

## OBITUARY.

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bore silent testimony to the high esteem in which she was held. A short service was held at the home on Saturday morning by Rev. E. C. Jenkins, after which the remains were put on the train and brought to Lower Brighton, where a funeral service was held in the Reformed Baptist Church, the writer officiating, assisted by Rev. Mr. Bragdon. A choir sang appropriate selections. She leaves to mourn their loss beside her husband, three children, Thelma, Dorothy and Harold, an adopted daughter, Mae Woodroffe; her father, Nehemiah Ackerson, of Lower Brighton two sisters, Mrs. Charles Robinson, of Lower Brighton, Mrs. Herbert Dickinson, Houlton, Me., one brother, Thomas Ackerson, of Waltham, Mass., besides a large circle of other relatives and friends. A large congregation gathered at the church to pay the last tribute of respect and to extend their sympathy to the bereaved ones. The body was laid to rest in the cemetery beside that of her little son, who died some eight years ago. Text used by the writer, John 13-7.

P. J. TRAFTON.

C. H. Bitton.

A memorial service was held in Hillside Baptist Church on February 23rd in memory of Charles H. Bitton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bitton, of that place. He had been serving his country with the Forestry Battalion in France, but on his way home he was stricken down with pneumonia, following influenza, and died in London, England, on Feb. 6th. To his family we extend our love and sympathy. The service was conducted by the writer, using as a text Acts 24-25.

P. W. BRIGGS.

Florence L. Hallett.

At Millville on Feb. 22nd of pneumonia, Florence L., infant daughter of George and Alda Hallett. The funeral was attended by Rev. I. F. Keirstead. The bereaved family have the sympathy of their many friends.

## MISSIONARY FUND.

A Friend, Hartland (Native Worker) \$10.00  
F. H. Lock (Home and Foreign)..... 2.00  
St. John Society (Native worker).... 30.00  
St. John Special Offering (Foreign) 41.50  
Mrs. W. R. Carson (Native Worker) 10.00  
Rev. L. J. Alley and wife (Foreign) 2.00  
Burns N. Stairs (Foreign)..... 10.00  
Gordonsville S. S. (Foreign) ..... 1.00  
Gordonsville S. S. (Home) ..... .75

## MEDUCTIC CHURCH FUND.

Rev. F. T. Wright .....\$5.00  
Rev. E W Lester ..... 5.00  
Moses Hillman ..... 5.00  
F. W. Nevers ..... 2.00  
Mrs. J. C. Maxon ..... 1.00  
Mrs D. Deplissey ..... 1.00

## THE ST. JOHN VALLEY R. R.

The people who attend Beulah Camp Meeting, especially those from Aroostook, Carleton, Victoria, York and Sunbury Counties, will be glad to know that the St. John Valley Railway is to be pushed through early in the summer and in operation from Centreville to Westville.

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Paulpietersburg, S. A.,  
P. O. Hartland, Natal,  
Jan. 19th, 1919.

Dear Highway:

Just a note about our Christmas services, which I had hoped Paul would write you of. At Balmoral, Christmas Day was celebrated. A sheep and six goats were slaughtered, corn crushed and cooked in such a way as to resemble rice. But I need not describe the preparations as they are always the same. Many huge iron pots, brought by the women of the church. The girls and women prepare the corn, while the young men get the mutton ready. No part is wasted; the blood is cooked in a separate dish, as no Christian will eat that. There is no other part, however, that the church members refuse.

When the dinner is nearly done, we ring the bell and have a big open service. About four hundred are present, and all listen well, some for the first time, to the simple gospel message. "Faith cometh by hearing," and so we trust that good seed sown on this occasion will bear fruit, and one or more souls will be won to our Christ as a result of this Christmas feast.

Though this is a very rainy season we were able to ford the Pongola river the next Saturday in anticipation of our "Big Sunday" and the feast that was appointed for the next day, Monday. Paul now has a horse of his own and went with me, his first Christmas across the Pongola. That night we slept at Entungwini, the home of Johan Sukazi. Samuelli had already arrived, and though there was a little rain, all the Christians were planning to attend the meetings next day to be held about eight miles farther on, at Emozane, the home of Simone Msibi. We were given the use of a small hut, scantily thatched, for our sleeping quarters. Fowls roosted on top, while a solitary pig slept with just the thin wall between us and it.

I am always a very light sleeper, so Sunday morning found me not much refreshed. The rain that had been only a mist all night now began to fall in earnest.

in which we held the service, where many listened, I believe to the gospel for the first time. A good impression was made, and perhaps, secret resolves to follow Christ. That evening we returned to Entungwini and our tiny, leaky hut. The pig, fortunately, had her fill of beer strainings, so it slept mostly all night, instead of foraging about as it did the Saturday night. Its dreams were disturbed by night mares which caused it to awaken with a great start several times. The noises it made were beyond description.

Tuesday morning, though still very misty, we started for home. Imagine our dismay when we learned that the Pongola was in tremendous flood. We went down to the river, however, to have a look for ourselves. I remembered the wretched nights behind me, thought of the work at home greatly needing me, and determined to try the flood. It was a new experience for the young horse, and for me too, both the stirrups came off and it was with difficulty I managed to save them. So the horse landed on the same bank he started from, only sixty yards farther down stream.

Rash, probably, but Paul was left to care for both horses and come down when he might, while I tried again to swim the river, this time without a horse. The swiftness of the current made the landing difficult. I learned better than to catch the top of submerged, slender willows and reeds—it only takes one under. I presume it would be easier, too, for one to first remove their shoes and clothing.

The next day I went to Paulpietersburg with Faith's horse to bring Lydia Anderson, who was waiting there to come and visit Bertha Meyer. Bertha's sister is also spending her school holiday here, so we have more company in a month than we usually enjoy in years.

How did Paul manage? The next day the river had subsided somewhat, the weather looked very rainy, so Paul decided to come over with Native boys who were taking over several persons who wished to cross. These boys, by the way, are the only ferry boat, and receive a shilling per passenger.

We are thankful to report that new seekers have come forward since last writing, and that the good work is going forward with God's blessing.

Also we have a new worker for "Our Friends," Philomone, the husband of Mata. He is young and with only a little experience, yet he shows many good qualities. First, he does not seem so proud and easily puffed up as some of our workers. He is willing and anxious to learn, and zealous to work for the Master. He feels to that he is called to this work, and is now preaching regularly, every Sunday at a new place. He has recently moved and now lives only a half mile from us, where he can so easily attend all the class meetings, and prayer services.

Mata, the wife, continues her regular appointments, and is winning souls. All the other workers are doing well so I will not mention them in detail. You and we have much reason to thank God for what He is doing through our Native workers.

Ever yours in His service,

H. C. SANDERS.