

lines, and I am happy in far off Africa tonight. I would rather be here than any other place in the world, because it is His will. He has led us in a plain path.

We have only a few scholars as yet this winter. A native girl who reads and writes nicely is going to teach them while we are away.

The nights are very cold and there has been considerable frost. We feel the good of our fire place and count it as one of our great blessings. The natives have had colds nearly all winter. We feel so much better in the cold weather, and enjoy Africa's winter months, for the air is so bracing. We have continual sunshine and at midday it is usually pretty hot.

It is time for the post to close so I must stop writing. We are looking to the Lord and He is blessing us and we pray that our lives may be of use to Him who died for us.

May the blessing of the Lord be with you all. We remember with gratitude your loving kindness which is manifested in so many ways.

Yours in Christian love,
ALICE F. STERRITT.

ROYALTON PARSONAGE VERANDAH.

Mrs. V. H. Beckwith	\$15.00
Mr. Eugene Wilcox	10.00
Lower Brighton Sunday School	5.00
Mrs. Harry Cronkite	5.00
Mrs. Charles Palmer	5.00
Mrs. A. A. Tracey	5.00
Miss Addie Cronkite	2.00
Mrs. Stephen Kennery	2.00
Mrs. Joshua Jones	2.00
Mr. Harry Greenlaw	2.00
Mr. Frank O. Weade	1.75
Rev. M. Ella Slipp	1.00
Evangelist Lee Good	1.00
Mr. Porter	1.00
Mrs. J. W. Greenlaw	1.00
Mrs. Cecile Ireland	1.00
Mr. Israel Craig	1.00
E. P. Ball50

We wish to acknowledge with grateful thanks the above amount as materials cost more than we counted on. We need just \$20.00 to pay all expenses.

I. F. KEIRSTEAD, Secy.

THREE KINDS OF GIVERS.

Some witty person once said: "There are three kinds of givers—the flint, the sponge, and the honeycomb."

To get anything out of a flint, you must hammer it, and then you can get only chips and sparks.

To get water out of a sponge, you must squeeze it, and the more you squeeze, the more you will get.

But the honeycomb just overflows with its own sweetness.

Some people are stingy and hard. They give nothing away if they can help it. Others are good-natured. They yield to pressure, and the more they are pressed, the more they will give.

A few delight in giving, without being asked at all. Of these the Bible says, "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."—The Christian.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Highway:

A few lines today to let you know of my whereabouts. I came here on Monday, July 23rd, for a much needed rest. I am feeling good both in body and soul. This is a wonderful place and there are some wonderful cures. The weather is fine and it does one good to get out in the good fresh air. How I do praise God today that I came here for a rest. I am so glad I did not come alone but have God ruling in my heart. So glad He has full control of my life; it pays. Perhaps I would not be contented here if I was unsaved. I am praying to God that he will make me a blessing to all here. God wants to take us, and what a blessed thing to know that God hears and answers prayer. So glad I was able to attend Beulah this year and meet my old friends again. God bless them all. I do not know how long I shall be here, but God will take care of us and supply all our needs. I have proved this to be true before. I am so glad I can say:

"A tent or a cottage why should I care? They are building a palace for me over there.

Though exiled from home yet still I may sing,

All glory to God I'm a child of a king."

Glory to God he saves and satisfies every longing of my heart.

God bless you all. I would ask an interest in your prayers that God may have his way with me and when it is his will for me to be healed that I shall give God all the glory.

Yours in Him,

NORMAN W. SHARP.

River Glade, care Jordan Memorial Sanatorium, N. B.

Note.—It would cheer our brother for his friends to write him at the Sanatorium.—Editor.

Dear Highway:

A very pleasant surprise was tendered the writer on the evening of the twentieth of June, where after spending a very pleasant evening in singing and chatting with the friends of Millville and Maple Ridge at the home of Brother Edgar Clark, he was called upon the floor by Brother Sharpe, who said that "he was going to give him a talking to," and with a few words handed him the sum of sixty-four dollars in cash, and afterwards the sum of eight dollars was handed in, making a total of seventy-two dollars, for which the writer feels very grateful and wishes to thank the people of Millville and Maple Ridge very much.

Yours in Him,

S. A. MULLEN.

Dear Brother Wiggins:

Enclosed find renewal to Highway.

We enjoy reading its clean pages. The good Lord is blessing us in our church, praise His Holy Name. We can still testify to the saving and keeping power of Jesus. Amen!

ABRAHAM CRONKITE.

Dear Readers of the Highway:

First, I want to thank the dear Lord for His goodness. He can and loves to bless

our souls if our hearts are open to Him.

I am enjoying the experience of full salvation, feasting on the fruits of the Canaan land.

I left Southampton July 13th, arriving home the day following, thanking the dear Lord for the privilege of meeting with the dear ones at home once more.

On the evening of July 12th Mrs. C. Grant invited us (Mr. W. Wright and family) to her home to spend the evening. But when we arrived we found that we were only a few of the many who had been invited to spend that evening with Mr. and Mrs. Grant.

A greater part of the time was spent in singing gospel songs that always blesses our souls. Cake and ice cream were then served after which Brother Abraham Cronkite, on behalf of those present and those who were unable to be there, presented me with the generous sum of \$44 (forty-four dollars). Ten dollars was also given me a few days previous, making a total of \$54 in all.

We tried in our weak way to thank the people for their kindness and support throughout our only too short stay with them, closing with a word of prayer.

May the Lord richly bless these dear people and help them as they stand behind the work in that place.

May the Lord help us as a God-blessed, Spirit-filled denomination to stand true to the "great salvation" that alone can meet the soul's need.

Your brother in Christ,

FRASER A. DUNLAP.

You are no more a Christian because you belong to the church than you would be a horse if you lived in a stable.—Bruce Evans.

"The virtue of an act does not depend upon how many people behold it. The greatest virtue of a golden deed is upon the man who performs it, yet you can not build your own soul into beauty and power and all souls not be made better."

"HE NEEDS ME."

"Yes, I need Thee every hour—

But can it truly be

That Christ, my blessed Master,

Hath really need of me?"

Can One so great, so mighty,

Who formed the boundless sea,

Use such a poor, weak creature?

Hath Jesus need of me?

"Oh, blessed, blessed knowledge

That one so weak may know

That he is really needed

To work for Christ below.

To help Him in His vineyard,

The Vine's own branch to be;

The Vine needs all its branches

So Jesus does need me.

"Needs me?" Why not some other

Who works more swift and true?

Hark, I can hear Him whisper,

'Your work must be done by you.'

Dear Father, give me wisdom.

To live my life for Thee,

That when my work is ended,

Thou'll still have need of me."