

who was so seriously ill I hardly dared to let her come lest the car trip be too much for her. She had started but got so weak she fainted when almost half way. The grandmother of one of these tiny babies came across her, lying by the road side with her small son weeping by her side. She shook her, saw she was unconscious, so prayed for her. She soon came too so she helped her home. Then her husband came for help. There was another woman sick in the neighboring kraal so while we were so handy, Brother Kierstead and I went over to see how she was getting on. It appeared to be a case for the hospital, and though the old man was willing for her to go, his wife (mother-in-law) refused permission. We suppose it is some superstition of theirs that made her refuse, because they were both her daughters-in-law. God wonderfully undertook for this very sick patient and she made a remarkable and rapid recovery (the one whom we brought home).

The hardest and saddest case was of a very young woman. She came to me about a month or six weeks ago. I told her she should enter Hospital. She returned saying that her people would not let her come. I told her she should prepare to meet God for she might be facing death. She said she loved God but did not have the Witness. So right there in the Hospital we knelt down and asked God to save her. Two or three weeks later we were requested to fetch her as she was very ill. It was quite a hard trip for Brother Keirstead's car. It had rained the day before and the river bank (Ozwan) was steep. He put chains on first and made it alright then. Early the next morning we sent for the doctor. He did not come till three o'clock in the afternoon. An hour later her baby was still born. What that girl went through before they ever sent for help is heart-breaking. She arrived in a septic, more or less exhausted condition, and her life hung for some time by but a thread. For a little while the doctor could not even get her pulse. When I realized what a very, very sick girl I had to care for, I just cried out to God—I felt so helpless. She was a great sufferer and such a care. But her mother soon learned how to nurse her under careful instruction. For almost two weeks I had very little hopes of a recovery. But she was able to be taken home yesterday—just a shadow of the bright, healthy looking girl who came to me about six weeks before (or more). The day after her baby was born, I asked her how it was with her soul. Told her how near she came to death yesterday and that she might not recover, she was so very sick. She smiled a bit and said there was nothing between her and God. Then I suddenly remembered how I had spoken to her some time before and had prayed with her. So asked her if she had really received the Witness that day. "Yes," she replied, "and He has stayed right with me—I am ready to meet God." How I praised God I had helped a poor lost soul and not lost that golden opportunity—it could so easily been my last to deal with her.

I think it has averaged about one a week the last five weeks—that is souls who have found God in the Dispensary. So often there is a chance only for a few words. The last one was waiting while I prepared her medicine. It was about 5 o'clock and I was tired from a very busy day. Suddenly I remembered that I had not especially dealt with any one that

day and felt so sorry! I asked God to forgive me, and help me to do better from then on. Then He seemed to give me words and inspiration so I spoke with this woman and finally got her to kneel and seek the Witness. She went on her way rejoicing—had been a professor for years in another denomination—but knew nothing about having her sins forgiven and receiving the Witness.

There is much more I would like to write about but it will make this too long so will bring it to a close and try to write again soon.

God has been very precious to my soul these past weeks. He gives me victory and a deep settled peace in my soul and I mean, by His grace, to go all the way through with Him.

May God give you each a special blessing, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Yours in Him,

GRACE M. SANDERS

### CORRESPONDENCE

Kingston, N. B.

Dear Brother Dow:

Please find enclosed \$2.00 for another year's renewal of my Highway, the balance (50c) to apply to Highway Supplementary Fund.

We are finding good encouragement, and comfort and food for our souls in it and value it with other spiritual literature next to our Bible. We are living in the perilous days spoken of in II. Timothy 3. The Bible is a safe guide and we need to study it more carefully and prayerfully. It is the safe lighthouse for us to keep our eyes upon and Jesus the Author and Finisher of our faith, will shine through it into the hearts of the believers and will keep and guide them safely through every test. Praise His holy name. He does certainly give His children foretastes of heavenly joy even here below. I would not close this note without making reference to article on prayer in the Highway dated Oct. 31st, 1940, written by I. A. J. Ward. I believe many of us would profit by a careful study of it. When the conditions that the promises are given upon are met by us, the possibilities to answers are unlimited, and we feel to pray. Lord teach us how to pray.

Wishing you and all Highway readers a blessed and joyous Christmas season, I remain, your brother in Christ Jesus, our Lord and Redeemer.

J. W. COSMAN

Hassetts

Dear Brother Dow:

I here enclose two dollars for my Highway, which is a little overdue, remainder for Supplementary Fund. Brother and Sister Briggs were just in on their way to the quarterly meeting at Woods Harbour. We are very glad to have Brother Briggs with us again; he is doing some great preaching, and Sister Briggs is a wonderful Sunday School teacher. I think it is a very good recommendation for any pastor to be called the second time to a church. God has blessed his efforts in days past and we are looking forward to success in the future. I know these are perilous times and there seems to be so few really seeking God these days. But there is a great work to be done and our God is able, mighty to save and strong to deliver. And knowing that prayer changes things I mean to hold onto Him for the salvation of precious souls. I am

glad there is a reality in the religion of Jesus Christ. Glad He is my Saviour and Sanctifier, and coming King. The Highway is just great, editorials splendid. Keep up the good work, and may the blessing of the Lord be upon you.

Yours in Christian love,

MRS. DOUGLAS MULLEN

Fellsmere, Florida

Dear Highway:

I arrived here two weeks ago, left home Tuesday morning, getting into Jacksonville Thursday p. m.; arrived in Melbourne at 4 p. m., where my daughter met me, it only being a short ride to her home.

No trip is very interesting with the train rushing through the dark night, and the rain beating against the window, but inside it was very comfortable, and people made the best of it.

Those southern trains, streamlined and air conditioned, are far superior to the old trains—they seem to glide along at a fast rate too. Coming into Florida is like entering a new world, some writer has said God made no mistake when He made Florida. The air is soft and balmy, the sunshine delightful. As I write, on a shady piazza, I glance out at the lovely roses in bloom, the beautiful hibiscus, surrounding the house, a shrub we do not have in the north. It has red blossoms, which with its green leaves make it very attractive. I can look at orange trees, loaded with fruit, a black man is fixing the lawn. This all reminds me of the Garden of Eden. I do not see any serpent, but no doubt he is not far off.

We had a drive by the shore of the Atlantic Ocean. It was a wonderful sight—the green water with the white billows rolling in so far, and no farther, saith God, and I think of that line of a hymn: The winds and the waves obey Thy will, and they surely do. For forty miles a car can be driven on the hard beach. Near Daytona, above here, people are bathing, many employ their time fishing.

Have attended church ever since coming. The preacher was a D. D., belonged to the Presbytery—his talk was good, but some different from our preaching.

A great sugar mill here is grinding out cane sugar. There are only two of these in Florida. I hope to visit one some day. I do miss the Highway.

I miss my old friends and those that have gone on. They are safe within the fold.

I pray God's blessing upon all the readers of the Highway, and may there be a great gathering of souls this coming winter.

In Christian love,

MRS. F. T. KIMBALL

Hartland, N. B.

Dear Mr. Dow:

Please find enclosed three dollars (\$3.00) on my King's Highway subscription.

I enjoy reading every column in its pages, and especially letters from all Highway readers. I have been sending it on to England to my son, Arthur, who is now serving as Lieutenant in C. A. S. F. He always enjoyed reading it before he went overseas.

I would especially like to get another copy of your last issue, which contained a poem sent in by one of Highway's readers in a letter to you. It was a mother's prayer for her soldier boy. I'd like to have it for my "King's

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