

sold all his papers one evening and had started out to the cemetery to finish the lettering on his mother's tomb when a car struck him and in a few days he died. In his possession was an old file and a few tools that he had been using to make the epitaph for his mother.

A few people got together and erected a little monument at the head of the newsboy's grave. Underneath are to be found these touching words:

"He loved his mother."

—Herald of Holiness

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from Page 3.)

a nice Christian girl and a great comfort. Pray that the Lord may make her a great blessing to these children.

We have had no malaria among the natives so far this season, but our white neighbor's two children were very sick with fever a few weeks ago, but have made a good recovery. The father is now in hospital at Maritzburg for operation so they are having an anxious time.

In a letter from Faith yesterday we hear that Mrs. MacDonald has had fever, but is recovering now.

I have left this letter very many times. Life is full of interruptions which all goes to make up the day's work.

It will be nearing Beulah season when this letter reaches you. We trust many of you will be able to attend and enjoy much blessing. May the Lord's will be done in all things.

With Christian love from us both.

Yours, in His will,

ALICE F. STERRITT.

Hartland, M. S.,

Natal, South Africa.

April 5, 1935.

Dear Friends:

Amose Nkosi is one of Filimon's converts at his outpost over at Ngenetsheni's across the Pevann. He has come several times to the quarterlies at Hartland, and with his good wife Milieta stayed right by and enjoyed the meetings. The Lord delivered him from demon possession the day he was saved as the Christians prayed over what seemed then to be his death bed, and gave him three more years to serve Him. This quarter he and his wife were both lying at the point of death, but sent a greeting that thrilled our hearts.

Some left the meetings to go and pray with them and were so blessed by their testimony and shining faces that though first they had grudged leaving the meetings they were glad they had gone. He had come over this side of the river to obtain work and was suddenly stricken and lay so ill at the home of a heathen friend that they daily despaired of his life. His wife coming over to his aid, leaving her three little children at a neighbour's was also stricken. . . yet they rejoiced in the Lord and awaited His pleasure whether it be death or life.

Friends came for him, a large company, mostly heathen, to take him home. Rising from his sick bed he told them that he was ready but might not live to make the journey, but that it did not matter. . . even if he died in the Pevann river it would be alright. However the Lord gave him wonderful strength and as Meli Mdiniso (the Bible Woman who had so faithfully laboured and prayed with them in their affliction) put it. "He went on his own poor little feet, and reached his children without having to be carried a step." Just three more days he lingered to give his beautiful testimony. He would say, "Wife

what are you looking at me for? Do not grieve. do not think my way is not plain. . . I can see the way, it is bright. I am going to be with my Jesus, I am going to rest, oh rejoice with me." He was very eager and anxious for prayer and would say, this is the invalid diet that I enjoy these days, and always ask to give his testimony. For months Sunday had been his happiest day, and as the week-end drew on he would rejoice and say "Now is coming our good time. We Christians are going to have our "Msindo", (feast and dance). On the day of his departure the Christians gathered in to pray with him, and he prayed beautifully and at some length, and as he said, "Amen" his soul winged its flight to that greater company on the other shore. "Where is thy sting, O Death?"

His widow gives promise of soon following him, for she is very low, and gives the same beautiful testimony. The lot of a little Zulu orphan, though naturally lonely and sad is not so hard as that of most orphans, for the Zulu's are very fond of children and always glad to have an extra one or two if they can get them. Orphans are at a great premium in this district and I have often heard these good Native Women say how glad they would be if they could find a little unwanted child, even a white baby. . . I saw an item in the paper just yesterday talking of a little white baby that a poor Native Widow had adopted.

Fever is bad in this district again this year, and the Native Malaria assistant is very busy and a great help to us. His wife is now teaching a little school at Johan Kunene's and they like her very much.

We received a nice letter from Alfred Metula last post, stating that they now have a school of twenty, a Sunday School of fifty, and the blessing of God on the Work, that backsliders are returning to the Lord, and that two new seekers have given themselves since quarterly.

