

Those in favor of establishing holiness mission work in foreign lands, and those desirous of keeping in memory our departed brother, are hereby given an opportunity of contributing to the establishing of our first mission station in South Africa.

Any individual can take as many of the squares as desired, or any number in a community can take a square, or every individual subscription coming in separately will be acknowledged, and when they amount to a square it will be taken. As fast as the squares are taken they will be marked thus (o).

Please send the amounts and your name to C. K. Short, St. John, and all will be duly acknowledged.

We have received from the author a book of 352 pages written and published by Rev. A. Sims of Kingston, Ont., containing 70 brief narratives. The preface briefly states the object of the author to be.

2. To warn the careless sinners of the terrible doom that awaits them, to show in as striking a manner as possible the awful havoc sin is making, and thus save some perhaps as "brands from the burning."

4. To promote experimental piety, and to kindle revival fires all over the land.

It contains brief sketches of Henry Martyn, Gregory Lopez, Madame Guyon, George Fox, Archibald Boyle, Hester Ann Rogers, Wm. Bramwell and Charles G. Finney, with many other interesting and helpful narratives. The price is one dollar, but we will make the following offer good until July 1st.

New subscribers to the KING'S HIGHWAY sending \$1.60 will get the book and the HIGHWAY for one year. All present subscribers paying one year in advance can have the book by sending 60 cents additional to Rev. H. C. Archer, Meductic, N. B.

We will send a copy of the new singing book, Songs of Praise and Salvation, to every person renewing their subscription by September 15th also to every new subscriber.

We believe that we need a revival of debt paying. Most people are too careless at this point. We certainly ought to be very careful how we handle other people's property—for whatever we handle on credit is not really ours until we pay for it. Even some ministers and evangelists are too careless when it comes to paying their debts. One may, on account of misfortunes, be placed where he cannot pay, but this is not often the case. As a rule, our unpaid debts are the results of neglect, rather than inability to pay.—Living Water.

ST. JOHN, West, Aug. 13th, 1903.

Your brother in the work,
E. A. ALLABY.

RIVERSIDE, Camp Ground,
Aug. 12th, 1903.

Dear Highway,—I am glad that others of the brethren are not so negligent as myself in the matter of reporting in your columns. I have thought that a word as to my movements might be of interest to our holiness family. Many of the brethren and sisters are aware of the changes in my plans for this year, which necessitated the resigning of my charge of the churches on Grand Manan in order that I might be free to take a special theological course—probably in Kentucky. I was sorry to break away from the work on Grand Manan. The people there have made me their debtor for much kindness bestowed during the time I spent among them and I hope that in the kind providence of God I may be permitted at some time to again minister to them in spiritual things. May the Lord richly bless them and send them one of our men of God to be their pastor. We are enjoying much victory and blessing at this Camp Meetings. Souls are being saved and crowds are receiving the truth.

Yours in fellowship,
G. B. MACDONALD.

TABAMHLOPE, via Estcourt, Natal,
July 8th, 1903.

Dear Friends,—Let me give more details concerning the finding of our Promised Land. The place we desired was to be, first, needy. We have always felt that God has called us to minister to those whom others have neglected. Even in Africa we have seen some places where workers were more numerous than needed, and wishing to crowd each other out. And, secondly, we believed that ours was to be a large field and that God has sent us out in advance of others whom he will bring later. Thus this first station is to be one of several that will arise as light in a large and dark place. It is God's plan, we think, to raise up many spirit-filled native workers to man out-stations and travel with the gospel through all parts of the field giving every creature the opportunity of intelligently accepting Christ as their Saviour. We had reason to think that the station was to have a healthful location, though probably near fever districts. Then, during the winter we could safely evangelize in these unhealthy parts, that in the rainy season could be worked by Christian natives while we, in summer, could devote more time to the training of native workers. It seemed desirable that we have, at least, one healthful station where new workers from home could remain for a few months to study the language and customs of the people; and where one tired out or broken in health could remain and rest and recuperate and thus save the loss of money and precious time in a voyage home—the loss of a more precious life. A doctor

We knew that God had led us to study the Zulu language and I, especially, did not wish to undertake another. It was reasonable to expect that God intended us to work among a people who spoke this language, although we were told that there was no more room. For some months the conviction had been deepening that we were soon to go to our own field. So strong was this thought that we sent the S. A. G. mission a letter notifying them that we expected to move from here inside of three months. With these ideas in mind we waited for the command to move forward. The place was to be needy, large, healthful, Zulu the language of the people, and we were to occupy very soon. Wonderful promises God had given! Many years—more than sixteen—had we waited in faith to see the place of God's choice. At midnight, Saturday, May 23rd, came the word to go up and spy the land so long ago promised, and with it precious promises for guidance Father gave "An highway shall be there, and a way . . . wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." Also, "Behold I send an angel before thee, to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared." No second choice! No chance for mistake! Just what we had prayed for. Even the day for departure was set by circumstances beyond our control, and all the way there and back, by train, post cart, etc., the connections were perfect, planned by Him who had given the promises.

