

CORRESPONDENCE.

PAULPIETERSBURG, Natal, South Africa, Aug. 18th, 1906.

Dear Highway.—We praise the Lord for another soul won from darkness to light, and from the favor of Satan unto God. She is a bright young woman, the wife of one of our strongest young men who rejoices over the conversion of his wife. There seems to be real affection between this couple which we find very rare among the natives for in so many cases the girls are married to men whom they dislike. She is to exchange her blankets for christian dress in a few days.

Last week a woman came to us to borrow £2, as her husband lacked that much to pay for a new wife. We of the home land would naturally think this would be a time of sorrow for wife No. 1, but not so. She said she rejoiced that her husband was buying another wife, for then she would have some one to stay with her babies while she went to beer drinks, also she would have some one to take care of her when she was sick. I suppose this is one way of consoling ourselves instead of feeling jealous. Probably it would be of interest to you to know how this bride is received at her new home. When the last cow has been given, which by the way is the eleventh, and this one is to make the feast at the wedding, then the happy (?) day arrives. The bride leaves her old home followed by her mother and her girl friends all weeping loudly, this being part of the ceremony. A small attendant carries her blankets, sleeping mats and pillow, which are all her worldly possessions. After the feasting, beer drinking and dancing which lasts for several hours, the guests depart for their homes, some having to be carried, probably a woman by three or four men—the result of beer drinking. If this bride happen to be the fifteenth wife it is all the same, she becomes their slave as it were from one week to two months.

She has to arise long before the sun is up and carry water for every hut of the kraal, then grind the corn for them all, and cook the same for the two weeks daily. In the afternoons she must go and carry wood to supply the whole kraal sometimes travelling miles for it. In fact she does all the work for the previous wives and children. Should she prove lazy and refuse to do this the husband and lord of them all has the pleasure of beating her into submission, even though at the wedding he promised not to do so; this is a promise made which they do not intend to keep.

You probably know we live about twenty two miles from the village and that it boasts of three stores which are supposed to keep everything needed for man and beast, but man many times fail to find even the necessities. Think you would be amused to know how many different weeks we have sent out for some flour, sometimes getting a few pounds and other times none. The last time we tried Dr. Sanders went out himself and after trying at all the stores, hotel and private houses managed to get twelve pounds. This is really quite a lot and we feel the Lord helps it to spend as did the widow's meal, at least He never lets us go hungry. Praise His name.

The lumber has arrived for our new church which we hope to have built during this dry season. We will be glad to have a church building as some Sundays it is almost a puzzle to make room for the people in the dining room. I wish you could look in some Sunday on this congregation, see the mothers with their babies, young men and girls and children. The boys and men always sit on boxes while the women and girls sit on the floor, listening so intently and enjoying the services. They love to sing and praise the Lord together with us. One of the women quite excels the men in base singing. When we think that only a short time ago they were in heathen darkness knowing nothing about our precious Redeemer, it brings the tears to our eyes, and a great welling up in our hearts of praise and gratitude to our God for this mission station, that He has honored us as a people by making us instrumental in winning these precious souls to Him.

The Lord is blessing and caring for us, and this promise, "Lo, I am with you always, etc." is ours.

Yours in Christian love,  
IDA M. KIERSTEAD.

HOW THE SALOON WAS CLOSED.

"The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."—Bible.

There were a number of saloons in the place, but on by-streets and quietly conducted. This one, however, stood in the public square, confronting three churches. A handsome building, the interior lavishly adorned, and at the spacious, attractive bar experts served drinks plain, or spiced and drugged to taste, while music and flashily-dressed women added their allurements. A procession of tipplers passed into its doors day and night, despite a vigorous temperance sentiment voiced in "union temperance meetings" in the churches Sunday evening, and "gospel temperance rallies" mid-week. Thus had it been for two years.

I was more impressed by the gravity of the evil, because, as a resident physician, scenes of domestic discord, want, woe, caused by intoxicants often met my eye, accompanied at times by appalling atrocities; besides which the sad career of the saloon keeper had shocked and grieved me. I knew him when a lad of much promise, but indulgence in the wine cup had led to confirmed drink; and falling heir to some money, he built an elegant brick block and stocked it with liquors. He developed into the most odious manhood, bloated, blasphemous, fierce. One would scarcely believe that from the finemannered, fair-checked boy a face and disposition so brutish could be evolved. What could be done to save him and close up the infamous business? All I knew how to do was, as I passed the saloon on my professional rounds, to lift my heart in silent petitions for divine interposition.

