

HOW HIS DREAM CAME TRUE.

I have been deeply interested in the articles that have recently appeared upon "Things that are True," but thus far, have found nothing quite so remarkable as an experience of my own some eighteen years ago. I had given up teaching high school, and entered the ministry at the very small salary of \$200 a year. In doing so, I, together with my young wife, had firmly resolved upon two things, first, we would never complain, no matter what came to us in the way of privation; and, secondly, that we would never run in debt, nor mention the matter of salary in any public way. Our first church was a small one, in a village of some one hundred people. They were very kind, but very much discouraged, for they had been severely tried, and had talked seriously of locking the little church, and giving up the battle as lost. There were many things to encourage us; the people came out in large numbers to hear the word, and for a time we were provided with all necessary things, food, fuel and a house to live in, averaging eighteen or twenty dollars each month. Then, for some reason, there came a season of carelessness and the necessary money did not come, until we were reduced to the last thirty-five cents. It was Sunday night, and I had come home from the church, weary and disheartened, more so than I had ever been. The tempter was there to suggest that I was a most wretched failure; that I had missed my calling; that someone else could do the work better; that I was not called upon to labor and want for the very necessities of life. I walked the poor, rag carpet with aching heart and throbbing temple, for we were greatly in need of all things. Should I break my resolution, and go to the church officers and tell them!

They knew, why should I tell them? In the midst of my confusion and anxiety, wife's voice came: "You are tired tonight and that is the reason you are despondent. We have always been provided for; we must trust and do our duty. Let us commit all to God, and then, after a night's rest, we shall see what will come in the morning." We knelt and prayed with choking voices and half-doubting hearts, and then sought for rest. It was the shortest night I have ever known, for it seemed I had hardly lain down when I sprang from the bed in the early twilight and began to sing almost involuntarily. My singing awoke my wife, who said with a smile:

"Well, I think you must feel better. What are you going to do today?" "Allie, I am going to Pontiac to do some trading."

"I do not see how you can do much trading on thirty-five cents?" "But I am sure I shall have more than that. I do not believe much in impressions, and nothing whatever in dreams; but I will test an impression this time. While I slept, a hand touched mine, and left \$17.00 in it. I am so sure that I will receive \$17.00 today that I am going to start out just the same as if I had it already in my hand." She seemed much surprised, and a shade of anxiety rested on her girlish face, as if she were wondering whether or not I was really sane.

Soon I had my little pony harnessed and started out on the strangest and most mysterious ride of my life. It was cold, windy, the latter part of May. I had driven only one block from home, and started north on the drive of eight miles. There I met an old farmer, who came driving to the village in great haste, and as he reined up by my side, he began:

"Hello, elder, glad to see you; been thinkin' of you all night; don't believe you've got any money, and jest had to drive down and see. Say, have you any money?" "Yes, Brother H., I have some money."

"Well, you hain't got much an' I know it. Here's a little, take it an' use it. It'll make me feel a heap better."

He handed me a five and a two dollar bill. I thanked him, looked up, breathed a prayer of thanksgiving, and drove on, wondering what next? Wondering what kept him awake all night, thinking of me and my wants. Reaching Pontiac, I alighted from my buggy, and was tying my horse, with my back to the buildings, when someone gave me a friendly tap between the shoulders. Looking about, I saw a brother of the man who had given me seven dollars, and he began:

"Mighty glad to see you; jest sold my wool, an' soon as I sold it thought of you an' wished I could see you. Here's a V. I know you need it." Then turning to his son, who stood just behind him, he said to him: "See here, Harve, you've got as much money as I have, hand the elder a V."

"Father, you have no need to tell me that. I thought of it before you said a word, and I was wishin' I could see the elder as soon as I got the money for the wool." And he handed me another V, and the entire \$17.00 had come and all from one family, and before I had entered a store to spend a cent.

