

CORRESPONDENCE.

MISSIONARY LETTER TO THE ALLIANCE FROM DR. SANDERS.

PAULPIETERSBURG, Natal, May 20, 1907.

Dear Friends,—At this grand yearly gathering we are with you in spirit. Through the HIGHWAY we have heard with joy how God has blessed the different churches and pastors this year. And now it is for us to tell how God has blessed your efforts in sending light to those who sit in darkness.

Your sending to us Brother and Sister Kierstead has "lengthened the cords and strengthened the stakes" of this work. We thank you for them. We think you have done nobly in raising funds for the foreign work. The uplift of your prayers and warm sympathy have been an ever present stimulus to us all.

In sending the report of our work it will be my desire only to give you a view of the out-stations and what they stand for.

Last Thursday I had the privilege of visiting Peter at his home, not returning until Saturday. He is one of our three best young men workers, and lives away to the north about ten miles from our station and close to the Pongolo river. From the hill near his hut we counted last year fifteen kraals representing about 130 natives, among whom our Peter is the only christian. Then again, beyond, just across the Pongolo in the valley of a small tributary are kraals, "many" so Peter says, among which are no believers. And, by the way, this is one of the places we plan to visit this winter.

When I arrived at Peter's home I was surprised to see the improvements he had made around his dwelling. You may remember he built last year a stone hut 8 x 10 ft. with grass roof. The door is 2 ft. wide by 5 ft. high and swings on hinges. In the back is a little window 9 inches square with a board shutter instead of glass. Outside and in the walls are plastered and the mud floor is smooth and well kept. He is quite a mechanic and has built himself a bedstead with legs, a small square table and several stools. The walls in the small room are stained with clay, white above and brown below, and decorated by a promiscuous collection of cards and newspaper pictures. There are miniature bookshelves and a curved wire suspended by a pin holds letters—all he ever received, I suppose. A strong rack with five pegs holds his coats and hats. The top of the mud wall forms a shelf all around the room, and here is a collection of treasures including his dishes; white enamelled plates and mugs, spoons, knives and forks, one broken lamp and one good one. But what impressed me most was two stuffed animals, a wild cat and a huge rat that has no tail. Upon inquiry I learned that these skins were stuffed with dry earth. Three fly traps made from white grass hung from the ceiling and all together the room had a nice appearance. The front yard had been enlarged since my visit a year ago and five rows of flowers, begged from us, set out together with some permanent trees.

His latest enterprise is the training of mice. He now has (I expect it is finished before now) quite a cage where he will keep two mice. While working upon this natives who came along would ask what he was doing. He would tell them and say they might come and see the mice after he had them in their new house. In the meantime he had them confined in a very small box.

Peter's house with its first step towards civilization is a source of wonder to his neighbors. They come in and look all about the room and make many expressions of admiration and surprise. One will say, "You have built indeed." One girl looking at the pictures on the wall said, "I will choose by husband, a nice man, from among these men." But the most common expression is, "What is that for?"

Peter thought when he built this house it would be a school room and church and I thought so too, but for some reason the people are not flocking to Peter for instruction.

I had not been there long last Thursday when people, mostly women, began to come along, they said "to see the teacher," but they all asked for a box of matches which I gave until the bunch of twelve was gone. But the point I wish

to make here is that they are not like the heathens near our station. They have not yet formed decisions regarding the gospel message, but are waiting. All about near our station the people are in a sense gospel hardened. They have decided not to accept Christ, at least, not for a time. But not so in this district near Peter's home. They say that they want to be christians and will attend services if they are not too far away. So in spite of Peter's house and mouse cage the people are not going to be reached until something more is done. I have gone into details in regard to Peter's home which we call one of our out stations, as it is a type of them all in so far as the work being done is concerned.

The day I arrived there was a big hunt on. Thirty men or more armed with spears and throwing sticks and accompanied by their dogs were doing their best to get some game. They started a big grass fire and conducted a drive over a large area of country, only to get, however, one buck and three rabbits which the dogs caught. In the early afternoon they returned home thirsty for the beer which the women had prepared for them. When darkness came on they were drunk and unwilling that the sport of the day should cease. Among them was a man known as an "isangoma" or wizard, who furnished amusement for them until near dawn of next day. They sang and danced while he called upon his "idhlosi," ancestral spirit to come and point out to him the thing the people had hidden. A kind of a "hide-the-wacket" game.

As all this was going on almost in Peter's front yard, in a nearby kraal, we could not sleep but listened to the sounds from Satan's camp-meeting. The spirit in question must be hard of hearing or, like the gods on Mount Carmel, away on a hunt, as the isangoma would shout "we 'dhlosi, we 'dhlosi," while his audience would keep up their part of the performance of clapping of hands and singing.

