

CORRESPONDENCE.

PAULPETERSBURG, NATAL, SOUTH AFRICA.

May 15th, 1908.

Dear Brothers and Sisters, in Christ, Greetings;—Another year has passed with all its privileges and responsibilities and we find it our duty to send you some report of our work.

We miss the Dr. and his family in the work but rejoice that they will be with you to tell of the great need and also of the possibilities of winning and polishing many jewels for the Master's crown, in this land so long neglected.

Some progress has been made in the work here however since the Dr. and his wife left us which we feel like reporting.

Some weeks ago a young man, whose name is Salamona Kumalo, came to us from the Scandinavian American Mission. He lives about thirty miles from here across the Pongola, in The Transvaal. He desired to join our church and become our evangelist, as he said he wished to give the most of his time to the work but would need £4 or £5 a year to pay his taxes. Secretary and teacher being unable to help him would consent for him to come with us, also for him to bring with him those who desire to believe at his home. He stayed to our meetings on Sunday as it was Communion day and we were pleased with his apparent Spirituality. We learned from him that the society to which he belongs teaches their natives to give up beer, snuff and dancing, in fact are as strict in their discipline as we and even baptize by immersion. So we arranged to go over and see his home a few weeks after.

Leaving home on Thursday a. m. we went to the home of Samuel, crossed the river there and went to a place where we were last year and had a service, stopping at that Kraal for lunch. There are many people there, another large Kraal being near by and several women and girls we talked to said they wanted to believe and had been looking for us to come back and teach them, and now would be caused to rejoice if we would return, as there is no teacher handy. Leaving there at 1.30 p. m., as our guide did not arrive, we travelled north until 4 o'clock. Mountains to the left preventing us from turning in the direction of our destination, finding people, all along who say they want to believe but have no teacher. At last around the mountains and turning to the left we come to a place where I should think five hundred people or more are gathered dancing at the wedding of a girl who is being married off.

We there find a man who directs us to a mountain where he said u Josefu, the young man engaged to u Mata lives, but after a hard climb we reached the top of the mountain only to learn that he is not known there. The sun is now set so we stop at a kraal for the night, some girls vacating their hut for the boy and I to sleep in. We are up before sun rise, saddle the horse and go on reaching the home of u Salamona at noon. He is building a house with two rooms about eight feet sq. of "Amasowi," clay sods. The frame work for roof is made of black wattle poles, and will be thatched with grass. It will be quite a comfortable dwelling when finished.

Another young man near by, who wants to believe but has not finished the matter, is building a stone church about 12 x 15 feet. When it is finished it will hold quite a congregation but the writer was obliged to hurry home without having fully investigated the prospect for an out station there.

This week however we decided to go to the home of Freeman and also visit Salamona's home again before writing the Alliance letter. Leaving home, with Finiosi for guide, at 7.30 a. m, Monday,

we reach the Kraal where Freeman lives at 12.30. We found he had not been very active in the work. Three boys at his home desire to believe but have not made much progress in study. We have a little meeting then go on reaching the home of Salmona at 5. Several who want to believe gather in his hut during the evening and we have a service telling of Christ's willingness to receive them at once, if they would consent to leave all their sins. In the morning others who desire to believe are called by a brother of Salamona, who also wants to be a Christian. Five women, two young men, three small girls also two heathen women gather and we try again to make plain the way of eternal life. We then return to the home of Freeman passing a hot spring on our way. Have another short meeting there before leaving for home.

uSalamona has been to see his teacher, Miss Marl Mo, who is stationed 40 miles or more from his home in Swaziland, and she promised him a letter to join us when she brought the matter before the church. We expect D. V. to receive him into the church in a few weeks our plan being to support him out of our tenth fund. He will continue to hold regular services at his home, teach those who want to believe also visit the Kraal where Freeman lives and other needy places not far away.

I think there is a good prospect there for a strong out station and perhaps in the near future it may be the will of the Lord to establish another station over there as it would be quite impossible to work all those needy districts to good advantage from this side of the river. But I must hasten to speak of other places.

uSamuel on the Pongola is also busy building a stone house with two rooms so don't get much time to work among the people except on Sundays. After his house is finished we hope he may be able to give his full time to the work as we need some one in that district to teach and work among the people. One young man at his home wants to believe and has begun to study.

Aloni has been faithful in his work spending nearly all his time among the people since the first of March. He has twelve studying regularly. His meetings are fairly well attended on Sunday generally.

Finiosi has been doing good work when here but had to be away three weeks last month, he is teaching eight. The interest is pretty good on his part of the field.

U Mata is teaching six children at her home, Lina one, and Lidia four at a kraal about two miles from here. Making at least thirty four who are studying out side of the station.

An important district near the Pivan River is open to us for work. We have been there once to have service since the Doctor left us, but with our present staff of workers it is impossible to go there regularly. We expect Petrose Zonda home next month, however, and hope he may consent to go there regularly on Sundays.

