

CORRESPONDENCE.

PAULPIETERSBURG, Natal, South Africa, March 16th, 1908.

Dear HIGHWAY.—Our box has arrived safely at Paulpietersburg. I saw the outside of it on Saturday, as I had to go to the village to get some medicine for baby Eugene who was sick with scarlet rash or measles, we are not sure which. He seems to be recovering now, for which we are thankful. We thank you all for the contents of the box though we have not seen the inside of it yet. I will go tomorrow and have it brought in on the heads of the natives as we would have to wait a long time to get it by team.

Four of our church members were here this morning to tell us they are to move away on Wednesday some three days' journey from here. Their names are as follows: Jesina, Galina, Eliza and Elizabeth. The husband of the first named died a short time ago. She also lost a child recently. Please remember to pray for them all. They say they are going because there is no food at their home. We shall miss them much but we pray that the Lord of the harvest may soon raise up other workers to take their places here.

Lidaya told me the other evening that a heathen woman, not far from here, had a dream lately. She saw many people burning in Satan's fire. They were bound with many cords, doing all they could to torment each other. These people think a great deal of dreams, and we have no doubt God often speaks to them by that means. We pray that this may be the means of awakening her to a sense of her need of salvation.

We also heard another item of interest. Several women, Joana, one of our believers, among the rest, went some distance from their home one day last week to get firewood. While on their way stones began to fly at them. They looked but could not see where they came from, there being no place near where anyone could hide in ambush. But the stones kept showering around them along the way. They became frightened and began talking loud when Finiosi, our evangelist, drew near and accompanied them. Still the stones kept coming very near them. He saw them also, so Joana and Finiosi began to pray and after that saw nothing more. The other women in the company were unbelievers.

We miss Brother and Sister Sanders very much but are doing the best we can to push the work. We think the interest is fairly good in the different places for this season as the people are now watching.

We trust you are all having a good time in the work. The Lord be with you all.

Yours in the work,  
I. F. KIERSTEAD.

Just as I Am.

More than half a century ago in the year 1836, a young girl, Miss Charlotte Elliot, was preparing for a grand ball to be given in her native town. Full of gay anticipation, she started out one day to her dressmaker, to have a fine dress fitted for the occasion. On her way she met her pastor, an earnest, faithful man, and in the greetings which passed between them he learned her errand. He reasoned and expostulated, and finally pleaded with her to stay away from the ball. Greatly vexed, she answered, "I wish you would mind your own business," and went her wayward course.

In due time the ball came off, and this young girl was the gayest of the gay. She was flattered and caressed; but after dancing all night, laying the weary head on the pillow only with returning light, she was far from happy. In all the pleasures there had been a thorn, and now conscience made her wretched. Her pastor had always been a loving, cherished friend, and her rudeness to him rankled in her breast. More than all the truth of his words came to her heart and would give her no rest. After three days of misery, during which life became almost insupportable, she went to the minister with her trouble, saying:

"For three days I have been the most wretched girl in the world, and now, oh, that I were a Christian. What must I do!"

We need not be told that the pastor freely forgave her for her rudeness to himself;

nor that her joyfully directed her to the true source of peace.

"Just give your self, my child, to the Lamb of God just as you are."

This was a new gospel to her; she had never comprehended it before.

"What! Just as I am?" she asked. "Do you know that I am one of the worst sinners in the world? How can God accept me just as I am?"

"That is exactly what you must believe" was the answer. "You come to Him just as you are."

The young girl felt over-whelmed as the simple truth took possession of her mind. She went to her room, knelt down offered God her heart, guilty and vile as it was, to be cleansed and made fit for His own indwelling. As she knelt, peace—full, overflowing—filled her soul. Inspired by the new and rapturous experience, she then and there wrote the hymn:

"Just as I am without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!"

Little did Charlotte Elliott think of fame or of the immortality of the words she had written. It was simply putting her heart on paper, and therefore the hymn, born of a mysterious experience, appeals to other hearts needing the cleansing power of the blood of the Lamb.—Anon.

My Boy's Sisters.

