

day; by eight-hour shifts the boys keep the great hungry, stone-crushing mills busy, grinding the gold-bearing quartz, until there are great hills of grey sand marking every gold mine for the 130 miles of reefs.

Sunday, most of the boys rest, dance, visit, a few attend religious services, but the crushing of stone goes on with no intermission.

In the geological museum at Johannesburg I saw samples of the quartz from these mines, as well as from other parts of the world. On the Reef we have not only common white quartz, but dark grey "conglomerate." In some samples the gold is visible, while in others it can not be seen.

It costs \$15,000,000 to get everything ready to begin work on one of these big mines. But it pays the investors. I think if Jesus had lived in this place He would have said: "The kingdom of heaven" is like unto the above company. They made sure that paying gold was just below, in great quantities; then they sold all they had, bought that field, and got to work regardless of cost. Bless God, we have something better than gold and are more than willing to forsake all for the assurance of what "the earnest of our inheritance" promises—"inheritance incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven," where gold paves the streets.

Some day these mines will have been exhausted; already the depth reached is 6,000 feet, being sixty feet below sea level. But our prospect of "riches in glory" is that which is eternal.

At Pretoria I received a surprise; for though the opportunities for mission work among the natives are many and great, yet they are woefully neglected. For the reason, one need not look far, as less than \$2.00 buys a return ticket to the mines just described. The mission work on these mines, I take it, has so attracted the missionaries that they naturally have left Pretoria with insufficient help. Most of the work there is done by the Swiss Mission, now fifty years in Africa. They look after the spiritual welfare of 1,200 prisoners in four prisons, 900 lepers, among whom they have 350 communicants. Also they minister to 600 inmates of a mental asylum, as well as three native compounds of 1,300 boys; two native locations (where families live) of 3,000.

Just one man superintends all this, together with outpost work along the railway lines. Among his helpers is an old man, now retired, who was his predecessor in this work. In twenty years of chaplain work at the jails this old man has been the spiritual adviser to 400 natives who were hanged during that period of years. For another helper he has a retired missionary of the S. A. G. M., the mission in which we labored during our second year in Africa. A third helper is also an old man near eighty. He is Methodist and very zealous. His wife is as zealous as he and as hard-working. Mr. Bailley of the S. A. G. M. took me around to meet them, but she was "in the wash tub." I liked the old man, who is spiritual, but not long for this world. When he spoke to his wife of his weakness and how out of breath it made him to push his bicycle up to the jail and hospital, she replied: "You must not loaf, John."

So, with very little help, this one man has 8,000 natives to look after. Other societies are represented by native evangelists, but the Swiss Mission (interdenominational) has the bulk of the work, and the tremendous responsibility of enlightening and shepherding these thousands.

One thought more impresses one in regard to this Pretoria Mission work. The 1,200 natives in jails and those in the hospitals are all afflicted, and therefore more susceptible to the gospel than they otherwise would be. "Before I was afflicted," says the Psalmist, "I went astray." These with the 900 lepers and some of the 600 in the mental hospital form a class that especially appeal to the heart of Christ. To such as these He was sent: to comfort them that mourn, to bind up the broken-hearted, to set at liberty those who are bound, to give rest and peace to the heavy laden. Let us pray the Lord of the Harvest to send forth more laborers into these needy compounds of the Johannesburg mines and to help heal this open sore in Pretoria.

