

GOING HOME

different periods in five different sections of the field, his labours increasing in fruitfulness as the years rolled on and he grew in grace and wisdom. He has been among the most faithful and earnest in our weekly and quarterly Bible classes besides doing a lot of "digging" on his own account. Being very radical it was only natural that at times in his ignorance he got off on side issues and had to be warned and taught and led. This in common with the majority as they are shaped from the raw material especially where we are surrounded by so many errors and "isms."

A few months ago while ploughing, Joeli hurt himself so he was unconscious for some time and suffered a long time before he got over it. In fact just this last quarterly he began to feel like himself again. When my husband went to Altona last Joeli accompanied him and unwilling to let him come home alone, came back with him on Monday, whereas his usual plan is to stay over for a couple of days and visit his congregation at Klipvaal. Wednesday his wife excused his absence in class on plea of illness. Sunday morning early the young sister-in-law came and with tears, said they had been up all night with the sick man who was suffering intensely. My husband went over and spent the morning working over him, relieving the acute pain. We went over in the afternoon and had prayer with him, and Monday he was so much worse that Dan had them bring him over here to the hospital where he could have proper treatment. He responded well and by the next Monday morning was able to be up and seemed well on the road to recovery. Tuesday he took a turn for the worse and soon gave evidence of some inward trouble, bringing up quantities of pus, and daily growing weaker. Finally on Tuesday we sent for the government surgeon, Paulpietersburg, who, saying he could do nothing more for him than we had, took him in his car to Paulpietersburg, put him on the train for Vryheid hospital, where the next day they operated on him, but found him far past human aid. Wednesday night after a long season of prayer, with only his heathen brother present, he passed to his reward, another of the company who are waiting us on the other shore, out from Africa's night.

It is wonderful what a number of friends came to see him during his illness. I reckoned in ten days there must have been 300. I do not know if any one of our native workers will be missed more or by a wider circle, white or black. Our native workers have stood right by them in this sickness and sorrow, and our Christians too, staying with them day and night, bringing food for them and their numerous visitors, and helping in every possible way.

Elida, Joeli's little wife, has simply shone as a nurse, keeping the patient and room clean and comfortable, and showing such sound, common sense, and thoughtfulness as we seldom meet among these people. She and Joeli have been a very loving couple, a beautiful example among these natives, and we covet your prayers for the sorrowing widow and five little daughters.

FAITH MacDONALD

"I know His sheltering wings of love
Are always o'er me spread;
And though the storm may fiercely rage,
All calm and free from dread,
My peaceful spirit ever sings,
'I'll trust the covert of thy wings.'"

—*Christian Witness.*

The soul that is determined to go through, and which has its face "set like a flint" toward heaven, can not be defeated. The more the discouragements which the devil sends to try to overthrow it, the firmer hold it takes on God, and with renewed energy presses on.

God, in His infinite knowledge, has so planned our lives that the trials, disappointments and perplexities that come to us only intensify the desire to get to heaven.

When everything is moving along nicely, and our prospects are bright with hope and promise, we do not put forth much energy; and sometimes are prone to stand still and admire our surroundings when we ought to be traveling on, hastening toward our destination. But when the storm rages, and the angry waves roll high, then it is that we cling to Christ, and exert all our strength, and determine to "go through."

We may labor for years to build a character which will take us through to heaven, but when all our labor seems to be in vain, and everything is gone, then we earnestly cry to Him for help and He hears and answers us. Paul said, "We are pressing forward." From this we infer that we must plod through hindrances, and mount above obstacles, using them only as stepping stones by which we reach our abiding place.

The following illustration shows how hindrances only increase the longing to reach "Home."

"As we waited in the L. & N. depot at Nashville for the train, some one began crying, and an excitement was raised among the passengers. A brief investigation proved that it was an old colored man who was giving away to his grief. Three or four people remarked on the strangeness of it, but for some time no one said anything to him. Then a depot policeman came forward and took him by the arm, and shook him roughly and said:

"See here, old man, you want to quit that! You are drunk, and if you make any more disturbance I'll lock you up."