A patient of mine was an elderly lady who for five years had laid on her bed awaiting death. She was a remarkable example of the Christ-spirit and of faith in prayer. On asking her to pray for the saloon-keeper, she answered: "I am doing so," and drew from under her pillow a list of her subjects of prayer—the "hard cases" of the town, his name among them; and she said, "Perhaps the Lord is about to use you for the rescue of that poor lost soul. But don't labor with him till God's Spirit specially moves you to. Wait for your message. If you go to him in your strength, in a purely human zeal, you will anger and harden him."

Weeks elapsed, when one day I was strongly impressed to write to the saloon-ist, but decided to devote another seven days to seek grace for the delicate, difficult task. Then, on attempting it, thoughts came more swiftly than the pen could trace them. Sure am I that the plea which resulted could not have been indited by my own unaided powers. It was terrible in its solemnly graphic arraignment of liquor selling and liquor drinking, yet every line seemed to throb with more than human tenderness. The letter was sent unsigned. But later the thought arose: What if he should recognize the handwriting? And as I went by his saloon I expected him to rush out and assault me, unless our supplications on his behalf had reached the ear on high. I thought it singular, however, that whereas heretofore I met the saloon-keeper almost daily, now for a long time he kept out of my sight. But one afternoon at twilight the office door bell rang, and on answering it the burly form of the liquor seller stood before me. Had he discovered the authorship of that letter, and come with ruffianly intent?

He entered, took a proffered chair, was silent a moment, and then said:

"Doctor, some one thought enough of me to write me a letter. And I have called to say that I resolved never to drink or sell another drop of liquor as long as I live.

I sprang to my feet in a mingled tumult of joy and anxiety, saying:

"My dear friend, you cannot do that. The drink craze has its hold upon you—it is not possible to resolve it away. It will be with you as with hundreds of others; temporary reform, then fall to sink lower than ever. God can save you, you can't save yourself. If you will truly seek him in prayer He will fortify your weak will and hold you up. There is no hope for you otherwise."

He dropped his eyes and responded:

"I do pray; I am praying; I feel that God hears me, and I shall conquer.

His confidence was not disappointed. The saloon was closed, and now for

many years he has been a steadfast and honored temperance worker, and a devout church member.—The Open Door.

A JAB AT CIGARETTES.

The principal of the West Jersey Academy, at Bridgeton, N. J., urges upon the parents of the community that they shall bring their boys to him with a view to talking over the plans for the future with him, but he says:

"It he smokes cigarettes, and won't quit, don't bring him. Statistics show that the boy of sixteen addicted to cigarettes does not live to be thirty, and becomes of less value to himself and the world each year that he lives."

The Pioneer, in whose columns the above appears, says that in this "there's a jab at the pernicious cigarette, a mighty telling jab. The school, under direction of Principal Mather, is expected to accomplish something, and the principal is of the opinion that he cannot make anything out of a cigarette-smoking boy. There may be exceptions to the rule, but the very best of the cigarette-smokers are not a bit more important or attractive when they are hooked up behind one of the poisonous wrapped weeds."

Judgment must begin at the House of God. A tipping, saloon-renting, license-vending, license-condoning, license-ignoring, party-serving, resolution-breaking, truth-shrinking, prayer-dishonoring, church can never convert the drunkard, comfort his wife, correct his children nor worthily serve the state in any way. It cannot even hold its own against the devouring and insatiable infamy it recognizes, authorizes, winks at or defends.

If it be true that no "drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven," the church that fellowships with the drunkard makers in politics is moribund though its steeples comb the stars.

I say nothing but good of the theoretical church. There is nothing truer in this world than that. But it is both a condition and a theory that confronts us. Alcohol—medicinal, culinary, social, sacramental, rent-paying, tax-paying, vote-paying, ballot-box-stuffing, barley-buying, hop-buying, vote buying, alderman-buying legislature buying, conscience-deadening, idiot-breeding, wife-beating, mother-killing, child-stealing, woman-insulting, alcohol fairly saturates the church body, letting down its tone, lessening its sensitiveness, leeching its blood, coagulating its nerve substance, searing its finest filaments, burning out its armatures. And the end of that way is death.—Extract from The Nazarene Messenger.

