

A QUIVER OF ARROWS

Illustrations for Christian Workers

CEREMONIES.

Too many so-called Christians are depending on outward ceremonies, without the inner life. They talk ceremony so much that even their children begin to depend on outward ceremony.

BOUND TO THE WORLD.

Seamen tell us that in capturing the whale the boat's lines sometimes become entangled with the flukes of the fish so as to join the two together. When this happens, all depends on instant action. These lines must be severed or the whole boat's crew will be drawn to the bottom by the prowess of the monster. But one thought possesses all, and that is to find and cut every rope that ties them to their enemy. So it is that the lines of carnal desire bind us to the world. Sometimes there is but one; sometimes there are many. Sometimes they are plainly in view; sometimes they are hidden from any but the closest search. But few, or many, visible or hidden, they must be all searched out and severed, or the soul is dragged downward to death.—*Kashgar.*

ANOTHER DYING CONQUEST.

So the dead that he slew at his death were more than they that he slew in his life. When, as he knelt in prayer by his lonely cot, in far off Africa, David Livingstone's spirit took its flight it might have seemed to the world that his life had been a failure. The discovery of the Nile's source, the suppression of the slave trade, the Christianizing of Africa, were none of them accomplished. But by his death, the whole Christian world was aroused to activity. The enthusiasm thus started inspired the work of Stanley, Hannington, Mackay; and so the work, multiplied many times, progressed. In regard to Livingstone alone it has truthfully been said, "A score of forward movements can be directly traced to the discovery of that kneeling body at Ilala. By his death he accomplished more than even his life had done."—*Bertha Converse, Harrison, Ohio. Condensed from "The Price of Africa."*

SAVED FROM WASTE.

"Gather up the fragments that remain that nothing be lost." Lose no money by unnecessary expenditure; or useless ornament, or selfish luxury, or unwholesome dainties. Lose no opportunity of showing kindness or doing good. Lose no time. There are fewer things of which we are apt to be so prodigal. A young girl was converted in a revival meeting, and a few nights afterwards, she again knelt with the penitents. Being asked the trouble, she said, "I need to be saved from wasting half-hours. I want power to put aside a book, which does me no good, and won't make me fitter to do good, instead of wasting a half hour over it." Are you saved from wasting half hours in novel reading, in

useless talk, in hunting lost articles you failed to put in their proper places, in lazy morning sleep after you should be up? S. S. *Illustrator.*

BELIEF AND TRUST.

Russell Sturgis has told a very beautiful story in illustration. A party of visitors at a national mint were told by a workman in the smelting work that if the hand be dipped in water the ladle of molten metal might pour its contents over the palm without burning it. A gentleman and his wife heard the statement. "Perhaps you would like to try it," said the workman. "No thank you. I prefer to accept your word for it." Then turning to the lady, he said: "Perhaps, madame, you would make the experiment." "Certainly," she replied, and suiting the action to the word, she bared her arm and thrust her hand into a bucket of water, and calmly held it out while the metal was poured over it. Turning to the man, the workman quietly said: "You, sir, it may be, *believed*; but your wife *trusted*."

How long shall we be in learning that in all true faith there is this element of entrustment, venture, committal?

"I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him." A. T. *Piereson.*

DESERVING BLAME.

An engineer was taking through a special train consisting of four empty freight cars and a caboose. A station master told him that the down train was a trifle late and was due at the next station several miles beyond, at 2:37 p. m. Glancing at his watch, he told him that there was still nine minutes for him in which to make the run, and persuaded him to take the chance. The engineer hesitated a moment, but a little persuasion on the part of the station master and he started. He had to cross a bridge just beyond the town he was leaving, and midway across he began to increase his speed. As the engineer struck the ground again on the other side, and they headed straight up the river's valley, he threw her wide open, and gave his engine every ounce of steam there was in the boiler. Three miles further on, when running to the limit of his capacity, he struck the down train head on. Both engineers and firemen were killed outright, and the engines were reduced to a condition that rendered them only fit for the scrap heaps. Many a man comes to grief himself and harms others through yielding to the persuasions of another against his own better judgment.—*Selected.*

USE FOR A TELESCOPE.

