

munion services I ever attended and so solemn. How all listened as we explained just what it meant and why we are commanded to always remember it!

Monday we again visited Guza's, a kraal about 8 miles away. Found him home and hard at it building his cattle kraal. However, his wives and himself collected near a hut and there four more of his children were presented to the Lord. Two are twins. He intends to give his whole family of 23 children to the Lord in time. Some of the mothers were away this day and some of the children were absent. We feel the meeting has been a great help in drawing this whole village nearer to the Light and are glad we went.

On our return we call and have prayers with a sick girl, a daughter of Wombango's husband, but another mother. Her own daughter is able to teach beginners so we start a school with Selina as teacher, and rejoice that God has softened her father's heart enough for him to give his consent to her teaching.

Tuesday: We make five calls, miles apart, and hold a meeting at each place, pray with the sick and try to encourage a discouraged person.

One of the calls was at George Sangweni's where he presented his three children to the Lord. One was very sick and seemed on the way to die of consumption. Both of her parents feel this sorrow deeply, but pray God to have his way and help them to keep true to Him amid this trial.

Paulina has been so faithful in her visits to this place and God certainly has blessed her every effort. She knows the way and can make it plain to others. On Wednesday we were up early and off for home. After having prayers with a few who came to bid us farewell. Only twelve days, but they were very full ones.

Brethren, pray for these new converts and the seekers and the little children. The latter are the hope of our church.

Yours in Jesus,

MRS. H. C. SANDERS

"NOVEL-KILLED"

Some years ago a young lady began to visit her pastor's study as a religious inquirer. It was during a revival, and on every hand her young friends were coming to Christ. But there she stood at the very threshold of the Kingdom, wistfully looking over, as if her feet were chained. She made no advance.

Her pastor and friends were equally puzzled. Prayer was offered for her, and the plainest instructions given, but she remained unmoved, excepting to regret that she could not become a Christian. At last, after three months' labor and anxiety, her pastor said: "I can do nothing with Sophia L—; she is perfectly unmanageable. I doubt if she will ever yield to the claims of the Gospel."

"What is the trouble? Can you not discover the obstacles in her way?" was asked.

"I find she is an inveterate novel-reader, and I have come to the conclusion that this will keep her out of the Kingdom."

"Can she not be persuaded to give up her novels?"

"That is not the point entirely. She has wasted her sensibilities over unreal objects so long—so continually reversed right and

wrong, looking at vice in the garb of virtue in that of unworthiness and injustice, that she has destroyed her moral sense. She assents to truth, but seems to have no power to grasp it. She knows what is right, but has no energy of will to do it. Her mind is diseased and enervated, and, I fear hopelessly so."

When we look at the young people daily flocking to the public libraries for the latest novels, or see them lounging away their best hours over the story-papers and the maza-zines; when we hear of this one who "does nothing but read novels the day through," we think of Sophia L; who is "perfectly unmanageable" on points of truth and duty, and wonder if they, too, must be given over to mental and moral disease and death.—Sel.

OBITUARY

Henry Hoyt

It is with much regret we record the passing from us of Brother Henry Hoyt at the age of 67, who in his sleep went to be with Jesus, from his new home in Fredericton, early Saturday morning, Nov. 12th.

Brother Hoyt had but recently moved from Maple Ridge where he had been, and will be greatly missed.

He had experienced some heart trouble of late, but was not thought to be in immediate danger.

A short service was conducted by Rev. I. F. Kierstead at the home of Mr. Hoyt's daughter, Mrs. E. E. Burden, in Fredericton, where the body was taken and held until the arrival of a son, Milton, from California on Thursday, Nov. 17th, when the remains were taken by auto-horse to Millville and service was conducted there by the writer, assisted by the Revs. E. W. Lester and I. F. Kierstead. Interment was made in the family lot in the cemetery nearby.

The floral offerings were beautiful

Besides his wife he leaves to mourn their loss two sons: Waldo and Milton, of Los Angeles, Calif., two daughters, Mrs. Karl Walker and Mrs. E. E. Burden, of Fredericton, Charles Hoyt, of Millville, N. B., Jos. M. of Sedro Wooley, Wash., and Willard, of Vancouver, B. C., are brothers.

Mrs. H. B. Lindsay, Halifax, N. S., Mrs. Mildred Conley, of Haverhill, Mass., and Mrs. Alex. Johnston, of Sedro Wooley, Wash., are sisters.

The very large gathering at the funeral served somewhat to show the high esteem in which the deceased was held, all feeling the loss of a friend.

To the sorrowing we extend deepest sympathy, though we sorrow not as others who have no hope.

L. T. S.

ANNIVERSARY

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Lawson, of South Devon, N. B., celebrated their 44th anniversary of their marriage, on the 18th November. Friends from Fredericton and Marysville met at their home and extended congratulations after which Rev. I. F. Kierstead on behalf of those present presented Mrs. Lawson with a beautiful sword fern and an oak stand. Mr. and Mrs. Lawson expressed their appreciation of the thoughtfulness of their friends.

FROM "THE LIFE ON WINGS"

By the late Rev. J. N. Hyde ("Praying Hyde")

"An another time Satan seems to have struck a hard blow at the work, and one is fighting against discouragement. Then a passage like in 2 Chron. 15 infuses strength, 'The Lord is with you while ye be with Him.' One knows that he has not forsaken the Lord and that therefore the Lord has not forsaken him, and with this promise that he can say to Satan: 'Wait and see who will have the victory.' And he feels that he can go out alone even into the battle. His prayer may be like that of Asa, who cried unto the Lord his God and said, 'Lord, it is nothing with thee to help, whether with many, or with them that have no power; help us, O Lord our God; for we rest on Thee, and in Thy Name we go against this multitude. O Lord, Thou art our God; let not man prevail against Thee!' (2 Chron. 14:11). After such a prayer as this the Lord could do nothing else than smite the Ethiopians before Asa.

At some such times of discouraging circumstances and trial, when strength comes and one rests in the word 'Father,' there comes to one an experience in which he feels as it were on wings. It is an actual experience, and there is no verse that so well describes it as that in Isaiah, "They shall mount up with wings as eagles." My friend, can you say that word 'Father?'

It happened also, at times, that we do not see the fruit of our labours, and the heart longs to see the harvest. I have read a story of a Scottish minister to whom, one Sabbath morning, some of his elders or deacons came and said they felt they must speak to him about the small results of the past year. The minister replied that he had tried to be faithful and to do his duty. But again they told him they felt it laid upon them to speak to him; that there had been only one communicant received in the whole year, and he was a boy. The minister went through with the service that morning with a heavy heart, and at its close lingered in the Kirk, made dear to him by so many memories. He felt as though he could die, and while thus cast down, one came up to him. It was the boy before mentioned, and he said, 'Pastor, do you think if I worked hard I could be a minister, and a missionary perhaps?' 'Robert,' the minister said, 'You have healed the wound in my heart. Yes, I think you will be a minister!'

Years passed away, the story says, and the old minister was laid in his grave, when one day a missionary returned from a foreign land. His name was mentioned with reverence. The great received him into their homes. Audiences rose to greet him, and nobles stood uncovered in his presence. It was Robert Moffatt, the boy of the old Kirk. He had added a country to civilization, a province to the Church, and savages through his work had become obedient to Christ.

The harvest of faithful work is sure. It may be, however, we have wanted results instead of wishing that needy souls might have life, and that Christ might see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied. Have we ever wept for souls? Have you? Have I? "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Let us go out looking to the needs about us, and to our Saviour, trusting Him to use us for His glory."