An elderly lady and two young girls walking together on the street one day met a boy known to one of the girls. Stopping to speak to him for a moment, she introduced him to her friends. When they had bidden him good afternoon and passed on, the lady remarked, "I think that boy must have a very nice sister and mother."

"He has. Mrs. Lee and Nellie are both lovely. But how did you know?" replied the girl in a surprised tone. The lady smiled.

"I did not know but I guessed it from his manner. A boy who is snubbed at home does not act like that one when he is out. Only home kindness and courtesy and the training that love gives can make a boy such a frank, easy, well-bred gentleman," said she.

The girls looked at each other for a moment, and then one voiced the thought of both: "I'm going to be careful how I treat Ned after this. If people are going to judge me by him, I'll have to be on guard. And I know you are right about it. There is Will T.—When you speak to him he always shuffles his feet and puts his hands in his pockets and hangs his head and stammers. His sister is always chasing him out of her way and scolding him, and his mother acts as if she were ashamed of him, and sends him off out of sight when there are callers. I honestly believe he would be as nice as Rob too if he had the same chance."

"Quite likely," said the other girl. "I know he is good-natured and bright when he forgets to be awkward and embarrassed. I think I shall have to look out too and make sure that my little brother is a living demonstration of my amiable disposition," and though she laughed as she spoke, under the laugh was a tone of real earnestness.—The Classmate.

The Men That Fell Out.

Dr. M. D. Hodge, of Richmond, Va., tells of two Christian men who "fell out." One heard that the other was talking against him, and he went to him and said: "Will you be kind enough to tell me my faults to my face, that I may profit by your christian candor and try to get rid of them?" "Yes, sir," replied the other, "I will do it." They went aside, and the former said:

"Before you commence telling what you think wrong in me, will you please bow down with me and let us pray over it, that my eyes may be opened to see my faults as you will tell them? You lead in the prayer."

It was done, and, when the prayer was over, the man who had sought the interview said:

"Now, proceed with what you have to complain of in me." But the other replied: "After praying over it, it looks so little that it is not worth talking about. The truth is, I feel now that in going around talking against you I have been serving the devil myself, and have need that you pray for me and forgive me the wrong I have done you."

The quarrel was settled from that hour; and there are several other difficulties that might be settled the same way. Try it.—Christian Standard.

Ingratitude.

A man once said to Sam Jones, "Jones, the church is putting my assessment too high."

Jones asked, "How much do you pay?" "Five dollars a year," was the reply.

"Well," said Jones, "how long have you been converted?"

"About four years," was the answer.

"Well, what did you do before you were converted?"

"I was a drunkard."

"How much did you spend for drink?"

"About two hundred and fifty dollars a year!"

"How much were you worth?"

"I rented land, and was plowing a steer."

"What have you got now?"

"I have a good plantation and a pair of horses."

"Well," said Sam Jones, "you paid the devil two hundred and fifty dollars a year for the privilege of plowing a steer on rented land, and now you don't want to give the God who saved you five dollars a year for the privilege of plowing horses on your own plantation. You are a rascal, from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot."—Sel.

Don't Tamper With Sin.

A young lady in Morristown, N. J., grasped the guy wire on the electric light pole in front of her father's house to see if she could get a slight shock. Her hand was suddenly contracted by a powerful current which swept through her body. The young girl screamed in agony. She writhed and twisted and fell to the ground, but she could not relax her hold upon the live wire which was burning her hands, for she had reached up with her left to tear her right away. Men and boys ran toward her, but not one dared to put out a hand to save the girl. Then her mother ran out.

"O mama," cried the girl, "save me! My hands are burning up!" The mother quickly grasped her daughter around the waist, but was hurled to the ground as if by a blow of a club. Finally a man came up with presence of mind enough to take an ax and sever the wire. He was in time to save the girl's life, but she was fearfully burned.

The incident suggests tragedies that are taking place every day before our eyes. Many people are willing to tamper with sin, and run the risk of a slight shock. A boy likes to take a glass of wine that will make his nerves tingle, and many are asking themselves, How far can I go the wrong way without being overthrown? That is the way the devil fishes for men and women. People grasp his wires and get a slight shock and only laugh at danger, but some day they will take hold of a live wire that has all the fire of hell in it, and they are struck through and through with death. It is better not to play with the devil's wires at all.—Sel.

