

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

## FROM NATAL TO CANADA.

BY I. M. KIERSTEAD.

After living and laboring among the Zulus for eight and a half years, it was not an easy thing to leave them even for furlough—for we have learned to love our dark neighbors. Our last Sunday among them was a "big Sunday." We had large congregations, so held an open-air meeting. There was a baptism also. Then the people said "good-bye." Early next morning many gathered again to see the last of their teachers, expressing their regrets, some even shedding tears, saying "We are sorry you are going; when will you return to us?"

Having secured a mule team to take us to the station, we left our beloved co-laborers after a season of prayer, when the Lord came very near and blessed our waiting souls. It was very hard to say good-bye to those with whom we had lived as one big family for so long, especially to leave them with all the burdens of the work. We left in an African wind, which is better felt than described. Reaching the village at noon, we called on our friend of the Swedish mission, Brother Jonson, who has shown us so much kindness.

We were invited to spend the night with our German friends in their lovely home. Did so want to make some calls the next morning, but owing to a severe attack of neuralgia we had to keep quiet.

We greatly appreciated Dr. Sanders and Paul riding through a terrible wind that morning to see us off. Reached Vryheid that evening, where Mr. Rosini met us with a team; we were kindly entertained by Missionary Anderson and wife of the Swedish Mission, over Monday evening, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Rosini, missionaries, our traveling companions, we started on our long journey in earnest. Arriving at Ladysmith at midnight, we were obliged to stay in a cold station until 8 o'clock the next morning. We secured a compartment by ourselves as we were six in number. These corridor cars are very convenient. Each compartment can be closed, and will accommodate eight persons during the day and six at night. Sometimes during the three days the coaches were crowded, so we had to allow others to sit with us. The country through which we travelled was very interesting; very sorry to have lost a notebook giving a better description of it. The stations are large and with every convenience for the traveller—lunch counters, where tea and kole (Dutch) are served, refreshment rooms, book stalls and rest rooms.

Through the Orange Free State we scarcely saw a green blade of grass, the long drought having made the velt brown and barren.

Climbing a mountain, where an engine had to push behind, we began to wind around and around, which reminded us of "looping the loop." Passing through a long tunnel, we emerged into the light to see at our left still a mountain of rock, on our right a chasm hundreds of feet below. This road had evidently been cut through the side of this mountain. We can only faintly imagine what a vast sum it must have cost to build this railroad. On a distant mountain could be seen snow, which was hailed with delight and wonder by the boys. At the foot of this mountain there nestled a village, whose gardens were watered by streams trickling down the side of the mountain.

Blood River, the boundary line between the Orange Free State and Cape Colony, is span-

ned by an iron bridge. The drought had not done so much damage there, so we saw the green grass, cattle and ostriches grazing in contentment. Passing many kopjes (dome-shaped hills), one a regular pyramid, we followed a range of mountains about 75 miles without a break—a wonderful sight. The country is almost barren of trees, save some wattle and storm bush. A low shrubbery, almost resembling blueberry bush, was seen for miles and miles, but no human habitation.

Through the Cape Colony could be seen vineyards, where Cape wine is manufactured. One could almost imagine themselves in Boston as the train steamed into the large station at Cape Town, only we were surprised to find on the tables of each waiting room Bibles in English and Dutch languages. Coolies (Indians) were everywhere. One can scarcely get a chance to carry their own handbags, for they insist in loading themselves with baggage. It is no use to deny these accommodating ones this pleasure, for while we try to argue the point one of them is off with all our belongings, and all we can do is try to keep him in sight before being swallowed up in the crowd. At the waiting room we discover this perspiring friend calmly awaiting the owners of his miscellaneous collection, and then he waited around until he had been "tipped."

