

but blankets, mats, clothing, spoons, etc., are put into the grave.

Zakeu's old mother needs prayer. She has had a great deal of trial. She says her troubles have led her away from God, but she wants grace to look above and beyond them.

The Sunday Mr. Sanders was over to Altona I took the children and went "kraaling." The first I visited was Joana's. I believe I told you of her before. She was just through enjoying some mullberries her little son had gathered for her. The little change had cheered her up. At the next kraal we all went into a tiny hut to see a tiny baby of six days old. The father of the baby was with us. According to native custom, he had not been allowed to see the baby before. The children were delighted with the tiny bit of humanity (it weighed about six pounds). The old grandmother asked for some medicine. I asked if it was sick. She replied, "No, but I want to have some on hand in case the child does get sick." I had been to visit the girl a week before the child was born; we had prayer together in her little hut. She told me then that she knew she was not ready to meet God. She prayed very earnestly for God to give her a hunger for Himself.

Her husband, Jeremia, is the son of our Evangelist Aloni. I am sorry to say that his nature is very wayward. He has been sent to jail several times for stealing, and the magistrate told him that if he was convicted of the same crime again he would get a life sentence. Please pray for Jeremia, also for the young people of this district; so many of them seem to sell themselves to do wrong.

We would take this opportunity of asking you to bear up our baby boy Victor in prayer. Up to about a month ago he had always been very well. Then he developed infantile paralysis; this affected his left leg so that he could not move it. We are doing what we can for it and are praying God will grant a perfect recovery. Please join us. He is improving, but so often this disease leaves a permanent lack of muscular action.

This leaves the rest of us well in body and soul. Praise God for His keeping power!

Yours for precious souls,
RUTH A. SANDERS.

HE NEVER FAILETH

Around me the enemy rages,
His great cloven foot I can see;
But glory to God for the promise
As thy days so shall thy strength be.

The darkness may gather around me,
At times not a ray can I see;
I can hear Jesus whisper so sweetly,
My grace is sufficient for thee.

The storms of my life may be many,
Sometimes I'm discouraged and blue,
Then I hear the sweet voice of the Master
Saying, Fear not, Lo, I am with you.

The sin waves may roll up like mountains,
My poor heart with fear they may fill,
The Lord will rebuke the rough billows
With His gentle command, Peace be still!

I may have to tread a lone pathway,
In the crowd I may be all alone,
But I'll keep close to Him whilst He leads me
And some day I'll hear His Well done!

So with Christ as my constant companion
No evil can harm or dismay;

He who will keep His eye on the sparrow
Will keep me if I trust and obey.

Cambridge, Mass. —Alice M. Lewis.

THE NINETIETH PSALM

Lord, whom our dwelling place has been
Through all the generations gone;
Before the mountains high were seen,
And long before Creation's dawn.
From everlasting ages Thou
Wast God, unchanging God art now.
To dust Thou turnest man again,
And say'st, "Return, ye sons of men."
A thousand ages, Lord, to Thee,
Seem but a vanished yesterday,
Ten thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like a vigil in the night.
And as a flood Thou bear'st away
Them all, and like a sleep are they.
Men are as grass; when morning glows
It flourishes, in beauty grows;
At eve that grass of lovely green
Prey of the sickle sharp is seen.

We by Thine anger are consumed,
And by Thy indignation doomed.
Our secret sins to Thee are known,
And set before Thy radiant throne.
Our years are like a story told;
They quickly pass, we soon are old.
The years allotted mortal man
In number are three score and ten;
If they by strength are eighty, we
Shall only weary sorrow see.
Swift as a bird upon the wing
They flee, and make no tarrying.

Who knows Thine indignation's power?
We shall escape Thy wrath by our
Obedience and filial fear
Of Thee, and with a heart sincere.
Teach us our days to number so
That we shall ever wiser grow;
Thy satisfying mercy soon
Make known to us; our pathway strewn
With Thy kind bounty makes our days
A joyous madrigal of praise.
Oppressing evil's heavy reign
We knew, her cruel sceptre, Pain.
On us a golden joy bestow
According to our iron woe.
O, may Thy work to us appear,
Thy glory to our children dear.
The beauty of our God may we
Display, His glorious beauty pure.
The work we wrought, O, let it be
Confirmed and evermore endure.