Jesina and Angus Zikalala are spending a week among relatives and friends across the Pevann but higher up the river than Filimon's and we see promise of another good outpost opening up, and an old dead one reviving. They are a splendid solid spiritual couple and we are much in prayer for them in this week's effort. Please pray with us for his healing, as he is not at all well, having almost died of fever two different years, and is now threatened with T. B.

While writing this we received our home mail, and our hearts are cheered with the good news and letters from our loved ones . . . how we long and pray for their soon coming, and believe that the Lord is going to hasten the day.

Yours rejoicing in His sweet will and service.

FAITH MACDONALD

Temperance Column

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging. Whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. 1:20.

ONE-TENTH DRUNK

Johnny was sitting at the table, his whole attention given to his arithmetic. When Johnny went about anything 'twas with his head, heart and hand. His father and mother sat opposite him, and had been talking but not a word had he heard. He looked up from his lessons just in time to hear his father say, "Dean got beastly drunk at the club last night; he drank ten glasses of wine. I was disgusted with the fellow." "How many glasses did you drink, father?" asked the son. "I drank but one, son," replied the father with a self-approved smile. "Then you were only one-tenth drunk," said Johnny, reflectively.

"John!" cried his parent, sternly. But Johnny continued in a studious air—"Why, yes; if ten glasses of wine makes a man beastly drunk, one glass will make him one-tenth part drunk; and—"There, there!" interrupted the father, "I guess it is bedtime for you. We will have no more arithmetic tonight." So John was sent to his bed. In bed he lay musing—"One thing sure, if Dean hadn't taken the one glass he would not have been drunk; and if father had taken nine more he would have been beastly drunk. So it is the safe way not to take any, and I never will." The father also sat thinking and said. "There is something in John's calculation after all. I will ask Dean to sign a total abstinence pledge with me tomorrow," and he did and both kept the pledge.—Selected.

THE PROTEST OF MOTHER'S DAY

It is well known that Mother's Day originated against the evils of the liquor traffic. The ungodly venders of spirituous liquors in Albion, Michigan, had attempted to intimidate the opposition by burning barns, girdling trees, mutilating horses and cattle and other crimes of like nature. But the climax was reached when several young men from prominent homes in Albion were kidnapped and after being forced to drink liquor, were sent to their homes intoxicated. This so aroused the community that a mass meeting was called by Rev. M. A. Daugherty, at which time it was especially requested that the mothers of the community be in attendance. Mrs. Juliette Calhoun Blakeley, one of the spiritual mothers in Israel, led the prayer and in it used the expression, "Mother's Day." Mother Blakeley died at the advanced age of one hundred and two years, and in front of the church in Albion a beautiful bronze tablet has been erected with the inscription, "Dedicated to the memory of Mrs. Juliette Calhoun Blakeley, the mother of Albion Methodism and the founder of Mother's Day."

It is to be regretted that the battle which was once waged over such a wide field and for so long a time must be fought over again. Resting back upon their laurels, the prohibition forces failed to maintain the ground gained, through lack of education and publicity. The subsidized press—bought with the money of the liquor interests—lent its influence to destroying the good that had been accomplished and created sentiment in favor of repeal. The promises of the liquor interests are of no value. Already the increase in automobile accidents is appalling. A western boulevard is now regarded as unsafe for general traffic, so many and so serious have been the accidents due to drunken drivers.

It seems that the mothers must again arouse themselves and begin anew the relentless warfare upon the forces of evil. Much can be done, as is evidenced by what was previously accomplished. Why not make Mother's Day this year, one of protest against this that the day originated, and surely nothing is great foe of the home? It was in this protest more needed than to begin again, a systematic and vigorous attack on the liquor evil.—Herald of Holiness.

The friend that hides from us our faults is of less service to us than the enemy that upbraids us with them.—Pythagoras.

'Tisn't life that matters! 'Tis the success you bring to it.—Walpole.