

CORRESPONDENCE.

PAULPIETERSBURG, NATAL,
South Africa, July 14th, 1906.

Dear Highway,—Tarry ye, until ye be endued with power from on high. Luke 24, 49. We find this to be the parting message Jesus left with his disciples just before he ascended to the Father. I fancy these were startling words that fell on the ears of those disciples, for when Jesus appeared to them after the resurrection, and they became convinced these last days of his stay with them, that He was really going to leave them, they were anxious to show their love for him, and I imagine, wanted to step out right away to spread the glad tidings of salvation. And cannot you almost hear them saying among themselves why does he really mean this tarry, wait, when so many are dying, do you suppose we have heard aright? But finally they decide that He meant just what He said, "Tarry until ye be endued with power." And we find they did tarry and received the baptism of fire which cleansed their hearts from the old imbed sin, giving them the fullness of His love and a tenderness of spirit which fitted them in a peculiar manner for better service than they had hitherto been able to perform, and a boldness to preach and face persecution that surprised the people.

And ever since that memorable day of Pentecost our Father has been bestowing this gift upon any that were willing to pay the price for it.

And oh the result of that tarrying, this old world will never hear the last of it, and through eternity methinks the arches of heaven will echo and reecho with the glad hallelujahs of those who tarried and received this endowment of power. Is there anything that puts the shine on the face, the sparkle in the eye, the gladness in the soul, the burden for the souls of others, as this experience? It not only gives us joy at times, when attending Camp Meetings, or when things are going our way, but it is a constant under all circumstance, and we continue to wonder why we were counted worthy to receive this wonderful promise of the Father, abiding comforter in our own hearts, He sweetly controls our hearts and lives. It indeed joy unspeakable and full of glory.

This seems to have a two fold meaning to us, this waiting. For since coming to this dark land, and seeing the darkened souls and the great need of more workers we have felt impatient to step into harness and endeavor to reach at least some of them but this waiting, which is required of months and months of digging away at the language, before we can do very much is testing. But when the Spirit whispers at these times, I know thy burden child, I understand, be brave, be patient, I am teaching thee, and we do take on new courage and press on by His help to fit ourselves for this great work. It is not all sunshine working in heathen lands, then how necessary that every worker should be filled with the Holy Ghost before undertaking this work.

Beloved, you are doing nobly in the home land "holding the ropes, while we work down in the dark," but I wish I could burn deep into the heart of every child of God these words:

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians,
That Africa walks in the night?
That Christians at home deny them
The blessed gospel light?

The cry goes up this morning
From a heart-broken race of slaves,
And seven hundred every hour
Sink into Christless graves!

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians?
Will you say ye have naught to do?
Millions in Africa dying unsaved,
And is it nothing to you?

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians
Oh, answer me this today!
The heathen are looking to you,
You can give, or go, or pray.

You can save your soul from blood guiltiness,
For in lands you never trod
The heathen are dying every day,
And dying without God.

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians?
Dare you say ye have naught to do?
All over the earth they wait for the light
And is it nothing to you?

We are having encouragement in our

work here, some hard cases which seemed, humanly speaking impossible to reach, are manifesting an interest and say they want to believe.

The report that our lost goods were at Durban proved false we are sorry to say. Brother K. has escaped having to adopt native costume thus far there being some second hand clothing on hand fortunately.

Praise the Lord for his presence and goodness to us.

Yours for darkest Africa,
IDA M. KEMSTAD,

THE BIBLE IN THE KITCHEN.

The Home Department of the Sunday School is trying to do for busy housekeepers what this one did for herself. Her family was large and her "help" small. Some one asked her how she became so familiar with the Bible. The Christian Endeavor World gives her answer:

"You see, I have a great deal of time to myself. After the children are started for school I am alone all day. And I know that at 6 o'clock there will be eleven hungry people who will look to me for a good dinner, so, of course, I have to spend a good deal of my time in the kitchen. Years ago I foresaw that the largest portion of my waking hours would have to be spent there, and I felt lonely and wanted a companion.

"So I covered my Bible with slate-colored cambric, and took it to the kitchen with me. After a while my husband put up a shelf on purpose for it, and made a little wire arrangement to hold it open, and we have had real good times together, my Bible and I. I can keep at a verse here and there, and keep thinking it over as I go about my work, and think of all the other verses that I know that throw light upon it.

"It is wonderful how many verses one knows that fit in, if we just give them time to find their places."

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

Too much cannot be said against the pernicious and inexcusable habit, practiced by many nurses and mothers, of frightening children into obedience.

Naturally, children are fearless; but often while in their early infancy the imagination has been so perverted by the visions presented to their believing infantile mind of the big dog that will get them if they run into the street, or of a big, cross man in a dark closet, and such threats of those who adopt this discipline, that the little ones become pitiful cowards, fearing the things that should give them pleasure. Unless possessed of a strong constitution, the foundations are laid for various nervous troubles that will make the adult life a misery.

