

Missionary Correspondence.

Balmoral, M. S., Paulpietersburg,
Natal, S. A.

Dear friends:

We want to praise the Lord for many things, especially for plenty of rain. The gardens are looking well, but those of the Natives will be very late we fear.

Christmas was a busy day here. In the early morning Aloni and others came to make preparations for the feast, killing a goat and sheep and cooking

About 260 came. Many were at the services, others of the unbelievers came especially for the food. It was a pleasure to see them eat. Last year we were unable to get anything. As to their customs, they sat in circles, the old women making one, girls another, etc. The Christians do likewise. One will take a piece of meat, take a bite and pass it to the next one and so on until it goes all around. One never begins eating until all are seated, if they are ever so hungry.

We thank the Lord also for tokens of love from friends in the home land, which mean much to us at this time.

Mr. K. was home for Christmas but spends most of his time among the men along the new railroad. We expect to move to the village very soon. It is almost impossible to get a team willing to come over the road, but as the government is repairing and making new roads, we hope that in the future it will not be so difficult.

We have been home almost two months, yet our trunks are still at Vryheid. You see how slowly things move here.

We are glad to hear from some of our people, who have moved a long distance from here, that they are already teaching others and telling them of Jesus.

We do not look back to the defeats of the past year. They are all under the blood. We praise Jesus for the victories and look forward to the coming New Year with courage to press onward and upward to greater victories, striving to keep a little nearer to Jesus expecting greater things.

The Lord bless you all abundantly is my prayer.

Yours in Christian land.

Ida M. Kierstead.

Paulpietersburg, Natal, So. Africa.

Dear friends: Dec. 9, 1912.

Some time ago I wrote you of a visit Lydia and I made to her brother, who was sick with consumption. The last I mentioned was he was too weak to talk more so crawled into his hut and lay down. We also entered and for a few minutes more read from God's word and prayed, leaving him with the query, "Have we been of any use or not?" His darkness seemed to part. A short time after this Lydia went again and held a long earnest talk with him but he was better and did not wish her to say much to him about getting ready to die. He blamed her and me for trying to frighten him about death, etc., and hardened his heart. On her return I talked with her, learned his condition, encouraged her by saying "We have done our best. All we can do now is to pray that the Scripture read and explained to him might cause him to see his sins. Time passed. He seemed to gain but last Wednesday he died. Calling his mother to him, he urged her to send for the Christians to pray with him,

but it was too late, as before they could be called he was gone. He said to her, "Mother, I am going into the earth (that is I am going to die) and I don't know where I am going." Poor fellow! He had light enough to know there might be something beyond, so was not satisfied to die as other heathens, but like so many at home, I have talked straight to about their souls, while there was hope of life, they would put it off

I am reminded of an old man, with whom I pleaded to give his heart to God, and the tears stood in his eyes, his heart heaved, his whole being seemed deeply moved, but some thought or memory helped him to harden his heart and he never yielded to God, but died as he lived, a sinner.

Our work here moves slowly on. Three were baptized December 1st, an old woman, her granddaughter and a young married woman. This old woman's husband professes to have power to control the lightning so if the kraal (village), its huts, cow-yard, grain houses, its inhabitants, cattle, etc., are properly doctored by him all will be protected from any bad effects of lightning. Her daughter, the mother of the young girl baptized with her, has been a seeker for years but has not gotten through yet, though I think she was deeply moved by the baptism.

To some it means so much to give up the pleasures of sin, that when they do get through none can doubt it is by the power of God.

The long drought is broken at last, though the rains were over two months late. Now we are having almost more than is best for the land, and such floods when it does rain! It is past description and the lightning so dangerous and thunder very heavy. Often we have hail, but so far the stones have been small and few at a time here, but twice only three or more miles from us the stones were large as hens' eggs and plenty of them so the ground looked white.

The farmers in Natal and elsewhere are having a hard time this year. The drought has been followed by frost in some places and heavy enough to injure the fruit and potato crop. Stock farmers have lost heavily in various places as pasture was so poor they had to sacrifice the lambs to save the ewes. Cattle have died, especially the young stock. Between us and Durban they have had to haul water for several miles to water the stock. Of course no planting prospered till the rains really set in. This looks rather discouraging, yet 'tis true when I say Natal is an ideal place for fruit, grain and vegetable farming when the seasons are propitious.

It is true there are countless birds and other pests to destroy crops, even locusts some years, but they are not so destructive as hail or drought. By the former 'tis a common thing in different sections of the country, for some farmers to have their standing grain almost ready for the reaping to be mowed down and beaten into pulp. The fruit crop, too, suffers severely and often is totally destroyed. We always have some hail but God has had a peculiar care of us in this far away place and we have been saved from any loss to speak of, though natives less than three miles away have lost their early crops by hail.

Brother and Sister Kierstead will soon be leaving us again for a few months, as they go to the village to engage in work among the R. R. builders, white men, who, though they make good wages squander it in drink and un-

til Brother K. took up work among them "no man seemed to care for their souls." Please join us in prayer for this most difficult work, because so much to discourage. No doubt he will be telling you much more about this new departure.

God is with us and richly blessing us here. May he continue to be with you at home.

Yours in Jesus,

Mrs. H. C. Saunders.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Sister C. B., Houghton, writes:—

Please find enclosed post office order to pay for my subscription to The Highway, also for one new subscriber. I always keep my Highway in the most conspicuous place in the house, so it will be read during my spare moments. In this way I got the new subscriber, who came to our home to work and saw The Highway on the sitting room table. It was the first one he had seen, and being much pleased with it he became a subscriber.

Dear Highway,—

My testimony today is:

Lord I have started to walk in the light, Shining upon me from heaven so bright, We've bade the world and its follies adieu, I've started with Jesus, and I'm going through.

Glory to his blessed name.

I have the victory in my soul.

Our prayer meetings are good, and God is blessing us.

Your Sister in Christ,

Mrs. W. S. Beals.

Dear Highway,—

I praise my God today for many mercies and blessings that have been graciously bestowed upon me. I thank him for my health and for his hallowed presence which gives me holy inspiration to life and faith. I am convinced more and more that the power of the gospel is the only power that can deliver men from that fierce monster sin, and is the only power that can keep men free from it.

I realize that it was fortunate for me that I accepted Jesus as my portion forever. "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men."

Since I came here this time, some of those who were students here two years ago have started for their work in another land. I have not seen one sad face among them who have gone forth. It always pays to obey God, who rewards us in many cases a hundred fold in this world. However, the promise is life everlasting. Glory to God!

But reward should not be the motive of our work. Love should inspire us with heavenly zeal, so we could say with Paul, "The love of Christ constraineth us." It is therefore needful that the heart be cleansed and sanctified that love may fill and control the life, for if sin remains there is an enemy within as well as without.

May the Lord help each of us to unlock the door of our hearts and give him the key. He is my friend indeed today. Jesus saves me now!

F. T. Wright.

131 Waverley Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 23, 1913.

Are you enjoying "the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ?"—Rom. 15, 29.