

MISSIONARY CORR **ff** **ff** **ff** **ff** **ff**

Balmoral Missionary Station,
Paulpietersburg, Natal, Aug. 7, '19.

Dear Highway:

You may remember my speaking of Filimona as a promising worker, though young in the Master's service. Sister Bullock will be cheered to learn that he has recently handed us the names of six new seekers, who have come forward at his outpost. While Mata, his wife, reports five new seekers and three small children. Let Sister Nixon rejoice with her representative in this good work. Mata, too, is now teaching our daily school. The evening school is conducted by Josefa, who belongs to the Wood Island's church. At his outpost several new ones have been reported during the last two months. His wife, Lydia, has been very sick of late, but Mrs. Sanders still thinks her bible woman more spiritual than any of the others.

For a year Aloni has been plodding on, with no visible results until a month ago, when six new ones made a start at his outpost, down towards the "Junction" of the Pongolo and Pivaan rivers, where he lived as a boy.

Sister Roberta Slipp will be glad to hear that Jostina, Aloni's wife, is now able to leave her young baby at home and go out preaching. Last month she reported three new seekers, including a blind man.

To-day, girls came asking medicine for a man near death's door. He has been sick two years, and not until now was he willing to be prayed for. But to-day he asks for prayer. Mrs. Carson's bible woman was sent for, as he lives in her district. Tomorrow she, Felita, will go and try to lead this benighted soul to Christ. It is far away, so we have arranged for a new worker, Johanisi, to visit this dying man daily. Filita's field is large and important, where a dozen new seekers have lately come forward.

Sister True's bible woman, Elizabeta, has the work at heart and is a great help. She reports two new seekers.

Pitirosi, Marysville church, is very sick, but strong in faith.

Across the Pongolo we are much encouraged in seeing the new church building going forward. Sampeli, Johan, Josefa and Simona are all doing excellent work and report new seekers. The St. John church will note that their Josefa Msibi is home again after a long stay in Johannesburg.

August 8th—Our man is dead. Word came this morning, asking that he be buried with Christian rites. Filita enquires: "Is it right that we Christians should bury this heathen?" After a little argument, she is satisfied that it is our duty. She sees that, firstly, two days ago he repented, at least in part, and asked that he be prayed for, which means that he renounced the heathen worship and practices of his people, and was willing to accept Christ as his Saviour. Secondly, he has one child belonging to our church, while three more attend. These all will be very grateful for a Christian burial service.

Julina Mavuso is a girl from Emozane, the home of Simona, across the Pongolo. She came this morning to visit us. I have just had a long talk with her. For five years she has been sick. Three years ago she turned to the Lord for healing and salvation. A watch-night service was held, and she was helped. Now she is a real soul-winner, beginning in her own kraal. Three girls and one woman have confessed Christ through her influence, while two more, including her own mother, are counting the cost. She is a bright Christian of whom we hope to hear more.

I would like to be able to report from our

church at Utrecht, but am still waiting for the coming motor car.

A friend sent us a very generous donation, making it possible for us to buy a second-hand motor cycle and side car, which will answer for a time until petrol gets cheaper. So, D.V., we hope soon to find this need supplied, and have the joy of visiting our little flock at Utrecht.

Ever yours in His service,

H.C.SANDERS.

MR. THOUGHT'S STRANGE APPETITE.

By Rev. A. J. McKinney.

We had heard so much about "Food for Thought" that we concluded to investigate the food market and learn what Mr. T. had to eat. Upon investigation we were amazed at the large variety to be had on demand. Some foods were clean, abundant and healthful, but the clerk said they sold only moderate quantities of them. Upon being asked what varieties were most in demand by the public, he showed us a storeroom of immense proportions, well stocked with endless species of "food for thought," which in the wide range of subjects covered surely gave us food for thought. The place had a bad smell to begin with. A closer inspection showed some of the food had gone far from original righteousness, and was in a state of decay, and we expressed astonishment that it was retained in stock after becoming so putrid. But the floor-walker said that class of food was most in demand, and that they sold one hundred per cent. more of it than of any other which they carried. We asked him if the people were not made sick eating such "carrionous" diet, to which he said they certainly were, but they came back and demanded more. After a whole day spent sight-seeing through this institution, we went home with more food for thought than we had been supplied with for many a year.

