

July 15, 1913.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

ing in a request. There are exceptions, however, as some few discard this fashion and speak to God from their hearts, using only words that have significance. Our Lydia is one of these, and her prayers are refreshing indeed.

One woman rises to testify and we notice that for the first time her heathen dress has been left off for "clothes." She has on the ordinary head dress, a handkerchief, but evidently she intends to make an impression as its color is bright red and in addition a hat is worn on top. It is very conspicuous as no other hat is worn in the room. Another large and white handkerchief is suspended about her neck for ornamentation, while skirt and waist complete her costume. Of course there are no shoes as only the young men who work in the large cities have reached this stage of civilization. Her testimony includes the excuse for non-attendance last Sunday. The white man of their home or farm has arrived with his sheep for winter grazing, so she must needs reap her gardens at once, or lose her food. Another woman, her mother, gives a different excuse, she "was climbed upon by a mouth," meaning that she was suffering from tooth ache. A third tells that our Boer neighbor's horse was in her garden last night and ate his fill full of corn. "And yet," she adds, "I love the Lord, but I love by food too." She hesitates, can think of no more to say, repeats, "I love the Lord," and closes by, "May these words be blessed for ever and ever." All, as usual, responded, "Amen." This closing sentence is one they heard not long since and have all adopted.

Aaron's wife is late, but she swings in with baby Moses strapped on her back and his lurch balanced on her head. As mother's milk is considered to be little more than "drink," all the babies here receive "food" from the first. A half pint white enamel cup holding gruel and neatly covered by a large green leaf, tied on with grass string—this is for Moses when he cries. Aaron's whole family are now present, even his dog, Spot, which he has tied outside. For some reason Spot will not keep quiet. Perhaps he longs for the company of the other dogs usually here to meeting. The howling continues even after Aaron has been outside to quiet him. So I bring him in and tie him beside baby Moses and his mother who are sitting on the floor near the organ. Spot is now quiet and also serves to amuse young Moses so that his porridge is kept over until recess, when it is served to him cold from his mother's fore finger.

Another child, with a larger capacity, has his lunch in a pint tin pail. This little fellow hugs the pail tightly in his arms all meeting time. He is very quiet, too, and does not attract attention though his right hand is frequently slipped into the pail and carries generous quantities to his mouth.

An elderly sister rises to testify, but mumbles badly and places her hand against her lips. Lydia's grandmother, sitting by her side, quietly reaches up and draws away the hand—and no one thinks it out of the ordinary. The first one to testify, however, was the oldest man present, who because of this fact, feels himself the most important person in the audience. He tells a story he has read in the Zulu speller of a hare and a tortoise running a race. The slower, tortoise, won and got to heaven first, therefore it is better to go slowly in the Christian life. The second to rise was the next male in order of age, therefore of importance. He says, "Friends of God, I do not stand up for anything. I wish to thank

God for the words our teacher has thrown among us this morning. I pray that they may remain in my heart, and be a lunch on the road as I travel."

Ah, here comes in a dude indeed. He is a brother of the woman with the double head gear. High white collar and even cuffs with bottoms of gold or imitation. All gaze upon him with admiration as he enters, stoops over some small girls sitting on the floor and gradually crowds his way to a bench occupied by the men. During the remaining time he sits with one hand against his cheek, which position gives a clean view of the glittering button and the whole length of the white cuff. Another young man now rises, looks all around and clears his throat. He is not embarrassed as you may think, simply too dignified to begin speaking at once. Finally he announces that he is about to say farewell to the church as he is soon to leave for work at the mines in Johannesburg. He asks prayer that he may be kept faithful during his absence. A girl now stands and begins at once to speak, as she is not so filled with the thought of her own importance. She rejoices to be again back with the church. All during her six months' work at her white man's she has had no chance to attend any place of worship. And yet God has been with her and kept her true.

I notice that the meeting has been running long enough. One mother seems to have forgotten to listen and is hunting lice in her baby's head. This to the Zulu woman is what fancy work is to our women, a pastime. Another woman, yes, and a man too, are tickling their noses, inside, with a bit of straw so they will sneeze and not feel so sleepy. I really must close this meeting.

Yours in His service,
H. C. SANDERS.

The devil is not at rest anywhere but in the human heart. When cast out of the man by Jesus, the evil spirit went about seeking rest for himself and finding none until he again took up his abode in the heart from whence he had been cast. From this citadel he looks forth and expends his ceaseless energy in leading his captive into all manner of sin and shame. A life of ceaseless activity in the service of Satan ripens a soul for the ceaseless anguish of perdition.—*Selected.*

"It is more than a risk of one's reputation to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth on any subject; it is generally a positive sacrifice of one's possibilities of popularity to do so. Nevertheless, we feel he sacrifices his self-respect and stands self-convicted of perjury who fails to do so."

"When men choose their ease and honor for this side of the graveyard rather than the other they make a fatal mistake."

"The world likes to go where there is something doing. If the time ever comes when the church puts as much fire, and life and enthusiasm into the church, as the world does into its recreation and sports and clubs and lodges and politics, then the time has come when the church will command the respect of the world. Dignity is all right, but the most dignified thing in the world is a corpse. May God deliver the church from that kind of dignity."—*Selected.*

UNDUE LARGENESS.

Conversing with a ministerial friend, years ago, the conversation turned upon that particular passage of the word of God which reads: "For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself upon it; and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it." As the conversation progressed, my friend, with a merry twinkle in his kindly eye, said: "Oh, there is no trouble with the bed; neither with the cover. Both are all right. The trouble is with the man. He is too big; that is all." Ofttimes have we thought of the truthfulness of Bro. B.'s apt remark. Once, at a general conference we heard a young minister preaching. He used the personal pronoun "I" with great fluency. Oh, he could emphasize it so nicely. We thought of the bed and the covering. Whenever we chance to hear a preacher speak of "my church," "in my meetings," "my choir," "my people," we at once think of the short bed and narrow cover. The promptings of this note came from an item in a recent issue of a holiness periodical, where a certain evangelist writes of conducting some meetings in a city on the Pacific coast, in which he says: "I came with my singer, Rev. R." We immediately got sight of that bed again, and wondered where he bought his singer or whether he really was his singer or the Lord's singer anyway. Does not Paul say something about "not thinking more highly of ourselves than we ought to think, but to think soberly?" Even so, amen! He also, we believe, referred to himself as "less than the least of all saints." A little saint; how precious! Loving John ofttimes said, "My little children." A large mountain is grand to behold. A large river is truly majestic. A large house is considered noble. A large tree is a pleasant sight to see. But from a great, big, high-sounding, egotistical, swell-headed, puffed-up, holiness (?) evangelist, "good Lord, deliver us."—*The Free Methodist.*

Well, yes, if we run up against that kind, but the genuine article is not that kind.—(Ed.)

In Mr. Spurgeon's inexhaustible fund of illustrative stories is one of a man who used to say to his wife: "Mary, go to church and pray for us both." But the man dreamed one night, when he and his wife got to the gate of heaven Peter said: "Mary, go in for both." He awoke and made up his mind that it was time for him to become a Christian on his own account.—*Selected.*

The chill of winter does not cause roses to bloom, neither will frozen salvation bring forth fruits of the Spirit. Holy Ghost fire is necessary to thaw out such refrigerated soil before it can be properly cultivated.—*The War Cry.*

Pray much for a great meeting at Riverside Camp.

Better pray up before you go to Riverside. There will be little chance for long praying after you get there, except in the 6 a. m. meeting.

There will be the largest attendance at Riverside Camp Meeting this season since the establishment of the camp ground. Those going will need take quilts and blankets with them.

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