

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE:

Balmoral Mission Station,  
Paulpietersburg,

Natal, Oct. 25th, 1923.

Dear Friends in the Homeland:

You will rejoice with us that God is working in our midst. Paulina reports that at her three meetings last Sunday across the Pongola she had unusual blessing. Some twenty odd at her first appointment listened attentively, while she told them the signs of the soon coming of Jesus. In fact they were so carried away with the thought that they forgot to listen and began to remark among themselves how Jesus must soon be here—and they unprepared to meet him. They did not take a definite stand, but were unanimous in expressing their good desires.

At her third outpost a woman was weeping all through the meeting because she had neglected to become a Christian when a girl. At that time she had heard the gospel and had a great desire, while now she feared God would never again show her mercy. Four here made a definite stand and are now counted as seekers. Paulina is crucified with Christ so that God can use her and He receives the glory.

An unprecedented drought is becoming a national calamity to South Africa. Here is a clipping from a daily paper, a sample of the reports coming in from all parts:

## THE DROUGHT.

## Heart-Rending Accounts from the Transvaal.

Volksrust, Oct. 18—Heart rending accounts are pouring in from all quarters. The stench from the dead animals wafted across the veld is overpowering. On one farm springs which have never previously failed are dry. Thousands of young trees are dead. The spuits contain no water. On many farms cattle feed is now exhausted, and there is no water.

Big blue flies, millions of them, are feeding on the carcasses, and these horribly fat insects are invading our dwellings.

On the winter veld, as on the high veld, there is no grass. At this time usually the sheep return to the high-veld, where the new grass appears. But today in the high-veld and low-veld there is not a blade of grass. "It is no use bringing back the sheep to die here; they might as well die where they are," remarked a farmer today.

The weather shows not the slightest indication of rain; the sky is cloudless, while hot, scorching winds parch and shrivel up every green thing. At night the atmosphere is as hot as during the day.

Cattle, sheep and horses are dying off at an alarming rate. Whole flocks of sheep are dead or dying. Farmers usually brave and hopeful are now giving way to despair, and abandoning all hope of saving even the remnant of their stock.—Reuter.

One man told us the other morning that on his farm there were thirty head of cattle so weak that they could not get up without help; and many had died in spite of being fed forage and crushed corn.

Ploughing in this country is done almost entirely with oxen. Most of these now are too poor for work. Then, after the spring rains do begin three weeks must pass before the grazing is sufficient.

By that time the planting season on high veld will have nearly finished—even if rains come now. Because the fall frosts are early.

This wholesale loss of cattle, sheep and horses reminds one of what we often hear stated regarding giving to the Lord in this country. One man who tithes says of the others, "they bring as gifts to the church their old useless ewes and broken legged sheep and worthless cattle. He added, "It is a shame and a disgrace to do so."

Last year we happened along as a high veld farmer was shearing his sheep. "Times are hard, we have our children to educate and can't afford to give to God more than one per cent," was his rejoinder when we suggested that a tenth would run into a lot of money for the Lord.

Truly prayer for rain is in order and prayer for these unfortunates farmers, who are faced with financial ruin. May the judgments of God that are in the earth cause the people to seek the Lord!

Yours in Him,

H. C. SANDERS.

## FAMILY PRAYERS.

The family altar is one of the oldest and best institutions in the world, and blessed is that family where such is established. It is better to live in a cot or cabin, with an altar, than in a palace without one.

It makes the Lord a welcome guest, and a member of the family, and it is very comforting to know that we can confer and fellowship with him, as the Man of our counsel.

It is a sad thing to be without God in the home. It is like being in a tempest-tossed ship without a compass or rudder.

Samson became weak as other men, and an easy prey to his enemies, when the Lord left him. So it will be to all those who discard the family altar. The altar is as much needed in the home as a fire on a cold day, or a lamp on a dark night.

No home is complete, no matter how elegantly adorned, without an altar of prayer. Minus this, it is like a watch without a mainspring.

As parents are interested in the mental education of their children, so they should be in the spiritual culture of the heart.

The family altar is a connecting link between our earthly and our heavenly home, and if it was more generally established, there would be fewer drunkards, divorces, and suicides than there are.

The Lord says, "Them that honor Me, I will honor," so if we honor Him by worship at home He will bless us openly. "Except the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it," and if the Lord is not in the home, there is a great lack; it would be like a house without windows.

As the builders of the tower of Babel got into confusion and failure, so will they who try to make a home without re-

ligion. Look at the families where divorce has crept in and split the home asunder, and where the children have been wicked, and brought disgrace to their parents.

Let us have a revival of family prayer and Bible reading everywhere, and witness the great transformation that will follow.—Ex.

Dear Brother Wiggins:

I feel it my duty to write you a line to ask for a little space in the Highway for some verses I happened to see a few weeks ago. I felt as though God called me at the time to send them to the Highway as the testimony of this dear old lady that should not die. They have blessed my soul to read them and perhaps you would like to print them.

We are enjoying God's blessing here at present and new heights I'm gaining every day. We were greatly blessed this week by seeing a back-slider return to God. Pray for him and also for me that I may be the means of bringing back more precious souls to God.

I remain as ever His humble servant,  
FRANK SULLIVAN.

Easton, Digby Co., N. S.

COMPOSED BY MRS. ELIZABETH TAYLOR

Of South Berwick, Kings Co., N. S., who was one hundred years old the first of September, 1880, and is now alive at the present time, September, 1887.

God has lengthened out my span,  
Beyond the common age of man;  
He has saved me by his power,  
God has kept me to this hour.

One hundred years has gone o'er my head,  
The seven last years I have kept my bed;  
A hundred years has passed away  
As quickly as a summer day.

Long days and nights I lie in pain,  
But I have no reason to complain;  
It is done to let you see  
How good my God has been to me.

The Lord was pleased to place me where  
I have received the best of care;  
Night and day they watch my bed—  
May God reward them when I am dead.

Now my days are almost gone;  
I soon shall join that heavenly throng.  
And walk that narrow happy road,  
That brings me nearer to my God.

When the Lord is pleased to take me,  
I am willing for to go.  
Believing He will not forsake me  
When I leave this world of woe.

When my days on earth are done,  
I shall go down like the sun;  
To rise in heaven above the sky,  
A place where love can never die.

When I reach that blessed shore,  
There will I my God adore.  
God grant that I his face may see,  
And praise him through eternity.

The effects of an accident some years ago.