

CORRESPONDENCE.

Hartland, P. Q.,
Paulpietersburg, Natal, So. Af.
Sept. 23rd, 1917.

Dear Highway:

It has been some time since I wrote a letter for you. Perhaps one from me would not be amiss.

Dr. Sanders has been greatly troubled with a rheumatic hip which has confined him to his room most of the time for the past two months. Last Wednesday he was able to get to class meeting and today led the meeting. The people are very glad indeed to see their "Umfundisi" (teacher) among them and expressed themselves in many unique ways.

Today three wives and an elder daughter of Pengula, one of the strongest opposers to Christianity we ever met, attended our meeting. I am wondering if they will not now all get saved.

This man was a great witch doctor in his day. He lived on Balmoral when we first moved here. Had many wives; some say altogether they numbered fifteen or more. Many children; some count over sixty. Some of his wives were witch doctors too.

He was very angry when he found some of his children wanting to follow Jesus, and threatened them all with beating, marrying off the girls at once, and even death. Several have started. Three of the sons were Christians at one time, some of the older daughters also, but we cannot count on them with any certainty as they always seem weak, lacking backbone.

Last winter the old man, about seventy years I judge, died. He lost the bitter spirit and became quite friendly a year or so before his death, and once or twice we could get him to listen to the gospel as if he really was interested, but he never manifested any desire to get saved.

Since Pengula has left off opposing several of his girls have become seekers and now these other women coming to meeting. Well, God can do all things. Nothing is impossible with him.

Looking over the hills today I thought, as my eyes rested upon two or three kraals who are so near us (about a mile away) and still no one in them is even seeking. I am not sorry we came; we are doing work for God, these may yet get saved.

We pray for these heathen about us. There are many more raw heathen coming to our services than for two or three years. Most are very young but there are others getting on in years. Several men, head men in their kraals, are seeking. One has gotten saved and tells how the devil tried to keep him, but God is blessing him (Petrosi Mhlope) and he has started to work for God on his own account, going across the Piraan river to a needy place where we had no one to send. He is being encouraged to go on and I am sure God will bless and strengthen him as he reaches out to help others.

We find no better way to help young converts than by setting them to work helping others.

Our school is progressing nicely. Have about thirty each night. The girls remain here over night; the boys return home. This is an inconvenience and we much prefer a day school but it is more difficult

to get pupils to come in the day time, so we do what we can to encourage them whether our likes are considered or not. The workers at the different outposts give good reports of their work everywhere. We do need a man to live across the Pongola river and the quicker the better. To my mind now is the time to establish a central station across there while our work is moving forward. But we are short handed here and can only visit them occasionally, encouraging our evangelists to do the rest.

An evil is creeping in lately. Seems very taking, a manifestation of evil spirits. These help the native doctors, heathen and Christian alike, to heal the sick. These spirits are said to come from God, etc., etc. At the seance speaking with tongues, contortions, wild demonstrations are present and by these wonderful things people are being deceived. Many believe in them and they are becoming popular. We are doing what we can to combat this.

One of our young men of our church there is a native doctor (not a witch doctor, but a native practitioner and licensed by the government) and in our last class meeting told quite a story of how some when they had called him refused his services because he did not use these spirits to aid him in his work. He told them he was serving God and these were evil spirits, etc.

Paul is now at Vryheid, fifty miles away, to school. Board and school fees are high, but we want him to be better fitted for his future work as a missionary, so will try to keep him there as long as he advances and our funds allow. Sundays he has work among the natives and he boards with a missionary family. These influences will be a help to him we trust.

The younger children are getting on well with their governess here and Faith is our helper in all branches of the missionary work.

We are so glad to hear of the good reports from Beulah and the success of our work everywhere.

Our hearts are saddened as we learn of so many of our young men falling in this awful war. We pray for the broken hearts that God may comfort them in this so great a sorrow.

Our boys in France, in the training camps, all, everywhere need our prayers and also every encouragement we can give them to stand true to Jesus.

I still write to one—the others have fallen, or are seriously wounded. These have told how hard to live a Christian life, surrounded as they are by everything which tends to carelessness or open sin. We at home can have no conception of the temptations they have. The environment on the field of battle, where the strenuous life, Sundays so much like other days, the days of toil followed by either exhaustion till rest is the paramount thing and looms larger than anything else, till a man forgets he has a soul, just an aching, tired, hungry, nerve-worn body in every part of which is crying out for rest.

Oh, fathers and mothers, oh, wives, sisters and sweethearts, pray much for all you have who are in the war. Write often and give them an encouraging word. Tell them God lives and is as true today as ever he was and he can keep them true to him amid it all. Yours in Jesus,

MRS. H. C. SANDERS.

Marquis, Sask., Nov. 5th, 1917.

Dear Brother Baker:

Please find enclosed my renewal for the Highway. I could not think of doing without my paper for one month.

There is good things in the Highway for the hungry souls to feast upon.

We are having beautiful weather here now after two weeks of stormy, blustery zero weather. The snow has all gone again and it seems nice to know that winter has not set in yet.

Everything is quiet and peaceful on the prairie while this terrible war still rages over the seas. It surely is bringing sorrow and gloom to nearly every home in this old world. My heart is sad when I think of the hardships and sufferings of the dear ones over the seas, and I do believe the scriptures are being fulfilled every day and the end is drawing near. Oh, brothers and sisters, may we have our lamps all trimmed and burning bright for the blessed Lord's return. "O watch and pray." I praise my God today for salvation; he has saved me and keeps me every day. Glory to His name forever. O, how I trust my Lord. I look up to Jesus all through the day with a thankful heart for his blessings on me. When I wake through the night my thoughts arise on high to God who neither sleeps nor slumbers, and I thank Him for watching over me.

Jesus has saved me and I intend to go all the way through with him; I am leaning on Jesus, "Leaning on the everlasting arm," and O what sweet peace I enjoy.

Dear brothers and sisters, if only the whole world would look to Jesus and give up all to him, there would be peace and happiness instead of wars and bloodshed.

There was a Christian young man stopped at our home one night; he was a Bible worker and a Bible student himself, and was selling Bible stories. In the morning I gave him the Bible and asked him to read and pray. O how we prayed. It was so good to have some one to pray with me, as I am used to praying alone. When he arose he said, "This is the only place in all my circuit that I have been asked to pray. No one has family prayer."

I enjoy the fellowship of the people of God. They are the people of my choice. Remember me in your prayers, brothers and sisters in Christ. May God bless the Highway and all its readers.

Your sister in Christ,
MRS. P. C. MacKENZIE.

WILLING GIFTS.

"I happened to attend one of Mr. Whitefield's sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles of gold. As he proceeded, I began to soften and concluded to give the copper. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably, that I emptied my pockets into the collector's dish, gold and all."—Franklin.

"Wesley said he did not wait for the Spirit to move him to speak, but spoke that the Spirit might move."