

Missionary Correspondence.

Paulpietersburg,
Natal, South Africa,
March 6, 1915.

Dear Highway,—

You will remember our little friend, Solomon, who lives across the Pongolo. Though only about ten years old and blind, yet he is a great help to his parents. No matter how late in the evening or how dark the way, he can bring water from the spring for his mother—his feet feel the path and guide him unerringly. Shepherding of the calves falls to his lot. All day, rain or shine, cold or hot, he must stay with the little herd and keep them from the other cattle—for the cows are milked—and from the gardens. His keen hearing enables him to know where each calf is grazing. If one wanders from the others he notices the sound of its footsteps in the grass, and brings it back to its fellows. He never remembers having seen, though his sight was lost through ignorance and neglect, and does not seem to mind his great affliction.

The "Big Sunday" is a great day to him. Some other boy looks after his work so Solomon can attend all the meetings. At my last visit over there, day before yesterday, he testified to a good experience.

Four were baptised, one man and three women, and received into the church. This gives us a membership of fifty at Entungwina, which is as many as the church building can comfortably accommodate. Seventy were present, however, filling completely all the floor space. Imagine a circular structure about seventeen feet in diameter, walls of stone and mud, four feet high, supporting a frame roof of rough poles, thatched with grass. The door is two feet wide and four feet in height, while the only window is an aperture a foot square. The furniture is a stand, two chairs and four benches, all native made and so rickety that they can scarcely stand alone. Now spread down some grass mats on the mud floor and find sitting room for 60 people.

Later on have communion, passing around the emblems. Honors are equally divided here. Samuel, our first evangelist, will pass the bread, while Johan, a new helper, passes the wine. There must be a way made for these two as they get about among all the people. There are no aisles or paths so they simply step over and some one hitches to make room for one foot, then some one squeezes to one side to make room for the next coming foot.

Before this, however, was the reception of the new church members. Not only does the "Mufundisi" give these the right hand of fellowship in behalf of the church, but—a custom we have adopted and like—all the leading members, and others who may desire, come forward and welcome these new ones by a handshake and a few well chosen words. This was accomplished under great difficulties. As I saw these earnest souls reaching and stretching their hands from all sides of the packed room, I wondered how such a scene would impress our friends in the homeland. Perhaps someone, I thought, would feel like giving a dollar towards building a larger place of worship.

There were thirty testimonies in about as many minutes, and, on the whole, one of the very best meetings we ever enjoyed at that place—and this during watching season, when so many must be in their gardens driving away the birds which eat the small grain used in beer making.

I should mention a mother, only a seeker herself, who brought her five children, ranging in age from ten years to seven months. These all, according to a custom we have adopted and would not like to see discontinued, were dedicated to the Lord and given Christian names, their mother taking vows to train them for the kingdom of God. These children may be baptised when they give evidence of true regeneration.

Of late Samuel has not been in good health, and therefore has not gotten about over this large field. Johan Sukazi, however, is doing good work and new ones are coming forward, eight of these were present at our services.

On this side of the Pongolo we are besieged by the Zionists who recruit their ranks from other churches. Their latest triumph is a meeting held last Sunday where they called our helpers, Aaron and Lydia, and all our members. Aaron and some others went and found a large company gathered. After preaching, a girl told a vision she had in which it was revealed to her that the Zionists are the only true church. Not one Christian is there in the Wesleyan churches. It is a sin to laugh or to wear German print. There followed other commandments which agree with Bible teachings. Our Aloni is completely intoxicated with enthusiasm and considers this all a message from God. Lydia, however, can distinguish error from truth. What permanent effect this incident may have upon Aaron it is too early to say.

Johan Metula is conducting a regular evening school at his home and Sunday services as usual.

Thus you see we have both encouragements and discouragements, but, thank God, we are not discouraged. He shows us that we are needed right here to combat error as well as to win the raw heathen to Christ.

One native preacher near us, who has a large church, charges twenty-five cents when called to pray with the sick. Another will baptise a native who fills all the requirements including the payment of sixty-two cents. Those who receive communion must give twenty-five cents each.

Three girls, just beginning to seek the Lord, and one who lives near the store at Welcome, told me Sunday that Mr. Kierstead visited their home, remaining over night, and his influence helped them to decide for Christ. This visiting of the natives in their homes is a great help. But with all my medical and other duties at the station I find but little time for such work. How I long for someone to visit continually over all our large field. "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the Harvest."

Yours in Him,

H. C. SANDERS.

NOTES FROM THE FORT FAIRFIELD REVIEW.

Evangelist Guy L. Wilson preached at the morning service of the Methodist church on the 30th inst.

Arthur A. Higgins, of Caribou, was in town early this week visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Higgins.

A pleasant picnic was held Monday afternoon near L. S. Kinney's home by the young people of the Reformed Baptist Sunday school. The children's class of the same school enjoyed a picnic at the same place on Saturday.

Miss Erma Jones of Woodstock has been visiting Rev. H. C. and Mrs. Archer at Fort Fairfield, Me.

Correspondence.

Hartland, N. B.

Dear Highway,—

We had an all day meeting on the 24th of May, and it was a season of blessing. I certainly believe we do not have enough such meetings. The morning service was given over to prayer, 9.30 to 12. The power of God came down, two were reclaimed and a sister received healing for her body in this service. The afternoon service was also a profitable season, but the evening service was grand; several were at the altar and the meeting did not close till 11.30. Revs. H. S. Dow and S. A. Baker had been invited. Brother Baker was not able to attend. Bro. Dow brought the message at both the afternoon and evening services. These messages were owned of God. Rev. A. H. Trafton attended the morning service. The saints were refreshed and a number definitely helped Praise the Lord. The Lord allowed me the privilege of assisting Brother Dow one week in special meetings. The crowds were not large but we had a good time; some ten or twelve knelt at the altar. We trust the people are praying much for the Alliance and Camp Meetings. Yours in the work,

P. J. TRAFTON.

THE RADIANT LIFE.

By R. A. Torry.

"They looked unto Him and were radiant."
(Psalm 24:5, American Revision.)

I presume everybody has known someone whose life was just radiant. Joy beamed out of their eyes; joy bubbled over their lips; joy seemed to fairly run from their finger-tips. You could not come in contact with them without having a new light come into your own life. They were great electric batteries charged with joy.

If you look into the lives of such raidantly happy persons—not those people who are sometimes on the mountain top and sometimes in the valley, but people who are always radiantly happy—you will find that every one is a man or woman who spends a great deal of time in prayer alone with God. God is the source of all joy, and if we come into contact with Him His infinite joy comes into our lives.

Would you not like to be a radiant Christian? You may be. Spend time in prayer. You cannot be a radiant Christian any other way. Why is it that prayer in the name of Christ makes one radiantly happy? It is because prayer makes God real. The gladdest thing upon earth is to have a real God! I would rather give up anything I have in the world, or anything I ever may have, than give up my faith in God. You cannot have vital faith in God if you give all your time to the world and to secular affairs, to reading the newspaper, and to reading literature no matter how good it is. Unless you take time for fellowship with God you cannot have a real God. If you do take time for prayer you will have a real, living God, and if you have a living God you will have a radiant life.

Christian people of all the denominations who feel the need of spiritual refreshing are cordially invited to enjoy this annual feast of good things with us at Beulah Camp Meeting, July 3-12.

No pastor does his full duty who neglects to frequently mention the Highway to his congregation.