

PLEDGE

Toward Paying for Balmoral Farm.

On or before June 1st, 1905, I promise to pay to the Treasurer of the Reformed Baptist Missionary Board \$2.50, to pay for one acre of the Missionary Farm, situated near Paulpietersburg, South Africa.

(Signed)

Cut this out and sign it and mail it to the Rev. S. A. Baker, Hartland, N. B.

BALMORAL FARM.

Number of acres previously acknowledged 409.
 Amount, \$1022.50
 Rev. B. Colpitts, 2 acres 5.00
 Sidney Bancroft, 1 " 2.50
 John Manter, 1 " 2.50

Mission Fund.

HOME MISSIONS.

Mrs Hattie A. Cronk, \$2.50
 Miss Ella Frazer, 1.00
 Mrs A H Trafton, .50
 A friend, 1.00

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Mrs Hattie A. Cronk, \$2.50
 Carrie E. Baker Memorial Fund, 5.00
 Miss Ella Freeze, 1.00
 Mrs A H Trafton, .50
 A friend, 1.00

C. K. SHORT, Treasurer,
 St. John, N. B.

Highway Acknowledgements.

Mrs. Abram Schriver July 1906;
 Mrs. Isaac Lindsay, Dec. 1905; Mrs.
 Isaacs Rainesell, April 1904; Sidney
 Bancroft, July 1906; Mrs. Geo. Dawe,
 July 1905; W. N. McLean, May 1905;
 Mrs. H. J. Brawn, Jan. 1907; Emery
 Branscomb May 1906; Handy Nevers,
 May 1906; Mrs. Enoch Marsten; W.
 J. Hamilton, July 1906; D. P. Thomp-
 kins, Oct. 1902; J. C. Maxon, Dec.
 1907; Mrs. D. H. Nixon, Dec. 1906.

MARRIED

At the home of the bride's parents,
 by Rev. Z. B. Grass, Mr. George Mc-
 Clintock, and Miss Emma L. Jones,
 all of Moncton, N. B.

THE PREACHER.

Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul
 Were he on earth, would hear, ap-
 prove, and own.
 Paul should himself direct me. I
 would trace
 His master strokes, and draw from
 his design;
 I would express him simple, grave,
 sincere;
 In doctrine incorrupt; in language
 plain,
 And plain in manner; decent, solemn,
 chaste,
 And natural in gesture; much impress-
 ed
 Himself, as conscious of his awful
 charge,
 And anxious mainly that the flock he
 feeds
 May feel it too: affectionate in look
 And tender in address, as well becomes
 A messenger of grace to guilty men.
 —Cowper

Speak of the happiness of devotion,
 the charm of purity, the blessing of a
 few minutes' meditation at the feet of
 Jesus, the peace procured by entire
 resignation to Providence, and the
 sweetness of a life spent beneath God's
 fatherly eye, the comfort the thought
 of heaven brings in the midst of
 trouble, the hope of the meeting again
 above, the certainty of eternal happi-
 ness. This is doing good to others,
 drawing them nearer to God, and
 teaching them more and more of holi-
 ness.—Selected.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PAULPIETERSBURG, Natal, So. Af.,
 July 17th, 1905.

Dear Friends,—There is that scatter-
 eth and yet increaseth; and there is that
 withholdeth more than it meet, but it
 tendeth to poverty.—Prov. 11:24.

This text comes to my mind so often
 when I think of the great need in this
 work. I have met those who seem to feel
 every penny given to the heathen is so
 much dead loss. Well, we shall see some
 day when the books are opened and every
 man's account is rendered. We shall see
 who are the best investors. I do not want
 to wait till then, do you?

Some say after they have built and paid
 for their little home, then they will lay
 aside the tenth. Well, I would not want
 to keep on robbing God till I got my
 home, would you?

I hear another say, "But I am in debt.
 When I pay that off I will begin then."
 Debt is a bad business, and I believe we
 as holiness people should keep out of it.
 But is not that one already deeply in debt
 to God, and I want to keep out of his
 debt in this thing. Don't you.

A busy housewife replies, "Yes, I would
 like to begin to lay aside the tenth, but I
 really need a new carpet for the best
 room. After I have saved enough for
 that I will lay aside God's portion, but I
 really cannot just now."

Yes, the carpets are nice things, and
 seem to have such a refining touch in
 furnishing the home, but I had rather
 have a bare painted floor and give God
 his due. Wouldn't you?

