

How our hearts yearned for his salvation. Many young heathen girls were there who never attend meetings, and the Lord spoke to their hearts. The native workers gave beautiful exhortations and a number testified that from that day they wanted to be all for God. We had to close the meeting as the sun was setting and our ride home was over a very difficult rocky path. We long to go back and trust the Lord will arrange it for us. It seems sad to see these people for just once, but we can continue in prayer for their salvation, and please join us, dear friends, in this. We believe you are doing so, and we thank God for it.

Yesterday we had a good meeting here with Samuel to help us, with his straight and earnest admonitions to the Church. We believe the truth of God went home to hearts.

This afternoon we are going to visit some kraals. Oftentimes these kraal visits arouse a desire in heathen hearts to attend services, and one can have more time to deal personally than in a larger meeting in crowded huts. The Lord blesses in this effort to reach souls very sweetly, and we do praise Him for the joy He gives in kraal visiting.

Helen will write from Altona. We expect to go there next week (D. V.) The dear Lord is giving us health and strength and caring for us in every way. We praise Him.

Yours in Christian love,

ALICE F. STERRITT

CORRESPONDENCE

Everett, Mass.

Dear Brother Trafton:

Our address in future will be Glendale St., Everett, Mass. My Highway has just come since I began this letter. Sorry to learn of Brother Colpitts' death. George Rogers took tea with us Sunday night and told us about it. We are still contending for the faith once delivered unto the saints, and intend to go through, with the help of Jesus; and it does take His help, for we have a mighty foe to resist, but glad I know our God is almighty, and there is nothing too hard for Him. Praise his precious name. He has answered prayer for me today. Bless Him! Glory! I take the impossible thing to Him and He brings to pass; what is impossible with man is possible with God. I look forward to getting the Highway twice a month. I am still interested in the Reformed Baptists and pray for them.

MRS. J. H. SABEAN

South Weymouth, Mass.

Dear Brother Trafton:

I look forward to the coming of the King's Highway with pleasure. I love to read its clean pages, especially the testimonies of the saints. They are food to my soul. When I commence to read it I generally read it through before I stop. That incident of little Arma's prayer for the healing of her mother is wonderful where she said, I shall not keep on to command you, but please make mamma well in her feet. I read of another incident of a little girl who had to go to a hospital to go through an operation. After they laid her on the operation table they told her they were going to give her something to make her sleep. She told them to wait till she said her prayer. It was this: Now I lay me down to sleep. I pray the Lord my soul to keep. If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take. It had such an effect on the

surgeon it was the means of his conversion. I love to read those incidents. It is wonderful that children so young can have such simple trusting faith in Jesus. I am in my 82nd year and am shut in a great part of the time, but I thank the dear Lord that I am able to be out of bed. He wonderfully blesses my soul. I do not have the privilege of going to church anywhere. I live 19 miles from the Nazarene Church in Everett, of which I am a member. No matter where we live or what our circumstances or environments are, we have the privilege of praying. Oh, what a privilege we have praying for one another, although absent one from the other. I am so glad that God hears and answers. Glory to his precious name forever.

JAMES C. BENT

JIM AND JOE AND JOHN

There was a brief lull in the business, and Jim and Joe and John were talking on the subject of religion. They didn't disagree exactly and yet they were not always of one mind. Some reference had been made to Luther Burbank and Thomas Edison and their utterances on religion.

"Well," said Jim, "these fellows get beyond their depths—and are foolishly dogmatic, when they talk about religious matters. And for such old men to prattle out their chief infidelity—well, they should have some friends who would save them from such pitiable exposure of themselves."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Joe. "Haven't they a right to say what they believe?"

"Certainly," said Jim, "but a man should be careful how and when he talks. To use one's position of prominence in the world of material things and make it a rostrum from which to preach infidelity, is a foolish misuse of privilege, and if a man hasn't enough sense to keep his mouth shut on subjects of which he is ignorant, his friends should protect him."

