

CORRESPONDENCE.

PAULPIETERSBURG, Natal, Aug 1st, 1905.
Dear Friend Lilla:—I am glad indeed to receive your nice letter. It is the second one that has come to us in answer to my request in the HIGHWAY.

I notice with gladness that you are a christian, and one who finds more joy in living for Jesus than in your former life. I think that you have found the secret of a happy christian life, and that is to indeed live for Him who died for us. A whole hearted service is a happy one. In everything your first thought will be, "What will please my Saviour?" Then as you choose to walk in His will, you will always receive strength from him. O, the peace and the joy that Jesus gives to those that trust and obey! This road of obedience, too, is the very one that leads into the promised land, where Christ is crowned within the heart that has become his temple. No more a transient visitor, he has come to abide. Does it pay to live for Jesus? I think as you do, that it gives more joy than any other way of living.

You did not say if your sisters are older or younger than you. If they are younger, you will be able to lead them right to your Saviour. I hope, too, that you are finding ways to bring up your young companions to Jesus. You who are christians should band together to help each other and to get others to join you in your way to the heavenly land. I am sure that there are some of your young friends who are longing to be Christians and your pastor needs your help. Your pastor may soon arrange for some missionary meetings, as I know him to be deeply interested in giving the glad tidings to all nations.

Now, what about questions? Did you forget to ask some? I will tell you about the cellars the Zulus have. You could never guess where they dig them—it is in the barn yard. First a round hole is dug just big enough to let a man down. Then about two feet below the surface, the hole is enlarged to the size of a hog's head. They then spread grass mats in the bottom, smooth of the sides, and pour down the corn. A flat stone is placed over the opening, and made to set in so as to be a little below the level of the ground. Earth is then spread over, and no one can see their cellar door.

The cow yard or "isibaya" is always round. Their huts are always round (beehive shaped). And the white people about here say that the Zulu has a round head, and this is the reason why he always makes everything round. The round huts are built in a circle around the circular isibaya. The fireplaces in the huts are always round.

When you come to visit us here, one of the first Zulu words you will learn is "jwala," accustom. They will say, "we are accustomed," or "we are not accustomed" to do so and so. The Zulus are truly a people of customs. Their round huts, fireplaces, cow yards, cellar doors, dishes, etc., and made just the same today as they were as long ago as there is any record. But many kraals have no cattle yard, and then where is the cellar dug? I don't know that it ever occurred to a Zulu that his cellar could be dug in any other place. At any other rate, strange as it may seem, where there is no isibaya there is no cellar dug. But, instead, their grain is put into large round grass baskets.

Should you ask them why they pour their grain in these holes in the ground, they will tell you, that it may be saved in case their houses burn down. As the huts are of grass and small poles, like bean poles, they are often destroyed by fire. Sometimes a person, by accident will set a hut on fire, or a grass fire driven by a gale will sweep away several kraals. You may wonder why they do not always burn fire lines for the dry season. Well they do, but delay the matter until, perhaps, some dark night they are suddenly awakened by an awful rushing noise. Crawl out their small hut doors and look about to see what may seem what resemble the last day. The clouds above them are reflecting with an awful glare the coming flames. It is now too late to save their huts and they can only take out their sleeping mats and blanket before the fire has passed their kraal with the speed of a race horse, but the terrific gale has caused the fire to leap the little space of bare ground that separ-

ated their huts from the tall dry grass. And now they can but stand crying and wailing as the cruel flames devour their huts and all the food that has not been stored in the cellar. We tell these people that getting saved is like burning a good safe fire line. Then when the elements melt with fervent heat, we shall only behold with our eyes the reward of those who have waited until it is too late.

Let us continue to follow Jesus and live for Him, and thus keep our fire lines burned.

I hope that you will write again soon and remember to ask some questions.

Ever your friend in Jesus,

H. C. SANDERS.

PAULPIETERSBURG, NATAL, S. AFRICA.
July 31st, 1905.

My Dear Friend Pearl:—Indeed I do remember your mother and I do not wish to forget her.

