

of God. It will be a wonderful joy in heaven to see some of these dear Zulus. May we see many of them is the prayer of our heart.

We are expecting Faith home today or tomorrow. George has gone out to Paulpietersburg to meet her. I expect the natives will rejoice to see her; they are always asking when she will be home again. They are wonderful people to greet one and say good-bye, and some of them have such expressive ways of expressing sympathy concerning sickness or sorrow.

The New Year will have begun before this letter reaches you. May it be the best of our lives and yours in the service of Jesus. We send greetings to you all and ask your prayers that it may be so. The Lord bless you all. You are often in our thoughts and prayers.

I wish I could picture to you the beauty of the hills and sky, for it is sunset hour. The Lord does give us so many beautiful scenes to enjoy in this distant land and we praise Him.

I have stopped writing to rejoice with Nell over the purchase of a very beautiful piece of beaded work with which heathen men adorn themselves when they attend weddings and other heathen festivities. Makunzini, the married son of the kraal where Nell has meeting, is selling his to her, for he has no pleasure in these things now. His heart, he says, is satisfied with the Word of God. You will remember that he was converted the Sunday after his father's death, and he is a real blessing to our souls. Every Sunday he stands up among his people and testifies definitely to what God has done for him, and they believe him. They sit there and hang their heads and he just preaches to them and tells them how it saddens his heart because they are not happy like he is. One Sunday I was over there and after we had sung "There is a fountain filled with blood," he stood up and said that these words went right to his heart. "All the days" he remembers those beautiful words, they ring in his heart, that "he who is washed in this blood finishes his sins." You can imagine how it blesses our souls when we hear natives tell what the blood of Jesus has done for them.

And now good-bye. Remember us all in prayer.

Yours in Christian love,

ALICE F. STERRITT.

#### THE UNWISDOM OF THE WISE.

"Astronomy has mapped the heaven and numbered the stars, but on its sky charts we find no Star of Bethlehem, and in its sky no Sun of Righteousness. Geology has combed the stratified layers of the earth's foundations, but it has found no Rock of Ages. Physics, with its electric light, has illuminated cities until the night is banished, but it knows not, heeds not the Light of the World. Mineralogy has sifted the stones of the earth, and sounded the depth of the seas, but it has found no Jewels of the King, nor a Pearl of Great Price. Oh, the unwisdom of this age of the wise! Men now, as never before, by wisdom, know not God."—Good Tidings.

#### OBITUARY.

Mr. Leonard Miller

In the passing of Mr. Leonard Miller from this life on the morning of Jan. 15, after an illness of a few days, Middle Southampton has lost one of its oldest and highly respected residents. Brother Miller was born at this place eighty-five years ago and had lived here all his life. He professed religion many years ago and was a member of the Reformed Baptist Church. Besides his sorrowing wife he leaves four sons: Burns S. Miller, of Weippe, Idaho; Medley F. Miller, of Dayton, Ohio; Alonzo B. Miller, of Pittsfield, Mass.; Arwood S. Miller, at home; three daughters, Mrs. Woodford Wright, of Southampton, N. B.; Mrs. Smith Dow, of Marysville, N. B.; and Mrs. Arthur Sipprell, of Hartland, N. B.; also a number of grandchildren to mourn their loss. The funeral service was held in the Reformed Baptist Church, the writer officiating, where a large crowd gathered to pay their last tribute of respect to their friend and neighbor. We laid his mortal remains to rest in the Middle Southampton cemetery, to await the resurrection morning. To the sorrowing ones we extend our love and sympathy.

P. W. BRIGGS.

Mrs. E. A. Morgan.

Mrs. Ella A. Morgan, widow of George W. Morgan, who formerly resided in Brown's Flat, but later made her home in Dorchester, Mass., passed away at the home of her son, A. R. Morgan, in Dorchester on Sunday, Jan. 10, at 6.30 p. m. Death was caused by bronchial pneumonia. Mrs. Morgan was aged 71 years. The funeral service was held at the home of her son in Dorchester on Tuesday, Jan. 12th, at 2.30 p. m. and was conducted by Rev. Mr. Winnegate, of the Methodist Church. Mrs. Dryer sang the solos "In the Garden" and "Jesus Lover of My soul."

The body was brought to Brown's Flat for interment and was accompanied by her three sons. Service was held here on the arrival of the Valley train. Rev. I. VanWart conducted the service at the grave.

Mrs. Morgan is survived by three sons, Emery D., George E. and Alfred R., of Dorchester; one brother, Alfred F. Hogan, of Melrose, Mass., and one sister, Mrs. DeVeber Crabbe, of Brown's Flat. There are five grandchildren also surviving.

Note.—The late Mrs. Morgan had been a regular attendant at the Camp Meeting at Beulah for many years, and has remained during the summer, occupying a room in Riverview dormitory. She will be much missed by all.—Editor.

#### FAITH OF A CHILD.

One cold winter morning Mr. B— was sitting at his work near a good fire in a comfortable, pleasant room. From time to time he stopped to look at the falling snow; and, while thanking God for his own well-being, thought of the thousands of poor trembling with cold and hunger.

All at once the thought of a widow who had lately come to the village crossed his mind. Her position was unknown to him; he only knew she had seen better days. He could not get rid of the thought of her. He rose, walked up and down his room, and again took his pen, but in vain; the widow occupied his mind in spite of himself; he wondered whether she was really in need, perhaps suffering from cold and hunger. He resolved to do the only thing that could quiet him—he went to the village to see for himself her condition.

Across a thick snow he soon reached the house inhabited by the widow; stopping a moment before the door, he heard a child's voice saying the Lord's Prayer. The child repeated it many times, pronouncing with a special emphasis and touching fervor the words, "Give us this day our daily bread." Mr. B— listened, and was certain the Lord had sent him there.

Thanks to the snow which covered the ground, his approach had not been heard. Softly raising the latch, he saw a little boy of five years kneeling before a chair near the grate. His little hands were joined, and his pale face raised to heaven with an expression of earnest entreaty. He rose in a minute or two, and the visitor entered. The child appeared surprised, but not frightened. In reply to the kind questions of the stranger, he said that his mother was ill. Mr. B— then took him on his knee, and asked him what he had been doing. "Oh, sir," he replied, "you know in our prayer it says, 'Give us this day our daily bread?' and as we have no bread, I have been asking God to give us some." Mr. B— soon left the house, and going to a neighboring shop, brought bread and some other provisions.

Returning to the widow's he found the little boy still before the grate, as if waiting for God to answer his prayer. As soon as he saw the bread, he ran to his benefactor, and putting his hand on the loaf, said: "That comes from our Father: how quick He has been in sending it! I am going quick to tell mamma." Mr. B— left the house, and on his way ordered some coal to be sent to the widow.

Returning to his own room, he took up his work with an accustomed facility; for even in the small things of life God honors them who honor Him. In the evening he returned to the little house, and how changed all was. A fire blazed on the hearth, near which the mother and child were enjoying their evening meal. As soon as Mr. B— appeared, the little boy ran to him, took hold of his hands, and joyfully said: "Mamma, here is the gentleman that God sent with the bread." Mr. B— soon discovered that the widow loved the Lord, and trusted in Him. Weak, ill and without support, living in a lonely house, her only resource had been prayer and confidence in God; but that morning she was well-nigh in despair. "And now," she said, "God has given me far more than I asked or thought. Ah, sir, after what has just occurred, it seems impossible that I can ever again doubt the goodness of the Lord."—Selected.