4年1月2日1日本 Baker it and Hartlar

BALMORAL FARM.

Don't forget your pledges for Balmoral Farm. Address Rev. S. A. Baker, Woodstock, N. B.

Highway Acknowledgements.

A. J. Marsten, June 1907; Williard D Marsten, June 1907; Mrs. H. J. Brawn, Jan. 1907; Walter Mullen, Dec. 1906: Mrs. Alfred Kaye, Dec. 1906.

Brother H. G. Noble, Woodstock, N. B., has been appointed to raise money to pay off the debt on Beulah Camp Ground. Send cash and pledges to him at the above address.

A friend,\$	100.00
H. G. Noble,	5.00
Rev. M. S. Trafton,	5.00
John Good,	5.00
Rev. P. J. Trafton,	5.00
John Good, Rev. P. J. Trafton, Rev. W. B. Wiggins.	5.00
I SHALL THE THE SHALL SHALL SHALL SHALL	

Mission Fund.

FOREIGN MISSIONS

WASSEGIE WEEDSTATES	
H. Sobean,\$3.00)
Miss Bell McLeod,)
Miss M. J. McLeod, 1.00)
Miss M. J. McLeod, 1.00 Mrs Simon McLeod, 2.00)
Mrs. Alfred Kaye,	
Des M O M	

REV. M. S. TRAFFON, St. John. Aug. 13th. 1906.

MARRIED.

At Tracy Mills, July 81st, by Rev. S Greenlaw, Ray E. Hartley and Huttie M Pryor both of Tracy Mills, Carleton County, N. B.

In the Reformed Baptist church at Beals Me., in the presence of three hundred people, by the Rev. H. H. Cosman, Aug. 1st, Mr. Guy H. Carver of Jonesport, Me. to Miss Susie O. Beal of Beals, Me., daughter of Capt. Charles H. Beal, Deacon of the Reformed Baptist church at Beals. mode to desper

DIED.

At Millville, July 26th, of heart failure, Lydia A. Foster, aged 37 years. Sister Foster had been an invalid for several years but bore her sickness and suffering with Christian patience. She became a Christian more than fifteen years ago, pressed on to the second blessing, and lived a pure sanctified life, and met death without a fear. The sorrowing mother and sisters have the sympathy of the community.

May, aged five years and three months, only and much beloved daughter of Mr. racks where cooking and all is done in a bright child much loved by all who than a Zulu family occupies and I preknew her. The parents have the sym- sume the Indians do not mind the small-Funeral attended by the writer. S. GREENLAW.

At Central Haynesville, Mrs. Annie Estey, aged 84 years. Sister Estey was a member of the Primitive Baptist church. Funeral attended by the writer. S. GREENDAW.

desolate trusteth in God and continueth and me to both be away at one time. But for the soap when it comes. We also by going aside from the path of duty, in supplications and prayers night and Father arranged the whole matter and told these as much about the old old One lesson was enough for him, but day." Probably Paul had not met the gave us more than we had thought or story as we were able. A boy came, who the Lord would need a whale very veiled, painted and wigged variety. One asked. Faith and Paul remained at home has about finished the matter of believ- often to keep some preachers in the of this type came into a church of which and will interpret for Bro. and Sister ing, with a letter from u Petro. With the writer was psator, a witty woman Keirstead who run the work in all its de. Faith's assistance we answer the letter, dryly remarked: "a man wanted," and as partments during our absence of seven and encourage him to trust Christ fully, we heard her responses to those who took | teen days. part in the prayer meeting it seemed to Mrs. Sanders has not seen civilization The rest of the day is spent in studying, have placed a fine organ in the Riverside us that, she said A Man! A Man! and until now since our Judson was born reading, etc., except a few minutes we Tabernacle for the Camp Meeting Sersure enough she got him.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DURBAN, July 1st, 1906.