"The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few, pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he may raise up workers here as well as in the home land to carry the glad tidings of salvation into these districts where the people are neglected and crying to us for help. But shall we ask God for labourers and then fail to co-operate with Him in sending them forth? Surely that would not be consistent! He is counting on each one of us to do our best. I don't want to disappoint him. Do you?"

Yours seeking the lost.

I. F. KIERSTEAD.

P. S. Perhaps some society or person would undertake the support of u Sam yede, when he has finished building his house, so he can give his full time to the work. He might be induced to give his full time for twenty-five or thirty dollars a year. There is lots of work in his district to keep him busy every day in the week and month too.

I. F. K.

A candle flame is not noticed at all when the sun is shining, but what a world of help and comfort there is in its steady light when all around is darkness! The girl who always keeps cheerful may not attract much attention when everything is going pleasantly, but if trouble comes, her bright face is as welcome as a sunbeam, and her cheery courage helps all who come near.

Real Heroes

Elgar Wallace, War Correspondent for the "Daily Mail" (British) has some encouraging things to say in reference to foreign missionaries. So many of this class of people have nothing good to say of foreign mission work, that it is refreshing to hear a man of this stamp express his honest convictions. Mr. Wallace says:

"What the missionaries have done I can see with my eyes, and, seeing, I am prouder of my country and my country men and women than I have ever been before.

No battle have I witnessed, no prowess of arms, no exhibition of splendid courage in the face of overwhelming odds has inspired me as the work of these outposts of Christianity.

"I say this in all sincerity, not because I am any more of a Christian than the average man of the world—not because I am impressionable to Christian work and Christian service, but because my sense of proportion is sufficiently well adjusted to allow me to rightly judge the value of the work.

"Somebody down the river told me that there was a difficulty in getting men and women for the missionary work in Congoland. Speaking frankly as a man of the world, I do not wonder. I would not be a missionary on the Congo, for five thousand pounds a year. That is a worldly point of view. I do not think it is a simple confession that I prefer the 'flesh pots of Egypt' to the self-sacrifice and devotion that the missionary life claims. Yet were I a good Christian, and were I a missionary hesitating in my choice of a field, I would say with Desdemona:

"I do perceive, here, a divine duty."

"Look at the records of the missions on the Congo. I say without hesitation that every work of progress and civilization that the Congo has seen has owed its inception and has been brought to fruition by these fine people. The very charting of its great waterways—a state work, if ever there was one—was carried out by the missionary.

"If from the depths into which the natives have sunk through oppression and neglect, men and women have been raised to the level of good citizens, the missionaries have done it. All that is best in this sad land is the work of the missionaries. And all this has not been accomplished by sitting tight and waiting for miracles. It has not been done by lazy prayerfulness. Prayer, I doubt not has made all things possible, but after the missionaries have done praying they have taken off their coats and got to work. The right kind of prayer is that which begins, 'O God, give me strength to do these things'—and that is the kind of prayer that the Congo missionaries pray. "They are making men on the Congo. I have seen that with my own eyes. It is the only bright spot in the gloom that enshrouds this land of death. "They are healing the sick and succoring the weak. In the old days of chivalry, to succor the weak and aid the oppressed was the charge of every good knight. Such a charge these knights of Christ received from their Overlord, and most worthily do they fulfil the charge.

As most dangerous winds may enter at little openings, so the devil never enters more dangerously than by little unobserved incidents which appear to be nothing, yet insensibly open the heart to great temptations.—Wesley.

Samuel D. Robbins: There is a communion with God, in which the soul feels the presence of the unseen one, in the profound depths of its being, with a vivid distinctness and holy reverence, such as no words can describe.

As a very little dust will disorder a clock, and the least grain of sand will obscure our sight, so the least grain of sin upon the heart will hinder its right motion toward God.—Wesley.

God wants all kinds of laborers; if you are not on the field binding up the sheaves, you can go into your closet and pray down bread for the harvest hands.—Robert Atchison.

Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time: Some people bear three—all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have.—Halo.

John Bunyan, to pass away the gloomy hours in prison, took a rail out of the stool belonging to his cell, and with his knife fashioned a flute. The keeper, hearing music, followed the sound to Bunyan's cell, but while he was unlocking the door the ingenious prisoner placed the rail in the stool, so that the searchers were unable to solve the mystery, nor, during the remainder of Bunyan's residence in the jail did they ever discover how the music had been produced. In an old account of Bedford, there is an equally good anecdote, to the effect that a Quaker called upon Bunyan in jail one day with what he professed to be a messenger from the Lord. "After searching for thee," said he, "in half the jails of England, I am glad I have found thee at last." "If the Lord sent thee," said Bunyan, sarcastically, "you would not have needed to take so much trouble to find me out; for He knows I have been in Bedford Jail these seven years past."

