

CORRESPONDENCE.

PAULPIETERSBURG, Natal, May 14, 1907.
Dear HIGHWAY,—The Zulu custom of "hlonipa," honour, is one that shows the oppression of the women. From the time a girl is engaged to be married she begins to "hlonipa" the name of her husband's father. This name must never be heard upon her lips. And further she may never speak a word that contains the radical of his name; she must either substitute some other word or change the special syllable. For example she will say "amalindwa," meaning something that is watched, for "amabele," the native grain that the birds must be watched from. Or if "fu" is the syllable to be held sacred she may substitute "cu." Thus the word "amafuta," fat becomes "amacuta," which is simply a hlonipa word coined to take the place of the proper Zulu word.

Because of this the language of the women differs much from that of the men, who alone may speak pure Zulu.

Should a wife forget, as she sometimes does, her husband will scold or beat her for speaking his father's name. This is one of the burdens dropped by those who become christians. Old women whose husbands are dead still observe this national custom. It makes their talk sound so peculiar to us and constantly reminds one of the hard bondage of heathenism under which they serve.

There is a case soon to be tried in which a girl refused to marry the man to whom her father had sold her when she was a child. When the time came for her husband to take her she ran away to the village, P. P. Burg and asked the magistrate for protection. She is now in his kitchen awaiting the trial. As her father is acting chief, put in this position by the government, this case will, I judge, receive justice, and not be winked at as otherwise. And more especially as this chief is not liked by the government and they wish occasion to put him out of office.

Yesterday and today the natives are paying hut tax. It is a time of money hunting. The rule of "never trouble trouble until trouble troubles you" is the Zulu custom. But now that trouble has troubled them, they are travelling in all directions trying to borrow money to pay the tax of \$3.50 per hut. So universal is this commotion that the audiences at our out-stations last Sunday were much smaller than usual. This tax they always pay, and when not on time a fine is imposed. One would think they would learn and look ahead, but not so. It is pleasant to sit at home and no man will go to work to earn money if he has a boy large enough to send. But in spite of this natural tendency to procrastinate, the old gospel has power to arouse them to present action to prepare for the life to come. There are every week new encouragements in our work. We have requests come to us from distant kraals "Come and hold meetings at our home." And we are doing our best to reach all those places. But some have waited so long already. Please remember in prayer these places that the Lord of the harvest will send helpers to reach these needy villages. Your fellow-worker for those who are dying in darkness,

H. C. SANDERS.

BEALS, Mo., June 11th, 1907.

Dear Highway,—Recently, while lying on my sick-bed, smitten with typhoid fever, the Lord wondrously and gloriously healed and sanctified my soul, filling me with such peace, love and joy as none but a sanctified soul can receive. It seemed that a river of joy flowed through and through my soul, refreshing and flowing on into a mighty ocean. Why should He not give me such a blessing: He is the same Jesus today, yesterday and forever, and changeth not. He healed the sick, and made the blind to see, and the halt and lame to walk, and even healed the woman who had been lame and sick for twenty years.

Before, it seemed that I was on a large sandy desert wandering to and fro; there were no wells where I could draw water to revive my fainting soul. When I prayed, there was a dark cloud between Jesus and me; my prayers did not seem to rise higher than my head. But now, my prayers go fresh through the windows of heaven, into the very, always listening ear of the Almighty. Now I can truly feel that, "The Lord moves in mysterious ways, His wonders to perform."

Before, it was very hard for me to say, "yess", to Jesus; but now I can say "yes", as the savior did in the garden of Gethsemane where His truest disciples fell asleep, leaving Him to suffer alone, when He even sweat, as it were, drops of blood;—Nevertheless, not my will, Oh Lord, but Thine be done." I hope the reader will not be mistaken in the remark I made regarding Jesus in the garden; I do not in any way compare myself to the great and holy Jesus; in comparison to Him, who is so holy, I feel very meek and humble.

I always felt that the Lord had a work for me to do, and now I have such a longing to help save souls, that I can hardly wait until I get back on the island, where I shall begin my work. My drawing seems to be especially in that direction, although I feel that there is work that I can do in Jonesport. Nevertheless I shall be patient until the Lord appoints the date when I shall begin my work. I know there is a great danger of losing the blessing which I have received; but by the grace of God I do not intend to let satan in any way mislead or cheat me out of the blessing I have once obtained. When satan comes with his greatest temptations, even telling me that I have not received any such thing as I think for, I shall plainly and distinctly tell him I know I have; that I have the witness within my soul; at these words he will certainly flee, for he can never stand the strong blows of the law and gospel of Jesus.

My doctor, and Miss Cosman, my nurse, were the instruments through which God speeded my recovery. They were much surprised that I recovered from my illness so soon.