Dear Highway, -This morning I had the privilege of seeing mission work among the Indians. Mr. Tomlinson whom I accompanied tells me that he is the only evangelical European worker among the 15,000 Indians of Durban, and that of Indian workers there are only two or three, and among this immense population only about 100 Christian Indians. He has been to work only a little more than a year, and when he began he found that this people in many places where he would go did not know the name "Jesus." Now the most of them have heard that much, but only five converts has he had in more than twelve month. His field is a hard one as the Indians are a difficult people to win to Christ. Yet it is evident that there should be more done for these people than is now being done. Because the field is hard will not excuse the disciples for disregarding the great command, "teach, all nations." It seems so strange to me that right here in Durbar, a city of Christians and churches there should be 15,000 heathens left to go on ignorant of the way of salva. tion. I fail to comprehend the situation. The Zulus have eighteen white and many colored workers in Durban, and are quite well cared for and outside of Durban it is just as bad. Thousands of Indians work on large sugar plantations, and farms, and are without the opportunity of hearing the gospel. I do not think they care, but we should.

As we arrived at the Indian barracks, this morning they were just having a heathen service, offering food and incense to their God. Before the smoking char coal pot were placed in order a pot of water, a large plate of yellow sugar, a dish of rice and leaves, a dish of whole bananas and oranges, a dish of bananas cut in halves, a dish of oranges peeled and broken nicely and lastly a plate of red and white candy. About twenty Indians were standing around including five little children who kept close by the candy plate. The priest stood facing the incense and mumbled over, I suppose prayer, but no one seemed to notice him but were talking among themselves. With us were also Mr. and Mrs. Burns, missionaries to the Indians at Phoenix. But none had seen this service in Natal before. They enquired and were told that some of the people were soon to go upon a long sea voyage and this was to get favor for them from the Gods. A further explanation was offered: "We are having a picnic, just as you white people do." And so it seemed for as soon as the priest had finished his prayer he took a drink from the water jug and then divided all the food among his congregation, begining with the impatient little girls who were so close to the candy plate.

Their meeting was now over and we soon began ours. We walked down a ten foot alley separating two long, low brick buildings with iron roofs. At our right were some twelve feet square, each one being the home of a whole family, where they live eat and sleep, but the cooking is done in rooms twelve feet by five, which are on our left as we pass along. Each one has a table and fire place, so the stove pipe chimneys are only twelve feet apart. Only about fifteen gather to listen as the At Millville, April 28th, 1906, Reta hymns are sung and the gospel preached.

Then we pass on and go to other bar. and Mrs. Murray Kennedy, Rata was one room. But these rooms are larger pathy of the entire villiage in their sad ness of their quarters. The little children bereavement. Their loss is her gain are so cute! The little girls in long dresses, and with rings in noses and ears and rings on their bare toes.

July 2nd. Tomorrow Mrs. Sanders and I expect next to demand our attention. Soon to go down the coast a few miles to Port four girls arrive from a mountain ten Shepstone, where a "Christian Worker's miles away with loads of wood on their Convention" is to be held. For some time heads, desiring to buy soap but as our I had hoped to attend this convention stock had run out, three took salt instead. "Now she that is a widow indeed and but we had thought it impossible for wife The other left her wood and will return

three years ago next August. So you may take for a walk.

be sure the sights were all new to Judson who was full of questions and exclamations of surprise. He seemed to wonder quietly resting in His love. Happy that most at seeing so many houses. And we are accounted worthy by Him to witwhen he saw a car moving he said, "O ness for Him in this dark land. We are papa there's a house coming!"

We hope for blessing at Port Shepstone where the plan is that we conduct the children's meetings.

Ever yours in His service, H. C. SAUNDERS.

> PAULPIETERSBURG, Natal, South Africa, July 4th, 1906.

