

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Altona, Transvaal.

Dear Friends: Since I first visited this place of ours a year ago, there has been much progress. Isaya has builded a church and a dwelling of his own. The church has a room off one end in which we, Paulina and I, stay, and is comfortable. It is so nice to have a room and not a hut, for though one rejoices to have the comfort of a hut when there is no room, a hut is not to be compared to the plainest room. The present furniture consists of a very rude bedstead, straw or grass for a mattress, a nice deal table and a rude stool made of a box. There is a rude cupboard, a nice window opening, a door to fasten, and three boxes where Isaya's folks keep their clothing. There is no ceiling, just the cool grass roof, which is not finished, thatching on the far peak, but that gives plenty of air, and one can put a hat on one's head if too much draft, as today we have a high wind.

The situation of Altona Mission station is pretty. A sharp stony hill in the background, a good road leading to the station of Piet Relief over forty miles away, and mighty hills or mountains all along the foreground in Pongola valley. There are two European farmers about six miles away and a half-caste family quite near on the same government farm, Altona. These are all the neighbors one can call, except plenty of natives. Large villages with many unsaved. Quite a few members of two native organizations are scattered about in this section of the country. These are a great hindrance in the work because they do not teach the truth. They dress, learn to read, and then keep on drinking beer and such-like things, and the heathen see little or no difference between these professors and themselves.

Isaya and I have been across the breadth of the Transvaal at this part of the land and into Swaziland. Save a few here and there of other denominations, there are no earnest Christians. We have a great opportunity here, but we will meet opposition, for the devil always opposes anything that helps Holiness along. We are short of evangelists over here. The country to be covered is large, villages many and hundreds of people still in great darkness.

The mountainous hills, in some places, have no paths a horse can cross. These must be done by a man on foot. But down in the valleys among these mountains, often we find a village on the very top of a small hill, sides so steep it looks as if the children and pigs would roll down into the river below. Beautiful scenery, rugged, rocky mountains with trees growing amid the rocks; rivers far down in their deep valleys, winding in and out among the feet of these great hills; villages perched here and there in lofty places, and then a strip, now and then, of open country. Cattle and goats are plentiful, so the people have more property than on the Natal side of Pongola. But they are the same easy-going, careless Ethiopian, with little thought for the future so long as present need of food is supplied. This year there is a sort of famine among us. In Swaziland, I am told, people are actually dying of famine, but I have not found out where.

On the border of Swaziland and in Transvaal, some of our people from Emozave church have moved. It must be 25 or more miles from Altona, and just across this border into Swaziland, some two or three miles from the Msibi village, is a large Wesleyan school. The missionary in charge lives at Mahamba and has a school there, some 20 miles further on in Swaziland. Somehow these Wesleyans don't seem much like their founder, for though they have much of civiliza-

tion and learning, they do not walk up to their teachings nor keep the commandments.

To the east, and some few miles away, is the hill of the tombs of all the Swazi's kings and queens. It is a pretty, rounded, wooded hill, having a crown of white stone which gives it a beautiful finish. I was told this hill is full of caves and each king is buried in a separate cave and then it is closed up. It is a sacred place. No wood is gathered there, nor does anyone do any work there. It would offend the people very much indeed. I do not think they like anyone to go there even to visit it, and should people pass near they do not make a noise.

Swaziland is, mostly, for the Swazis, and here I found plenty of nice gardens on the mountain-side, nicely built houses—like Europeans—out of burned brick, etc. Quite civilized. I called upon the storekeeper, Mr. Coon, and found a beautifully laid out garden, orchard, etc. He gave me some pineapple slips.