So I might add to the things that seem
 so very really necessary things to attend
 to, but surely God should be first. Espe-
 cially is this true of us who have said we
 have laid all upon the altar for God.
 There is such a liking for nice things,
 such a temptation to pamper our tastes
 for the things that are all right in them-
 selves, but to get them, we must cut down
 our money we should give to God to carry
 out his work. This is the age of progress,
 of living high, yes, so high as to use up in
 house furnishings, dress, pleasures and
 countless other things all the income and
 more. We have sacrificed truly and have
 not felt it much as yet, the most of us, I
 mean. We live in beautiful comfortable
 homes, but the Son of Man gave up his
 home, and I often think what he said,
 "The Son of Man hath not where to lay
 his head." O the shame of it! To think
 He should give up so willingly and lovingly
 his beautiful home, the association of
 his father and the holy angels, and come
 to die for us; and then when he pleads for
 us to hold up something for him, that we
 should give back; that we should keep
 him waiting so long that he goes to some-
 one else, or the work suffers.

Perishing, perishing, hark, hark, how they
 call us,
 Give us your Saviour, O tell us of Him.
 We are so weary, so heavily laden,
 And with long weeping our eyes have
 grown dim.

This is all true. I see it every day. I
 meet old men and women who will die
 soon and they know little or nothing of
 Jesus. I meet the young so full of life
 and hope and in their very laughter I
 hear a sad plaintive note, for I remember
 they may soon be cut down without God
 and without hope. I do not need to tell
 you of the appalling need of workers in
 India, China and South America. I do
 not need to point out to you that Japan's
 doors are wide open for the Gospel and
 her millions waiting for some to come and
 give them the Light. I do not need to
 recall to your mind that there are thou-
 sands in the islands of the seas who never
 heard the sweet name of Jesus. I need
 not speak of any of these. I only lift up
 my eyes and see all about me either heath-
 en kraals or plenty of heathens paying
 every day—passing our very doors—and
 it calls to my mind what the assistant
 magistrate of P. P. Burg village told me
 last week that in this side of the village
 are nine thousand natives and Dr. Sand-
 ers and I are the only white missionaries.
 Nine thousand people for our parish!
 Nine thousand whom the R. B. church
 has undertaken to reach. Yes, we have
 begun, we have surpassed even the most
 sanguine hopes of our friends when we
 first undertook this work, but shall we
 not go further and hasten forward this
 glorious work. Beloved, our hearts ache
 because we are not able to reach more.
 We are doing all we can, I think, but
 there is so much to do we want some one

else to hurry and con to help us that
 more kraals lying on the floor for two
 ten, may be thorough visited and that
 those who do not con may hear the glad
 tidings before they die. There are hun-
 dreds of passers by whom we speak
 all outside of our regular work, but we
 need a larger staff so we could give most
 of the time up to this visiting.

A certain young man, on fire for God
 and missions, manages to save from \$18
 to \$20 per month and support a native
 worker in the foreign field. First he gave
 \$25 per year to support one, but as he
 scattered his love and zeal for God in-
 creased till he sent money for five work-
 ers and he interested hers in this, too.
 Once when asked how he could spare so
 much from his small earnings, he said,
 "Sanctification gives to pocket-book the
 consumption," then went on to tell how
 by self-denial he was able to use so little
 for himself and so much for the Lord.
 Another time he said, "What fools men
 are to spend their time and money for
 the devil and have a bad time. I spend
 mine for the Lord and have a good time,
 now and through eternity. I pray that
 the Lord will make me Christian drunk-
 ard so that I may spend my time and
 money for Him as the drunkard does for
 the devil. I have time when I get very
 full of the Holy Spirit. How sweet it is
 to be a Christian drunkard! I pray I
 may yield myself to God more and more
 that He may press much into my life that
 will speak after I am gone."

This young man in less than two years
 had sent enough money to support five
 workers in the foreign field. I could not
 work at home do likewise? I am now
 speaking to you who so far have given
 little to missions. I am not speaking to
 those who are doing all God wants them
 to do in this line.

Our lives are passing away so very fast.
 A few more years and we shall be gone.
 There is no time to work for Jesus like
 the present. Do now what you mean to
 do next year. Give now what God has
 been asking so long of you. Remember
 it is those that scatter who increase; not
 those who graspingly withhold. If we
 would grow a good garden crop we must
 scatter the seed, so in this work to in-
 crease means a scattering first and God
 has a sweet way, all his own, of pouring
 back into our hands his richest blessings.

Yours scattering for Him,

E. SANDERS.

July 17th, 1905.

Dear Sister Baker,—Perhaps the fol-
 lowing things may help you in furnishing
 information in your work of stirring up
 people on missions. For this reason, and
 because women are usually the most in-
 terested in the little things incidental to
 daily life, I am addressing you alone this
 time. Brother B. is so very busy all the
 time I wonder he finds a moment to write
 to us at all.

