

CORRESPONDENCE.

PAULPIETERSBURG, Natal, South Africa,
August 21st, 1904.

Beloved in the Lord,—Just one year today since we came to this needy field. What a year it has been! Crowded full of testings and real trying things but also one filled with rich blessings from God. We have had a taste of what it really means to walk alone with God for, as far as christian fellowship is concerned, we have not had one single Christian to help us outside of our two selves. There has been no camp meetings nor conventions, no helpful sermons from a pastor, no, nor a single prayer meeting outside of our little home. But we find that while such things are very helpful and sweet our spiritual life does not depend upon them. Jesus is sufficient and gloriously fulfils all his promises. We are now living on our own hired farm and feel so much better than when in the Boer's house. Our Sunday services have an attendance of forty and our class which meets every Wednesday has a goodly number of enquirers, a large number of kraals have been visited and hundreds of passers by have been talked with concerning their souls. 'Tis so sad to see old men and women who will so soon die, and hear them say they do not know about Jesus. Such looks of astonishment on their faces as we try, in a few words, to tell them the sweet story of old. He died for them but, so sad, they know it not. Some love to hear others turn away and say they wish to walk in the way of their fathers. There comes such a sorrow upon my heart as I am finding out more and more how these people are bound by Satan. Here is an instance. Soon after moving on this farm I met a young girl, possibly eighteen. After meeting her a few times I had a real good talk and found her heart hungry to follow Jesus "but," she said, "I am afraid of my father." I replied I thought his heart was tender and he would not hinder her. She came to school for a few times brought a speller and seemed such a hopeful case. One day her father came with a sorrowful face to say a Zondela did not want to mind him and go away with her husband to his home. This was the first we knew that the wedding ceremonies had begun a year ago and now the bridegroom wished them finished and take her away to his home. She ran away for a few days but was brought back and for three or four days great preparations went on, much dancing and noise at the rehearsals for the final ceremony. Beer in abundance and all the time the poor girl not wanting to be the third wife of an old man who has daughters as old or older than she. However 'tis all over now and she has gone to his home and will not likely be allowed to come to services nor school for 'tis her work to grind all the corn for the family, draw all the water, etc. Poor child how my heart has ached for her all the days of the closing ceremony, only those know who have lived among these people and learned to love their precious souls. God is able and the seed sown those few opportunities may yet bear fruit. She was so very near the kingdom of Heaven. However her case may help others, for there is a law that no girl can be compelled, either by whipping or threats, to marry a man she does not like. Now our kitchen girl is in this same plight as her brother has already taken the coins for her donery and she was not asked about the matter at all. She does not like the man; he is not a believer and she is. So we are hoping for her release. Here is a case for your prayers. We do need so much wisdom as these are often exceedingly intricate and only God is able to help us.

Here is a case very promising. At u Zoudela's wedding three men who are about decided to follow Je-us very much wished to go and "just look at the ceremonies." Doctor took God's word and read some very plain texts on loving the world and still wanting to follow Jesus. Then left it with them to decide. The next day one went but two came to work as usual. No one at home can fully understand the courage and determination needed for just such a stand for such things are all the pleasures they really seem to have. This young man u Gof seems quite clear. He is still struggling with tobacco but I believe it will go.

Your prayers are being heard by God and he is answering. Praise his name!
Yours in His service,
E. SANDERS.

HUMILITY.

It is said that when John Fletcher one of the founders of Methodism, and a man of whom John Wesley said, "I never expect to see another as saintly until I get to glory," was once asked the question, "What is the most important Christian grace?" He replied, "Humility." What is the next? He answered, "Humility." And to a third inquiry he gave the same answer.

Humility is certainly one of the hardest lessons we have to learn, but when one has the old man completely crucified, dead and buried, and Christ crowned within, they are free. Then and not until then does that spirit of meekness and humility become a part of our very nature, and our will submissive to his will.

Humility, is to say the least a grace, or virtue, greatly to be desired, and when once attained makes its possessor a marked man, or woman, because it moulds their lives and character so beautifully that others take note of it, and when one is in their presence they can feel the very presence of God.

To have the true spirit of humility means something. It means that we have become dead to the world, and not only to the world and worldly things but to everything in the world, to all creeds, forms and ceremonies, and alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. It means that when they slap us on one cheek with the lowly Nazarene you simply offer the other. And when they spitefully use us and say all manner of things against us falsely for his sake with him who as a sheep before her shearers is dumb so he openeth not his mouth. We just hold our peace and keep on praising God. And when they take measures to put us out of the church and count us one of the transgressors, we just say, they thus persecuted my Saviour before me, why would they not persecute me, and then with him on the cross we look up into heaven and say, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do," and a flood of glory fills our souls, while we just shout hallelujah, and victory is ours through the precious blood of Jesus, and we will have that rest and peace with God that passeth all understanding. Praise his holy name forever.

Humility means that we will go with him all the way from the manger to the throne.