Now for the work God gave us to do. Found two married brothers and their wives, the mother and a widowed sister, two other sisters, married also, and plenty of children. Years ago, when Johan Sukazi was living and our evangelist at Entungweni, this mother started seeking, but after all these years, some six or ten, had remained a seeker still. Recently she has given up beer and snuff, but had never had her sins forgiven. She was hungry and was so glad to have help. Came to prayers each evening, etc. Amosi, one of the two brothers, has a sad, hard time. His first wife left him and ran away with another man, taking one child with her. He has now taken the second woman, and trouble came up between them because the other woman's child, a girl of some ten years, is such a naughty child, always doing things she has been told not to do, and making Asilina, her father's wife, angry. Trouble so great had arisen that he was thinking he would send this second woman away and take another. A crisis was on and we arrived on the scene just in time, it seemed, to help him to do right. The other brother had been a very wicked fellow, but a year ago he was sick unto death and God spoke to him in a dream. He has been quite earnest, separated from every known wrong since save one, and wanted help to leave this. He has a wife and had taken a girl to be his second wife in the near future, when he found God. Now how is he to separate from this girl when her people refuse to give him his child by her? It is the Zulu custom that if the father of such a child pays the fine (one cow) the child stays with him. Now, contrary to this custom, these people refuse to give this child up, and he contemplated taking this girl as his second wife—a snare of Satan.

The prayers and teachings and the meetings helped these different cases, and many more besides, for we visited many villages and at these found hungry hearts; some willing to accept Jesus and start to serve Him, others convinced but not quite ready to forsake sin. Some seventeen or eighteen I counted as receiving help and becoming seekers, and three or four among these confessing sins and obtaining forgiveness. The meetings were full of the power of God. Souls came out of curiosity and some few saved. These few very difficult cases are to be straightened out and these men become willing suffer loss for Christ.

To do effective itinerating work one must know the language and customs, else the cases one wishes most to help, one cannot reach. But beyond any human wisdom, unless God's power is there to help, little is done. How weak and helpless one feels when facing some deep problem involving native customs! It is often such

a tangle one cannot see the least sign of anywhere to begin to unravel it, but "prayer changes things" is surely true with such cases. More to follow later.

Yours in Jesus,  
MRS. H. C. SANDERS.

## OBITUARY

Frank Glendon Gray

Frank Glendon Gray, fifteen months old child of Harry Gray, passed away early Monday morning, Nov. 8th. Another jewel has been gathered for the Master's crown. All was done for the child that could be, but death could not be put off. The funeral took place on Tuesday p. m. The little form was tenderly laid to rest beside a little sister that had gone some years ago. Much sympathy is felt for the sorrowing parents. The funeral was conducted by the writer, using as a text, 2 Sam. 12:23, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." What comfort to know that we can so live as to be united with the pure ones beyond the valley of death.

H. C. MULLEN, Seal Cove, N. B.

Edgar Landers

After an illness of several months, Edgar Landers passed from this life to be with Jesus, on November 4th. Bro. Landers was a highly esteemed Christian gentleman. He was a deacon of the Reformed Baptist Church of Sanford, and was loved and respected by all his associates. Both the church and community suffer a great loss in his death. But we sorrow not as those who have no hope. Our loss is his gain.

Brother Landers was 67 years old and leaves to mourn a widow, five daughters and five sons, namely, Mrs. Alfred Shaw, Mrs. Stanley Churchill, of Sanford, Mrs. Robert McClay, Mattapan, Misses Ruth and Dorothea, at home; and Messrs. Percy, Howard, George, Clayton and Robert Landers, all residing in Sanford. The funeral service was held Sunday afternoon, Nov. 7th, conducted by the writer, assisted by Rev. Fraser Dunlop, of Perth, N. B. The remains were laid to rest in the cemetery at Sanford. To the sorrowing family we extend our deepest sympathy.—HARTLEY E. MULLEN.

Martina Maud Barnes

Martina Maud, the little daughter of Gilbert and Bertha Barnes, departed this life Oct. 21st, after an illness of about three months. She was about one year old. To the sorrowing ones we extend our Christian sympathy. The service was held at the late home at Fort Fairfield on Sunday, Nov. 14th, by F. T. Wright.