"I thought it was a pretty fair sort of telescope for one that wasn't very big," said Uncle Silas. "I rigged it up in the attic by the high north window, and had it fixed so it would swing around easy. I took a deal

of satisfaction in looking through it, the seemed so wide and full of windows; when Hester was here, I thought I'd give her the pleasure, too. She staid a long time upstairs, and seemed to be enjoying it. When she came down, I asked her if she'd discovered anything new.

"Yes, she says; 'why it made everybody's house seem so near that I seemed to be right beside 'em, and I found out what John Pritchard's folks are doin' in their out-kitchen. I've wondered what they had a light there for night after night, and I just turned the glass on their windows. They are cuttin' apples to dry—folks as rich as them cuttin' apples!'"

"And actually that was all the woman had seen! With the whole heavens before her to study, she had spent her time prying into the affairs of her neighbors! And there are lots more like her—with and without telescopes."—*The Christian Uplook.*

ANECDOTE OF TWO ARABS.

Lamartine, the French poet relates the following anecdote: There was a horse, the name of which was spread far and wide in the tribe of Nagdeh; and a Bedouin of another tribe by the name of Daher, desired extremely to possess it. In vain, having offered for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags, and to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. So equipped, he went to wait for Naber, the owner of the horse, whom he knew was to pass that way.

When he saw Naber approaching on his fine horse, he cried out in a weak voice: "I am a poor stranger; for three days, I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food; I am dying, help me and heaven will reward you!" The Bedouin kindly offered to take him upon his horse and carry him home; but the rogue replied "I cannot rise; I have no strength left." Naber, touched with distress, dismounted, and with great difficulty, set the seeming beggar on the horse's back. No sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle than he galloped off, calling out as he did so, "It is I, Daher!" I have got the horse, and am off with him."

Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned and halted a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear. "You have taken my horse," said the latter. "Since heaven has willed it, I wish you joy of it; but I do conjure you never to tell how you obtained it." "And why not?" said Daher. "Because," said the noble Arab, "another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity for fear of being duped as I have been."

Daher, struck with shame at these words, was silent for a moment; then, springing from the horse, he returned it to its owner, and embraced him. Naber made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and became fast friends for life.

LIVING WATER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT NASHVILLE, TENN.
BY THE
PENTECOSTAL MISSION
PUBLISHING COMPANY
(Incorporated)

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JNO. T. BENSON.....BUSINESS MANAGER

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered Jan. 3, 1903, at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter
under Act of Congress, March 1, 1879.

EDITORIAL

We are publishing in this issue an account of the mission work in Guatemala, written by our Brother R. S. Anderson, for the *Religious Telescope*. It is our purpose to continue stressing missions in Living Water, and we want our readers to be intelligent as to the conditions prevailing in mission fields. The most of us are not half awake on this great subject. Brother Anderson's articles are up-to-date and well worth reading.

"MAKING A WILL."

Most people as they near the end of life's journey, are more or less concerned with the disposal of their property. Some make a will to be sure to have it used as they desire, and yet, with all their precaution, the will may be broken, as in the case of Samuel J. Tilden. Though an eminent lawyer, he did not succeed in writing a will which his fellow lawyer could not break.

There is one will that we should make now; we should not wait for the approach of death, but today we should will ourselves to God. No earthly court can break a document of this kind. It is said of a band of Christians in the olden time that "they first gave themselves unto the Lord." That is, they willed themselves to Him. Have we willed ourselves to God in the bonds of an indissoluble covenant? If so, then He owns us, and the responsibility for our future rests in His hands as we thus walk with Him. Thank God, that in a world full of uncertainties, that we can will ourselves wholly to Him, and that we can cease forever from being our own! The transfer has been made; the commitment is for eternity. We have chosen Him as our eternal portion. Ah, what a privilege! Instead of losing, we gain. For to belong to Him is of infinite worth. All the treasures of earth are but the veriest trash compared to such a possession. Reader, have you made this will? Is it on record in the skies, never to be tampered with or to be changed? An agreement for eternity? Then you are His, and He is yours, in an eternal union. Praise His name.

