

CORRESPONDENCE.

PAULPIETERSBURG, Natal,
South Africa, July 29th, 1907.

Dear Highway,—Greetings to all who are interested in spreading the good news of salvation. We trust you are enjoying health of body and soul and shining for Jesus everywhere.

We have not heard from the Alliance and Camp Meeting at Beulah yet but are looking for a report of victory. We trust you may be richly blessed at Riverside and in all your battles against sin may the great commander lead you on to victory. In the name of our God let the banner of Holiness be lifted up and victory will surely follow though the devil may rage and martial all the troops of hell to oppose. We try as best we can with our limited knowledge of the language, to keep the Banner uplifted here and of course meet with as much opposition as you do at home only in a different way.

The father of u Marta, has recently told her that she must choose her husband as he needs £10 to marry off his brother and must sell her to get it. So she has chosen u Josefa, a christian young man who was visiting u Petro some time ago and proposed to her. u Marta, u Lidia and several other girl friends started last Tuesday for his home to tell him he had been chosen and to ask for ten pounds. I don't know whether they were disappointed in finding that the young man was away from home or not for had he been present no doubt the position would have been a little embarrassing for the young lady. In his absence his father took the matter in hand and went in search of the money. So the matter will likely be settled satisfactorily. The girls did not return until last evening as it is a distance of twenty miles to the young man's home. Then such important matters can't be settled in a hurry you know.

You see the girls here don't have a chance to be old maids if they wanted to be.

The meetings on the out stations are continuing to be interesting and profitable we trust. Two weeks ago yesterday we were at a kraal six miles from here to hold meeting. Upon our arrival there the head man came to me to ask for some water off the horse to make medicine so I removed the saddle and he got the led of a tin box to scrape it off but as I did not ride fast the horse was dry, much to his disappointment. Quite a number of people were present and we had a good meeting. A week ago yesterday the writer was ten miles away in the direction of Paulpietersburg to cause the people to worship as they say. Only fifteen were present at this service. A number of the people had gone away to work some where, this being the time of year for moving kraals and beer drinks. At this kraal we saw a girl who was quite sick, evidently afflicted with pleurisy. Three incisions had been made in her arm and breast to rub in medicine. Sorry we were unable to do anything to relieve her suffering.

Yesterday I had meeting in two places. At the first quite a number of children were present but not many grown ups. We are always glad to see the children as they are more likely to receive the truth than the older ones who are bound by customs. All present listened attentively and tried to help in the singing. The last meeting was held at the kraal only three miles from the station. Four kraals are within calling distance of each other there but the people are not interested enough to come here so we have to take the gospel to them and thankful then if we can get a hearing. An old lady at this kraal protested against having a meeting there but we told her to be silent as it was the business of the head man. Her reason for opposing was, if they believed they would have to give up their beer. Quite a number were present at this meeting and listened with respect. We know you will continue to pray that the seed which is being sown by us and the native workers in these places, may in many cases fall upon good ground and bring forth a glorious harvest in due time.

We seem to be spread out thinly among so many people who know very little, if anything about the way of salvation, but what about the Soudan, where we are told there are large districts as large as France with only one missionary. Let

us faithfully pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth more labourers in His harvest, and if your son and daughter feel like answering to the call don't say: you can't go with my consent.

Yours for souls in Africa,
I. F. KIERSTAD.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

A boy returned from school one day with the report that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average.

"Son," said the father, "you've fallen behind this month, haven't you?"
"Yes, sir."
"How did that happen?"
"Don't know, sir."

"The father knew if the son did not. He had observed a number of dime novels scattered about the house, but had not thought it worth while to say anything until a fitting opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood on the floor, and he said:

"Empty out those apples, and take the basket and bring it to me half full of chips."

Suspecting nothing the boy obeyed.
"And now," he continued, "put those apples back into the basket."

When half the apples were replaced the boy said:
"Father, they roll off. I can't put any more in."

