

Missionary Correspondence.

Paulpietersburg, Natal, Jan. 23, 1914.

Dear Brother Baker,—We are very busy adding two veranda rooms to the house, which accounts for my long silence.

Brother Kierstead's family still sleep in a tent, but we hope to have a room ready for them in a few days, as a white man is helping us.

At last measles has reached us. Both of Bro. Kierstead's children are down with it, as well as two of ours.

Generally the summer time is bad for building, but since we began, and for long before, there has been no rain. Wednesday is set apart as a day to pray for rain. The heathen, as well as the Christians, will meet in several places near here. A goodly number will likely come to this station. Formerly the heathen went to the Queen of Swaziland, or to some witch doctor, and paid several cows for them to bring the rain. If none came there would always be some excuse given which generally satisfied these ignorant and superstitious heathen. But as Christianity is getting a stronger footing among them even the heathen are fast losing faith in this method of seeking rain.

Though so many have left us and joined the Tongues Movement, yet our work is going on better than before. That is, there are more seekers coming to us, and beginning to attend the various outposts, or our station meetings, whichever happen to be nearer to their homes. Solomon, too, has asked for his dismissal, that he may return to his first teacher and church. This request we could hardly refuse, as he had left them to join us against the expressed wish of his white pastor. This happened just after I left for my furlough. Ever since that time he has been drawing his pay the same as our native preachers, but has never been a winner of souls like the ones of our own training. In fact, he has not averaged one a year. And the sheep of his flock have most all wandered. Our best workers are yet with us. Samuel is doing good work, while Lydia exceeds them all. Aaron, for the summer, is working where he can draw twice the pay we allow. We cannot blame him, as he needs the money to finish paying for his wife. Also he wants to buy a cow that he may have milk for his three children. Then there are two girls and two men doing fairly good out-station work without pay. The two girls go by themselves, while the two men do the same. Thus every Sunday we have four little bands of worshippers besides the main work here at the station. Calls are coming to us faster than we can supply the workers. In fact, our main work does not look very big, as so many go to the outposts. But still we must go and scatter the seed as fast as possible. Across the Pivaan are people who are constantly calling us. Then, near the Pongolo, are some who are now just beginning to want the light. We need more workers than we now have. Aaron promises to return to the work this winter. In the meantime we hope to use all the church members we can. Remember us in your prayers. It seems that the Spirit of God is brooding over this district, arousing the heathen to a desire for salvation.

Ever yours in Him, H. C. SANDERS.

Balmoral M. S.,

Paulpietersburg, Natal, Jan. 27, 1914.

Dear Highway,—May we ask space to report briefly our doings here.

First, I may say that as we began a number of years ago by consecration and obedience up

to the measure of our light at that time, so we are still walking by the same rule, minding the same things with ever-increasing delight.

Two weeks ago last Monday we commenced helping Brother Sanders in building two much-needed rooms on the Mission house. These were needed for the protection of the stormward side of the house, as well as to supply comfortable living space for the ever-increasing number of missionaries who come to make their home and be trained here for aggressive warfare against the hosts of the enemy in the future.

We were not permitted to long continue our help along this line, owing to the demands upon us for nursing, measles having broken out among us. Both our boys, also some of Dr. Sanders' children, are down with it. Mrs. Kierstead was taken sick about the same time and is still in bed. So the writer has had four patients, the above mentioned and our horse, which has been very lame. We trust that all may be better in a few days, so we may turn our attention more directly to mission work.

The past few days we have been having a severe drought, so the corn fields are almost burned up with the sun and the hills are turning brown. A great shortage in the crops seems inevitable, as in some districts the drought has been of much longer duration and more serious than here. Some of the native Christians near by have been praying for rain, and last Sunday Dr. Sanders gave out word that all who desired, heathen as well as believer, might come to-day to a meeting for that purpose here. Quite a number responded, about thirty heathen and a few believers. We expect others of our believers have had a meeting in the Transvaal for the same purpose. The Lord will, I am sure, do what is right and best for all, for "he does not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men," but the carrying out of His great plan for the salvation of the lost world must ever be the first thought in His mind, and in order that this glorious purpose of His may progress it seems necessary that His hand of affliction fall upon nations and individuals to the end that their hearts may be opened to receive with meekness the ingrafted word which is able to save their souls.

We are going out now in different places each Sunday as opportunity affords, and trust the Lord to bless the word to the salvation and building up of many.

Yours in His glorious service, I. F. KIERSTEAD.

HIS CONSCIENTIOUS SCRUPLES RESPECTED.

A young man worked in a drug store which kept its employees completing on Sundays, quite unnecessarily, orders for wholesale houses which could have been met easily on week days. As a Christian man he decided against spending his Sundays thus, so he went to the head of the firm and said, "I like your firm and I'm quite prepared to work longer hours, but not on Sundays." "Well," said his employer, "we are not accustomed to be dictated to, so you can look out for another situation." He left, and got another place within a week. He rose steadily, and years afterwards he asked this firm how they had heard of him. They said that his former employer had actually recommended him as a conscientious, capable man. Men of the world appreciate adherence to principle.—Selected.

compassion. He was known to take off his coat and give it to him that had none. He labored unceasingly to alleviate human suffering.

Sixthly, to him came true success. Every circuit in which he labored felt the quickening influence of his faith. Thousands were converted and a multitude sanctified. The people loved and trusted him because they felt him to be indeed a man of God.

He saw a good deal of physical suffering, but bore it all with Christlike patience. Once when his body was racked with pain he praised God he was not suffering the pains of hell."

His end came quite tragically. He was attending a Methodist Conference held in Leeds, July, 1818, and had been appointed chairman of the Manchester district. He preached several times in churches near Leeds during the conference, with remarkable power. His whole theme in conversation was salvation. He was entertained in the home of Mr. Sigton. The last night of the conference he retired late, but rose at half-past two o'clock in the morning, and took a lunch preparatory to taking the coach for home. He offered earnest and affectionate prayer for all the household and took his leave. A little while after he was found unconscious in the lane where he had fallen. He was carried into the house, and a surgeon was called, but he soon expired. Ten thousand people attended his funeral. His body was laid to rest in the Westgate Hill cemetery. Many come from far to see the sacred place. The writer's soul was greatly blessed recently as he stood at that grave and recalled the holy life of him whose body slept beneath. Near by stands a large modern Methodist church. I asked the church officer if they preached holiness there now. His reply was: "I think they are a little short on that just now." And yet Holiness is the all important thing. It is the necessary preparation for heaven; but it seems the more a church increases in wealth, education and general popularity, the less is heard about holiness. What every preacher needs, and every Christian needs is the same to-day—baptism that will make them, according to their capacity, what Bramwell was, an example and advocate of holiness.

NEAR TO SALVATION.

Eleven ardent climbers made the descent from Mont Blanc in 1870, but were overtaken by a great snowstorm. They wandered round and round in the blinding snow, hopelessly lost, in a place only a hundred yards square. When cold and fatigue vanquished them at last, they scooped out a cave in the snow and lay down and died. That was pathetic, but it was more tragic when the searchers found the frozen bodies near to a path which would have brought them all safely into the road down to the village beneath, where food and warmth were awaiting them. "So near to the kingdom" are many men and women, yet they fail to take the definite step which would lead them home. "So near, and yet so far," is the epitaph on many besides those Alpine travellers, buried in the snow.—Selected.

Do you want the Highway four months on trial? Send your address and 25 cents to the Editor.

We hope none of our people will be lured into the black fox craze. A faithful man shall abound with blessings, but he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent. (Margin, "shall not be unpunished.")

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