ENDURING HARDNESS.

One of the peculiar dangers that threaten the ministry of today is the tendency to settle down into an ease-loving, flesh-gratifying state. The hunger, nakedness, stripes and "labors more abundant," incident to the great Apostle's life are strangely at variance with the spirit of these days. The heroic, "the enduring of hardness," the losing of one's life for Jesus' sake is but little understood by this self-seeking generation. It is said that half the Methodist preachers who pioneered the gospel in America died before they were thirty years of age. Such were the trying vicissitudes, hardships and privations through which they passed. They braved the fury of the howling wilderness, the cunning treachery of a savage foe, and the insidious attacks of a deadly climate, and swept over the country with great revivals until Methodism stood for an intense, aggressive Christianity. *But how changed these latter days!*

After John Wesley had secured a place at the foundry for his little flock to gather, he said: "How pleasing would it be to flesh and blood to remain at this little, quiet place, where we have at length weathered the storm! Nay, I am not to consult my own ease, but the advancing of the kingdom of God."

At another time, while visiting a friend and preparing for conference, he wrote: "How willingly could I spend the residue of a busy life in this delightful retirement.?" But

"Man was not born in shades to lie!"
Up and be doing. Labor on till
Death sings a requiem to the parting soul."

Even in his eighty-sixth year he wrote: "I went over to Kingswood; sweet recesses! where everything is now just as I wish. But

Let us work now: we shall rest by and by."
"Man was not born in shades to lie!"

Need we wonder at the vast amount of labor which this heroic servant of the Lord wrought? The better facilities for travel and the improved state of civilization as such that much of the hardships through which they passed can now be avoided. But we still need the same brave, fearless, self-denying spirit to breast the current of this degenerate age, or else we too will compromise with the spirit of the times and drift down into the vortex of a popular Christianity which is nothing more nor less than a backslidden church. "Work while it is called today, for the night cometh when no man can work."

Grasp the sword tight in hand and "war a good warfare." The battle will soon be over. "Endure hardships as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

"DULL DAYS."

We are all liable to dull days. Times when we are not at our best, the mind is dull and the spirit heavy. This does not necessarily argue that we have done wrong, and yet at such times, we should be watchful lest the enemy take advantage of these times of depression. People frequently say, O, I am a little off, physically, or I am under par mentally today; or there is a

spirit of heaviness pressing upon me. These are the varied moods of earthly existence, and one need not think them strange. They are generally due to physical causes, but sometimes they are of satanic pressure.

It is important to know how to behave well on dull days. They come to all, and will be either our masters or servants. We may not be responsible for their arrival, but we are for the way we spend them.

Dullness, originating from physical causes may be relieved by missing a meal, or outdoor exercise, but in some instances, a need of rest is indicated, and then just getting quiet, is a remedy; but we find, that as a rule, it is a very good plan to work right on; you will soon pass through the tunnel, and things will brighten physically. Of course, if bodily depression is due to overwork, then there should be a relaxation.

If the dull days are due to mental exhaustion, then the mind should have a rest. But they frequently originate from other causes, and then just about as good rule as any, is, to "plod on." If brain workers had ceased work in periods of dullness, they would have failed in much which they have accomplished. For there are mental tunnels in all lives; times when the mind just won't work easily. We feel that way this morning, but the printer cries "copy," and we plod on. One of the most noted scientists of the day, a man who attained great fame, could only work a short while at a time, but would rest awhile and go at it again. So we just move on and in no wise be daunted by difficulties, remembering that the "lame take the prey."