Cape Town is a modern and up-to-date city. The pride of this city by the sea is the Table Mountain, then there are the Twelve Apostles (mountain peaks) in all of their grandeur, keeping silent watch over the inhabitants and broad expanse of water. If these Apostles could only speak, what tales they could tell, what changes and transformations have taken place, what blood shed, what sorrow, when the black man was driven back farther and farther inland, while the white man took possession of the land and made slaves of the natives.

The streets of the city are kept beautifully clean; the large department stores compare well with any in America. The House of Parliament and other public buildings would do credit to any city. The Museum is simply beyond description. In one room we saw Bushmen and women moulded in clay, looking so life-like that we came near speaking to them. The public gardens are magnificent, such a display of roses and other flowers in the open, even though it was winter. Here also is the statue of Cecil Rhodes, done in bronze, a wonderful piece of workmanship, standing on a high base overlooking the city. The statue has a hat under the right arm while the left hand points to the regions beyond. Inscribed below were these words: "Yonder is your netherlands," meaning Rhodesia. There is where they buried him amid those boulders in the awful silence of that country he loved so well.

(To be continued.)

## MAKE AN OFFERING.

There may be times when money is scarce and there is a tendency for us to say we cannot undertake any special Christian work where money is needed; but don't let us forget that when God's work requires the greatest sacrifice a greater blessing comes to those who make it. The widow was commended for the gift of her mite, because of the sacrifice she made. Let every man, woman and child have a part in clearing Riverside from debt. How much will your Sunday school class raise? Try it. Let the sisters help, send us a good list of names with their subscriptions. Let it be done quickly and gladly.

## WAR'S RESPONSIBILITIES.

To the Editor of the Highway:

Sir,—Many of the members of our churches, realizing that the war in Europe is bringing and will bring in its wake a considerable degree of destitution and want in Canada, especially among the workers in the cities and towns, are asking what they can do to help. It is recognized that there will be a large amount of unemployment which will entail a lack of the necessities of life during the coming winter. Many Christian women would like to do something to show their love for their less fortunate sisters. Now is their opportunity.

In nearly all the churches there is a Ladies' Aid or a Dorcas Society, which can be utilized, but if each Church goes out to do its own work there will be overlapping and some who are in need but who are not connected with any Church, as well as others, too proud to apply for help, will be missed. I venture to suggest the following plan for effective work:

1. Call a meeting of all the Ladies' Aids or Dorcas Societies in the city or town and form one society.

2. In places where a large weekly gathering is possible, disband all individual societies until the close of the war.

3. Where a city is too large for one gathering divide into districts and hold district weekly meetings.

4. Divide the city or town into blocks and arrange for systematic visiting. This will provide work for the girls and some of the young men.

5. A record should be kept of all homes visited and a report in writing made to the Secretary of the United Society. Where families are found to be in need of food or fuel, or to be unable to pay their rent, or if there is sickness, a report should immediately be sent to the Relief Department of the city or town. A visit should be paid to the family on the following day to see whether the report has been acted upon.

6. Care should be taken that the idea of "charity" is not put forward. This work is not "charity," it is a patriotic duty.

7. At the weekly meeting the President or Secretary should present a report of the work done by the members during the previous week.

8. In centres where there is a Patriotic Fund all distress among the families of the men who have gone to the front should be referred to the officers of the fund. The work of the ladies' organization should be, primarily, to help those who have no claim on this fund.

9. If there is no Labor Bureau in the district, establish one in connection with the organization.

10. Where assistance is required by the authorities in the distribution of relief, organize a band for this purpose.

11. Arrangements should be made with a local merchant to supply all material and goods required at cost price.

The coming winter will present such an opportunity to the churches as they have never had before. There will be a call for real brotherhood and sisterhood. Let the ladies lead. There should not be a single case of destitution, whether the place be a large city or a small village, without steps being taken to deal with the matter. It would be well to start organization at once. Yours etc., E. H. SCAMMELL.

Hope Chambers, Ottawa,  
September 17th, 1914.

"Cheerfulness is the philosopher's stone, turning all the happenings of life to gold."