—Rev. E. Wayne Stahl.

PROOF; A CONVINCING FORCE

Elmer E. Avery

In order to get people to believe what we say, it is necessary, first, to get them to think as we do on some common logical subject having a bearing on what we wish to present. Then follow in the line of truth to the point we wish to make.

For instance, if we tell people that the gospel and law of the Lord is true and perfect, "converting the soul," they will not altogether believe it. They need something beside the plain statement to convince them that it is so. They need proof of the statement made. It may be necessary, also, to arouse in their souls an interest in the thought, which may be done in several ways. The sin of unbelief (Heb. 3-12) is natural (Gen. 8-21), hence inborn; but the truth is sufficient through grace, faith, and the power of God to dispel misty darkness and establish trust and hope.

Yet not all truth is believed because of verbal proof. To the keeper of the prison Paul said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou

shalt be saved" (Acts 16:31). Then delivering "unto him the word of the Lord," he ministered unto them, "and rejoiced, believing in God." He believed because of what he saw transpire. God used material things to prove His power. And the truth was believed because of the power.

What, then, is necessary to convince people of righteousness, and of a judgment to come? Is it not clear, logical reasoning from the Scriptures? Acts 18:28. In I. Thessalonians 5:21 Paul says, "Prove all things." Prove our lives, prove our experiences, prove the thoughts and backbitings of other men, prove our statements of truth to them. Prove that Jesus was crucified. Proof is the convincing power supported by the Holy Spirit.

OBITUARY

Herbert Brewer

A very sad accident occurred at Millville, N.B., on December 20th, when Mr. Herbert Brewer was killed in his little mill erected for sawing railroad ties, his clothes being caught in the machinery, when his leg was badly mangled. Death resulted in about five minutes.

Left to mourn their loss are his widow, three sons—Cornelius and Forest, of Millville, and Tilley, of Alberta—and one daughter, Mrs. Chas. Lindsay, of Maplewood. Also three brothers—Sandy, of Vancouver; Sterling, of Pontiac, Michigan, and Lee, of Zealand, N. B.; two sisters—Mrs. Hulda Hanson and Mrs. William Moores.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. L. T. Sabine, of Millville, on the following Sunday. The large gathering at the services betokened the high esteem in which Mr. Brewer was held. He was always prominent in religious work, especially that of the Sunday school. The community has sustained a great loss in the passing of one who was a friend and neighbor to all. It may truly be said of him, "He was a good man." He was 64 years of age. To the sorrowing we extend deepest sympathy.

Warren Hillman

Warren Hillman, formerly of Meductic, N.B., but since the death of his wife some eight years ago, living with his daughter, Miss Nellie Hillman, at Eureka, California, passed to his eternal reward on October 12th, 1929. He leaves to mourn their loss two sons—Beverly, of Meductic, and Fred, of Eureka, Cal.; also two daughters—Mrs. Collicott, of Prince William, N. B., and Miss Nellie Hillman, who had so tenderly cared for him during his illness; he also leaves one sister, Mrs. Gilman, of Fredericton, N. B.

Brother Hillman was born in 1852 and was converted when quite a young man, and lived for a number of years at Meductic. When the Reformed Baptist church was organized he became one of its charter members, and was always interested in its welfare and helped bear its burdens in a tangible way, and when the present church-house was built he was one who helped make it possible by his liberality; at which church the funeral service was held on October 21st, conducted by Rev. E. W. Lester, of Woodstock. The remains were laid beside those of his wife, to await the morning of the resurrection.

His daughter, Miss Nellie Hillman, accompanied the remains home, and after visiting relatives and friends for a few weeks, returned home to California. We extend to the sorrowing loved ones our sincerest sympathy.

To grieve over sin is one thing, to repent is another.—F. W. Robertson.