Then, when heaviness rests upon the spirit, it is well to remember what the Apostle says: "If need be ye are in heaviness for a season through manifold temptations," and be not discouraged. At such times, prayer and Bible study, in fact, all religious efforts are more difficult; but we can do much for our own encouragement while passing through these periods: First, in recognizing that these seasons will come more or less to all; and second, by adjusting ourselves accordingly. Some people think that if they are not on the mountaintop of Spiritual exhilaration all the time, that there is something wrong with them, and hence, when run into a tunnel, they get in the "dumps." They have not learned how to behave in a crisis. In times, when some strange oppression rests upon us, we should not falter nor be discouraged for one moment. What we should be concerned about, is whether or not we are walking obediently before the Lord; then He is pleased with us; we are His, and He is ours. Yea, He dwells in our hearts, causes us to rejoice and holds us steady, though the shadows are thick around us. He who is dependent upon external surroundings for a steady walk with God will stumble. Remember, that greater is He within, than He that is without. Learn the secret of a perennial revival, meeting houses, preachers and all other outward helps are highly valued, but should they be absent, know how to entertain yourself, spiritually, and be able, at any time, to repair to the Lord's table

within your own heart, and eat until you are full. Night, as dark as that in Egypt of old may hover about you, but as in the case of the Israelites, you see "light within." Praise the Lord. You are no longer dominated by your feelings. Seasons of dullness and hours of depression come to you as well as to others, but you have learned how to pass triumphantly through them. God is just as good to us on dull days as any other. Heaven is just as near. Christ is as real, and then let us adjust ourselves accordingly, and when the "outlook is dark, try the uplook."

faith in God will keep us from becoming "panicky," and will enable us to behave wisely in those days. Oft times the depressions will be the tunnels through which our train will speed to find a larger and more beautiful valley along the celestial journey, and we will come to know that what now seems to be hindrances may be only varied forms of discipline, fitting us for the largest measure of usefulness here, but more especially for the positions of dignity and responsibility to which we may be appointed in the beyond.

Above or below, or within or without.
And that's the reason beyond a doubt,
A chaise breaks down, but doesn't wear out."

And the poet further declares that a chaise will not endure any more in an emergency than its weakest spot is able to stand:
"Fur," said the Deacon, "it's mighty plain
That the weakest place must stand the strain."

Thank God there is grace sufficient to fortify every part of our character so that the enemy will find no rotten rails.

"A SAVAGE INSTINCT."

The desire to kill something "just for fun" is a savage instinct and merits a severe rebuke at the hands of all humane persons. Our late President, Theodore Roosevelt, notwithstanding his many sterling qualities which won the hearts of the American people, seem to have a touch of this barbarous instinct. Be it said to his credit that he says the African expedition is largely in the interest of science. We believe that birds and animals ought only to be killed only when necessary and not to provide sport for a lot of hunters who are actuated by a barbarous instinct. The St. Louis Christian Advocate, writing on the subject, "Don't Shoot the Birds," says:

The American Ornithological society is an authority for the statement that over 5,000,000 song birds are annually killed in this country to satisfy the demand for feathers and plumage to be used in millinery. In one season 40,000 terns were killed at Cape Cod. In one month of last year almost a million bobolinks were shot in eastern Pennsylvania, and the hunters of one Long Island village supplied 70,000 song birds for the New York market. A lady connected with the society says:

"The beautiful warblers, flitting incessantly about the trees are working almost every instant in our interest, yet we, some of us, wear their dead bodies in clusters and wreaths, and insects increase and multiply space. The rose-breasted grosbeak works more industriously than any hod carrier, and never strikes for shorter hours, and what is he doing? Carefully examining the potato plants, and picking off that pest—the potato beetle. Unfortunately—more unfortunately for us than for him—he has a beautiful coat; he is wanted to adorn somebody's hat; his life of usefulness is cut short, and the bugs have free sweep with the potatoes."

Again she says: "Pages have been written and published about the desolation of the former bird-hunted spots; every traveler who observes, every collector who goes out to secure the last lingering individual, reports the fearful slaughter, the alarming decrease of birds, and the terrific and unchecked increase of their prey, the insect, which shall yet devour the world and the inhabitants thereof."

It is estimated by Agricultural authorities that the insectivorous birds of the United States save every year to the farmer \$100,000,000 by destruction of the insect pests that feed upon his crops. Estimates of this kind are, of course, only conjectural and entitled to no more respect than guesses. It is, however, certain that if it were not for the insect eating birds, insects would multiply in such numbers as to render agricultural operation almost, if not quite, impossible. Indeed, there is reason to believe that human life would be rendered insupportable by the myriad swarms of flies, gnats, moths, mosquitoes and other winged pests that are now kept down by the birds. Every man who shoots a bird, every boy who robs a bird's nest is storing up trouble for the next generation, for he is diminishing the number of man's best friends.

