

Missionary Correspondence.

Paulpietersburg, Natal,
Feb. 19, 1915.

Dear Highway,—

I saw our little blind boy, Solomona, last Sunday, at his home. He lives, you remember, across the Pongolo, alongside of the church which our native Christians built. He is a brother to Johan Sukazi, who works together with Samyeli, our first evangelist. Solomona is getting on well and partook of the communion. He seems very earnest and when he forgets to pray at bedtime, so he says, he remembers in the night and then gets up and has his prayers.

It is now mid-summer and very rainy, filling all the rivers and streams. When I came near the Pongolo river the people living there told me that I might possibly be able to get across, but the river was in flood. I descended the long hill to the river bank and there hesitated, as I did not know the depth of the muddy, turbulant waters. While still undecided whether or not to make the venture a native man suddenly came along and showed me the depth by going through ahead on his horse. I was very thankful for this and praised the Lord.

This native, living as he does near the river, earns considerable helping people across even when the water is so deep he must swim. He promised me that I would find him waiting my return in the afternoon.

So I left him and continued my journey. The water washed higher than I had anticipated, saturating my lunch and spoiling the bread I had brought along for communion. The peanuts in the same saddlebag, had floated out and started on a long voyage towards the Indian Ocean.

I was sorry for the loss of the bread, but I decided to use native bread made of green corn, which is the only bread the natives know, and therefore perfectly appropriate.

Though this is now watching time, there was a goodly number, well filling our humble church building. They had hardly expected to see their "Umfundisi," and seemed very much pleased that he had thought enough of them to ford the flooded river.

The two services were splendid, with baptism of one young man, also three children being presented to the Lord, their Christian parents taking solemn vows to teach and train them in the way they should go.

I was amused when Johan handed me a list of ten names, seekers, whom he called his church. But I am indeed pleased to see Johan earnestly digging out a church from among the raw heathen.

Two girls, who have long planned a visit to our station, asked me when they might come. Remembering the promise of my ferryman, I replied that they might accompany me as a native would be in waiting who could be trusted with their crossing the river. They needed new dresses and were taking this way (working at the Station) of earning them. They are now attending evening school and are happy and contented.

Upon nearing the river we began to look for our promised helper, but none appeared. After a while we decided to try with the help of Bro. Kierstead's good horse, and not wait any longer, as the sun was fast nearing the horizon. Of course they knew nothing of riding and were glad of the help of a strong rope attached firmly to the saddle. It was not an easy task but the faithful animal brought us safely over. The horse had to swim a little, and I expected I would need to, but he did so well that I was

surprised and now value him more highly than before this experience.

Today I was pleased to have a visit from David Hleko, a young man who joined us eight years ago, then a young boy. At that time when working here he showed evidences of more than ordinary talent. He now lives forty miles distant, acting as a clerk in a store and preaching Sundays. He is also studying English, which illustrates his ambition.

Christmas day we were favored with a visit from another young man, who lately moved away from our district. He too, was one of our church members, and is now a preacher. Although these young men are no longer with us in name, the same kindly feeling cements them to us in spirit, and I rejoice that they are being used of God to spread His light among the darkened heathen.

Even those who call themselves Zionists, and went out from us, come for some temporal assistance almost every day. I try to be as kind and helpful to them as before, and, in fact, feel that they are still ours in Christ. Of late they have gotten an idea that they should go to the river by night and bathe. This practice many of them faithfully follow, rising in the middle of the night and going to the nearest stream. They are earnest souls and need our sympathy and council.

Far more than your pastors at home do your missionaries on the field need your prayers, that God may give them wisdom and strength for their arduous and difficult—yes and glorious—task.

Yours in His glad service,

H. C. SANDERS.

Balmoral Mission Station,
Paulpietersburg, Natal,
January 24th, 1915.

Dear Highway,—

Our native helper, Samuyeli, has not been well of late, so Johan Seekazi is supplying across the Pongolo. Though inexperienced in the work Johan is doing well and promises to be a real soul winner, like Samueli.

The other Johan, between our station and the town, is doing good work, new ones joining his evening school.

Aloni will be on the Big Hill today, while Lydia is holding service just this side the Pongolo River. Our Paul, with a native lad to help him, is on his way to another outpost, where he will try and show the heathen the way of life. Faith takes our forenoon service at the station, while Mrs. Sanders gives our children a Sunday school.

Our evening school still continues. Aloni, who lives on this farm, comes over and helps to teach the beginners, while Paul has charge of the more advanced, who study English.

Without the help of Faith and Paul (while Brother and Sister Kierstead are away) I do not see how we could manage this large field of labor. Best of all they like the work, and as need arose, seemed to step naturally into the harness; then they both have the language so much better than their parents, that the natives understand them perfectly.

Last mail brought us a remittance from Bro. Archer for the native helpers, for which we are very grateful. Without your co-operation in mission work here it would be impossible. Your prayers and gifts maintain a standard of "Holiness unto the Lord," among the luke warm societies all about us, as well as a light to lighten the heathen darkness.

Among those whom God has given us are such true, staunch Christians, a real help and

joy. Then there are those who are just beginning to seek the Lord, but they, in turn, will soon become truly saved and help in teaching others. And right here is the high privilege, telling the old, old story to these repulsive hearts, who are hearing it as an entirely new story. This is what you are doing through your representatives.

Again, there comes a woman from another society to visit her people who live near us. For several months she remains, attending our services. From the first we see that she knows nothing of experimental salvation. Gradually the true light dawns upon her and she becomes a new creature in Jesus Christ. Later she returns to her home to carry this light to others who have only a profession.

Some day, beloved, when the roll is called up yonder, you will be happily surprised to hear "I was an hungered for the bread of life, and ye fed me; I was athirst for the water of life, and ye gave me drink; I was sick in body and soul and imprisoned by Satan, and ye came unto me; I was naked and ye clothed me with garments of righteousness."

Let us press on, beloved and be not weary in well doing, for God is working with us, and we will reap in due season.

Ever yours in Him,

H. C. SANDERS.

CHRIST MY ALL.

"As the bridegroom to his chosen,
As the king unto his realm,
As the keep unto the castle,
As the pilot to the helm,
So, Lord, art Thou to me.

"As the fountain in the garden,
As the candle in the dark,
As the treasure in the coffer,
As the manna in the ark,
So, Lord, art Thou to me.

"As the ruby in the setting,
As the honey in the comb,
As the light within the lantern,
As the father in the home,
So, Lord, art Thou to me.

"As the sunshine in the heavens,
As the image in the glass,
As the fruit unto the fig-tree,
As the dew upon the grass,
So, Lord, art Thou to me."

—Selected.

BEULAH CAMP MEETING.

People are planning already for Beulah Camp Meeting.

The Hill cottage has been rented, and others have been applied for. Others have decided to take rooms.

Those wishing to secure rooms in the hotel write Rev. E. W. Lester, Millville, N. B.

Cedar Dale Dormitory write Rev. Henry Smith, Marysville.

River View Dormitory write Rev. S. H. Clark, Port Maitland.

For general information regarding Beulah and Riverside Camp Meetings, write the Editor of the Highway, Fredericton, N. B.

An evangelist returned to a town for a second series of meetings, and began with his set of sermons which he had preached on his first visit, when a brother rather dryly remarked—"We paid for those sermons once before!"