

CORRESPONDENCE.

PAULPIETERSBURG, Natal, S. A. May 4th, 1908.

Dear Friends:—This finds us enjoying the presence of the Holy Spirit, and daily receiving many blessings from our Father's hand.

Our second Quarterly Meeting closed yesterday. We believe these three days of Meetings have been profitable to us all. The Wordens receiving new strength for the coming days of teaching and preaching to the many who are sitting in heathen darkness.

Yesterday was a day of victory, had good congregations many unbelievers among the rest, who want to believe and are being led step by step, one cannot hurry these people, it seems to take them just so long to make up their minds that they want to believe, then it takes time to teach them the simple Gospel truths, before they can grasp for themselves, the promises of Jesus. When they really get converted, the people all around know of it, for a wonderful transformation takes place.

They receive a joy that it seems to me can scarcely be equalled in the homeland, for they realize what it means to know nothing of Jesus and his love, while people at home have heard all their lives, even if they have not accepted Him as their personal Saviour.

Before the afternoon meeting, two girls were baptized, they were taken in the church. We praise the Lord for these two clear cases of conversion.

We have opened up another out post, where there will be regular preaching services, this can be taken in connection with another outpost, one man can preach at both places on the same day.

Mr. Keirstead has been across the Pongolo into the Transvaal, where we are about to open a field for work. He saw many who want to believe, and need to be taught. They said "we have looked and looked for you to come and teach us." It is most pitiful to hear cries coming from many places, which we cannot answer. Oh for more workers to push out in these needy places, where they really want the Gospel.

Our people are doing good work, but of course their strength is limited.

How is your faith beloved? Is it large enough to send us more workers? Probably some of my readers have heard the call to come to this dark land. Don't you think it most time you responded to the call? The need is great, souls are perishing, time is flying, eternity is near.

Oh, beloved in the Lord, let us better ourselves, let us do and dare something for the salvation of precious souls.

We feel that we are upheld daily by your prayers of faith for us, and the work here. Keep praying dear ones for we need much wisdom in leading these "Black Lambs."

No doubt you are already looking forward to, and planning for Beulah. We are praying that you may have a wonderful time of victory and as the result, many precious souls born into the fold, and believers wholly sanctified:

Yours for darkened souls
IDA M. KIERSTEAD.

Some Prayers That God Will Hear.

- The prayers of faith, of hope and love.
- The prayer of penitent sinners.
- The prayer of the righteous.
- The prayer of confidence.
- The prayer of the broken-hearted.
- The prayer of confession.
- The prayer that leaves self out.
- The prayer that raises no barrier.
- The prayer that treats every one as a "brother."

Every true prayer is certain to be answered.

Answered prayers cover the field of providential history as flowers cover fields in summer.

PRAYERS THAT GOD WILL NOT HEAR.

- Prayers of self praise.
- Prayers of a dictator to God.
- Prayers of superiority.
- Prayers of the lazy.
- Prayers of the indifferent.
- Prayers of unrepentant sinners.
- Prayer of one who limits God's mercy.
- Prayer of insincerity.
- Prayers that are heartless.—Church Standard.

Faith brings us near to God. Unbelief puts us from God, when we are near to him.—John Bunyan.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN

Waiting for Dinner.

And the clock is always slow.
It's hard to wait I know.
For minutes seem like hours,
And the clock is always slow.

There isn't time to play a game,
You just sit down and wait,
While mother says, "Be patient,
Our cook is never late."

It's best when one is hungry.
To think of other things,
For then, before you know it,
The bell for dinner rings.—Selected.

Fred's Big Sister.

"I don't go much on sisters," Rodney Black was heard to remark, "but could stand a dozen like Fred's; she's O. K. Lucky dog, that Fred Watkins."

"Same here," Tim Welch added. "She's better posted on fish-bait and baseball than Fred is himself, and as to cookies—oh, my!"

Fred Wilkins' house was the most popular resort for the boys of the neighborhood, but Fred said good-naturedly, "I'm not chalking up any credit to myself for it; it's all Sue."

There never was a girl like her for making mouth-watering tarts and turnovers, doughnuts and cookies, and she knew enough of a boy's appetite to make them by the gross and the bushel, instead of paltry dozens and pints. As to skill in bandaging and caring for bruised fingers and toes, even the doctors, so the boys said, had to take a back seat for Sister Sue. Yet, after all, her crowning talent was the wonderful way she had of patching and darning a ragged tear in a coat or trousers, so that even one's own mother couldn't discover it.

"Say, she's going to have a birthday next Wednesday," confided one of the boys to the others. "Let's do the handsome thing and get her a present. She's always loading us up with good things, and doing things for us generally."

