detect an underlying sense of guilt in your response, and it set me to analyzing my own attitudes toward the whole Lenten season and its meaning.

The first awareness I ever had of Ash Wednesday came when Dad was pastor of our little church in Point Michele, back when you were very small and I was in the early grades. So many of the children came to school with a gray smudge on their forehead, and I remember saying something about it to Mother. She tried to explain the association of ashes on the forehead with penitence, fasting, and the emphasis on Christ's suffering and death. Somehow I found it very depressing.

That night I went to prayer meeting still feeling overshadowed by a sense of foreboding and tragedy. I can remember only one thing about that service: someone requested the song, "When Love Shines In." And suddenly, as I joined in heartily with the rest, I could feel the gloom depart and my spirits lift, as if the sun had come out. To me, it was a revelation of what evangelical faith really is—a message of hope and salvation, not a summons to self-mortification and despair.

The impressions of that early memory have been renewed and intensified in my mind each year during Lent. As the weeks go by and Easter approaches, Christians are enjoined to go down farther and farther into the Valley of Despond, reaching an almost unbearable depth of hopelessness on Good Friday itself. Why do we follow so literally the disciples' error of believing—or acting as though all is lost? Why do we annually go through the motions of grieving over a dead Christ, when we know better? Christ is risen!

If "Christ is risen" next Sunday, He is risen today, and tomorrow, and Good Friday. Is it not the Christian's calling to remember this, and spread the Good News to mourners everywhere?

How sad that the meaning of the Resurrection does not dominate the season as the Christmas spirit does. Whoever heard of the "Easter spirit"? The church has left it to commercial interests to put the joy into the season through its emphasis on spring flowers, new clothes, and Easter bunnies.

Evangelicals, along with the rest of Christendom, have always recognized and cherished the Cross as a fundamental aspect of our faith. But our unique contribution has been the vital message of confidence and joy in salvation, available to every man. It would be an unspeakable loss to needy humanity if we traded in "the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness" at the very time of year dedicated to Christ's greatest triumph.

I believe that if anyone asks me what I have "given up for Lent," my reply must be: I have given up the spirit of tragedy and defeat that Christians mistakenly assume to be devotion to Christ. "For I know that my Redeemer liveth," and to me, every day is indeed a Resurrection.

Your loving sister,  
Mary.

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Thankfulness is the tune of angels.—Edmund Spencer

Greatness lies not in being strong, but in the using of strength.—Beecher.



## BEALS, MAINE

Dear Highway Friends:

A report from this part of God's work is overdue. At last we can humbly and gratefully say, we have witnessed one of the greatest revivals this church, or community, has ever known. It was a revival that we have prayed, worked, and longed for, for the past five years. We have had good special meetings, and good men during our ministry here, such as Rev. L. K. Mullen, H. E. Mullen and Floyd Flemming. Their ministry was of high order and God blessed them in a wonderful way and in each meeting we had good victory.

Miss Sheila Graham was our evangelist for our meeting this year from January 7 through February 7. God's anointing was truly on our sister. We said again and again, we had never expected to hear such preaching, from one so young.

Brother Paul Mullen was with us for three Sundays, and God blessed his ministry in song. Brother Mullen is a fine fellow to work with. He also carries a burden for the meeting.

Women's prayer meetings were held every afternoon during the whole campaign, and grew in numbers and power daily. Then when the men couldn't go on the water to fish, they met in the main church, and the women in the vestry. Day after day there would be from fifty to seventy-five people praying. Do you wonder God gave us a revival?, and as I write this article I can still feel the fire burning in my own soul (Hallelujah). Ninety-four seekers found definite victory at the altar. Men in their fifties and sixties who had never made a start before, men who had used tobacco all their lives were marvellously transformed, and delivered instantly, from the appetite. Beloved, it seems hard to believe, but it is so; Praise His Wonderful Name.

We had 126 out to our first prayer meeting, and what a meeting: Heaven will never be nearer—now that a month has passed we are still having over sixty at Alleys Bay, and over ninety here at Beals, for prayer meeting, each week. All we can say, and sing, is "It Is Truly Wonderful What The Lord Has Done".

Finances came easy during the revival, including a generous love offering for the pastor, for which we thank the people again, and can repeat, no church has ever stood by a revival and worked harder for it, than this one.

Pray for us that we will have wisdom as we lead these new ones along.

"In The Fellowship Of Calvary".

G. A. and Mrs. DeLong.

## HAVELOCK, N. S.

Dear Highway Friends:

It is past time that we wrote a letter to the Highway readers. Since this is our first attempt to write you, we shall begin from the time we came to Havelock and review some of the incidents which have happened from then until now.

First of all, we were heartily welcomed by the people here. They showed themselves friendly and kind to us; also understanding, this being our first pastorate. In the fall they had a welcome party for us at which time they also brought food goods, vegetables, and other gifts, as their annual donation.

Last Christmas the church people gave us an electric tea-kettle, besides other individual gifts. Their same gen-

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The King's Highway