Frederick William Wakeling

Frederick William, the only son of Harold and Velma Wakeling, departed this life, Nov. 18. The service was held at the home by F. T. Wright. To the parents we offer our sympathy in their sad loss and trouble.

## GOD KNOWS US.

Because He knows us; because He understands our life, our hearts, our real needs, our Lord does not answer our prayers always as we frame them. No, no more than we answer our children exactly according to their begging. Knowing us, our Lord answers as is best. He knows the path. He knows our traits. He knows the need. Therefore He supplies us that which is best, holding back certain gifts for other future days, perhaps for future ages.—Central Christian Advocate.

## CORRESPONDENCE

Kingston, N. B.

Dear Bro. Trafton: Please find enclosed P. O. order for renewal of The Highway. We enjoy reading it very much, especially our South African missionaries' letters. We also find much food for our souls throughout its pages and would not like to be without it.

Your brother in Christian worship,  
J. W. COSMAN.

Alberton, P. E. I.

Dear Highway: This is my first report from Alberton, and I am glad I can report victory. I arrived here May 28th, and immediately took up the work here. I found a splendid class of people here, who are real holiness folk, and the work is going fine in every way. We are beginning revival meetings Sunday, Nov. 14th, with Rev. L. Ecker, from Pery Station, Ontario. The outlook for a good meeting is fine. Pray for us. We are believing God to lead us on to greater victory than we have ever known.

Rev. G. W. HENDERSON, Pastor.

Dear Bro. Trafton: Please find enclosed renewal of my Highway. I appreciate its clean pages and could not do without it. I am enjoying salvation and my whole desire is to live a life for Christ and let Him have His way with me.

MRS. HUGH MacDONALD.

Saint John, N. B.

Dear Highway: We thought it might be of interest to your readers to hear a word from Saint John. We wish to say that the little church is still living and making real progress along old gospel lines, in the demonstration of the spirit and power, along the lines of full salvation, and also in the everyday working out of our faith in the gospel, in the keeping of our covenant that we have made with one another, in standing shoulder to shoulder in our responsibility to God, in the seeking to promote true Christian heart-fellowship within the church,—these and other essential things we are seeking to carry out in a very practical way. And it is in these things we are making definite progress.

Very recently we have seen some marked tokens of God's divine favor, resulting, we believe, from a faithful presentation of wholesome gospel truth. Conviction has settled down upon the church, a united faith for spiritual advancement is in evidence in many directions. Serious thinking and gospel heart-searching have brought on a willingness of mind that makes it a pleasure to carry out our consecration into terms of real actualities.

Results: Facing our financial obligations and meeting them with a gracious smile. Only last Sunday raising over \$140 to meet present expenses, partly incurred through necessary outside repairs to the church building. And remember, only a small company of consecrated people whose hearts are in the work of the Lord. The crowds are not with us. Why? Because the ministry of the Word, such as given from Sabbath to Sabbath, does not stir the people to fanatical demonstrations. We have something blessedly superior—a vital, heartfelt experience of salvation, based on a sound, sane, spiritual interpretation of New Testament teaching, bringing a fellowship of the spirit and joy and peace in believing.

A. L. B.

Millville, Nov. 10, 1926.

Dear Friends: Brother Trafton has asked me

to write a little travelogue of my Nova Scotia visit for you, and I am sure it gives me real pleasure, for the Lord certainly made those two precious months in that place very blessed to my soul.

The time was divided between Sanford, Port Maitland and New Tusket, and seemed to pass all too sweetly, so I did not get around to visit half the folks I wanted to see, but the visits we did have were so good it would be wicked to grumble. It seemed so sweet, after being isolated as we are out in Africa, never seeing a soul who belongs to us, to meet our dear aunts and uncles and cousins, and to realize that we have folks of our own.

When I went to Nova Scotia I thought I remembered all about its beauty, but on those long auto drives that so many kind friends took me for, again and again, the glorious autumn beauty of sea and lake and forest fairly took my breath away, and I learned to love my father's beautiful birthplace more than ever.