A map sent us by a friend and showing a road to a field said to be needy, was left behind. The plan had been to go first to Vryheid and then, unless God directed otherwise, take this road for eighty miles to a country store and from there travel northerly for many miles more. Upon reaching Vryheid in the afternoon and making inquiries of strangers I was introduced to a young Wesleyan preacher whose acquaintance I had made nearly two years ago while on the steam ship from East London to Durban. No one seemed to know of the waggon road on the country store, of the forgotten map, and but one thing remained for me, to go on to Paulpietersburg, the next settlement farther north. The post cart that went but twice a week was to start early next morning. The preacher gave me a letter to the school master of P. P. Burg, who, that evening, invited me to take tea with him, promising that a man should be there who knew all the country. Thus God was leading me to the man who knew of the place I was seeking. That evening I met Capt. Ingram who had served through all the late war and who has spent many years in government employ travelling in South and Central Africa. At the request of government he had made a map of the very region which is, I believe, our promised land. Of course he knew the country perfectly and from the first was my staunch friend. Knowing my naturally shrinking disposition Ella had prayed that God would give me favor in the eyes of some one in authority. This man was the answer to her prayer. Being assistant magistrate and knowing personally those in highest authority over the natives he was in a position to aid me much. I shall always feel under obligation to this noble hearted man, who is, as I heard him called "everybodys friend."

But it was from another that I learned of a lone farm house eighteen miles from any other dwelling house and near the centre of this needy region. Most the last thing I had said to my wife was that I would find a house ready built for us to move into. By the way this district is forty miles long with an average breadth of seventeen miles and peoples four thousand Zulus who are practically untouched by the gospel while to the north there stretches a thickly populated country for sixty miles to the nearest mission station. Also east and south for many miles no work is being done. Perhaps forty thousand without the gospel and our station near the centre of this vast field. What is one station among so many people? "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth laborers into his harvest." We aim to bring out and wholly support one worker and I think that many at home can do the same. Remember "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." We would like to welcome ten missionaries within three years.

all for this field. Another thing that may prove of great importance is that a long gold lead runs north and south almost under the old farm house that we rented. I met the man who has been prospecting there for nearly a year and staking off claims, also have consulted others and all agree that the prospect is good and that a few years hence this place may be the centre of great activity. But I believe that I have told you all this before. No native work could be more profitable than christianizing the young men who would come in great numbers to work in these mines. Think of them returning to their heathen homes with a testament, a hymn-book, and a saving knowledge of Christ? Surely this field is all that was promised. How wonderful? Healthful? Yes but just on the line that separates from the fever districts of the two rivers, the Pongolo and the Pivaan, near the junction of which is this gold field.

This country is so like we had desired that it seems like a dream or a fairy tale. But after visiting this farm house and the surrounding country, terms were agreed upon with the owner, and his house rented for six months. Then letters were sent to government asking for a grant of land on which we may build. All this business just completed and the semi-weekly postcard was to leave next morning for Vryheid. Spent the Sunday in Vryheid and in the afternoon was asked to speak a few words in a Sunday school. A number of young people were just on the point of yielding and getting saved. They told me later that they did not quite understand the invitation,—Oh, that I had made it plainer—but promised me that in the evening service they would come out if an opportunity was given. In the evening their pastor gave all to understand that he was the one lead the lambs into the fold, but he failed to do it that night. The next day I reached Estcourt at 10 p. m., and wondered how I was to get home in the morning, thirty miles. As I had not known what day I should leave Paupietsburg, I could not send word home to have my horse to meet me. (This is a small matter but it shows the hand of God, so I write it.) In the morning God gave me, "Be still and know that I am God," and every man went to his own house." Only one thing was before me and that to start on foot. This I did and when about half way home and had just began to feel tired, I met a native whom I knew on horse back, crossing the road. Five minutes earlier or later and we would not have met. He hired me his horse and I was soon home, just two weeks from the day I had left thinking to be gone for from four to six week. In this short time I learned much of what God can do with a people committed to Him. I know that you at home have been praying fervently that God would guide in this matter, and I write this account that your faith may be strengthened, as mine has been because God has answered prayer, and lastly, but most important, that God may have all the glory, for He did it.

