

CORRESPONDENCE.

PAULPIETERSBURG, Natal,
Dear Children,—About three years ago I was asked a question by a heathen woman. A strange question it seemed and many times since have I thought of it. It was not at all an unfair query and one that every christian should be able to intelligently answer. It was, "If I become a christian what will I receive?" And in our Sunday morning service yesterday I put this same question. One boy present made answer, "We will receive nothing—but will go to heaven when we die." Some of the others laughed at his reply, but I am wondering what you Sunday school children would say.

Among the few present, were six who seem anxious to believe, and these I especially desired to help. There is such a tendency for these natives to lose sight of the real heart of salvation and grasp only the husk of head learning, and church forms. So, to make the matter plain for them, I said, we will make believe that I am a heathen man who is earnestly considering becoming a christian. And I have come to you for light, and ask this question: "If I do accept your christian faith what am I to receive? Like other native men, I love my pipe and beer pot, and much enjoy the dance and courting many maidens. But now if I forsake all these sinful pleasures as you christians have, what may I expect to take their place? There must be something to give one joy this side of the grave—what can you tell me?" The answer came very slowly and I counted them on my fingers as they were given in. When we meet again you must not laugh at me if I forget, when counting, and hold up my fingers, as I have quite adopted this native custom. They begin with the little finger of the left hand and end with that of the right clapping the hands together for each ten as they go on. "Get eternal life," came one answer. "The Kingdom of Christ within," was another. "And what does that mean?" questioned their heathen man. But no one seemed to know. Surely you children could have explained, that a kingdom means that there must be a king who rules, and, in this case, He is Christ who has his will done in our hearts, and lives. Does he really rule within us? This is a good question for us each to ask ourselves alone on our knees before our King.

Then gradually came other answers, "Power to become the sons of God," "Peace," "Joy," "the witness of the spirit," "a new heart," "forgiveness of sin," all of which their heathen thought quite valuable, especially the witness of the spirit to fact that sins were forgiven. And then the "power" he wanted as it would be needed to set him free from the sins he love.

He was also told that for what ever he might need to give up for Christ's sake of dear ones, or earthly wealth, he was promised a hundred fold in return during this life with persecutions. Also that God had angels whom He sent about looking out for His true children. These angels some how protected from bodily injury, such as falls, snake bites, robbers, wild animals, etc.

Then there was the "whole armour" that you know all about. This, of course, to be exchanged for a robe and a crown when we get home where no enemies of righteousness are to be found.

The heathen man in question seemed thoroughly convinced that what he would loose was as nothing compared with what he would receive. But some others do not seem to believe so readily as he. Therefore, my young friends, if you would win souls study up this subject that we have merely touched upon

Ever your friend,
H. C. SANDERS.
MAKING HIM SHAKE

A little boy observed when asked why he remained on his knees after he had finished his prayers, "Well, mother, you know it says in the hymn, 'Satan trembles when he sees the weakest saint upon his knees,' so I thought I'd make him shake a little longer."—Watchman.

"It is impossible for any one who is not frequently in prayer to have a sense of nearness to God and companionship with him.—J. D. Dougall.

THE GIVER MORE THAN THE GIFT.

Gipsy Smith tells in his autobiography how after having been away from his family for seven months they received him with joy on his return, shortly after which all of them attended a bazar.

Thinking to give pleasure to his little girl, he took some money out of his pocket, and, displaying it in the palm of his hand, said: "Zillah, take what you like and go and spend it!"

The child's big dark eyes filled with tears. She looked wistfully at her father, and said: "Daddy, I don't want your old money; I want you! You have been away from us for seven months, do you know it?"

Gipsy Smith felt rebuked, and he thought how different his little Zillah was from many people in the world who are willing to have the gifts of God, and yet do not recognize him as the Father and Giver of all. This is a condemnation which with entire justice may be visited upon many of the residents of happy America, who, filling their hands with God's gifts, never lift up thankful hearts unto him, nor seek to approach him for communion and filial fellowship. Such is not the spirit of a true child of God, who thinks more of the Giver than of the gift, who cares more for fellowship than for favors, and who is most blessed when feeling most intensely his nearness to God.