Editorial Comment

OUR LORD'S TEMPTATION.

Students of the Word have ever found in the temptation of our Lord, room for the profoundest, as well as the most helpful study. The different methods of satanic attacks are herein set forth. In the *London Christian*, J. H. Jowett has quoted a summing up of the three aspects of the Lord's temptation in the following:

In the first year our Lord was tempted to be unspiritual; in the second He was tempted to be semi-spiritual; in the third He was tempted to be stupidly spiritual, and to manifest a piety that was impious.

"ONLY ONCE."

The oft-quoted words, "I shall not pass this way again," should cause us to seek to be at our very best, while passing. We want to leave the best impression. How often it is the case that in the fustiness of the flesh and rush of strained civilization that we neglect the little courtesies, touches of tenderness and kind deeds which would have cheered the heart and brightened the pathway of the one who has passed into the other world? We think of it when too late. As we are to travel the road but once, let us endeavor by the grace of God to walk in the pure light of a Christly character, and then we will be continually teaching people for the best.

I shall not pass this way again,
But far beyond earth's Where and When
May I look back along a road
Where on both sides good seed I sowed.
I shall not pass this way again,
May Wisdom guide my tongue and pen,
And Love be mine that so I may
Plant roses all along the way.
I shall not pass this way again,
May I be courteous to men,
Faithful to friends, true to my God,
A fragrance on the path I trod.

"PASSING AWAY."

Whittier outlived all the members of his father's family. When all had gone but one brother, he alludes to this fact in the following stanza taken from that exquisite poem, "Snow Bound":

"Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now;
The dear home faces whereupon
The fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,

The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide world o'er
Those lighted faces shine no more,
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!"

Who has not had similar feelings in wondering over the old homestead? With what peculiar paths do we dwell upon these scenes of long ago. But with the apostle, the Christian triumphantly exclaims: "For we know that if our earthly house of this earthly tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

"THE WEAK PLACES."

Sometimes people fall on the strong side; but it is not usually the case. The enemy approaches the unfortified spot; he enters through the gates most easily opened. In studying what appears to be the sudden fall of good men, it will be seen that they usually fall prey to some weakness that has long been gnawing at the vitals. When we were on the farm, the hogs would often get in the field by means of a rotten rail. They would go around the fence rooting at the rails until they found a rotten one, and in they would go. Satan does the same thing. He searches for the rotten rail. He attacks us at the weakest place. An exchange says:

"In the late Civil War one of the Federal ships had what seemed to be but a small superficial leakage, but it was not thought necessary to countermand the order that she should take part in a coming conflict. At the crisis of the engagement it was found that the sea-water had gotten into the gun-powder magazine and rendered nearly the whole of it useless. On that powder hung victory or defeat. The little leak was neglected and an inferior force won.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his wonderful "One Hoss Shay," sets forth the danger of having anywhere a weak spot:

"Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always somewhere a weak spot—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or cross-bar, or floor or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace-lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and you will.

OUR Young People

"Those that seek me early shall find me."
—Prov. 8:17.

Address all communications for this
Department to Mrs. John T. Benson,
Eastland Ave., Nashville, Tenn.

LETTERS WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED UNLESS
WRITTEN ON ONE SIDE OF THE SHEET ONLY.

This week we are giving you a peep into the lives of children and young women living where heathenism dominates. How thankful we should be that we live in a Christian land. That we have been taught of Christ, and especially that we know Him as a real personal, abiding Savior. Would it not be well for us to contrast our lives with "these others." Ask ourselves "Why am I so favored?" Then say to our Father, Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?

BIBLE WOMAN IN INDIA.

