

CORRESPONDENCE.

16 Ames Street, West Lynn, Mass.

January 29th, 1917.

Dear Brother Baker:

Please find enclosed my renewal for the "King's Highway" and \$5 (five dollars) for Foreign Missions. I enjoy reading this paper so much and I am always interested in the letters written by Brother and Sister Sanders, as I think a great deal of them. May the Lord wonderfully bless them in their great field of labor, and may many souls be brought out of darkness into light. I feel as though the Lord wants me to give my testimony for him this morning. "The Lord is my refuge and strength. I find him a very present help in time of trouble. I thank him for taking sin out of my heart and saving me. Praise his blessed name."

"This is why I love my Jesus,

This is why I love him so;

He has pardoned my transgressions;

He has washed me white as snow."

I would not want to live without Jesus, and my prayer is to live more like him every day and do his will.

How wonderfully God answers the prayers of his children. I wish to thank him for raising me up from sickness again. I believe the Lord wants me to tell of some of the answers to my prayers.

My only son was taken seriously ill last winter with pneumonia. One day I went to see him and leaning over his bed, spoke to him of Jesus, and then knelt and prayed by his side. But he did not seem to grasp the meaning of my prayer. Two physicians had seen him that day. On coming home, I phoned a sanctified sister to pray with me that night and the next morning I had her come to my home and both of us prayed that God would restore him to health this time, to give him another chance, because we realized he was not prepared to meet God then. As I was praying this blessed chapter came to me when Mary went to meet Jesus to tell him her brother was dead. So Jesus met me in this hour of grief and gave me the evidence that my boy would be spared and that great burden rolled off my heart. Jesus said to me, "I am the resurrection and the life." I repeated it audibly as it impressed me so forcibly. The next morning I received the word that my son had taken a change for the better and he was restored to health again. A week ago I received the glad news that my boy had "hit the trail" on Sunday evening at Tremont Temple, Boston. Surely God answers prayers!

Then I should like to tell you of another wonderful experience of my little Eva that went home to live with Jesus a number of years ago. She was eight years of age when she was taken ill and my heart was almost breaking to see her suffering so. She said to me, "Mamma, I am so glad I gave my heart to Jesus before I was taken sick. The physician cared for her several months and at the last he said she could not possibly last two weeks longer. At that time I could not say God's will be done as I could not give my precious little girl up. We had consultations and different doctors, but not one gave me any encouragement. I then prayed to my Father to make me willing to give my child to him

and what an experience I had. As the willingness came to me, it seemed as though Jesus stood by my side with Eva in his arms. Then he told me he didn't want my little one then, but she should live. My fears were gone; I had the answer. I went up stairs to my husband as he was sitting by the bedside of the child and I told him Eva was going to live, as the Lord had told me so. A while later, she heard her father tell one of the neighbors that the doctor had given her up. She spoke of this to me and said, "Mamma, I am going to live. I have seen Jesus. He stood by my bed with a crown on his head and I asked him if I was going to live and he said, 'Yes, you are.'" She said that Jesus told them in the Bible to get up and walk and she was going to walk tomorrow. At first I thought this would be impossible as she had not taken a step for months and then I decided not to discourage her.

Her faith was just as strong the next morning so she arose and walked across the room and back. As I looked at her it seemed like the dead coming to life again. In a few weeks she was with us down stairs and lived for two years longer. Her beautiful Christian life was such a blessing in our home. The fragrance of her sweet life will always remain with us.

The last year she lived we were in Nova Scotia for the summer. While there she was taken ill again and on calling the doctor he told us that Eva was liable to pass away any moment. I sent for her father to come as there was no hope for her. She was so anxious to be taken home to Lynn, Mass., and one time she said, "If I could only get home again, I'd be willing to die the next day." One lovely morning after her father arrived I said to him, "If we could only get Eva home on the boat tonight. In order to get to our home we were obliged to drive six miles by carriage, then be on the steamer all night and reach Lynn the next noon. Nevertheless, I went into the room where she was lying on the couch and made this remark, 'Wouldn't it be good, Eva, if we could get you home today?'" She raised herself a little and with such earnest tones said, "Jesus can get me home all right."

Some of my neighbors heard that we thought of leaving for home that night and they came to discourage us, as they knew how dangerously sick she was. I almost felt sorry that I had spoken of such a thing to her when she said, "Mamma, where is your faith; Jesus can get me safely home." I decided then and there we should go. We dressed her and placed her in the carriage as comfortable as possible and the doctor standing by told us we were taking things in our own hands. We got to the boat, put her in the state room, and some of the friends prophesied that we would never reach Boston with the child alive. Her father tried to coax her to take the medicine that the doctor had prescribed, but Eva refused to take it, but instead she kept me praying for her. At last I told my husband to throw the medicine out of the port hole. We got home the next day, and when we brought her into the house and put her on the lounge what a happy child she was. She forgot pains and aches, but had only the happy sense of being home again. How the Lord honored her faith in him. She

lived five months longer. Before passing away she wrote a letter to her friend telling the friend that she was looking to the Lord to heal her if it were his will, but if not, she was willing to go. Just one week before she went home she bade us all good-bye, taking her little brother by the hand, she told him to be a good boy and mind mamma, and bade the rest of us to meet her in heaven. The last night on earth Eva got me to sing,

"Are you coming home to Jesus,
Are you coming home tonight?"

Yours in the Lord,

MRS. W. H. WILLIAMSON.

Dear Highway:

Many and substantial have been the kind expressions of the readers of the Highway since my last letter to you. As I promised to report their offerings through the Highway, I am very willing to do so to encourage others, and thus help push this work along. God has opened the hearts of the people not only in other places, but here also. The Word is already bearing fruit, and precious souls are beginning to move up the line from darkness and sin to light and life.

On Sunday, January 28th, four souls found Christ, and two were reclaimed. Good congregations attend all of our services, and there is a marked interest in our Sunday School, about 57 are on the register, and many more are about us to come in, but hard times and sickness hinder some of the families considerably.

I mentioned that our lamps were poor and the light insufficient, and I was praying for the way to open to give us better lights, and I was not surprised when God opened the heart of an electrician, who offered to wire the church free of charge, and another man furnished the fittings at cost, and we are now ready to connect with the power, and trust to have the lights by the 11th inst.

On the 4th there was a good attendance all day. In the evening service one young man expressed a desire to know God, and we trust that the Holy Spirit will guide him in the ways of salvation. The church building is not very comfortable in this cold weather and will need repairs, for which we trust provisions will be made, and I believe God is able to make this place a real beacon light.

We were pleased on Sunday evening at the close of the services to find a sanctified Italian preacher in the congregation who is here visiting his daughter. He conducts a Mission at Rainsford Falls, Maine, for the Italians. He heard of our meetings and came in and we know there was fire in that corner where he sat by his response to the word as God helped us to bring the message.

A few evenings ago about 30 of our congregation gave us a pleasant surprise, and spent the evening in social conversation and song, closing with prayer, and left us the better off in groceries and cash to the amount of \$13.50, for which we thank our heavenly Father. The other amounts received were Mrs. D. H. Nixon, \$5; J. S. Richardson, \$5; Sisters Greenlaw and Houghton \$3; Beals Sunday School \$3.70; Beals Church \$23.75. Thus far our kind Father in heaven has been supplying all

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