Lately I have again taken up kraaling,
 as we call visiting the people in their own
 homes. Dr. Sanders keeps house, takes
 care of baby, tends to the hundred and
 one things that is generally to do, while I
 am away, from one and a half hours to
 two and a little over, as baby is too young
 to leave longer. In fact, if he were not
 so good I could not leave him at all, but I
 can manage to leave for three hours some-
 time during the day. My first visit was
 to a kraal of three huts where one man,
 his two wives and his old mother live.
 Each woman always has her own hut.
 The mother is very old, ready to die in
 fact, but without Christ. It was her son,
 the young Christian man who died about
 a year ago. While I talked with these
 three women they listened very attentively.
 When I pointed out to them they were
 so near they had a better chance of
 hearing and therefore were more to blame
 than those far away, they answered me
 thus: "You say the truth; the fault is not
 yours but ours." One told me she was
 coming soon. For some time her young
 son has been coming to our meetings.
 When I left, this woman and her little
 girl came home with me carrying a small
 dish full of amabele. This, she said, was
 a gift for me for coming to tell them the
 words of a Nkulunkulu (the great, great
 one). This is the first time I ever received
 anything for speaking to these people
 about Jesus. Last Wednesday the old
 mother came down to our weekly class.
 My heart is especially drawn out to these
 old people. We find them at every kraal
 and they are the most hopeless class to

reach of any we have. They invariably
 answer, "We are too old to become Chris-
 tians."

Another time I visited a woman, mo-
 ther of a Martha, one of our first Chris-
 tian girls. She had a young babe about
 three days old. Poor little thing, my
 heart could not but pity it in its misery,
 and the contrast between it and my own
 stood out before me sharp and clear. Its
 only covering was a dirty bit of a blan-
 ket. The smoke of the small fire got into
 its poor little eyes and that added to its
 hunger, caused it to cry pitifully. The
 mother sat on the dirty clay floor with a
 dirty blanket about her shoulders. The
 hut was rather small and ill kept. No
 chairs, table nor other furniture is need-
 ed, they are not used to such things.
 Several small children, naked, were play-
 ing about; one small boy was having a
 fine time playing in the ashes of the fire
 place. The smoke was plentiful as the
 only exit was by the door and that so
 small I had to crawl in and out on my
 hands and feet and could barely squeeze
 through. But one forgets all the un-
 pleasantnesses in the joy of telling the
 story. This woman could be a Christian
 if she wished as she is very near. Her
 husband does not oppose and a Martha
 has prayers at night when at home, but
 there is always some excuse and to them
 a very important one. Salvation, like lots
 of other things, can wait till they are
 ready to attend to it.

One day I took a walk of about a mile
 to visit another kraal. The sun was hot.
 There were three deep dongas to cross
 which greatly used up my strength, and
 when I talked to the people they were so
 very indifferent that it would be discour-
 aging if my eyes were upon circumstances.
 There were three girls in the hut. As
 long as I talked about other things it was
 all right, the eldest one sat and strung
 the beads she was using for a fancy belt,
 but the moment I began to be personal
 and asked them when they were coming
 to school and meetings, at once she drop-
 ped her work and went outside. She is
 the only girl I have met who seems to be
 filled with a prejudice and will not listen.
 Just before leaving the kraal I stopped
 to talk to two men who were sitting in
 the cattle yard. One was old and his
 gray hair made me feel sad as I remem-
 bered he had but a little while to live.
 The other was a younger man and his ex-
 cuse was "my heart does not love the
 things of God." God's word is our only
 weapon at such times and we can only
 give them what He says about such
 things and leave the rest with Him.

On my way home I noticed six or eight
 large gourds sitting in a heap near one
 of the huts to ripen. These are to be
 made into dishes.

Sometimes, like all above places, the
 huts are so dirty one scarcely knows where
 to sit down. Added to this are innum-
 erable cockroaches and smoke so thick that
 the tears will come in spite of our best
 efforts. Then too, the heathen never
 wash their blankets and seldom their
 bodies and are not very pleasant to sit near
 to, but often the huts are neatly swept
 and the few articles they contain are
 nicely arranged and the people, women
 and girls, usually busy with some kind
 of work, such as sewing for sleeping mats,
 braiding or twisting rope for thatching,
 making thatch mats or bead work.

