

CORRESPONDENCE.

PAULPIETERBURG, Natal, Feb. 24, 1904.  
Dear Highway:—Here are two photos that may interest and instruct. † The events leading up to the incident of scene 1 are as follows: I was called to see a sick man and asked if I had medicine that would cure him. I told them that he was very sick and that it would take three weeks for him to recover with the aid of my medicines. His brother Tom who had called me, being a young witch doctor, decided not to accept the services of one so slow but make the cure himself in a shorter time.

In a few days the sick man died, and among Tom's five surviving brothers there went around a whisper that the death might have been due to witchcraft. Tom's fears were aroused, especially as he was practicing without a government license which would have cost him fifteen dollars. Accordingly he packed his drugs and placed them in the care of a friend.

Soon, however, an infant in that kraal became sick. No further evidence of witchcraft was necessary and the alarmed brother did not know who might be Tom's next victim. In fact, it had leaked out that Tom had laid a plan, but unsuccessfully, to give a certain maiden a dose of medicine that would make her love him when she would not.

It was near sunset one day when we saw a procession of eight men, Tom at the head, coming across the field towards our house. They were on their way to get the dangerous drugs. Soon they returned but owing to the lateness of the hour it was decided to postpone the trial until next day. Early the following morning every juryman was at his post, while the troubled and troublesome Doctor was compelled to empty the entire contents of his medicine satchel, a salt sack, out to the gaze of all.

The Boer farmer was present to give counsel and Dr. Sanders was asked to tell if any of the white man's poisons were present. A small package of epsom salts, some alum and some rock salt was about all he had borrowed from the white druggist. But of native medicines his collection was by far the best it has been my privilege to see. There must have been nearly two hundred different kinds. Only a few bottles were present, containing principally oils, most of the medicines were dry, and as is the custom, tied in bits of old rags with one knot as we have seen money tied in the corner of a handkerchief. They had no labels, yet their owner never hesitated in recalling their names and uses. The rags had to be untied and the contents viewed and described. There were bones from the various snakes, birds, and very many animals, even including the elephant. Barks and roots of trees and plants and even a variety of stones were in his drug supply.

As to their uses much could be said. There were medicines for the sky, that is, to cause rain or to regulate the lightning, as well as those to cure or cause various sicknesses. In fact, there is scarcely anything that can be wished for upon friend or foe that may not, in the belief of this people be caused by medicines. I am sorry to say that even the christian natives are slow to doubt the power of the "um-takati" or witch doctor. But this power is not in the man, they think, but in his mysterious medicines.

Accordingly it was decided, in Tom's case, not to have him punished by law for practicing without a license, but to do what was safer for them, have his medicine case together with bones, barks, roots, stones, rags and all burned. Dry sticks were collected and taken far up the hill side where the dangerous smoke would reach no dwelling. During the conflagration, some children passing on a far distant hill, but to the lee side of the fire were shouted to and warned of their danger. We all were compelled to laugh to see them fleeing in terror, making good time even up hill.

And now a word as to how the work here is progressing. This is our class day and although it has rained all the afternoon there were seven here of a class of twenty, two joining today. Entering this class signifies that they wish to become christians and will attend as much as possible the services of Wednesday as well as Sunday. This is about the hardest time of the year to get the people to meeting as so many are busy from morning to night, seven days in the week, watching

their amiable gardens and driving away the large flocks of birds that are so fond of this "Kaffir corn." This native grain is the size and shape of duck shot and grows in a bunch at the top of a stock which closely resembles that of our corn.

Our subject in class today was "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth; Go ye therefore and teach all nations." And we decided that our master has given us but one work to do, namely to witness of him. Then in a few words each told how he or she had done this work during the last week. The total was as follows: Sixteen heathens had been personally dealt with and invited to the services among which seven had promised that after harvest time they would come. The others made excuses such as "I am bound by birds," meaning that she had her garden to watch, and, "I do not desire to believe," which is to these people an all sufficient reason. Now this is what these seven could remember of their work for Christ in six days. Thus you see that though we have no "native workers" so called, yet we have natives at work for Christ.

