

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

By last mail I sent receipts of monies for salaries. Thanks for your letter, the money and your invariable promptness in remitting.

We had a big wedding day. The groom is a Zionist, living near here, while the bride is a very nice girl from our church across the Pongola river.

When thus married by Christian rites, a native man comes under the British marriage laws which forbids polygamy, yet most of our Christian men are glad to sacrifice for Christ, and are content with one wife when they might have had several.

Before they are saved, however, this is their greatest stumbling block. Many more would become Christians, but for their hope of having, as they say, "many wives."

A heathen wedding is always a big affair with a good crowd of dancers and a still larger company of onlookers.

For this reason I suppose our Christians try to make their weddings as much of a spread as possible. At least one night as well as a day or two is spent in singing. Often a large hut or booth is built for this occasion, to shelter the singers from the heat of the sun by day and the cold by night.

Today's couple had a singing house in waiting. The bride had already sung until she was so hoarse that she could only whisper her part in the marriage vows. But no one wondered. They all in singing make as loud a noise as possible, and generally become hoarse if time permits.

I don't know where they get all their form and how but they have some queer customs. A white flag is always carried on a long pole in front. They sing as they march along the paths in single file—to-day they had only six miles to travel, while yesterday they did twelve.

The bride and groom are always well to the front, attended, she by her maid who supports the long trailing skirt, while he is closely followed by the best man who always carries a clothes brush which he uses very frequently.

I presume to call attention to the fine suit the groom is wearing.

Neither were able to write their own names to the marriage papers, which is the rule rather than the exception.

Yet one must overlook their inordinate love of show and remember they are his little ones in need of instruction in meekness and many other lines.

We cannot complain as God is wonderfully working with some of our flock. They show the spirit of the meek and lowly Christ for which we are indeed grateful.

Ever yours in Him,

H. C. SANDERS.

P. O. Hartland,

Balmoral Mission Station,

March 3rd, 1921.

Dear Highway:

The only Camp Meetings I attend are those of my dreams. Yet these are not infrequent and sometimes even helpful. At the last one there was a testimony and illustration given that was rather unique.

The speaker told in his quiet impressive way of a ship with a complete electrical equipment. This power was so adapted that it supplied not only the usual lighting

and wireless apparatus but also the propelling power. He described briefly and simply the lighting arrangement and concluded by saying, "And she just went forward by the same power."

He made no application as that was so apparent that none seemed needed. I looked about the room, as the speaker sat down, and saw a smile of comprehension pass around, and many glances were exchanged.

Like in dreams this illustration seemed so simple. But it is one in common use and always will be popular.

We think of the Scriptures pointing to the Holy Spirit as the great illuminator: "But the anointing which ye have received of Him. . . . teacheth you of all things." This is the internal lighting of saloons, staterooms, etc.

The lights aloft are the "Let your lights so shine," while the great search light that sweeps ahead and around in all directions, revealing any dangers to be avoided, and showing buoys and channels, are "Howbeit, when He, the Spirit of Truth is come, He will guide you into all truth. . . and he will show you things to come."

How many of us have experienced these blessed truths. How this anointing enlightens our eyes to understand God's word and providences. And some of us are seldom taken unawares by any important event of our lives. Amos 3-7, "He revealeth His secrets unto His servants."

This same precious anointing is our equipment for service. It is the empowering promised by our ascending Lord, "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses." This is united with our commission, "Go ye."

How wonderful that we are impelled by the same power and personality that illuminates our mind and path!

Friends, we are to yield ourselves to His gentle compelling, remembering that He is easily grieved.

A long time since I had much blessing in the illustration of wireless telegraphy. 'Tis simple to those who understand. And we all have ceased to marvel that messages can thus travel with certainty. So long as the apparatus is perfect, the power sufficient, and the operator qualified, there is no doubt about results. Then why should Faith be difficult when we wish to get a message through to God? "His ears are open," we read, "to the righteous." "If ye abide in Me and My words abide in you." Here we have the correct apparatus. One thing only remains, the Power—The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities. . . maketh intercession for us. . . according to the will of God." If we are walking in the Spirit messages will continually be flashed both ways. "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." This is the message we receive when danger is near.

Our sensitive wireless apparatus, with the power on, keeps us in touch with others in distress. Notice the testimony of the late George Muller. Though his prayer list was a very long one, every name, but two, had found Christ, and his faith for these was firm. This near the close of his wonderful life.

I might go on almost without end as this similitude is so beautiful, but like the

speaker in my dream, I will just suggest ideas for you to think out alone, and pray that this lesson will be as great a blessing to you as it has to me.

Yours in His fellowship,

H. C. SANDERS.

MISSIONARY MEETING.

Dear Editor:

Our monthly missionary meeting met on the 13th in the R. B. Church. Mrs. Keirstead presided.

Opening hymn, "Jesus saves."

Prayer led by Mr. Frank Weade.

Song, "Go tell the sweet story."

Mrs. Keirstead read the scripture lesson.

Roll call—13 members present.

Recitation by Cecile Ireland.

"Prayer and Potatoes."

Reading by Wm. Burt, "The Dark Continent."

Reading by Mrs. Frank Weade, "The Mountain Peak."

Dues and collections received. A good testimony meeting followed with song.

Meeting closed by Benediction by the pastor.

MRS. WM. BURTT,

Secretary.

Royalton, N. B., April 20, 1921.

COMMITTEES.

Beulah Hotel Rooms—Write Rev. T. W. Moses.

West Pembroke, Maine, Riverview Dormitory Rooms—Write Rev. P. J. Trafton, 233 Aberdeen street, Fredericton, N. B.

Cedardale Rooms—Write Rev. I. F. Keirstead, Royalton, Carleton County, N. B.

Beulah Hotel—Girls to wait on tables (none under 15 years)—Write Rev. W. W. Howe, 65 St. David St., St. John, N. B.

For information regarding Beulah and Riverside Camp Meetings, write Rev. S. A. Baker, Box 272, Moncton, N. B.

A PITILESS SLAVE-HOLDER.

King Nicotine has no mercy on his subjects. Let those who doubt it read this from the Irish Tobacco Trade Journal, of Dublin, from its issue of November 15th, quoting from a discussion of the move of some English firms to have smoke periods for their workmen: "Under conditions of strict prohibition (of smoking) it was found that the desire to smoke became so keen and overpowering that loitering in search of an opportunity for a surreptitious smoke was a common practice." The reader with a clear mind will not fail to see that this could apply only to those who are already slaves to the habit. The man who does not use tobacco needs no smoke period. He is able to do a full day's work without depending upon a position to stir his nicotine-soaked body into activity. He is not the slave to the over-powering tobacco habit.

Marble and granite are perishable monuments, and their inscriptions may be seldom read. Carve your names on human hearts; they alone are immortal!—Theodore Cuyler.