Another unlooked-for pleasure which the Lord had up the road for me was the quarterly meeting at New Tusket, the first quarterly meeting that I had ever remembered of attending, and which proved a rich blessing to my soul.

Still another surprise was a reception at Port Maitland, in the home of Brother and Sister Hartley Mullen, where about a hundred of the Sanford and Port Maitland friends gathered and treated me so generously that I felt like a highway robber, taking all that money from those dear people.

It was just great, meeting the folks who knew and loved my father and mother when they were children together, who sat under their early ministry, were present at their wedding, and have stood back of them by prayers and gifts all these years.

I received real inspiration and help in meeting dear Brother and Sister Sears (she was my first school friend) and learning of God's dealings with their lives, and with dear Brother and Sister Hartley Mullen and hearing their story of His leadings. More and more I feel to praise God for our young ministers and their wives. When I get back to Africa and remember those happy days of blessing and fellowship, it will bless my soul and give fresh courage.

The Lord lead me deeper and taught me many precious lessons which I value as preparing me for what lies before me now, during my stay with them.

It seemed hard to turn my face away from a place which holds so many sacred memories, but when I begin to think of all the blessings He has given with the precious Nova Scotia people, what a heritage of friendship and love in Him, my heart rejoices and praises Him for that till the sorrow of parting is not worth counting.

You will doubtless read in the Highway of our present plans. He certainly is not stingy with His blessing, and in Saint John, Fredericton, Marysville, and here in Millville, continues to bless my soul so good that sometimes I feel as if I should have to ask Him for the loan of a little angel to utter the praise of my heart to Him.

Yours happy to be in Canada in His will,  
FAITH SANDERS.

## TRUE HOLINESS

Ephesians 4:24.

The text pre-supposes the fact that there is another—a counterfeit. Of this

fact, all who enjoy the real experience of "true holiness" are fully aware. Strictly speaking there is but one kind of holiness and that is "true holiness" or Bible holiness. If it were not a fact that "true holiness" is an experience that God's dear children seek and obtain and live in this life, there would be no use of the old devil turning out his counterfeit. If the government never issued genuine dollars there never would be counterfeit dollars. The devil is aware that "true holiness" does exist among God's true children, hence his many counterfeits.

Much of the modern holiness is a humbug, a sham and a burlesque on the Christ of Calvary.

Paul tells us that in his day they had false apostles, deceitful workers, transforming themselves into the apostles of Christ. No marvel for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light.

Therefore it is no great thing if his ministers be transformed as the ministers of righteousness whose end shall be according to their works. II. Cor. 2:14-15. The devil has many counterfeiters on the job and they are experts in the business.

Some of his counterfeiters are so near like the real that many who do not follow the Lord fully are deceived. The counterfeit which is nearest like the genuine is the most to be feared.

There have been counterfeit dollars so skillfully made that they almost deceive the government inspectors. But when the proper tests were made they were proven to be spurious. So we, with the Word of God as our only rule of faith and conduct, can detect spurious experiences, either in justification and sanctification. The twice born man or woman is saved from this old world as Jesus was. He says so twice in His priestly prayer. John 17:14-16. And mark you, He can not pray to the Father you are not of the world. "I pray not that thou should take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil. They are not of the world even as I am not of the world. Sanctify them through thy truth; thy Word is truth." John 17:16-17. "Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world; and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even your faith." I. John 5:4. "If any man loveth the world the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. I. John 2:15-16.

We are amazed and horrified at the audacity of some so-called holiness evangelists having women sing solos for them who have their hair and skirts both bobbed, and have choirs with a lot of women only half dressed. Think of it, leaders!

"For the leaders of this people cause them to err; and they that are led of them are destroyed." Isa. 9:16.

"Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully, and cursed be he that keepeth back his sword from blood." Jer. 47:10. Then many of our holiness can touch on the things that are sapping evangelists deal in generalities. They the life from the holiness movement.—W. S. Craig.