Dear Highway,-You have become quite well acquainted with the Zulus through the letters you have received since our first missionaries arrived in Africa. Now the question arises how may we best become instrumental in helping them. The words of Jesus are appicable here: "Without me ye can do nothing." We are all acquainted with the often repeated saying, that "revivals are prayed down." We believe this is as true in Africa as any other place in the world. The devil has had full sway here for so long and the people are so bound of the Holy Spirit manifested in their spoke of the leanness of the animal, captives free.

in the homeland will pledge themselves before God to spend at least one hour a week in secret and special prayer to God for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the missionaries and natives here in South Africa especially upon this needy field. We remember how the saints at Hartland used to meet together every day swered by fire again and again. So we believe if the dear people at home will join with us in special prayer for this place the same results will follow here. "Is there anything too hard for God?" Can not He cause the son of rightousness to rise in such glory and splendor that the darkness shall fade away and his they did not have a revival. I have glorious light break all over this land?

Several new outstations have been opened up and the work is prospering but so many who have declared their desire to become christians are so slow in even putting themselves under the influence of the truth and that we feel the real awakening power of the Holy Spirit alone is sufficent to stir them out of their old

We had a letter on Monday from Petro, one of our most promising young men; he lives about eight miles from here. Has been holding meetings near his home, also has been occupied through the week in building himself a square stone house, so has not been here to worship for some time. He wanted us to go and help him in his meetings next Sunday, but as the Dr. and wife are away to a missionary convention near Durban, we had to say we were unable to go until they return. Brother and Sister Sanders were much in need of this change for a few days. We trust they may come back much refreshed in body and spirit.

An account of a typical Monday here may be interesting to you. Last Monday as soon as breakfast was over, as usual we had prayers in zulu and English. Beside trying to get what spiritual help we can, at such times we try to get hold of some new Zulu words and learn how to put them together. By this time some children have arrived with grass to sell for thatching the roof of the church. While Ida is about her household duties we attend to buying. Now a strange woman has come with apparantly no object in view other than to see the white man. We take her in and give her a talk from the picture roll, Faith interpet. ing. The study of the language is the

The Lord is giving us victory in our souls. We are saved from fear and with you in Spirit these days.

Yours in Jesus name, I. F. KIERSTEAD.

LUTZ MOUNTAIN, Westmorland County, Aug. 10th, 1906.

To the Highway, -Brother Tanner is now visiting his old field of labour, had the privilege of speaking in Moncton and Lutz Mountain churches, preached in Free Baptist church, Bunell's Corner, last Sabbath morning; will D. V. visit Victoria and New Scotland churches next week, and then go on to Amherst, Oxford, Tompson and Westchester, N. S. There seems to be so much to do for the Lord all along the line and so few faithful ones to work.

TRY PREACHING.

man who rode a very poor horse up the head of a concern, when it's the quiet by his devices that nothing but the power to a party of idle men. Some one partner of the gray-haired clerk that presence can break his hold and set the Whereupon the owner explained that it was sick. He said, "I do not under-Now we feel impelled to ask how many stand the case. I have given this horse coperas; I have fed it on horse and cattle powders. I have put hickory nuts in the trough, and put a poplar pole in the stable for it to gnaw on but nothing seems to benefit it.' A young Irishman standing by said, 'Faith and did you iver try corn? for the special purpose of praying for the have noticed that corn is foine for promotion of the revival and God an- sich a nag." The crowd laughed, and the man plied his heels to the sides of the poor beast and rode on,

I have often thought of this when have seen men fussing around, singing, scolding, ranting and making for the milk." propositions, and wondering why wanted to ask "Did you ever try preaching?" The plain, honest fervent proclamation of God's word will work wonders in almost any commun-

A WELL-KEPT LIFE.

It requires a well-kept life to do the will of God, and even a better kept life to will to do his will. To be willing is a rarer grace than to be doing the will of God. For he who is willing may some times have nothing to do, and must only be willing to wait; and it is easier far to be doing God's will than to be willing to have nothing to do-it is easier far to be working for Christ than it is to be willing to cease. No, there is nothing rarer in the world today than the truly willing soul and there is nothing more worth covering than the will to do God's will. There is no grander possession for any Christian life than the transparently simple mechanism of a sincerely obeying heart.—Drummond.

WHAT HE DIED OF.