"But aren't you begging the whole question?" asked Jim. "Why do these men not deserve a hearing? They have as much right to speak their minds as—as the preachers, for instance."

"Doubtless," responded Jim. "I know that religion is a spiritual thing; and as a certain author says, 'spiritual things are spiritually discerned.' I believe that. And when a man gets to where such men as Burbank and Edison seem to have gone, it is evidenced that the spiritual perceptions are dead. Such men are only half alive. Huxley got that way, and had enough sense left to realize it. His spiritual faculties were dead, and he knew it."

"All of which sounds well," said Joe, "but you dodge the question. What about the conclusions of these men?"

"No, I have no opinion to express. To argue the shining of the sun to a blind man; to try to convince a deaf man of music, is a waste of effort. An old writer once said, 'The fool saith in his heart there is no God.' Guess that's about it. But think of a man who lets such thoughts get to his lips that the world may hear—what a foolish man."

John had been listening for some time. John always was quiet; so when he spoke it seemed to be the end of the discussion.

"You fellows," said John, "have missed the point of this whole matter. 'We're a bunch of cowards. These fellows deny the existence of God, try to make out that Jesus was

an infidel, and all sorts of nonsense, and they get a wide hearing; the front pages of the newspapers herald this stuff from Dan to Beersheba. And as for us—? Here you are, Jim, a Presbyterian; Joe, you are a Methodist, and I call myself a Baptist. When have we spoken to anybody on these great things? Here are fellows in this very office, and we are afraid of our religion; it seems like a bit of bric-a-brac—falling to pieces if we handle it. Well, judging from the stuff we seem to have, that's about it! But Burbank and Edison and their crew—their stuff is a sweet morsel on these godless tongues. Yes, we're a bunch of cowards! He ought to spew us out of his mouth! God help us; we ought to get down on our marrow bones and confess the yellow streak in us. Perhaps He can turn it red! Let's give Him a chance, lads."

And John's clenched fist indicated the state of his feelings.—Watchman-Examiner.

THE WORD

"I looked and rose up, and said unto the nobles and rulers and to the rest of the people: Be not ye afraid of them; remember the Lord, who is great and terrible, and fight for your brethren, your sons and your daughters, your wives and your houses."—Nehemiah 4:14.

THE SUCCESS OF MISSIONS

Nothing so strongly shows the success of missions as the fruit of missionary work in the lives of the natives. On every hand the living power of the gospel is shown. The recent troubles in China have brought this truth out in many instances.

"Mr. High, writing in the Living Church, of China, tells us of one pastor in Nanking who took of his savings to buy soap, towels, and toothbrushes for the missionaries in hiding. The Ginling College girls gathered in small groups, in backs of shops and cemeteries, for prayer at the crisis. Dr. Price's ransom of several hundred dollars was paid by a group of Chinese Christians who contributed this, for them, almost impossible price. Bishop Roots tells of two of his clergy who were beaten and imprisoned. It was on St. Stephen's day, and two Chinese pastors stood up in the midst of their fellow prisoners and preached the story of Stephen, saying at the close, 'China needs Stephens,' and then they prayed for more men with the spirit of Stephen. Mr. Searle Bates, another observer at Nanking, says, 'The Chinese Christians appeared from every side to render all possible help, at great peril to themselves. They were from all stations, the humblest and the greatest. They hid foreigners in their own houses, guided them to places of concealment, and provided food and information. They paid ransoms, they pleaded with soldiers in the act of shooting. When these soldiers came to kill Miss Golisch, the girls of her school made a circle three deep, saying to them, 'If you kill her, you must first kill us.'—The Way of Faith.

THE WORD

"It is not for kings to drink wine, nor for princes to say, 'Where is strong drink?' Lest they drink and forget the law, and pervert justice due to any that are afflicted."—Proverbs 31:4-5.