When I drove home that day, happy hearted, with many of the necessities of life, and some money left, and told the companion who was anxiously awaiting my return, there were tears of gratitude and there was renewed confidence in Him who said I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. Many wonderful and quite as inexplicable experiences have been passed through since then, until we have learned to believe in Him, who said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

I fear that ministers of the gospel often trusts too little; they are too anxious about that raise in the salary, they are not always willing to go where the way seems hard and the reward meagre; they do too many things beside preaching the blessed gospel of the Son of God. We have now had twenty-two years of blessed experience in the line of trust and work, and He has honored us and taught us to rest assured that "No good thing will be withheld from them that walk uprightly." I have never allowed the above to appear in print, and seldom spoke of it; but the thought occurred to me that possibly it might strengthen the faith of some soul that has been, or is, under the shadows, to know how tenderly and graciously he led one of the weakest of His children to larger trust and more joyous service. There is great honor and rich reward in being permitted to feel that one is a co-worker with God.—Dr. C. W. Stevenson, in Ram's Horn.

THEIR RATING.

A number of years ago a certain firm of four men in Boston rated as "A1." They were rich, prosperous, young, and prompt. One of them had the curiosity to see how they were rated, and found these facts in Dunn's and were satisfied, but at the end these words were added: "But they all drink." He thought it a good joke at the time, but a few years later two of them were dead, another was a drunkard, and the fourth was poor and living partly on charity. That one little note at the end of their rating was the most important and significant of all the facts collected and embodied in their description.

This from the Parish Visitor furnishes abundant food for reflection. A young man who enters into business, and at the same time indulges the drink habit has an unsavory rating among his business associates. He will find himself watched and suspected, whatever his cash or business rating may be. Men will say, "He seems to be getting along very well, but he drinks," and that last fact depreciates him in the estimation of men far more than a much smaller bank account would. If a man has push, enterprise, sagacity, with honesty, economy and unquestioned integrity—men will believe in him, stand by him and give him their confidence. He may have all these and money besides, but if he drinks they will hesitate and deliberate a long time before they are willing to trust him very far.

Young men who are beginning to carve out their course in life cannot more effectively blight their prospects than to get the reputation that they are drinkers. Even men who drink are not willing to employ men who follow their example. Saloon keepers not infrequently advertise for men who do not drink. However much they may engage in the dreadful business of making others drunk, they do not want men in their employ who are drinkers. It has come to be generally recognized that a person who drinks is not a desirable man for anyone to employ in any business.

We happen to know that some business men make it a rule to employ detectives to watch young men

who have made an application for a position, and if they are found visiting saloons and gambling houses are promptly informed that "they have nothing for them to do." The young man who starts his business career with the drinking habit, makes himself guilty of business suicide. What, ever else he may be, the drink habit makes his rating bad.—Methodist Protestant.

THE CHILD OF A KING.

It is said that a gentleman, riding along the road one morning, heard some one singing. He stopped to listen and caught the words, "I'm the child of a King." Riding on, he came upon the singer—an Irishman, with a pick in his hands. On the hillside was a dirty, torn tent; near by was a rickety spring wagon, and up among the bushes was roped a poor, bony, hungry-looking horse. The rider was a skeptic. He never permitted an opportunity to pass without making a thrust at any form of religious worship. Seeing the Irishman, he said to himself, "Now, isn't he a pretty-looking child of a King? How foolish religion can make a man." Then, aloud: "So you are the child of a King. If such is the case, why are you not better fixed? How is it that you, a prince, are wandering about as poor as a beggar?" The Irishman went on with his digging, while he continued his song:

"My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men!
Once wandered o'er earth as the poorest of them;
But now He is reigning forever on high,
And will give us a home in the sweet by and by."

The skeptic was surprised at the answer and evident rebuke, but continued: "And this is the home of a King! Look at that old wagon—and just look at that old tent." The Irishman began the fourth verse:

"A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
They're building a palace for me over there;
Though exiled from home, yet still I may sing,
'All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.'"

And as the skeptic, meditating, rode away, acknowledging that he had been beaten at his own game, he heard the chorus, strong and clear:

"I'm the child of a King,
The child of a King;
With Jesus my Savior,
I'm the child of a King."