DEFINITIONS OF HOME.

A prize was offered some time ago by the London Tit-Bits for the best answer to the question, "What is home?" Here are a few of the answers which were received:

A world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in.

"The golden setting in which the brightest jewel is 'mother.'"

"The father's kingdom, the children's paradise, the mother's world."

"The center of our affections, around which our heart's best wishes twine."

"The jewel casket, containing the most precious of all jewels, domestic happiness."

"A little hollow scooped out of the windy hill of the world, where we can be shielded from all its cares and annoyances."—Sel.

ONE AT A TIME.

When I was a little boy, helpin' mother to store away the apples, I put my arm around so many of them and tried to bring them all. I managed for a step or two. Then one fell out, an' other, an' two or three more, till they was all rollin' over the floor. Mother laughed.

"Now, Daniel," says she, "I'm going to teach you a lesson." So she put my little hand quite tight around one.

"There," she said, "bring that an' then fetch another."

I've often thought about it when I've seen folks who might be doing ever so much good if they didn't try to do too much all at once. Don't go trying to put your arms around a year, and don't go troublin' about next week.

One day at a time, one hour, one minute—yes, one second—is all the time we get at once. So our best course is to "do the next thing next."—Dan. Quorm.

"Evergreen schools and never green teachers is quite a different condition from never green schools and evergreen teachers."

MISSIONS.

Haste to thy conquest of the world,  
O King, with glory crowned;  
Gather the trophies far and wide  
Wherever man is found.

Ride in swift triumph o'er the earth,  
Thine is the kingdom, thine the right,  
Lift up thy sceptered hand;  
Ride forth o'er sea and land.

Then round the conquered world thy  
praise  
In waves on waves shall ring;  
And shore to shore and sea to sea,  
In answering chorus sing.

Adoring thousands at thy feet  
In faith and love shall fall;  
And countless souls, redeemed from sin,  
Shall crown thee Lord of all.

Then he that sowed in patient hope,  
Through all the weary years,  
Shall find at last abundant sheaves,  
And joy for toil and tears.

Blessed Spirit, lift the standard,  
Pour thy grace and shed thy light!  
Lift the veil and loose the fetter,  
Come with new and quickening might.

Make the desert places blossom,  
Shower thy sevenfold gifts abroad;  
Make thy servants wise and steadfast,  
Valiant for the truth of God.

—Christian Standard.

THE SERMON STEVE PREACHED.

On Monday Steve who had been to church the day before, thought he would have a church of his own. He got his four sisters to be the congregation. He stood upon a stool, and talked very loud. This is a part of the sermon he preached.

This is to be a 'mind mother' sermon. There are two ways in which you ought to mind every thing she says.

"Mind her the first time she speaks. When she says, 'Mary, please bring me some coal or water, or run to the store,' don't answer, 'In a minute, mother' Little folk's minutes are a great deal longer than the ones the clock ticks off. When you say 'Yes' with your lips, say 'Yes' with your hands and feet. 'Don't say 'Yes' and act 'No.' Saying 'Yes, in a minute,' is not obeying, but doing 'Yes' is.

"Mind cheerfully. Don't scowl when you have to drop a book, or whine because you can't go and play. You wouldn't own a dog that minded you with his ears laid back, growling and snapping. A girl ought to mind better than a dog."

The same kind of preaching is just as good for boys.

—Sel.

FOR MOTHER.

He was only a mite of a boy, dirty and ragged, and he had stopped for a little while in one of the city's free playgrounds to watch a game of ball between boys of his own and a rival neighborhood. Tatters and grime were painfully in evidence on every side, but this little fellow attracted the attention of a group of visitors, and one of them, reaching over the child's shoulder as he sat on the ground, gave him a luscious golden pear. The boy's eyes sparkled, but the eyes were his only thanks as he looked back to see from whence the gift had come, and then turned his face away again, too shy or too much astonished to speak. But from that time on his attention was divided between the game and his new treasure. He patted the pear, he looked at it, and at last, as if to assure himself that it was as delicious as it appeared, he lifted it to his lips and cautiously bit a tiny piece near the stem. Then with a long sigh of satisfaction and assurance, he tucked the prize safely inside his dirty little blouse.

