

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Hartland P. O., So. Africa
July 26, 1922.

Dear Highway Friends:

Another Beulah camp meeting has passed. We at Balmoral mission station were remembering you and praying for God's blessing to come upon you.

We thank the dear Lord that His Spirit is not confined to places or numbers, and although so far away from home friends, and loved ones, His presence is with us here, making us content and happy in His great love, praise His name. We are still praising our Heavenly Father for giving us a love for these dark skinned Zulus, and making us content to live among them. I have just returned from calling upon Lydia (who is not well at all lately). She is one of the faithful ones indeed, and we all love her very much. She is a treasure among the Zulu people here. She is one of the early Christians whom Dr. and Mrs. Sanders taught in the scriptures, and on many other different lines. One can hardly believe to see Lydia today that she was once a real heathen girl.

Dr. and Mrs. Sanders are spending ten days at Utrecht visiting the church there, and they will also visit a few days with a Dutch family whom they know.

They will write the particulars later, on their return.

The last big Sunday, July 9th, was a good day in the Lord. Souls were helped, and many were encouraged. It is blessed to see some get deliverance from beer and snuff, which are generally the last sins they give up; but God is able, He who divided the Red Sea and caused the flow of the River Jordan to cease, and He who has wrought so many wonderful miracles is still alive today and ready to help in time of need. His compassions fail not; they are new every morning.

The new church is in progress now, and is well under way. Mr. Mayoss is building it, the same man who built our house. The church will certainly be nice when finished. It is 20x60 ft. We feel to thank God for this nice building the natives will have to worship in; the old church is far too small for the number who come here now on Big Sunday.

Sunday, July 16th, Faith and I went to Lydia's outpost (as she is unable to go), a distance of four miles. We went on horseback. On our way we passed a Dutchman's home. It was the first house I had seen since coming to the mission station. It really seemed nice to behold a house once again, if it was only a small one.

We had the misfortune to take a wrong path, consequently we had to dismount four times and cross four terrible dongas. Now a donga is a great ditch or washout, such as one never sees at home, caused by the heavy downpours of rain which we get in the summer time. Our faithful horses were not very anxious to cross these places; nevertheless, they did.

We had about thirty to the service, and the Lord blessed us very much. We took the right path coming home, so only had to cross one donga and the narrow river Ozwan.

The following Sunday Miriam and I went to the same outpost; about the same

number were present and the dear Lord met us again and blessed us and His word, for which we praise Him. The day school is not as large as last year, which we regret. However, there are a number who come, and we are blessed in teaching them to read and write and to memorize verses of scripture.

Some of the children are real attractive, especially the smaller ones. Alice told them the other day that we wanted a snapshot of them all. So evidently they had arranged among themselves for a certain day, for today they arrived with their Sunday dresses on, which agreeably surprised us. So the picture was taken.

Some of the children are real bright. Befah's little girl, who is a hunchback, is the brightest one in the school. She is a dear little girl, has a sweet voice and a very keen brain.

Alice and I often speak to one another about these children, for we love them very much. They remind one so much of white children in many different ways. Human nature seems the same whether white or black.

We have had an unusually mild winter so far, although I believe August is the coldest month, so we will probably have it colder a little later. The winter winds which are quite frequent have a very depressing effect upon one, making one feel some days as if they had a heavy weight upon them.

Please remember us in your prayers. We trust Riverside Camp Meeting will be a great blessing to many. Yours in Christian love,

HELEN M. STERRITT.

Balmoral M. S., Natal.
July 31st, 1922.

Dear Highway:

Sunday, the 16th instant, was an extra good day across the Pongolo. In our services was fulfilled the Savior's promise to them who meet in His name. His presence and blessing was very manifest and the church was strengthened in the Lord. One was baptized and received into church fellowship.

The next Tuesday Mrs. Sanders and I left home, taking train for our church at Utrecht. We wish to give God praise for His wonderful leading. The building of our new church at Balmoral had just reached the stage when we could be spared for a while. A couple were asking for Christian marriage, while the whole church was "crying", as they express it, to see their "mfundisi," and receive words of strength and comfort.

We hoped that Mrs. Sanders would also meet the church, but the way was closed. She remained near the town of Utrecht, visiting a Dutch family while I went on horseback the remaining nearly thirty miles. This road I had never travelled before, but a native "happened to be going that same time and accompanied all the way to a Dutch home, near, our church. That afternoon I visited another friendly Dutchman and sent on word to our little band that we would meet in the morning, Sunday the 23rd. These Dutchmen own farms near Balmoral on low veldt, where they graze their sheep in the winter, the climate being warmer than at

their highveldt farms. Thus we have met and befriended them many times. In spite of their friendship to us some of them try to prosylite and persecute our church members to join their Native Dutch Reformed Church.

It seems to me that God has called us here, not only to minister to the natives, but to bear testimony of Jesus the baptizer with the Holy Ghost to these Dutch, most of whom know only the baptism of John.

Our church is not as strong, spiritually, as I had hoped, which deeply grieves me. The services, however, were wonderfully blessed and the little band encouraged to draw nearer to God and trust Him more fully in their daily trials and believe for their heritage of peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

Still another friendly Dutch family gave me kindly entertainment, right on the farm where lives our native pastor Timothy. Monday, about 4 p.m., the marriage, by Christian rites, took place between Philip, our deacon, and Lisaya, the teacher of our school at Utrecht.

Then, after another prayer meeting with a sick girl, I bid adieu to our little flock and went to spend the night with a Dutch friend. The next day a twenty mile horseback ride brought me near the town of Utrecht, where Mrs. Sanders had been letting her light shine, testifying, like Paul, to both small and great. Sunday she had preached to the three native kitchen girls, making them very glad to have a real meeting, which they often go without for a whole year, when they are away from home and serving their landlord.

Two days later we started for Balmoral. One night we must spend on the way because there is no direct train connection. Journeying mercies were ours, reminding us that His name is Wonderful.

It was good to find that the God who had gone with us, planning our journey and blessing, had remained with His strong hand on our work at home, giving special evidence of His tender care.

Yesterday one boy from our Utrecht church was baptized here at Balmoral. He had walked sixty miles, preferring that this ordinance be performed at our Central Station. Two others had intended coming with him for baptism, but must have been hindered. We shall expect them later.

Ever yours in Him,
H. C. SANDERS.

God is the Guide of His people all through their earthly pilgrimage. In this world, fraught with toil, care and responsibility, a world where sin and sorrow abounds, where sickness stealthily steals into the constitution of the young, the middle aged and the aged, where we are beset on every side with enemies to our temporal and spiritual good, what a comfort to know that we have a Guide, an un-failing Guide, one who is omniscient, all powerful and all wise. "He will be our Guide, even unto death."

Holiness is wholeness. It implies the idea of a whole souled individual whose heart has been wholly emptied of all selfishness and every form of sin and entirely occupied, filled and actuated with perfect love to God and all mankind.