

will our activities enlarge. By this we can tell if faith is on the increase.

Are we doing more for God than we used to? If not, we are not growing in our faith as we should.

If when we look back over the past, there appears a time when we were more interested and active in the service of God than today, there must be a cause and we should be alarmed. In fact, faith is not growing as it should, but rather is on the decrease, which denotes a decline in Christian experience. How appropriate then these words, "Be ye also enlarged."

Then again as faith increases there will be (C) Increased benevolence.

We will enlarge in our giving. When we first believed in Christ and were made alive, we became partaken of His Spirit, the spirit of giving. How freely we gave of our substance. Later some of us came to the place where we made an entire consecration to God of all we had. Giving then became a pleasure and how the Lord blessed us in it. Since then how God has increased our goods "in basket and in store" and yet how few have enlarged in their gifts of Him.

Would this verse not be very fitting to many at the present time in this respect? "Be ye also enlarged." Enlarged in our gifts to God and to the church.

(2) Love—How love will grow. All it wants is a chance. Mr. Wesley once said: It is always safe to seek more love. Love to God and each other. We are in a good healthy condition spiritually when love is on the increase. Let us examine ourselves then, is our love increasing? Be ye also enlarged in love. But says one, how can we love God with all the heart and yet enlarge in that love? God will enlarge the capacity.

With every bolt of glory from the skies which comes to the heart, the capacity is enlarged. Following that great glow of glory in the soul is a hunger and thirst for more of God. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled."

Then love to each other. This will increase as our love towards God increases. It is impossible to love God with all the heart and not love our neighbors as ourselves. The sanctified life admits of no hatred whatever. Love is the prevailing element in that experience.

We need to enlarge in our love to each other. There is a tendency to get narrow and contracted, even among Holiness people. If you don't see as I do, and act as I think you ought to, you haven't got the experience of full Salvation. Peter says, "Love will cover the multitude of sins." If this is the standard, then some people have very little of this kind, for their cloak of charity will not cover one little fault which they see, or think they do in their fellow men. What then would they do with a multitude of sins. Surely we need an enlargement of love. No grace is so important in the Christian Church today as this, and we need to pray daily for an enlargement of the same.

POTATOES FOR BEULAH.

It requires about 15 barrels of potatoes during the Alliance and Camp Meetings, June 27—July 10, at Beulah Camp Ground. It has been suggested by one of the members of the Hotel Committee that perhaps that some of our farmers would consider it a privilege to donate a barrel each. The Hotel Committee are, Revs. G. B. Trafton and W. W. Howe. St. John, N. B., and Brother Thos Mitchell Marysville, N. B.

Missionary Correspondence.

A DAY'S OUTING.

Paulpietersburg, Natal, So. Africa.

Dear Friends:

Today there were several places we wanted to visit. Two were in opposite direction so we must choose. There was a promise of a thunder storm which seemed to point to our going to the nearer place, about three miles away. But after the horse, Dan, and two young donkeys had been saddled we decided to take the long road and if it came on to rain we could turn back. The sun shone out hot, hills to ascend and descend, deep gullies or dongas to cross, also a river, but the scenery is grand. Such broken country! Hills piled high and cleft by deep valleys.

Our destination? To visit one of my few white neighbors who lives about seven miles from us in a south westerly direction and near one of our large rivers, the Pivaan. The donkeys went well, one is a fine little pacer and needed but little urging to keep up with the fast walk of the horse.

The farm land of this neighbor is partly on the river flat so is level and of rich soil with also plenty of hilly land for grazing. He has only leased this lately and just finished the only building, a small one about 14x10, which is to be his kitchen when he gets the main house built. It is built of brick, thatched with grass and roughly plastered with the clay of the river. It looked very squatty, especially as we stood upon the top of a high hill and looked down upon it.

Outside, near this small house, was a place to build a fire without any shelter whatever, and here the kitchen work was done and the cooking. The wife with her little girl and boy met us at the door and bid us come in. It was refreshing to get into the cool shade of the house. On a bed lay her six months old baby who is sick. He was asleep.

