

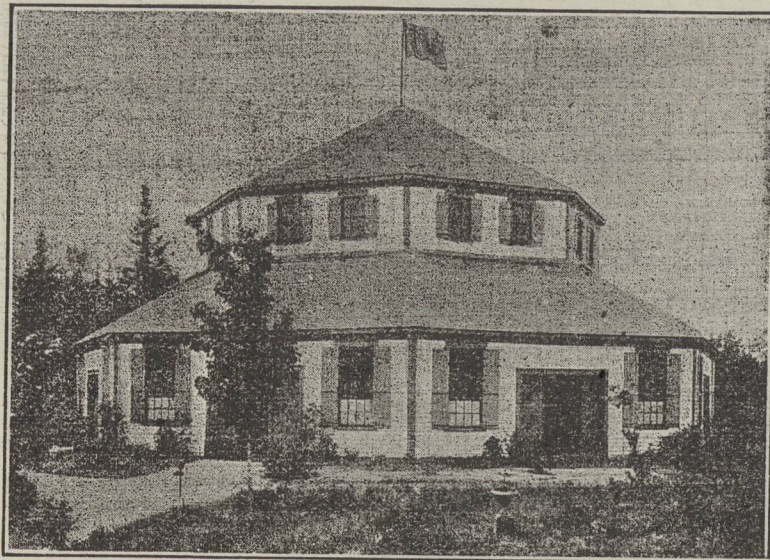
Beulah Camp Meeting

June 30-July 8, 1918.

The Grandest Meeting ever held on this beautiful Camp Ground is anticipated. Evangelist **Andrew Johnson** will be the Special Worker.

— For Information Write —

REV. S. A. BAKER, - Moncton, N. B.



Riverside Camp Meeting

(Robinson Maine)

August 2-12, 1918.

Evangelist **T. C. Henderson**, of Columbus, Ohio, will be the Special Worker.

— For Information write —

REV. S. A. BAKER, - Moncton, N. B.

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

P. O. Hartland,
Via Paulpietersburg,
Natal, South Africa,
December 7th, 1917.

Dear Highway:

Let us begin by telling the boys a snake story. It is now seven days since I met the spitting snake, and my eyes are still a little sore. He had entered the office during my absence, and was investigating among some large bottles at the bottom of my cupboard. He meant no harm and was probably looking for mice and toads. But I entered hurriedly to get an article on the shelf just above him, he misunderstood my action and thought I was about to attack him. Naturally, in self defence, he sent his poison into my eyes. I felt the cool spray on my face like that from a common atomizer, and, looking down, saw him with his head resting upon his coiled body.

From a previous experience I knew the effects to be unpleasant, so rushed to a wash basin in the next room and dashed clean water into my face to wash away the poison, then back again to meet my visitor. A gun was at hand, the one always kept ready for hawks and snakes.

By this time, however, my eyes were feeling like the little girl's I was once called to treat for this trouble. She had come crying to her mother saying "O Mamma, a snake has spit in my three eyes!" Well, I felt like I had four eyes, and fire was in them all.

The snake had spit three times, exhausting his stock on hand, and was now prepared to bite any one coming too near.

His head was erected among the necks of the long bottles, and don't you think I did well to shoot him dead without breaking a bottle, when my eyes were running and feeling like they were full of red pepper?

Then I went to look for cold water and cocaine, while George pulled out the snake and all the children came to see it, and talk the matter over. For more than an hour I was busy applying cold water to my burning eyes, then they became so sore that nothing must touch them. Of course a darkened room was my lot for two days—and you ought to have seen how busy Faith was acting as my aaron. So many natives wanted to talk to me about various matters, and then there were letters to write, so she found little time to rest until I could get about again.

And now for the other part of this letter. Last "Big Sunday" at Entumgwini, I got only as far as the Pongona River. Cer-

tain large rocks that lie in the river bed and indicate the depth of water were completely submerged. My horse had been especially nervous that morning, twice trying to throw me, so I decided not to risk driving her into such deep and swift waters. It was very hard to give up and turn back, when one gets across so seldom. We must find some way to give these people more attention.

When I reached home I was congratulated by two men of our congregation at Balmoral, who said my turning back and not trying the dangerous crossing showed that I had "the wisdom of a man."

This season has been the most rainy for many years. Bridges have been destroyed, railway traffic interrupted, houses swept away and scores of people drowned. Headlines in our last paper read: "A Cloud Burst, Miles of Country Under Water. Much Damage Done. Fruit Trees and Crops Destroyed by Hail."

Natives have been drowned in crossing flooded rivers. One instance, ten going to a wedding entered the river together, and were all drowned. Another, a young man with his "Intombi" or betrothed, were both drowned at the crossing we use. About twenty natives in all living not far from us have thus lost their lives this season.

We have a pretty strong staff of workers across the Pongola. Our first native evangelist-pastor, Samueli Mavimbelo, supported by J. Leslie Plummer, is continually bringing in the lost sheep as well as shepherding the little flock. He is soon to be married we hope, as the cattle have been paid over to the girl's father. Samueli is now over thirty, much past the usual marrying age of the Zulu men.

Johan Sukazi, supported by Messrs. Ziba Orser and Gordon York, recently went to Johannesburg for higher wages. He expects to build a new house upon his return, and then give himself more fully to the work. During his absence his salary is being paid into the common "Native workers" fund and helps to support other native workers.

Simone Msibi, recently assigned to Mr. L. C. Watt, in the place of Paulosi Madhlopa, is proving himself very useful. In the absence of Johan Sukazi this man is coming forward in a way quite encouraging. He is weakly, but even this has its compensations as he will not be tempted to leave home and work elsewhere for higher pay. His kraal, of which he is the head man, is rather more wealthy than that of his neighbors, showing his intelligence and thrift. He can read and is above the average native in intelligence, but has

too high an opinion of himself which is a weakness shared in common with most of the Zulu men. His younger brother, Josefa, representing St. John, and their sister, Kelina, are helpers as well as two Native doctors. All these labour across the Pongola.

Coming to this side of the river we find ourselves rather short handed. Paul is away to school and Aloni has gone to work for higher pay than we gave him.

His appointments are being filled by Josefa Ngozo, the Wood Island man, whose new house is now nearly completed. Josefa is getting on well in every way and will soon be free to do more in the work of the ministry.

The wife of Aloni, being a woman, is unable to go abroad to seek higher wages, so remains at home doing her best to please the master, and represent Mrs. Robert Slipp.

Another valuable Bible woman is Filita Hadebe. Mrs. Carson, of Norton, will be pleased to know that Filita is doing real good work.

Mrs. D. H. Nixon's worker, Mata, is soon to be married to a nice young man of our church. We hope they may come on our farm and live beside her cousin Lydia.

We are all looking forward with pleasure to Paul's coming home from school for mid-summer holidays. He will then help in our evening school, and resume his outpost work.

As usual we are planning a Christmas feast for our people and all the heathen who will come. Pray that this may be used of God to draw new ones to the Saviour.

Yours in His service,
H. C. SANDERS.

SONGS OF THE KINGDOM.

If you are short of song books for your services we can supply some at short notice at 20 cents each. "The King's Highway."

Dear Brother Baker:

Enclosed please find my renewal for the Highway. I love to read the testimonies and to learn that there are so many people in this way. I thank God for his saving and keeping power, and for what he has done for me.

Your brother in Christ,
FRANK L. GRIFFIN.
Wood Island, Grand Manan, N. B.

A THOLOGUE, AND A CHRISTIAN.

"A Thologue is one who says a lot of things about God which he thinks are true. A Christian is one who knows a few things about God."