Ruskin thus speaks of a thoughtless youth: "A youth thoughtless! when all the happiness of his home for ever depends on the chances or the passions of an hour! A youth thoughtless! When the career of all his days depends on the opportunity of a moment! A youth thoughtless! When his every act is a foundation-stone of future conduct, and every imagination a fountain of life or death! Be thoughtless in any after years, rather than now—though, indeed, there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless—his deathbed. Nothing should ever be left to be done there."

We clipped the following from "The Beacon Light" of Fordye, Ark. Rev. W. J. Waltriall, Editor.

"The King's Highway is the organ of the Holiness Baptist work in Canada. It like The Highway is published twice a month. It is a splendid paper, teeming with news of their work, showing that it is pushed by a real Holiness Baptist people full of life, vigor and prosperity. Would be pleased to know that our people would subscribe for, and read the paper. It is published at Woodstock N. B. Canada.

Jerry McAuley, who was once a drunkard and a river thief, when converted became one of the most active and successful Christian workers in this country. He has been dead now a good many years, but the work he did still goes on in a most helpful and hopeful way. The mission he founded thirty-five years ago has not been closed one single night, and in that time has been the scene of about 100,000 conversions.

A minister who discourages emotional expressions in his congregation will soon have no one in his church who cares for souls. The churches which were once all on fire and sought guidance from God, and wept much for the unsaved, are today as cool as an ice-house because the preacher discouraged such demonstrations."

—Three "beers" a day will support a family in good groceries. Here is a confession: "I had no idea my drinking had been costing me so much. I live better and buy more for my family!"

"The boy who begins to disobey his mother by going out after supper and secretly meeting forbidden companions, is beginning a course that may lead to as base a deed as that of Judas."

On account of the Editor having to leave home for the quarterly meeting on the 25th, some late correspondence may fail to get into this issue.

"Maine has in her savings banks \$117 for every inhabitant, while the license state of Illinois has only \$13.42; Pennsylvania, \$16.70; Ohio, \$10.17."

"People who are wrong cannot be comfortable when the truth is pouring forth like molten lava under a baptism of fire."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN

A Noble Revenge.

While Robert Stewart was Governor of Missouri many merciful acts are related of him. Perhaps none more kindly than when a steamboat employe was brought in from the penitentiary as an applicant for pardon. When the Governor looked at him, he seemed strangely affected. He scrutinized him long, and finally he signed the document that restored the prisoner to liberty. Before he handed it to him, he said: "You will commit some other crime, and be in the penitentiary again, I fear."

The man solemnly promised that he would not, The Governor looked doubtful, mused a few minutes, and said:

"You will go back to the river again, I suppose?"

The man replied that he would.

"Well, I want you to promise me one thing," replied the Governor. "I want you to pledge your word that when you are mate again, you will never take a billet of wood in your hand and drive a sick boy out of a bunk to help you load your boat on a stormy night." The man said that he would not, and inquired what the Governor meant by asking him such a question.

The Governor replied: "Because, some day, that boy might become a Governor, and you may want him to pardon you for a crime. One dark, stormy night many years ago, you stopped your boat on the Mississippi River to take on a load of wood. There was a boy on board who was working his passage from New Orleans to St. Louis, but he was very sick with the fever, and was lying in a bunk. You had plenty of men to do the work, but you went to that boy with a stick of wood in your hand and drove him with blows and curses out into the wretched night, and kept him toiling like a slave until the load was completed. I am that boy. Here is your pardon. Never again be guilty of such brutality."

The man, cowering and hiding his face, went out without a word. From that day, however, he became a new man, later becoming a most earnest worker in a mission in New York.—The Methodist Protestant.

Somebody.

There was somebody who disobeyed mama and hurt somebody else. Was it you?

There was somebody who was selfish and thoughtless in her home. Was it you?

There was somebody who disobeyed mama and made her a great deal of trouble and sorrow. Was it you?

There was somebody who spoke unkindly of somebody else. Was it you?

There was somebody who found nothing but fault with everything in the belongings of her friend. Was it you?

There was somebody who borrowed a book and kept it for months. Was it you?

There was somebody who, day in and day out, never did anything to make anybody else happy. Was it you?—Christian Work.

A Policeman's Testimony.

A number of young men were one day sitting around the fire in the waiting-room at the Normanton Station of the Midland Railway, England, talking about total abstinence societies. Just then a policeman came in with a prisoner in handcuffs. He listened to the young men's conversation, but did not give any opinion. There was also in the room Mr. McDonald, a minister of the gospel, who, hearing what the young men were saying, stepped up to the policeman and said:

"Pray, sir, what have you got to say about temperance?"

The policeman replied: "Why, all I've got to say is that I never took a teetotaler to York Castle (prison) in my life, nor to Wakefield House of Correction either—Band of Hope Review.

Salvation makes happy. A professor of Christianity who finds no happiness in it, has not the right kind."