

faithful in attending services and seems hungry to know more of the Lord.

Recently a boy came with a three cornered cut on his right arm. He had gotten into a fight with another boy and been hit on the arm with a stick. I marvelled that his arm was not broken as the bone was visible. I put in some sutures and told him to return to have them removed. I suppose he removed them himself as he has not returned for me to do so.

There has been quite a number of cases of pneumonia among babies and I expect there will be more before this cold weather is over. A girl sent me a mat the other day by her grandmother to ask for a dress for her baby. I am always glad when I can find some little thing for them, but at times it is a problem. A lovely fat baby boy, clad in a string of gaily colored beads and a lovely smile, arrived to be examined a few days ago. Then there is a little boy with a very bad infection caused by cutting himself with grass. There is a 13 year old girl who needs an operation but her parents are not willing to take her to the hospital in town for the needed treatment. Yesterday a girl brought her seven months old baby boy with a large sore on its arm. I gave her medicine and advised her to bring the baby to the next clinic. I try to talk to the people about the Lord, as they come for medicine, as much as my knowledge of Zulu allows me. They admit that He can forgive their sins, but so many seem content to go on in sin. We are praying that they may have a real hunger to know the joy of sins forgiven—a hunger that will bring them to Christ. There are so many without the knowledge of sins forgiven and a real witness within. Continue to bear them and us, your messengers to the Throne of Grace.

Yours to see souls saved,

MYRA SANDERS

MONEY FOR HOME MISSIONS

All who read The Highway are well aware of the fact that we are in the midst of an active church extension program. We have ventured on a program greater than ever attempted in the annals of our church history. This summer we have had three tents in operation simultaneously, besides other work. One of these tents has been at Doaktown with Rev. Norman Trafton and Randolph Nicholson as workers, another at Debec where at first Rev. Geo. DeLong was the evangelist, and now Brother Percy Green; and still another at Ingalls Head, Grand Manan, with Arthur Owens and H. S. Wilson as workers. We have now Rev. F. A. Dunlop engaged for the year as Superintendent of Evangelism. Conrad Stairs and Licentiate Laurence Mullen have spent the summer in zealous and successful evangelism at Lower Southampton. All these workers must be paid and there are always incidentals such as moving the tents, and lighting them, and a dozen unnameable items, all costing something. All this means money, and quite a lot of it. Also demands will come to the Home Mission Board for the supplementing of salaries on the poorer fields. The Board started the year with a reserve fund, but this will soon melt away if not strongly backed by steady giving. To carry this program will mean more money than has formerly come in from the local Missionary Societies in the churches. These little sums collected mostly from the women and little children will never do. This is a challenge to men who have some money to invest in the Lord's cause. There is

no greater need nor better object for giving than this Home Mission work. This home work should create interest and lead to sacrificial giving; on the part of every man and woman in the denomination. In the olden days the work went forward only by sacrifice and it will require this now. Sacrifice for the work may be among the lost arts but it can be re-discovered. Much more could be done if every member gave a tenth or anywhere near it; and if a lot of needless self-indulgence in luxuries were curtailed, what offerings could be made to the Lord. If all our people young and old really practised self-denial in ice cream and soft drinks for a month and devoted the proceeds to the work, it would go a long way toward paying the yearly salary of an evangelist. Self-denial always brings blessing to the soul and honors the Lord, and He will show his approval by blessing all our ventures.

If anyone has a legacy to leave, what better disposal could be made of it than to make it over to the Home Mission Board? The dollars would work for you after you are dead. This would be much better than leaving it to some worldly son or daughter to squander in sin. Jesus taught us by the parable of the unjust steward that money can be so used as to put people into the glory world where they will be waiting to receive you when you come. Let us as children of light be as wise in the use of our money to insure eternal gain as the followers of Mammon are to use money to gain security for this world.

Money for Home Missions should be sent to Rev. G. R. Symonds, Perth, N. B.

H. C. MULLEN

Chairman, Home Mission Board

THE YOUNG MAN WHO PLODDED

In the little Northamptonshire village of Paulersbury, one of the world's greatest missionaries was born. He was the son of the village schoolmaster and parish clerk. His name was William Carey.

One day he was carried home "more dead than alive" as the result of a fall from a tree. As soon as he was able to be up, he slipped out again and was back in his coveted tree before his mother discovered he was gone from his seat in the chimney corner. A determination not to be beaten marked William Carey during his early years and remained with him till his death at Serampore at the age of eighty-two.

As a youth he was apprenticed to a shoemaker and, as a result of the prayers and fine example of an older apprentice, Carey was led to yield his life to the Saviour. Later on, after his marriage, he settled in Moulton where he carried on his shoe-making and tilled a garden from which came most of the food for his growing family. Schools were few in those days, so he opened one in his own cottage and taught "the three R's" as he made or mended shoes.

On one of the walls of his work-school room he fixed a home-made, brown-paper map of the world and, from time to time, entered upon it the information he gleaned from newspapers and books about the people of other lands. How he longed to do something to help send the Gospel to all who sat in heathen darkness!

One day he was bold enough to suggest to a group of fellow-ministers that consideration should be given to the matter of obeying Jesus' last command to go and preach the Gospel to all nations.

"Young man, sit down!" said an austere senior minister. "When God pleases to convert the heathen, He will do it without your aid, or mine."

The cobbler-pastor sat down, but he rose again, five years later, to preach "the deathless sermon" that resulted in the formation of the first of modern missionary societies at Kettering, on October 2, 1792. You will find the text of his sermon, which had its double motto: "Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God" in Isaiah 54:2.

Very soon William Carey was in India, and thus became not only the first to urge, but the first to go.

In the whole realm of missionary romance there are few more fascinating stories than that of this man who modestly said of himself, "I CAN PLOD"—British Messenger.

THAT GREAT CAMP MEETING

By Leland Wilcox

- As we attend some great camp meetings,
And fellowship with Christian friends,
Our hearts are often filled with sadness
For soon we all must part again.
But there will be a great camp meeting,
Where saints of God may ever stay,
We long to be at that grand meeting
Upon that great camp-meeting day.
- The temple will be always open,
Sweet melodies will ever ring,
While happy saints sing hallelujahs
And praises to their new-crowned King.
I too will sing of glad redemption,
How Jesus washed my sins away,
For I'll be present for that meeting
On that great camp-meeting day.
- Many dear saints have gathered yonder,
On Heaven's fair eternal shore,
They worship in the Holy Temple
With songs of praise forevermore.
Some day I'll hear my Saviour calling,
Calling me from this tent of clay,
Then I will hasten to that meeting
On that great camp-meeting day.

Chorus—

I have no time for worldly pleasure,
For Jesus' coming draweth nigh,
And I am going to that meeting,
That great camp meeting in the sky.

Dear Brother Cochrane and Highway friends,
my fellow saints of the family of God:

I had planned over a year to get to the Camp Meeting at Beulah, but was unable to attend. In my disappointment I wrote the following song poem. I hope to see it in print in our beloved King's Highway.

Yours abiding in Him,

LELAND WILCOX

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

Here is the great secret of success: Work with all your might, but trust not in your own power to achieve. Pray with all your might for God's guidance and blessing. Pray, then work. Whether you see much fruit or little fruit, remember that God delights to bestow real blessing; this comes generally in answer to earnest, believing prayer.

—GEORGE MULLER.

"Holiness does not make people repellent, but radiant. They are the people of the singing heart and the shining face."—

—The Call to Christian Perfection.