

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Hartland P. O.,  
Paudpietersburg,  
Natal, So. Af.

Dear Brother and Sister Baker:

It has been months since I have written you and I am sorry. I have already written to the Highway concerning the terrible epidemic of Spanish influenza that has swept South Africa. Today is communion Sunday and about 90 were here, all from this side of the Pongola river. It was a sad time because so many here had lost loved ones from this disease. I am glad to say it is now abating, though not quite over.

Many spoke and one new one stated his desire to follow Jesus. Quite a few here were heathen. We are praying that the heathen about us may take warning and get saved.

Filita, whose husband died last week, is very sad and needs our prayers just now. Hers has been such a steady Christian life I do hope this severe testing may not weaken her faith.

Lydia's health has been very poor the past year, but she has safely recovered and is gaining nicely. Josepha is a very faithful husband.

How about shipping now? Will there be any hope of us having that organ sent out soon? even this season while the steamers come to South Africa from St. John? Are the freights still prohibitive? Or reasonable?

That organ will be of the greatest service I can assure you and its need is imperative as my children are now anxious to go on with music, but our little one is inadequate. For this reason (because time is passing when the children can learn). I should esteem it a great favor should you succeed in getting it off within a few months, say from three to six.

When it comes perhaps some one has an instruction book they can spare. The one I had is worn out. We have quite a choir now as all love to sing and we make a practice of having two or three hymns each morning at prayers. When they can the children love to get away to the small Ntombi river for a swim. Dr. Sanders has taught them and all are like young frogs for love of it.

This has been rather a dry, hot season so far. Barely enough rain to save the early corn from dying. Now the main crops are being put in and we should have rain almost every day but only once or twice a week the past few weeks.

One new one rose for prayers and expressed his desire to follow Jesus indeed last Sunday, so though we had no baptism this was an expression and an encouragement.

I am sure you are as interested as ever in all of our work and will still continue to pray for us, not forgetting to specialize the tried ones and the weak. Do remember Filita. Her husband dying, she is left alone at her kraal and must move for company's sake. Pray that she may choose wisely. She has four or five children and she has been very faithful in their teaching, so we want the whole family to still remain near us for helping in the work and for these children's good. If she moves into the kraal of her hus-

band's elder brother, as the custom is, he is a heathen and of no help to her. There are two other places far better for her, as I see it, and I am hoping she will choose one of these.

Josepha and Lydia have again moved. This time just across the big Douga (ravine) and in sight of our house. They are so very helpful, spiritual and obliging, it is a pleasure to have them near us.

I want to tell you also how I was helped in the time of sickness, when seven of my own were down at one time and the work of caring for them all, the housework, etc., was to be done by myself. I did not see how I could do so as all my native help had gone home. However, a girl, who came here for treatment and was herself just convalescent from this illness, volunteered to stay and help me what she could. This I appreciated more because I had not asked her. She saw my need; she remembered my helping her many times in the past and now she wanted to return in kind. She was very weak at first so she was unable to do any heavy work such as draining water from our distant spring, washing, etc. However, once or twice I got a passing girl to do these extra things and all went well with me helping in the kitchen. Washing—well Filita could get more of that done before she was taken down. Also two days of the week before she came as a volunteer and helped me. It was so kind of her and I do appreciate these things for circumstances and conditions here make housework very difficult if one has not one servant to help. Draining water from a distance, cutting wood, etc., etc., are rather much harder than at home.

By the time this reaches you it will be seven years since we left home. A change for some of us would be a great blessing but I do not even see a few weeks at the seaside for any one just now. We are about three hundred miles from Durban and fares and board are very high here now. The farm has indeed been a great blessing during these hard times. Had we been living in a city or town we should have had to do something else to have lived. Here we have farmed and grown much we have eaten. Meat very dear, eggs at times away up and milk too, butter beyond us, but on the farm we have raised all these. Fowls for meat or exchange corn for a goat, milk, butter and cheese from our cows, fruit and vegetables from orchard and garden, lard, ham and bacon from our pigs. So we have not needed for any of these things. Flour and sugar very dear but we have managed nicely.

There are often longings to see you and the other brethren but God has chosen our field for us and we must be faithful in fulfilling the duty he has committed to our care.

The Lord bless you and keep you during the times ahead.

Keep praying for us. Hold up our hands by prayer lest we grow weary in well doing. That our hearts may continue to burn with love for souls and our work do not become monotonous to us. We are human, very much so, I think. We have so little of help, no mingling with holiness people even in a prayer meeting, no Beau-

lah or quarterly meeting, etc. (Oh, you dear ones can never know the dearth of such things nor how much you owe to just such for your own soul's enthusiasm.

Praise God he never fails. No loneliness too great but he can come and dispense it, no lack of friends but he can fill it by his presence. Thank God he never changes. He is the same!

Don't think I am weary of this blessed work, no never, nor do I want to be. God has lately given me a new touch of love for souls and I praise him.

Lovingly yours,  
MRS. H. C. SANDERS.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Brother Baker:

I am glad to say that we have been favored with a visit from Brother Coy, and if all men were as he, what a glorious world this would be. We were sorry that his visit was so short with us, but we were refreshed by his call.

The Highway is very wholesome and if its members are all as our dear old brother, I don't wonder at its golden pages. It is now 27 years since I found joy, peace and happiness in trusting Jesus, and I know no other gospel but Jesus and him crucified for me, and can say that Jesus can save from sin, and give in the place of sin and fear, glory and praise, that all the hosts of hell cannot take from us, neither in this life nor that which is to come. Any man or woman who is safe in Jesus' blood knows all about it, for they were there when the new birth came, and cannot be taught any better gospel than the Highway teaches.

The old, old story of Jesus and his love.

I have not yet had an opportunity to get to your camp meetings, but I know what kind of food God's people always enjoy.

I was connected with the old Wesleyan Methodists for 20 years, and my last camp meeting was on Mow Cop, Straffordshire, England, with eighty thousand people, and I know what it means to be a true Christian.

We have a good many forms in our days, but any man who knows he is not right with God, has not the liberty of God's children. All God's true saints, wherever found, are a loving happy folk, and I am glad to uphold the Highway in its true doctrine. It was good for me that I ever saw. I was a lost soul, and I found out that if I died in my sin, hell would have been my doom, but all the powers of darkness cannot take my sunshine out of me, for it is worth everything to me. It makes me lie down in peace, and get up in the morning rejoicing ever since I have been saved from sin. I was born in the Isle of Man; in my early life was a fisherman, and was born again of God's Spirit in Douglas, 27 years ago.

Yours in the gospel,  
JOHN HUDSON,  
Farmer.

Grand Falls, N. B.

"God loves the cheerful (hilarious) giver." People who are in the love of God need no urging. They are glad for the opportunity to give.