"Put them in, I tell you."

"But, father, I can't put them in."

"Put them in. No, of course, you can't put them in. You said you didn't know why you fell behind at school, and I will tell you why. Your mind is like that basket. It will not hold more than so much. And here you've been the past month filling it up with cheap dirt—dime novels."

The boy turned on his heel, whistled and said:

"Whew! I see the point."

Not a dime novel has been in that house from that day to this.—Rams Horn.

WIDE AWAKE SERMONS.

A preacher down in Maine told a friend that he had great difficulty in putting his youngest child to sleep at nights. The friend waggishly answered: "Did you ever try the effect of reading one of your sermons to him, doctor?" "Why, no," replied the good man, in all seriousness. "I never thought of that." After his departure the friend's wife remonstrated with him for playing on the simplicity of the reverend gentlemen, but was herself scarcely able to restrain her risibles when, some time after, the minister called again, and remarked: "O, do you know that I adopted your husband's suggestion of reading one of my sermons to my boy, and it worked like a charm!"

Sermons that put children to sleep are the kind not to preach. Sermons that keep everybody awake are the sort that do good.—Sel.

THE BOY AND THE CIGARETTE.

It is possible that the refusal of merchants, manufacturers and professional men to employ boys addicted to the cigarette habit will do more to check the evil than all the laws ever passed or planned. When a boy knows that his future chance to earn a livelihood depends on his quitting the ill-smelling cigarette the knowledge will doubtless have more effect on him than a dozen parents' or pedagogues' lectures on the subject. The beauty of the thing is that no manner of deceit will avail, for the cigarette-smoking boy carries the literal sign manual of his vice on his finger. A Chicago boy confessed that out of ten places to which he had applied for work the head of not one had neglected to ask him if he smoked cigarettes. In a number of instances he was made to show his fore finger. Few people will be sorry even if the action of the employers results in cutting off some of the profits of the Cigarette Trust. The dividend paid to brain, body and muscle will more than compensate the community.—Chicago Tribune.

If we knew the inner life of many of the people we meet, we would be very gentle with them and excuse the things in them that seem strange or eccentric to us. They are carrying burdens of secret grief.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

WHY.

Some say alcohol gives strength. If so, why do athletes abstain while training for a race or other contests requiring strength?

2. Some say alcohol gives endurance. If so why do great employers cut off the supply of drink when work of an especially arduous or lengthened nature is required?

3. Some say alcohol gives heat. If so, why do travelers in the arctic regions succumb to the cold, while total abstainers remain unharmed?

4. Some say alcohol is good in hot countries. If so, why did Stanley refuse it to his men during his forced march across Africa in search of Emin Pasha?

5. Some say alcohol steadies the nerves. If so, why do surgeons abstain before performing a delicate operation?

6. Some say alcohol sustains the health. If so, why do insurance companies take total abstainers at a lower premium than others?

7. Some say it is dangerous suddenly to give up the use of alcohol. If so, why do prisoners, most of whom are obliged suddenly to abstain, improve in health?—Way of Faith.

MORAVIANS OUT.

It has been customary to credit the Moravians with contributing more than any denomination to foreign missions, but the following paragraph taken from the January number of Record of Christain Work, makes it appear that English Friends now enjoy the distinction:

"It is said that the English Friends, who number approximately 16,000, support ninety foreign missionaries with their native helpers (960), at a cost of \$100,000 a year. This means that each Friend annually contributes over six dollars to the work of Christ in heathen lands, an average which no other denomination in the world can show.—Sel.

THE PRIDE OF POWER.

Power is never a free gift. The possibilities of power are about us on all sides, and within us; but harnessed power, power in a form to accomplish something at our bidding, must be bought, earned, won. Neither the power in the mill-stream, nor the power in the Niagara works for man until man has worked for it. And when a man would use the Niagara of God-power that is at hand, there is one fixed price to pay. It has been well defined in the sentence: "Power to its last particle is duty." We should not be surprised to find ourselves lacking in the spiritual power that we long for if we have been shirking duty. Disobedience and power cannot live together. But God can give power to win power.—Sel.

