

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Natal, South Africa,
July 20, 1935.

Dear Highway Readers:

Though the Sterritt Sisters will doubtless write you a good report of their meeting last Sunday, I feel I would like to tell you about it too, and if there is repetition, you will have to forgive us.

We went round by way of Moolman traveling by car and taking with us Samuel, our lame preacher, and one of our farm women who has recently lost a darling son, trusting that the trip and meetings might help her better to recover from her crushing sorrow. Her daughter is our nurse girl and came with us. It is a wonderful drive, and in places the road is still very dangerous, though there are miles of it now newly made and really splendid, for this part of the country. We had an unusually good trip, and arrived earlier than usual, and had time for a real nice visit before the folk came for the interviews. The Sisters are very worn. Sister Helen's fourth attack of malaria within the last few weeks has left her very weak, and they are both very near a break. They do need our prayers, and a furlough as soon as possible, or even a good long holiday in this country would help for a time.

In spite of the handicap of broken health and limited funds, I do not think the blessing of the Lord was even more evident on their labours. We could see evidences on every hand. The number of new seekers that have given themselves this last 6 months, the difficulties that have cleared up and the dangers averted, the hard cases that have been helped and the new converts coming forward for baptism, all are unmistakable evidences of God's blessing in that field.

I wish I could just let you sit with us in that little room with its bare rafters and thatched roof, look into the dusky faces, hear the thrilling testimonies and understand the background of the lives of the three women interviewed for baptism and the fourth who was restored to church fellowship after years of wandering from the fold.

Malia was the name chosen by the wife of Nvenve Sangweni, the heathen brother of Isaiah. I have never liked this woman's face. She has been very hard and difficult, and made a deal of trouble for her home folk, but how changed she was as she stood before us there. As near as I can give the words that thrilled my heart were these, "Surely, to believe is like medicine and it has doctored me. I have been sick a great deal in my life, and it has always seemed a heavy burden, but this last time I was so very sick it was no burden at all, I wondered why the change, and realized that it is because now I am not alone, but always I have God with me. I used to be greatly troubled by an evil temper and hateful disposition. If one spoke to me, I held it in my heart for days, and it hurt, and I used to speak bad words myself, but now, not only am I able to keep still and not speak bad words, but my heart keeps still and does not hurt and I am resting from the burdens which I carried so long. God has delivered me and taken my burden away.

This, when one knows her home life and has the testimony of those who know her well, is the more remarkable, for she is, at present in an impossible situation, and subject to daily persecution from a jealous widow who has come to live with her heathen husband, and is behaving like a maniac, not only to her but to him as well, yet she has peace and victory and those of her home witness to it too.

Vaina the second candidate has lived in

a large kraal where a backslidden woman is the wife of another brother. The backslider became a demoniac, and while under demon influence prophesied and gave details of the sickness and death of Vaina's child, who afterward died, just as she had said it would. A second child was likewise foretold and died, and because of this and their questions as to how this woman could know beforehand the exact details, the demoniac drew them into a court case alleging that they were suspecting and accusing her of witchcraft. It is a cruel black story and now this poor bereaved mother remains childless (save one) and is therefore very sad. . . it is almost impossible for one in these circumstances and brought up in the darkness of heathen superstition, fear and suspicion. . . it is almost impossible for her to believe anything else than that there has been foul play, her children murdered either by witchcraft or poison, and that this demoniac is guilty. Yet she testifies to deliverance, forgiveness and love for her enemy, and peace and rest in her own soul. I tell you friends, we cannot picture, nor can you realize for a moment what these poor brown sisters of ours are up against, and what a mighty salvation it takes to reach and lift them, but praise God, IT WORKS, and we are seeing the fruit before our eyes every day. Thank God. Oh it is wonderful when you have to look way down into these awful chasms of darkness and despair, to see the Gospel light penetrate and salvation come down and lift them to the realm and level of saints. And God has got them here in this little African Reformed Baptist church, souls triumphing in the victory and washed in the blood of the Lamb, and living in their dark heathen homes and shining for Jesus.