It was this intimacy of spiritual relationship to the great Father in heaven which inspired the poet to sing:

"Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
Unless Thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where Thou art is heaven!"
—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

WAGE-EARNERS AND WASTERS.

Mr. P. A. Burdick, one of the most efficient workers in the temperance reform which this country has developed, and whose death while in his prime was a great loss to humanity, used to tell a little incident that well illustrated the loss to one laboring man through bad habits, and the gain to another through habits of saving and thrift.

Both men earned fair wages; they were skilled workmen, employed in a wagon shop. Burdick was introduced to one of them by another workman who had signed the pledge. "Tell me how it is," said the man to Burdick, "that Mr. D. has paid for a home worth \$1,200, has sent his three children to school for years, and has a \$1,000 bond laid by for a rainy day. We have worked here together in this shop for fifteen years, and I have been paid the most wages. He has received only \$2 a day, and I \$2.50. I can't understand how he has a home and \$1000 and interest, and I have neither."

"Don't you save anything of your wages?" asked Burdick.

"No; sometimes at the year's end I am \$35 ahead, and sometimes that much in debt."

"Do you drink?"

"Not much; only beer, and I buy that by the quart, so I get it cheaper than by the glass."

"How much do you use a day?"

"You see that pail? Well, I get that full twice each day, and it costs me 25 cents a pail. It don't amount to much."

"Do you get that pail filled on the Sabbath?"

"Yes," just the same as on week-days."

"Now, if you will multiply 365, the number of days in a year," said Burdick, "by 50 cents, you will see that it does amount to something. It amounts to \$182.50."

Burdick figured it out on a piece of pine board.

"Well," said the man, "that is so; I never reckoned it up before."

"Do you use tobacco?" further inquired Mr. Burdick.

"Yes, chew and smoke both. Get my box filled every morning, which costs five cents, and smoke three five-cent cigars a day. I wonder how much that amounts to?"

Burdick put the figures before him—365 multiplied by 20, the amount spent each day, amounts to \$73 a year.

"Then the beer and tobacco cost me \$255 a year, do they?" asked the man, mentally summing up these items.

"They do. Is there any other habit you indulge?"

"I don't know whether you call it a habit," and the man hesitated, "but I

never work on Saturday; I take that as a holiday."

"How do you celebrate your holidays?" "Well," he answered, shamefacedly, "I might just as well make a clean breast of the whole matter. I generally sit in the barrooms, and now and then play a game of pedro for the beer to amuse the boys."

"How much do you think amusing the boys costs you every Saturday?"

"Oh, half a dollar, I guess, would cover it."

"Don't you know it costs you \$3.00 every Saturday instead of 50 cents?"

"No. I can't see it so."

"Let me show you," said Burdick, and he figured away on the pine board. "If you should work every Saturday you would earn \$2.50; if you don't you are short \$2.50 and the 50 cents you spend, which comes out of Friday's wages. Don't you see?"

"And now," the temperance lecturer went on to say, "let us sum up the whole business:

For beer for one year.....	\$183.50
For tobacco for one year.....	73.00
For lost time one year.....	130.00
For amusing the boys one year..	26 00

Total.....\$411.50

"If you had saved this sum every year and put it in a savings bank at six per cent. interest, how much would you have now, do you suppose?"

"I have no idea," answered the man; "but I see how Mr. D. has laid up money, for he neither drinks, uses tobacco, nor plays cards, and he works all the week. Figure it out, Burdick, in full. I want to know just how big a fool I have been."

And soon the pine board showed the total, \$9,676.09, an astonishing sum surely.

"Bring out your pledge," said the man, as he stood looking over Mr. Burdick's shoulder and saw the result, "and put it all in—liquor, tobacco and cards! I'll quit the whole or none. Almost \$10,000 I have squandered, and never dreamed I was the only one to blame."

