

asked: "Are you all quite comfortable for the night? Is there nothing you need?" Their reply in unison was, "We have no need but for PRAYERS!" Here was amongst them a heathen woman asking for prayers! We had a blessed time together and all three sought salvation. As I was about to go they asked for an extra mat and blanket. I thought how unusual that was to forget their bodily needs in their eagerness to have prayers.

Charles has written about Christmas, so I will just add a little. It was a glorious summer day, a large crowd coming so we had the service on our front lawn under the large, wide-spreading trees. It was an ideal place. As dear old Miss Moe was moved to give an exhortation, God's spirit of conviction began to work on hearts. Charles, under inspiration of the Spirit, followed hers up and pressed the need home to hearts. It has been a long time since I have been in a service where God's Holy Spirit was moving so mightily on hearts. I got so blessed myself, while Charles was speaking, that I could hardly contain myself. Then one by one the people began to break away from the crowd and make their way to an altar of prayer. Amongst these was a heathen woman. Two or three years ago she first came to me for medical treatments. I dealt with her soul. Each time she came I had time to thus deal with and pray for her. One day I gave her a Zulu Hymn book, as she said her husband would teach her to read. She had lost many children in early infancy and was very sad and lonely. Christmas she arrived and I heard she was a seeker, but had not received the witness. So during the altar call I had the privilege of praying with her and she got through—praise the Lord. She has a little girl baby of about four months old now and is overjoyed. She presented me with a beautifully carved, wooden cup and dainty teaspoon as from her baby. You can imagine how I prize that wooden cup and spoon!

We take this opportunity to thank the dear friends who have sent us pretty Christmas cards. As time and strength permits we hope to write personal letters to each.

Keep praying for God's work here and us that He may continue to work and bless and that every obstacle hindering His Spirit's working may be removed, so that a revival may come.

Yours for souls,
GRACE M. SANDERS

CORRESPONDENCE

Southwest Harbor, Me.

Dear Editor:

Greetings to all The Highway readers. I have planned on writing for some time, but as you know, we put off some things, especially writing. "But better late than never."

Surely we enjoy the reading of letters from friends of The Highway! Some of them are getting old and are unable to attend the services of the church. May the Lord be very gracious to these dear people of His. We have a number of them in mind now as we are writing.

There are so many precious promises for us in His Word if we will but trust Him and let Him have His way in our hearts and lives. Glory to His precious name. I know if He had not been with me these last two years, I would have failed, but when

we call on Him, He is always ready to listen, and when our heart's door is open He will come and sup with us. Wonderful, wonderful Lord!

Before I make this letter too long I want to thank all of the dear people of North Head, Grand Manan, for the way they treated the boys on my boat and myself while we were in the patrol service out of Eastport, Me. These were lonesome hours away from home and away from services, and I was glad to have a privilege to attend church at North Head and to meet some of the dear people I perhaps would never have met if I had not been on that part of our patrol.

Well, these are a few things He has given us to enjoy along life's highway. Praise His matchless name forever!

Well, I could go on and tell you more but He knows our hearts, so I just feel like giving Him all the praise and glory for His wonderful love and His saving and keeping power in these days of terrible war and temptation.

Your brother in His service,

ALTON H. URQUHART

318 Dover Street,
Bridgeport, Conn.

Dear Highway Friends:

I praise God for His guiding and keeping power. I praise Him for The Highway and the inspired word of God. I look forward to The Highway as a friend coming twice a month. I enjoy reading about the quarterly meetings, the missionary letters and the work from the different churches, etc. I am also looking forward to Beulah. If the Lord is willing I want to be there with God's people, and hear the wonderful teachings of His Word.

My testimony is: Jesus is so precious to me. He keeps and guides me all along the way. My prayer is to go on and do His will more each day.

Yours in Christ,

AZELIA COTTRELL

Beals, Maine

Dear Highway Friends:

We enjoy reading the reports of the other pastors, so feel we should report about our work. The Lord has been good to us and we feel we have much to be thankful for. The ladies of the church have been supplying the parsonage with paint and paper for the kitchen, and new shades for the dining room, also a new rug for the living room. It is surely nice to be told, "get whatever is needed for the parsonage, and we will pay for it." We appreciate all they have done, and their kindness and help in keeping the parsonage in good condition.

We have had some of the best prayer meetings of late that I have ever attended. We have reasons to be encouraged and are looking to the Lord for His continued help and blessing.

Yours in Him,

H. E. MULLEN

Fredericton, N. B.

Dear Highway:

A short report from this part of the Lord's vineyard might be in order at this time. The presence of the Holy Spirit has been manifest in all our regular services, and we give Him honor and praise. About the middle of February we succeeded in paying off the indebtedness on the parsonage, eight hundred dollars. The people responded nobly, and again we say, praise the Lord! In the middle of March considerable work was done on the interior of the parsonage, in papering and painting, which was much needed and appreciated by the pastor and family. We had a revival campaign which began on April 2nd and continued until the 16th. Rev. E. S. Hammond, of Springhill, N. S., was the special worker, and he certainly was a true yoke-fellow, faithful in preaching definitely on the two works of grace: Justification and Sanctification. The Holy Spirit was upon him. He was a strong man in prayer. A number were helped but not as many as we hoped for. However, we expect to keep on praying and believing. Finances came easily, and again we say praise the Lord. I have accepted a call to remain another year with this people, which if the Lord spares, will be our ninth, and we want by the help of the Lord that it shall be our best in His service, for the extension of His Kingdom and the salvation of souls. Pray for us.

Yours in Him,

P. J. and MRS. TRAFTON

THE PREACHERS'S PRAYER

I DO not ask

That crowds may throng the temple,

That standing room be priced:

I only ask that as I voice the message

They may see Christ!

I DO not ask

For churchly pomp or pageant

Or music such as wealth alone can buy:

I only ask that as I voice the message

He may be nigh!

I DO not ask

That men may sound my praises,

Or headlines spread my name abroad:

I only pray that as I voice my message

Hearts may find God!

I DO not ask

For earthly place or laurel,

Or of this world's distinction any part:

I only ask, when I have voiced the message,

My Saviour's heart!

—Ralph S. Cushman

RADIO AND NERVES

Dr. Walter Alvarez, of the Mayo Clinic, declared that radio is not doing the nerves of the American people any good; on the contrary, he says, radio is an enemy of our nervous system. He says that many homes keep the radio going practically all the waking hours with all its cacophony of swing music "soap operas," murder mysteries, and such like. As a consequence, repose and relaxation are becoming scarcer among radio devotees, and this takes its heavy toll of our nerves.

The "soap operas," which so many millions of housewives and mothers listen to all day long, abound in illicit love, jangling and discordant matrimonial triangles, jealousies, hatreds and murders aplenty. No one listens to these fifteen-minute high-tension episodes week in and week out with no definite impairment of one's emotional balance. They are merely the old yellow-back novels and ten-cent thrillers etherized.—Selected.