

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

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are about two miles from the city, in the suburban part of Durban. It is very homelike here and restful, and we are gradually getting over our ocean roll, for we have been keeping quiet, our heads are not clear and we are trying to get some letters off for the next boat to England. We shall have to mail them tomorrow. We have not looked around Durban much yet, but it is certainly a beautiful city. The trees are magnificent, and everything so luxuriant in foliage. I cannot tell you how wonderful everything seems. I certainly love this tropical country, and the dear natives do appeal to my heart strangely. The cook and table boy here are christians and their faces are so happy. My heart aches for those richsha drivers. It is wonderful to see how gracefully they run. So far the dear Lord has made everything seem homelike to us. There are several fine missionaries here and it is good to be among God's people again after so much worldliness. We had a very nice prayer meeting Saturday evening. Yesterday we called at a colored quarter with one of the missionaries. In the afternoon we rested and in the evening went to a Wesleyan Methodist Church with Mrs. Maxwell, another missionary, where we heard an excellent address against spiritualism by the pastor, Mr. McAllister. He certainly warned his people and proved the danger of it by the Bible. We were so glad we went to hear him. They say he is the best preacher in town, and he did talk fine last night. His prayer was also one of faith and long trust. We heard a very fine pipe organ and the singing was very nice.

We have been told by several people that Durban is their choice and I do not wonder, for it is delightful as far as we have seen. We are on the piazza writing and I can see several orange trees hanging full of green oranges, also an Ovacado pear tree. We had salad made of the pears for dinner yesterday and it was lovely. Miss Odell, who has charge of this place, made some lemonade Saturday night. She pulled the lemon from the tree outside the back door. The autos and motor cycles are whizzing by all the time outside this lovely fruit yard. Our room opens onto a balcony and it is certainly a beautiful sight of foliage and gardens from there. The weather is like July, but a cool breeze springs up very suddenly, and they call it cool weather now. We wrote to Dr. Sanders from Cape Town; they would get it in three days from there. We expect to stay here a few days and get a few things. We did not get dishes in England, for they have quite a duty on them. Tomorrow we shall look around if our heads are clear enough. You can tell by this letter that I am rambly.

Dear Mrs. Baker, we do appreciate all your letters and those needle cases were so useful, thanks for the handkerchiefs too. We used our steamer rugs the last week a good deal and they were a comfort. We hope for some more letters soon. Tell the dear girls that made the candy and wrote the letters that we did appreciate all so much. The Lord bless all the dear people who have been so kind to us. We do not forget any of them.

Last Monday we had a lovely day in

Cape Town. We arrived early Sunday morning, found it wet and cold, but it cleared up at noon and was very pretty, but the white cloth hung over Table Mountain all day. Monday morning the mist all rolled away and I cannot describe the silent grandeur of those wonderful mountains. You are always under its shadow wherever we go. We did not go ashore until Monday, but observed the Sabbath by abiding in our own place. We did enjoy the Municipal Gardens, with their palms and foreign plants and flowers. We sat in there a good while admiring them and heard the cuckoo. The buildings in Cape Town are lovely. The Post Office, Library, Parliament Buildings, Museum, Art Gallery, etc. We did not enter them. I took several pictures of Table Mountain but fear they are light-struck for the cable was loose. In the afternoon we took a ride around the mountain and it was really beyond description, the sea below us stretching out for miles and on the other side the great rugged mountain peaks towering above us. How we wished for everyone to see it. On the other side of the mountain we returned home via the Constantin Valley and Wynberg, which are beautiful places, green hillsides, woods and gardens. Groote Schuur is a large tract of land given to the people by Cecil Rhodes and contains an open air zoo, gardens, walks, and is very lovely. We certainly did enjoy our trip more than we can express. We wish you could have been with us.

We left Cape Town Tuesday at 11 a.m., reached Port Elizabeth Wednesday night at 6 o'clock, sailed at 9.30 Thursday night, arrived in East London Friday morning, left at 3.30 in the afternoon. We did not go ashore at either place, for we wanted to pack up and besides it was hardly worth the expense just to see the town, although in East London I believe they saw the Governor General, Prince Arthur of Connaught, they were having a celebration in his honor and our ship was decorated for the day.

We hope to be at the Mission Station by Saturday night if we can make the proper arrangements.

Now, dear people, I shall close and write more letters. When this reaches you, it will be nearing Beulah time. We have many beautiful memories of the past, and, thank God, a good prospect of the future through the grace of our Lord Jesus. I am very happy in my soul, the dear Lord has especially blessed me since yesterday and His love is burning in my soul. I do love Him supremely today. How glad I am that he has chosen me to bring the good tidings. I feel very unworthy, but he knows.

Very lovingly,

ALICE F. STERRITT.

"There is no power on earth that can neutralize the influence of a high, pure, simple and useful life."

"If your religion does not change you for the better, you had better change your religion for a better."

"I hate to see a thing done by halves; if it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone."—Gilpin.

WOODSTOCK MONTHLY REPORT.

The missionary meeting for May was held on the 13th inst., the President, Mrs. C. O. Mutch in the chair. After singing and prayers, instead of the regular scripture lesson, each member present responded to their name with a verse of scripture. Then followed a short programme:

Reading—Mrs. Ansley Rogers.

Duet—Mrs. Estey and Miss Blaney.

Reading—Mrs. Estey.

Duet—Mrs. Watson and Mrs. Reynolds.

Solo—Mrs. London.

Proceeds of evening, \$10.05.

Benediction by the Pastor, Rev. W. B. Wiggins.

Yours in the work,

MRS. O. R. ESTEY.

BRING YOUR BOOKS.

We will use "Songs of the Kingdom" at Beulah and Riverside Camp Meetings. Everybody that has this Book bring it with you. There may not be any on sale.

PRESENTATION.

The good people at Upper Knoxford invited us to a social evening at the home of Mr. D. Reid May 31st. About 75 gathered there, young and old, who enjoyed a very pleasant evening and all did full justice to ice cream and cake which the ladies of the church had provided. We had the privilege of telling them something of our African work and then we were presented with a glass full of money amounting to \$50.00, a free will offering from those kind hearted friends. We tried to thank them and asking the Lord's blessing upon them. After song and prayer we all left in a down-pour of rain, but praising the Lord for his care for us in providing for our needs.

I. M. K.

THE HELPERS.

He that turneth from the road to rescue another,

Turneth toward his goal;

He shall arrive in due time by the foot-path of mercy,

God will be his guide.

He that careth for the sick and wounded,

Watcheth not alone:

There are three in the darkness together,

And the third is the Lord.

Blessed is the way of the helpers,

The companions of the Christ.

—Henry Van Dyke.

Though neither sun nor stars were seen,

Paul knew the Lord was near!

And faith preserved his soul serene

When others shook for fear.

Believers thus are tossed about

On life's tempestuous main;

But grace assures beyond a doubt,

They shall their port attain.

Their passage lies across the brink

Of many a threatening wave;

The world expects to see them sink,

But Jesus lives to save.

—John Newton.