

CALL FOR MORE MISSIONARIES.

In reply to a question recently asked of us, viz., "What would it cost to establish another missionary station in South Africa?"

And also to give the people an idea of what is involved in the appeal by Dr. Sanders for more foreign missionaries in his letter in this issue.

We make the following observations, without an explanation, and a moderate estimate of what is involved in labor and money to prepare for foreign missionary work. Some might come to wrong conclusions that because they have impulses to do missionary work they are prepared to go, and the Missionary Board has only to put up the money. But—

This means first:

Proper preparation, a good education, medical training, for the man and a thorough training as a nurse for a woman. These are very essential in taking charge of a mission station. There are constant demands for this kind of work. This preparation will require time and money, say nothing of the labour involved.

Second: An outfit—medical and all it includes, furnishings for a station, and money for buildings, one or two years clothing, passage money for at least two persons (some young men have offered, and their first act was to get married), so we conclude that it would be unwise to figure on a single passage. Then salaries, and two years to be spent in learning the language before they would be competent to take a station.

Third: Our present situation at the mission station now established. Dr. Sanders, Mrs. Dr. Sanders, Miss Faith Sanders, Paul Sanders, four good missionaries then there is Judson, George and Marion, that are very helpful, beside three smaller children who are more or less helpful about the mission station, then native helpers to do much farm and house work; and twelve native preachers, making a fine working force for a small mission station.

DO WE NEED MORE?

If so, we have two real missionaries, and two sturdy boys that were born in Africa. Brother and Sister Keirstead and their two sons, who already understand the Zulu language, who will not need two years fitting, but are already for work as soon as they reach Africa. Two months time will put them there. They spent eight years on this very field; they know all the hardships involved on the sea, and on the station, and of the difficulties in working with the natives.

ARE READY TO GO BACK.

We understand that they are willing to return to Africa if needed.

But the question in any case that we have to consider, if we increase the workers, is the building and equipping of another Missionary Station, including the leasing or purchase of land.

This is what is involved in Dr. Sanders' request for more workers.

This would mean financially if Brother and Sister Keirstead should go, approxi-

mately:

Outfit including house furnishings\$ 500.00
Mission House at Station (at least) 1500.00
Passage (at present time) four persons and freight 1200.00

Without land to build on and freight from Durban to the mission station.

Then add to this salaries, and you reach beyond \$4000.00 for the first year.

This is a conservative estimate, and when this question is presented to your mind, just ask yourself, does my faith rise four thousand dollars high for foreign missions, in addition to what we are now putting into South Africa? which will be this year in salaries over \$2000.00. Add the above estimate and you will place us at six thousand dollars, then add what we should raise for home missionary work.

ONE GOOD DEED LEADS TO ANOTHER.

"I don't like Evelyn Rogers," said Clara as she sat on her front porch. "She passes here every day in the automobile and never offers me a ride. Some people are so selfish, they never think of anyone else. I never had a ride in a machine like that."

"Perhaps she doesn't realize what a pleasure it would mean for you," her friend Mattie answered. "My mother has often wondered why you never offer her a buggy-ride. You have taken me with you a number of times but poor mother never gets a ride unless it is on the street car."

"Why Maria," exclaimed Clara in surprise, "why haven't you told me that before? I never thought to ask her. Tell her I will call for her Thursday afternoon and will take her to parts of the city where she cannot go with the street cars."

Maria went home and told her mother. While she was rejoicing over the invitation, Mrs. Kelly brought the washing. Tired and weary, she drank a glass of lemonade which Marie's mother had fixed for her. Pretty soon she said, "I have often wished that I could take my little Nora to the Park but I never have the nickels for the street car fare."

Mrs. Isman looked at Marie in surprise. It had never occurred to her that she might make some one happy by providing for them a ride on the street cars. Quickly she offered Mrs. Kelly twenty cents and said, "When I enjoy myself Thursday afternoon, you take a ride to the Park. Here is the money."

"Wasn't it kind of Mrs. Isman to pay our fare," said Nora to her mother the following Thursday on her way to the Park. "Yes," answered Mrs. Kelly, "but I wish we could have taken poor lame Tommy Lynch with us. He would like to see the green grass and flowers."

Nora was quiet for a while. She was thinking of a plan to help poor Tommy. "I know what I can do," she said to her mother. "I can borrow a little wagon and take Tommy to the monument. There he can see the grass, the trees and the fountain."

"That surely is a good plan, I am so glad you thought of it," Mrs. Kelly answered. So one good deed led to another and each one found an opportunity to do a kind deed to their neighbor.—Selected.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Woodstock, N. S.

Dear Brother Baker:

As I have taken a lot of comfort out of the inclosed verses, I am sending them to the Highway, if you think it would be all right to print them. I do not know what paper printed them as my sister sent them to me. I was wishing for a letter from heaven when they came and it seemed as if God sent them, as when the sad times come when I am alone and have time to think, I repeat the two or three first verses and they comfort me wonderfully and I think how much better for them to be there than here. I thought perhaps they would help someone else who have dear ones up there.

My testimony today is, I am going to stand true to God whatever others do, as I love him better every day and delight in doing his will.

Yours in Christ,

MRS. M. MULLEN.

A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

I shine in the light of God,
His likeness stamps my brow,
Through the shadows of death my feet
have trod;

And I reign in glory now;
No breaking heart is here,
No keen and thrilling pain,
No wasted cheek, where the frequent
tear

Hath rolled and left its stain.

I have found the joy of heaven,
I am one of the angel band,
To my head a crown is given,
And a harp is in my hand;
I have learned the song they sing,
Whom Jesus hath made free,
And the glorious walls of heaven still
ring

With my new-born melody.

No sin—no grief—no pain—
Safe in my happy home—
My fears all fled—my doubts all slain—
My hour of triumph come—
Oh! friends of my mortal years,
The trusted and the true,
You're walking still in the valley of
tears,

But I wait to welcome you.

Do I forget? Oh! no;
For memory's golden chain
Shall bind my heart to the hearts below
Till they meet and touch again;
Each link is strong and bright,
And love's electric flame
Flows freely down like a rain of light
To the world from whence I came.

Do you mourn when another star
Shines out from the glittering sky?
Do you weep when the voice of war
And the rage of conflict die?
Then why should your tears roll down,
And your heart be sorely riven,
For another gem in the Saviour's crown
And another soul in heaven!

—Sel.

Those who were helped by you will remember you when forget-me-nots are withered. Carve your name on hearts and not on marble.—Spurgeon.

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