

ONE DAY AT MY OFFICE.

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200,000 years for the light to reach us from one of these constellations, yet light travels 200,000 miles per second. This seems dry, yet I get great comfort from the statement. It gives me a renewed vision of the greatness of our God, of the strength of the arm that is round about us. So we go on trusting Him who is made unto us wisdom, and all we need. In spite of trials and incessant work, His peace rules in our hearts and we are upheld.

Will you pardon me for taking so much space? Just a word about our last "Big Sunday" across the Pongola. It was followed by a feast on Monday in celebration of Christmas. Only one sheep was killed. But with fowls and plenty of corn this proved about enough for the rather small company. Perhaps 175, whereas we counted about 450 at Balmoral. They did appreciate the boxes of matches much more than they did at our station. Sunday services and our open air Xmas sermon and all was much blessed of God.

On Christmas Day one of our brightest girls died in the faith. Her testimony was clear and convincing. Even the heathen believed that Julina has gone to a better home.

We are counting on the support of your prayers; do not fail us. God is working and new doors and effectual are opening before us. 'Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth more labours into His harvest.'

H. C. SANDERS.

FEMININE APPAREL NOW IN FASHION.

Boston, Feb. 20.—Ironie definitions of articles of eminine apparel now in fashion were given at a conference of the Massachusetts parent-teachers' association by Mrs. Dallas Lore Sharp, chairman of the social community life department. Some of them were:

"Dress—A way not to cover.

"Hat—A way to smother the head.

"Blouses—A way to expose, often indecent the most characteristically feminine portion of woman's anatomy.

"Shoes—A way to make cripples."

"We women," Mrs. Sharp added, "have surely earned the right to the title of the silly sex."

"Prayer has divided seas, rolled up flowing rivers, made flinty rocks gush into fountains, quenched flames of fire, muzzled lions, disarmed vipers and poisons, marshalled the stars against the wicked, stopped the course of the moon, arrested the rapid sun in its great race, burst open iron gates, recalled souls from eternity, conquered the strongest devils, commanded legions of angels down from heaven. Prayer has bridled and changed the raging passions of man, and destroyed vast armies of proud, daring, blustering atheists. Prayer has brought one man from the bottom of the sea and carried another in a chariot of fire to heaven; what has not prayer done?"—Gleanings, S. China.

"Rightly dividing the Word of Truth." If there is a right way, there is also a wrong way implied. Look for the right way!"

WOMEN AND MORALS.

It must not be understood that those who object to the manner in which many women dress these days are necessarily prudish and old-fashioned. The fact is that there are many good sensible persons who look with alarm upon the modern fashions, and some pulpits and some pens are used to warn of the danger connected with this form of immodesty. The Nashville Christian Advocate thus lifts its voice in condemnation of prevailing styles of dress:

From many different sources women, and especially the younger women, are being warned against a continuance of many of the practices now prevalent. Convinced that the warnings are needed, we wish to give here a few excerpts from a sermon by Dr. Abbott, rector of Grace Episcopal Church, in Baltimore. Read and ponder well what he says: "Take the matter of dress. The women of this generation are farther removed from the Garden of Eden than were their grandmothers, but they approximate more closely the comparative nudity of the original Eve. The day dress, even as the evening dress of the average debutantes in the United States at the present time, is an apology for suitable apparel and is calculated to inflame unlawful desire of every decent member of the opposite sex, who finds it hard enough to be pure at the best of times, when visual temptation is reduced to the minimum. The women of today must appreciate this fact, yet, in order to be in fashion they will willingly submit themselves to the indignity suggested in the Scriptures: 'Whoso look on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.' I tell you, my friends, that the time has come for our women, especially our young women, to call a halt, when bands of undergraduates in some of our leading universities are actually commissioning reputable mothers of families to tour the country and tell young girls that they must uphold the standards of decency * * * I would call upon the young men of this congregation to perpetuate the integrity of their fathers. I would challenge the daughters of this congregation to continue in a fresh generation the piety of their mothers. * * * The time has come when our young people must be weaned from a loose morality, from dances which are little more than orgies of sense; from card-playing, which, in principle at least, is not far divorced from the revelries of the professional gambler; from sexual relationships which, influenced by war abandonment, are fraught with peril unspeakable to the integrity and lasting prosperity of the state. The time has come to dare our young people, to taunt them, to put them on their mettle." President Emeritus Eliot, of Harvard, says the dress, manners, and the way they look out of their eyes make women—many good, pure women—a snare to men today more than ever before. From various sources come similar warnings and exhortations. The New Jersey Federation of Women's Clubs recently took action against "the many forms of immodesty in dress, dancing, auto rides, and late night carousals." They