"Why don't you eat it, Tony?" demanded a watchful acquaintance.

"Eat it? All meself? Ain't I savin' it for me mother?"

The tone, with its mingling of resentment and loyalty, made further speech unnecessary. Whatever else Tony lacked—and it seemed to be nearly everything—he had learned humanity's loftiest lesson; he held another dearer than self, and he knew the joy of sacrifice.—Baptist Young People.

ALCOHOL.

It may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true, that alcohol regularly applied to the thrifty farmer's stomach will remove the board from his fence, let the cattle into his crops, kill his fruit trees, mortgage his farm and sow his field with wild oats and thistles. It will take the paint off his buildings, break the glass out of his windows and fill them with rags. It will take the gloss from his clothes and the polish from his manner, subdue his reason, arouse his passions, bring sorrow and disgrace upon his family and topple him into a drunkard's grave.—Sel.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

FROM MY FIRST AND LAST SHOT WITH MY RIFLE.

(FOR OUR DUMB ANIMALS.)

I was a boy! 'Tis forty years  
Since at my feet the victim lay;  
But in time's log book, stained with tears,  
Are lessons of that summer day,  
When in my hand I took the form  
Of the dead squirrel, limp and warm.

I was like most boys: Careless, free!  
Aping the older lessons sown.  
To have a rifle was to me  
A manly gift, a prize to own.  
But in my heart the martial pride  
Seemed silenced when the squirrel died.

So when I saw its fruits, and held  
The mangled figure in my hand,  
I would have given much to weld  
Its form again into the land  
Of mellow sunlight, and to bring  
In place of blood life's hallowed spring.

To give it back where breezes swung  
And rocked its swaying hammock,  
sweet  
With perfumes and aglint with sun;  
To know within its coy retreat  
No rifle shot should maim or mar  
The figure with its cruel scar!

What right by every strain of gift  
Had I to stain this peaceful scene!  
To bring a blur upon this rift  
Of peace and sunshine! Why should  
gleam  
And flare and shot sweep this bright thing  
All mangled by my rifle's sting!

'Twere forty years ago, I made  
In velvet moss beneath the trees  
The hollows of a dainty grave,  
While nature breathed soft symphonies;  
And never since has living thing  
E'er shuddered at my rifle's sting.  
Boston, Mass. F. O. EVERETT.

THE FILTHY WEED.

(For boys to commit and speak.)

Tobacco is a filthy weed,  
And something that we do not need;  
'Tis poison, and pollutes the breath,  
And sometimes causes people's death.

Therefore the weed I'll never use,  
But always firmly will refuse  
To smoke or chew the poisonous stuff;  
The very smell for me's enough.

The money for tobacco spent  
To the poor heathen might be sent;  
Or used to bless, in our own land,  
The suffering poor on ev'ry hand.

And now to those who use the weed,  
I hope you will the Bible heed,  
Which teaches that we shall be free  
From all that's foul—and holy be.  
Cleveland, O. A. W. ORWIG.

WHAT BOYS SHOULD LEARN.

There are a great many things, boys, while boys, should learn. And if they learn these lessons so well as never to forget them during life, they will prove of great help to them oftentimes when they need help.

Among other things boys should learn, these may be named:

1. Not to tease boys and girls smaller than themselves.
2. Not to take the easiest chair in the room, put it in the pleasantest place, and forget to offer it to mother when she comes in to sit down.
3. To treat mother as politely as if she were a strange lady who did not spend her life in their service.
4. To be as kind to their sisters as they expect their sisters to be to them.
5. To make their friends among good boys.
6. To take pride in being a gentleman at home.
7. To take mother into their confidence if they do anything wrong, and, above all, never to lie about anything they have done.
8. To make up their minds not to learn to smoke, gamble or drink, remembering these things are terrible drawbacks to good men, and necessities to bad ones.—The Glenwood Boy.

The only humility that is really ours is not that which we try to show before God in prayer, but that which we carry with us and carry out in our ordinary conduct.—Andrew Murray.