Never threaten children with darkness, or every shadow or noise will cause them to dread the approach of an unseen foe, and the restful darkness of night becomes a dread and terror. From birth, children should be accustomed to darkness, and without light burning in the room.

Never scold a child for being afraid; nothing is more erroneous. Reason gently with them and accustom them to that which they fear. Fear has a very depressing effect upon all children, and some impressions are never entirely eradicated, and often produce serious physical ailments and a dwarfed intellect.—Farming World.

A LITTLE FAITH IN A GREAT GOD.

BY ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR

There was a good woman, wellknown about her own countryside for her simple faith and her great calmness in the midst of many trials. Another woman living at a distance, hearing of her, said, "I must go and see that woman, and learn the secret of her strong and happy life." She went, and speaking to her, said: "are you the woman with the great faith?" "No," she replied, "I am not the woman with the great faith; but I am the woman with the little faith in the great God." There it is: God is omnipotent; and when once we trust in him there is nothing that he cannot do for us; he can work in us exceeding abundantly, even above all we dare ask or think.

FAITH FACING STORMS.

Faith is the better of the free air and of the sharp winter storm in its face.—Samuel Rutherford.

LOVING WHICH LOVE SUFFERS.

Love is not proved until it has been wounded. It is easy to love those who love us, while they are showing their love for us. But our love, to be worthy of the name, must be able to assert itself while the loved ones are not showing their love for us; while they are indifferent, or thoughtless, or even unloving. How liable we are at such times to feel that we must not be expected to "keep sweet" ourselves! How easy it is then for the demon "sulk" to take control! And from wounded feelings to hateful feelings is a short step. What if those whom we love have cruelly hurt us? Is our love for them to confess failure on that account? It is no better than the commonest business bargain if it says "love me, and I'll love you." There are no deeper wounds than those which come from our loved ones; but we have not learned love's beginning unless we love while we suffer.—St. Louis Christian Advocate.

GEMS FROM FENELON.

"Happy will ye be if you learn what it is to find love an occupation. It is no use to ask what those who love God do with Him. There is no difficulty in spending our time with a friend we love. Our heart is always ready to open to Him. We do not study what we shall open to Him. We do not study what we shall say to Him; but it comes forth without premeditation; we can keep nothing back. Even if we have nothing special to say, we like to be with Him. Oh, how much easier it is to love than to fear! Fear constrains, fetters, perplexes one, but love persuades, comforts, inspirits, expands the soul, and makes one desire what is good for its own sake."—Sel.

PRAYING AND GIVING.

In the course of a missionary address delivered at the Institute by Mr. Robert E. Speer, Secretary Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, he said:—

A little while ago a carnival was given in a New Jersey town where I live, for the benefit of a local hospital. Saturday morning of this fair was to be given up for the children, and my children were very much interested. When we got up that day, my little five-year-old boy began to count his money that he was going to spend at the fair. I said to him:—

"Now do you not think you had better put some of that in your missionary bank?"

"Oh no," he said, "I need all of this." "Would you not have a happier day if you shared it with the other children on the other side of the world?"

"No, I don't think so." "Well, let us say our prayers."

He confined his prayer that morning to our immediate relations—father, mother, sisters—and the little children he played with. I asked:—

"You are not going to leave out the little children on the other side of the world?"

"Now, father," he spoke up, "I am saying this prayer."

"But you ought to remember them."

By and by he prayed for the other little children. "O God, bless those other children as much as you have blessed me," and when he got up he said:—

"Now, father, put some money in the missionary bank."

You see his little conscience was still unpolled. He realized he was only in a condition to pray for the heathen children, when at least he shared with them the little he had.—Robert E. Speer.

What book has done the most for liberty, progress? Which book has most persistently branded, defied, and threatened every form of tyranny? Which book has spoken with the truest pathos to the wounded and sorrowing heart? The test is fair; the words and works are before you—judge them.—Joseph Parker.

"But though we readily acknowledge, 'He that believeth is born of God,' and 'He that is born of God doth not commit sin,' yet we cannot allow that he does not feel it within; it does not reign, but it does remain. And a conviction of the sin which remains in our heart, is one great branch of the repentance we are now speaking of."—Wesley.

THE KING'S ANSWER.

A story is told of a man who once asked an eastern King if he could tell him how to avoid temptation.

The king told the man to take a vessel brimful of oil and carry it through the streets of the city without spilling one drop.

"If one drop is spilled," said the King, "your head shall be cut off," and he ordered the executioners, with drawn swords to walk behind the man and to carry out his orders.

There happened to be a fair going on in the town and the streets were crowded with people. However, the man was very careful, and he returned to the king without having spilled one drop of the oil. Then the king asked.

"Did you see any one while you were walking the streets?"

"No," said the man, "I was thinking only of the oil, I noticed nothing else."

"Then," said the king, "you have learned how to avoid temptation. Fix your mind on God as you fixed it on the oil. You will not then be tempted to sin."—Exchange.

GENTLENESS IN THE HOME.

