

you presented me last year, and today I thank a jersey that you gave me. I have nothing to say, it is thanked in the earth and in the heaven. Oh my grandmother, I live here at Altona in a good way and I am satisfied with it.

I live with the mistress who is teaching in the mission, and one girl whom I work with. I would be glad to hear about your life, oh, grandmother. I wish to be one of those who are living with you. If I had wings I fly and reach the place where you live. Pass my regards to all that you are living with them. Oh my grandmother, I am short of stories.

Good-bye, my beloved grandmother. I remain,

Yours obediently,

GADELINA MASEKO

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Highway:

It is time I expressed my thanks to all the precious friends who have remembered us during my illness. The cheerful cards, letters, and personal calls have been a source of comfort, and the prayers of the people of God have been such a strength! Our plans for the year have been frustrated and we are sorely chastened in body and soul.

I urge you to keep on praying that we may come forth as gold purified from the furnace.

May God bless all the churches, pastors and people this year!

Your sister in Christ,

MRS. H. C. MULLEN

Plaster Rock

Dear Brother Dow:

Am enclosing one dollar and fifty cents (\$1.50) for renewal of my Highway. I could not do without this fine paper of Truth.

I have been confined to my bed for the past four months, and I surely enjoy reading its clean pages. It's a great comfort to have the Blessed Lord with you at all times, especially when we are going down the western side of life.

Wishing the Highway every success.

Sincerely,

BROTHER WILLIAM POST

Dear Brother Dow:

Please find enclosed five dollars for Home Missions. I want to add my testimony: I have a peace in my heart that the world cannot give or the world cannot take away. I have many battles to fight but victory is sweet, praise His name.

MOSES D. HILLMAN

Westchester, N. S.

Dear Highway Friends:

We feel like returning thanks to God this morning for all His benefits and kindness to us. A week ago today, Aug. 18, we commenced gospel tent meetings at Greenville Station. It is three miles from Westchester. Lic. Miriam Sanders is our special worker and she certainly is bringing timely messages from God's word. Every night there has been seekers at the altar or hands raised for prayer. Although the community is small, yet the attendance is good. Souls there seem to be really hungry for the truth, which is rather an unusual thing for many people these days.

We were fortunate in having Brother and Sister Cochrane with us for the first three nights,

who greatly assisted us in the music.

We would like to take this opportunity to acknowledge the kindness of the church people and friends of Westchester who gathered at our home recently with many useful gifts for the pantry and a good sum of money.

We continue to express our thanks to God for all His goodness to us, and by His grace shall give to Him our supreme affection.

A. D. and MRS. CANN

BRYAN AND A WATERMELON

"I was passing through Columbus, Ohio, some years ago," said William Jennings Bryan, "and stopped to eat in the restaurant in the depot. My attention was called to a slice of watermelon, and I ordered it and ate it. I was so pleased with the melon that I asked the waiter to dry some of the seeds, that I might take them home and plant them in my garden. That night a thought came into my mind—I would use that watermelon as an illustration.

"So next morning when I reached Chicago I had enough seeds weighed to find out that it would take about five thousand watermelon seeds to weigh a pound, and I estimated that the watermelon weighed about forty pounds. Then I applied mathematics to the watermelon.

"A few weeks before, someone, I know not who, had planted a little seed in the ground. Under the influence of sunshine and shower, that little watermelon seed had taken off its coat and gone to work; it had gathered from somewhere two hundred thousand times its weight, and forced that enormous weight through a tiny stem, and built a watermelon! On the outside it had put a covering of green; within that, a rind of white and within that, a core of red, and little seeds, each one capable of doing the same work over again.

"What architect drew the plan? Where did that little watermelon seed get its tremendous strength? Where did it find its flavoring extract and its coloring matter? How did it build a watermelon? Until you can explain a watermelon, do not be too sure that you can set limits to the power of the Almighty, or tell just what He would do or how He would do it. The most learned man in the world cannot explain a watermelon; but the most ignorant man can eat a watermelon and enjoy it.

"God has given us the things that we need, and He has given us the knowledge necessary to use those things, and the truth that He has revealed to us is infinitely more important for our welfare than it would be to understand the mysteries that He has seen fit to conceal from us.

"So with religion; if you ask me if I can understand everything in the Bible, I answer 'No.' I understand some things today that I did not understand ten years ago, and if I live ten years longer, I hope some things will be clear that are now obscure. But there is something more important than understanding everything in the Bible—it is this: if we will only try to live up to the things that we do understand, we will be kept so busy doing good that we will have no time to worry about the things that we do not understand."—Selected.

"You cannot worship, if you are kneeling on a question mark."

Temperance Column

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging. Whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. 1:20.

A FAMOUS STATESMAN AND DRINK

That W. E. Gladstone was a supporter of Temperance Reform everybody knows, but the following facts are little known, they show that he at all times put his principles into practice, and with considerable success. Two young men about whom he had heard became notorious for their drinking habits, and it occurred to Mr. Gladstone that he would make an attempt to reclaim them. He accordingly invited them to see him at Hawarden Castle and there alone in the "Temple of Peace" he impressively appealed to them to change their ways, and then knelt and fervently asked God to sustain and strengthen them in their resolve to abstain from that which had hitherto done them so much harm. The sequel cannot be better told than in the words of one of the men concerned, who says: "Never can I forget the scene, and as long as I have memory the incidents of the meeting will be indelibly impressed upon my mind. The G. O. M. was profoundly moved by the intensity of his solicitation. My companion became a prominent Baptist minister, and neither of us from that day to this has touched a drop of intoxicating drink, nor are we ever likely to violate an undertaking so impressively ratified in Mr. Gladstone's library."—T. P. G.

LIQUOR SALES COMPLAINT

(From the St. Mary's Journal-Argus)

Undoubtedly the liquor situation in the Province of Ontario at the present time is the worst in the history of the country. Premier Hepburn's home town paper, the St. Thomas Times-Journal, said recently that "it is inconceivable that such conditions should be permitted to continue in a country where a total war effort is imperative for the very security and future of a nation." The same conviction is widely expressed by press, pulpit and citizens throughout the country. But so strongly is the traffic entrenched that, for the present at any rate, it is difficult to get action. Imagine, for instance, the money power connected with an industry that does two hundred millions of dollars a year in business in the Dominion and eighty millions yearly in Ontario. The trade has powerful friends in high places.

Too many men and women have fallen a prey to the drink habit under government encouragement the past few years to make the entire shutting off of the traffic a feasible proposition. Our observation is, however, that the province's newspapers, particularly the weeklies, are today sensed with the seriousness of the liquor threat not only to our citizenship but to the war effort and are speaking out in a voice of constantly increasing volume. Even liquor men are sensing the rise in public concern over the traffic's evil fruits.

"We plan and plan, then pray

That God may bless our plan.

But hearkens! God saith, 'Pray'!

And He will show His plan,

And lead us in His shining way

That leadeth on to perfect day."

—Jesse Andrews.

Only those who walk in the light can lighten those in darkness.