COPYING WRONG SAMPLES.

A little girl came in school one day very indignant because she had been kept in to correct her problems after the others had been dismissed. "Mamma," she said, "I'll never speak to Edna Bates again as long as I live." "Why, dear?" asked her mother. "Because," pouted the little maid, "because I copied all my samples from her, and every one of them was wrong."

Evangelists stand third in order of "gifts." Their gift is "perfecting the saints." Whatever else is included or secondary in their call, that stands prominent. How are they to answer it if they preach only to sinners? Their call runs not out till we all come, in the unity of faith, and the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ. Christain Standard.

The approach to entire sanctification must of necessity be gradual, the reception of light, conviction and hunger for the blessing, but the reception of the experience must be instantaneous, as it is by faith. There is a gradual work that goes on in the soul for all time and all eternity after the blessing of perfect cleansing has been received.—Sel.

Communion with God makes us light-hearted, strong, swift, bold, and buoyant, and still keeps us at our post, at desk, mill, study, kitchen, farm, office, or shop.—Ella Lewis.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

The fog had settled down in drops of dampness that clung to the bare limbs of the fir trees and weighted down the drooping gums.

It seemed to creep around the Widow Jenson's heart, as she sat by the window trying to mend, but oftener watching the people passing through the parsonage gate, for tonight was to be the donation party.

"Yes, they're all giving to the Lord and I'm left out," she thought and a lump swelled in her slender, yellow-white throat. "It ain't for want of the willingness, but I haven't a thing to give. I'm even poorer than the preacher; why, I don't know where the children's food is coming from next week."

Great tears were rolling down her worn cheeks. "There, if I ain't crying again, and I said I wouldn't. I'm going to stop this minute and hang on to the Lord's promises. He'll help me right along, and stood by me through the children's sickness? He won't let us starve. He'll be sure to send some work that I can do; then I can give to him."

She straightened up and pulled the little shawl closer around her shoulders, and looked out again. "There goes Brother Jones with a big load of oak wood. Why, he isn't going to pitch it off; he's drove into the yard, and now he's taking out the horses; he must be going to leave it right there tonight."

"There comes John Peters; looks like sacks of potatoes he's taking out."

"There's the wagon from the store—what a lot of things! I shouldn't wonder now if Mrs. Judge Collins ordered them sent—it's like her. Everybody giving but me; if I didn't know that the Lord understands, I'd feel worse."

She sat another patch, then looked out again.

"There's the preacher's little boy on the fence—how red with cold his hands are! He ought to have some mittens. Why—why—I wonder if I could now!"—she caught her breath with a quick gasp, as if something hurt her, and sat quite still for a few minutes.

Then she put down her work and crossed the room to an old bureau. She opened the top drawer and took out a small box. She opened it slowly. Within, wrapped in white tissue paper, was a pair of partly worn red mittens, bearing still the shape of the chubby hands that had once owned them.

They're all I've got of little Henry's, and O, how they do look like him! That thumb all worn out—he always did it," and she stroked the coarse yarn tenderly. How pleased he was the Christmas his grandma sent them! Johnnie over there, with his little red fingers, made me think of my boy; but my Henry ain't cold any more; he's been playing in the Lord's gardens these many years. Yes, I'll give them to Johnny; they shall be my offering."

She searched and found a ball of red yarn and her knitting needles, and began to take up stitches and repair the worn thumb.

By the time the children came in for their scanty supper the mittens were done and wrapped up.

"I'll slip over and leave them when nobody's looking; it's so little to give." She threw a shawl over her head and stole out into the damp dark. Half-way across the street she almost ran into the minister's wife.

"Why, Sister Jenson, we came near having a collision. I was just coming for you and the children. I wanted you to be sure and come. There's to be a supper too, you know."

