

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Hartland P. O.,
Paulpietersburg, Natal,
South Africa.

Dear Homeland Friends:

A few lines from this corner of the world, to let you know how we are standing Africa's heat. The Lord is good, and in spite of the wilting heat of the past month, we are able to lift up our hearts and praise God, for calling us "by name" and leading us forth." We are so glad that "when he putteth forth his own sheep, He goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice." It is so good to know that is why we are here today. The Good Shepherd is caring for us daily, and giving us more and more love for the "other sheep" which are not yet "of this fold."

Though not privileged to take an active part in the work, either medical or spiritual, we rejoice that the least we do for Jesus is precious in his sight; also we can pray. The cry of our heart is what He listens to and answers. "Even our groanings are not hid from him." We look forward to the day when we can be in closer touch with these people by means of the language, and we thank God for his help on this line and take courage.

It is a beautiful summer day. Sunday and yesterday (Thursday) were our only cool days this month, and truly we did appreciate their reviving effect upon our physical condition. The natives like the heat so much more than the chilly days that come during the winter. We have had very heavy electrical storms such as we seldom have at home. Last night we had such a quiet refreshing rain, it did sound like home. I do not enjoy the violent downpours. Some of the natives have suffered loss in their gardens from the hail storms, but right here it has not been so bad. The grapes and peaches are ripening now, and the apple crop is about over. They have abundance of prickly pears, which are very refreshing, for they are juicy, like melons. They have to be peeled with a knife and fork on account of the prickles on the skin. It is not easy to think of you all passing through the severity of Canada's winter, while we are in the midst of summer.

We enjoyed Brother Archer's account of his trip to Nova Scotia. It reminded us so much of our delightful visit among the dear people there. We shall never forget their kindness. May the Lord reward them. The Highway is eagerly read by the Missionaries for the home news is precious. We hope you are having a good winter in the work of the Lord. We often think of the little church at Westchester, with its faithful band, and now there is one less sister in the rank. We remember them in prayer.

May this be a year of going forward in the Lord for all of us, for we know it is God's will. My heart is encouraged as I realize "His banner over us in love." How good he is to make us feel at home in a foreign land. Of course pioneer missionaries have a more difficult path, but to each of us the homeland ties are very tender, and Jesus alone can satisfy.

This letter conveys a loving Christian

greeting to each reader. Let us pray for one another.

Yours in Jesus' name,
Jan. 27, 1922. ALICE F. STERRITT.

THE CHURCH'S LAODICEAN FOLLY.

Says an English writer: "There are no words hot enough or strong enough to expose the Church's Laodicean folly, imagining she is rich, and increased with goods, and has need of nothing, when in God's sight she is 'wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked,' lukewarm and only fit to be spued out of His mouth as an object of loathing. . . . We need a weeping prophet today—'Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for . . . my people.' We need leaders and people who are capable of grasping the situation as it is in reality in God's sight, unaffected by the chloroform of unscriptural teaching and precepts of men, with which the Church is kept in her blissful dream of self-satisfaction; leaders, whose 'great heaviness and continual sorrow' of heart should have some practical issue; leaders who are above regarding so-called Christian (?) opinion; men who do not mind being called morbid, unhealthy, but who are like that magnificent Apostle Paul, the chosen servant of the Most High God. The 'many tears' of such a man were no maudlin ineffectual tears that he needed to be ashamed of, no trace of cowardly weakness, emotionalism or miserable pessimism, but were caused by an enlightened understanding of spiritual realities, and a superior knowledge of both God and man and things as they are in truth, like the tears of Jesus over His beloved city, Jerusalem.

When the revival in Wales was at its height, it is said that "the one thing which Evan Roberts seemed to fear was that popularity would make an idol of him, and that he would be the center of attraction instead of Christ." The Church needs leaders today who likewise refuse to receive the plaudits of men, or to exploit themselves, or even to permit themselves to be exploited, or their names to be lauded; for it means the crucifying of Christ afresh. Nothing chokes the channels of TRUE revivals so effectually as idolatry of leaders on the part of God's professing children. Oh, for a Church which tears from its heart every idol, "and worships only Thee."

The gracious work of God in Scotland is an answer to prayer. Revival fires being kindled in various parts of America are answers to prayer. Keep on praying. The mercy drops are beginning to fall. Revival is surely coming, not by human might nor by human planning, "but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." (Psa. 126:6)

Pray for Revival!—Wesleyan Methodist.

"There are brakemen enough in the church to last a hundred years, if we never receive another one. What we want is more firemen."

THE ETHICS OF TOBACCO.

Tobacco has weight and colour, smell and taste, but what possible connection can a plant, a material thing, have with ethics, or with moral quality of any kind. And yet tobacco has its code of ethics, differing from all else.

A great underlying principle of social ethics is that while the individual must be free to live his own life in his own way, this liberty should subordinate itself to the comfort and convenience of the whole, that it should not indulge itself in any way to the injury or offense of others.

In all good society this principle is almost universally respected. Most decent people are careful to avoid in public anything that would be distasteful to others.

Tobacco is the one exception to this general rule. Men and—whisper it—women, who would scorn to appear in public uncleansed, unkempt, with anthyng in person or dress or manner or action offensive to others, will light up cigar, cigarette or pipe, puff the air thick with tobacco smoke and thrust it upon others without a thought of how offensive it may be.

In dining and drawing-room, restaurant and hotel, anywhere, everywhere, the smoker puffs complacently, and any presumptuous enough to speak of it as out of place would be stared at with ill-disguised contempt.

On the summer excursion steamer, the smoker, instead of the stern, usually seeks the bow, the coign of vantage, lights up and compels all others who came for the pure, fresh air to swallow his stale smoke after he has mouthed it to his satisfaction.

At banquets or public eating places there is never a thought of those to whom it is offensive, who pay their way and have their rights, but who have to sit and breathe the expectorated smoke of others who have no more right there than they themselves have.

No word is said here of smoking in private, its effect on health, physical or mental, its waste, its saturating of clothes and persons with its offensive odour.

The one curious point here noted is the peculiar ethical effect it seems to have on otherwise good, decent people, making them forgetful of the feelings or right of others, regardless, along this particular line, of the ordinary decencies of social life.

The case is unique. Neither chemist nor moralist can explain it. But the fact remains that here is no other connection in which people, otherwise duly mindful of the rights of their fellows, will, in their sober sense, so utterly disregard those rights.

It is so unique that we have ventured to give it a name of its own and to call it—"The Ethics of Tobacco."—Presbyterian Record.

"For every mud-puddle of sin, God has an Atlantic Ocean of grace."

"Life consists not in what we get out of it, but in what we put into it."