Among those who came in to see the teacher was one man, Mr. Warm, who said he desired to become a christian but was bound by Satan. Further, in his opinion, Satan was larger and stronger than God. I read to him 1 Jno. 4:4, "Greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world," and explained that God was stronger than Satan and could deliver from all the power of the enemy. Then he pointed to the next verse saying, "what does it say there?" And as I would stop reading he would point ahead and say, "and there," until his son came after him as some one wanted to see him. But it seemed that there was in this man's heart a hunger after God.

And now, friends, you have before your mind's eye a picture, a true picture of the heathen among whom we labor—Peter, a true christian in a square built hut, a step towards civilization; the forenoon hunt, the afternoon beer drink, the night of carousal and devil worship, the one lone man who like Nicodemus came at night apparently hungry for light from God. Here they sit in darkness. They might all receive a saving knowledge of Christ if they had a strong desire. They sit contentedly, indifferently in darkness.

About ten miles from us also in a northerly direction and by the Pongolo river is another of our star preachers, Samuel. He also has built a square hut which we all hoped would be used as church and school house. But here, too, the people are sitting in darkness, indifferent to the fact that they might attend regular services at the home of Samuel. Yet there is a beginning as Samuel is teaching three children to read and some few neighbors come in to prayers occasionally. In Samuel's district the nearby kraals are few but this earnest young man has a large field across the Pongolo where he has held many meetings. He also is the chief speaker three Sundays in the month at all the meetings held north of our central station. Usually he and Peter with a band of lesser lights hold meetings at about six different kraals, one meeting only each Sunday. The first Sunday of each month they all come to communion service. Thus this northern part of our field not crossing the Pongolo includes about 100 square miles and has a population of about 900, among whom we have these two preachers, Peter and Samuel with a band of twelve christians and about as many seekers. It is only a beginning but we are encouraged. Our

work is like a tree, the larger it becomes, the faster is its growth.

Leaving this northern portion of our field we turn to the junction of the two rivers, Pongolo and Pivaan, where we find about 300 with two preachers and a band of six christians and only a few seekers. We hold meetings near the home of Aaron who is one of our three best preachers. I should say old home as Aaron now lives on Balmoral with his christian wife Jositina. The other preacher for this needy part of our field is Peter Zondo, a Wesleyan, who helps us and may join later as he is so far from any others of his church.

The Big Hill with its 150 people is near the junction but stands alone as an outstation. We have a firm foothold here with several christians and seekers.

You all probably remember Joseph, a forth preacher, fifth if we count Peter Zondo. His field is a large one. He is the only christian in that district but there are many seekers. As yet we have only two preaching posts there, but hope for others when we can man them. Joseph is working among about 300 but there are as many more unreached near him. Between Joseph and the big hill, in a southerly direction, is a large stretch of farms, peopling another 300 natives. Moses is the one we count on most in this part of our field. He is reinforced by six christians and quite a number of seekers. There is room here for two out-posts but as yet we have only an occasional meeting. Thus in review, we count five preachers, backed up by a strong band of church members and seekers, as you will see by Sister Keirstead's report. These are, in a way reaching nearly 2,000 people. But reaching only in the sense that the 2,000 might hear the gospel if they had a strong desire.

Then these five preachers or leaders of meetings, are with us only about half their time as they must go away to earn money. Peter Zonda is now away, and the other Peter is soon to go, while Joseph is just home from a long stay.

If we count our out station there are only seven where we see the need of twelve or more.

I have tried to give you a view of our outstation work as it actually is and not paint any picture glowing with false or exaggerated coloring.

Regarding the future we do not know what God has in store. But we see the crying need of reaching these who are sitting waiting, sitting in darkness. God who has wrought in the past three years and more of our stay here will we believe continue to give the increase to His work. Only His power can save the heathen, or even awaken them from their indifference. But we are full of hope for the future. The work at present is more encouraging and apparently growing faster than ever before.

Yours and His for these in heathen darkness.

H. C. SANDERS

MISSIONARY LETTER TO THE ALLIANCE FROM SISTER I. F. KIERSTEAD.

PAULPIETERSBURG, Natal, South Africa, May 20th, 1907.