He took the pledge, and took the pine board and kept both. The board he framed and hung it up over his workbench in daily reminder of what he had done.

We have in the United States of North America over 240,000 saloons, or about one saloon to every 354 inhabitants; estimating our population at 85,000,000, we spend \$1,200,000,000 annually for liquor, or about \$14 50 per capita, every man, woman and child included. The indirect cost of this infernal liquor traffic cannot be tabulated in dollars and cents.

Eradicate the saloon and a new era will dawn for America's working people. The perpetuity of our beloved America will be assured.

But you cry, "Impossible, impossible!"

Nay, it is not impossible. For the lover of his country, the patriot and the christian to lie supinely by and cry, "impossible," is cowardly.

Remember we have in the United States 177,363 churches; belonging to these churches there are over 23,000,000 members.

Arouse, Christianity, arouse! Awake, ye slumbering patriots! Our homes are imperiled, the foundation of our government is being undermined by the liquor traffic.

The christian and the patriot have a right of only one attitude against the saloon—relentless, hasty and ceaseless warfare.—Wealth and Waste.

WORTH CONSIDERING.

The short cut to happiness is goodness. It's the things we don't say which cause the least regret.

The hungriest man draws the line at eating his own words.

You can steal a march on anyone without breaking the law.

We never know what a good time we are having till it is over.

Ambition gets along faster when unhindered by a tender conscience.

The worst of the man with strong likes is that he has also strong dislikes.

The only people who really enjoy rising early are those who don't have to.

When a man begins to brag about his honesty it's time for his friends to be careful.

Clear up the little tasks today, and you will be ready for the big tasks to-morrow. The race is not always to the swift, but the man who makes an early start has an advantage.

PROHIBITION AND THE LABORING MAN.

Mr. A. R. Heath makes systematic and conclusive answers to a page of falsehoods and exaggerations which a brewing establishment has been publishing over the land as paid advertisement. We quote his answer to one point, namely: "Prohibition reduces wages."—What does beer do? It transforms men into idlers and loafers who lose time from their work and become less trustworthy, lose their positions and have to take poorer ones, and even these are hard to get, if a man has a reputation as a "beer enthusiast." But you assert that 750,000 liquor employees would be thrown on the labor market and reduce the wages if Prohibition should prevail. Suppose you stop this theorizing and come down to facts. Where has Prohibition ever lowered wages? Where has the clearing of the brain and the restoring of the health of any workman caused his wages to be reduced? But you speak of the 750,000 being thrown on the labor market. That is greatly exaggerated in the first place. In 1905 liquor makers employed 66,034 men. You cannot reckon farmers, who would simply change crops. You could include perhaps one third of the 67,009 workers in glass, and one third of the 22,359 coopers. Add the 250,000 saloon-keepers, and you will find it hard to make up 350,000 men. Add 150,000 bar-keepers and you will make 500,000. In the second place, you fail to take into account the big increase which Prohibition brings to legitimate trade. You forget that ten millions of men now wasting money in saloons, will have six million dollars every day in the year to spend for legitimate articles, money now spent for liquor. This will make a steady, growing home-market demand for nearly twenty percent more manufactured goods than are now sold. There are now employed (June 1906 U. S. Statistical Abstract, Page 677), some 5,470,000 men in manufactures alone, to say nothing of the other millions in stores, offices, railways and on our immense farming territory. The less than 500,000 now employed in liquor industries would not be ten percent of those in the factories alone, while the business of the factories will spring up twenty percent. Don't worry about labor, brother. And you are to bear in mind, furthermore, that besides the ten million drinking men who will be prospered when the saloons close, there are many thousands of workmen, already sober, who will prosper, likewise, and they, in turn, will demand more and better goods than ever before. Prohibition will prove the best friend that labor ever had.