Some time ago, when Rev. Hugh Price Hughes was in this country, he told this of a brother pastor: "He was cautious, wise, prudent, slow, careful—the very sort of man whom my church used to put in office a few years ago; but he was so wise and so cautious that he never did anything. He was much too prudent to commit himself to anything. Eventually he died. (Applause.) Well, I did not wish you to express any gratification a his death; but a gentleman, a neighbor of his, was asked what he died of. He re flected a moment and said: 'Well, guess he died of self-restraint."

We have other words for the malady which aided this brother. It may have been fear. It may have been flattery. It may have been sheer, downright laziness,-Central Christian Advocate.

Jonah got into an ocean of trouble path of duty.

Mr. George B. Hussey and wife, dealas he is willing to give up all his sins ers in Pianos and Organs, Caribou, Me.,

THE GLORY OF DRUDGERY.

"Waitin' fer a train to-day, I couldn't help noticin' the shiftin' engine, 'nd how hard 'twuz workin'. 'Twuz puffiin' here 'nd tuggin' there, 'nd never standing still for five minits. 'Nd it never got outside the yards either. Jest back 'nd forth, on them same line' of rails, getting trains ready fer other engines to take out, allers in the thick of things, never runnin' out through the fields 'nd woods or acrost the river bridges or over the hills, like the other engines-my! twuz like a parable of some folks' lives, allers doin' the hard work in the hard places.

"There ain't no glory in bein' a shiftin' engine. No fast runs, 'nd no recordbreakin' hauls—jest makin' up trains so's they kin start out right. Seems to me there's lot of men 'nd wimmen-specially wimmen—jest like that, doin' common things day in 'nd day out, 'nd gettin' no glory nor credit out of it all. Folks praise a great man, 'nd ferget the mother My grandfather told me once of a that started him out right. They admire keeps things goin' straight. The engine that goes speedin' along, over a clear, open track, with the hull continent ahead _that's the engine fer them, every time." -Selected.

A PENNY AND A PRAYER.

"Was that your penny on the table, Susie?' asked grandmother as the children came in from Sunday School. "I saw it after you went, and I was afraid you had forgotten it."

"O, no, grandmother; mine went into the box safely."

"Did you drop anything in with it?" asked grandmother.

"Why, no, grandmother," said Susie, looking surprised; "I hadn't anything to put in. You know I earn my penny every week by getting up early and going

"Yes, I remember, dear. Do you know just what becomes of your penny?"

"No, grandmother."

"Do you care?"

"O, indeed I do; a great deal I want it to do good somewhere."

"Well, then, every Sunday, when you drop your penny in, why don't you drop a prayer in too, and do good service for God? Don't you think that if every penny carried a prayer with it, the money the school sends away would do wonderful work? Just think of the prayers that would go out; some across the ocean, some away off among the Indians!"

"I never thought of that, grandmother. The prayer would do as much good as the penny if it were a real true prayer. wouldn't it? I am going to remember, and not let my penny go alone again."-Our Boys and Girls.

"I GAVE THEM MYSELF."

Said a mother to me one day: "When my children were young I thought the very best thing I could do for them was to give them myself. So I spared no pains to talk with them, to be a loving companion and friend to my children. I had to neglect my house often. I had no time to indulge myself in many things, which I should like to do. I was so busy adorning their minds and cultivating their hearts' best affection that I could not adorn their bodies in fine clothes though I kept them neat and comfortable at all times. I have my reward now. My sons are ministers of the gospel; my grown-up daughter is a Christian woman. I have plenty of time now to sit down and rest plenty of time to keep my house in order, plenty of time to indulge myself, besides going about my Master's business wherever He has need of me. I have a thousand memories of their childhood to comfort me. Now that they have gone out into the world, I have the sweet consciousness of having done all I could to make them ready for whatever work God called them to do."—Sel.

THE HIGHWAY.

Send your subscriptions to the editor and business manager.

REV. S. A. BAKER, Woodstock, N. B.