It is so nice to think you have found Jesus, the Pearl of great price. "Youth is the time to serve the Lord." It is the time too, to store your mind with Bible verses. Try learning one every day or one every other day taking two days to commit to memory one verse, also where it is to be found. You can do this so easily now and when you grow up they will be of untold value to you. Read your Bible through carefully and try to remember all the historical events. Be as familiar with this precious book as you are with your fourth reader. Don't you think christians ought to know their Bibles well? I do. There is no other book that can so help us. No other one in the world tells us the awfulness of sin and its terrible penalty nor of its cure. Then, too, you tell me you have three brothers who have gone to live with Jesus, now the Bible is the only book in all the world that tells us the truth about Heaven and I am sure you want to go there by and bye and live with Jesus and those dear little brothers don't you? Well dear Pearl, one way to help you is to study this dear old precious Bible.

So you like missionary meetings? I used to too when I was like you and now I am a missionary away from home, living among heathen people who know little or nothing about Jesus.

You ask me to tell you about the Zulus. That is about the biggest question you could ask me just now and I cannot tell very much this time else I shall take too much room so I think I better tell you a little about the Zulu girls. I was talking to the mother of a dear little three months old baby girl Saturday. This mother said she was sorry her baby was a girl, because girls got married and usually went far away from their mothers, while boys stayed with them. This is all very true and so often the girl is given or sold to a man old enough to be her father or grandfather, a man whom she does not like at all and who may live many long miles away from her mother. She is not even asked beforehand if she would like this man, as the bargain is made by her father or elder brother. I know of one little girl, about nine years old whose father was trading her off for another girl who was to be his wife, she was to live with her mother till she grew up. If the girl should refuse to consent to marry the man then she is beaten with a thick stick, like a cane, if still she is unwilling she is beaten again and again. One old man because his daughter refused to marry the husband he had chosen, had his daughter bound hand and foot and his other daughters carried her away to the husband's kraal and laid her down at his feet. She then married the man.

I am glad to say not all girls have so hard a time. Many of them have the privilege of choosing their future husband themselves.

The little girls begin at once to once to make themselves very useful (if they are not willing they are beaten perhaps by some other wife of their father but not always by their own mother.) I have seen little girls not more than five years old and some surely younger, carrying around on their little bare backs a big fat baby of from nine months old or older down to a tiny mite of two months. I often wonder if they ever let the little helpless things fall but I never see a broken backed child so I guess these young nurses are very careful. It is most amusing to see these little nurses running in play with the little baby's head bobbing out of the old goat skin that keeps

it in place on the nurses back. Girls and women do all the grinding for food and beer also. Two stones are used, one a large flat stone, that has been somewhat scoured out, is the under stone, then a rather long and quite round stone which is rolled over this flat one with both hands, bearing on quite hard, and crushing into flour the corn between. It is hard work and the little arms ache I am sure but they keep on like their mothers or elder sisters.

The water is also carried by women and girls and is often quite a distance from the house, generally at the foot of a hill. I remember one place where all the people of one kraal got all their water. It was down at the bottom of a very steep, high hill I used to fear the pots of water would fall off the women's heads or else be the means of tumbling the women and girls down, as this hill is so near perpendicular. Then wood is scarce. The women and girls carry it on their heads many long miles up hill and down. I am sure you would be much interested to see some eight little girls from, say five years old up to ten all carrying little loads of wood on their heads. They bring it to us to sell for sugar, salt, soap or matches. I suppose their heads are strong and surely must be much harder than yours or mine as we could never do as they do. So evenly do they balance these loads on their heads that the women seldom steady the load with their hands only as they walk in a bad place in the road. I have seen women carry pumpkins on their heads one pumpkin on top of another till the load was three pumpkins deep, delftly tied together with grass rope.

Perhaps this will do for this time but you see I have only just begun to tell a very little about the women and girls of the Zulus.

Write again sometime and ask any question you wish, but next time only write on one side of the paper as the printer does not allow us to write on both sides, it is too much bother in setting type and your letter may be printed in the HIGHWAY.

Lovingly Your Friend,

H. C. SANDERS.

PAULPIETERSBURG, Natal, Aug. 4th 1905.