Think of Something Else.

A little girl and her mother were visiting at a friend's home, and the mother, a Christian woman, whose path had been shadowed by many minor sorrows, was constantly referring to her troubles and picturing to herself the afflictions that she was sure the future had in store for her. The little child at last grew weary of the constant complaining, and said to her mother, "Think of something else, mamma, and don't worry." Like a flash there came to that mother a picture of herself and a message half reproof and half cheer. She had suffered, but brooding over her past misery was utterly useless. The future might have sorrow for her, but there was no reason why she should bear it twice.

The mother is living to day, but she has not forgotten the child's message of long ago. It may be there are many mothers or fathers who are worrying over past and future. Their worry wears and weakens them. It burdens other lives, and clouds even the skies of childhood. Surely the children's burdens will come soon enough and prove heavy enough without the weight of our sorrow being placed upon the young, weak shoulders. It is true in this connection, "One sinner destroyeth much good." A worrying mother makes a wearisome home. Work is a good antidote to worry. Try it, and take the child's quaint saying as a word of helpfulness—"Think of something else, and don't worry."—Zion's Herald.

What is it that cleanseth the soul and destroys sin? Is it not the mighty power of the grace of God? What is it that keeps the soul clean? Is it not the same power dwelling in us? No more can an effect subsist without its cause than a sanctified soul abide in holiness without the indwelling Sanctifier.—Adam Clarke.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

A Rainy Sunday at Home.

(By Mary Callum Wiley.)

"Oh, dear!" said Annabel, "I wish it would stop raining!"

"What would you do?" said Fred. "You couldn't go anywhere, 'cause it's Sunday. 'Or do anything," said Joe.

"Auntie says if you want to see something," said Tom, suddenly appearing at the door, "come out to the kitchen."

The children needed no second bidding. All day they had been housed in, and now, as the afternoon dragged by, they were restless and cross, and ready for anything.

"Why! What in the world!" they cried as they ran into the kitchen. Their aunt was standing by the table with her sleeves rolled up and a big apron on, spreading wet sand over a map she had sketched with chalk on the top of the table.

"It's a map of Palestine," said Tom. "See, we are going to make it out of sand and put in the mountains and the valleys and the rivers and everything."

"Oh!" said the children. They had never seen anything like it, for they had never studied geography with a sand map. They lived in the country and went to an old-fashioned "district school." But their aunt explained how the map was to be made, and in a little while they were busy at work, piling up the sand in places for mountains, smoothing it out for plains, and making rivers and lakes out of bits of looking glass.

"As our map is a representation of the home of the children of Israel," said auntie, "don't you think it would be nice to mark in some way the different places where Bible events happened?"

"Yes," said the children. "But how can we do it?"

"Take Bethlehem, for instance," said Auntie. "What has happened there?"

"Jesus was born there," said the children quickly.

"Yes," said Auntie, "but I mean in Old Testament times."

"David lived there," said Tom.

"And Ruth," added Annabel.

"Then, why not mark Bethlehem with a sheep?" and Auntie drew a tiny animal out of the Noah's ark she had brought down for the purpose, and placed it on the map. "This will show," she said, "that David lived a shepherd boy here."

"Put down a lion, then," said Joe, "and I drop a grain of corn, too, to remind us of Ruth."

"Where's the place where David fought Goliath?" asked Tom.

"Here," said Auntie, pointing to a narrow valley south-west of Bethlehem.

"Here's where the Philistines came up to fight the children of Israel."

"Well, I've got a splendid picture of a giant," said Tom, "that'll do for that spot."

"Didn't Samson go down here to Gaza once?" asked Henry, studying the map in the back of Auntie's Bible.

"Look it up in the sixteenth chapter of Judges," said Auntie.

While Henry was reading up on Samson, the others were eagerly asking questions and looking up references. For they soon found that they had to keep their Bibles open in order to mark their map correctly. Each child was given a certain part of the map to work up, and whenever he was in doubt about anything or couldn't find a story in the Bible, Auntie helped him out.

