

CORRESPONDENCE.

PAULPIETERSBURG, Natal, South Africa, Aug. 20th, 1907.

Dear HIGHWAY,—Perhaps a bit of how we clean house would be of interest. If only I did it at the proper season of the year, I am sure I should have more sympathy from those at home, but remember our spring is your midsummer and early autumn. Our house is small. There is only cotton for the ceilings and the walls are not papered. If we did paper them the white ants would soon eat holes in it. This simplifies things somewhat. Accordingly having decided on the day and the first room to be cleaned, we got a girl to help us, take down the ceiling rolling it up carefully; this is done so as to keep all dust possible within. The girl soon has it all washed, starched and on the line to dry. In the meantime, if we are fortunate to have two girls, one has been sent to the douga, about a mile away, for a pretty clay. It is quite dark when damp but when dry is a very pale shade of green and quite nice. This is mixed in water till of the consistency of thin gruel; a little flour paste is added and then it is ready to brush down the walls with.

This being finished, the beds and boxes used for tables, etc., that had been turned out of doors to make room to get around, are brushed off and washed. The window and door and floor (all the woodwork there is in the room) is washed and the room is ready to set in order.

The work still goes on slowly but surely and every now and then some soul enters into the kingdom. The latest is quite an old woman, mother-in-law of uAloni, one of our young christian men? She is dying of consumption and greatly desired to find peace. We have visited her in turn and last week she accepted Jesus as her Saviour. She is happy in the prospect of soon leaving this place of trouble and sorrow and entering into the beautiful land. It is a joy to talk to her of the things of God. This morning I was asking uAloni about her. He says she prays with him and his wife and rejoices that she has a home beyond. A last chance for her, her days are few. uAloni is a very promising worker. Though he has not finished learning to read still he takes a day off once a week and goes among the people visiting and calling them to a meeting to be held the Sunday following. He is learning texts and getting an understanding of parts of the scriptures so with these he may go forth to scatter light among those who sit in darkness. This is a precious part of the work to give him the scriptures, for he drinks them in as does a thirsty plant drinks in water.

Yours in His sweet service,  
MRS. H. C. SANDERS.

NORTH HEAD, N. B., Sept. 25th, 1907.

Dear HIGHWAY.—We wish to report a very successful temperance recital held by our Young People's Mission Band on Saturday evening, Sept. 21st.

Mrs. Bubar was assisted by Miss Julia McLean the president, and Miss Florence Dalzell and Mrs. May Gould.

The following is the program:—  
Opening song by the Mission Band—'The Home Defender.'

Reading of scripture by the pastor and prayer by Rev. G. B. Macdonald; recitation, 'Greetings,' Master Harold McLean; recitation, 'The Twin Ballots,' Helen Scott; recitation, 'If it were not for the drink,' Annie Forsythe; singing, 'The drink for me,' by the Band; recitation, 'The old, old story,' Grace Tuttle; recitation, 'The stray sunbeam,' Florence Flagg; solo, 'The engineer's story,' Arnold Dalzell; recitation, 'Signing the pledge,' Julia McLean; dialogue, 'The sign-board,' five boys; solo, 'The homeless waif,' Myrtle Griffin; recitation, 'The two glasses,' by Ralph Scott; recitation, 'God pity them all,' Fay Dalzell; recitation, 'The best gift,' Sadie Gaskill; duet, 'Who will be a helper,' Helen Griffin and Reita Bubar; recitation, 'A band of brothers,' Willie Parker; recitation, 'If you knew,' Ethel Barbrick; recitation, 'If,' Fay Gaskill; duet, 'Give me thy heart,' Miss Florence Dalzell and Miss Bertha Griffin; recitation, 'What will you take for your boys,' Joy Thomas; recitation, 'What to expect,' Leonora Scott; dialogue, 'The evening party without wine,' solo, 'Let no be your answer,' Miss Alta Griffin; an exercise, 'The bridal wine cup,' Miss Julia McLean and others; closing song, 'Stand for the right,' by the band.

A good offering of \$5.10 was then taken up and a vote of thanks given to the members of the Band; after which the benediction was given.

A. L. BUBAR.

The following lines were sent to Sister H. Golding by Sister Alma F. Hartley upon the death of her husband.

One less at home!  
Chill as the earth-born mist the thought would rise  
And grasp our footsteps round and dim our eyes;  
But the bright sunbeam darteth from the skies—  
One more in heaven!

One less on earth!  
Its pains, its sorrows, and its toils to share,  
One less the pilgrim's daily cross to share,  
One more the crown of ransomed souls to wear,  
At home in heaven.

One more in heaven!  
Another thought to brighten cloudy days,  
Another theme of thankfulness and praise,  
Another link on high our souls to raise  
To home and heaven.

One more at home!  
The home where separation cannot be,  
That home where none are missed eternally;  
Lord Jesus, grant us all a place with thee  
At home in heaven.

I'M GOING THROUGH.

The Hymn printed in our last issue except the last two verses was composed by Herbert Buffum, of Topeka Kansas.

FORGET IT.