There is a small per cent of people who have constitutionally an amiable and gentle make-up, and in whose souls grace seems to work with comparative ease; but the majority of us need to be mightily subdued, and transformed, both by grace and discipline, to give us that patient, compassionate and gentle type of religious life, which is most needed than in the home. There is no place on earth where gentleness of spirit is more needed in the home, and perhaps most people who are convicted for a deeper experience, get their conviction from a conscious lack of home religion. The requisite kindness and patience for home life cannot be obtained simply by specific blessings, though they are essential, but it must come by a deliberate and prayerful study of kindness of spirit. Those we love most are entitled to the best exhibition of our religion.—Selected.

BISHOP McCABE AS A MINE OWNER.

Some one wrote to Bishop McCabe and asked him to take stock in a silver mine of astonishing richness. As a reason the writer said: "Much of the profits will be consecrated to the cause of missions." The Bishop said: "I am working two good mines now. One of them is the mine of self-denial, far over the valley of Humiliation. The other is the mine of consecration, entered over on the heavenly side of the brook Peniel. There are riches enough in these two mines to convert the world."—Sel.

FISHING IN DEEP WATER.

In a famous comparison, Faber, the writer of beautiful hymns, says that faith is like letting down our nets into an unknown deep at the command of God. The water is not clear and we cannot see what our nets will take, but we let them down, just the same.

Prayer. The chief thing wanting is a fit disposition on our part to receive His grace and blessing. The great office of prayer is to produce such a disposition in us; to exercise our dependence on God; to increase our desire of the things we ask for; to make us so sensible of our wants, that we may never cease wrestling till we obtain the blessing.—Wesley.

Scarcely one opium drunkard in ten thousand is ever reclaimed. When a man has once acquired the habit, he may be looked upon as having less chance of rescue than the most inveterate inebriate from other causes. De Quincey and others have left us graphic accounts of the agonies endured in giving up the drug, and the almost superhuman fortitude necessary to accomplish the sacrifice.

A more glorious victory can not be gained over another than this—that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.—Tillotson.

No experience can enable you to bear a present trial. Prayer and praise live and die together.—Sel.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

LITTLE SERVANTS.

We are only little children,
But we love to serve our King;
In His Word He clearly shows us
Just what service we may bring.

We can only do a little,
But that little blessed will be;
For our Jesus says, "A wee thing
Done in love is done for me."

There are many little children
Knowing naught of love divine;
But our Heavenly Father
Says, "These children, too, are mine."

And He bids us go and teach them
Of the Father, kind and good,
And of Christ who came to save them
By the shedding of His blood.

—Sel.

"DID GOD SEND YOU, SIR?"

A gentleman saw two children before him in the cars, a boy and a girl. Both looked tired. They were poorly dressed, but neatly, and were traveling alone. Toward noon the little girl got up from her seat, and presently he found her kneeling on the floor, with her head bowed in the cushion. Was she sick? Did she find this an easy way to sleep? No, she was praying.

"What are you doing, my little girl?" he asked, when she got up.

"I was saying, 'Our Father, who art in heaven,'" she said.

"And what are you saying it for now?" he asked again.

"I'm so hungry," she said.

"We've been traveling two days," said the boy, "and our luncheon is all gone."

The gentleman wished he had something in his pocket, but it was empty. At the next stopping-place he went out himself and bought something for the children to eat.

When he handed it to the child, "I knew it would come," she said, looking up with a blush of joy upon her face. "Did God send you, sir?"

Yes, God sent the gentleman. The child did not see how the cars were to furnish the "daily bread," going so fast, and no pantry. But the Son of God taught her how to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread," and the little girl believed it. She asked him, and God well knows ever so many ways to answer our prayers. You see, he let a kind gentleman bring her some.

There is a small word in the Bible of which some people ask, "What does it mean?" The word is faith. What is faith?

It is asking God, believing and trusting him. That is what the little girl did; and it is the kind of asking which God loves, and loves to answer.

IN A THOUGHTFUL VEIN.

You owe it to your mother—

To do your best to keep her youthful in appearance, as well as in spirit, by taking pains with her dress and the little accessories and details of her toilet.

Not to shock or pain her by making fun of her religious prejudices if they happen to be at variance with yours, or if they seem narrow to your advanced views.

To introduce all your friends to her and enlist her sympathies in youthful projects, hopes and plans, so that she may carry her own youth into old age.

To talk to her about your work, your studies, your friends, your amusements, the books you read, the places you visit; for everything that concerns you is of interest to her.

If she is no longer able to take her accustomed part in the household duties, not to let her feel that she is superannuated or has lost any of her importance as the central factor in the family.—Success.

"Learn to entwine with prayer the small cares, the trifling sorrows, the little wants of daily life. Whatever affects you—be it a changed look, an altered tone, an unkind word, a wrong, a wound, a demand you cannot meet, a sorrow you cannot disclose—turn it into prayer, and send it up to God. Disclosures you may not make to man you can make to the Lord. Only give yourself to prayer, whatever be the occasion that calls for it."

"Would that every one had faith like the nobleman who believed without having to see signs and wonders to bolster up his faith."