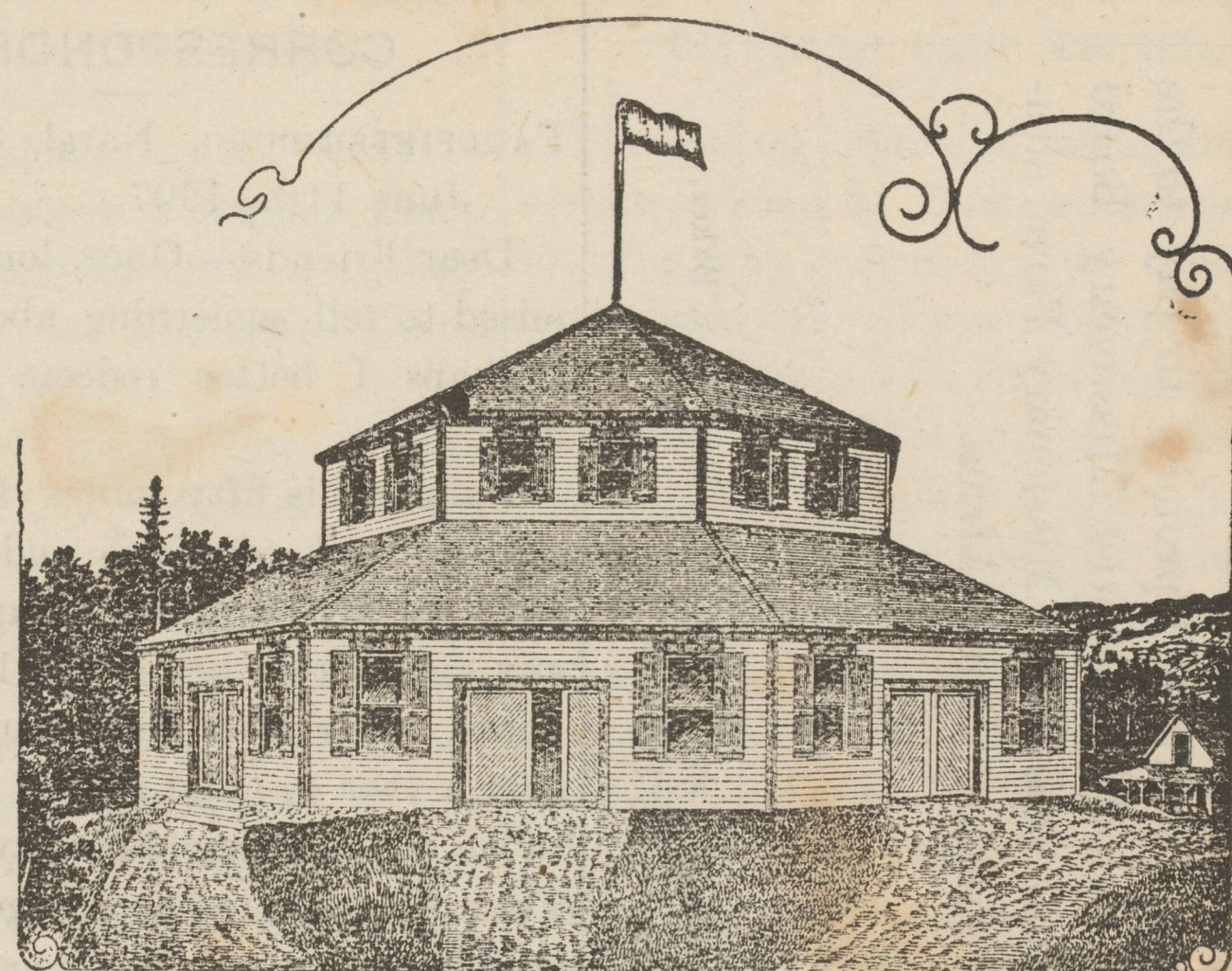
Beloved Brethren and Sisters in the Lord,

GREETING,—May He who has permitted you to meet again at the Alliance and Camp Meetings, richly bless you in all spiritual blessings.

We praise the Lord for the many glad days spent at Beulah, and though far removed from you at this time, we are with you in spirit and our prayers are for you, for a grand time of victory, where each worker will receive the needed rest and refreshing for the coming year. Also that many precious souls may be won for the Master.

We are truly grateful for your prayers that have been offered in our behalf, and for your noble efforts which makes it possible for us to be here, which we fully believe is our Fathers will.

The Holy Spirit is our constant companion and teacher. He teaches us many sweet lessons by the way, and his presence is indeed precious. We have done the best we could to acquire the language during the past year, and though we have made fair progress, we feel there is much yet to learn before we can accomplish much for God. We have been privileged to mingle with the people daily and have visited them in their homes where we



Riverside Camp Meeting Aug. 9-18.