If I should search the pages of Webster's Dictionary, over and over again, I should not find words to begin to half express my feelings and gratitude toward God.

"So live that when thy summons comes To join the innumerable caravan, That leads to that celestial realm, Thou go too; not like the quarry slave, Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained By an unfaltering trust, Approach thy grave, like one Who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, And lies down to peaceful rest."

Your ever true sister in Christ,
MRS. GUY H. CARVER,
(nee, Susie Beal)

QUARTERLY MEETING.

The Quarterly Meeting of District No. 1 convened with the church at Middle Southampton on Thursday evening at 7.30 p. m. with preaching by Rev. S. A. Baker.

Friday the services were as follows: 10.30 a. m. preaching by Lic. P. L. Cosman; 2.30 p. m. preaching by Rev. J. H. Coy.

7.30 p. m., preaching by Rev. S. A. Baker.

Saturday 10.30 a. m. preaching by Bro. P. L. Cosman.

2.30 p. m. The regular business session was held.

The roll being called the following ministers and delegates were found to be present: Ministers—Revs. S. A. Baker, J. H. Coy, J. Gravinor, H. C. Archer and P. L. Cosman.

Delegates: Woodstock—C. P. Phillips and Sister S. Dow.

Greenbush—Nevers Phillips and Sister Edmund Hilman.

Middle Southampton—J. W. Grant, Sisters Miller, Brown and Gravinor.

Lower Southampton—Israel Stairs, Sister Annie Parent.

Millville—B. R. Burt.

Maple Ridge—J. Young, S. Dunlap and wife.

The following officers were appointed: President, Rev. J. Gravinor; secretary, H. C. Archer; treasurer, Lic. P. L. Cosman; Highway agent, Rev. J. H. Coy; devotional committee, Bros. Gravinor, H. Grant and L. Miller.

The following churches reported by letter—Hartland, Victoria, Royalton and Millville.

Hartland says: We wish to report that we are standing true to God and holiness. Brother Archer is faithful and keeps the definite truth of sanctification before the people. The devil is trying to defeat the work but our great Captain who has never lost a battle leads us on to victory.

Victoria says: All our services are sea-

sons of refreshing. Bro. Archer is with us once a fortnight on Sunday, and also attends the weekly prayer meetings. Although few in number yet we are pressing forward to victory.

Royalton says: Brother Cosman is our pastor. He is faithful to God and also to the work. The church is in a fair spiritual condition. Prayer meetings are kept up and Sunday school is evergreen. Bro. Cosman also preaches at Listerville every Sunday afternoon. We purpose trusting God in the future as well as in the past.

Millville says: The spiritual interest of our church is good. Our Sunday school is evergreen. We intend to be true to God and go forward.

Woodstock says: Our meetings are good, well attended and of good interest. Bro. Baker's work is appreciated. He has a large adult Bible class in connection with the Sunday school. We intend to press the battle.

Greenbush says: Brother Coy is pastor of this church. He preaches once a fortnight. We have no prayer meetings or Sunday school. Our members are few but we are looking for victory in the future.

Middle Southampton says: Brother Gravinor is pastor and preaches the truth to us. We have a Sunday school and a good one too which is evergreen.

Lower Southamp-on says: Brother Coy is pastor. The work here has been very low, but the Lord has helped our brother to bring it up some. We intend to be true.

A letter was also read from Brother Greenlaw regretting that he was unable to be at Quarterly meeting.

Brothers Coy and Archer then spoke encouragingly of the work in their respective fields of labor.

A request being received to hold the next Quarterly Meeting at Millville in September, it was resolved that the meeting be held there, the date being set by the church and notice given in the HIGHWAY.

Saturday 7.30, Brother Archer preached.

Sunday 9 a. m., love feast led by Bro. Burt. 10.30 a. m. preaching by Bro. Coy followed by Lord's Supper. 2.30 preaching by Bro. Cosman. 7.30 preaching by Bro. Archer.

Although a very busy time of year yet the meetings were well attended and we believe was a season of refreshing to all who attended, as well as a great help to the church.

At the close of the evening service several rose for prayers; some for sanctification, others for forgiveness. One brother crossed the line and entered the land of Canaan. To God be all the glory.

