

April 30, 1913.

Missionary Correspondence.

Paulpietersburg, Natal,

March 8, 1913.

Dear Highway,—If you will promise to not think me egotistical, I will send you a few chapters gleaned from past experiences. The Bible is a helpful book because it tells of the dealings of God with His creatures. In our testimony meetings it is the recounting of personal experiences that give the interest and strength to such services. Well, if you please, I will "give my testimony" to the goodness of God, and send it along in the form of chapters, written twelve years ago, and now revised and added to.

Preface.

A jotting in my journal dated S.S. Mantinea, Sept. 12th, 1901, reads: "Somehow I feel that I should write what I can recall of interest and profit in my past life, and will begin to-day."

The books I had planned to study or read on this first voyage to Africa were misplaced by the expressman and left on the wharf in St. John. Six days out from port I began to improve the time, now hanging heavily on my hands, by counting past blessings. Like John Bunyan in Bedford jail, I wrote what I probably never would have under ordinary circumstances.

I wish to give in words few and simple a sketch of how God came into my life and has led me in the way of His own planning. Much, therefore, that might be said, but does not especially show His dealings, will be omitted.

For His glory let me add that He found in me one of the most sensitive and shrinking of natures. So anything that has been accomplished, or may yet be, by my having lived, is an example of God's choosing the weak things of the world, and will, I humbly trust, be an encouragement to some who may be tempted to draw back from fulfilling His plan for their lives.

Chapter 1—First Impressions.

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

"Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me."

The first recollection I have of the Spirit of God influencing my mind was during a prayer offered in our home by Rev. Mr. Skinner, a godly Baptist minister. I was about five years old and remember distinctly how I cried and had a great desire to be "good," as this man of God prayed for the "little boys." Brother George, three years my senior, was also moved to tears. We kissed each other and promised never again to be bad and quarrel. As our parents did not have family prayer or profess religion at that time, we boys soon forgot our new experience, and the good intentions faded and died like little neglected plants.

I received a great shock at the age of about eight. The sun had set in the west, leaving a dark bank of heavy storm clouds. I was looking at these when, suddenly, there came flashes of heat lightning looking to me like the clouds had burst into a great flame of fire and the world was burning. Dropping a rope by which I was leading a calf to the barn, I ran into the house crying, "Mamma, the end of the world has come and I am not ready."

At my twelfth birthday mother, though not a professed Christian, took me to her room and gave me a religious talk. Among other things she said that some people thought that twelve was the age when children were first held re-

sponsible by God for their sins. She even prayed with me, but I went away with my burden of guilt no lighter and an inward knowledge that I had long since come to the years of accountability.

Between the ages of seven and fifteen I was haunted by fears of what lies beyond the grave. Eternity! I tried to measure its meaning by comparing it with something I understood. Going round and round a chimney with no especial place where one must stop—this was my first childish conception of the unlimited duration of eternity. No one ever tried to definitely lead me to the Saviour. Many, many nights have I cried myself to sleep because of my burden of fear and unforgiven sin. Some satisfaction seemed to come from wishing that I had never been born. Hundreds of times have I harbored this vain thought, but only to return and face the inevitable situation: "Here am I in the world, guilty before God, and no way out but by meeting Him at the judgment. And then, somewhere, spend eternity."

It may have been these experiences that make me so interested in the salvation of the children. In looking back I see how easily I might have been led to Christ. I was only a normal child with an average imagination, so naturally conclude that all children are glad to be shown the way to the peace and joy of accepting Jesus as their present and personal Saviour. All acquainted with evangelistic work among children know how easy it is to lead them into the fold of Christ. In our "Children's Meetings" at Beulah and Riverside Camps, as well as among our churches in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, scores have found the Good Shepherd. In practically all such services it was the few who refused, while the majority accepted the invitation to come to Jesus.

My soul is always stirred when I think on this subject. May the day soon come when the church will do her duty by these little ones. Not only instructing them in the way of righteousness, but lead them into the conscious blessedness of regeneration; and then shepherd them so they will remain in the fold. Why delay until Satan has had so large a share in the moulding of their most tender and impressionable years? Why wait until our children are nearly grown, then spend weeks in special revival services trying to bring them back to the savable condition of childhood? My own conversion, which I am about to relate, exemplifies the folly and danger of such a course.

Paulpietersburg, Natal,

South Africa, Feb. 16, 1913.

Dear Friends,—Thinking you might care to learn more of these Zulus, I am copying the following, by H. Rider Haggard, as it is really condensed history and to me intensely interesting.

"Of all the savage tribes upon the earth, few if any have been as much in men's mouths during the last thirty years as the Zulus, or, more correctly, the Ama-Zulu, which means 'the people of Heaven.' This, of course, is owing chiefly to their fearful war with the English in 1879, which cost us several thousands of lives and millions of pounds of treasure. Of late also, more has been heard about them, owing to the recent rising in Natal (1908) and the fear lest the hordes of the true Zulu warriors, who are of the same blood and live just across the border, should join their blood-brothers in an attempt to stamp out the white man. This

danger, indeed, has by no means gone by, and some day, there is little doubt, must come a dreadful struggle between white and black, which will deluge South Africa with blood. Let us hope that this day is far off, since fortunately, as yet the natives have not learned how to combine. When they do learn this, and have armed themselves with modern weapons, the questions will have to be settled once and for all, as to whether South Africa is to maintain a white man's land, or practically to pass back into the power of its original inhabitants. In that last grim argument we may be sure that the Zulus will take their share.

Who are the Zulus? No one knows for certain, as they have no written books, and ten or twelve generations is the limit for all tradition that is worthy of notice. Probably they are Semitic, or semi-Semitic, in their origin, since they retain Sunday of the customs of the Jews and kindred peoples. Then they celebrate a feast of the first-fruits, and have somewhat similar regulations as to clean and unclean food, and so forth. We may hazard a guess, however that for hundreds of thousands of years they and other tribes of the Bantu people have been engaged in forcing their way southward, killing as they came, till at length they reached their present habitations.

How Chaka Made Them a Nation

But they were not always a nation. It was Chaka, "the lion, the Black Elephant," who raised them up, and made them the finest fighting savages, perhaps, that the world has ever known.

Chaka gathered his ideas of the arts of war from a certain Deugesmayo, who was called the Wanderer. This man had visited the Cape, and seen English soldiers drilling, and it was from what he learned there that the Zulu regimental system was evolved. Now, without doubt Chaka had genius, like Attila and Napoleon and other great conquerors. Also he had a splendid personal appearance, great bodily strength and courage. Further, he was entirely devoid of any sense of mercy or other human gentleness. He began by murdering several of his brothers to get them out of the way. Then he attacked tribe after tribe. None of them could stand before the rush of his regiments, which he armed with the short stabbing spear. One by one, they were annihilated, and their broken fragments enrolled among his soldiers. Thus the Zulu nation arose taking its name of Zulu from one of Chaka's ancestors.

No one knows how many people Chaka killed, but it must have been over a million. At the beginning of his short reign the country now known at Natal was thickly populated; at its end a desert in which a few fugitives lived on roots, or sometimes by devouring one another.

"We are the king's oxen, born to be killed for the king," so began one of their war-songs of that day, and the Zulu soldiers lived up to its spirit. Indeed, they did not dare to be defeated. Who would, seeing the fate which awaited them in that event?

Thus, during his war with the Pondos, the Umkandhlu regiment gave way in an action. When it returned to Zululand Chaka summoned it, and its wives and children also, and killed them everyone—to encourage the others. After this there was no more retreat, although

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