

## CORRESPONDENCE

Cross Roads, N. S.

Dear Brother Trafton:

Enclosed find my renewal to the Highway. I look forward to its coming with pleasure. Can report victory through the blood.

Yours in the Master's service for life,

REV. G. W. HENDERSON.

Gordonsville, N. B.

Dear Brother Trafton:

Enclosed you will find my renewal for the King's Highway.

Yours for Jesus,

MRS. J. T. CAMPBELL

South Weymouth, Mass.

Dear Brother Trafton:

Enclosed please find \$2.00 for the Highway Fund. I love the Highway; it is one of the best holiness papers there is printed. I would try and get some new subscribers for it, but they are about all Catholics living around here. There are only two families living here that are not Catholics, one of them I give the Highway to after I read it.

Yours,

J. C. BENT.

Woodstock, N. B.

Dear Brother Trafton:

I am sending an express order for my renewal to the King's Highway. I enjoy reading the articles it contains. My testimony is: Jesus is very precious to me in my lonesome hours.

MRS. HERBERT E. MOOERS.

Millville, N. B.

Dear Brother Trafton:

I notice that the Highway is due to be paid for another year so I am sending you the amount.

I hope you are well and having success where you preach. I see you go to Moncton after Alliance.

We are getting along pretty well now on this circuit. Brother Sabine is a good preacher; he is on for the truth.

Yours truly,

W. E. VEYSEY.

Fredericton, N. B.

Dear Friends:

The precious experiences and blessings of my stay in Wollaston are a rich deposit in the Bank of memory, but there is another Bank. . . in fact two which are both the richer for those precious weeks at E. N. C.

I wrote in my last of the dealings the Lord has had with my soul on the lines of faith and prayer. This He has continued, and is cashing in on a good many of these promises. Letters from home bear news which is almost startling in its detail when compared with the prayer the Spirit breathed through our hearts and lips in that dear dormitory. It seems as if when I go to prayer, God stands right there and says, "Yes, what can I do for you today, dear child? Anything to the half of my Kingdom." Is this stretching it? Listen to His challenge: "Ask me of things to come concerning my sons, and concerning the work of my hands, command ye Me." Isa. 45:11. He does want us to ask, and to believe, so He can do. Could He have put it stronger?

My plan had been to have the last two week-ends at College, both for the benefit of

my own soul, and so I could be a little rested when I came back to you. I found I was getting quite tired, and losing weight the last week or so. But my expression teacher, Prof. Mrs. E. Wayne Stahl, a sweet shiny saint, after we had gone for a few little walks together, and enjoyed sweet fellowship in Him, asked me to please come and visit her in her home in Lowell. She had done so much for me, teaching me over-time giving special lessons, and doing all she could so I should get all possible help from her special branch, that I felt myself her debtor. I could not refuse, but went for just a little evening visit, expecting to return the next morning. I do not wish to go into lengthy detail here, but will simply state that in His own wonderful way the Lord brought several things to pass.

He had me stay over the week-end, giving three services, and brought four dear young people to the knowledge of sins forgiven. He stirred the church, and began to answer the prayers of the faithful pastor, Rev. E. Wayne Stahl, who through a long year had laboured and fasted and prayed in the face of most discouraging circumstances. The Lord also made it plain to us, later on when I had gone back, after bidding those dear people farewell, that He wanted me there again for the week-end following. This we did, and again He visited His people, sanctifying the four previously saved, and saving and sanctifying a number of others, and giving us all a real lift in our souls.

On Saturday, April 2, while Mrs. Stahl and I were praying together for the services of the morrow, she began to ask the Lord to heal me. He showed me right there that if I wanted all He has for me, I could claim perfect health once more, as He gave me before.

Praise His Name, He is cashing in on this great bank account too, and I am feeling the might of His divine strength thrilling through every fibre of my being.

While I was at College the Lord brought to my remembrance something in one of Papa's letters received while at Caribou. "Give my love to all the dear little ones, and tell them for me that Jesus loves them." This has been burning in my heart, and I called to mind the children's meeting that he used to have everywhere he went, and how many precious young souls were saved. I had anticipated this ministry when I looked this way, and here is nearly a year gone, and so few dear children saved and mostly missionary meetings. Then it seemed the Lord spoke to me and said: "You have waited long enough for others to take action on this line. If you are to have children's meetings you are the one to talk them up."

So while here in Fredericton I began to talk about this and a children's meeting was given out for Saturday afternoon. In prayer about it, I asked the Lord to give me a token in this service of His approval, if I were really in His will in this. There were two saved and just twelve unsaved children present, two mothers, and Mrs. Kierstead with me. The Lord gave a message simple and clear so they all understood, and when the invitation was given, twelve little hands were raised for prayer. They came to the altar three at a time, and all four of us older ones as we dealt with them were convinced that they knew what they were doing as in their simple child-faith they sought the Saviour, and found the joy and peace of sal-

vation.

This has brought a deep sweet joy to my heart, and I am praying that I may have the same experience wherever I go, among our dear people. The little ones can turn to the Lord so much easier now than years later. They are really hungry for Him. All they need is to be shown how to seek Him, and they gladly do it. It means so much in our future, whether they are saved now or neglected till they go off into sin, and grow hard and cold.

I have had blessed services both here and in Marysville, and find it so sweet to be among our dear people again. My heart rejoices with the evangelist, pastor and people of Marysville in the great revival they have had there. Most of these are either young folks or children, and sitting way up front filling almost a third of the church, I can tell you these bright young faces look good.

Yours rejoicing in the mighty victory of our Risen Lord.

FAITH SANDERS.

Seal Cove, N. B.

Dear Highway:

I feel tonight like expressing my gratitude to God for his goodness to me since last I wrote. The last three or four weeks have proven the best and dearest of all my Christian experience. In spite of pain and suffering, Jesus was so real and so near that I would not take any of it back if I could.

It seems as though God has to lay us aside at times to teach us some lessons. I believe I am learning to trust Him as never before. The way he has answered prayer in my behalf has been marvelous.

I also wish to thank the Seal Cove friends for their kindness to me in sending the generous sum of money which they did to help pay my hospital expenses.

I am looking forward to Beulah, and believing for a gracious time in the Lord. My heart is filled with His praises, and I long for the time to come when I can get into the battle again. The call to preach His gospel has come so plain of late that I shall never doubt it again.

Yours saved and sanctified,

HAZEL MULLEN

Beals, Maine

Dear Highway:

It is not very often that we send any report to your columns, but feel led to do so today.

The Lord is blessing us in our work here and we feel like praising Him for it. To His dear name be all the glory.

Recently we had with us for just one too-short week, our Sister Faith Sanders. Oh, how the Lord did bless us. First in our own souls. Sister Faith was a real blessing to us. Then we shall not soon forget the missionary meeting. How our hearts were warmed and our zeal for the mission work quickened as the needs of our work in Africa were brought before us.

I believe that unless we do assume more of the responsibilities that are already ours, and embrace some more at least of the opportunities that await us both in the foreign field, and at our very doors, that God will take our candlestick away. I wish I could report all that took place here during the few days our sister was with us.

(Continued on Page 5)