

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Hartland P. O., via Paulpietersburg,
Natal, So. Africa, Aug. 19, 1924.
Dear Homeland Friends:

I trust you will forgive our long silence and not grow weary in your prayers for us in South Africa. More and more the dear Lord is teaching me the great value of prayer.

Have faith in God! He keeps these precious words before me and shows me how small my faith is in comparison with what He really wants to do for us. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus and let Him lead us on to greater heights and depths of His riches in glory. He is leading on to victory through the Precious Blood, and I do praise Him.

Helen and I have had a form of "flu." We are so thankful that God did not allow us both to be sick at the same time, which was a great blessing and shows His tender care. Helen has been teaching the school again last week and I am getting around, too, and I praise Him with all my heart for the way he has blest my soul and for the beautiful lessons of faith and trust He has taught me. It is so good to be in the hands of such a loving Saviour who causes all things to work together for our good. The others have had bad colds, but escaped this, for which we are thankful to the Lord.

I think we have not written since our trip across the Pongolo with Paul about six weeks ago. It was our first trip over there. We were planning to go just before my horse died, and now that the Lord has provided a new one we took the opportunity to go. It is a long, hard ride of 18 miles. The descent to the Pongolo river and the ascent on the other side is a long, rugged and stony path and really hard for the poor horses. The Lord answered prayer and cared for us so nicely that we arrived feeling very good indeed. We enjoyed meeting the dear people, who seemed very glad to see us. They had cooked a chicken, pumpkin and "izindhlubu" (a food somewhat like dried beans) and we really enjoyed the dinner very much, which pleased them greatly.

The little brick church seemed very dear to us, for it was built by the natives for the worship of God, and it was good to be there. We had a nice service with about 45 natives present. It was a pleasure to speak to them about Jesus in their own language. Sometimes just a few sentences in Zulu brings a big blessing to my soul, and I trust that much more will be added as the days go by.

We arrived home at 7 p. m. and were not sorry to get off the horses, but the Lord gave us a good rest, and next day we did not feel a bit more tired than we often have for which we did praise the dear Lord.

We miss Paul and Ruth and the dear children very much, but as they have gone forth trusting God, we believe He will answer prayer and make them a blessing.

It is very beautiful here in Africa today, and my heart is full of praise to God for all His blessings and the many answers to prayer which He gives us.

"Prayer is the strong but secret chain

Which ever heaven and earth unites;
And God, in love for fallen man,

Us to the throne of grace invites."
Let us dare to trust Him anywhere, for He hears and answers prayer.

We are looking forward to the reports of camp meetings, trusting that it has been a time of great blessing and salvation. The Lord bless you all.

Yours for precious souls and in Christian love,

ALICE F. STERRITT.

OBITUARY

Mrs. Hannah H. Rideout

The writer was called to the home of Evangelist L. C. Good at Monticello, Me., on Sept. 21st to attend the funeral service of Mrs. L. C. Good's mother, Mrs. Hannah H. Rideout, of Robinson, Maine. Mrs. Rideout had been in failing health for some time and continued to grow weaker until the end came. The deceased was sixty-three years of age and had been on the Christian journey for upwards of fifteen years. She leaves to mourn their loss two daughters, Mrs. L. C. Good and Mrs. Rex Mills, both of Monticello. I was assisted at the service by Rev. Mr. Williams, U. B., of Monticello. Interment was made at Robinson.

F. T. Wright.

Mrs. Annie Hopkins

Mrs. Annie Hopkins passed to her reward on Wednesday, Sept. 24th, at the home of her niece, Mrs. Maud K. Caulkins, of Colrain, Mass. She was a daughter of the late Beverly and Hannah Estey, of Jacksontown, Car. Co., N.B., and leaves two sisters, Mrs. Mary Kitchen, of Presque Isle, Maine, and Mrs. Henrietta Churchill, of Amesbury, Mass, her husband having passed on before nearly nine years ago. She was a great lover of her Bible, also "The King's Highway," and spent much time perusing her prayers. She was laid to rest beside her husband and many other relatives in the Jacksontown cemetery.

Meaningless charity is a reproach to intelligent men. Philanthropy is based upon brotherly love, and brotherly love is based upon true love to God, or it has no real foundation. Hence the bestowal of our goods to feed the poor counts for nothing unless the act springs from the love we bear to God and to our fellowmen because of our love to God. It must appear, then, that those who toss a coin to a needy person in the same spirit and manner as the kitchen servant tosses a bone to a dog are acting without due respect to their own intelligence and in a manner exceedingly disrespectful towards God. Gifts to feed the poor are gifts to the Lord or they are unworthily bestowed, and gifts to the Lord are only made by a spirit of loving reverence, as of a humble creature to the mighty Creator.

Good men cast long, healing and protecting shadows down along their posterity. God often remembers us because He cannot forget our fathers. We ought to so live that our descendants will have over them the protecting shadow of our lives, and that for our sakes God will bless them.

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Highway Friends:

Just a line to your paper at this time. I want to thank God that his blood cleanses just now from all sin, Hallelujah. The fire is burning in my soul. I have victory over sin, flesh and the devil, in these days of terrible crime and wickedness, when few are going this straight and narrow way, choosing rather the broad way, becoming Sabbath breakers, enjoying rather the place of amusement than the house of God; flooding the theatres and beaches, choosing rather "to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season than to be counted with the people of God. Bless God! I believe if we keep true to the old gospel and live the gospel, and prevail with God in prayer, we will have a glorious revival and Holiness will prosper. We will see many souls seeking and finding God. Why not! "I am the same yesterday, today and forever."

We must have people that will believe God; fast and pray; know travail of soul. "When Zion travails she shall bring forth." I pray God to pour a special anointing upon our holiness preachers up and down the land; that they will forget self and be willing to go anywhere that they get a chance to preach with such unction and holy fire that souls will be made to tremble under their preaching and fear lest they fall into hell. I believe if our holiness preachers will do this, backed up by the prayers of the church, that it will be too hot for the devil and he will begin to move. Beloved! let us believe God and put Him to the test for many gracious revivals this coming year.

Yours in service for souls,

ALFRED GRANT.

To The Highway:

And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.—1 John 4-16.

I am still trusting in God, and He keeps me and guides all the way. My intention is to keep on.

FLOYDE TIDD.

Two young ladies were on a visit to a town where the Holy Spirit was descending with great power; they were converted there. When they got home they carried the coals of fire in their own hearts, and began to labor among their friends. The fire spread in their own church, and many conversions followed. This is the Bible method; the "Spirit and the Bride say: Come! and let him that heareth say: Come!"—Theo. L. Cuyler.

"The same Jesus who forgave sins and comforted the sorrowing when He was here upon earth, is just the same today. He will forgive the penitent and comfort the troubled and distressed."

If you cannot say, "Here am I, send me," you can surely say "Here is my consecrated money, send it," or "Here are my fervent prayers, send them." The devil cannot defeat us on all three of these lines if there is a spark of holy desire left in our cleansed hearts.