

have us rebuild at the old site; he pointed out a new place right along side of a church of another mission and two or three miles from the old site and away from where our members lived. We thereupon sought for permission to build near the old site but on the adjoining farm. Permission was granted. We have now begun to build with unburned brick on this new site.

We have just finished another very necessary job at Altona and that is that of plastering the outside of the Mission house. The house was built of unburned brick and plastered with local clay or mud. After ten or more years most of the plaster had cracked or washed off.

The new plaster is a mixture of sand, lime and cement. One of four native preachers, Johan Kunene, did the plastering. About one hundred and twenty square yards of plaster was put on for about \$35. We were very fortunate in getting the work done so reasonably. If this type of plastering proves satisfactory, the Altona church should also be plastered similarly later on.

Gladys probably has told you about the spiritual side of the work; about the quarterly meetings, the five who were baptized, the six who joined our church, and so on. The Lord is still talking to the heathen and more are almost continually choosing to follow the Lord and break with heathenism. Since last May nearly forty have made this start in our Transvaal outposts. This makes about one hundred and sixty since we arrived here. You may not be able to count these as real converts as you could in the homeland but it is correct to think of them as that many new adherents who plan to seek the Lord in our churches here and eventually join our church if they really get converted. Pray for these men and women and boys and girls.

Yours in Christian service,

EUGENE A. M. KIERSTEAD

### CORRESPONDENCE

Port Maitland, N. B.,

Dear Highway:

Oct. 23, 1940

Greetings in the Master's name. It has been some time since I have reported. I was disappointed that I did not get to Riverside this year. I haven't been to that Camp Meeting since 1936. The Camp at Beulah this year was what many people have longed to see for years. Surely that camp was owned of God. We missed some of our people who used to be there. The two that I missed most were Brother Frank Kimball and Brother Silas Burt. We always enjoyed these men at the "Love Feasts" of our camp meetings and quarterlies. I had the privilege of being Brother Kimball's pastor for four years. I shall never forget how he and his good wife stood by the pastor and the church. I believe I am deeply indebted to people of their stamp of steadfastness. May each of our pastors find many of their type. Our work must have people as well as pastors that will nobly carry the great work that God has entrusted us with. We must not fail. We cannot fail.

The people of the Brazil Lake Church have given our church building two coats of paint on the outside. They plan to do some work on the inside in the near future. This is a credit to the little band.

We appreciate what all these folk have done to help keep God's house an attractive place to worship in.

We have lost some from our churches because of the fact that some of our boys have joined the army. Some of our people have moved from Port Maitland. I find on this circuit a band of people that seems to be ready to close in the ranks and complete the job that has been entrusted to their care. With a heart and mind to work we can attempt and accomplish great things through Him and for His sake.

In the past quarter we gave the right hand of fellowship to three at our church in Port Maitland. Two came in by baptism and one on experience.

We began in a revival campaign at Sandford on Oct. 20th with Rev. F. A. Dunlop as our evangelist. Brother Dunlop is giving great messages. We plan to run through Nov. 10th. Please pray that God will give us a Heaven-sent revival. We are believing that He will.

Yours for victory,

G. A. ROGERS

Woodstock, N. B.,

Dear Brother Dow:

I have been thinking it is time I have been sending my money for my Highway, so here it goes; am sending \$2.00 and you can use the other 50 cents for what ever you think best.

I intended to go down to Beulah but got blood poisoning in my hand so I could not go and I did not get to Robinson, but I have gotten over it.

Well, I do enjoy the Highway and intend to take it while I live, God helping me to keep my sight. I love to read all the letters from the loved ones in the faraway African land. If I were young I would go there too, but God has given me something else to do while I live. My days are fast numbering up and I may not be here long, but I will praise the dear Lord for sparing me so long.

I am trusting in the Lord every day to keep me close to Him for He knows how and helps me live for Him; and I do praise Him so much now. God help and keep us in my prayer.

MRS. C. W. HARTLEY

### HOW STEPHEN GRELLET OBEYED GOD

This great and good man lived so near the Lord as to understand His mind and to do what the Holy Ghost directed him, in a remarkable way. Stephen Grellet, after much waiting on the Lord to show him His will, was directed by the Spirit to take a long journey into the backwoods of America and preach the Gospel to some woodcutters who were felling forest timber.

The Spirit-guided man went on his journey in great peace and joy of soul, direct to the place told him in his prayers. When he got there he found silence. The timber-cutters had gone away deeper into the forest. But he who had his message from God could not be deceived. Finding a large shanty that appeared to have been used for the meals of the men, he entered, stood up and preached the everlasting Gospel, finished and returned home supremely happy in having done the will of God.

Years passed away, and Stephen Grellet heard nothing of his visit in any way. He went to Europe and visited England. One day, walking across London Bridge, a man somewhat rudely took hold of him with, "I have found you at last! I have got you at last, have I?" "Friend," said Stephen Grellet, "I think thou art mistaken." "But I am not," said the man. "Did you preach on a certain day and at a certain place in

the backwoods of America?" "Yes," said the good man, "but I saw no one there to listen." "I was there," said the man. "We had gone further into the forest, and were putting up more shanties to live in, when I discovered I left my lever at the old settlement. So after setting the men to work I had gone back alone for it. As I approached the old place I heard a voice. Trembling and agitated, I drew near and saw you through the chinks of the wall of our dining shanty. I listened to you, and was deeply convinced of sin, but I left and went back to my men. The arrow stuck fast, and I was miserable for many weeks. I had no Bible, no books of any kind, no one to speak to me about divine things, and I felt more and more wretched. At last I possessed myself of the Sacred Book and I read words whereby I obtained eternal life. I told my men the same blessed news, and they were all converted to God. Three of them became missionaries, and were mightily used of the Holy Spirit to bring sinners to the Saviour, and," added the strange man, "I became possessed of the very strong desire to see you and tell you that your sermon in the old quarters had been the means of the conversion of at least one thousand souls."—Sel.

### THE HOMELESS SINGER

On a cold, dark night, when the wind was blowing hard, Conrad, a worthy citizen of a little town in Germany, sat playing his flute, while Ursula, his wife was preparing supper. They heard a sweet voice singing outside:

"Foxes to their holes have gone,  
Every bird into his nest;  
But I wander here alone,  
And for me there is no rest."

Tears filled the good man's eyes as he said, "What a fine, sweet voice. What a pity it should be spoiled by being tried in such weather."

"I think it is the voice of a child. Let us open the door and see," said his wife, who had lost a little boy not long before, and whose heart was open to take pity on the little wanderer.

Conrad opened the door and saw a ragged child, who said, "Charity, good sir, for Christ's sake."

"Come in, my little one," said he; "you shall rest with me for the night."

The boy said, "Thank God," and entered. The heat of the room made him faint, but Ursula's kind care soon revived him. They gave him some supper, and then he told them he was the son of a poor miner, and that he wandered about, sang, and lived on the money people gave him. His kind friends would not let him talk much, but sent him to bed. When he was asleep they looked in upon him and were pleased with his pleasant countenance. In the morning they determined to keep him, if he was willing, and they found that he was only too glad to remain.

They sent him to school, and afterwards he entered a monastery. There he found the Bible, which he read, and from which he learned the way of life. The sweet voice of the little singer learned to preach the good news, "Justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Conrad and Ursula, when they took that little street singer into their house, little thought that they were nourishing the great champion of the Reformation. The poor child was Martin Luther.—Sel.

The prayer that begins in trustfulness, and passes on into waiting, will always end in thankfulness, triumph and praise.—A. Mac-laren.