"I can't, I haven't anything to bring—only this for Johnnie—they were my little Henry's—I couldn't—I would not feel right."

"You dear soul! we don't want you to give anything. Come as my guest; now you will, won't you?"

Mrs. Jenson had to promise.

It seemed as if the whole town came to the donation party, so full were packed the rooms of the parsonage. There were music and games for the young folks, and from the long dining-room, where supper was served, came the jingle of silver coin.

Mrs. Jenson, sitting shyly in her corner, thought how happy everybody seemed. "It's God's love in their hearts; and how good they've been to us, giving us kind words and the supper, when they know I

did not do or give either."

The minister's wife came and slipped her arm within the little widow's. "Come out with me and see the donations," she said.

The kitchen seemed piled full—tables, chairs and dresser overflowed with good things, sacks of flour, bags of meal, hams, potatoes, rosy apples, yellow pumpkins, pounds of butter, boxes of eggs, tins of spices and molasses—a bounteous store.

Everybody seemed to have crowded out to see too, and before she knew they were in the center of the big room and the minister wife was saying: "They are all for you; this is your donation party."

"Yes, for you!" "For you, Sister Jenson!" the glad voices cried heartily. Bewildered and surprised, she stood there, the tears rolling down her cheeks and trying to thank them, when a little group of children surrounded her. Each carried a can of fruit, which they placed in a circle about her, and joining hands began:

Our mammas have saved them, the fruits
fresh and sweet;
We bring them to you for your children
to eat.

Our harvest home is our greeting day.
We come together and gladly say,
Accept the fruits, and the welcome, too,
That the children of Grace church bring
to you.

Welcome, we wish you a happy year!
Welcome, welcome, were glad you're
here!"

She could not speak a word, but the minister knew, as he pressed into her hand a purse of coin and so did they all—the deep thankfulness she could not express. Marie Allen Kimball, in The Christian Advocate.

"NO ROOM IN THE INN."

"There was no room for them in the inn."

What thoughts do these words awaken in the mind? Perhaps the first may be this, that no wonder, in so great a concourse of people, of all ranks, going up to be registered for taxes, there should be no room in the inn for the poor and unpretending mother of the Saviour, to be delivered of her first born child. But the second thought may be that the world is like that inn, that amidst its pomp, its magnificence, amidst the whirl and hurry of its business, amidst the marble edifices of its gigantic triumphs, amidst its enterprises, amidst the crowd and pressure of even its neediest inhabitants, there is not room for the Savior of mankind.

Upon this thought another might follow—that that inn in respect of its bustle and turmoil, is like the world. Man crowds round man, giving himself up with out reserve, whether to vicious indulgences, or selfish enjoyments, or to schemes of advancement in this world, till he feels himself so dull that there is not room in him for the thought that his food and raiment, his gifts and faculties, his hopes and prospects, all that he has and all that he can ever be, came down to him from the Most High and are to be rendered up again to Him from whom they came, in thanks, in praise, and in dutiful obedience.—W. E. Gladstone.

SO BUSY.

A busy woman entered her own room as twilight shades were falling—went directly to her desk, turned on the gas, and began to write. Page after page she wrote. The solitude became oppressive. She wheeled her chair around, and with a look of joyful surprise looked squarely into the face of her dearest friend, lying on the lounge at her side. Why, I didn't know you were here!" she cried. "Why didn't you speak to me?" Because you were so busy. You didn't speak to me." So with Jesus—here all the time. The room is full of him, always ready to greet us with a smile—but we are so busy. But when the solitude grows oppressive we suddenly turn, and lo, He is at our side. We speak to him and He speaks to us, and the soul's deepest yearnings are satisfied.—Selected.

Great faith is not simply to trust God to do great and apparently almost impossible things. But it is also to trust God in the very little things as not beneath his notice. Some are straining to trust God in great things, who do not trust him in the ordinary affairs of life.—Witness.