

Sisters All!

Dear Martha,

Not for many a year have I had a weekend similar to the one just past. We offered to keep the Warings' two little boys so that they could go to the Quarterly Meeting together, for a change. Philip is an imaginative five year old and Bobby is four and a monkey, but what irresistible good humour!

Gilbert and Joyce set off for Wells Harbour early Thursday afternoon, after depositing the boys and their belongings with us. At first, they were shy and therefore on their good behaviour. Bobby did try some sly pokes at his brother in an effort to start something, but Philip resisted temptation manfully.

Friday they hit their stride. At 6:15 I was startled by a gentle pat on my shoulder and Bobby's urgent "Are you awake, Mista Douglas?" (He somehow can't get his tongue around "Mrs.") That was the beginning of a long day. There was breakfast, and I found that Philip dawdled while Bobby stuffed himself, as their mother had warned me.

Then we had the Battle of the Snowsuits, complete with tight boots and zippers that got stuck. I used the next hour or so to put the house in order and finish some ironing. I was just sitting down quietly with the grocery list, when I happened to look out the window. To my horror, the boys were standing in a huge puddle in the driveway next door, methodically stamping their feet. . . . Ah, well, little boys!

They were angels at lunch, both looking scrubbed and a little chastened. To cheer them, I offered to let them "help" me make a cake. Between greasing the pans and the final "licking the bowl" (they drew a careful line to divide it in half), they besieged me with questions:

How do eggs get in the shell? Why do you put eggs in cake? Will we get cake in Heaven? Is Heaven like church, with everybody sitting around? Does God look like Jesus? If Jesus is God, how can He be His own Father and be Himself, too?

Most of the time, the boys played pretty well together. However, Philip would "need" all the blocks for a fort, and when he became engrossed in complicated battles of his little soldiers, that was a world his little brother could not enter. At last Bobby would "accidentally" knock over an elaborate building, or seize Philip's favorite soldier and run. Then the fight was on!

That's when I'd really have to watch myself, or I'd succumb to the temptation to play god. You know how I always hated wrangling! When Grace and Mark were playing, and later Frannie too, and I could hear that trouble was brewing, I often yearned to step in and restore peace and order. But unless I was invited to arbitrate, I made myself keep quiet and leave them their independence. I suspect that God must find it difficult to hold back His hand on many occasions.

Saturday and Sunday really went fast. John had some romps with the boys, and Fran enjoyed having youngsters in the house. Their parents came for them Monday. Gil said it was a good Quarterly, and Joyce looked rested and eager to see her boys. Bobby leaned out the car window and called back, "I'll come have another vacation at your house some day, Mista Douglas!"

Well, it was a busy and stimulating weekend, and I'm still tired, but I wouldn't have missed it for anything.

With love,

Mary

Holiness is the architectural plan upon which God buildeth up His living temple.—Spurgeon.

REPORT FROM DR. S. W. EMMETT

Dear Highway Friends,

The months of January and February have been some of our busiest months since the opening of our hospital in January, 1960. Our daily average for the month of January was 55 inpatients exceeding by 11 our average for the year, 1961. Among these patients has been a larger than usual number of critically ill; three have died but many have recovered, in many instances more, we believe, as an answer to prayer than in anything within the realm of human effort. These serious cases have afforded us unusual opportunities to deal with the spiritual needs of these patients or their parents, as the case may have been. Several have made a profession of faith and we seek an interest in your prayers that they may continue to grow and become established in grace. This is not always easy since heathenism with its orgies and cults still has quite a strong hold in this area.

A few weeks ago we had an opportunity to talk with one of our student nurses about her soul. She had been a member of another mission group, a lovely girl, but not a Christian. We found within her an eager response to the invitation to receive the Lord Jesus Christ as her Savior. We rejoiced with her the other day when she told us how happy she had been since she had given her heart to Christ — as is a corresponding testimony of all those who have found "newness of life" in Christ. Our nursing staff now consists of 7 of these African girls besides Miss Chase and Mrs. Haywood. They are girls of 17-22 years of age who, in nearly every instance, have completed Standard 6 (Grade 8), which is quite a high level of education in this country. They are receiving nursing training in our hospital although, as yet, we do not have a qualified program by government standards. The most of them are Christians and members of our church in Rhodesia. However, several of them, while outstanding girls, are not Christians and we would appreciate your remembering them as you pray for our mission work in Rhodesia and Africa.

Sincerely in Christ,

S. W. Emmett, M.D.

FROM CHARLES SANDERS - - - From Page 2

posts and clinics, and preaching to groups gathered at these points. He accompanied Eric one day on an ambulance call. Harold Kierstead took most of the Missionaries, in his Landrover, to the Northern Rhodesia outpost of Senkobo, and on the way back we saw the Reformed Baptist church and parsonage in one of the Livingstone Locations, (or Native Townships). We were favourably impressed by the local Native pastor.

Our journey home included some more sight seeing, and took us to within about 29 miles of Lusaka, the capital of Northern Rhodesia, before we began the Southward journey home again. The whole family enjoyed the spiritual value, and the better understanding of the Rhodesian work that resulted from this trip. We can now pray more intelligently for our fellow Missionaries up North. The educational value of this 2743 mile trip was another blessing God gave us. We were glad that Paul and Mary were also able to attend these Conferences and were able to stay till the close of the second Conference.

In closing we wish to say thank you for the many Christmas wishes and presents received. Your prayers are doing great things, so let us keep the prayer fires burning brightly. Wishing you all, God's best for 1962, as you seek to obey Him.

Yours praying for REVIVAL.

Charles, Myra, Pamela, Esther and

Joy Sanders.

The King's Highway