Sunday last was a good day with us, five new ones praying, only two of which had previously expressed their desire to follow Christ. We thanked God as we heard the mother of u-Lydia, one of our baptized girls, offering up her first prayer in public. Then followed an old woman, one whom I had met at her home six miles distant. At that time I had been much drawn to her and had secured a promise that she would come to our meetings. Her face reminds me of a good natured grand-mother I have seen in the home land. And she is but one of the many old women here who unlike our grand-mothers have grown old without hearing the gospel story. For the sake of such ones who must soon pass into eternity we should do our utmost to hasten foreign missionaries. The other three are young girls who have for some time attended service.

The Sunday before last two other girls came and intend to follow Christ as a result of one call at their father's hut.

The field is large, needy and white to the harvest. God is working and we mean to let him have his way. Christ is rapidly gathering out a people among these hills who will be true to their heavenly Bridegroom. We love this work and would not like to exchange places with any home pastors, no nor even an angel in heaven. Our cramped quarters, absence of church building, and innumerable petty inconveniences that we did not know about at home are not worthy to be compared with the joy of fellowship with Christ in giving the great tidings to these who have never heard.

Your fellow-worker,  
H. C. SAUNDERS.

†The two photos referred to by Dr. Saunders, were not suitable to make cuts from, the background being too dark to show the natives distinctly. So we could not use them.—Ed.

A SERMONETTE.

Know ye not that your bodies are the members of Christ? Shall I then take the members of Christ, and make them the members of an harlot? God forbid! 1st. Cor. 6, 15.

This text clearly indicates the attitude God expects us to be in, and his relationship to the world is shown in the next verse, if man does contrary to what God has commanded. Now God has said that all who belong to Christ are members of His body, having been purchased and redeemed by Him, and are members in particular. Then comes the question of the text, "Shall I take His members and make them the members of an harlot?" How repulsive the thought, that we should debase His members thus, and how careful we should be lest we be found in any other service than that of God. Now as God has through His word given us many pictures illustrating the spiritual by the natural, so here we see that he would warn us by the text of the dangerous condition of being a spiritual fornicator or such like. The word tells us that the power of the harlot is very great, and that her influence is exerted over all the earth, and kings and the earth inhabitants have been made drunk with the wine of her fornications. Her cunning is spoken of in proverbs, and the way she induces souls to go in the ways of

death, of course claiming it to be the way of pleasure and safety, but God says her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death. God hath declared himself to be a jealous God, and desires that we love him with all our heart, soul, might, mind, and strength, consequently we must give him all our service, and anything that draws us away from God's service, robs him of His rights.

So many different phases these strange women present to the members of Christ, sometimes the bold and impudent face, at others with great craft, as to personal benefits, pleasures, etc., and again as paying their vows and living moral lives by rules, regulations, etc. And oh! how many are drawn in under their influence, enter her service, lose the power from their souls, are weakened as christians, grieve God's Spirit, and dishonor God's members for she hath cast many down wounded, yea many strong men have been slain by her. Truly in our midst we feel the power of this enemy of souls, that seeks in a subtle way to alienate the affections of Gods people from Him even unto herself. As she appears in the form of secret orders and societies, which I feel God's word includes in the term "Harlot" and may God help us to be on the watch lest we be deceived and the enemy gain an advantage and we be drugged and duped and made to be a part of her body, for the word says that he that is joined to an harlot is one body. Now the word joined means more than a mere passing connection, but an affinity and unity, lasting and enduring, making a oneness and a sameness for both are one body. And there is in these secret societies etc., a fellowship and association that the Christian must have with the most immoral and irreligious. Who can say that the Holy Spirit ever led him to be thus united. Many have an excuse for joining these societies but I do not think that any will say that either the word of God, or His Spirit, pointed toward such a union. Personally, God leads me in an opposite direction saying come out from among them and touch not the unclean thing and I will receive you. So in order to serve Christ as one of His members I must obey. And again let not thine heart incline to her ways, go not astray in her paths, for the adulteress will hunt for the precious life. So shall I then take the members of Christ and make them the members of an harlot? God forbid.