Humility puts a bridle on the tongue, "Jas 1:26." If any man among you seem to be religious and bridled not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain." This scripture proves that if our tongue is not bridled, we are deceiving ourselves and our religion is only a vain show on the outside and not in the heart, and there is therefore no saving power in it. The tongue is homogeneous with, and a true exponent of the soul, therefore if your soul is sanctified, your tongue will be as humble as any member of the body, and perfect humility will reign supreme in your being.

My dear reader it behooves us to pay the price and go through on these lines. We may think that the price is too great, but beloved the reward is greater. To have humility means to be Christlike, and to be Christlike, means purity of heart, and he said "blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." "Blessed are ye, when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil for the son of man's sake. Rejoice ye in that day and leap for joy, for behold, great is your reward in heaven." And he who promised is sure and the reward is sure.

The riches of this world are a very uncertain quantity, so "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul." Oh! my beloved come humbly down at the feet of Jesus as a little child, and there make your calling and election sure, get the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire, that cleanses from all sin, and go all the way with Him, and your reward of eternal life will richly repay you, and you will sing his praises world without end. Amen.

I am your Brother in Christ,
MARK E. PUGSLEY,
Amherst, N. S.,

"A preacher said to me not long ago, 'Now, Andy, be careful! Touch holiness light! I knew before he got through speaking; that he had been touching it light!'"

A MODEL SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

BY MRS. HARVEY JELLIE.

"I cannot see anyone this evening," said Rachel Newcombe; "I always spend the hours with the Master, and over the lesson for Sunday."

"Really this is making too much of an infant class. Can those children appreciate such study and care?" asked the friend who had spoken of calling.

"I am no judge of that: 'tis mine to teach them of Christ, and he will hold me responsible for doing my best. So I must ask you to come another time," said the teacher.

Wondering at the devotion, yet respecting the consistency, the friend promised to go some other day. Not for the dearest friend could Rachel have spared time. In those quiet hours she had never-to-be-forgotten talks with her Lord, and learned to realize the solemnity of her work. Thus, being herself prepared, she went direct from him to suffer the children to come. Thinking much of Rachel's earnest work for such little children, the friend called at a cottage door to inquire about a charwoman.

"I am all upset, miss," said the woman. "My husband is laid with rheumatism, and can't go fishing; but 'pon my word our little Maggie has set him longing to see her Sunday school teacher. He ain't one for religion, but he does like anything out-and-out, and she's doing all she can for our little ones, I know that."

"In what way do you see it, I am sure she is a good teacher."

"If you'll step in, miss, my good man'll tell you best," and leading the way she ushered her visitor into the presence of Ben Norton, who began to speak of Maggie's teacher. "She's

SOMETHING MORE THAN A TEACHER; she seems to take a reach beyond, and lays hold of us older ones at home. I was questioning our Maggie as to how her teacher could know so much (for that child brings home wonderful sayings), and she says: 'I expect Teacher has got to know Jesus, Father; that's how she learns! and I tell ye, miss, I'm wanting to see her, and hear her talk. They as knows for themselves are the ones to teach others.'

Still more impressed, the teacher's friend walked slowly home. She loved Rachel Newcombe, and knew how sincere and bright she always was, but had always looked upon her interest in that infant class as a "fad." Sunday came, and she met her friend at morning service, but in the afternoon a strong desire came to meet her after Sunday school. Children were coming out as she went near, and there, surrounded by little ones, stood Rachel saying loving words to each.

"Come along, Rachel, how tired you must be of it all," she said.

"No, never tired of it; sometimes weary in the work, but the great motive power is Christ. It gives me long talks with him, and keeps the heart so glad and strong. Next Sunday I must be away from home; will you take my class?" How could she refuse her friend? Nay, as she listened to her natural and eager words about the joy of the work, she would have been ashamed to say "No." All the week she wondered what she could say to keep the class quiet and fill up the time.

Bright little faces looked up into hers on the following Sunday, but after hearing them read, and talking about the lesson for awhile, some grew restless, and impatiently she corrected them, and said, "I can't think how your teacher talks to you every Sunday. I don't know what to say to make you sit still."

A chubby-faced girl beside her said simply: "Didn't you ask Jesus? Teacher always does."

She gave no answer, but made out the time as best she could, and on her homeward way heard her own conscience gave answer. Never again will she wonder at Rachel Newcombe's zeal in labor for the little children, for she asked Jesus. He has communicated that love which creates enthusiasm, gives patience, and leads to the winning of young and old to the Saviour.

Teacher, have you asked Jesus about your work, those scholars and the homes? You stand on sacred ground when you undertake to expound God's Word and make plain the way of life. You may study long and well, you may have a winsome manner in your class; but if you would have those children's souls as your crown by-and-by—ask Jesus.—Christian Standard.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

to carry it out. It will make a good and happy life for you."

