

FROM ONE OF OUR YOUNG MISSIONARIES.

P. O. Hartland,
via Paulpietersburg,
Natal, March 19, 1922

Dear Highway:

Its a most glorious Sunday morning, cool, windy, a bit rainy, and all clouded over. It is such a lovely quiet morning that I thought I would take this opportunity to write the letter I have been wanting to write for the last month or so.

I think I must first tell how the Lord has been blessing me in the last three or four months. I have been led deeper and further in my Christian experience than I have for years; I do so wish I could somehow let you know how much I love him, how much he has done for me. He hears and answers my prayers continually. I feel that he has some special private work for me to do somewhere in "earth's harvest fields so wide," and where'er he leads me I'll follow without murmur or complaint. I hope and pray that every one who may read this will get to know, if they do not already, the dear loving Saviour at least as much as I do, but not to stop there, but to go onward, for I have only begun.

One thing I have proved is this, "He is not a disappointment; Jesus is far more to me than in all my glowing dreams I had fancied he could be; and the more I get to know him so the more I find him true, and the more I long that others may be led to know him too. I pray that he may not be disappointed in me.

Dear readers, I have tried to tell him as I know him, but human tongue can never tell of love divine, so I can only pray that God may some day be revealed to you, when you will say with the people of Samaria, "Now we believe not because of thy sayings: for we have heard him ourselves and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world."

When I read the Bible it seems like a letter from my Master to me, for he draws so near and shows me hidden truths. Longing friend, don't stand off and envy me, come yourself and taste and see that the Lord is good. What he has done for others he will gladly do for you and tenfold more besides.

I must close now, so with every good wish for your Spiritual welfare, I remain,
Your little sister in Jesus,

MIRIAM SANDERS.

MEGALOMANIA.

That is a big word, but fitting, for it means the mania for bigness, a type of that is common. Of it the United Presbyterian says: "One is tempted to rear superstructures which are too great for the foundation. Often they have no foundation and become as castles. In either case collapse is certain.

"Just now this megalomania is widespread. There is much talk about internationalism, with little attention to nationalism, yet the latter is the true foundation of the former.

"World movements are in vogue, with a neglect of local affairs. Yet the world movement rests upon the local conditions. This mania is dangerous to the man and to work."

ST. JOHN, N. B., EASTER PROGRAMME.

Opening Chorus—Hymn 323, Christ Arose.

Recitation, Etta Hilyard—The Gate of Life.

Solo, Fred Parlee—One Happy Easter Morning.

Recitation, Frances Saunders—The Legend of the Lilies.

Duet, Helen Cosman and Mrs. Beasley—Triumph O'er the Tomb.

Dialogue by six little girls—Easter Voices.

Song, Marion Saunders and Etta Hilyard—Tell the Story.

Recitation, Ruth Hilyard—He Shall Rise.

Solo, Carl Parlee—I know that I Shall Live Again.

Recitation, George Saunders—Rain and Sun.

Reading—Mrs. Clark.

Solo, Ethel Cosman—Jesus Lover of My Soul.

Recitation, Gracie Lawlor—A Little April Breeze.

Duet, Helen Cosman and Fred Parlee—Easter is His Sign.

Recitation, Bennet Saunders—Do You Know.

Chorus, by eight girls—Merry Bells of Easter.

Recitation, Adline Ring—Spread your Wings.

Duet, Helen Cosman and Thelma Parlee—Eternal Light.

Recitation, Marion Saunders—The World Itself Keeps Easter.

Letter to S. School from Sister Bessie McAvity.

Duet, Elsie Ferris and Mrs. Fowler—What Did it Mean?

Dialogue by seven girls—A Living Christ.

Duet, Helen Cosman and Frances Saunders—Jesus Rose Today.

Recitation, Millicent Allen—Flower Bells.

Solo—Gracie Lawlor.

Recitation, Ira Colwell—Little Blossoms

Closing Chorus by three girls—God in Heaven, We Thank Thee.

Brother Hilyard spoke briefly in appreciation and moved a vote of thanks to those in charge.

PROSPECTIVE MISSIONARIES.

Dr. Sanders says: I have taken Miriam and Grace (his young daughters) on as my helpers, one in the forenoon and the other in the afternoon, in the office; they are thus getting the same training that has fitted Faith (his eldest daughter) to be a medical missionary. George is in the store, Judson is "handy-man" doing odd jobs, painting, repairing mission property. George is one of our regular preachers, so is Miriam in the class meetings. Judson is more backward but just as good and capable, and conducts native services. Grace is capable in every line. Thus you have four budding missionaries doing good work on this station.

It is not great talents that God blesses so much as great likeness to Jesus. A holy minister is an awful weapon in the hand of God.—M'Cheyne.

WESTCHESTER SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Opening Chorus by congregation—Where Jesus is 'tis Heaven there.

Scripture reading by Brother Charles Webb.

Prayer by Rev. G. Robinson.

Singing, I will go.

Recitation, We're glad to see you.

An exercise by 14 little girls (Little Helpers).

Recitation—Our mission.

A motion exercise by a number of little ones.

Recitation, Glad Easter time—2 boys.

Exercise, Little brown bulb—5 girls.

Exercise—Greatest deeds of love.

Singing—Beautiful blossoms of pity.

Reading by Brother Charles Webb. (He made the coupling).

Exercise by six girls (Helping Mamma)
Recitation—How Grandma changed her mind.

Singing—Overcomers.

Dialogue—Little citizens asking for

Recitation—If I had been there.

Singing—The whole wide world for Jesus.

Dialogue—The call from heathendom.

Recitation—Send the gospel faster.

Reading—A letter from Sister Flora Clark a missionary in India formerly a school teacher that taught in Westchester.

Flag exercise and song—Gathering jewels.

Recitation—Easter time.

Singing by the Presbyterian choir.

Dialogue— and the Misison School.

A duet—This poor dying world needs you.

Reading—A letter from the Sterritt Sisters.

Closing hymn by the congregation.

Benediction by Brother Webb.

MRS. MINNIE TEED.

Westchester Station N. S.

ALL THINGS

By Archibald Rutledge.

My foemen throng before with purpose grim;

But, trusting in the Lord of Life, I go:
All things for me are possible with Him.

I see no path; but his clear light I see.

I have no strength. He makes his strength my own;

It is my faith in Him that foemen flee.

Through sorrow's wilds, deep-veiled with shadows dim,

I go sustained; my heart, rejoicing, sings:
"All things for me are possible with Him."

So following faith unti life's last far rim,
My Lost and Loved to me shall be restored:
E'en this for me is possible with Him.

"YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN."

Seldom do many of our congregations hear a plain, earnest sermon on the new birth. And those congregations are suffering for want of good, doctrinal blood. As we see it, spiritual anaemia attends the neglect of that vivid, emphatic doctrine which Christ made central.—Nashville Advocate.