She was a Brahmin and of a good family; was married when three years of age to a boy of seven years. Until she was eight her time was divided between her own home and that of her boy-husband. At this age she left the home of her parents to live with her husband, who was then twelve years of age. Twelve years after she came to him her husband died, leaving her with one child, a boy. At the death of her husband she was bathed, dressed in her jewelry and richest clothing, red powder upon her forehead, and thus gorgeously arrayed she was kept for ten days with a scant supply of food. Then her jewelry was rudely torn from her flesh, her gay clothing exchanged for the coarsest and cheapest, and her hair was about to be shaven, as the distinguishing mark of her disgrace—a widow. She protested, urging for the sake of her little boy, then four years old, that it be left to her. But the priests were inexorable, and the poor woman ran away, taking her boy with her, and concealed herself for some time. At the age of twelve, the boy, who was an unusually bright, clever lad, sickened and died. Now the priests determined that they would not be outdone; that the mother should submit to the terrible ordeal of having her head shaved. But again she eluded them,

and with a sad heart started out on her first pilgrimage to Badranath, hoping to appease the gods (for in some mysterious and unknown way she was thought to have caused the death of both husband and son) by visiting their greatest and most holy shrines and making large offerings of her wealth to them and to the priests. Badranath is one of the highest snow-capped mountains of the Himalayas, and is nearly two thousand miles from her home. This journey she took on foot and was gone from her home three years, returning with her heart no lighter, no comfort, no sense of relief from sin, but with a keen conviction that she was a sinner, and in some way, somehow, she must find pardon and peace. The priests again assembled for the head-shaving, but she again slipped away on another pilgrimage, which took in many sacred shrines and places in South India, extending as far as Singapore. Returning from this tour she again started northward, visiting Benares, Ahjudiya, and many other famous and holy places.

She carried water from the Ganges hundreds of miles to pour on various gods; on each pilgrimage and all the time seeking rest and peace of heart. On one of these tours she heard native Christians singing: "Going on pilgrimages will not save you or take away your sins." Though continuing her weary pilgrimage, she could not get away from the words of that hymn. On another

preacher, saying: "Tell me true; are these things so? Can your Yesu Masih take away sins?" After a long conversation she bought a Bible and returned to her home to study the Word. It resulted in her breaking away from all her heathen customs and superstitions and accepting Christ as her personal and complete Savior. She testifies that He has saved her soul.

For sixteen years she had done excellent work as a Bible reader, and though now over sixty years of age, she is strong and energetic, and loses no opportunity to spread the good tidings.—Tract, Raipur, India.

SWEET SIXTEEN IN AFRICA.

My black lassie arrives at the Mission clothed in a single garment of uncertain age, guiltless of soap and water. She says she has come to school, and in nine cases out of ten she has run away from home to do so. This means that she will be followed by irate relatives, and for a while they will keep her in fear and the Mission superintendent interested, but in the end will depart and leave her in peace for a season.

If she has friends at the school, they will immediately lend her their clothes, and the next day she comes dressed in the most absurd style, but feeling very proud, and ready for her book and slate, and eager for instruction.

Everything is so new, so delightfully new, and charming. She has stepped from the grimy, smoky, filthy darkness of the kraal life into a fairyland, where the people live in palaces and the men eat with their wives. It all seems so odd. Her whole being thrills with girlish happiness, and you would not know her to be the girl you saw yesterday in the kraal. Her laugh rings out merrily in chorus with the others—the laugh of Sweet Sixteen, which cannot be duplicated.

She joins heartily in singing the hymns, not at all hampered by the fact that she knows neither words nor tune. She will learn them both in half the time it will take her brother to



A HOMESTEAD IN INDIA.

tour she heard missionaries singing at a Hindu Mela (religious festival): "Jesus Christ has saved my soul and washed away my sins."

She continued her wanderings from shrine to shrine for three years longer, while the words of these two hymns rang in her ears continually, and she questioned if they might not be true; for all she had done, all her wanderings, sacrifices, offerings, had not given her peace.

Finally, in despair, she visited a native

do so. When she hears the other girls pray, she longs to pray, too, for she is not wrong in feeling instinctively that this is what makes the school so different from the life in the kraal. And it will be only a few weeks when she will be willing to pray in public. Happily, so far, to her prayer is prayer, and she has not come to make any excuses for not taking her opportunities whenever presented. In short, she is ready to do or learn anything. She is even willing to go on with her share of the digging and hoeing, though having