The group of boys hilariously agreed, and it was decided to ask Fred to learn from Sister Sue what she most desired as a gift. Fred agreed, and promised to report promptly. But two days passed and Fred kept away from other boys or gave unsatisfactory answers when approached. Finally the boys cornered him.

"Well, you see," he said, shamefacedly, "Sue ain't like the other girls, always wanting things. If it was Bess, now, she'd tell a dozen things she'd like in one breath."

"Well, it isn't Bess, it's Sue," cried Will Davis. "What does Sue want?"

Fred took a long breath. "Well, you see," he began again, "she could not know I was quizzing her for anybody but myself, and she said—pshaw, I ain't going to tell you," he broke off impatiently. "It isn't any of your business anyway."

The boys grew indignant. "Well," said a voice, "I guess it is our business. If you think it is going to cost too much—we're not a stoney lot. We're ready to do it up fine. Out with it, Fred!"

Fred straightened up at that, with a "do or die" expression on his face. "Maybe you'll wish I hadn't. It is something that'll cost like fun, but I said I'd report, and I'm a man of my word, so here goes. She just said, 'Frederick Jackson Watkins, if you want to give me a birthday present that I'd like better than anything else, you take a sheet of blank paper and write on it an iron-clad promise that you'll stop smoking cigarettes, and sign it.' And that's all I could get out of her."

Fred said afterward, when he told Sue about it, "You could have sliced up the silence that fell over the bunch of boys with my jack-knife." Every boy of them had known that Fred's sister Sue had no use for cigarettes, and they had always been careful to keep them out of her sight. It was Fred who finally spoke again.

"Well, I didn't suppose you'd like it a bit better than I did, but you made me tell."

"Say, are you going to give Sue what she asked for?" spoke up a boy slyly.

Fred's face flushed, but his voice had a manly ring, as he promptly answered: "You just better believe I am. She's too good a sister to disappoint."

"That's what I say," blurted out Tom Folk. "It would please her mightily to have all us boys do the same thing, too. Let's do it. All in favor say 'Aye.'"

"Aye, aye," was the firm but quiet response from every boy.

"There's one of the boys wants to see you, Sue, out in the yard," said Fred to his sister on the morning of her birthday. "He won't come in."

She smilingly accommodated herself to the boy's whim and hurried out into the back yard, where she found Rodney Black. He handed her an envelope, bulky and broad. "From us boys, just to start off your birthday cheerful," he told her.

Fred lingered around when Sue opened the envelope and read the promises written in many boyish hands to stop smoking, and heard a fervent, girlish, "Bless their hearts. How did they ever know how much I wanted them to do this very thing!"

She wouldn't have been a girl if she hadn't been wonderfully pleased at the mammoth box of bon-bons that came later, labeled in boyish hands, "Bought with the money we didn't spend on dgs." But she always insisted that, delicious as it was, it wasn't to be mentioned in the same breath with the present that came in the envelope.—Julia H. Deane, in Union Signal.

Learning to Swim.

From the reception-hall came the sound of merry voices. Out in the sitting room Aunt Janet moved impatiently. Her silks rustled stiffly.

"Really, Mary, I wish Agnes had more independence. That Redmond girl treat-her shamefully only last week, and yet there is Agnes talking as sweetly as if nothing had happened. I never should stand it."

Mrs. Holmes looked up at the hard bitter lines in her sister's face, listened again to the sweet voice of her daughter as its gentle tones came drifting in to them, and replied:

"I do not think Agnes lacks spirit. You know how she used to resent a slight. But lately—"

The hall door closed. There came a breath of the outside wintry air, and a young girl dropped on a stool at her aunt's feet.

"Agnes," began her aunt severely, "how can you treat that girl as a friend? She has been saying the meanest things about you! Mrs. Brown told me—"

"Stop, auntie!" cried Agnes, putting her fingers in her ears. "Please don't repeat it. I do not want to know what she said."

Aunt Janet looked sternly down on the girl at her feet.

"Why not?"

A moment's silence. Then a brave face was lifted to the stern one above it. "Because, auntie, I am learning to swim."

Turning from her aunt's astonished gaze, she looked straight into her mother's face—into the eyes so sure to understand.

"You remember, mamma, at the seashore last summer, what a time I had learning to swim. My head would go down, and I came up sputtering, with such a dreadful taste in my mouth. My teacher said: 'Keep your head up and your mouth closed, and you will be all right.'"