She did not forget, and as she received each gift she gave out of a loving heart some practical proof that she had found that something more she craved, the joy of that which is more blessed than receiving, and Dora's life brings gladness to many, while yielding full satisfaction to herself.

If we would know her joy we must be quick to see how much we receive, and how much we must give and do, if the something more that little Dora craved is to be ours.

"The greatest gift is Jesus," as she said, therefore we must give him most, for in giving him body and soul all blessedness will be ours. Then we shall daily see and know, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."—London Christian.

SHORT SAYINGS OF GREAT MISSIONARIES.

If I am to go on the shelf, let that shelf be Africa.—Livingstone.

Men who live near to God and are willing to suffer anything for Christ's sake without being proud of it—these are the men we want.—Judson.

Whoever goes to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ among the heathen goes on a warfare which requires all prayer and supplication to keep his armor bright.—Dr. Moffat.

I never made a sacrifice. Of this we ought not to talk when we remember the great sacrifice which he made who left his Father's throne on high to give himself for us.—Livingstone.

I am born for God only. Christ is nearer to me than father or mother or sister—a nearer relative, a more affectionate friend; and I rejoice to follow him and to love him.—Henry Martyn.

Yes, I feel willing to be placed in that situation in which I can do the most good, though it were to carry the gospel to the distant, benighted heathen.—Mrs. Ann H. Judson, the first American woman foreign missionary.

To thee O Lord God, I offer myself, my children and all I possess. May it please thee, who did so humble thyself to the death of the cross, to condescend to accept all that I give thee, that I and my wife and my children may be thy lowly servants.—Raymond Lull, first missionary to Mohammedans.

THE PLACE OF PENTECOST IN OUR PREACHING.

Of course it is a part of the Gospel; all agree to that, but does it have the prominence in the pulpit that belongs to it? Jesus kept the disciples constantly on the tiptoe of expectancy for it, though they did not understand what he was driving at, but he saw and knew their need of the largest experience.

He said in Acts 1:8, and elsewhere, that it was the continuance and perpetuity of his kingdom and administration on earth; in fact, his divinity is but an abstraction until Pentecost bring spiritual perception to each believer; otherwise Christ is a dead prophet, and his divinity is but speculation.

We agree that perhaps no age ever heard more about Pentecost and the "Gift of the Holy Spirit," than during the past thirty years. yet, when we look at the mass of believers, under arrested spiritual development, remaining "babes" when they should have gone into "full age" long ago, we are led to think that if the pulpit was silent on the other cardinal doctrines of Christ, as it is touching this vital matter, Christ would literally fade out. What will save us from the traditional Christ, and give us the living Jesus?

Can we afford to be so passive when it involves so much?—Rev. E. S. Dunham, in Christian Standard.

"Why can't you worship the Lord without making so much noise?" was asked of Billy Bray at one time. "It is not my fault. If a person above were to pour water into a basin already full, standing on that beautiful tablecloth, and it was splashing all about you, you would not blame the basin; you would tell the person to stop pouring the water, as it was splashing all about you, and you could not enjoy yourselves. I am the vessel; my Heavenly Father is pouring down the water of life freely, and if you can't bear it, call to Him not to pour so much."—Sel.

—Selected.

SOMETHING MORE.

BY MRS. HARVEY JELLIE.

"What a happy girl you must be, Dora," said Captain Lacey to his little niece, "you seem to have so many gifts, and dear friends to love you."

"Yes, uncle, and you have brought me a lovely present. I am so glad you have come to stay with us."

"Come, little lassie, and tell me if you are happy and satisfied!" and the tall man led her into the pretty conservatory.

"I am happy, uncle, but not satisfied, there is something more I want to enjoy," said Dora, flushing as she spoke, lest he should think her ungrateful.

"We understand each other; now you tell me just what you mean." It was true, for Dora and the Captain were quite confidential friends, and she always delighted to go and stay with her uncle; and while her mother was out, she had him all to herself.

"Uncle, there is one little verse I am thinking such a lot about; it was what Jesus said: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive' (Acts 20:35); and I know how beautiful it is to receive such good things and if it is more blessed to give, I want to know that something more."

"But, Dora, I heard you say you were sending your left-off dress away, and your old books and toys, to a poor child."

"I could so easily spare them, uncle, I didn't feel I was giving, so I don't think that counts under the more blessed, do you?"

The captain was silent, had he understood what it meant to be blessed?

"Dora, you are right; what else have you thought?" "I thought, uncle, the greatest gift is Jesus; and it must be blessed to give something to him—is it more blessed?"

After thinking, he answered: "If you have received the gift of Jesus and his love, I think he will make it more blessed to give yourself to him, and what you can offer to others will then be doubly blessed; so that is the something more you want."

"That is it, uncle. It spoils my happiness when I feel selfish, and I want to know what Jesus calls the more blessed way, don't you?"

In his heart Captain Lacey wished he had more of that desire; but he answered her brightly: "Dora, this thought comes from God. Don't let it go; but ask him to help you