

her perfect work that ye may be perfect and entire wanting nothing."

It is difficult to stop when one is started on so wonderful a subject. The mother or the teacher, surrounded by children, needs to be a Christian and patient. The merchant, as well as the farmer must hope on in the dark that all will, in God's own time, come out right. The christian worker (and every true christian has his sphere of service) needs patience "that after ye have done the will of God ye may receive the promise." Therefore "let us not be weary in well doing for in due season ye shall reap if ye . . ." daily continue patient, and we shall prove God is good unto them who wait for Him."

You "companion in the patience of Jesus"
H. C. SANERS.

Hartland P. O., Nov. 4th, 1921.

Dear Highway:

When this letter reaches Canada, it will be nearing Christmas, we can hardly realize it, as the summer season is upon us here. We have had some very warm days then we will have some cool days, which we are very thankful for. As the rainy season is coming on as well. We have had some heavy rains, thunder and also hail storms, which are quite frequent in the summer time, some times destroying the fruit on the trees. The last hail storm was on Sunday, when the hail beats down on the galvanized iron roof of the verandah you certainly cannot hear one another speak, and it is really dangerous to be out doors when the hail stones are large. Mrs. Sanders has told us some thrilling stories about African storms which she has seen when her children were small Alice and I met our first big snake a short time ago; it was about four feet long, we were on our way home from a native funeral. I stood a way off and watched it while Alice went back to the kraal to get a native to kill it. Several came and one woman with a large stick, volunteered to kill it, which she did with all vengeance, breaking its back first, which is the proper way.

Faith had quite an experience early in the season. She was sitting down in the bamboo grove one day reading, when on hearing a rustle; she looked and saw a snake gliding right by her, touching her dress; the safest thing to do was to sit perfectly quiet until it passed her by; it certainly took courage, but she did it thanking the Lord for His help and care. The children could tell you lots of snake stories.

Miriam got a lot of young silk worms and fed them daily with fresh green leaves and they surely grew fast, when they get old enough to spin, you can see the yellow silk in their bodies by holding them up to the light, they make the cocoon and spin the silk in less than twenty four hours. Miriam winds the silk off and doubles it and uses it for fancy work, etc. It is very interesting to see it. Our house is now started and it is very interesting to see the progress made from day to day, the doctor has hired an elderly Englishman to do the building he can talk Zulu like a native, as he was born in Africa and has lived his life-time here. He is smart and seems interested in his work. Of course he has native help. We appreciate the thought of

having a home, and using the many nice things given us by the kind home friends, and we are so grateful for your willingness to bear this expense in order to make life homelike for us in this far off land. The Lord reward you abundantly. We trust we may prove worthy of your confidence. The peach trees are loaded with green fruit, also the pomegranates which blossoms are large and red. The other fruits I believe are quite plentiful too. As one looks out upon these numerous hills, and see the cattle feeding, it brings this good old Bible verse to our mind. The cattle upon the thousand hills are His. When we were on our way from Durban to Paulpietersburg, we surely saw the thousand hills, and the hundreds of cattle as well. I counted as many as one hundred in one herd.

Faith is still in Durban, having a much needed rest. She is having a very nice time.

Paul's wife is improving and will soon be out around again. Paul is busy these days making window and door frames for our house. The mission is fortunate in having a young man like him around, who is so capable; he saves pounds yearly by his ingenuity. He really does excellent work on so many different lines.

We had a pitiful sight come to the mission station about ten days ago. A grandmother and mother brought a baby, who had fallen into the hot coals while the mother was out of the hut. The poor child's head and face were burned so badly we feared it might be blind, but we were glad to see it open its eyes yesterday for the first time and we trust the eyesight is spared, but it will be badly scarred; they are staying here for treatment; these cases are quite common here among the children, although this is the first one we have seen since coming. These poor natives all seem so grateful for the help you give them.

Dear home friends, pray for us that we may be used much for the salvation of souls among these people that we love very much.

Wishing you all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year and prosperous in the saving of souls, I am

Yours in Christian love,
HELEN M. STERRITT.

PRESENTATION TO MR. C. N. SCOTT.

At the close of the services in the Reformed Baptist Church on Wednesday evening, the members of that body and friends gathered at the home of Mr. C. N. Scott to celebrate his 80th birthday. They were welcomed to the home by Mr. and Mrs. Scott and their daughters, Mrs. A. W. Clark and Miss Clara Scott. The visitors presented to Mr. Scott about \$100 in cash and many useful presents. Mr. Scott for many years was a teacher in the public schools of the town and later was in the tinsmith business in partnership with the late Chas. Churchill. Letters of congratulation on his birthday were received from former pupils. The birthday cake was cut by his daughter, Mrs. A. W. Clark. To the following address, read by Rev. L. J. Alley, Mr. Scott made a brief reply, thanking them for the many kindnesses shown him on this and previous occasions:

THE ADDRESS:

Dear Brother Scott:

Gladly do we greet you on this, your eightieth birthday. We are pleased to find you so hale and hearty in these declining years of life. We are sure it seems only as yesterday when you roamed about with boyish glee. But today you have a career to tell. The many years that you have been privileged to spend here no doubt have been filled with pleasant activities, and the memories of such are your comforts in these declining years.

Though perhaps an occasional sadness has marred the happiness of your home, yet the constant companionship of your loyal helpmate has helped you to bear them bravely.

It is splendid to know that in your life's work you have made so many friends. Assembled here this evening are only a few who have met to wish you many happy birthdays yet to come. And we are expressing our wishes in leaving you these tokens of friendship.

In behalf of these assembled here I present to you these tokens of our best wishes.—Press.

FORT FAIRFIELD MONTHLY MISSIONARY MEETING.

The Fort Fairfield Missionary Society held its monthly meeting Dec. 2nd.

Meeting opened by singing, "Go tell the Sweet Story."

President Mrs. Dow read the Scripture. Rev. F. T. Wright offered prayer, after which the dues and offerings were taken, amounting to \$11.00.

Miss Slipp then read the minutes of the meeting.

Offering for Sterritt Sisters—H. P. Cogswell \$5.00; Mrs. Charlis Carr \$1.25.

The following programme was then rendered:

Recitation, "Five Pennies"—Barney Pearce.

Recitation, "Little Servant"—Frank Pearce.

Reading, "Bedham, a False Christ"—Mrs. R. Slipp.

Singing, "Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd."

Recitation, "The little I can do"—Wm. Pearce.

Reading, "The crack in the wall"—Mrs. O. W. Ames.

Recitation, "The little missionary"—Edward Dow.

Singing, Men's Chorus.

Recitation, "Heralds of the King," Joe Pearce.

Reading, Melvina Cogswell.

Reading, "Elsie's Mite Box"—Ruth Dow.

Duet—Miss Alma Slipp and Mrs. R. Slipp.

Recitation, "I'd like to send a message"—Jessie White.

Reading, "Do foreign missions pay?"—Mae Emery.

Singing by young people's chorus.

Recitation, "How to spend a penny"—Marion Elliott.

Reading, "The Arabian Children at home"—Rev. F. T. Wright.

Benediction by pastor, Rev. H. S. Dow.
MRS. OTIS AMES,
Cor. Secretary.