

Missionary Correspondence.

Balmoral Mission Station,
Paulpietersburg, Natal, So. Africa,
September 3, 1915.

Dear Highway,—At last Johan Sukazi is married. He is one of our most promising native workers and has now taken to himself a nice little woman, quite suitable to fill her exalted position. "At last," I say, for this matter has been hanging in the balance, so to speak, for a long time. About eight months ago Johan came to me and explained the situation. He was in love with the widow of his late brother. He wanted her and her alone, and she desired only him. There was much sacrifice involved for Johan if he took this woman, as according to native custom he would be expected to "raise up seed to his brother."

Many people, perhaps the majority, among the highly civilized, prefer small families, or, better, no children at all; but, like God's people of old, the Jews, these Zulus are very desirous of children, and the more the better. Johan is not long from heathenism, but was willing to live and die with no offspring to call his very own and perpetuate his name.

The banns were published five months ago. Then arose a difficulty. The parents of Johan had all along been trying to persuade him to follow native custom a step further, and take unto himself not only his brother's widow, but another woman also, who might be his true wife and bear children his very own. The temptation became very strong, until at last Johan thought it was right for him to obey his parents in the matter. Of course I was greatly surprised when he reported to me that he had changed his mind and did not wish to really marry the widow, but simply take her and marry some other woman.

I was still more surprised when our old faithful, Samuel, was found to be of the same opinion—Johan should obey his parents according to the command of the Scripture.

It seemed a difficult case, but God undertook it for his name's sake, and all has come out well—and so they were married.

We went across the Pongolo last Sunday, Mrs. Sanders and I, for the Big Sunday and this marriage. The little meeting house that had nearly fallen down had been repaired, so now the walls are good for another year. Our first service was held in this building, but as there was not room for all inside, the second meeting was held outside. Two children were presented to the Lord, but a doubtful candidate for baptism was asked to wait awhile. The services were encouraging and profitable. The people especially appreciated meeting Mrs. Sanders, who has never been there before.

On our way over we met girls cutting thatch grass, and still others gathering loads of wood. They know no real Lord's Day. Mrs. Sanders was much impressed by the scenery along the way, that has become so commonplace to me. The descent to the river, the ascent on the other side and a widespread panorama of mountainous hills, with the Pongolo river like a great silver serpent, winding about the mountains and cutting some of the steep hills until their faces have become bare, rocky precipices, rising hundreds of feet to the grass covered hilltops above. There are just a few trees, crooked, dwarfed and seared looking, that have come from seed accidentally dropped in the gorges or on the steep hillside, where moisture was sufficient to cause germination and

growth. Devastating grass fires have periodically swept these hills bare of grass and of the less hardy trees, giving the remaining ones a scarred and rugged appearance.

At the splendid, shallow crossing we found only a few inches of water where last rainy season our horse was obliged to swim. During the latter part of the journey we had to dismount often and lead our horses up or down the steep hillsides. The horse we had hired did not like the steep places and absolutely refused to descend into a deep ditch that leads beneath a wire fence that has no gateway.

Finally she was persuaded to back into it, accidentally on her part, and the journey was resumed. A mile beyond this adventure a halt was made at a kraal where a woman wanted a few teeth extracted.

The path from our mission station to Entungwini is perhaps only 12 or 14 miles, but the roughness of the way makes it a three and one-half or four hours' journey. Time was passing and we found ourselves hungry before reaching our destination. Of course we ate as we went, which is a novelty to Mrs. Sanders, but not to me. It really is all right if you plan to lunch when the horses are going up hill as no time at all is then lost.

After once reaching the outpost, every moment was occupied. Mrs. Sanders started the meeting, while I was getting the proper names for the marriage papers and extracting a couple of teeth.

The first service was preaching and testimony. The second included the communion and ended with the marriage ceremony. While the bride and groom were receiving compliments, I improved a spare moment by extracting a tooth.

One felt like remaining and visiting all of these people in their homes. Finally we tore ourselves away and took the shortest path for home. At Emfene we descended a hillside as steep as the roof of a house, and half a mile down. Mrs. Sanders is still lame, but says she wants to do it again. The sun set soon after we started, and three hours later we reached home, hungry, lame and weary, having traveled a long way by starlight alone.

Different individuals or churches are asking to support a native worker. We now have four to offer. Johan Sukazi has just passed through a great trial and severe sifting. I consider him fully as promising as any young man we have ever had. Another Johan (Metula) is working between us and Paulpietersburg. He has been teaching school and conducting services. These two young men are receiving \$5 a month.

Then we have two Bible women. Jositina, wife of Aloni Mkonza, whose husband receives \$5 per month, but fails to support his family of three children on that amount, is holding outpost services quite regularly and successfully, so it will be wise to give her at least \$2.50 per month. We might raise her husband's salary instead, but then the other men might ask for a rise in their allowances. Further, if she receives this help from us, she will likely feel a greater weight of responsibility for her appointed services.

Lydia's cousin, Martha, is a splendid preacher, singer and exhorter, and seems to have a good experience. For some time she has been regularly conducting outpost services, receiving only occasional gifts from us. With your help I purpose to give her \$2.50 per month which to her will seem an all-sufficient and surprisingly liberal support. She will take Sunday services and do a little week-day visiting.

Any party who will send us proper instructions will have a worker allotted to do them and will receive regular reports of what their representative is doing. Simply say if you want a man worker at \$5 or a Bible woman at half this amount. If the one you choose has already been allotted when your letter comes, we will give you another.

The money for their support you will send to Brother S. A. Baker, treasurer, who will see that we receive the same promptly.

Trusting to hear promptly from any who wish to improve this opportunity, I am

Yours in Jesus, H. C. Sanders.

P. S.—Yesterday, the 5th, we had splendid meetings at this station. Over one hundred present; three baptized.

THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO.

Julia A. Shelhamer.

I looked over life's great harvest field,
And thought, "What can I do?"
The needs are great, the fields white,
But laborers are few

If I could preach like sainted Paul,
Or write up something new,
I'd only be too glad, but oh,
There's nothing I can do.

If I could start in life anew,
And have a higher aim,
I might accomplish more and reach
Some pinnacle of fame.

But time is short, my means are small,
And talents very few;
So in despair I sit and say,
"There's nothing I can do."

But, hark! I hear from out the gloom,
"What'er is done by thee
To one of those, My little ones,
Is done as unto Me."

The little things shall be my work,
His praise alone I'll view,
Nor will I ever sadly say,
"There's nothing I can do."

—The Free Methodist.

DONATION.

At the Reformed Baptist Parsonage, Norton Station, on the evening of the 21st, a number of our friends met for a few hours, affording a pleasant social privilege to all.

The evening was very enjoyably spent and at its close a nice luncheon was served by the Sisters, after which a purse of \$10.00 was presented to us. For this tangible token of their esteem, as well as others along the way, we feel very thankful. Truly the Lord remembers us when in need.

As the weather was not very good others were probably prevented from coming.

May the Master richly reward those who so willingly share their store.

Yours in His service,

L. T. and Mrs. Sabine.

NO LIQUOR ADS IN COLLEGE PAPERS.

At a convention held last month at Columbia University, New York, the Associated College Newspaper Publishers took action barring liquor advertisements from the college papers of the United States.