

June 16, 1913.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

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Missionary Correspondence.

THE YEAR OF BEGINNINGS

Rev. H. C. Sanders, M. D.

CHAPTER IV.

(Continued from last issue.)

"God hath chosen the weak things of the world.....that no flash should glory in His presenee."

After my conversion I returned to school and again tried to live like a christian. All was changed, a new power was within. It seemed that Jesus stood by me and helped to avoid the wrong so successfully that the boys did not accuse me of inconsistency. Instead, they laughed and called me "Deacon."

Mother promised me a reward at the end of a year if I would learn one Scripture verse every day for that length of time. I was faithful, and still have her gift, "Frank Leslie's Chatterbox," which my children like to read, and to have me tell them how it was won.

Ah, mothers, could you but know the influence you might wield over your sons and your daughters! They are clay, while yours are the hands that may mould them for a future of "service true for God and man."

It was that year a habit was formed in my mind of learning the texts that seemed most precious, until now I can quote from memory verses on most any subject in the Bible. This knowledge is more valuable to me than a house full of "Chatterboxes", and has been of untold service in Christian work from that year of beginnings to the present time.

Often at school, during the noon hour, several of us boys who were christians would persuade one or more of our companions to come with us for a little prayer meeting. After reaching some secluded place we would read in our testaments that we now always carried with us. There were especially appropriate texts we knew and would choose to meet the need or answer the excuses that might be raised. Then after words of gentle persuasion encouragement and personal testimony, we would all kneel in prayer. The Spirit of God was there and, very likely, the newcomer would yield to Christ before rising from his knees, and return to his afternoon lessons, happy in the love of God.

Then there were the Children's Meetings, sometimes from house to house, but more often at our home. The young people took turns leading these services, which were all necessarily testimony meetings, as the leader never attempted more than to read a chapter and make a few opening remarks. There were no dull times as we felt more free to tell what we had to say than in like gatherings for adults. The earnest prayers and testimonies, with appropriate songs interspersed, made these meetings very attractive.

"The Union Band of Willing Workers," we called ourselves. This name was mother's idea, as well as the pledge we all signed. She attended all our services, helping in a quiet way that left us feeling that we were doing it all, whereas she, under God, was the chief promoter as well as the balance wheel. This latter is of importance, as children left to themselves entirely are apt to drift into a spirit of lightness. In my later years, working in children's meetings I always have favored the presence of two or three sympathizing adults. Their presence does not unduly embarrass but exerts a wholesome influence.

Where are the members of that "Band" today? Charlie Rose, earnest and true, has become a successful pastor for the Baptists. Arthur Perry, born to be a Salvation Army officer, gravitated to that body and was rapidly promoted. Far away Corea claims the sweet spirited, patient Alice Hammond, who is telling the "old, old story" to those who are listening for the first time. Enthusiastic George Kinney is preaching acceptably in British Columbia for the Methodists. Another, though practicing medicine, is a Student Volunteer, purposing to go to the foreign field. Others are living for God in their appointed spheres. Two more are on the "S. S. Mantinea" enroute to darkest Africa. True some have fallen out by the way, and my heart aches as I recall their faces and names—what noble christians they were—may they return to their Lord, is my prayer. The Union Band of Willing Workers, though widely separated, are still working on willingly for the Master, and in the great day of reunions, will meet again, having multiplied many fold, and proven that Christ places His seal of approval upon soul winning work among the young.

For me to bear testimony in public was always a great cross. Even in the young people's gatherings and much more at the regular church prayer meetings, I would wait in dread and fear until the delay of obedience would rob me of much blessing. Then when I would finally get to my feet, I would be trembling and my heart pounding violently. I mention this for the sake of timid ones who understand the painful experiences of the very bashful. In spite of this "cross", however, I resolved to testify for Christ in every service where there was opportunity. For the first three months I did not once fail, and found this to be a great source of strength.

My great desire to bring others to Jesus led me to deal personally with any of the boys I could find willing to talk of the matter of their soul's salvation. As well as I could, I showed them that the Devil was deceiving them as he had me. My little knowledge of the Bible was a great help, and often they would be convinced and accept Christ as their Savior without delay. One boy who lived only for a few years at Port Maitland, and was very wicked, got saved. Later he remarked to George, "If I ever reach heaven, I shall have your brother Herbert, to thank for it." Another lad, to whom God had made a blessing, was vainly trying to convince a neighbor of his need of salvation. He saw his failure, but added, "You let Herbert Sanders talk to you for a while and you will change your mind." This latter boy has since died, suddenly, at his home, unsaved, I fear; while the one who warned him was lost at sea. God help us to realize the importance of persuading men to flee from the wrath to come.

It was some time during this first year of christian life and service that I received my call to the foreign field.

Paulpietersburg, Natal, May 12, 1913.

Dear Highway:—

We are glad to be able to report victory on every line. The work is looking up well. Another candidate is to be baptized next Sunday, and two children to be presented to the Lord, while their Christian mother (their father is heathen) takes upon herself solemn vows to lead them in the ways of God and the church. The natives here think much of this

dedication ceremony. It is to them what the baptizing of infants is to others.

At the class, Wednesday, Samuel had a long story to tell of a native who had recently died. This man had been sick for a long time. Perhaps a year ago, he died, so he says, and went to Heaven. But there he was informed that only the ones dressed in white (righteous) were admitted. He was permitted to return to earth for the chance of preparation.

He lived in a kraal across the Pongola, where Samuel frequently preaches and has a daughter who is a Christian—she was here at the station to our meetings only a month since. The Friday before his death he seemed to have a presentment of the coming end. He told the family that he should not die Saturday, but would pass away Sunday morning just at the dawn of day. Furthermore, at that time he wished all the family (they were all heathen, but knew much of the way of salvation) to arise and pray with him. Saturday came and went, and yet he lived. Samuel, who had been sent for arrived and prayed with him, but he did not seem to get the light and peace he was now seeking. At the approach of the Lord's day he called the slumbering household to pray with him. They all prayed to the Christian's God, the dying man joining in. It was then that peace came to his heart. He bade them all farewell, saying that he was now about to go to his home. "I am going to die, but I am going to live. I wish you all to follow me to that heavenly home. My sins are now all forgiven. I really desire that you all, my wives, my children, my brothers and sisters to become Christians. Farewell—" And he was gone.

Samuel is greatly elated over this triumphant death. And it certainly is a victory for King Jesus right where Samuel has worked long and faithfully.

The summer rains have ceased and our winter season or fall has begun. Already grass is being cut every day for the solid new church we anticipate. For a month two natives have been working on the stone for this building. Two oxen have recently been brought to our cattle kraal (barn yard) by a native who is about to move on. The Mission ox cart will now be very useful in hauling stone by means of the oxen just mentioned. Everything seems to be working just right at this end; and, of course, at your end, friends, there will be no forgetting or shrinking from duty. The bills must be met. But as grass is to thatch the roof and clay form the floor, the expense will be thus lessened. Just mention to the treasurer, Brother Archer, when you send in your offerings, that you intend such and such gifts to help in building the native church. You will be credited in The Highway, and in the "bank above." Even now I need money to pay for the native labor, so kindly be prompt as it takes a long time to receive answers to letters sent to the home land.

Your fellow laborer,

H. C. SANDERS.

NOTICE

Will those who have signed towards the Beulah Fund three years ago, as well as those who signed last year at Beulah, please pay their subscriptions during the coming Alliance? We need it beloved. Do not forget to pay, please.

W. B. Wiggins.