

color of their skin, and "He looketh not on the outward appearance," but if she should seek Him with all her heart she would find Him. She listened eagerly and seemed really earnest.

All her life long she had lived in heathen darkness. She knew there is a great, great one, creator of all things, a God whom she ought to love and worship, seeing He made her. Besides that—so little.

Of what avail in the face of such ignorance and darkness, could be the words of those few moments I had to speak to her then?

That was my last chance to tell her about the way of salvation, for when we got to the kraal they told us she was very sick.

"Where is she? Let us go and see her," we said.

"Come on, then; but it will do no good now. She is no longer a person."

My heart aches yet as I think of what I found in that tiny hut. Lying there on a few old skins and blankets spread on the earth floor was what used to be a lovely woman—but oh, so sadly changed! Death had indeed marked her for his own. She lay there, panting for breath, unable to speak, hardly able to move.

"It is three months now since she was first climbed upon by this sickness," they said; "and a month ago she began to refuse to eat or drink, saying, 'I am tired of this life and I want to go and be with my people who have gone before.'"

Poor soul! We did what we could for her. I tried to give her a drink of water, and oh, she supped it up so eagerly, but she could only swallow a few drops, after that she breathed with less difficulty. Though she could not speak we saw that she heard and understood what was going on, so we had prayers there and tried to point her to Jesus. We can never know if it helped or not. Did she understand? If so, did she pray to God in her heart and accept Jesus as her Saviour? We cannot know. Humanly speaking it is very improbable. But what is humanly impossible is easy for God, so we left it all in his hands and went to another hut where they gathered for a little meeting.

They listened well while Lydiya and I each spoke for a few moments and tried to impress upon them the necessity of hurrying up the matter of believing, and not to listen to Satan, who wants them to wait, until, like these others, it is too late.

After the service we tried to find out how many people there are in this kraal, and how many want to believe. I asked for all their names and wrote them on a slip of paper. Some of them are very funny, like "Ntete," or grasshopper; "Sibolile" we have rotted), etc.

Meetings have been held at this kraal more or less regularly during the past year, and there are many who earnestly desire to believe. They come to the Station quite often, on different errands, and always urge us to go and visit them, and "cause us to have a meeting." The recent deaths among them have done much to soften their hearts.

Yes, friends, God is working on the hearts of these people, and is answering prayer above what we ask or think. The calls come in on every hand for us to go and tell them how to serve God. If only we had more helpers—some one to go to every place that is open to us, and not only to have meetings Sunday, but to visit and pray with them and keep their interest up through the week. Some one to help counteract the influence of heathen surroundings on the hearts of those just beginning to turn to God. Not only some ONE—but many, for the

A FATHER'S INFLUENCE.

I heard a story of two men who were very wicked, yet their father was a very earnest, consecrated Christian. He had family prayers every night, kneeling down by a table that stood in a corner near-by the hearthstone; but the two young men did not care to bow with their father at that little, old table. Finally the father died and left the two wicked sons. He had prayed for them many a time, and sometimes with tears in his eyes he had talked with them about their Saviour, but they did not care to hear him.

Time went on, and in after years they decided, as they had gained in property, to remove the old house and build a larger one. They were both carpenters and they undertook the work themselves. They took off the roof and then the sides of the house, and then they took up the floor, plank by plank, and finally they got near the old hearthstone, and one of them stopped and looked at his brother. He said:

Here's where father used to kneel and pray; there's where the little table stood and the Bible was always on it."

The other said: "Yes, it seems to me I can see the print of father's knee on the old plank now." He continued: "I can't take up that plank; you take it up."

"No, I can't. I wish you would," and as they looked into each other's eyes, the voice of their father spoke to them, and the spirit of God vitalized the voice, and right there, where the old man had prayed a thousand times, the boys prayed that day, and asked the old, old question: "What shall I do to be saved?" And the Spirit of God came down and revealed Jesus to their hearts, and before that plank was ever taken up they gave their hearts to God. —Selected.

GIVE US MEN.

Give us men!
Men from every rank,
Fresh and free and frank;
Men of thought and reading,
Men of light and leading,
Men of royal breeding,
The nation's welfare spreading;
Men of faith and not of faction,
Men of lofty aim in action.
Give us men—I say again,
Give us men!
Give us men!
Men whom highest hope inspires,
Men whom purest honor fires,
Men who trample self beneath them,
Men who make their country wreath them
As her noble sons
Worthy of their sires!
Men who never shame their mothers,
Men who never fail their brothers,
True, however false are others.
Give us men—I say again—
Give us men!
* * * * *
Men who tread where saints have trod,
Men for country, home and God!
Give us men! I say again, again—
Give us men!

—Bish op of Exeter

"Our seeming failures may be victories."

need is great and growing daily. "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth labourers into this harvest."

Yours in His service,
FAITH SANDERS.

Correspondence.

Ravensmere, Sunbury County, N. B.,
July 24th, 1915.

Dear Brother Baker,—Enclosed please find renewal for Highway. I was so delighted with the meetings at Beulah my soul feasted; glory be to Jesus. He sweetly saves me today, sanctifies and keeps. Oh, its wonderful, Hallelujah I love Him this morning.

With heartfelt grateful thanks for all the kindness I received among you dear people,
Lillian E. Young.

Sister Young is an invalid and has to be moved about in a wheel chair, perfectly helpless, and yet lives in a heavenly atmosphere of full salvation. None seemed to enjoy Beulah Camp Meeting more than Sister Young, and Brother Ziba Orser, who is totally blind, the joy beaming in their faces being a constant testimony.

Berry's Mills, West. Co., N. B., July 21.

Dear Bro. Baker,—I just want to give my testimony tonight through the Highway.

O, so long was my bark tossed about on life's sea,
But I've anchored in Jesus at last.

Hallelujah, I have found him whom my soul so long has craved. Jesus satisfies my longing; through His blood I now am saved. Praise His precious name forever.

Beatrice E. Trites.

Dear Highway, my testimony is to day,

Once heaven seemed a far-off place,
Till Jesus showed his smiling face;
Now it's begun within my soul,
'Tis last while endless ages roll.

O hallelujah, yes, 'tis heaven,
'Tis heaven to know my sins forgiven.
On land or sea, what matters where?
Where Jesus is 'tis heaven there.

Your sister in Christ,
Louisa King.

Upper Springfield, July 21, 1915.

Dear Bro. Baker,—

Enclosed please find my subscription to the Highway. I am glad to hear of such a good camp meeting and so sorry not to be present, for last year was such a time of blessing for me. It seems a long while to wait until next year, but the Lord is my portion and I do love Him today.

Yours in Him,
Miss Alice F. Sterritt.

July 22, 1915.

Durant, Okla.

Dear Brother Baker,—

I was believing to be with the saints at Beulah and Riverside Camp Meetings this season. I will be there in spirit and prayer if not in body, and I pray God that great good will be done in the name of the Holy Child Jesus, and sinners will be converted and believers sanctified. I have decided to go to California to visit Bro. J. H. and Mrs. Seeley and attend the Huntington Beach Camp Meeting, which takes place July 22 to August 1. I am happy on the way, praising the good Lord for health and strength.

Inclosed you will please find my renewal for the Highway.

Your Sister in Christ,
MRS. MARY SEELEY.

P. S.—Regards to all old friends.