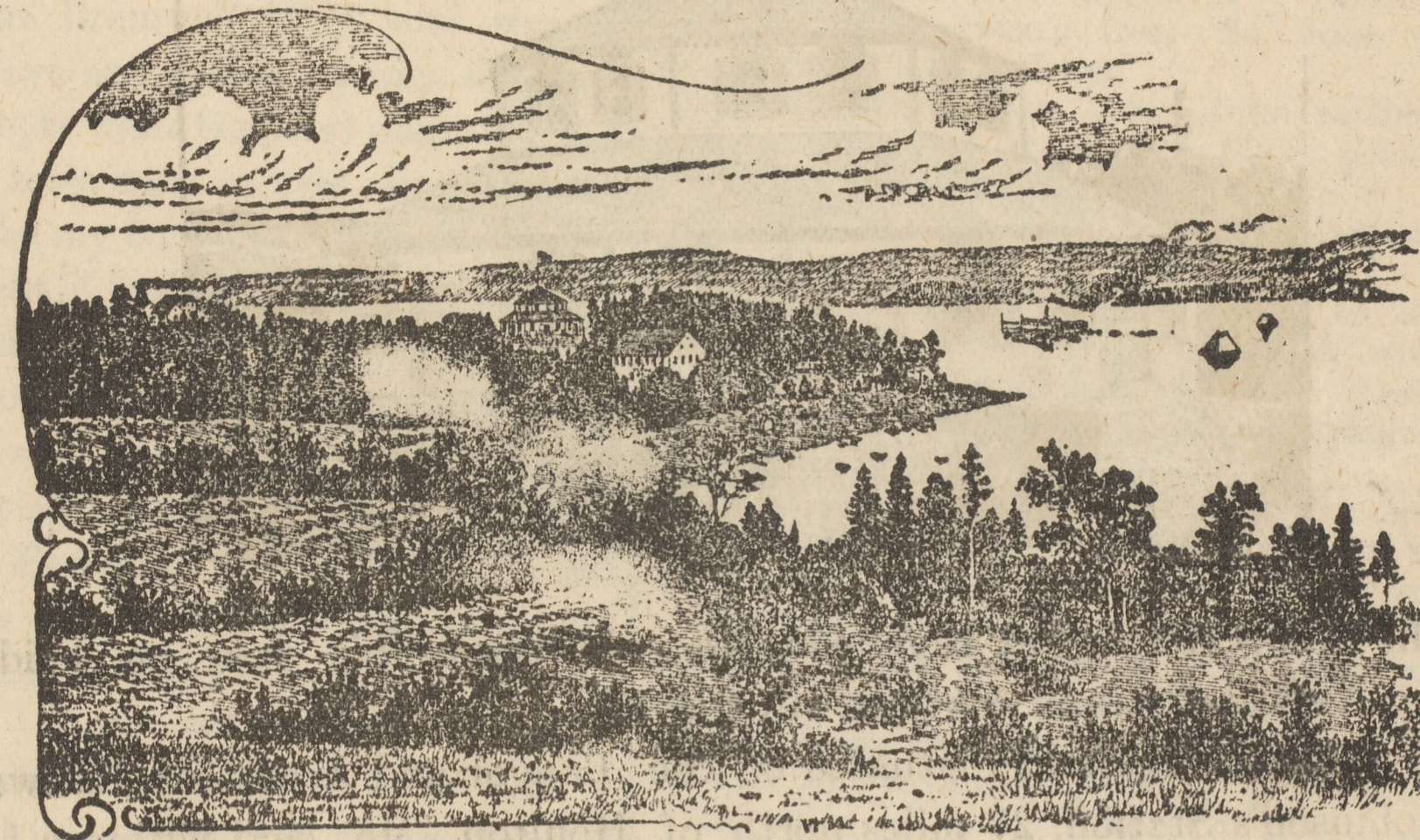
"So, auntie, if I listen to all the gossip afloat, I am sure to go down with it and come up sputtering. It makes me feel badly all over. But if I keep my ears and mouth closed, and my head up, I have a lovely time riding the breakers. It is so much more fun than to be sputtering all the time."

"Humph!" said her aunt; but her silks actually rustled a little more softly than they did before.—Selected.

Take Care of Your Body.

The majority of young people disobey the laws of health. They eat improper food and drink improper drinks. They eat and drink irregularly and at improper hours. They dress unhealthfully, expose themselves to cold, neglect bathing, ventilation and exercise in the open air. They overtax mind and body, worry, fret and break down their health in many ways, then expect a doctor with an assortment of poisons to make them well again, while they go right on doing the things that made them sick!