ACCORDING TO THE TRADITION

Matthew is supposed to have suffered martyrdom or to have been slain with the sword at the city of Ethiopia.

Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria, in Egypt, till he expired.

Luke was hanged upon an olive tree in Greece.

John was put into a cauldron of boiling oil at Rome, but escaped death. He afterwards died a natural death at Ephesus, in Asia.

James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle or wing of the temple, and then beaten to death with a fuller's club.

Philip was hanged up against a pillar at Hieropolis, a city of Phrygia.

Bartholomew was slayed alive by the command of a barbarous king.

Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he preached unto the people till he expired.

Thomas was run through the body with a lance, at Coromandel, in the East Indies.

Jude was shot to death with arrows.

Simon, the Zealot, was crucified in Persia.

Matthias was stoned and then beheaded.

Barnabas was stoned to death by Jews at Salania.

Paul was beheaded at Rome by the tyrant Nero.

"Tommy," said a father to his son, "have you been at those six peaches I put in the cupboard?"

"Father," said Tommy, looking into his eyes, "I have not touched one."

"Then how is it your mother found five peach stones in your bedroom, and there is only one peach left on the plate?"

"That," said Tommy, as he dashed wildly for the door, "is the one I didn't touch."

NOT LOST BUT GONE BEFORE.

Say, why should friendship grieve for those,
Whose spirit arrived on Canaan's shore;
Released from all their hurtful foes,
They are not lost but gone before.

How many painful days on earth
Their fainting spirits numbered o'er;
Now they enjoy a Heavenly birth;
They are not lost but gone before.

Dear is the spot where christians sleep,
And sweet the strains which angels pour;

Oh, why should we in anguish weep!
They are not lost, but gone before.

Secure from every mental care,
By sin and sorrow vexed no more;
Eternal happiness they share,
Who are not lost but gone before.

To Zion's peaceful courts above,
In faith triumphant may we soar;
Embracing in the arms of love
The friend not lost but gone before.

To Jordan's banks when'er we come
And hear the swelling waters roar,
Father convey us safely home
To friends not lost but gone before.

Dear Brother Baker,—Would you like to give my testimony some time for me at prayer meeting, would love to be at the meetings; As I am sitting here by this sick girl tonight alone, my heart has been continually going up to God in praise; every crooked path has been made straight, and rough place smooth since Jesus took control. I have failed to testify of His love, so many times when it was not, His love constrains me to speak out of a heart overflowing; of His saving keeping, transforming sanctifying power. I can truly say old things have passed away, and I am a new creature in Christ. He is more than supplying my needs and blessing me more than I ever thought I could receive, I have the peace that comes by giving all. Jesus in the soul gives me joy and satisfaction in sacrificing for others comfort, to know there is no good in me. "I have paid the price and am going through" Salvation is a reality to me this night.

"His glory broke upon me when I saw Him from afar, He's fairer than the lily brighter than the morning star."

LIZZIE SMITH.

OLD AGE.

It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late,
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.

Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles Wrote his grand Oedipus, and Simonides Bore off the prize of verse from his coming peers,

When each had numbered more than fourscore years;

And Theophratus at fourscore and ten Had but begun his "Characters of Men," Chaucer at Woodstock, with the nightingales,

At sixty wrote the "Canterbury Tales." Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last, Completed "Faust" when eighty years were past.

What, then? Shall we sit idly down and say,
The night hath come; it is no longer day?

The night hath not yet come; we are not quite
Cut off from labor by the falling light;

Sometimes remains for us to do or dare,
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear.

For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,

And as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

—Henry W. Longfellow.

SOUL UNION

To live and toil to show
The spirit's deepest glow,
For love of one true heart!

To feel that heart's reply
As sunlight to the eye,
Increase the fire of art!

To let no mean restraint,
Nor hint of venial taint
Instil an alien lust!

To let no doubting creep,
Like healthless, fatal sleep,
Upon sweet mutual trust!

And thus, thrill joined to thrill,
To help the world fulfil
Life's broader, higher will!