

October 30, 1912.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

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Missionary Correspondence.

Paulpietersburg, Natal,

September 10, 1912.

Dear Highway Readers:—I hope the friends at home will accept these letters as personal to themselves and not fail to reply. Also the direct supporters of our Native Helpers will remember that the reports through the columns of this paper are for them especially, and, of course, for all interested in this mission field.

Aaron (Auloni) is in the harness again in earnest and has secured another passenger, his own nephew, a boy who has now decided to seek the Lord; and has already begun to learn to read. He is busy every day watching sheep for his white man, so has evenings only for school, when his uncle teaches him at his home. We are planning for Aaron to extend his field, if possible and find other passengers willing to go our way. Did I tell you, Aaron at the mine found seven willing to be persuaded to learn to read and to leave their old life of sin. None of these live near enough to join us but they will find a church home near where they live.

Lydia is still busy with teaching school, but will soon, we trust, be in more evangelistic service. Even now she is doing a good work in a quiet way. Only yesterday she went with us to visit a dying man. Both she and he had dreamed that the "umfudse" white teacher, came to visit him with the Native Helpers and that while they talked and prayed with the sick man he was converted. And so it turned out, as we left him satisfied that all was well with his soul. We are sending him food daily as what his wife is able to give him is not what a man so sick needs and desires. In so many little ways we see opportunities of doing kindnesses like we believe Jesus would do were he here.

Samuel and Solomon are going on as usual with the prospect of advancement and enlargement of their fields.

You will soon hear of Peter, I trust, as he is nearly through the necessary work connected with moving his hut and meagre furniture. The Heathen Natives call a crowd by having a beer drink and get through with such a task in short order. And the Christians, in imitation of this custom, call others by having the matter announced in church. This plan does fairly well but only a small company in comparison ever comes to such a "raising."

The death of the "mission horse," a lame foot, much necessary work to be attended to before the rainy season begins—all this and more has combined to prevent me from visiting our converts across the Pongolo. Accordingly they have been urged to visit us, and come at the time of our communion Sunday. They did not take to this at first, but after repeated messages sent by the preachers who minister to them they have responded quite satisfactorily. In this way we get to know them personally, and they meet the other members of our (and their own) church, which is a good thing for them. Then, too, there is need of their coming under the teaching and influence of the white teacher, and not be left entirely to the instruction of the Native Helpers.

Another new departure is that we now expect church members living near the Mission Station (within four miles, or so), to attend the Sunday services and not have preaching

at so many nearby outposts. At first we thought it wise to carry the gospel to those too indifferent to come to us. With that end in view we had many preaching places within the radius of five miles. We also sent out out Helpers to teach the children to read. But now things have changed. All the Natives have heard the gospel and the interested ones are willing to come to our services at the station. The indifferent ones may now be left (after seven years), while our teachers and preachers spend their time in reaching those who are yet destitute of the gospel truth. By this means our borders will be extended, and the Missionary in charge will do the work of several helpers every Sunday. Week-day meetings may be held anywhere we deem best. But not near the station at the same time we have one here. Every "big Sunday" all our Helpers are present, and during the day may give a report of the month's work, unless there will be time Monday, before the ones from afar return to their homes. Every Wednesday the nearby Helpers are supposed to be on hand for the "class." They need instruction or soon they are about useless as workers. Then, too, having the meeting at the M. S. made so important gives the members "first hand" instruction, so to speak. This sounds strange to people at home, I presume, but here things are so very different. So ignorant are even our trained Helpers.

To bring about this change was no easy matter. It was pleasant for the flock to sit at home all day Sunday and have their food brought to them. So when the change was first mentioned there were many protests. But now our helpers, at least, see the wisdom of it.

We have a system of cards upon which is written the attendance. Each one has his own and brings it every time. They take to this wonderfully well, calling it "the letter to worship with." You should see them coming with it in their hands, or tied between the folds of a piece of split grass. Before the ten weeks are over the envelopes may need replacing, but we do not mind this, as the plan is indeed of great service. Those who are present at every occasion get 100 per cent put to their account in the church book records. And all in proportion as they have attended during the ten weeks, each perfect week adding 10 per cent.

Thus you will understand when I say that Lydia is now doing the "teaching" of all the ones learning to read. Those not near enough to return home every night are fed here without cost to themselves (or to the Mission Society), so none who really desire to study have excuse. The indifferent ones, of course, are not taught but we are continually talking up the school as well as the church services and hope that time will bring greater numbers to the Mission Society. Samuel and Solomon, across the Pongolo, must have their schools, as they do. All this winter, as Mrs. Sanders has mentioned, the school has been grand and encouraging.

I have mentioned the above changes as I thought you all would be interested to know just how everything is going on. And yet we are only now swinging in line with the usual methods of the missionaries about us. They have their outposts so the Natives walk about four miles to church, and their schools are conducted as ours at present. And why we differed from them in the beginning of our work I have mentioned. That we then made no mis-

take has been shown by the harvest reaped. And that this present move is in the right direction will, I trust, be shown by like good results.

Yours for the extension of His Kingdom,
H. C. SANDERS.

Durban, Natal, Sept. 20, 1912.

Dear Boys and Girls:—I wonder how many of you have seen a whale.

A short time ago we visited "The Bluff." This is across the harbour and seems to run out into the sea. At the extreme point it is very rocky, so it is dangerous for vessels. There is a lighthouse high up on the Bluff where its strong light warns sailors of the danger. When they see the light they will steer away from it.

How like the Gospel light warning men and women, yes, and boys and girls, from the rocks and shoals of sin in every form. But I am getting away from my story.

We saw four huge whales landed. The whaleboats sail around until they see one of these monsters, then they quickly throw harpoons (like great steel spears), which pierce through this mountain of flesh. Sometimes they overthrow a boat in their fight for life.

They are towed to land and it is quite a sight when they are pulled up by machinery on flat cars, on which they are taken to a large building. The oil is extracted, and the ribs, too, for whalebone is valuable. One man told us that one whale was worth \$450. We saw where the sharks had eaten great holes through the side of one whale while being towed in.

When I saw what an immense size these whales were I didn't wonder any more at a fish being large enough to swallow Jonah.

I suppose you wouldn't want to exchange your beautiful autumn for our spring. The dry, hot winds are already depressing. Towards evening we usually have it a little cooler. The mosquitos are doing their best to keep us company,—but they are not appreciated. The coolies (Indians) about control the vegetable and fruit market. Early in the morning they come around with their baskets, two suspended on a pole which are carried over the shoulder. One feels like buying something only to get rid of them sometimes. There is some work being done among these Indians, yet hundreds are not being reached. The girls, from babies up, wear long dresses like their mothers, with a bright-colored material—cotton, muslin or silk—over the head, then wound loosely over the shoulder and around the waist, falling to the bottom of the skirt. They all have long, black hair, well oiled, for it simply shines, pinned in a not at the neck.

Quite a number of the boys and girls attend school, others only picking up a little English. They like to say "Good Morning" even if it is late in the afternoon when they meet us. They need the Gospel as much as the Zulus. They are considered more untruthful and much dirtier. I fancy they make little use of soap and water for their bodies. Hope this will find you all well and happy. The Lord bless you all.

With love, your old friend,

Ida M. Kierstead.

Between the great things that we cannot do and the small things that we will not do, the danger is that we shall do nothing.—*Adolph Monod.*