



Riverside Camp Meeting

(Robinson Maine)

August 2-12, 1918.

Evangelist T. C. Henderson, of Columbus, Ohio, will be the Special Worker.

— For Information write —

REV. S. A. BAKER, - Moncton, N. B.

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

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her story. "My mother with me on her back, was crossing the river down by our home, and the water ended at her waist. Suddenly she remarked something floating towards her—'Nothing but an old dry stick'—hardly were the words out of her mouth, when the water all around us began to boil, and out of the deep rose a monster crocodile. I can still remember seeing the stones at the bottom of the river laid bare as the great beast fell back with a splash that gave us a tremendous and bewildering drenching. Luckily for me, my mother was near the shore, and kept her presence of mind. She just managed to scramble up on the bank in time to avoid the second rush of the great reptile. Had it not been for the fact that this one was very old and fat, and a 'bob-tail' at that, I probably would not be here to tell the tale."

"How did that happen?" asked Mrs. Hlathwayo," remarked Pahlakazi, as she spun a long string for Malala's hair.

"You were more lucky than poor Mrs. Zakeria, the hairdresser, as she resumed her work on Mrs. Zifo's "isicolo," which she had to discontinue during the excited naration of her thrilling adventure.

"It was during her girl-hood, wasn't it?" asked Malala from her lowly seat on the grass, wheres he sat picking "Black-jack" from her hair.

"Yes, she and the other young girls went down to the river to bathe. When first she called upon them for aid, they thought she was fooling, but were soon undeceived as she was dragged under. Then they all rushed to her aid. Soon she came up again, and all took hold of her and held on for dear life. In spite of all their efforts she was dragged under again and again, but came up gasping and courageous! Keep on pulling, sisters. Save my body even if my leg comes off.

Up on the hillside their brothers were tending the cattle, but when the girls

called to them to run fetch a spear from the kraal, they took to the heels and fled in terror. So one of the girls had to leave and run up to the kraal for a spear. They knew it was no use to try the spear on the heavy armour, and no opportunity offered, save to stick it in its open mouth. So, all pulling with their entire strength, they kept her up, while one girl carefully poked the spear in the crocodile's mouth longside the poor girl's foot. How is that? Does it hurt your leg? "No, just a little further now—Jab!—and the crocodile let go in a hurry."

By this time they were ready for another snuff. Pahlakazi, who had just related the above story, took out her "Ishungu" (a little round gourd which served as a snuff box). She poured out a little brown heap from which each one took a pinch.

"Strange that the girls had such courage, when even the boys ran away!"

There were several other tales related which I may give at another time, but for the present this must suffice.

Ever yours in His service,
FAITH SANDERS.

A HEROIC CHINESE CONVERT.

Bishop Fowler, a notable figure in Chinese missions, relates the following story:

"A Chinaman was converted, and after he had studied the New Testament not a little he felt called on to preach, to tell his countrymen the good news. He went into the crowded street, mounted a little box, and began to preach. Soon a mob gathered, knocked him down from his box, beat him, dragged him through the city, threw him over the wall for dead. He came to, went down to a little brook and washed off the blood and dirt. Then he prayed, 'Lord Jesus, what wilt thou have me to do?' Having, as he felt, received his answer, he went straight back to the same street and mounted the same box, and preached again. Again the people treated him as before. Again he revived, washed away the dirt and blood, and said, 'Lord Jesus, what wilt thou have me to do?' Back he went to the same little box, and preached as before. Again the mob rallied, and beat him down. The magistrate sent the police, who put him in a jail that faced on a little open square, on which the mob gathered, howling and throwing up dust. He put his hand out through the grating of the little window and beckoned for the mob to be quiet. When they quieted a little, he pressed his bruised and bleeding face up against the grating and said: "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus to testify the Gospel of the grace of God." He conquered that mob by the power of a deathless love; and now, at his own request, he has been sent to that people as his regular charge. Blessed tidings are looked for from that hitherto hard and cruel region. —Missionary News.

"It is the petty vexation that often finds the weak spot in a strong soul."

"Jesus came to save His people from their sins. The lowest state of grace in-sures freedom from the practice of sin."

NOTES ON BEULAH AND RIVERSIDE CAMP MEETINGS.

The Camp Metings are purely evangelistic.

You can rent a room and board yourself if you wish.

Pray much for a great out-pouring of the Holy Spirit upon these meetings.

Evangelists Andrew Johnson and Thomas C. Henderson are new men in our Camp Meetings. Come and hear them.

To make sure you will have feather pillows and blankets, put them in your suit case before you leave home.

Beulah and Riverside Camp Meetings stand for definite scriptural Holiness, the great essentials of Salvation, Justification and Entire Sanctification. No side issues.

People of all evangelical denmoinations attend these Camp Meetings, and get great help in their Christian lives. The attendance and interest are increasing every year.

Riverside Camp Ground is situated on the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad, at Robinson, Maine. The average Sunday attendance is about 4,000, and a good week day attendance.

The first Christian Camp Meeting was held by the River Jordan by John the Baptist. He taught the two baptisms—with water unto repentance and the baptism with the Holy Ghost.

Beulah Camp Ground is beautifully situated on the St. John River, 20 miles above St. John City, and is considered the most beautiful and best equipped Camp Ground on the continent.

Purchase Return Tickets which will save much trouble and entitle you to remain a month.

It is said that a certain rich man did not approve of Foreign Missions, and when the collection for this cause was being taken one Sunday in church, he shook his head as the basket reached him, and said slowly, "I never give to Missions." "Then take something out of the basket, sir," whispered the collector. "The money is for the heathen."—Sel.

GIVE ME THE JOY OF LIVING.

Oh, give me the joy of living,
And some glorious work to do;
A spirit of thanksgiving,
With loyal heart and true;
Some pathway to make brighter,
Where tired feet now stray;
Some burden to make lighter,
While 'tis day.

Oh, give me the joy of living,
In the world where God lives, too;
And the blessed power of giving,
Where men have so much to do;
And help them up the steep;
Let me strive where men are striving,
May the trees I plant be thriving
While I sleep.

On the fields of the Master gleaning,
May my heart and hands be strong;
Let me know life's deepest meaning,
Let me sing life's sweetest song;
With some faithful hearts to love me,
Let me nobly do my best;
And, at last, with Heaven above me,
Let me rest.

—Selected.