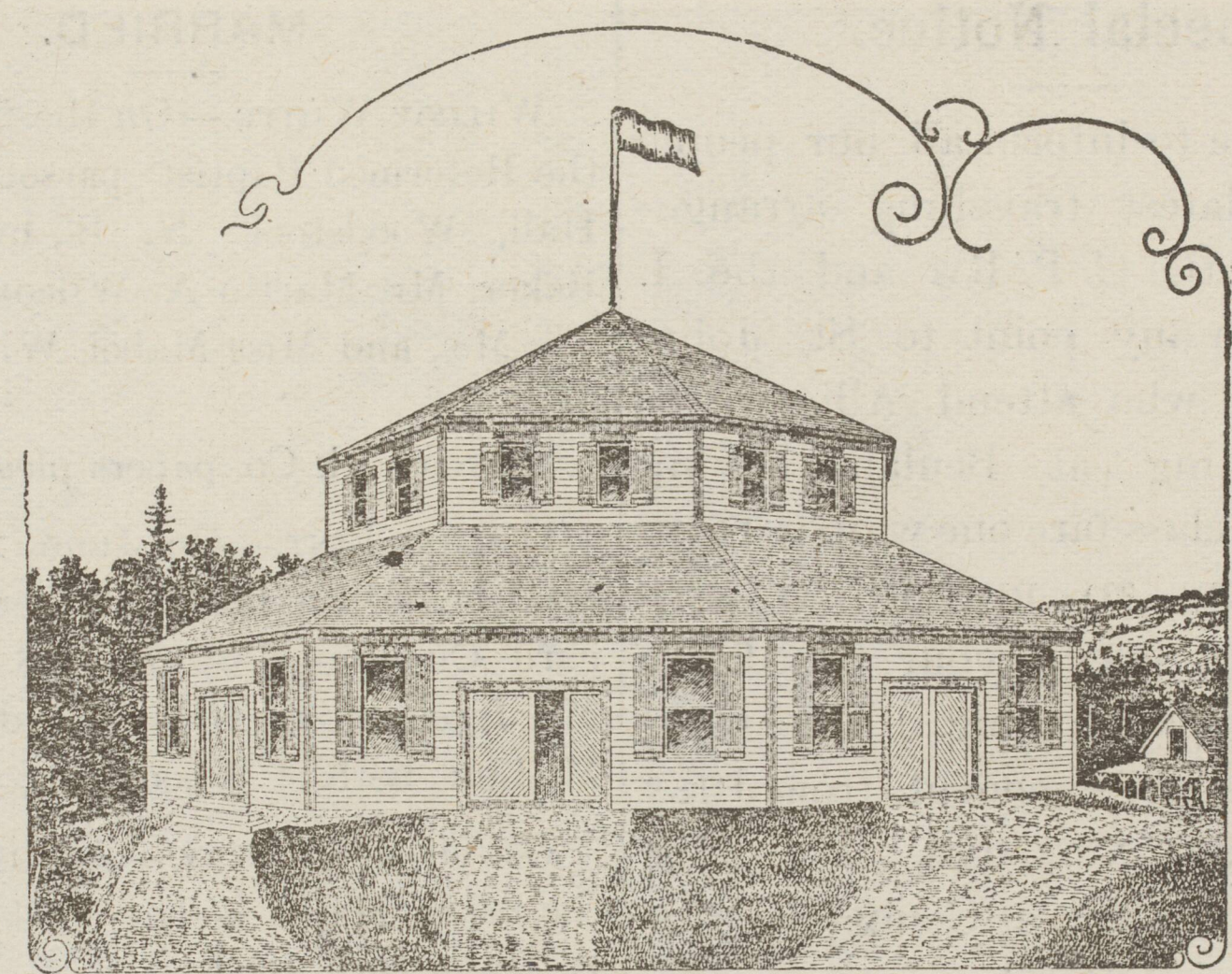
H. C. A., Secy.

A SOLDIER'S STORY.

Many years ago Colonel Lamanowski, who had been twenty-three years in the army of Napoleon Bonaparte, arose in a temperance meeting, tall, vigorous and with the glow of health on his face, and made the following remarkable speech:

"You see before you a man seventy years old. I have fought 200 battles, have fourteen wounds on my body, have lived thirty days on horseflesh, with the bark of trees for my bread, snow and ice for my drink, the canopy of heaven for my covering. In the desert of Egypt I have marched for days with the burning sun upon my head, feet blistered with the scorching sand, and with eyes, nostrils and mouth filled with dust, and with a thirst so terrible that I have opened the veins of my arms and sucked my own blood.

"Do you know how I survived all these horrors? I answer that, under the providence of God, I owe my preservation, my health and my vigor to the fact that I never drank a drop of spiritous liquor in my life, and," continued he, "Barry Larry, Chief Surgeon of the French army, has stated as a fact that the 6,000 survivors who safely returned from Egypt were all those who abstained from ardent drinks.—Lever.



Riverside Camp Meeting Aug. 9-18.