EUGENE WILCOX.

THE BARMAID IN NEW ZEALAND.

The barmaid is the great and peculiar curse of England and her colonies. In the hotels of New Zealand we find from three to half a dozen bars, so arranged that a stranger can hardly get to or from the dining, reading, writing, sitting or any other room or department without running into a barroom, in which finely dressed girls and women stand, like sirens of old, luring men to the shores and rocks of destruction. Satanic ingenuity was doing its most adroit work in such a lecherous linking of liquor and lust. Such girls or women might be so vaccinated, inoculated, or immuned as to serve as nurses in a smallpox hospital without taking the dreadful malady, but there is no power beneath the stars that can keep a woman perpetually pure while serving as a "barmaid." The pious people, preachers, and patriots of England and her colonies should at once raise such a concerted and universal storm of agitation as to finally and forever evaporate all such pestilential pools of assignation as hotel saloons, operated by "barmaids."

New Zealand is making rapid progress and her people are opening their eyes to the many-sided debaucheries and diabolisms of the liquor traffic. The women have recently secured the ballot, to the terror of the mossback politicians; and they are making the liquor baron demagogues tremble in their boots. The saloons close instantly at ten o'clock and are never open on Sunday. A strong local option law has been passed, and in many places the white flag of prohibition is waving in triumph; with a fair promise of an early redemption of the entire land. One of the most potential factors in this world for pulling humanity downward or heavenward is woman. If the Christian womanhood of America ever materializes its sentiments in the ballot box, King Alcohol will be forever dethroned.—W. B. Palmore, in St. Louis Christian Advocate.

CONSCIENCE.

There is much said in the New Testament about conscience. One has said that conscience is the testimony and secret judgement of the soul. If we sin against God, or man, it is the witness, judge, and executioner.

If we are in fellowship and harmony with God, it is a source of great comfort. If we are doing wrong it is a detective we cannot evade.

But it is beautiful to know that we may have a conscience void of offence toward God and man. Paul says, (1 Tim. 1-5,) now the end of the commandment is love out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience, and of faith unfeigned from which some not aiming at (margin) have turned aside unto vain jangling; those who would enjoy a good conscience must have a pure heart. We are also taught that we may have a pure conscience to the degree as to bear us witness in the Holy Ghost, Rom. 9-1. To gain and retain such a conscience, means a complete surrender to God through faith in Jesus Christ, and to be baptized with the Holy Ghost, and a complete obedience to all the revealed will of God, no matter what may be involved.

We have had a seared conscience, and an evil conscience, and a reproving tormenting conscience. But thank God our conscience has been purged by the blood of Christ, through the eternal Spirit, from dead works, to serve the living God.

CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

There is a famous prescription in use in England for the cure of drunkenness, by which thousands are said to have recovered themselves. The prescription came into notoriety through the efforts of John Vine Hall, commander of the Great Eastern steamship. He had fallen into such habitual drunkenness that his most earnest efforts to reclaim himself proved unavailing. At length he sought the advice of an eminent physician, who gave him a prescription which he followed faithfully for seven months. At the end of that time, he had lost all desire for liquor, although he had been, for many times, led captive by a most debasing appetite. The prescription, which he afterwards published, and by which so many drunkards have been assisted to reform, is as follows:

Sulphate of iron, five grains; pepper-mint water, eleven drachms; magnesia, ten grains; spirit of nutmeg, one drachm, twice a day. This preparation acts as a tonic and stimulant, and so partially supplies the place of the accustomed liquor, and prevents that absolute physical and moral prostration that follows a sudden breaking off from the use of stimulating drinks.