The realm of thought, whence come the directing forces of all activities of life, is the hatching place of the good and the bad which develop in public and private life. And when we contemplate the subjects contained, and the doings of men recorded in the public prints for the perusal and contemplation of the reading public, we should not be astounded that crimes are so black, personal or national. Morals so low and beastly, personal or national, should be the natural result of constant contemplation. Truly, the putrid mass of the world's corruptions does not issue from sources of purity nor flow through clean channels. If a man is what he has been made through the thoughts which have occupied his mind then we should expect beastliness and worse from those who make choice of the filthy and the criminal and the trashy and the vicious in the subjects of literature and conversation. Food for thought will have its effects in exact keeping with the nature of the food taken into the mental system. Anarchy is the product of a constant feeding on the abuses of government, real or imaginary; and continued long enough would make any man a revolutionist. The idea of attaining riches constantly held before the mind will eventually debase the mind until dishonesty and perhaps robbery will result. The food for thought contained in fiction devoured continuously and for lengthened periods will destroy every noble and useful impulse of the moral nature. To meditate on the errors and delinquencies of the religious world without any contemplation of the better and best in the present and past history of the world will make skeptics or grouches of men.

To look over the world as a whole, there is indeed much food for thought, with no shortage reported in the crop in any section. We can't

take it all in, so must choose from the whole. But it is observed that far less thought seems to be used in the selection of food for the mind than there is used in the selection of food for the physical man. No man would think of absorbing in his body the putridity in material food which many take into their mental assimilating systems without protest. But as food will produce health or disease, according to the state and character of the food, so will the food for thought produce the elevated or debased mental state. The contemptible, the corrupt, the abominable and the punctilious in the mental condition of the masses is the result of the mental diet supplied to them by the thousand marts of the world. The picture show has come to supply wood for thought, and will give the food demanded. Up to date, it is delivering nutriment of a quality considered by city governments to demand censorship before being delivered. The inspectors must first sample the invoice before delivery. Ministers' sermons on the virtues of life have not been so censured up to date.—*The Free Methodist.*

HOW CHARACTER PREACHES.

On a bright summer morning, by the side of a country road, running along the Hudson, not many miles from New York, two men stood talking together. One was a judge of high social standing and legal distinction, the other was a stone mason, and their conversation was about the building of a new wall near the place where they were standing, to consult about which the judge had sent for the mason on this Sabbath morning.

Just coming into sight, as he trudged along the road on his way to church, was a plain Scotch farmer, well known as a God-fearing, Sabbath-keeping, honest, hard-working man, neither fearing nor asking favor of the great or rich. His chief ambition seemed to be to raise a large family of children in the fear of God and honorably in the sight of men, which his example was well fitted to do.

In the midst of an animated explanation of what he wanted in a new wall, the judge caught sight of the farmer. Stopping suddenly, he said:

"There cmoes David Stewart; it will never do to let him see us talking business on Sabbath morning; we will just step behind this bit of wall until he passes."

And the judge and the mason crouched down behind the wall until the plodding footsteps of the farmer echoed faintly in the distance, and the good man passed from sight, all unconscious of the silent reproof his appearance had caused, while the judge, with feelings, one would think, belittling to his manliness, crept from his hiding place to continue his conscious and confessed desecration of the Lord's day.

The next morning the incident was related to the farmer by the mason, who was himself a Scotchman, though unhappily not so conscientious as his friend. He told the story with some glee, adding:

"Wha wad a' thocht, maun, that ye had sich a pooer in ye as to mak' the judge hide behint the wall for the fear o' ye?"

Is not this an illustration of the force and influence of a sincere Christian character, though devoid of the adornments in the world's sight of either position, wealth or learning? All these together could not resist the silent sermon of the good man's life, which brought home to the haughty judge the conviction of his sin.—*Selected.*

"Nothing can be of advantage to one that makes him break his word."