

No deeds of love or goodness ever die;
But in the lives of others multiply.
Say it has just begun.

The community at large was shocked to hear of the sudden passing away to the life beyond of our beloved Brother Wiggins. Tears flow—our heads are bowed, and we are again reminded that the cycle of time has been thrust in and another dear one gathered into the Heavenly garner. But confronted as we are at this time with a sense of loss and death, with feelings of emotion which surge to and fro, we should miss the lesson of the hour did we remain here to mourn, for we have learned that our Creator has wisely planned for us. We are assured of the immortality of life and that throughout the infinite cycles of an endless existence our loved ones live on. Our loved Brother Wiggins was one whose friendship was rich and tender. It brought sweetest joy to all whom he was privileged to know. He loved the Christ of common folks and the wayward and the tempted ones were those he loved to find; he lived to try and help them like a brother and a friend. He never loitered . . . always in God's service. His task on earth and his duty towards God he did not leave unfinished, and through his diligent and earnest prayers many souls have been brought to Christ, who will bear fruit, which only Eternity will reveal. He sleeps in well earned rest—his heart of sympathy, his gentle handshake and his great understanding soul of love will be extremely missed. Truly he was one of God's saints and for him "sudden death was sudden glory."

To the dear wife, who is left so lonely, goes out our heartfelt and tender sympathy, and may the great God of love be around and about her and comfort and sustain in this her sad and sudden bereavement.

VAUGHAN B. DAYE.
Woodstock, N. B.

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Balmoral M. S.,
Hartland P. O.,
Paulpietersburg,
Natal, South Africa

Dear Home Friends:

Three months ago the first of these Balmoral farm letters was written, and it is really wonderful to see how God has worked in that time. We can plainly see that you are praying for these people.

Early in July Dwabu, clad in European dress, came walking along about meeting time with a look on his face that said, "I have made my choice forever." Upon inquiry he replied, "Yes, I gave myself to seek God at my brother Gudu's funeral, now I want to believe. Doubtless he would have kept on coming regularly but he, like Job was smitten with boils. The Lord doubtless has his own purpose in this and those who go to pray with him find him very hungry for the word and tender towards God. He told us he has put up his old heathen loinskins for sale. We are much troubled by Lea's attitude. She seems suddenly very hard and heathenish and is a considerable drag on him, where as his only wife she should be a

great help. However, this may be the devil's last mad effort to drag her back, for she prayed the other day for the Lord to remove this shadow which has darkened her heart. Let us join and uphold her in this petition.

Mbabala has two new boys, one the son of Joana, his first wife, and the other son of his bride. In this kraal, as well as in Dwabus we can see God's hand. Mbabala and his mother came here a couple of weeks ago with Batelise, the second wife, bringing Juju, her first born, seriously ill.

They stayed in the Sterritt Sisters' hospital hut, and they had prayers with them twice a day. Alice said she has seldom had such pleasure in this ministry as with this dear little woman, for her heart seems so tender and hungry.

In the services on Covenant Sunday, Aug. 24th, the Lord gave very special blessing, and Batelise's heart, already greatly touched. For the first time in her softened by her anxiety and sorrow was life she really felt the presence of God and poured her heart out before Him in prayer. The Lord undertook and gave the child a beautiful recovery. Batelise is very thankful to the Lord. She said: "I came here with 'black eyes' (great fear). I said 'I am bringing my child to Mfundisi and to God.' I prayed, 'Oh God, Thou art mine only hope. Wash mine heart and make it white, make me so I will never turn back from Thee.'"

While she was still here, Mrs. Sunduza's sister from across the Pongola came with her daughter-in-law and young grandchild, the latter very weak and ill. Their original plan had been simply to have the child examined and get the doctor's verdict, but upon invitation, for we pressed them, feeling the child could not survive the return journey, they decided to stay. They were the more willing because they found their relatives here and heard their good report.

That night the poor tired little heart almost stopped beating. The child lay gasping for breath, and they all knew death was near. They were reluctant to wake us in the dead of night, and thought of leaving at once and take the dying baby home. But Batelise encouraged them, saying, "If we pray God is sure to help us. So in their fear and sore strait they knelt and cried to God, and He brought relief. Gradually the tide of life flowed back and comfort crept into their hearts.

Years had gone by since the two old ladies last met and Mrs. Sunduza had not even recognized her sister till she was reminded by Batelise. They seemed to thoroughly enjoy their evening together in the Sterritt Sisters' hut. The next day the grandmother went home to let folks know of the arrangements.

These evidently did not suit the young father. He came right over on the morrow to take his wife and baby straight home. But when he heard their experience of the previous evening, saw how much better the child was, and had enquired how they were used her, he changed his mind. They told him: "Here the child may live, for they fight disease with both prayer and remedies, and people get well. 'How do they treat us? Why it is as if we had come to our own father's home.'" So he went back to get some one

to be with his wife here so they could stay on.

On his return he came to the office saying, "I have just one request. Please pray with me now before I turn homeward. I want to be a Christian."

This is mostly the bright side. There is another going on all the time around us, causing us to realize the awful power of the heathenism in which these poor souls are bound. Join us again and yet more earnestly, dear fellow-soldiers, for the eternal destiny of souls is hanging in the balance.

Yours for victory through the blood of Jesus,

FAITH SANDERS.

Hartland P. O.,
Paulpietersburg,
Natal, South Africa,
August 3rd, 1924

Dear Friends:

Praise the Lord for answered prayer and victory! We need to give thanks and praise, for "He is good and His mercy endureth forever."

One of my boys came to my window a few minutes ago and told me what a blessing he got in praying for these natives in the banana grove. He said God seemed to let him see the awful darkness of Calvary. He said, "God blessed me so that when I got through I just seemed to have to say over and over to myself, 'Praise the Lord!'"

Good to have one's children come and report such things, isn't it? It is a common thing for different ones of our family to come and tell us such things.

Last Sunday I met George, just home from his (kraal) village meeting: "Well, George, how many did you have? 'About 30.' Did you have a good meeting?" "Yes." "George, do you like this work? Do you like to hold meetings among these people?" "Yes, I do."

Grace gave such a splendid testimony recently in our European prayer-meeting. Told of heart-hunger to do more in leading these natives to Jesus, earnestly desiring us to pray for her that God would help her not to let opportunities of speaking to those she saw day by day.

Miriam is also just as earnest and always at mid-week class meeting. In fact she often opens the meeting. I am reminded of "The desires of the righteous shall be granted." I do believe God and that He will do just what He says. We are doing our best to fit these children—young men and women—for this great work to which He has called us.

Flu is sweeping over the land, in a mild form, and many are sick. No deaths so far, but some pretty bad cases.

The baby with burned head went home. Poor little thing will, I fear, always have great bare spots on its head as a result.

The woman who went away to have a cancer in her left breast removed has returned. She is still weak and has much pain, but we hope to help her to live a while longer now. He is earnestly seeking Jesus. Pray that she really finds Him.

Our Christian Science winter neighbor