What do the huts contain? A fire-
 place made of clay like the floor. It is
 only a raised ring about 3 inches high so
 as to hold the ashes. Here all the cook-
 ing is done, save beer, that is made out of
 doors, and in winter the fire is seldom
 allowed to go out in the hut. In one
 place the sleeping mats of the family are
 all neatly rolled up and swung in rope to
 keep them from being eaten by the white
 ants. A few earthen dishes, like large
 bowls, one or two made from various
 sized gourds (one of these is always used
 to keep the amabi or sour milk in) and
 one or two three legged iron pots. These
 are their dishes. At the top of the hut
 stuck between the tiny poles, which form
 the rafters of the hut, you will see heads
 of the Kaffir cane or Amabele (used for
 beer). This is next years seed. This
 is about all you usually find in a hut.

The hut itself is a very slim habitation,
 but strong and lasts several years. The
 frame is composed of poles lithe and long
 not quite as large as what we use for bean
 poles at home. These are so close to-
 gether you can hardly get a finger in

between them and thickly thatched out-
 side with grass. The only opening is the
 door. No window nor chimney. This
 door is often very small indeed and I
 wonder at it as it is so tiresome for me to
 crawl in and out of them but they are
 used to it and, as the larger the door the
 more cold can come in, they love small
 entrances. Just in front of this door is
 built a grass fence about five feet high.
 So neatly is it made it looks much like
 they make their mats only built out of a
 stout tall grass and strengthened at the
 top and bottom and middle. These half
 circular grass fences before the door serve
 as a wind brake and add to the warmth
 of the little home. To prevent these com-
 bustible houses from being swept off the
 earth by the grass fires each kraal has a
 space kept clean of grass all around each
 hut and for several yards all around.
 Then when the grass beyond this is dry
 they burn a wide piece on all sides and
 are quite safe from without. But it often
 happens, sometimes when a hut is left
 for a time it catches fire from within by
 some litter being on the floor near the fire
 place, this spreading to the walls of the
 hut and in about five minutes or less time
 the little frail home is in ashes. Not
 only one hut, but, unless the kraal is very
 fortunate indeed, the whole lot of houses
 catch one after another, and the poor peo-
 ple are left homeless.

I think I have written enough for this
 time so will only add we deeply appre-
 ciate all your efforts and interests for us
 and don't forget to pray for you in your
 work at home.

Lovingly yours in Jesus,

E. SANDERS.

SHORT BEACH, Aug. 25th, 1905.

Dear Highway,—It was a pleasure for
 me to be at Riverside Camp meeting this
 year. I went, having a drawing that
 way, then I heard some of our brethren
 in the ministry say while at Beulah that
 they did not think they would be able to
 get to Riverside this year, and I thought
 I would throw in my mite. I left earlier
 in the meeting than I would have, partly
 because of the excessive heat that I was
 not used to, coming from our beautiful
 cool sea shore. And then I saw that
 quite enough workers were present, and
 I felt that I might be of more use in some
 other place. I spent Sunday the 13th on
 the Washademoak Lake, preaching in the
 morning in the F. B. church at Lenius
 Cove and at 3 o'clock at Henderson
 Settlement, and in the evening in the
 school house. The Lord was with us in
 all the services. In the evening two souls
 were forward for prayer. Sunday the 20th
 I spent with the people at New Tusket,
 visiting the people and held four services,
 the Lord was with us in power. I shall
 (D. V.) return there for next Sunday. I
 expect to see good done there in the name
 of our Lord and Saviour. I need four
 prayers in this missionary work that I
 may be divinely directed.

Yours Saved,

H. H. COSMAN.

MONCTON, N. S., Aug. 18th, 1905.

Dear Highway,—Permit me to give
 through your columns a brief sketch of
 the work here. God, true to his precious
 promise, is honoring his own word, and
 many are seeing that need of Christ. On
 Sabbath the 13th inst. four precious souls
 followed their Lord in the ordinance of
 Baptism. It was a day of wonderful
 victory and power. In the evening ser-
 vice there was an earnest seeking after
 God several requesting prayer. Would
 all the brethren pray that this may be a
 Year of spiritual harvest and many pre-
 cious souls that are seeking after light may
 find the precious blood of Jesus that
 cleanseth from all sin.

Yours in the work,

Z. B. GRASS.

What a happiness were it if every
 time you come to His solemn worship
 some of your strongest sins did re-
 ceive a new wound, and some of your
 weakest graces a new strength.—
 Leighton.

Fill the place where God has placed
 you. Show your fitness for it and
 your contentment. You might pre-
 fer a change but God keeps you in it
 for some wise purpose, and if you
 make the best of it, he will be glorified
 and you will be blest.—The
 Presbyterian.