

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona, M. S.  
May 3, 1934.

Dear Highway Friends:

By the time this letter arrives in the homeland, you will all be looking forward to Beulah again. I trust it will be a wonderful time of blessing to you all. We ask you all to remember us in prayer at this time, as you know we have lost our valued Evangelist, Isaya Sangweni. At present we are still without one but Brother MacDonald expects when it can be arranged to send some one here to take his place. I can truly say this is the saddest time for us since coming to Africa, for we really mourn the loss of our dear black brother in the Lord whom we loved, and we sorrow for his widow and four little fatherless girls. It is doubly sad to us, as his death was caused by poison but the Lord permitted it, and He knows all things and we are looking to Him and trusting Him who doeth all things well. He sees when we cannot see so we rest in Him.

Isaya was one of our best in the work here in Africa. Many of his people, both Christian and heathen, mourn him, because they know a good man has gone. His every-day life told of the salvation of God. Those who knew him in his heathen days of drinking beer, fighting with others, being drunk, and all the other heathen ways, can truly say, he lived a new life by the grace of God for fifteen years and now he has gone to his reward. George Sanders spoke beautifully at the service held at his grave. Even the heathen seemed to take in every word as he referred to his early life and the victorious life he lived. We were so glad he could be present that day. We certainly do miss him, as he was our helper and he surely did enlighten us so much in Zulu ways and customs. He was very wise in church matters, and at the quarterly meetings all looked to him for his words at the business meetings and the services as well.

I want to mention the awful crime far and near among these Zulu people of poisoning one another if they dislike one or are jealous of another one's gardens or children and no matter what the jealousy is about they think nothing of ending their lives with poison. They know many poisonous herbs and other medicine which they put in food and places to make one sick and later the unfortunate ones die, some after a lingering illness while others die at once, perhaps only sick a few hours or a day or two. We are continually hearing of these deaths. I believe half of the Zulu people die from poisoning. Only yesterday a young woman died on the adjoining white man's farm from poison, leaving three children. It is so sad. Faith and her husband could write about many cases of poison on their side of the river.

Yes, truly, the Zulu lives under a fear of death on this line continually. Many times I think of the words of this hymn, "Where every prospect pleases and only man is vile"; how true this is in Africa.

When I see the beautiful mountains, hills, valleys, birds, grasshoppers, butterflies, millers and insects, which to me are really marvellous in this land of Africa, I stand sometimes in wonder at God's wonderful handiwork, and then when I look at man, and see his low heathen state, truly we can say, "and only man is vile."

Yes, dear ones, continue to pray for us, and the work here.

Yours in Christian love,

HELEN M. STERRITT.

## CORRESPONDENCE

Millville, N. B.,  
June 7, 1934.

Dear Bro. Dow:

I wish to take this opportunity to report the recent special services held at Maple Ridge. The meetings began Sunday, May 20th, continuing over three Sundays. We were assisted by Bro. George DeLong, who preached with unction and gave us of his best. The people did not give so good a hearing as we expected, but the season was late and the people were busy putting in their crops.

Five knelt at the altar for sanctification and the Christians were helped. Only eternity will reveal the entire good that has come from these services.

We appreciated all the special help received in music from visiting friends.

On Saturday evening, June 2, I was invited to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Foreman of Lower Hainesville. A few of the good people gathered for a social evening. Every one had a pleasant time. After refreshments were served the pastor was presented with a purse of money and produce. I endeavored to thank these people for their thoughtfulness and care, closing the evening with prayer. Again we say thank you and may the blessing of the Lord rest upon you.

S. G. HILYARD.

I am visiting my home in Grafton Centre. I expect to take in commencement at E. N. C. from the 9th over the 13th. Lic. Bennett Cochran is supplying the Millville circuit June 10th.

Yours for Service,

S. G. HILYARD.

Beals, Me.

Bro. Dow:

Enclosed is money order for my renewal of The King's Highway. It is a nice clean paper, we enjoy it in our home.

Yours in Him,

MRS. ESTEN L. BEAL.

Dear Brother Dow:

Find enclosed my renewal for The Highway. I could not get along without it. I read every word, sometimes the second time, as I don't have the privilege of church I once had. Just neglected to send it in before. I enjoy it better knowing it is paid for.

MRS. WM. WAUGH,

East Coldstream, N. B.

Shediac, N. B.,

June 11th, 1934

Dear Highway:—

We wish to express our appreciation of the kindness received in leaving Beals. A few evenings before we left a picnic supper was held in the High School auditorium which was attended by members of the church and congregation. The evening was spent in vocal and instrumental music and social chat. Then at our closing service the Young People's Society presented us with a silver loving cup, suitably engraved, as a token of their appreciation of our assistance in their work.

We also feel that we were very fortunate as Rev. O. J. Guptill, superintendent of the Maine Seacoast Mission, loaded our household effects on the S.S. Sunbeam and brought us to St. Andrews.

We enjoyed the sail up along the coast of Maine. We were very sorry to leave these dear people who had been so kind to us during our stay of five years among them.

We trust that someone will take up the

work there and be blessed in their labors.

Yours in the work,

H. C. ARCHER.

Head of Millstream, N. B.,  
June 12, 1934.

The people of this circuit gave us a gift of \$30.00 for the purpose of buying a rug. We are very grateful to these people for their kindness and generosity and thank God for all His goodness and love. May God bless them and make us a blessing to them.

H. E. and Mrs. MULLEN.

Kingston, Kings Co., N. B.  
June 8, 1934.

Dear Brother Dow:

Enclosed please find \$1.50 for the renewal of my Highway. I like your paper very much and think it a great help to Christians by reading its pages to help us on our journey to Heaven. The testimony and missionary letters are all very helpful. I value the paper next to my Bible.

Wishing you every success with your paper,  
MRS. A. P. SHAMPIER.

## LETTER TWO

Natal, So. Africa,  
April 1, 1934

DEAR FRIENDS:

In my last letter I mentioned three agencies which have been the means of deceiving and destroying souls in this district and how God is answering prayer in destroying their power and exposing their deceit. I mentioned two: Demons and "Josefites." Before I tell about the third I shall have to tell some more of His power against the demon doctors. I had better begin by explaining or you may miss the connection.

You may remember a letter written by my brother, George, probably two years ago, telling of the many deaths through fever down by Emfeni, and how the demon doctors took advantage of this epidemic to fairly sweep that whole section into their clutches. They made the poor people believe that fever was caused by "Amangwazana" Demons and only demon doctoring could save them. The next year when fever started again, these wily old fellows had another name for the demons—called them "Zintombi," or "cakitis," and intimated that a fresh treatment was necessary. In Filimon's section they just came and camped: forced the folk under threat of death to pay a half crown cash per head (when cash was so scarce in many cases it was almost unprocurable) saying they would treat no one save those paid for and that unless they were treated they were sure to die. Just keep these pictures in mind and fill in the details of blackness, superstition, fear and death: The suffering and the hopelessness.

A week ago Monday morning a shiny new car drove up to our gate, a smart looking man jumped out and asked, "Is this Mr. MacDonald?" He was the malaria inspector and had with him a Native Assistant and Policeman. He wanted all the information we could give him regarding malaria and deaths around here—we had plenty to report too, for the season is very bad already. He promised us we are to have all the free quinine we need, keeping a list of the names of those treated, sending in a monthly statement. Also free spray for mosquitos, and a Native Assistant for this section. The Magistrate sent us a thousand five grain tablets of quinine. The Native Assistant and Policeman started out to visit the kraals and