Beloved, let us pray for, and expect the richest meeting ever held on this Beautiful Camp Ground. Riverside is finely situated within a few miles of the villages of Bridgewater, Blaine, Mars Hill and Baird's Mills, and one quarter of a mile from Robinson's Mills, and only a short drive from Centreville and Tracy's Mills, N. B., in the midst of a prosperous farming district on both sides of the line, in fact within easy distance of fifty thousand people, so that we have no

question about a large attendance. The Bangor & Aroostock R. R. gives a grand service of six trains daily, which stop at the grounds. The Camp Ground will be improved this season. The dead trees have been all cut out and an excellent well has been drilled near the horse barn to supply the horses, so there will be a plentiful water supply.

Board \$3.50 per week, rooms 50c. per day. Berths for men 25 cents per night.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

SIX THINGS BEHIND.

"Rufus," said his mother, "did you mail the letter I gave you last evening?"

"Oh, mother!—I forgot it. I meant to, but just then I had to go and get some new shoestrings, so it went out of my mind."

"Didn't I speak of those strings yesterday morning?"

"Yes, but just then father had called me to ask if I had weeded the the pansy bed the night before."

"And had you?"

"No, mother; I was just then writing the letter you said must go to grandma—"

"I thought you were to write that on Saturday."

"I meant to, but I had to do some examples that I didn't do on Friday, so I hadn't time."

"Rufus," called his brother, "didn't you nail the broken slat on the rabbit pen yesterday?"

"Oh! Rufus sprang up in dismay.

"I was just going to, but I hadn't watered the house-plants and I went to do that, and then—"

"The rabbits were all out."

Rufus hastened to join in the hunt for the pets. In the course of his search he came upon two tennis rackets which he had "meant to" bring in the night before, and they were in bad condition.

"There now! It will cost ever so much to get these strung up. Why didn't I take them in, anyway? I remembered I hadn't locked the stable-door when father called me, and then I hurried to do it before he asked me again."

Later in the day Rufus, with a penitent face, brought to his mother the letter which should have been mailed. During the rabbit-hunt it had slipped out of his pocket, one of his brothers, having found it in the damp clover, and it was now a sorry-looking missive.—Selected.

"I HAPPIED HIM UP."

Agnes is a little girl with such a bright, happy face that it is a pleasure to look at her.

One day, in answer to her mother's call, she came running home from a neighbor's, two or three doors away.

Her eyes were so bright, her lips so smiling, that her mother smiled, too.

"Do you want me, mother?" asked Agnes.

"No, dear," said her mother. "Not for anything important. I missed you, that is all. Where were you, daughter?"

"At the Browns'. And oh, mother, Walter was cross, but I happied him up so that he got all over it; and then the baby cried, and I had to happy her up, then someone stepped on the kitten's tail, and I was just going to happy her up when you called me."

The mother laughed.

"Why, what a happying time you had! It must make you happy yourself to

happy up little boys and babies, and kittens, for you look as happy as possible."

And this is true, dear girls. The more we try to make others happy, the happier we shall be ourselves. Then put away frowns and pouting lips. Try to "happy up" those who are troubled, cross or sick, and soon you will find yourself so happy that your faces will shine with smiles.—Selected.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO-DAY.

We shall do so much in the year to come, But what have we done to-day?

We shall give our gold in a princely sum, But what did we give to-day?

We shall lift the heart and dry the tear, We shall plant a hope in the place of fear, We shall speak the words of love and cheer, But what did we speak to-day.

We shall be so kind in the after while, But what have we been to-day?

We shall bring to each lonely life a smile, But what have we brought to-day?

We shall give to truth a grander birth, And to steadfast faith a deeper worth, We shall feed the hungry souls of earth, But whom have we fed to-day?

We shall reap such joys in the by and by, But what have we sown to-day?

We shall build large mansions towering so high, But what have we built to-day?

'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask, But here and now, do we do our task?

Yes, this is the thing our soul must ask, "What have we done to-day?"

—Transvaal Review.

FLASHES OF TRUTH.

If we "walk in the light as he is the light," we shall be seen by some body who sits in darkness.

Heaven may begin below, but it begins only in the heart where there is no sin. For there is no sin in heaven.—Witness.

Many forget that we need cleansing in this world just as much as in the next, for everyone who has sin anywhere needs to be free from it.

Entire sanctification is that work of the Holy Spirit by which we are through the blood of Christ cleansed from all sin, and love God with all the heart, soul, mind and strength.

Sometimes when a holiness preacher hits some and makes them angry, they accuse him of being mad. They think there must be something mad in that which made them mad. Like the intoxicated man who said all Boston was drunk.

NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the General Missionary Society of the Reformed Baptist church of Canada will convene at Beulah Camp Grounds on Thursday, July 4th, at 4 p. m.

H. C. ARCHER, Sec'y.