"Deed, but I hain't drunk," replied the old man as he removed his tear-stained handkerchief. 'I'ze lost my ticket an' money, an' dat's what's de matter.'

"Bosh! You never had any money to lose! You dry up or away you go!"

"What's the matter here?" queried a man, as he came forward

"The old man recognized the dialect of the Southerner in an instant, and, repressing his emotions with a great effort, answered:

"Say, Mars Jack, I'ze been robbed."

"My name is White."

"Well, den, Mars White, somebody has robbed me of a ticket an' money."

"Where are you going?"

"Gwine down into Kaintuck, whar I was bo'n an' raised."

"Where's that?"

"Nigh to Bowling Green, sah, an' when de wah dun sot me free I cum up dis way. Hain't bin home since, sah."

"And you had a ticket?"

"Yes, sah, an' over twenty dollars in cash. Bin savin' up fur ten years, sah."

"What do you want to go back for?"

"To see de hills an' de fields, de tobacco an' de co'on, Mars Preston an' de good old missus. Why, Mars White, I'ze dun bin prayin' fur it fo' twenty y'ars. Sometimes de longin' has cum till I couldn't hardly hold myself."

"It's too bad."

"De old woman's buried down dar, Mars White, de ole woman an' free chillen. I kin 'member de spot same as if I seed it yisterday. You go out half way down to de fust tobacker house, an' den you turn to de left an' go down to de branch whar de wimmin used to wash. Dar's fo' trees on de odder bank, an' right under 'em is whar dey al' is buried. I kin see it! I kin lead you right to de spot!"

"And what will you do when you get there?" asked the stranger.

"Go up to de big house an' ax Mars Preston to let me lib all de rest ob my days right dar. I'ze ole an' all alone, an' I want to be nigh my dead. Sorter company fur me when my heart aches."

"Where were you robbed?"

"Out doahs, dar, I reckon, in de crowd. See? De pocket is all cut out. I've dreamed an' pondered—I'ze had dis journey in my mind fur y'ars, an' now I'ze dun robbed an' can't go."

"He fell to crying, and the policeman came forward in an officious manner.

"Stand back, sir!" commanded the stranger.

"Now, gentlemen, you have heard the story. I am going to help the old man back to die on the old plantation and be buried alongside his dead."

"So am I!" called twenty men in a chorus, and within five minutes we had raised enough to buy him a ticket and leave fifty dollars to spare. And when he realized his good luck, the old, snow-haired black fell upon his knees in that crowd and prayed:

"Lord, I'ze been a believer in You all my days, an' now I dun axes You to watch over dese yere white folks dat has believed in me an' helped me to go back to de old home."

"And I do believe that nine-tenths of that crowd had tears in their eyes as the gateman called out the train for Louisville."—Contributed.

CONSOLATION FOR THE PREACHER WHO DID NOT GET THE APPOINTMENT HE WANTED.

The other brother is pleased.

Both men could not have the same charge.

Do your best to make the charge you have better than the one you wanted.

Wait till God opens the books. You may see then you would have failed.

All things work for our good. If so, why not this for you?

It might be the people did not want you to come near as badly as you think they did.

Shake hands with the presiding elder, and tell him you think he will get to heaven, anyhow.

It may be you will have some great revivals. Just go at it and see.

The other brother may have a harder time than you think for. Just wait.

Jesus is your friend, and He pleased not Himself.

It will be all the same to you, brother, a hundred years from now. Rev. Robert Stevens.

Good works that are born of the Spirit and not artificial will attract men's attention to God and not to us. If our light does not shine for him it does not shine at all. Matthew 5:16.

Tertullian wrote: "Clothe yourself with the silk of piety with the satin of sanctity and with the purple of modesty; so shall God Himself be your suitor.—*The Church Herald.*"