

our school became government-aided and government inspected.

About four years ago the brother of our German friend offered to sell us a two hundred acre site about five miles from Groot-spruit for £475 and this was eventually purchased in spite of its hilliness and rocks as it was well located, well watered, and could provide sufficient gardening land and grazing for two or three preacher families if need be. And so we purchased the Calvary Mission site. It may be of interest to note that this site was eventually financed mostly by the African church and the missionaries even though the Mission Board loaned us £300 in the first instance.

Soon after we bought the Calvary Mission site Rev. Alfred Metula moved on to the farm and built his own temporary grass and wattle and mud huts.

It was not until last year after we had received the Crosby-Mullen Memorial Fund (£74) that we had faith enough to start making brick for the Calvary mission buildings. In July of this year the church building was begun and we would have stopped there if Rev. Metula had not pleaded so hard and had not offered to take the responsibility of boarding the workmen, providing oxen, and helping with the building in order that we might build a parsonage at the same time.

Because they all had a mind to work a nice little church building 18' x 32' (excluding a porch and an alcove at the pulpit end of the church) and a parsonage roughly 24' x 30' were built out of burned brick using steel windows in the walls and cement for the floors and brick mortar. The church has a corrugated iron roof and the parsonage a grass roof and five rooms.

To date, the buildings have cost £264 (about \$800 at the present rate of exchange) and they are just about complete (except for inside doors in the parsonage).

The Calvary mission site can now boast of a nice church building which is also suitable to house our youngest school of twenty-one pupils and a parsonage for our ordained elder. It is really on its way to being a full-fledged mission station if it is not so already.

A few Sundays ago we had our regular Quarterly Meeting at Calvary and at the same time the new church was solemnly opened and dedicated to the work of saving souls—to be a lighthouse in the midst of heathen darkness. The opening of the church coincided with rains which broke a serious drought so people felt that this new building was really blessed of the Lord.

The outstanding features of the opening ceremonies were a crowded house (300 of a congregation), the presence of three German neighbour farmers, Brother Parks and the C. Sanders family in toto, an offering of £50, and the usual feast of corn and meat without which no function out here is complete.

The last £100 of indebtedness has just been covered by a grant of money from the Mission Board—praise God from whom all blessings flow!

The church building is to be known as the Crosby-Mullen Memorial Church. Would not others like to have a share in helping us to solidify and establish our work out here on a permanent basis? We need more sites and more buildings. Amen.

E. A. M. KIERSTEAD.

Dearly Beloved in the Lord,

For some time I have wanted to write to you, but I have been in such a whirl of joy and excitement, after arriving home, that, even yet my feet hardly seem to be touching the earth where I have to be when I write letters! My days have really been too full to do so.

The trip over the wide, wide Ocean, was a good one for the time of year. There were very rough spells, when the ship tossed, rolled and pitched about on the crest of the waves. At these times there was considerable excitement and amusement aboard when loose articles of furniture, crockery or cutlery, etc., were caused to leave their accustomed places in a sudden hurry. The engine broke down, or was stopped for repairs four different times. Some even suggested the ship might have to be towed into port: but God calmed my fears reminding me of His promise given me before sailing, "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed for I am thy God . . . I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness." A great peace and assurance filled my heart from the moment I embarked at Durban, October 21st., and remained undisturbed until I disembarked 25 days later at Montreal. Yes, He was with me as I tried to find my way about that great City alone. Bus and Canadian National Railway agents came aboard and were of great assistance. We went ashore at noon. And at night (8 o'clock) I was aboard the first train it was possible for me to catch home. It was a magnificent one! The Ocean Limited sped on its way, unhampered by African hills and mountains which make the trains there so slow in comparison. I had a tiny compartment all to myself, with every modern convenience at my finger tips and oh, so free from coal dust! About 2.30 P.M. the next day I found myself looking out the window at Moncton Station right into the faces of two of the most wonderful women I had seen in many a day! God bless their hearts! They, though practically perfect strangers to me, were looking for me! I had sent a Radio-gram to Mother from the ship two days before my arrival at Montreal. She had informed these two dear friends of the day of my expected arrival home, and they hurried to meet the first train from Montreal to welcome me back to Canada! What a warm and hearty welcome it was! The last lapse of the journey seemed the longest, though we had covered most of the 700 miles. It seemed the train just crawled! But that was not the case: it was just pent up anticipation, that effected one's judgment. Soon the train pulled into Amherst station. As I alighted onto the platform I saw Judson and Miriam coming on the run to meet me! And then came the welcome home by dear Mother at "136". This experience was the closest likeness to the welcome which awaits us in Heaven I can picture. It far exceeded my expectations. I never even dreamed it could be so wonderful to be home and meet, not only my closest relations again, but after over 13½ years, but the dear homeland friends—brothers and sisters in Christ. How blessed is "the tie that binds!" How wonderful to belong to God's family!