If you see a tall man ahead of the crowd  
A leader of men, marching fearless and proud,  
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud  
Would cause his proud head in anguish to bow,  
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away  
In a closet, and guarded and kept from the day,  
In the dark; and whose showing, whose sudden display,  
Would cause grief and sorrow and life-long dismay,  
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a spot in the life of a friend,  
(We all have such spots concealed world with out end),  
Whose touching his heartstrings would play on the rend,  
Till the shame of its showing no grieving could mend,  
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy  
Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,  
That will wipe out a smile, or the least way annoy  
A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy,  
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing just the least little sin,  
Whose telling would cork up a laugh, or the grin  
If a man you don't like, for Lord's sake keep it in  
Don't, don't be a knocker; right here stick a pin—  
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

"LIVE YOUR RELIGION."

The world says to us Christians,  
"If you wish us to believe in your gospel of forgiveness, show the reality of your forgiveness by living a holy life. If your Christ cannot give you power to walk in righteousness, we suspect He is deceiving you when He claims to forgive."

That is the demand the world makes on the church today; that is the challenge the world throws down to those who are Christ's. Can we meet it? Are you meeting it? Can we humbly yet boldly say to the world, "That we know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sin, look on us?" Can we rise up before men freed from the bondage of sin, and go forth so as to walk before them as to compel them to acknowledge that Jesus Christ has healed us? Are our lives a challenge that the world cannot meet, a proof of pardoning, redeeming, saving power of the Lord?—Rev. G. H. C. MacGregor.

DO YOU KNOW.

Here are a few plain questions demanding an honest answer.

Do you know that you are personally responsible to God with regard to the evangelization of the world?

Do you know that if you do not go, let go, or help go you are acting as a disobedient child?

Do you know that if all the Sunday-school children in Great Britain were to give one penny a week, they would give more in one year than has ever yet been given by the whole church to foreign missions during the same period?

Do you know that, though a great deal has been done during the last half century, the church, as a whole, is not yet awake to her duty and privilege of preaching the gospel to the heathen? Are you awake yet.

Do you know that sixty-six people are dying every minute of every hour of every day, and most of these have never once heard of Christ?

Do you know that there are more heathens in the world today than ever there were?

Do you know that the general funds of nearly all the missionary societies are in a chronic state of low water; why? Because the church is spending on other things what rightly belongs to God.

Do you know that there are thousands of places needing missionaries, but there is hardly anyone willing to go, and if there were very many willing, there are no funds to send them?

Do you know that Satan and his hosts rejoice every day that the church postpones obedience to her Lord's command? If you did not know these things, whose fault was it?

Now, that you do know them, what are you going to do about them?

If you are in fault on these matters, will you get down on your knees and confess your sin, ask for grace to put things right, and then in the strength of God go out and do it?

"If thou sayest, Behold we knew it not—doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? . . . and know it? and shall He not render to every man according to His works?"—L. E. Hertslet.

THE HARVEST.

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few."

The souls who are ready to receive the truth, are very numerous; but the labourers are few. There are multitudes of scribes, pharisees and priests, of reverend and right reverend men; but there are few that work. Jesus wishes for labourers, not gentlemen, who are either idle drones, or slaves to pleasure and sin.—Dr. A. Clarke.

It will be profitable for us as labourers in the Lord's harvest, to go into our closets of prayer alone with God for heart searching, and ask ourselves.

Am I a labourer indeed? Am I a definite worker with a definite object in view? Is the object of my work in the gospel purely for the salvation of souls, or for personal ends? May our blessed Lord search our hearts, and lead us into the direct work of harvesting souls for him.

BALMORAL FARM.

Previously acknowledged . . . \$1,435.00

We hope the friends will not forget to contribute to this fund. Also the Missionary Emergency Fund.

THE UNUTTERABLE GROAN.

Fluency in prayer is not essential in praying. A man may pray most powerfully in the estimation of God who is not able to utter one word. The unutterable groan is big with meaning, and God understands it, because it contains the language of His own Spirit. Some desires are too mighty to be expressed; there is no language expressive enough to give proper form and distinct vocal sound. Such desires show that they come from God; and as they come from Him, so they express what God is disposed to do; and what he has purposed to do.—Adam Clarke.

CHURCH ATTENDANCE.

We hear it frequently said that there is an alarming decline in church attendance especially among men. Recently a clergyman in Chicago received the following results to his inquiry from one hundred men.

Fifteen said they attended church to hear the music.

Fifteen because they wanted to set a good example to their children.

Fifteen through force of habit.

Fifteen because they wanted to please their wives.

Fifteen because it helped their business

Ten because they had promised dying parents to do so.

Ten because they were not sure of the future and did not want to run any risk of going to hell, although they did not believe in such a place.

Five because they believed in the teachings of the Bible and enjoyed the sermon.