Dear Highway, I am just home from kraal visiting, the first for about two weeks. I wanted especially to see a boy who is deformed in his legs and cannot walk. But he had been taken to another kraal far away, and I did not see him. But I saw a girl, who, over a year ago, attended a few of our meetings and was earnestly seeking the Saviour. She told me today that she first began to attend church at a town about thirty miles away from us, when she was at that place. But her father, hearing of this came and beat her and burned her cloths with which she had begun to dress as do the Christian Zulus. Then when she heard of our coming to this place, which is only about six miles from her home, she again attended services, but her father was as hard as ever and gave her a second beating. She said to me, "I have been sold to a young man, who has one wife already, and both my father and he forbid me going to meetings. "I could say to her, "consent to be beaten and even to die rather than lose your soul." Yet such persecution is very real, as the beating such girls get is with a cane, generally about three-fourths of an inch thick. The father will often get drunk on the occasion, and thus aroused will beat the girl until the blood runs. This is the way this girl, a Nomalina, was beaten.

Yesterday, a girl about an inch taller than our Faith came to buy salt with a small dish of Amabele, Native grain which we grind and make into porridge, but of which the natives make their beer. This little girl's name is in English, Witness, and her father's name is Hens. She said that she desires very much to be a christian but her father forbids her, because she has been sold to a man, to be his wife. This man she has merely seen, she knows almost nothing of him, not even where he lives, though she said he lives quite near by.

Let me ask, friends, how are such ones to be reached and saved? 'Tis certainly a subject for earnest prayer.

Then there is another class, perhaps even more difficult to reach and for whom I feel deeply burdened. There are the dressed heathen, those who are christians in name only, but who truly think themselves on the road to heaven, and hope as

they say, to be saved "in the last day." They have laid aside their heathen dress with or without dropping their sins, have learned to read and write in their own language, attend church services, are enlightened as to the origin of the world and other scripture teaching. They love forms and ceremonies; the more the better, they have the husk only and think it to be all. They rather look down upon their neighbors who have not adopted the white man's dress, but they themselves have not touched the hem of the garment of Him, whose name they bear. How is this class to be reached? Their name is Legion and they are to be found within the churches.

Were this true of but one denomination an evangelist might go among all the churches of that denomination, and this they could be shown their true standing. But, of course, every denominational jealousy will not permit an evangelist to reach all.

It seems to me that the right paper might do much in solving this second problem. This Zulu race is awakening from its long slumber of heathenism and is beginning to reach out after christianity and civilization. They are rapidly learning to read in their own language and many of the more advanced ones, even in English. In Natal there are schools and colleges for natives only.

There is so much they do not know of the essentials of salvation, such as true regeneration, how to enter into justification, etc., to say nothing of the second blessing. Let us pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth into this harvest the holiness power of His own choosing.

Yours in His service,

H. C. SANDERS.

Dear readers of the "KING'S HIGHWAY."

GREETINGS.—By request of a very warm friend of the "KING'S HIGHWAY," I will report something of the recent "Tent Meeting," at Norton, N. B. As some of the readers well know, Norton, is one of the several villages being along the Intercolonial railroad, which runs through a delightful section of country between St. John, and Moncton. Norton is a good point for religious work, especially for tent or Camp Meeting work. It is a center for shipping, and receiving. Heavy mails are put off there for the back sections of country. Good store and shop accommodations, a fine school building, four churches, patronized not only by the village but by a large and prosperous farming section. Having eighteen trains a day makes it convenient for people to come and go.

This is the third Tent Meeting held in Norton, by Evangelists, Pastors, and workers of different denominations. Rev. M. S. Trafton, has helped in each meeting. Also Brother Joseph Bullock and wife. Brother John F. Bullock has taken special interest each year in the music and in the young people. The people drive to this meeting from a radius of 20 miles and some come 150 miles by boat and rail.

It is thought by some that there should be a permanent Camp Meeting at this point, with a tabernacle for worship and a building for board and lodging, with the tabernacle so arranged that a part of it could be used all the year for religious meetings if needed.