After arriving home I had a week to rest up before the Quarterly Meetings started here. What a blessed time we had! Then we all went to Port Maitland to George's and Veryl's wedding. (How good God was to bring me home in time for that event!)

Mother and I accepted our kind friends' pressing invitations and stayed to renew old

acquaintances and make new ones, and to help out in the Monthly Missionary Meeting programs. They just kept me busy. I had the privilege of speaking more than once in each of the New Tusket, Port Maitland and Sandford Churches, besides in the Bethany Bible College chapel. I was to three farewell parties for Miss Chase and to a donation party for Bro. and Sister H. S. Wilson. In each of these gatherings folk saw my snaps of African scenes and people and I was able to answer many questions. Also in the women's praying band gathering of Sandford, and also spoke to the Children at Sandford. I was not able to make as many calls on folk as Mother did, but I got a few in.

I had a happy surprise one Sabbath afternoon. Went down on a flying visit to Wood Harbour and called on Mrs. Sears, our late Deacon's wife, who was as a mother to me while I laboured with the faithful folk there. I went into the lovely church, and as I looked around and contrasted its beauty and comfort with the little old house up on the hill, where we used to worship God, I was quite overcome! A little later I went down again with Bro. and Sister Grant and enjoyed Mr. Sellick's message. It was great to meet again the dear folk there and see some of the new converts and hear their testimonies! Also we had a brief visit at the parsonage with Bro. and Sister H. C. Mullen and daughter Ethel.

Mother and I stopped off at Halifax and visited Bessie and her little ones a few days, then came on home to celebrate Christmas. We found George and Veryl had already arrived. God was very precious to us at this time—though there were two empty chairs since I left. He comforts us with the wonderful prospect of meeting our loved ones in the near future over yonder!

I trust you all had as happy a Christmas as we did. We were well remembered. The dear friends at Sandford and Port Maitland did our Christmas baking for us of cakes and doughnuts, etc., and gave us mince meat for pies, so that Mother and I could stay a week longer with them. May God richly bless their hearts!

As this letter is already long enough I shall reserve the other important items, I feel the Lord laid upon my heart the other night to tell you about, for the next letter.

Wishing the whole Highway Family a very Happy New Year, and coveting your prayers on my behalf, to have His will made plain to me for this year in Canada.

Yours for souls,

GRACE SANDERS.

THE GREATEST VERSE

Someone has called John 3:16 the greatest text in the Bible, and has thus carried out the idea beautifully:

- "God"—the greatest Lover.
- "So loved"—the greatest degree.
- "The world"—the greatest company.
- "That He gave"—the greatest act.
- "His only begotten Son"—the greatest Gift.
- "That whosoever" — the greatest opportunity.
- "Believeth"—the greatest simplicity.
- "In Him"—the greatest attraction.
- "Should not perish"—the greatest promise.
- "But"—the greatest difference.
- "Have"—the greatest certainty.
- "Everlasting life"—the greatest possession.

It is a glorious verse for pilgrims on the way to Glory. As we journey, let us meditate upon it day and night.—Selected.