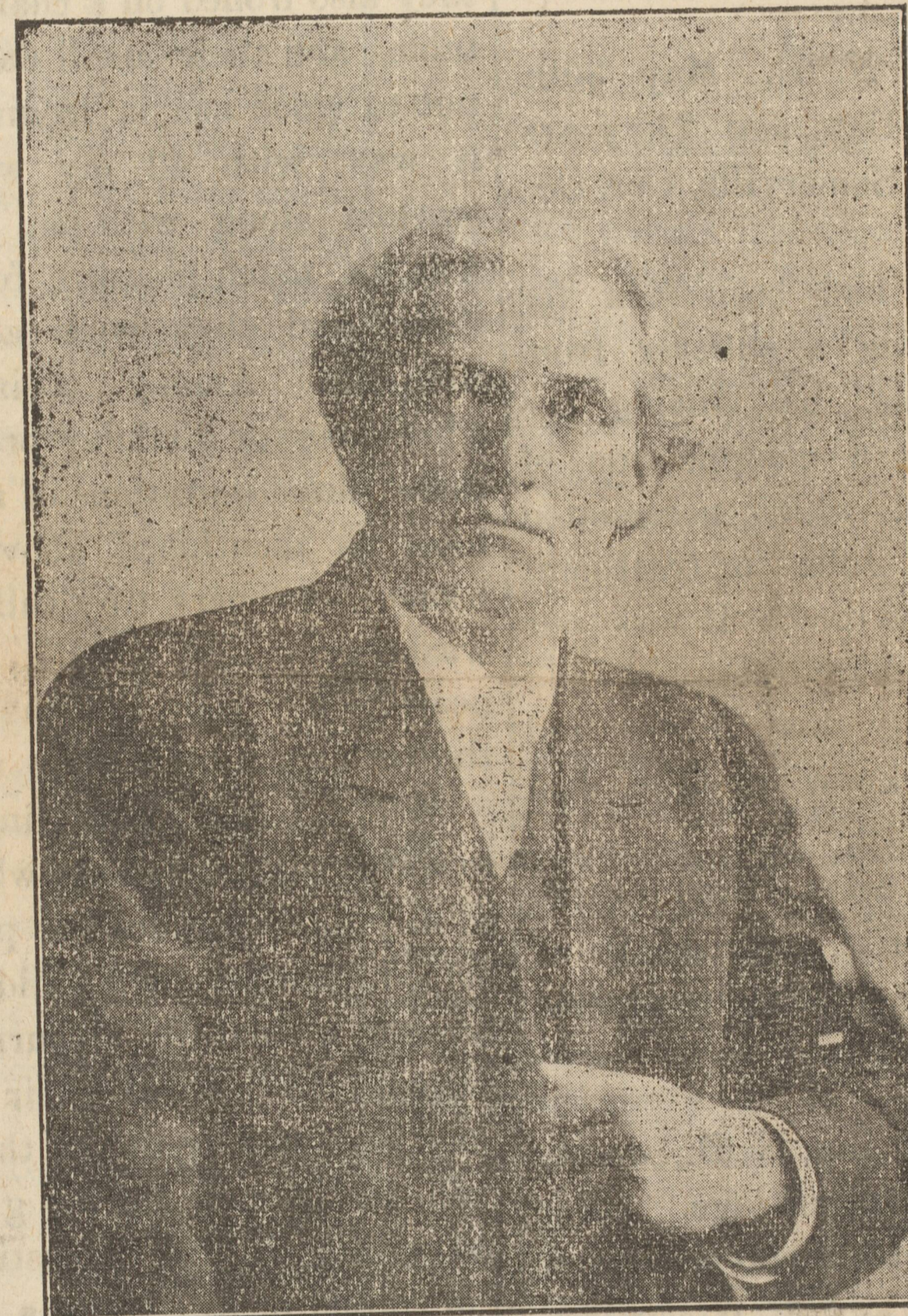
BEULAH CAMP MEETING,
JULY 5th to 19th,
1908.



BEULAH CAMP GROUND,

On the St. John River, 20 miles above the City of St. John, and reached by steamers from either St. John or Fredericton, and ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SPOTS IN CANADA.

The Regular Annual Camp Meeting to be held on the above mentioned grounds will begin Sunday, July 5th, and continue till the 19th, embracing three Sundays.



REV. H. C. MORRISON,
of Louisville, Ky,

One of the Most Eloquent Evangelists of the Holiness Movement, will be the chief speaker, and you should not fail to hear him. Then, Dr. and Mrs. Sanders, Missionaries from Africa, will be present and deliver addresses, which will be of great interest. The The Reformed Baptist ministers and other workers will also be present and assist. Tell everybody about the coming meeting, and be sure to come and bring your friends.

There will be reduced fares on Railways and Steamboats.

When you purchase your ticket be sure to ask for a certificate which, when signed by the secretary on the Camp Ground, will entitle you to a free return except on the C. P. R. which will return you for one-third fare.

Board, \$3.00 per week or 60c. per day. Rooms, 40 and 50 cts per day according to location. Bring your own sheets and pillow cases, and feather pillows, if you want any, towels, etc., as also warm wraps for cool days.

Bring song book "Best of All" complete, and help in the singing. Make the coming Camp Meeting the subject of daily prayer hat the blessing of God may attend all the services and much good be done.

A large attendance is anticipated. If you desire to secure rooms in advance,

Write to Rev. M. S. Trafton, 99 Wright St., St. John, N. B.
W. B. W