

on but just try to explain to the dear hungry hearts what God was revealing to me. It is precious indeed! The Christians would rejoice and seek to know Him better and pray for His Holy Spirit. There are so often others who stay but one night—some heathen. What a blessed privilege is mine!

The Sunday School is really splendidly attended now. The interest keen. Four classes and three teachers besides myself. George kindly takes it when I have been overworked and up with cases, if he is home. God bless the dear friends for sending cards, calendars and picture-rolls recently. Thank you very much! Also the Saint John friend for what you have sent in the recent past. God bless you! There is also a spirit of heart-hunger ever since our Christmas Quarterly when a few went forward for prayer. Continue to pray, dear friends, that God may get a lasting grip on the hearts of these fine young people and little children! Even a few adults have become interested and are attending which is quite unusual. To God be all the praise and glory!

I forgot to mention God's wonderful provision, in connection with the Hospital. Our supply of baby clothes, dresses mainly, was very low. I had barely enough for 2 infants. The post before I had this sudden avalanche of babies, I received a parcel of clothes from home which God saw I needed at that time so had come just in time. Truly His name is "Wonderful"! Thank you for these needed articles and all the extras in the parcel. Again I say God-bless you! And a big THANK YOU!

Now I am sure you feel encouraged to pray even more earnestly for this part of God's vineyard that we shall have greater blessings to report next time. We are looking forward to our Preacher's School here next month which will keep us extra busy. We are expecting, as we pray, a great outpouring from above of Spiritual blessing.

Yours for souls,

GRACE SANDERS

Hartland, M. S.

March 6, 1946

Dear Homeland Friends:

Greetings from Africa, the land of God's choice for us. How wonderful that God has called us as a church to preach "the unsearchable riches" here in this land. "For we are laborers together with Him". We have a great privilege; so let us not be weary or faint for we shall reap in due season. Let us continue to pray for truly "the harvest is great but the laborers few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into His harvest field."

Yesterday I was studying Zulu and I told my husband that I did not know if I would ever learn it. Then I thought of what I read about Miss Chism, the Nazarene missionary, in Mrs. Chapman's book, "Africa, O Africa".

Came Miss Chism's first attempt to preach in Zulu, and she used the text, "The day of the Lord cometh as a thief in the night." She closed her Bible, and got the words mixed up, and quoted her text over and over again, "The day of the Lord is coughing like a wild beast in the night." But when she got the language she was very proficient. I hope I may do as well.

The Lord was gracious to us and gave quite a nice little rain the last two days, and protected us from hail. The Government has asked all churches to set aside March 15th as a day of thanksgiving to God for the lovely rains when the drought was so bad. It has been wonderful how the Lord has answered prayer.

We enjoyed an overnight visit from Brother and Sister Kierstead and Kennie on the 4th. Gladys had not been over for some time so it was great to have her again.

Baby Pamela is now three weeks old. Since we came home from the nursing home, many people have been here to see her. It is amusing to hear the way they express themselves. Some say her nose is like Graces'; some say she looks like her father; some think she is very large. But they all are glad because she is a real person.

The Lord was very real and precious to my soul while I was away from home. He gave me many promises and I know that He will fulfill each one as I walk close to Him. By His grace, I hope to do more for Him in the days that lie ahead.

"Go labor on, spend and be spent

Thy joy to do thy Master's will.

This is the way the Master went

Should not the servant tread it still."

Yours in His glad service,

MYRA SANDERS

## CORRESPONDENCE

Grafton Centre, N. H.

Dear friends of the Highway Family:

I felt led to write a few lines about my conversion and call to the ministry. I was born and reared in a community where the church was at a very low ebb. Both my father and grandfather were deep sea captains. As a boy I was cook on father's ship and when in port and the crew had shore leave, I kept ship. To entertain myself, I read a Bible grandmother gave me twice through and when reading in the Old Testament about the old prophets, I have stood up on the floor alone and raised my fists and said: "If I had been there I know who's side I would be on." I neither smoked nor drank liquor and the first bottle I bought was bought for me by the deacon of the church, with a promise of a drink if he got it, for it was Prohibition days in Maine and he knew Shields at Eastport better than I.

After I was 21 father and I had trouble and for a year we never spoke. I began to drink. Later I met my wife. That winter Thomas Moses and Sanford Richardson came to North Lubec and began meetings in the old Temple church. Strange to say father invited them to stay at his home. The preaching was too strong for the old disciple folk and they shut the church against them. There was another Free Baptist Church in the community and it was opened to them and people filled it. The preachers came to call on wife and I. I was sawing wood and didn't want to come in but grandfather coaxed me in. When they got ready to go Mr. Moses put his hand on my shoulder and talked to me, the first person who ever spoke to me about my soul. When they had gone I felt so bad I went into the bedroom and tried to pray. When I came out I said to my wife "I don't know about what you intend to do, but I am going to be different". I gathered up my pack of cards and novels and put them in the stove and that night went to meeting. The church was full, with boards across the aisles. Everything the preacher said seemed to fit me. When the invitation was given no one moved. Two or three times I tried to get up, but I couldn't and during all the sermon when the Bible was quoted I would say to myself "that is so" for I had read it. Finally I remember saying "I will" and I knew no more until I found myself at the altar. Wife said I jumped to the back of the pew and ran over the tops of them to the altar. I told

God I would do anything and there on my knees I received my call to preach. (More later.)

REV. C. S. HILYARD

## OBITUARY

The death of **Mrs. Charles Clowes** occurred very suddenly at her home here following a short illness.

Born at Aroostook Junction, a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hitchcock, she was 63 years of age.

Mrs. Clowes was twice married. Her first husband, George Harlee, predeceased her five years ago, and by this marriage she is survived by six daughters and four sons. Another son, Wallace Harlee, was killed in action overseas, in the Second Great War.

A year ago she married Charles Clowes.

The funeral service was held Tuesday afternoon, with prayers at the home, after which the cortege proceeded to the Reformed Baptist Church, Perth, where the service was largely attended. Lic. Mered M. Grant officiated, assisted by Rev. N. M. Israelson.

Appropriate hymns were sung by the Reformed Baptist Choir, assisted by Rev. N. M. Israelson.

To the bereaved, we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

**Mr. Charles Mullen** passed away at his home in Easton, N. S., at the age of 87. Although in failing health since December, death came rather suddenly on February 18th.

The funeral service was conducted at the home of Rev. Ronald T. Sabine, and burial was made in the Havelock cemetery.

Surviving are three sons, Elwood, Lloyd and Earle; two daughters, Mrs. Harold Mullen and Mrs. Wiley Barteau.

To the sorrowing ones we extend our sympathy.

**Carl Wagner**, 37, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Manley Wagner, Danvers, N. S., passed away on March 6th, after an illness of three weeks.

After a short service at the house, the funeral service was held at the Christian Church, Southville, N. S., conducted by Rev. Ronald T. Sabine, with burial in the adjoining cemetery.

Surviving, besides the parents are three sisters, Mrs. Wililam McClafferty, Mrs. William Steele, and Mrs. Lawrence Sabean.

May the God of Comfort sustain the sorrowing family.

**Mr. George Moir** of Dowville, passed away on Monday, April 1st, at the age of 79. He is survived by his wife and two sons and two daughters. In religion he was a Primitive Baptist. The funeral was conducted by H. C. Mullen on Wednesday, April 3rd. Interment was made in the Dowville cemetery.

## JOHN WESLEY'S MOTTO

"Do all the good you can,  
By all the means you can,  
In all the ways you can,  
In all the places you can,  
At all the times you can,  
To all the people you can,  
As long as ever you can."

—Exchange.