It did not take her long to unburden her heart to us for she was sore troubled. Having lost three children she is easily alarmed if any thing troubles the three she has left. Hence she was greatly relieved to see Dr. Sanders and learn from him the real facts of the case. The cough of the little girl was what everybody was having now, sort of an influenza, and with the medicine he had brought she should soon be well. The baby was teething and probably this was the most that ailed him.

Another trouble was not so easily disposed of. Her husband had left her, eight days before on business and had not expected to be away so long, she had heard nothing from him nor had the transport donkeys yet returned. She was entirely alone, no neighbors nearer than us, seven miles away.

Well we comforted her as best we could and as she wiped away the falling tears, we told her to come to us if she felt like it, till her husband returned. This she thought she would do tomorrow if there was no word.

We could only stay a short time as donkeys travel so slowly and a storm was brewing. On the way back I was thinking of her and was reminded of the times when I too had been situated like she was, miles away from any neighbour, in a rudely built, thatched house and surrounded by black people—sisters, one could get real panicky in such a situation—and I understood why we had come that way to-day instead of going in the opposite direction. This is why we are here to help those who are lost to get saved and to aid those who are in any

AUNT JERUSHA'S PHILOSOPHY.

Aunt Jerusha had just returned from Mrs. Brown's funeral, deeply impressed by the idea that the best thing we can do with kind, pleasant words is to use them every day. This is what she says about it:

"If folks could have their funerals when they are alive and well and struggling along, what a help it would be!" she sighed. She was wondering how poor Mrs. Brown would have felt if she could have heard what the minister said. "Poor soul, she never dreamed they set so much by her.

"Mrs. Brown got discouraged. Ye see, Deacon Brown, he'd got a way of blaming everything on her. I don't suppose the deacon meant it—'twas just his way—but it's awful wearing. When things wore out or broke he acted just as if Mrs. Brown did it herself on purpose.

"And the minister telling how the deacon brought his young wife here when it wa'n't nothing but a wilderness, and how patiently she bore hardships, and what a good wife she had been! Now, the minister, wouldn't have known anything about that if the deacon hadn't told him. Dear, dear, if he'd only told Mrs. Brown herself what he thought, I do believe he might have saved the funeral.

"And when the minister said how the children would miss their mother, seemed as though they couldn't stand it, poor things!

"Well, I guess 'twas true enough. Mrs. Brown was always doing for some of them. When they was singing about sweet rest in heaven, I couldn't help thinking that that was something Mrs. Brown would have to get used to, for she never had none of it here.

"She'd have been awful pleased with the flowers. They was pretty and no mistake. Ye see, the deacon wa'n't never willing for her to have a flower bed. He said 'twas enough prettier sight to see good cabbages agrowing; but Mrs. Brown always hankered after sweet-smelling things, like roses and such.

"What did you say, Levi? 'Most time for supper? Well, land's sake, so it is! I must have gone to meditating. I've been a-thinking, Levi, you needn't tell the minister anything about me. If the pancakes and pumpkin pies are good, you just say so as we go along. It ain't best to keep everything laid up for funerals."—Ex.

"SPOILING" A HEATHEN.

A medical missionary in Palestine tells a story to illustrate how Christianity changes men's lives when they have been brought under the influence of the gospel. A young man had been a patient at the mission hospital for some time and was discharged as convalescent. His father came to the missionary to make a serious complaint. What was the dreadful allegation that he had to make? That before he went to the hospital the father could get him to steal anything he wanted, "and now," said the father, "he won't steal even a chicken if I ask him, because, he says the Lord Jesus would not like him to steal chickens or anything else! You have completely spoiled him."

Why not write a new chapter for your autobiography, headed: "He brought him to Jesus?"—Sel.

trouble. I feel we are guided by the Lord, even if we did get wet before we reached home.

Yours in Him,
Mrs. H. C. Sanders.