

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Hartland P. O.,
Paulpietersburg,
Natal, Aug. 18, 1919.

Dear Highway:

"And the people stood by Moses from the morning unto the evening." This is my daily routine of work. Wife says I seem "glued" to my office. Just how so much personal interviewing is to be done is a growing problem.

The latest attempt at a solution is at least an improvement. Joseph comes to help me two days per week, Aloni two and Samueli two.

Friday it was Aloni and I kept him busy. A woman, our church member, came to buy something. She was called to the office and questioned as to why she had been absent from our services so long. Her husband had been away from home, sick, and she had gone to attend him. Later, her babe had died, and now she was rather discouraged. It took about an hour to go over all her troubles and give her the instruction she so sorely needed.

Next, a girl of the church who has not been to service for a year. She has been at work for the farm owner and had no opportunity for study or public worship. She had her testament with her but no hymn book. This testament she left behind, lending it to a young man, one of our seekers, who lives on the same farm and works for the same landlord. About half an hour is needed to diagnose and prescribe for her spiritual condition.

Then a trap drives up and a young Dutchman has brought his mother to visit us. She needs medicine and glasses. So while attending to her wants I must see that Aloni is going on properly with interviewing, and of course there are other natives who must be superintended in their work of planting, etc. One boy is working on a hide, making it into green hide straps, while others are turning out brick for the church-to-be.

A girl from the Zionists is questioned. We are not narrow minded, and try to help all, regardless of denomination. They appreciate kind words and any show of interest in their welfare.

Another young Dutchman comes for a shilling's worth of medicine for five of his natives are down with the "flu."

Davidi and Mtoya arrive from across the Pongola. They have two children, have been living together for three years and now want to arrange for a marriage by Christian rites. 'Tis a long "indaba" and will take several sessions before the matter is thoroughly thrashed out.

Here is a surprise, Nomasonto with her husband, Msutu. They are from the Transvaal, fifty miles away and once lived on this farm and were in our employ. It takes over an hour to get them where they are glad to listen to proper instruction. Msutu has two wives, wants to be a Christian, but wishes to retain both wives.

Nomasonto was once a promising seeker, well instructed in Bible and hymns. Then her father compelled her to marry an old heathen man. After two or three years she ran away from him and lived with a native policeman. But all the time this same Msutu was her first and only real love. After two years with her police-

man she left and went to Msutu. The second man refused to pay the regulation number of cattle, but as he wanted to keep their one child so bought that for \$20.

Nomasonto's present baby is a lusty fellow just able to walk and fight for his rights. I gave the children—there were four black picaninis present—so emsugar It was poured in the mother's hand that all might have a lick—old as well as the young. But this young pig in question did his best to drive the others off and keep all the sugar for himself.

And so we plod on, settling disputes, clearing up difficulties and misunderstandings, "exhorting, rebuking," teaching. 'Tis like visiting the people in the homes, only better, as when we have them here they are always present, and not "away from home."

And then our workers are being taught spiritual diagnosis and prescription.

You will be surprised, but Judson, George, Miriam and Grace all take day about in helping in house and office work, even though they must lose a day in school. You need not feel badly for them, as they are learning true usefulness just as fast this off day as though they were in school, for when we, the parents, fail who will go on with the work? Faith, you remember, has graduated from all this and now is one of the instructors. Paul is building up a complete and all round education that will qualify him to fill a big place some day.

My Dutch "father's help" failed me and is learning. And now there is a great need not yet provided for a "handy-man-on-the-farm," one who is able and willing to attend to all farming, building and repairs.

We have not heard definitely from Beulah, but are still hoping you are sending out the two sisters who offered their services. We never needed more help so much as at the present time. How we wish some one or two or three would hear and heed the call, 'come over and help us.'

Ever yours in Him,
H. C. SANDERS.

PROHIBITION DESTRUCTIVE.

We are free to confess that Prohibition has a decidedly destructive influence on some institutions. It cannot be denied that it diminishes the business of a number of large institutions—in some cases to the closing of their doors entirely.

For instance, an infirmary in the state of Michigan which one year ago had 1,325 inmates, now has only 625—a reduction in business of over 50 per cent. In the state of Oregon in 1915 there were 566 inmates in the penitentiary. Now there are only 280. So everywhere else.

There is a great reduction, too, in the manufacture of blear-eyed, debauched drunkards and in the deaths of drunkards. This entails a loss to undertakers in the sale of coffins and to grave-diggers in pay for digging graves for the army of victims of drink.

Then, there is an immense loss of mothers' and wives' tears of grief over the disgrace and debauchery of sons and husbands from the infamous liquor traffic. A

heavy charge must be laid to the door of Prohibition on this score.

Then we must indict Prohibition with an incalculable loss in the matter of blasted life-hopes, or pain and agony of myriads of broken hearts, of murders, and burglaries, and rapes, and unnumbered atrocities of a thousand kinds to which human beings were fired by the demon Rum.

We must be frank enough to honestly admit also that Prohibition entails upon us an enormous reduction in pauperism which has ever been supported by taxation of the people and by private benevolence. Our poor-houses have suffered immensely from a loss of inmates due alone to the policy of Prohibition.

We cannot deny also that to the long list of egregious losses due to Prohibition we must add an immense reduction in lunacy which has always been a heavy charge upon the state. Included with this item must also be mentioned a reduction in the pitiable amount of pre-natal disasters and tragedies entailed by users of alcohol and the hereditary trends and effects of a direful nature in a thousand directions.

Real fairness compels us also to admit that this Prohibition also induces a tremendous loss to the state and to society in the number of crimes and criminals and a colossal sum of costs in the trial and punishment of these criminals. It is becoming a serious problem what is to be found for criminal judges, and courts, and their officers to do if this Prohibition continues in its work of destruction.

Despite all this list and many other items which could be added we remain now and forever, a Prohibitionist of the first water.—Herald of Holiness.

MISSIONARY MEETING.

Missionary programme at Grey's Mills,
Oct. 7th, 1919.

Meeting opened by President.

Singing, prayer and reading of the Scripture.

Singing, From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Reading of the Minutes.

Reading—Helen Sterritt.

Reading—To the Nations.

Reading—Lucy Bradley.

Recitation—Alice Donally.

Singing—If Jesus goes with me.

Reading—Mrs. Wilson.

Solo—Mrs. Rodgers.

Reading—W. A. Sterritt.

Singing—I'll go where you want me to go.

Reading—Daisy Williams.

A Missionary Story—Mrs. Goslyn.

Solo—Helen Sterritt.

Reading—Mrs. Patterson.

Recitation—Gertie Wilson.

Reading—S. N. Bradley.

Remarks and testimonies by a number of others.

Missionary Offering.

Prayer by Brother Patterson.

No sacrifice no real joy—No conflict no victory.

Seek to be popular and like a plow that has run out you turn no furrow.—Lawrence Keister.