

CORRESPONDENCE.

Continued from page seven.

their Mission Station in South Africa, send out a farmer-missionary. Perhaps there is one in the home-land for Balmoral. Such a man could wonderfully lighten my burdens, and give me more time away from home, that is, across the Pongola.

Where is Paul? O, he is yet in school, finding little time to help outside of evening native school and Sunday outpost work.

Some women missionaries who are not simply housekeepers for their missionary husbands, have a "mother's help," who sets them free from the secular so they may attend more fully to the ministry of the Word. Why does not Faith act as her own mother's help? She does more or less, at times, but is very busy with other duties. Church, medical and other work keep a constant stream of natives to interview, say from 5 to 100 or more per day. Sometimes I alone attend to all their wants, but oftener have Faith to do what she can and bring to me the cases too hard for her. Then, too, she is not done studying.

We have a governess for our school and during the last six months a hired mother's help, making our family twelve.

Food, including even farm produce, is twice its usual price, so I must farm to raise at least part of what our Natives and we need. Then there is always repairing to do as on any farm with buildings, farm tools and machinery. Each year brings need of new building, this one being no exception. And here comes the need of a missionary farmer—it will be economy in missions to furnish one. Even the farmers all about here who can afford it, have a hired white man, while I, who do as much farming as some of them, besides all my other duties, get on with natives only. Every day I am home I am keeping an eye on my natives, in their planting, weeding, reaping, thatch-grass cutting, brick making, etc., and when I am away things go wrong, or cease to go at all.

So I have made known to you our need of, not only a "mother's help," but also a "father's help." I do not expect to burden you again with this plea, but will leave the matter with you and trust God to work all things together for the good of our mission.

As we review the past year, we regret the above mentioned weakness in the part of our field across the Pongola; and hope to do better in the future. Yet we see reason to praise God for giving us precious souls, won from heathen darkness.

Then the purchase of Balmoral! None of you can be so thankful for this great victory as we. The fact somehow makes us feel that the work here is established and firmly planted. We are sure God's smile is upon your effort.

The home friends have shown much interest in supporting native workers and in all branches of our work, which has been and is a great encouragement to us.

With the support of your prayers and God's blessing, we look forward to the future expecting victory through Jesus.

Ever yours in Him,

H. C. SANDERS.

MEDUCTIC TENT MEETING.

Our tent meeting at Meductic, N. B., closed on Sunday, July 28th. This was the second tent meeting that we have had at that place and we believe it was a profitable one. Brother and Sister H. S. Mullen with some assistance from Brothers A. H. and P. J. Trafton and the writer held a meeting there last September. Two souls were converted and some others reclaimed at that time, and remained true during the year, and through their efforts and Brother A. H. Trafton's work among them, others have been saved during the past few months. So when we began our meeting this year we found quite a strong band of workers, mostly young men and women, ready to take hold and help in the work in every way. With their help we put up the tent and began our meeting on July 15th. The meeting started with good interest which increased with the attendance as we continued.

The second Sunday was a day of good congregations and much blessing and conviction, so that night we had our altar service at which some souls found Jesus. But the Prince of the power of the air seemed to be so mad against us that on the following Monday he kicked up such a wind that it smote the tent, breaking one of the main poles and tore the tent almost in twain in the middle. It was a bad looking mess when we looked at it Tuesday morning; we thought it hardly worth putting up again, but some of the boys and girls and young men came to our assistance and said we will mend it, put it up and have meeting in it tonight, which thing we did and went on with a good interest until Saturday.

Brother P. J. Trafton from Hartland was with us two nights and Brother Wiggins preached to us once during that week. Next the Devil set up a scare-crow which he called smallpox and tried to bring such pressure to bear against our meeting that we would have to discontinue, notwithstanding we had advertised to continue over Sunday and expected a large crowd.

It looked for a time as if the board of health would close our meetings, but thanks be to them and to God, we were allowed to continue. Sunday was a beautiful day. The people came out well. Some came in automobiles from Blaine and Fort Fairfield, Maine, and from Hartland and Woodstock. Brother C. S. Hilyard came from Fort Fairfield and preached to a full tent in the evening. The people were very much interested in the sermon when suddenly a horse broke loose which some boys were in the act of hitching just outside the tent and ran around the tent, hit one of the main guy lines with such force that he broke a pole, knocked several lamps from their brackets and certainly caused a commotion among the people which interrupted the preacher somewhat, but finally we got the people quiet again and had a real good testimony meeting, which continued till ten o'clock. In spite of all the devil's efforts to break up our meeting we had a very good one. We baptized three converts as a result of the meetings and very many more professed to be greatly helped.

The people generally were very kind in

entertaining us and contributing of their means to support the work for of which we give God praise and glory.

H. S. DOW.

EARNESTNESS.

The late Rev. Rowland Hill, in once addressing the people of Wooten, raising himself, exclaimed, "Because I am in earnest, men call me an enthusiast. When I first came into this part of the country, I was walking up yonder hill, and saw a gravel-pit fall in and bury three human beings alive. I lifted up my voice for help so loud, that I was heard in the town below, a distance of near a mile; help came, and rescued two of the sufferers. No one called me an enthusiast then; and when I see eternal destruction ready to fall on poor sinners, and about to entomb them irrecoverably in an eternal mass of woe, and call aloud on them to escape, shall I be called an enthusiast now? No, sinner, I am no enthusiast in doing so; and I call on thee aloud to fly for refuge to the hope set before thee in the Gospel."—Selected.

FINISH THY WORK.

Finish thy work, the time is short,
The sun is in the west,
The night is coming down; till then
Think not of rest.

Yes! finish all thy work, then rest;
Till then rest never;
The rest prepared for thee by God,
Is rest forever.

Finish thy work, then wipe thy brow,
Ungird thee from thy toil;
Take breath, and from each weary limb
Shake off the soil.

Finish thy work, then sit thee down
On some celestial hill;
And of the strength-reviving air,
Take thou thy fill.

Finish thy work, then go in peace,
Life's battles fought and won:
Hear from the throne the Master's voice:
"Well done! well done!"

Finish thy work, then take thy harp
Give praise to God above;
Sing a new song of mighty joy,
And endless love.

—H. Bonar.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

Port Maitland, N. S., July 27th, 1917.

On my arrival home from Beulah Camp Meeting I was agreeably surprised to find that my carriage had during my absence been repaired and repainted, giving it a very attractive appearance and that my horse had been fitted with a harness almost as new. For this token of appreciation of our work among you we tender our heartfelt thanks, and may to you who have had a part in this kindly act there come rich blessing from above.

L. T. SABINE.

"When thou hast thanked thy God for every blessing sent, what time will then remain for murmurs or lament?"—French.