urged that mothers themselves must set the example of propriety and modesty in dress and in manners.—Free Methodist.

A TRIBUTE TO OUR MISSIONARIES.

(Rev. W. E. Smith)

We gave loud cheers for our soldiers brave
When they sailed for the fighting over the sea.
We were proud of the men we had to give
For Country, Right and Liberty.
But the bravest of brave are not the men
Who fight with musket or cannon or sword;
We give that crown to the chosen ones
Who carry the gospel of Jesus our Lord.

From the days of Paul to the present time
They have heard the call from a far-off shore.
Come over and bring the Bread of Life,
We your pity and love and your aid implore.
And the comforts and honors of home look small
To the Heralds of Christ in a foreign land.
And we cheer by our prayers these sisters true,
Who enter the ranks of that bravest band.

Not forced by a draft—they are volunteers,
They some years ago heard a clear soft cry.
"Whom shall I send, and who will go?"
And they bravely answered, "Lord here am I."
And the days have come and the years have gone
But they never forgot that sacred vow.
Thank God for the grace that has led them on
From the shadowy past to the clearer now.

Some say you are breaking the ties of home
From kin-folk and friends to be torn apart.
To the end of the earth those ties will stretch,
For loved ones are carried within the heart.
Oh, this world of ours is small today;
Though the way may seem long that you have to sail,
But the sea is held in your Father's hand,
He is Master of tempest and lightning and gale.

We can see in fancy those darkened minds
The Lord is preparing to have you bless.
With love in your hearts and skill in your hands
You will carry sweet balm for their sad distress.
Instead of the thorn shall the fir upspring,
And streams shall break out in the desert place,
Not to smite, but to heal do these soldiers go—
Apostles of mercy and love and grace.

And those too are looking who have prayed so long,
For your going to help them in Afric's need,
They have labored so long and so patiently,
You may see a harvest of Gospel seed
Planted by others of like precious faith,
Who have toiled on in love for so many years
You go to help nourish that springing life
By your tender love and your falling tears.

You ask not for pity but for prayers of faith,
What comfort to know there are hearts so true,
When you are asleep and you are awake
Will never forget to keep praying for you.
For when we bow at the mercy seat,
And there for another are led to pray,
Faith bridges all distance between us and them;
That person can't seem very far away.

May the wind and the wave to you be so kind,
And friends rise to help you in time of need,
You are chosen of God to the noblest work,
We are met here tonight to pray you Godspeed.
Though in tears you may go to that far off land,
Yet in spite of the tears we still shout and sing.
We shall wait and pray for home coming time,
When a message of triumph you both may bring.

Perhaps we all shall ne'er meet again
In this land of partings and tears and sighs.
He who watches above knows our going forth,
And the way unseen that before us lies.
But thanks be to God there's a meeting place
Where there'll be no border, nor breed nor proud birth;

'Tis the meeting above round the throne of God,
When his own shall come forth from the ends of the earth.

And Heaven is near us where'er we may be.
Let us labor and toil with a willing hand.
We can fill the place that the Master has given,
Be it in the home or the foreign land.
Hold the banner high in the world of sin;
With a brave heart wield the spirit's keen sword.
Let us labor and live for the Judgment Day
When the Master shall give each a true reward.