

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland Miss. Sta.,
Natal, So. Africa.

Dear Home-land Friends:

Nearly one hundred failed to get in our overcrowded church this forenoon service. So, following the baptism, we went to our gumtree grove for the afternoon meeting. There were many interesting items in these services. A betrothal which takes the place of their heathen custom of thanking the maiden who has condescended and promised herself to the lucky man in question. A wedding was announced to take place about three weeks hence. Twenty-seven children were presented to the Lord, with more names written of others soon to follow. Thirteen promising converts were baptized and taken into the church, together with two native workers, Filimona and Mata, who left us and joined the Dutch Reformed about ten years ago.

At the close of the morning service we had a very encouraging altar service, following the raising of perhaps two hundred hands, indicating spiritual hunger for more or less definite blessing from the Lord. God is answering prayer in very marked ways that bring glory to His name.

Tomorrow will be our Christmas feast, when we expect a big crowd to help eat the well cooked goat meat. Of this you will hear later.

Yours in Jesus,
H. C. SANDERS.

Entingwini, Transvaal.

Dear Friends:

It looked, yesterday morning, like none of us would get across the Pongolo river. With the help of a native man (a ferryman without a boat) Joeli and I came over, while our Sterritt sisters wisely did not take the venture of fording the river in flood.

At our services here yesterday three infants were presented to the Lord, and twelve persons taken into church fellowship. Among the eleven baptized were six who had been presented to the Lord in infancy, and were now choosing for themselves to follow their Lord. One of these was still very young, perhaps only seven (they do not count their years), while the others were about thirteen to sixteen.

I do not recall any exceptions. It seems that all our "church babies" who live to grow up come into the church as a matter of course.

The congregation was good and God wonderfully blessed in the meetings.

Today is to be a "Christmas feast," or rather a New Year's celebration. This, so that the same persons may attend both here and at our main station.

8.50 p.m., Hartland Mis. Sta.—Since writing the above, early this morning, there have been many interesting and important items of experience. In crossing the Pongolo on my way home this afternoon I found that the flood had abated about twelve inches since Sunday morning. Our post is about to close, so I will try and write more later.

Yours in the Master's service,
H. C. SANDERS.

"As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me."—John 6:57.

"It is not for kings to drink wine, nor for princes to say, 'Where is strong drink?' Lest they drink and forget the law, and pervert justice due to any that are afflicted."—Proverbs 31:4-5.

CORRESPONDENCE

St. Petersburg, Florida.,
January 30, 1928

Dear Highway:

As I am spending the winter in Florida, I thought perhaps your readers might like to hear something about this beautiful South land. One writer has said: "God must have loved Florida, he made it so beautiful, but, alas, sin abounds here just the same. Being a tropical country, the natural scenery is grand, such beautiful palm trees, cactus and oak, and many other varieties, and always the beautiful orange groves, there are thousands of acres of them, loaded, with golden fruit—beautiful flowers of every description, even the wild ones are very colorful and pretty.

The air is soft and balmy, and the sunsets are wonderful. I spent a few days in St. Petersburg, the mecca of the South—it is full of tourists; they are there by the thousands, mostly people of middle life. There is a nice park for them, and every day, one can listen to excellent music, given by a high class band. People sit around on the green benches, and chat, read, or enjoy themselves in any way they wish.

There are very instructive lectures, given free for all who wish to attend. Many preachers are here, most of them retired. The people of the city are very friendly and cater to the tourists. I attended some of the churches—most of them are costly, all have large choirs, the singing is considered the main asset. Nearly all of them wear gowns, preachers included. Most people go to church in the morning, then play golf in the afternoon. One minister with a D. D. to his name, told his people it was perfectly proper to do so.

It is a sad thing, that in this beautiful city, the movies, and picture houses are open on the Lord's Day. Some of the preachers fought against it, but the majority won.

The Spiritualists are here, and one of their topics for Sunday was: "Does the Devil Spend the Winter in This City." He certainly does. One finds every cult here, and all have a following.

Just before I was to leave, I heard of a Holiness tent meeting in the city, conducted by Rev. Seth Rees and son Paul, of California, and I was very delighted to hear some real good holiness preaching again.

Paul is a mighty preacher, but frail in body. His sermons were scholarly, yet so plain, all could understand them. There was a beautiful spirit there, the singing was in charge of a double quartette of young people, from a Bible School in Carolina, and as they sang one could almost see the pearly white city coming down; strong men wept, and shouts of praise resounded. It seemed like our own camp meetings. I heard a great singer, sing in four languages, but nothing like this.

With greetings to all readers of the Highway.

MRS. FRANK T. KIMBALL.

Lower Hainesville.

Dear Brother Trafton:

Enclosed find renewal for my Highway. I enjoy reading it, especially the letters from dear Brother and Sister Saunders and Sterritt Sisters. I have never been to church since the middle of December on account of poor health, but praise the dear Lord I have His presence with me and though sometimes I have a lot of pain to bear, I feel that under-

neath are the everlasting arms, and it is my determination to be faithful to my dear Lord, then I know some day I shall wear a crown of life. Remember me in prayer.

Your Sister saved and kept,
MRS. ROBERT FORMAN.

Sandford, N. S.

Dear Brother Trafton:

Am sending renewal for Highway. Pray the blessing of the Lord on our paper and your work this year.

Yours truly,
HOWARD THURSTON.

Harmony, Me.

Dear Brother Trafton:

Find enclosed money order for forwarding my Highway to me in Harmony, and the other for a new subscription. I enjoy the Highway very much; it is food for my soul to read the news and testimonies of the brethren.

Yours, trusting Him,
BUDD D. PRICE.

Dear Highway:

We wish once again to make mention of the kindness and thoughtfulness of the church in remembering us, both by the manifestation of their sociability, as well as the yet more practical way of a purse of money. Members of the church and congregation met at the parsonage on Thursday evening, January 19th, where a very pleasant evening was spent. Before leaving they presented us with a purse of money amounting to \$33.00 as an expression of their appreciation. This was very thankfully received, and we surely appreciate the kindness of the donors.

H. C. AND MRS. MULLEN.
West Saint John, N. B.

Rev. P. J. Trafton:

Dear Sir:—Am enclosing my renewal to the Highway. We enjoy the paper very much.

Yours truly,
SHERMAN D. BROWNELL.

Redvers, Sask.

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Brother:

I am enclosing amount for one year's subscription to the King's Highway. It is to my mind one of the best printed.

I am glad for the privilege of walking in the highway of holiness. Praise the Lord for a free and uttermost salvation, that saves anywhere, at all times and under all circumstances glory.

Yours in the faith,
JASPER L. HARRIS.

THE ROYAL ENGINEERS

Dan Crawford tells of an experience he and his party had while returning to his African mission field after a furlough. A stream to be crossed was in flood, and there were no boats. Haste in getting back was important. The missionaries camped and prayed. After a time a tall tree which had battled with the river for a century, perhaps, began to totter, and then fell—clear across the stream. "The Royal Engineers of Heaven," Mr. Crawford said, "had laid a pontoon bridge for God's servants!"—The Wesleyan Methodist.