Salvation full and free through faith in Christ is a sure cure for drunkenness, tobacco, opium, and morphine habits, and all other forms of slavery to which men are addicted. Try it, free to whoever believeth.

CIGARETTES.

Tobacco injures men, and kills children. The Chicago school board has been having a medical examination of certain pupils before allowing them to take part in certain athletic sports. Boys and girls were subjected to the same examination. Not one girl was found unable to pass, while a large number of the boys, in almost every case smokers, were found to be in a physical condition which made violent exercise of any kind very dangerous. Twenty-one out of a hundred were found unfit, and all but three suffered from some form of heart trouble. Almost without exception, the unfit ones were cigarette smokers.—J. H. K.

SONG BOOK FREE.

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

"NO! NO!"

There's a very small word, but some folks are so weak That they find it a very hard one to speak;

That one syllable only, at times they are slow, When asked, "Will you just take a drink?" to say "No!"

There's many a drunkard who reels through the street, With brain all on fire and staggering feet, Who would never have looked such a picture of woe, If when first asked to drink he had boldly said "No!"

Some say "No!" so faintly, we cannot but guess,

That N, O, in their case, means, Y, E, S, yes,

If we'd live sober lives, we decision should show,

And reply in firm tones unmistakably "No!"

Now, girls and boys, heed the word, though so small;

When invited to drink, you'll be safe from it's thrall,

And onward in health and prosperity go, Protected and saved by one syllable, "No!" Selected.

GRANDMA'S PICKET GUARD.

Grandma Wilkins was very sick. The doctor said she must be kept quiet, and everybody went about on tiptoe and spoke in low tones. Winfred looked very sad. He crept softly into the darkened room and laid some flowers on grandma's pillow; but she was too sick to look at them. Soon after he heard his mother say to Kate, the cook; "We must keep the door-bell from ringing if possible."

"I can do something for grandma," thought the little boy.

So he sat on the front step, and soon a woman with a book in her hand came to the door.

"Grandma is very sick," said Winfred, "Nobody must ring the bell."

The lady smiled, but went away. Soon a man with a satchel came.

"Grandma is sick, and mamma doesn't want anything at all," said the boy.

All day long people came. It seemed to Winfred that almost everybody had something to sell; but he kept guard, and the bell was silent. Kate came to call him to lunch, but Winfred would not leave his post.

"Just bring me a sandwich or something, and I'll eat it here," he said.

At last the doctor came again. When he came back he smiled down upon Winfred and said:

"Well, little picket-guard, your grandma is going to get well, and you have helped to bring about that happy result. You will make a good soldier."

Then his mother came out and took him in her arms and kissed him.

"I am quite proud of my brave, unselfish little son," she said. "Now come and have some dinner, and then you may go and see grandma for a moment. She has been asking for you."

When Winfred went in on tiptoe his grandma thanked him with a kiss, and he was a very happy little boy that night.—Julia D. Peck, in Youth's Companion.

CATCH UP, FIRST.

REV. JOHN CAVANAUGH.

I heard Stephen Merritt say in a meeting, that "the Methodists should not think of following John Wesley, and that the Presbyterians should not think of following Charles Finney, but they ought to go beyond them." I said to Mr. Merritt: "Don't you think that the Methodists ought to catch up to Mr. Wesley first, before they go beyond him, and the same with Mr. Finney?" "That's so," he said.

I think Mr. Wesley and Mr. Finney would blush today if they could see the state of things.

Now, I am a Methodist. I could be nothing else. I went to the altar 32 years ago, at Ryland Chapel, Washington, D. C., under the preaching of Bro. John Lanahan. Three weeks after, under the preaching of Inskip and McDonald, I received the blessing of holiness. I gave up my tobacco, lodge, wearing of gold, quit all church sprees, and all things that brought heaviness to the soul.

A preacher gave his report at Conference, telling what a big revival he had that year. "How many did you take in church?" "None, but I turned a good many out."

The weather up this way has been so cold that all the ice-houses are full. They don't want any more ice.