

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Highway Friends:

Greetings in our Saviour's name! I do love Him tonight and words cannot express the joy I have in serving my Master. Praise His precious name!

Since I last wrote I've been in a car accident, I being the driver. It was a strange sensation which went over me when the little Anglia was spinning over. Fortunately the Lord was with us else we would have been killed. People say, "How did it happen?" I don't know because I was not driving fast. The insurance company will repair the car. Let us pray that it may be ready before the 15th of next month as another all-out crusade for souls begins on that date.

Perhaps the preceding statement is incorrect as we should at all times have on the whole armour of God and be putting our all into His work. But, during the school holidays I am trying to utilize every moment with D. V. B. S in the mornings and evangelistic meetings at nights. The holidays in the Transvaal begin June 15th and end about July 15th, while in Natal they don't begin until the first of July, so we'll start in the Transvaal. Please remember these meetings before the Throne and pray that the Lord may keep us from all harm. Even in these smaller towns natives are attacking women and girls. Don't think I am afraid. I am not! The Lord has called me out here and He does bless any special effort put forth for the salvation of precious never-dying souls, but Satan is hindering and his aim is to keep souls out of the Kingdom at any cost. Do pray.

Sister Nina is visiting with me at Altona while Sister Uta visits and convalesces in Vryheid. How we do praise God for these two girls! God will use all who obey Him. Young people, if He calls you, be sure to answer, "Yes, Lord," and parents be willing to sacrifice your children. It really isn't a sacrifice. It is a real privilege, parents, to have your children out in full-time service for the Lord. Nothing that we can do should be considered a sacrifice when Christ shed His blood on the Cross, besides suffering untold humiliation, that we might be saved from sin. I am so glad He dug me out of the pit of sin and placed my feet upon the solid rock.

Did I say Sister Nina was visiting? She is visiting the way some of you visit your friends—by pitching into the work with hands and feet. With me as interpreter she ministers to the sick. She brought a good message to the children last Friday and she is preaching next Sunday with the teacher as interpreter. Then we've been working in the garden and doing many other odd jobs.

Many are coming to the door wanting this and that, bandages, teeth pulled, medicine for scabies, medicine for colds, etc., to say nothing of those coming with wood to be exchanged for salt. To everyone of them I endeavour to give a little Scripture lesson and to urge them to ask Jesus to forgive their sins. This takes much time and it is often quite inconvenient as at meal time or when you are in the midst of a task you consider important, a knock comes on the door and it is Josephine saying "Somebody wants to talk to you," or "Somebody wants salt."

Ofttimes the devil tries to discourage, and he knows just what tactics to use, but I cry out before the Lord reminding Him that He did call me to Africa and therefore He must

see something in me that He can use. My talents are few, if any, but they are His and my aim is to do His perfect will at all times.

Yours for souls at home and abroad,
MARY CAMPBELL

P. S.—Neither Sister Uta nor I received serious injuries.

Dear Highway Friends:

Greetings to you all in His dear Name!

It is a beautiful cool Sabbath morning. Reginald has gone over to town to the service there, while the rest of our family are at Altona, having left early this morning. I do hope and pray that they will have a good service there today. I hear that several new ones are becoming interested in our services, in different places, and we do pray that they will make the right choice. What a difference it will make in their lives if they decide to follow Christ!

Since Glendon went away, Reginald and Kenneth have been carrying on their wayside Sunday School alone. Now, one of the college boys has agreed to help them. It's discouraging at times, for there are only a very few who come faithfully every Sunday, so many are the "here today and gone tomorrow" type, but they are all precious in His sight and the boys feel it is a way for them to do a little for Jesus, so are determined to keep on.

At this time of the year, when in Canada, we always began to plan and pray about Beulah Camp Meetings. Habit is strong! We cannot plan to attend now, but we can pray and we are already praying that it will be a blessed time in the Lord, and that many will be helped spiritually.

I've been here now over twelve years, and I've been very happy and contented, knowing that I was in His will, but when this time of the year comes, my thoughts often wander to home and loved ones and Beulah. I do hope I'll be able to meet with you all there some day.

May the richest blessing rest and abide upon you all, is our prayer.

Yours in Christian love,
GLADYS KIERSTEAD

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Editor:

I feel we should say a few words about the life of our sister, Maud Shepherd who recently passed away at her Wood Island home. Sister Shepherd became a Christian 61 years ago, and some years later sought and received the blessing of "heart holiness."

She was very faithful in the walk with her Lord. Her life was crowned with victory. Although confined to her home the latter years of her life, she was always cheerful and happy. A great inspiration to all who came to see her. Truly—we have suffered a great loss in her passing, and will say—

Farewell but not forever,
For we shall meet again;
Where Heaven's sun is shining,
Upon that fair domain.
Soon we shall gather yonder,
Within yon city fair;
So thou dear one be waiting,
For we will meet thee there.

LELAND WILCOX.

Dear Editor:

Your paper is real good. I hope to be able

to remit \$2.00 before another month. If it were discontinued I would miss it very much. Please try and forward the same.

Two papers reach me of the "Kings Highway." One paper is for Mrs. W. D. Wilson—no address on the label. I do not know what to do with her paper. Please have that mistake rectified.

I think I wrote before about that but I may be mistaken. Your paper was sent to me as a gift from a friend and I appreciated it very much.

For want of funds I never attended Beulah Camp meetings. I wonder if there are not others similarly situated. If so, it's a pity when nothing can be done to help them. I was ill all last winter and the doctor is attending my case yet. But I am able to be out doors and can work some. I am 72 years old. Why not let me enjoy your paper as it brings a spiritual uplift. —G. E. C.

Dear Brother Dow:

Inclosed please find \$7.00 to pay for the Highway. If this is not enough to cover all, will you please write me and I will send the balance.

I am sorry for the delay on my part, but will try and keep it paid up.

I wouldn't want to have the paper stop coming, I think it is a wonderful paper. I look forward to its coming and enjoy every part.

May the Lord richly bless you and all the Highway family.

Sincerely,
GLADYS CROFT,
Alexander, Maine.

THE WORLD IS MINE

"Today upon a bus, I saw a lovely girl with golden hair;
Envied her, she seemed so gay, and wished I were as fair.
When suddenly she rose to leave, I saw her hobble down the aisle;
She had one leg and wore a crutch; and as she passed—a smile.

O God, forgive me when I whine.
I have two legs. The world is mine!

"And then I stopped to buy some sweets.
The lad who sold them had such charm,
I talked to him, he seemed so glad—
(If I were late 'twould do no harm)
And as I left he said to me, 'I thank you, you have been so kind.

It's nice to talk with folks like you. You see," he said, 'I'm blind.'
O God, forgive me when I whine. I have two eyes. The world is mine!

"Later, walking down the street, I saw a child with eyes of blue.
He stood and watched the others play; it seemed he knew not what to do.
I stopped a moment; then I said,
'Why don't you join the others, dear?'
He looked ahead without a word, and then I knew—he could not hear.

O God, forgive we when I whine.
I have two ears. The world is mine!

"With legs to take me where I'd go—
With eyes to see the sunset's glow—
With ears to hear what I would know—
O God, forgive me when I whine.
I'm blessed indeed—The world is mine!"

—Taken from Biblical Recorder.