

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Paulpietersburg,
Natal, South Africa,
Dec. 31st, 1916.

Dear Friend:

The money for the purchase of Balmoral has come and proceedings begun to acquire it.

I want to thank you everyone for what you have done on this line. I am sure it is money well invested and hope you will never regret it.

What the future holds for us no one knows, but the owning of Balmoral will aid in giving permanency to our missionary work here. Truly, my heart has very much to praise the Lord for as I look over the past years.

We came here with not a place to pitch our tent on nor any hope of getting any till God opened up the way for us. He gave us the idea that we could lease the whole farm with the privilege of some day buying it, if the owner would not then sell us ten acres needed to establish a station on. He gave wisdom how to deal with these Dutch people, so few of whom are ever favorable to missions and so seldom is one found who has any love for seeing these nations saved, that I can only remember of meeting some three or four in all of these years. God opened up the way and we settled down here among raw heathen, only two of which knew anything about salvation. Using unskilled labor, Dr. Sanders put up the buildings, broke up the sward for gardens, planted orchards, wattle groves, etc., etc. The pioneer farmers at home must clear the land. Here the land is ready for the plow, but so bare of trees that we must plant them for future use, such as fence poles, poles for building outbuildings, etc., etc. All timber is expensive in this land, so much that is used for making houses, stables, etc., is raised by the farmers.

A special benediction rests upon our humble home, as God gave us a sweet promise concerning it before the thatch was on it. You will find in Isa. 25:4 these words, "A refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat." It has been all that this means in this land of devastating hailstorms and hot sun.

If you remember we come in this house when there was only a rim of thatch on the French roof, and not a window or door hung, walls unplastered and for floors, the earth from which the grass had been scraped off to lay the foundation. By day slowly the grass roof was sewed on and at night the roof of our tent, worn thin and rotted by the heat of eight months use, was tied over the empty space above our heads. Only in it three days when a terrific hail and wind storm with thunder and lightning burst upon us. Hail stones dropped down through the tent roof and smashed the only window Dr. Sanders had gotten in. Rain fell in torrents and pools lay in different places in the house. Truly, it was a dismal looking place and we needed something to cheer us. It was at that time God gave us the above promise and I cannot tell you how often I have felt the power of his protecting wings amid the howlings of these storms.

For several years our dining room or out of doors was our church, but we had pre-

vious souls born into the kingdom, won from heathen darkness.

Today I feel like saying, "Bless the Lord, Oh, my Soul and forget not His Benefits." Instead of a tent we have a cool and shady house set amid fruit trees. There are groves of wattle and other useful trees coming on, orchards and gardens, so we have reduced our living expenses by the fruits of our industry, under God's blessing. On Christmas Day I was reminded of the marvellous change the light of the gospel makes in this heathen land. Without any invitation, simply an announcement that we should have service and the usual feast on that day, there were present the largest congregation we ever counted here—three hundred and fifteen besides some babies uncounted. Some few remained from the Sunday before, but only one or two from across the Pongola River as it was in the flood and people feared to cross it. Faith and Paul conducted the 6 o'clock a. m. meeting. Five goats were killed and as much corn cooked as was needed to go with this meat. Early in the morning persons to assist in the cooking arrived, and while the men got the meat ready, the women and girls ground the corn very coarse, washed out the fine meal and cooked the rest to resemble rice. Some of the women brought their largest cooking pots with them so a fire was built out of doors behind our kitchen where all these pots were assembled and did good service.

The crowd arrived by 1.30 o'clock and seeing our church (which holds about 150 when closely packed) would not contain the people we brought them in front of the house, seating those on the lawn who could not find room on the few benches which serve as seats for our church.

We had a good service, plenty of singing. Dr. Sanders preached well and we had some good testimonies. The many heathen were interested in all and listened well. I am sure you would have been amused if you had seen how the feast was served. Going in my pantry and kitchen I mustered every sizable dish I could spare, pressing into service dish pans, baking pans, wash hand basins (from the bed-rooms), even two small baths (used to wash clothes), and then some of the pot covers also fell in line. The meat and corn were placed into these improvised platters and vegetable dishes and placed before the hungry people in the following manner:

All were seated on the grass under or near the mulberry trees at the back of the house and each group was distinct from any other. Old heathen men by themselves, heathen women, Christian young men (we have not one old man), Christian young women, heathen young men, heathen young women, the heathen girls, the heathen boys. Each group could easily be served and all went smoothly. The only thing unseemly was in the group of heathen women. Each or some of these were far from unselfish, yet each snatched all she could regardless if her neighbor got any or not. They need Christianizing.

After the feast the young people had a good sing and Paul Metula had his school pupils go through some exercises he had taught them. Every body had a good time. Just after the service each person received a box of matches as he or she filed past our

Paul and Aloni, who were the guards at the gate.

Some of the goats and a little of the corn were contributed by the Christians; the rest and the matches were donated by the Sanders family.

I might add we have an aim in giving one has brought good results. The people these times of Christmas cheer, and every have a famine; a good meal is a real treat, especially with meat. We need to teach all that Christmas means giving. Christ is a gift. These people need to learn that and we get hold of more heathen at such times. I think they saw the contrast between themselves and the believers on this line of giving.

Do continue to pray much for us and these heathen about us, many of whom have heard much of the gospel but the old way is still too attractive for them to leave it.

Yours in his service,
MRS. H. C. SANDERS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Highway:

It is with much pleasure that I send my testimony. I am still on the upward way, and saying yes to the will of God. Since we met at Riverside Camp meeting, the Lord has been very precious to me, helping and blessing me in my school life. I am glad to be called to preach the Word of God to dying humanity. My determination is stronger than ever before to press on to obtain the crown at the end of the Christian way.

Yours in Christ,
VINTON BEAL.

(Oxford, N. S.)

We have closed a gracious revival resulting in about fifty conversions and sanctifications. This is the closing of a series of meetings which began January 22nd. I was assisted by F. W. Foster, the farmer evangelist, of Fort Fairfield, Maine. From Jan. 31st to Feb. 11th. Brother Foster's preaching was clear and definite, without any uncertain sound. On Sunday evening, Feb. 11th, his closing address was on the second coming of Christ. God's mighty power was made manifest, resulting in about twenty-five seeking salvation. The services throughout were owned and blessed of God. We had prayed and expected much and were not disappointed. The church is greatly built up and encouraged. To God be all the glory. Eight persons were given the right hand of fellowship into the church Sunday afternoon, Feb. 18th.

REV. GEO. W. HENDERSON,
Pastor.

Dear Highway:

Enclosed please find my renewal for the Highway.

I do so enjoy it; it is like meeting an old friend. I always look forward to its coming. It has been almost 18 years since we had a chance to attend a Reformed Baptist Church, but I am still trusting, and trying to brighten the corner where I am.

Yours under the blood,
MRS. E. A. STOCKFORD.

Groton, Conn.