Beloved, let us pray for, and expect the richest meeting ever held on this Beautiful Camp Ground. Riverside is finely situated within a few miles of the villages of Bridgewater, Blaine, Mars Hill and Baird's Mills, and one quarter of a mile from Robinson's Mills, and only a short drive from Centreville and Tracy's Mills, N. B., in the midst of a prosperous farming district on both sides of the line, in fact within easy distance of fifty thousand people, so that we have no

could tell them "the sweet story of old" which they always listen to with interest.

We rejoice with you over the victories you have had in the home land, and believe they are due largely to your faith and love for souls in this dark land.

We have had much to encourage us on this field also, as some have turned from their heathen customs and sins to the living God, many others are almost persuaded but have not yet yielded to the promptings of the Holy Spirit. We are praying much for these as well as those who say they want to be christians, but are bound by Satan. So it is the same old story, for Satan has as many ways to keep people away from God here as in the home land.

There had been ten baptisms and nine added to the church, who are standing true. Several more are candidates for baptism, together with quite a number of seekers who are very near the kingdom.

There are one hundred and thirty names on the class book. These only represent the names of seekers and believers.

These Wednesday class meetings are well attended by heathen as well as Christian and are very profitable. The word of God is unfolded in all simplicity, then each is given an opportunity of giving his testimony, or of talking on any passage of Scripture as he understands it. This greatly helps the workers, giving them more confidence in explaining the word to their unsaved friends. They also bring in their reports concerning whom they have talked to during the week about their souls salvation. A record is kept of this and we find they alone have spoken to 2,459 in the past year. A Samuel one of our best workers has spoken to 223. The young women and girls also do good work, an average worker a Galiva has spoken to 109 souls. They are very earnest in trying to persuade the unsaved to yield themselves to Jesus.

Many gather here early in the day so as to study before the service, several are studying English while others are learning to read and write in their own language.

Think it would give you new inspirations could you but see these transformed ones with shining faces giving ringing testimonies for God. But beloved me thinks you will see them in the great Home Land among the blood-washed, giving glory and praise to "the Lamb that was slain," and this will be the result of your prayers and labors and sacrifice who have sent the gospel to them.

On the first Sunday of each month the Communion of the Lord's Supper is held here, people gather from all the different out-posts for the day, which is greatly enjoyed. A covenant meeting is held Saturday p. m. previous to the first Sunday, having been recently established.

We hope to start a sewing class soon, as now the women and girls are free from watching their gardens.

Three funerals have been attended

question about a large attendance The Bangor & Aroostock R. R. gives a grand service of six trains daily, which stop at the grounds. The Camp Ground will be improved this season. The dead trees have been all cut out and an excellent well has been drilled near the horse barn to supply the horses, so there will be a plentiful water supply.

Board \$3.50 per week, rooms 50c. per day. Berths for men 25 cents per night.

where the gospel was preached to many heathens who otherwise would never hear the words of our God. Though our Father has wonderfully blessed the labor and time spent for him these months these figures do not satisfy us by any means, but we expect greater things in the future, the need is great, thousands must be rescued from Christless graves, yea teeming million are groping in heathen darkness. Dare we withhold the light from them? a thousand times no. So then let us take on a little more faith and courage for the multiplied responsibilities and see to it that we have on the whole armour of God, for the battle presses hard. Let us claim the front ranks and fight to win, holding high the banner of the cross "Holiness unto the Lord" until the enemy will retreat and the victory will be ours. This we covet for his name sake.

Yours in Christian love,
IDA M. KIERSTEAD,
MOTHER.

God made a home, where hearts might turn to rest,
When all the other homes on earth had failed.

God made a star whose light burned steadily
When all the other lights grew dim and paled.

God made a voice that all the breadth of seas,
The change of seasons, or the flight of years
Could never silence, never rob of power
To reach, to bless, to silence fears.

God made a love that wrapped our infancy,
And blessed us, even when we knew it not—
A love that knew no barrier, no self,
A love that never faltered or forgot.

This was God's gift, immortal, changelless, vast,
Whose name He wrote because He knew no other
Name sweeter, on our waking consciousness,
In golden characters. That name was "Mother."

—Phila Butler Bowman.

FOR THE SUPERINTENDENT.

Shake hands.
Begin on time.
Make your school a great, loving family.
A Sunday school should run like a clock.
The time to check disorder is before it begins.
Settle it now that things, "don't happen."

No school is as large as it ought to be until it is as large as it can be.
Close on time. You can do this when you begin on time.—Evangelical Sunday School Teacher.

If our weaknesses are not discovered, men will over estimate us, hence these humiliating moments when our human frailties find such expression as to bring sorrow to our own hearts and disappointment to others.