Yours, burdened for these neglected thousands,

H. C. SANDERS.

### "DO."

From my vocabulary I choose the word "do." Why should I select such a short word? First, I choose this word that it may linger in the ear of the reader. Secondly, I choose it because it is ever before me on the sacred pages of the Bible. If a sinner were to ask me what he should "do" to inherit eternal life, I should answer him in the language of Paul and Silas, who stood before the jailor and said: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Jesus said: "Without me ye can DO nothing." Again He said: "Ye are My friends, if ye DO whatsoever I command you." Jesus, when asked which was the first commandment of all, answered: "The first of all the commandments is: Hear, O, Israel! The Lord our God is one Lord: And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. This is the first commandment. And the second is like, namely this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." I am convinced that a converted man is anxious to do something for God and humanity, and that a sanctified man is even more desirous. Paul welcomed the change that came to his life on the road to Damascus, and immediately asked: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me DO?" The answer was: "Arise and go into the city." He was to wait there for further directions. He obeyed God. We as Christians ought to ask God what we are to DO, and then DO it by the grace of God. I now ask a few questions. Can you face the mountains of difficulties in order to point some man to the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world?" Can you plunge through the waters of affliction to save a man from drifting over the falls of time into the gulf of eternity? Can you preach Christ and the Bible in its fullness in the face of formalism, criticism, and all manner of devilism? Can you live the life of holiness among those that say we must sin a little in order to keep humble? Can you "walk through the valley of the shadow of death and fear no evil," or face the Son of God at His coming? Can you have the "Well done!" spoken by the Judge at the judgment? Yes, thank God, we can do all things through Christ which strengthen us."

G. A. ROGERS.

Wollaston, Mass.

The Holy Ghost inspired all the writers of the word of God, and we need the same flaming inspiration to understand and preach it.

### NOTICE.

I am requested to announce that the Quarterly Meeting of District No. 3 will convene at North Head on June 7th, continuing over the Sabbath (10th), instead of May 31st to June 3rd, as previously announced.

We expect this meeting to be conducted under the leadership of the Holy Spirit, and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty; so come to help and be helped.

P. H. GREEN, Sec'y.

### OBITUARY.

Simpson C. Dunlop.

Dear Highway:

It is with sad hearts that we report the death of our father, Simpson C. Dunlop, of Skowhegan, Me., who departed this life April 19th, 1923, at the age of seventy-one. About one and a half years ago our father was afflicted with rheumatism, which developed into consumption of the bowels. Love and untiring care could not hold him, and on Friday at 3.00 p. m. he left us to be with Jesus. His loving wife, eight children and one daughter-in-law were present at his death. Just before leaving, God lovingly rolled back the gates of glory and gave him a glimpse through; he said: "Oh, I see white linen, lots and lots of it, and there's some for me, it's all white, all white."

Our father moved to this country just three years ago from Maple Ridge, York Co., N. B., where he was a deacon of the Reformed Baptist Church of that place, and one of the earliest supporters of the holiness movement. He leaves to mourn, besides his wife, eight children—Henry, of Madison, Me.; Frank, of Maple Ridge, N. B.; Guy, at home; Fraser, now pastor of the Southampton Circuit, N. B.; Mrs. Tyler Appleby, Mrs. Sterley Flemming, Mrs. Perley Briggs, of Skowhegan, Me.; Mrs. Adam Briggs, of North Anson, Me. His eldest daughter, Mrs. Jack Young, of Maple Ridge, departed this life just six months ago.

The funeral service was held at the home, conducted by Rev. Mr. Thurlow (Baptist.) Pearl Flemming, his little granddaughter, sang "The Pearly White City," his favorite hymn. The floral tributes were many and beautiful, expressing the high esteem he held in the hearts of his friends of this place. The remains were laid to rest in Southside Cemetery, to await the trumpet of God. Our loss is his gain. We sorrow, but not as those who have no hope, for at the great resurrection of the dead we shall meet again.

—Mrs. Perley Briggs.

Mrs. Fred Hodgen.

Mrs. Fred Hodgen, of Chelsea, Mass., a daughter of the late Theoplis Edwards, of Meductic, died on Thursday of last week, aged 53 years. She leaves a husband, a mother, Mrs. Theoplis Edwards, of Houlton, Maine, two sisters, Mrs. Percy Bourne, and Mrs. Charles McCanna, Houlton, Maine, and two brothers, Hurd Edwards, of Meductic, and Elijah Edwards, of Chelsea, Mass. The body was brought to her sister's, Mrs. Percy Bourne, Broadway, where the funeral service was conducted on Saturday by the Rev. L. J. Alley. The interment took place in the Methodist cemetery. The pallbearers were Percy Bourne, Charles McCanna, Perley Gardiner, G. H. McCloskey.

"Enoch had to walk by faith before he had the feeling. The feeling was, that he pleased God."