ANYTHING BUT A SCRAP HEAP.

The Rev. Howard W. Pope tells the story of a Christian blacksmith who had had a good deal of affliction, and was challenged by an unbeliever to account for it.

This was his explanation: "I don't know that I can account for these things to your satisfaction, but I think I can to my own. You know that I am a blacksmith. I often take a piece of iron and put it in the fire, and bring it to a white heat. Then I put it on the anvil, and strike it once or twice to see if it will take a temper. If I think it will, I plunge it into the water, and suddenly change the temperature. Then I put it into the fire again, and again I plunge it into the water. This I repeat several times. Then I put it on the anvil, and hammer it and bend it, and rasp and file it, and it makes some useful article which I put into a carriage, where it will do good service for twenty-five years.

"If, however, when I first strike it on the anvil, I think it will not take a temper, I throw it into the scrap heap, and sell it at a halfpenny a pound.

"Now, I believe that my Heavenly Father has been testing me to see if I will take a temper. He has put me into the fire, and into the water. I have tried to bear it just as patiently as I could, and my daily prayer has been: 'Lord put me into the fire if You will; put me into the water if You think I need it; do anything you please, O Lord; only, for Christ's sake, don't throw me into the scrap heap.'—Ram's Horn.

During the two and a half months of Prohibition in San Francisco, but from two, to five cases were before the police courts daily, but as soon as Prohibition was annulled the number went up to 127 to 175 daily. As the liquor curse is the genesis of nearly all of our crimes, why don't the people rise up and put it away? An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

THE WAY OF A BOY.

When mother sits beside my bed
At night, and strikes and smooths my head
And kisses me, I think, some way,
How naughty I have been all day;
Of how I waded in the brook,
And of the cookies that I took,
And how I smashed a window light
A-rassling—me and Bobby White—
And tore my pants, and told a lie,
It almost makes me want to cry
When mother pats and kisses me;
I'm just as sorry as can be,
But I don't tell her so—no, sir;
She knows it all; you can't fool her.

—Selected.

PAULPIETERSBURG, Natal, South Africa, Sept. 19th, 1906.

Dear Boys and Girls:—I think I promised many of you that I would write to your Mission Bands when I got to Africa, and tell you about the children here. Am afraid I haven't kept my promise to you all yet, but hope to before long.

As I write my mind goes back to the very pleasant times I have spent with you, visiting your Mission Bands, and I do not forget your faces.

You always helped me by your interest in the work. The little things you made for the children here are greatly appreciated. One day a little boy came here with his mama to get some medicine for he was sick. They stayed until he got better. He didn't have anything to play with so we gave him one of the dolls. He was greatly taken with it, but didn't quite know what to do with it so in a short time we saw him again; there were parts of the poor doll all along the path, saw dust, feet, arms, and head, even the dress was taken to pieces. I suppose he was trying to find out what it was made of.

They like to mould in clay and will make all sorts of animals. Sometimes they will make a horse and cart with wheels; they take straws for shafts, then they will make a man and set him in the cart for a driver and put a whip into his hand made of thread. You see they do not have nice things to play with like you have. Yesterday there were some children here. It wasn't a very warm day and they were cold with no clothing on. Some would lie down on the sand and others cover themselves with baskets to keep off the wind. Usually on cold days they wear sheep skins tied around them, which is the only clothing they have.

Today there was a big fire just a short distance from here on a high hill. It was very pretty. The men were burning off the old grass so that when the rains come new grass would grow for the sheep and goats to feed on. They have to be very careful in setting these fires, for sometimes the wind springs up suddenly and the fire spreads and does lots of damage, so they get a number of boys and girls to help. They will take old socks and rags, wet them and beat out the fire.