Whether these answers all express the true reason of those asked for going to church we do not know, but they teach us one thing worth considering. That sermons, as a rule, are not enjoyed by the large majority of church goers. Now, there must be a reason for this. We preachers have long before now found out that the majority of the people who attend our services dislike lengthy sermons, but we scarcely were ready to believe that there were so many who did not care for the sermon at all. The question arises as to who is to blame for this state of things. The answer is not far to find. It is not because men are becoming less intelligent. There may be several reasons why men do not care to listen to a sermon. It may be their minds are weighed down with business, and they have become so hardened by constant application to hard business that Scriptural things cannot interest them. It may be that the truth is too sharp and strikes too close. But might it not be largely the minister's fault? The sermon lacks spiritual power, the comfort of the Holy Spirit, or is too cold and empty, and does not satisfy the longing and hunger of the soul. The preacher is perhaps himself lacking in spirituality, and has no living grasp of the truth he attempts to preach. Hence his preaching is formal and lifeless, and fails to reach the spot. They get enough of that during the week. When they go to church they have a right to expect something more elevating, heavenly and divine. If they cannot get this they are not benefited and they might as well stay at home as far as the sermon is concerned. O for ministers who tarry before God till their hearts melt and deep comforting thoughts of the Bible grip their hearts and entire being, so that they can weep for joy and pray through to glory. Men who enter the pulpit in this way, cannot fail to interest and move the most careless listener. And when men are moved by the sermon—when the sermon grips them they will want to come again. They will not stay away. Some unseen power draws them to the service and they expect to hear something that makes them think of more than the things of time. Brethren, we must get down on our faces before God and pray, and wait before God for something fresh. Quit preaching your old stale sermons. Let your people feel that your sermons are born in prayer and worked out on your knees and in deep meditation before God. Pray until the fire falls upon your soul, and you will have such a store of truth to bring before your people that will make them desire for more.

We remember a Spirit filled preacher who had preached an hour and a half in wondrous power and then he was not through with his burning theme. He wanted to stop and finish the sermon in the evening, but the people who had been sitting and listening for nearly two hours, sometimes in tears and sometimes in rapturous joy cried out, "Go on, finish now, go on." And the Spirit filled man of God went on for another forty minutes, and wound up amidst the groans and agonizing cries of unsaved and believers. Ah! brethren in the ministry, what we need to get men to church is the baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire. This and this alone will remedy things. Let us get down now—and not wait till another time. Right now as you read this pour out your needs to God and wait for the endowment.—Gospel Banner.

MY SHEPHERD.

A. F. INGLER.

The Lord's my shepherd;  
Down in the pastures green,  
When all is bright, serene,  
He feedeth me.

Now by the waters still,  
Now by the laughing rill,  
Safe there from every ill,  
He leadeth me.

Jesus, I love Thee!  
All that I have is thine,  
All that Thou hast is mine,  
Thy love is free.

For me thy blood was shed,  
For me thy Form lay dead,  
To me these words were said:  
"Rise, follow me."

Thro' life I'll serve Thee;  
Thou shalt have all my days,  
Thy name my lips shall praise;  
I love thy Word.

My soul is on the wing.  
My heart for joy doth sing  
To Thee my Saviour, King,  
Jesus, my Lord.

When man disowns me,  
When friends misunderstand,  
Foes mock on every hand,  
To Thee I'll cry.

There on thy tender breast  
My soul shall find sweet rest,  
While there by heaven blest  
The tempests fly.

Goodness and mercy  
Surely will follow me,  
And I shall dwell with Thee  
For evermore.

Soon this frail house of clay  
May crumble and decay,  
But I shall fly away  
To you bright shore.

CARRY NATION SENT TO THE WORK HOUSE.

Washington, Sept. 19.—In the police court today, Mrs. Carrie Nation refused to promise not to talk to crowds on the streets in the future and was sent to the workhouse for 75 days in default of the payment of a fine of \$25. She was arrested yesterday for disorderly conduct. She was addressing a crowd in front of the post office department on the evil effects of cigaret smoking and when she refused to stop was arrested.

"And judgment is turned away backward, and justice standeth afar off; for truth is fallen in the street, and equity cannot enter. Yea, truth faileth, and he that departeth from evil maketh himself a prey, is accounted mad. And the Lord saw it, and it displeased him that there was no judgment."

"Arrested because she was addressing a crowd in the street on the evils of cigarette smoking, and given 75 days in the workhouse. Just think of it, and that in christian Washington. Accounted a greater crime than drunkenness. What would they have done with Jesus Christ had he appeared at Washington instead of Jerusalem? It would doubtless be as fatal for our Lord to preach in one of the large cities today in the manner in which he preached at Jerusalem as it was then. If 75 days imprisonment is the penalty for preaching against one demoralizing habit, what would the penalty be for laying bare the hypocrisy of those high in state and church as Jesus did?"

Dr. Bonar once said that everything before the true believer is glorious; our crown is to be a "crown of glory;" the city we are to inhabit is the city of the glorified; the songs we are to sing are the songs of the glorified; we are to wear garments of "glory and beauty;" our society will be the society of the glorified; our rest is to be "glorious;" the country to which we are going is to be full of the glory of God and the Lamb. There are many who are always looking on the backward path and mourning over the troubles through which they have passed; they keep hugging the cares and anxieties they have been called on to bear, and are forever looking at them. Why should we go reeling and staggering under the burdens and cares of life when we have such glorious prospects before us?—D. L. Moody