

April 15, 1913.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

7

Missionary Correspondence.

Paulpietersburg, Natal, Dec. 30, 1912.

Dear Highway Readers— Our Christmas for the natives was a decided success. From the church funds furnished by the free will offerings of the natives there was bought a goat and sixty pounds of corn. One native gave a sheep, another a hen, while two or three brought wood to cook with, and others came with five and ten gallon iron pots, until there were seven or eight of these large cooking vessels. While Aaron was dressing the goat, Peter was preparing the corn for cooking. Some was cooked whole, but the larger part was cracked and cooked like rice, after it had received several washings to remove all the meal. After the corn was cooked it was poured out in a bath tub to make room in the pots for the sheep, which had been waiting. It goes without saying that no part of the sheep and goat was thrown away. The skins were spread out to dry, but all else was either roasted on the hot coals or placed in the huge pots and boiled.

Long before the food was ready people began to come from all directions, in ones, twos, threes and larger numbers. The Christians mostly came in companies, singing hymns and marching in dignified order, led by a young man as they walked in single file along the paths.

But one service was held. About 11 a.m. we gathered in our church building, filling it to its utmost capacity. Those who could find no room in the seats sat on the floor as they do when in their own homes. The meeting was a good one, leaving a new idea in the minds of many who had not attended hitherto. Not all could get in the building, as there were two hundred and sixty present. I need not describe the meeting, as there were testimonies and preaching much as we have it at home.

And now the corn and mutton was cooked, so the feast was next in order. All the large dishes such as bake pans, milk pans, dish pans, etc., were brought and the corn dipped into these. The highly flavored gravy was next poured on and stirred in until all the rice-like corn was properly seasoned. The meat was next carved and huge pieces placed on each dish, resting on the corn mush. All this was done in native style, even the using of a strong sharp stick as a carving fork. The people were seated on the abundant grass in groups, not of definite numbers, but as to age and sex. The men (the owners of the women and children) sat in the shade of the wattles, and expected to receive the attention their importance always commands. The elderly women were by themselves. The young men formed a separate company, and so on the young women, the girls and the little boys. And yet the heathens and the Christians did not mix, but were in separate groups.

The cooks turned waiters and passed the dishes, so that a pan was placed in the middle of each circular company; if there were many two dishes would be placed for them. Then, when all was ready the eating began. First the meat was put out of the way. It was passed from hand to hand, each taking a bite as large as he was able. In some cases the last ones of the circle found nothing but bone left for their share. But of the corn there was more, so that all had quite a lunch, though not enough to satisfy their appetites. Their eating capacity is immense, almost beyond our belief.

This year's feast was more appreciated than usual, because of our famine.

A short time since a wedding was held on this farm. There were present about five hundred natives. Would that they might come to our meetings in such numbers! But the God of this world hath blinded their eyes to the true light.

Slowly our work advances. Every once in a while some new ones begin to attend our services, which means that they have decided to follow Christ and are now learning the way.

Samuel and Solomon, across the Pongolo, are plodding on hopefully, with nothing new to report except the occasional new beginners coming to their meetings. Aaron is encouraged in his work by the coming of new ones. Thus on the whole the outlook is bright.

Temporally, God is blessing with abundant rains. All the natives are so glad for enough rain to make their gardens grow. This blessing is more appreciated because of the preceding drought.

The reports that reach us through the Highway of the good work at home are inspiring. We pray God that you all may be richly blessed of Him. Yours in His service,

Feb. 22, 1913.

H. C. Sanders.

P. S.—This letter slipped in behind the little drawer holding outgoing mail and was discovered only this morning.—H. C. S.

Paulpietersburg, Natal, S. A.,

March 7, 1913.

Dear Friends,— I think a peep into our house this morning would interest you. We are having a heavy wind and rain storm. During the night Mr. K. was up several times trying to keep the rain out; but it beat in under the windows, bringing in the soft plastering, making roads down the walls, carrying off the whitening, and through our cotton ceilings, making small brooks on the floors. This place was built for a stable, so they took old iron for the roof; thus all the nail holes give us plenty of air and serve as a sprinkler. The window is tied by a cord to a table to keep it closed, as it swings outward. The Boer who patched up the house wanted to nail up the windows, evidently thinking we only needed light. One has two lights of glass, another six. The kitchen is built with a few sheets of corrugated iron. Our precious stove suffers from every storm. A small hole covered with chicken wire serves as the window.

Our mealies are flat this morning, but hope they are not altogether destroyed.

We have natives here daily, many passing through the village usually giving us a call, so we have opportunities of service for the Master and pray that His word may not return unto Him void.

The Europeans along the construction work are hard to deal with, but we praise the Lord that nothing is too hard for our God.

We need your earnest prayers daily for wisdom from on high. We always remember you in love at the Throne of Grace.

Yours in Jesus.

Ida M. Kierstead.

MISSIONS.

Burton Colwell (new church).....	\$15.00
Mrs. Abram Schrivner.....	2.00
Grey's Mills Church (new church)...	17.25
D. F. Knight (new church).....	5.00
H. C. A.	

A MODERN RELIGIOUS FALLACY.

The Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. This is a favorite doctrine of Socialism, Humanitarianism and Altruism. It is founded on a falsity. The Fatherhood of God is too sacred and precious a thing to be prostituted in any such unworthy way. The Fatherhood of God means a nature born of God, spiritual likeness to God, fellowship with God, love to God, unity of interest with God and a life devoted to the Father's business, will and glory. To apply such a lofty relationship to the condition of sinful men, ignorant of God, contrary to God in every quality of their nature and every aim of their life and under a condemnation which must forever separate them from God's fellowship and favor unless bridged by some great reconciliation, is most unreasonable, inconsistent and absurd. There is, indeed, such a thing as the Fatherhood of God and it is the most sublime privilege of the Gospel, but it comes through divine birth and introduction into the divine family through communion with Jesus Christ as our Elder Brother and a participation with him in his nature, his sonship and all the dignities and glories of his high place as the only begotten Son of God. "As many as received him to them gave he power and right to become the sons of God," but of all others his Word holds true, "Ye are of your father the devil, and the works of your father ye will do."

The true brotherhood of man is founded upon our common unity in Christ and our common sonship as the children of God. This is the only real brotherhood that counts for anything. Humanity without the Gospel is too selfish to care for the claims of mere human brotherhood. The first great unbeliever is the type of all the race in his defiant challenge, "Am I my brother's keeper?" The way men have treated one another in every age and every land wherever they had the power to oppress, shows, but too well, the fallacy of any mere earthly brotherhood apart from Christ.

But the Gospel creates a new and eternal brotherhood and overcomes all natural barriers of race and class, and creates the one divine family in Him. The story is told of a Chinese girl who was carrying a heavy load on her back and someone said, "What a heavy load that is." She looked up brightly and smilingly said, "That is not my burden, that is my brother's." How easy it is to bear one another's burdens when we come into this sweet brotherhood of heavenly love.— *The Christian and Missionary Alliance.*

COTTAGES AT BEULAH.

We are receiving applications for cottages for rent at Beulah for the season.

It would pay some of our brethren to build a half dozen little cottages there. Christian people love the spiritual atmosphere of Beulah Camp Ground, and want to spend the summer there with their families.

With the St. John Valley Railway passing Beulah, the demand for cottages will far exceed the supply.

The more difficult the circumstances to be overcome, the greater the victory.

Did you read the little label on your Highway? Does it read 13— or 14?