Katelina the third told of how sorrow and bereavement brought her to seek and to know Jesus, and though she lost her third little one just a few weeks ago, God so comforted her heart that it just seemed that she was not bereaved at all. . . oh how her gentle story touched my heart. She is the first of three wives and the others have treated her and each other very bad. . . God is working in that home, and the other two have given themselves as seekers and have been confessing some of the awful things they have done. She testifies to victory in that tangled home life, and others witness that her walk shows it.

The baptismal service when these three followed their Lord into the waters was very sweet to my soul. A very blessed service followed, of which you will doubtless hear. The thing which blessed me the most was to note the increased number who are able to partake of communion, and the increased blessing and spirituality of those who do. Friends, the ark is coming up the road at Altona too, and I feel like praising the Lord for what He is doing there, and thank him for the privilege of being there this week-end. The enemy is very deadly and a terrific battle waging there and for many very real reasons the Sisters, the Workers and the young (and older) Christians need your earnest prayers.

Yours in His perfect love,

FAITH MacDONALD

Whisky! The world's biggest graveyard is his. He is lord of the Potter's Field, and writes epitaphs that end in despair.—Arthur Brisbane

Keep thy mouth with all diligence, for by the mouth man knoweth whether thou art wise or foolish.—Sel

Unquestionably the Scriptures never anticipate the attainment of a religious experience which will preclude the idea of growth, and development.—Sel

CORRESPONDENCE

Woodfords, Maine.

Brother Dow:

Enclosed please find \$2.00 for the Highway subscription. I do so much enjoy reading your good paper. I do not know how I could get along without it.

Yours saved and kept through His precious blood.

MRS. F. NUTTER

North Head, Grand Manan, N. B.,

August 6th, 1935.

Dear Friends:

It seems so strange to me, to be packing up to leave here for Amherst and not for Africa as I had fully hoped to be able to have done this fall. "My thoughts are not your thoughts neither are my ways your ways saith the Lord". He certainly has higher, deeper and broader thoughts. We can, and we do well to remember "He doeth all things well". Of this I am sure of and I truly have learned to love His will.

What reason He seeth to detain us another year He hath not made plain to me yet, but, I am following on to know and my heart trusts Him even though I cannot see.

However we can still be busy for Jesus and find plenty to do. For this I praise Him. We are home missionaries. We will remain here probably, all of August and join Dr. Sanders at Amherst early in September.

Our family will be more scattered than ever as each goes to his and her place of work but each will be in the vineyard helping to win souls.

Yours in Jesus.

MRS. H. C. SANDERS

Orchard St., Millis, Mass. U. S. A.

Dear Brother Dow:

Wish you would change the address of my paper. I came here almost four weeks ago and expect to be here for some time. Am working where Fred, my son, is on a hobby farm. I like it here very much. At present am boarding with Fred but wife expects to come before long. I am about seven miles from Framingham.

Am still trusting our great leader and am proving him to be all to me that He has promised in His word. I wish to be remembered to all the Highway readers.

Yours in Christian fellowship.

WM. J. JONES

Lowell, Mass.

Rev. H. S. Dow:

Enclosed find Money Order for \$3.50 for a two years' subscription for The Highway. Times are hard but I do not feel as if I could get along without such a good paper. I have taken it so long it is like an old friend to me. I am still trusting in Jesus and keep by his power. I wish I could be at Riverside this year. May the Lord bless the meetings.

Yours in His dear name.

MRS. CHRISTIE W. HILL

Meductic, York Co., N. B.

August 19, 1935.

Dear Highway:

The tent meeting that we announced in your pages a few weeks ago is history now. Although we began our meetings right in the rush of the haying season we had very good attendance all through. The weather was the best we could wish all through, and our helpers were of the highest order. First I would mention the Tedford sisters. They exceeded by far anything we expected as