

VOICES FROM OVER THE SEA.

Hear voices calling from over the sea,
Hear voices calling to you and to me,
"Bring us the Gospel, oh, come quick,"
they say,
"There's no one to help us, or show us the
way."

Hear voices calling from over the sea,
"Our eyes are blinded, so helpless are we,
Come with the Gospel and preach us the
Word,
And tell us the story that we've never
heard."

Hear voices calling from over the sea,
"We are as hungry as hungry can be;
Preach us the Gospel that frees us from
sin,
And we will be glad to let Jesus come in."

Oh, come to Him, dear sin-burdened soul,
Come unto Him, and He'll make you whole.
Then carry God's Word across the blue sea,
And heathen will then from their darkness
be free. —Sel.

Hartland, Paulpietersburg,
Dec. 31st, 1923.

Dear Highway Readers:

A Happy New Year to all. I expect when this letter reaches you there will be plenty of snow and ice as usual. We have had some very hot days and plenty of thunder storms, and two very heavy hail storms, some of the stones were larger than hen's eggs. Quite a lot of damage was done to the gardens, especially to the native gardens. Mrs. Sanders' family and Paul and wife gathered a lot of the stones to freeze cream. It was nice to have some ice cream once again.

I will tell you a little about our Christmas, but I expect you will get a better account of it from Dr. or Mrs. Sanders.

Four or five days before Christmas I had a small Christmas tree for the school children; they sang Christmas hymns and read the first twenty verses of Luke, the second chapter. Each little girl received a present of a white apron, edged with pink, also a bag of candy, peanuts, raisins and picture cards. They were all much pleased of course, and gave us little dishes of corn which we appreciated very much; dried corn is scarce at this time of year. Two of the children gave pullets.

The following Sunday, the twenty-third, was Big Sunday here. We had a good day indeed; four were baptized.

On Monday was the Christmas day for the natives, which is surely a big day for them; thirteen goats were killed. I wish you could have seen all this meat and broth, as it lay cooked in the pots; it certainly smelt good. There was also a large amount of stamp, which is corn ground fine and mixed with the broth. I guess this is a very nice native dish. The six hundred were present, all seemed to be satisfied with the feast.

The usual matches were given out to them after the Christmas sermon was preached by Dr. Sanders; and a few testimonies were given by Mrs. Sanders, Paul and several of the native workers.

Tuesday, the twenty-fifth, was our Christmas Day. We met as usual, about eleven o'clock at Mrs. Sanders' house to

see the Christmas tree. We all exchanged gifts; had a good time; and the most exciting time of all was when the Hartland and Royaltan boxes were opened, which had arrived safely by mail.

We were all so pleased and grateful for the gifts of love from across the ocean. Truly words fail to express all our thanks to the dear home friends. All were so pleased, even to little Baby Hope, who seemed to be enjoying herself along with the rest of us. All were so kindly remembered. May the Lord bless you all.

The other Christmas box had not arrived yet, but we expect to hear about it very soon. On Christmas afternoon Paul and wife had a tree for their native help, with presents for all. They repeated verses of scripture and sang hymns, which were a credit to Paul's wife as it showed she had given them good training. The natives presented them with gifts also, and it was real touching, especially when one dear little boy gave little Hope a large safety pin and a three penny piece.

In the evening these natives were given a real Xmas supper by Paul and wife, which of course was enjoyed very much.

Paul is across the Pongola River, at the present time having Xmas over there. He may have a difficult time crossing, as we have had very heavy rainfalls of late.

Alice and I, on our way to our outpost on Sunday, when we came to the Intombi River had to wade through water about three feet deep. The river is narrow, so we did not have any trouble. Our little native girl was faithful to us. By the way I might add a few lines about this little girl. She lives on the mission farm; her father is dead and the mother and the rest of the people at her kraal are not very good natives. This little girl has always been a very stupid, homely, unattractive child. All she ever wore was an old, dirty half garment. She came to school and it took months to even get her started in the primer; and it seemed that many natives made fun of her. We always felt sorry for her. We gave her a dress and would never allow the children to tease her.

Over three months ago we decided to have her come and live with us for six months, and help care for our horses, although we did not know how she would do. She seemed glad to come. We made her some clothes, gave her a coat or an 'ibantshi.' Well, really, there has been a great change in her. One would hardly realize that she is the same girl. Living with white people and being treated kindly has seemed to have opened a new life to her. Many of her stupid ways have disappeared and I don't know of any little native girl that can give a sweeter smile than she, at least that is what we think about it anyway.

We see many good qualities in her, and thank the Lord for the change in her. We trust some day she will give her whole heart to the Lord, and be a real diamond in the rough.

This is my day to have class; have just returned from it, had a very nice time, took a picture roll and talked on Elijah praying down fire from Heaven. After the followers of Baal had failed. The people were much interested indeed in this story,

and amazed to see how the power of God was so manifested, at this evening sacrifice. And they too realized that the God of Abraham was the true God, the God of power and the Saviour of mankind.

We trust this New Year will be one of blessing to all. Pray for us.

Yours happy in Africa and in Christian
love,
HELEN M. STERRITT.

AN EXPLANATION.

When I was able to get among the Churches I endeavored to 'stir up' pure minds by way or remembrance' of our foreign work, its needs and conditions, etc.

It seems that some have not a clear understanding of our work even yet, and the questions arise by some who are not interested in foreign mission work, namely—Do not our missionaries live in luxury, and why is not our work self-supporting? Now conditions are somewhat the same as when we were in Africa, living expenses being very high, etc. We helped to plant fruit trees, which yield a good variety of fruit, and from an irrigated garden fresh vegetables are grown the year round. These are all necessary to sustain good health in that warm climate rather than luxuries.

Referring to the second question there are many things to be considered: If a European could be procured who would make a business of farming, and if there were no droughts or hail storms or locusts to destroy the crops, and if the railroad was nearer, and if transport charges were not so high and if there was a good local market—our thousand acre farm could easily support the work, I believe. But in the meantime the Lord is trusting us to 'hold the ropes,' while our missionaries who are deprived of loved ones and native land; and work amid the darkness of heathenism and superstition, by praying earnestly, and giving to support the work, that darkened souls may be won for the Master. Then in the last great day, we shall with the sowers and the reapers who have toiled in the heat of the day, share in the trophies and shall hear the "Well done, good and faithful servant." The Lord help us to be up and doing while the day lasts.

I. M. K.

"O YE ALSO!"

"The fields are white to harvest,
The Lord of harvest stands,
His faithful servants calling
To join the reaper bands.
To each one comes a message,
"Go work for me today"—
And are you called among them?
And will you turn away?"

"Go in, and nothing doubting,
Fill up the vacant place!
Go, work in all your weakness
And all your Master's grace!
Till at His feet with gladness,
Your treasures be outpoured,
And He who gave the increase
Shall give you great reward."

"There's a joy in serving Jesus,
Just in doing as He bids,