The "Tent" in which the meetings have been held the past three years will only hold about 300 people. Every year there have been on Sundays, many more people than could be housed.

Every year our Lord has blessed his servants and handmaids, and rewarded their faith and labors, by reclaiming the backslidden, converting the sinner, and wholly sanctifying the believer. Praise His Holy name.

Brothers McPherson, Carson, Robertson and McKenzie, were the promoters of the first meeting and have been the supporters of them all with other friends within and without Norton.

The workers this year were: John F. Bullock, St. John, N. B., in charge of the singing, Rev. Z. B. Grass and wife, Moncton, N. B., Rev. Brother Tamm, Amherst, N. B., Rev. C. A. Roney and Brother E. E. Peel, of Oxford, N. S., Rev. M. S. Trafton, St. John, N. B., Rev. Alfred Trafton, Woodstock, N. B., Rev. A. B. Riggs, Lowell, Mass., Sister Lilla B. Young, Little River, N. B., Rev. Brother Fickerson, Brother Joseph Bullock and wife, St. John, N. B. and the writer.

The weather on the whole was very favorable, only having to use a stove two evenings. The three rainy days were times of much praying and great blessing. There was not a day but one or more were at the altar and some days a good number sought and found. There were some marked cases of reclamation, regeneration and entire sanctification for which we praise the Lord. A good number of houses were opened for strangers and works. Brothers Carson and Robertson each year have turned their houses into hotels, but contrary to hotel custom, they boarded and lodged every one free. We expect their homes will continue to be blessed.

The writer and a number of others are greatly desirous that the work of holiness may be conserved in and about Norton. We are praying that the Reformed Baptist may be lead of the Lord to rejuvenate their work in Meset Settlement, and also husband the holiness work in Norton that may not be cared for by the other

Your brother and co-worker for the spread of scriptural holiness,

H. F. REYNOLDS.

212 Oxford St.

Providence, R. I.

VICTORIA, Can. Co. N. B.

June 3th, 1905.

My Dear Friend,—As I was looking through the Highway I saw Mr. Saunders letter to the young people. I thought I for one would answer it. Well I suppose you want to know who is writing to you, don't you? You know Mrs. Reuel W. Shaw don't you? Well it is her daughter Pearl. I am visiting my grandma Mrs. Sandford Shaw. Yes, I am a Christian and it is a fine thing to be, and I have the blessed assurance that Jesus is Mine. I attend day school and am in the fourth book. I am 14 years of age. My home is in Lowell, Mass., but I have been visiting grandma. I have one little brother three years old and him and I have just got over the measles. He was dressed to day for the first time in two weeks. His name is Sandford Kenneth. I have three brothers dead.

We have meeting here every two weeks and prayer meeting every Wednesday. I am a member of the Mission Band and enjoy it very much. We had a concert about 3 weeks ago. We had dear Miss Morgan to speak after the program. We enjoy her very much and there was a missionary concert to Hartland, two miles from here, last Friday.

We have dear Brother Baker to preach for us here. The R. B. has no Sunday School but I go to the Free Baptist Sunday School.

Grandpa and grandma sends love to you and Mr. Sanders and I to Faith and Paul.

I would like for you to tell me about the Zulus when you write.

Good-by from your friend,

PEARL SHAW.

UPPER HAYNESVILLE,

June 14th, 1905.

Dear Mr. Sanders.—As I saw your letter in the HIGHWAY asking the boys and girls to write, I thought I would try. I go to day school and to the Free Baptist Sunday School, I am a Christian. I was converted last September in Rev. S. Greenlaw's meetings. I like to follow Jesus and I find more joy in living for him than I ever had before. I was baptized last Sunday by Mr. Greenlaw who preaches here. There are no missionary meetings in the church here. I am fourteen years old and I have three sisters.

Ever your friend,

LILLA H. WIGGINS.

AMHERST, Sept. 9th, 1905.

Dear Highway.—We shall be much obliged if you will again insert the quarterly meeting in the Highway at Amherst from 26th, to 29th, and also all communications from delegates to

G. H. LOCK.