

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Balmoral Mission Station,
Paulpietersburg, Natal, January.

Dear Highway:

You have noticed us mention Bela. She was living with us for a long time, nursing her sickly twin babies. All three are now beyond our help. Her children sickened and died. Then she was stricken with phthisis.

Her husband to-be, though they were never married, belonged to the Zionist church. Bela went there to be prayed for, and remained several months, until her death.

Last Tuesday they sent for me to come and talk with her, as she had died and revived, they said. Upon her reaching heaven she was refused admittance because she had no "pass."

I found her conscious, but very weak. She knew me and understood the message of comfort from God's word. She claimed to see the way and grasp by faith salvation through Jesus. She said she was now all right and not afraid to die.

We sent her some proper food, but she passed away two days later.

Hers was such a sad life. She went to live with her mother-in-law, but constantly quarrelled, until she left and came to us with marks of violence, on her person where her man had ill-treated and threatened to kill her.

After months with us, the happiest of her life, she said, she was persuaded to again try to live with her man and his people.

She soon fled with her surviving child. When he died she returned, broken hearted, to her own home and soon sickened, after which she was persuaded to go to the Zionist Village, where her mother-in-law cared for her until death brought her deliverance from her earthly troubles.

The 31st of December was our Big Sunday across the Pongola. The congregation was good so the services were of necessity in the open air. One candidate was baptized and received into the church. The next day was held a feast celebrating Xmas and New Year. The week before we had the same at Balmoral. We always have these occasions at different dates so those who wish can attend both.

Five goats and numerous hens were slaughtered, skinned and cooked in the usual native style. Yes, they first pluck their fowls and then skin them. The skin is not thrown away but rolled up and cooked in the cavity formerly containing the crop. As you have been told, no parts are wasted, and nothing purposely left that even a dog can eat—except it be the skin of the foot.

At Balmoral we had more than 300 present, but there were only about 200. Next year we expect more as, if for nothing else they would be drawn by anticipating the distribution of boxes of matches. These we always give at Balmoral and began this year at the other station.

The important part, our preaching service, was excellent. The interest was splendid, and I feel sure souls will be drawn to our meetings and our Christ as a result of the Xmas feast at Ntungwini.

The real place of meeting, though, was

at the home of Jona. Goats have taken possession of our Ntungwini church.

Jona is a fine fellow and has built a good stone house with two rooms, the only house among our people with more than one room. Others will come in time.

Jona is the preacher who left us, and returned again. He was married by heathen rites and now asks to be married by Christian rites. I wrote for the papers, etc. They were sent to him for me. He intrusted them to a boy who was coming our way. In crossing the Pongola River, this boy placed the coat containing the letter on his head, but as the river was in flood, coat and all were lost and never recovered.

We will try again to have Jona married right. It really makes a big difference. By this act he and his children come under other laws, laws forbidding polygamy.

One month and the natives will not need to buy their food, but will reap it from their gardens. At present they are buying at three times the usual price. This means that we must help many of them.

Hail has destroyed crops in many places. On both sides of Balmoral the storms have injured the gardens—yes even on one corner of our farm. In some cases the stones were so large and driven with such force as to pierce iron roofing and even to kill goats and sheep by the score.

Negotiations for the buying of Balmoral are in progress. The owner is not willing, but can not lawfully refuse. In the past God has been our lawyer, and has brought things to pass. We still look unto Him, and expect Him to work in answer to your united prayers. The only place to live in these days is Ps. 91.

Ever yours in the secret place of the Most High.

H. C. SANDERS.

Since this letter was written Balmoral Farm has been purchased by Dr. Sanders.—Editor.

REALITIES AND SHAMS.

It is not easy to convert real sinners to a sham religion. There are abundance of shams in the world, and sinners grow sick of their emptiness, and hanker for reality. If you have anything real to offer, it appeals to their consciences; if you have nothing but shams, they have plenty of them already. They are accustomed to deception; their lives are hollow and heartless; they understand the art of using words to conceal ideas; and with a religion of this quality they have little patience. If there is something real, earnest and genuine, it strikes an answering chord in many a sinner's heart; but if it is only an empty sound, the worldling has already a world full of emptiness and has no desire for more. Oh, that Christians would learn that to be useful they must be real, that nothing but simplicity and godly sincerity can give weight to their words, and make them effective workers for the salvation of men.—The Christian.

"Ten thousand of the greatest faults in our neighbors are of less consequence to us than one of the smallest in ourselves."—Archbishop Whately.

TRUE SUCCESS.

A discouraged young doctor in one of our large cities was visited by his old father, who came up from a rural district to look after his boy.

"Well, son," he said, "how are you getting along?"

"I'm not getting along at all," was the disheartened answer. "I'm not doing a thing; do not have any success."

The old man's countenance fell, but he spoke of courage and patience and perseverance. Later in the day he went with his son to the "free dispensary," where the young doctor had an unsalaried position, and where he went an hour or more every day.

The father sat by, a silent but intensely interested spectator, while twenty-five poor unfortunates received help. The doctor forgot his visitor while he bent his skilled energies to this task; but hardly had the door closed on the last patient when the old man burst forth:

"I thought you told me that you were not doing anything! Why, if I had helped twenty-five people in a month as much as you have in one morning I would thank God that my life was a success and counted for some things."

"There isn't any money in it, though," explained the son, somewhat abashed.

"Money!" h'tloahstoddmune *ngMtti "Money!" the old man shouted, still scornfully. "Money! what is money in comparison with being of use to your fellow-men? Never mind about money; you go right along at this work every day. I'll go back to the farm and gladly earn money enough to support you as long as I live—yes, and sleep sound every night with the thought that I have helped you help your fellow-men."—Jas. W. Farrar.

GIVING THANKS.

A little strength was lost each day,
A little hope dropped by the way,
The feet dragged slowly up the road,
The shoulders did not drop their load,
Courage seemed dying in the heart,
The will played but a feeble part.

Night brought no ease,
Day no surcease
From heavy cares or wearying smart.
They why give thanks?

Somehow strength lasted through the day,
Hope joined with courage in the way;
The feet still kept the up-hill road,
An unseen Power sustained the heart
When flesh and will failed in their part.

While God gave light
By day and night
And also grace to bear the smart.
For this give thanks.

Thanks for the daily bread, which feeds
The body's wants, the spirit's needs;
Thanks for the keen, the quick'ning word,
"He only lives who lives in God."
Whether his time on earth is spent
In lordly house or labor's tent.

Thanks for the light
By day and night
Which shows the way the Master went.
And He gave thanks.

—Southern Cross.