Yesterday Faith went with Mr. Keirstead and me to visit a poor sick man who has only a short time to live—he has consumption. We talked and sang to him and tried to get him to give himself to the Lord; but he said he was already a christian. When we questioned him he said he hadn't given up his sins. You see he tried to make himself think he is a christian when he is not. But we are praying for him and hope he may get saved very soon. He was lying right on the ground in his straw hut on a mat with a blanket over him; this is the only kind of bed the natives have here. We had to sit on the ground outside of his hut and talk to him through a small opening where they crawl in, the only door they have. It is so hard for these people to believe in our God; it is all so new and strange for them.

Are't we glad we were born in a christian land where we have always heard the gospel preached, and know all about Jesus who lived upon earth, then was crucified for our sins, then went to heaven where he waits for us all who will live for Him down here. I hope you have all given yourselves to the Lord, and are little sunbeams for Him. He does not forget what you are doing by giving your pennies to help send the sweet story of Jesus to the girls and boys of Africa, and am sure He blesses you

every day. Probably when you are older He will call some of you to become missionaries for him.

Doesn't it seem strange to you that while you are beginning to have autumn we are having spring, and when you are having winter we are having summer.

Expect you would like to see little Judson and George Sanders as well as Faith and Paul. I expect they will all be missionaries if they live. Judson and George were both born in Africa, but of course they are white just like you are. Probably some day they will all go back to New Brunswick to make you a visit, then I guess you will laugh to hear them talk Zulu.

Must close for this time. Hope you are all well. With love to you all, from Your old friend,

IDA M. KEIRSTEAD.

PAULPIETERSBURG, Natal, South Africa, Oct. 1st, 1906.

Dear Highway,—Spring has come! Rain fell last month saturating the ground so even new land could be broken up. This came much earlier than we have seen rain fall since we came to Africa, five years ago this month. It must seem strange to you that while you are busy gathering in the harvest we across the sea are just putting in crops.

One of our brightest Christian girls went away to work for the Boer who owns the farm on which she lives. Likely she will be away for several months and we shall miss her very much. She is so faithful, so true all the time and a great helper at new outposts as she is a good singer.

Our nearest native neighbour is slowly dying of consumption. Poor fellow! Many, many times as he passed by or called to ask for some salt, etc., have I talked to him about eternal things. It was always met with silent indifference or some poor excuse. Now that he is too weak to leave his straw mat of a bed, he is frequently visited and of late has said he wants to be a Christian. We have only a short time to work in has case but are trying to lead him to Jesus. Like many at home he clings to life and has called different native doctors but they could do nothing for him even though a goat or cow was killed to help them in their work. And now when all earthly help fails and the spark of life is about to flicker out, he gives up and says he wants to believe.

Dr. Sanders was away yesterday to an outpost and met a poor, old bent-up man who said he wanted to learn of Jesus. He lives about eight miles away and a difficult road to travel in the heat. Still we must do what we can for such poor souls.

Next Sunday is what all the believers call "the big Sunday." It is communion and we expect several will be baptized. Then all who have, through the other Sundays of the month, been holding meetings at the various outposts, come to worship with us and we have a good time indeed.

Faith and Paul are splendid interpreters now and usually like the work. They have no desire for any other calling in life than to be missionaries. Pray that this desire may deepen as they grow older. Their education is a great question with us. Is there not some school teacher whom God is calling this way? Since He has pledged His word in many sweet promises that all our needs shall be supplied, we are looking for Him to supply this great one. We have taught them and both can read and write, also have some idea of arithmetic, etc., but we know other children of their ages are away ahead of them in their studies and we feel this keenly. Our lives are so filled, so running over in the constant pressure of duties that time for teaching them daily and systematically is most difficult to find. Often my heart aches as I think while administering to others, I am neglecting in some things, my own. Sometimes I wonder if parents at home appreciate to the full the great blessing of school privileges, free, that their children enjoy. Here there are no free schools that we know of, and we live so far away from the nearest one, twenty-two miles, that to send them there seems quite impossible. However my heart is comforted when I remember "He knows, O yes, my Jesus knows." And for Him to know means to help in His own dear way and time.

Yours in Jesus love,
E. SANDERS.