

utensils, etc., and pitched their tent not far from us. If yesterday had been fine we would have had some real native pictures for there was a large crowd. It was a hard day, for at times it poured. Many of them brought their beer pots or calabashes and there was a very social, noisy time among them. They make the beer from amable grain, and it seems such a pity to waste it in this way, for it is good food; it makes very nice porridge. Last year it was not a good crop, so beer was scarce, but we see plenty of it this year. It is common to see women passing on the way to a beer drink, carrying their foaming calabash of beer. It is grand when the Lord saves them from this, and many of them are delivered, while many others are held in bondage. They certainly love it until the Lord delivers them for it is such a common custom. It is wonderful to know that many whom we now see as happy Christians were at one time indulging in all these kinds of heathen practices.

A few weeks ago Evelina, the native girl, who was staying with us, was missing toward evening. Having noticed that she took particular care in arranging her hair and dress that afternoon and hearing a peculiar screaming noise of people at the other side of the wattle grove I thought I would follow the noise and see what was taking place. I came in sight of two natives carrying a red and white flag running two and fro like mad men. The girl I was looking for was near by with several others, and in a few minutes a company of about sixteen joined the flag men and began to approach with a weirdlike-singing, brandishing sticks in the air and dressed in ridiculous heathen style. It was not hard to believe this was a heathen country as I stood there and saw the performances. I could not understand what it was all about and wished earnestly that Helen was there to see them and that Faith was with me to interpret the meaning of the affair. They advanced and retreated several times, dancing and continuing the heathen song; but presently seated themselves in a semi-circle on the ground. One by one they came forward and knelt down before the girls, each one making a speech. My presence did not seem to be appreciated, but I stood my ground, feeling very curious indeed and anxious to know what Evelina had to do in this heathen affair. In a short time I was delighted to see Helen and Faith appear, for they had heard the noise and were told by Filita that it was a "bonga indaba" (a matter of thanks). Evelina had been courted by a heathen relative many years older than herself (she is only about fifteen) and had decided to accept him. These people were coming to celebrate this engagement, but the presence of the white people and Paulina, a bright Christian who is now working at Dr. Sanders', and is a relative of Evelina, having certain charge of her, prevented the carrying out of the full programme. Paulina refused to accept "thank" money which was offered, and the company soon dispersed. The girl's parents did not know of this matter and among the Zulus it is considered almost disgraceful to marry relatives.

Evelina returned to us quite disap-

pointed and next morning wanted to leave us. We persuaded her to stay until we got another girl and meantime word was sent to her mother. Our hearts felt very sorry for the girl for we know this is a plan of Satan to lead her into a life of heathendom and sorrow. She has had light and claimed to be a Christian, but told Dr. Sanders that now one heart says to be a Christian and the other heart says be a heathen. The mother came for her a few days later and took her home. In leaving she said, "Peace be multiplied to you," which went to our hearts. She was a faithful girl and we were sorry to have her go and she was half sorry too. We do pray yet that the Lord may over-rule and prevent her from going on in this step she has taken.

Not far from here was another "bonga indaba" this week and we could hear the noise of the people for a long time; and back of hills was a heathen wedding recently, the celebration of which lasted for several days and we could hear the heathen singing and shouting during the nights.

Prayer is surely the missionary's greatest task, more and more we see the need of earnest prayer for these souls. We do praise God for his continual encouragement and loving care. Truly he is so good to us, and we do want his will done in our lives. Lydia is such an inspiration and help in class. Her shining face shows forth such love and she is always so eager to help in Zulu. We do love these dark children of his, who have the real Spirit of Jesus.

Now I must close for it is nearing post time.

In a recent letter from Paul we hear that he shot eighteen buck on his way to the Keyes Mission Station, eight of these he got in one day. It is the fall and winter hunting season in Africa now. George and Paul are so fond of hunting and it is really amusing to see Charlie and Norman start off in the early morning and toward evening with their little air rifles. They are lovely little boys and so good. I am sure you would love to see them all. Remember us all in prayer.

Yours in Jesus,

ALICE F. STERRITT.

LONG-SUFFERING.

Some years ago I had in my garden a tree that never bore. One day I was going down, with my axe in my hand, to fell it. My wife met me in the pathway, and pleaded for it, saying: "Why, spring is now very near; stay, and see whether there may not be some change; and if not, you can deal with it accordingly."

As I never repented following her advice, I yielded to it now; and what was the consequence? In a few weeks the tree was covered with blossoms, and in a few weeks more it was bending with fruit.

"Ah!" said I, "this should teach me. I will learn a lesson from hence, not to cut down too soon; that is, not to consider persons incorrigible or abandoned too soon, so as to give up hope, and the use of the means of prayer in their behalf."

—W. Jay.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Fellow-worker:

Praise the Lord for all his manifold mercies. How good he is to us all.

Once again we write to stir up your pure mind by way of remembrance, and urge you to unite with us all once again in fasting and prayer. Let us so unite on Monday, July 31st. Pray for blessing on all the prayer-partners, on all who say, "Pray for me," but especially pray that the Church of Christ will so get over on real blessing ground that God can open the flood gates in heaven and pour out blessing upon blessing upon her until every channel runs full with the flood-tide of revival. Amen and amen!

We thank you for praying for us last month and praise him for victory.

On our fast day read again Matt. 18:19 and let your faith take hold.

Brethren, pray for us.

Yours for the revival,

CHARLES V. FAIRBAIRN.

Westport, Ont.

ALABASTER BOX.

Do not keep your sublime love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness; speak approving, cheerful words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and be made happier by them. The kind things you mean to do when they are dead, do before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homse before they leave them.

If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection which they intend to break over my body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours and open them while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without flowers, a funeral without eulogy, than a life without sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for burial. Post-mortem kindness does not cheer the burdened spirit; flowers on a coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary way.

"Let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."—Gal. 6:9.—Sel.

Occasionally some one is heard to say, "It doesn't matter what people think of me. I know my heart is right." In sight of my office is a church tower. On one of the clock faces one of the hands has been broken, making the clock tell strange tales. There are people who do not understand and are misled by it. At heart the old clock is all right, but that does not alter the seriousness of the fact that people have been late in meeting their engagements and have missed their trains because the face is not an index to that which it covers.—Selected.

Religion is of little value if it does not glorify a man's face, rule his dress, shape his manners, and become a fragrance which flows from him in every relationship, and which all who have to do with him must detect.—Sel.