No doubt, there yet remains many tests of faith, and your earnest prayers are still needed. The farm house could be rented for only six months, and as governments don't generally give a grant in so short a time as this, what will be the next shelter for your missionaries? The railroad to Vryheid is nearly completed, but opens only to within thirty miles. But it is ours to trust and not look at obstacles, so we are packing up, and expect to move in three or four weeks.

Yours in His service,
H. C. SANDERS.

When shall we learn that love is not weak, shallow sentiment, not an effeminate feeling, not an hysterical emotion? Love is not the light, limpid cloud floating on the summer's sky, but is rather the mighty force that lies back of the lightning's flash and the thunder's peal.

John's love for the Lord is not even so much in the leaning on His bosom as in the clear, constant and brave witnessing for His divinity; Patmos is the revelation of the love that grew in such sweet hours of communion as at the last supper. He who has feared to love in the quietness of sympathy manifests the love in fidelity during suffering, in the thundering denunciations of error, the flashing challenges of aught that affronts his Lord and

We are liable to make altogether false portraits of such men as John, because we have misconceived the true character of love. His is not the weak face with the overgrown curls. There is love that weakens, but worthy love of a worthy object strengthens. And also strong lovers will also be strong haters. John will loathe hypocrisy and deceit in proportion as he loves his divine and glorious Lord; he will hate the world as he loves the Father. He will manifest the loyalty of true love by his persistent fighting of the foes of his King.

Love knows no compromise. Some seem to think that the sign of a loving nature is the ability to stand in with both sides, to please all parties, to secure the complacency of sinners as well as the comfort of saints. But as the faith of love casts out fear so will the sincerity of love cast out a lie. There is no dissimulation in love. All the world will know it if you really love Christ, and if your love of Him rebukes them, denounces their indifference and hatred and peals forth like thunder startling their consciences and reminding them of sin; it is because love's lightning will flash at all things false.

The only effectual thundering against sin is that which rises in heaven and is born of love. Our denunciations are but empty words, like stage thunder, unless they can come down on men, from above, and come laden like the voice of the storm with the promise of loving blessing—Sel.

A C Pierce, Blaine, Me, March 1904;
Jos Smith, Bridgewater, Me, Decem-
ber 1903; Luther Bubar, Blaine, Me,
March 1903; Luther Hartt, Robinson
Me, December 1904; S Clark, Mill
ville, N B, December 1904; Mrs W B
Wiggins, Upper Haynesville, N B,
May 1904; Mrs C Clark, Blaine, Me,
April 1903; Rev S Greenlaw, Centre-
ville, N B, December 1904; Geo B
Hartley, Centreville, N B, September
1903; Mrs Holt, Fort Fairfield, Me,
January 1905; P H Smith, Presque
Isle, Me, March 1904; W H Stickney,
Bridgewater, Me, December 1904;
Burd Kimball, Fort Fairfield, Me, De-
cember 1904; Mrs John Stephenson
Houlton, Me, 1904; Mrs Jos Craw-
ford, Houlton, Me, December 1903;
Geo F Nichols, Fort Fairfield, Me,
March 1904; Mrs Elvin Laskey, M
Pleasant, N B, August 1904; Chas C
Much, Fort Fairfield, Me, Decembe
1904; J C Graham, Presque Isle, Me,
March 1904; Dr J E Jewett, Wood-
stock, N B, December 1904; L W
Clark, St Stephen, N B, Decembe
1904; Abbie B Foster, Lynn, Mass
March 1904; Mrs A H Gordon, Leeds
Me, December 1904; Mrs H J Brown
Mt Vernon, Wash, January 1904;
Franklin Carr, Geary, N B, Jun
1904; Mrs J T Belyea, Brown's Flats
N B, July 1901; Mrs D T Day, Hart-
land, N B, January 1903.

John Wesley gave all his revenue to God. When his income was about \$150 a year he lived on \$140 and gave \$10 to charity. The next year his income was \$300, he lived on the same allowance and gave \$160 to the Lord. The next year his income was \$600 and steadfast to his plan the poor got \$460. When he died he had left only his clothes, books and carriage, though he had given more than a hundred thousand dollars to God.

He who speaks from experience speaks with the authority of knowledge. Scribes and Pharisees may theorize and make application, but the doer of the Word speaks with the power of conviction.—Sel.

A carnal Christian cannot bear spiritual words. Paul, though he might speak wisdom among them that were perfect, could not speak unto the Corinthians as unto spiritual.

Truth is exact, and to reach it the utmost possible precision is necessary in the use of significant terms.