When, at length, the map was done, father and mother were called in to view it. Each place on the map was eagerly pointed out. There was a tiny temple to mark Jerusalem, a ladder Bethel, a boat loaded with logs (matches broken in two) Tyre; bits of rock piled up showing Mt. Carmel, where Elijah called down fire from heaven. A grave marked Mt. Nebo; twelve pebbles the Jordan, where the children of Israel crossed. At Shiloh, where little Samuel lived with Eli, was a tiny lighted candle; at Jericho, a tiny section of wall. In the valley before Mt. Sinai, a paper tabernacle was erected; on Mt. Sinai two flat, stones were placed. The cave on the side of the Dead Sea, where David found Saul, was marked by two pasteboard swords crossed; the cave where the witch of Endor lived, by fumes of sulphur rising and a flickering light. A tiny bottle of oil stood for Zarephath, a measure of flour for Samaria, a bunch of grapes for Jezreel, a lock of hair for

the country where Samson did his exploits, a doll's pitcher with a burning match in it the place where Gideon overcame the Midianites.

"Well, well," said father, when he had everything explained to him and when he had asked all the questions he could think of, "you've learned more Bible history this afternoon than you had learned before in a month of Sundays."—Selected.

Heart Beats.

An eminent professor, lecturing before a class of medical students in Boston, said, not many years ago, putting his hand upon his heart, for that was the subject of the lecture: "Gentlemen, if I could bring it to bear upon Bunker Hill Monument, I could batter it down in a very short time simply by the pulse beats of my heart."

That is great question—how to bring to bear our pulse beats upon a lost world; if we can bring them to bear, we can batter down the old idolatries. The great commission has been given that your heart and mine might go out to perishing humanity and lay hold of human hearts with the love of Jesus Christ.

The apostle says: "The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost." The Spirit puts the love of Jesus Christ into your heart and mine in order that we may love men.—Selected.

Demoralizing Beer.

"The beer drinker may be the picture of health, but in reality he is most incapable of resisting disease. A slight injury, severe cold, or shock to the body or mind, will commonly promote acute disease, ending fatally. Compared with inebriates who use different forms of alcohol, he is more generally diseased."—Scientific American.

Nothing is so great a friend to the mind of man as temperance. It strengthens the memory, clears the apprehension and sharpens the judgment, and, in a word, gives reason its full scope of action.—Dr. South.

Beer is brutalizing; wine impassions; whiskey infuriates, but ultimately unman. Alcoholic drinks, combined with flesh and fat diet, totally subjugates the moral nature, unless their influence be counteracted by violent exercise.—Dr. Bock, Leipzig, Germany.

The alcohol is the one evil genius whether in wine, or ale, or whiskey, and is killing the race of men.—Dr. Willard Parker.

The liquor traffic is the gigantic crime of crimes.—The late Senator Morrill of Maine.

Consecration means obedience  
To the Spirit's every call—  
Meaneth dying, meaneth living,  
Death of self, and life in God;  
Meaneth work, or patient waiting,  
Or submission 'neath the rod!  
Meaneth such a full surrender,  
We shall never dare to ask  
Why God gives our faith such testing,  
Or assigns so hard a task.  
We are here to be perfected;  
Only Christ our need can see;  
Rarest gems bear hardest grinding—  
God's own workmanship are we.  
—Selected.

O for the altar's glowing coal  
To touch my lips and fire my soul,  
To purge the sordid dross away,  
And pure as crystal make my clay.  
Then if a messenger He ask—  
A labourer for the hardest task—  
Through all my weakness and my fear,  
Love shall reply, "Thy servant's here."  
Nor should my willing soul complain  
Though every effort seemed in vain.  
Enough the recompense shall be  
To work and suffer, Lord, for Thee.  
—Doddridge.

A move which will meet with unqualified approval of the temperance element of the country has just been taken by the Post-master-General, the Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, in the issue of an order to mail carriers, which will prevent them from using the mail conveyance for the carriage of liquor. Hereafter a stipulation to that effect will be inserted in mail carriers' contracts, and violation of this part of the bargain will involve a cancellation of the contract.