

May 30, 1913.

Missionary Correspondence.

(Continued from last issue.)

CHAPTER III.

THE BAPTISM.

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

"Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."

It was a glorious day in March. The sun had risen on a landscape clothed in a robe of white, the emblem of purity. Merry sleigh bells came from far and near bringing the worshippers to witness one of the most beautiful and impressive baptismal services I have ever seen. After the morning sermon the large congregation gathered at the river, arranging themselves on either bank and on the bridge, which crosses Beaver river.

"When the heart is warm, ice and snow can do no harm," one sister remarked. And so it was, regardless of the temperature, the happy converts were led by pastor Kinney to their Jordan and burial with Christ in baptism. In some instances, almost whole families were baptized. It was a scene more eloquent than sermons, moving even strong men to tears. The singing, "O happy day that fixed my choice," I can almost hear now as I recall that memorable day. As the hundreds of voices sang, "Shall we gather at the river that flows by the throne of God?" it seemed that only a thin veil hid from us the glories of heaven.

But I must return to mother. She tells me that when I came down stairs that Sunday morning, my first words to her were, "Ma what would you rather give than not to be baptized today?" Mother had been passing through an experience much deeper than mine and had not yet come out on the joy side. This question of mine pierced her like a dagger—all this she related to me years later. "I be baptized today?" she said to herself. "No,—my boys are fit but I can not be." Those words of mine, however, sent her to her knees to reconsider the first decision. Though no joy came to her heart, God spoke to her through His word, "Go with them doubting nothing."

For many weeks mother had been studying her Bible and praying. All she knew to do had been done. Though she did not recognize it at that time, yet the Spirit had been leading her into an experience deeper than even her pastor then knew. She saw in her Bible that all must be given up to God. Accordingly she began to consecrate husband, children, dear ones, home, until nothing remained. So real was this renunciation, and so ignorant was she of the teachings of the higher Christian life, that she expected God to take from her all that had been laid upon the altar. When, in the morning, father and we boys would go out for the day, she would think to herself, "Perhaps one of them will be brought back dead."

In this state of mind, entirely consecrated, but with no joy or light, except she firmly believed that God had told her to go, she went in sadness, as to a funeral, down and was buried in the typical grave. As she arose Heaven opened to her view and she saw, not the people about her, but the glory of God. Her tongue was loosed and she praised the God of her salvation. Peace like a river and joy unspeakable flooded her soul. But above all was a sense of supreme love to God. Husband and chil-

THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

dren were not loved less but Jesus held first place in her affection. To this day a certain Godly sister declares that when mother was thus praising the Saviour she saw a halo of supernatural light about her head.

In every testimony service mother now tried to tell what God had done for her. Without teaching from man she had received her "pentecost." Being ignorant of the common terms used to designate this glorious experience she named her blessing, "perfect love that casteth out fear."

Pastor Kinney discerned that she had an experience unknown to him. He hungered for a like one, and shortly after this, at Douglas camp meeting, was "instructed in the way of God more perfectly," and received his baptism of the Holy Spirit. Upon his return to us he preached the doctrine of perfect love, invited holiness evangelists to help him, and soon quite a number of the most spiritual of our churches had sought and found the Comforter as an abiding guest.

Among those who did not recognize the nature of mother's experience was an elderly deacon. He felt it his duty to warn Sister Sanders that her new found joy, over which she made such an ado, was but transitory. It was but the "first love" that he had once known in common with all new born souls. Sooner or later, he informed her, she would loose the heat of this love and cool down to a state of "luke warmness" and live a life of "ups and downs" like the other church members. But what he wished to impress upon her was that when this inevitable "grieving" experience began to develop within her she was not to be discouraged and give up, for the promise is to the ones who hold out to the end. The well meaning deacon went to his home feeling, doubtless, that his timely caution might save a soul from ship wreck.

Mother naturally looked to this adviser and believed his statements. She compared his arguments with the lives of the church members she knew without much encouragement. It did not appear that he must be right. She was depressed with unutterable sadness. "But must I lose this wonderful love and companionship from my heart?" she said to herself. "Ah, I prefer death." At once she retired to her place of secret prayer and besought God to take her to Himself. These few weeks of walking with God in the "promised land" had spoiled her for any "wilderness" wanderings. As she talked on with her God and waited before Him the thought occurred to her that possibly the deacon might be mistaken. O, if only God would speak! She opened her Bible praying that He would guide her. Yes, she would open the precious book and trust Him to guide her. Without looking she placed her finger upon the open page, then beheld and read the verse beneath the finger, "If ye keep my commandments ye shall abide in my love. *Abide* in His love," the only condition being obedience. (She had many times said that rather than to wilfully and knowingly disobey Him she would gladly lose her right hand.) God had spoken and the question was forever settled. No word of any mere man could now cause her to doubt. How satisfying the comprehensive word "abide," remain in one place, in His love. No necessity for luke warmness or ups and downs. She went from her closet comforted, believing the word of God rather than popular error. All through the following years, filled as they were with cruel trials, she has proven

God's wonderful keeping power. Others have weakened, some lost faith, but she has been upheld and has gone steadily forward in the path of obedience. Her experience was the Giver of experiences, the "Comforter," the "promise of the Father," the "anointing that abideth."

(To be continued.)

Paulpietersburg, Natal,
April 10, 1913

Dear Highway,

At about 10 o'clock, last Monday morning, Losilina, one of our charter members, passed to her reward. Samuel, the preacher, is her brother, while she is the first one that came to us seeking employment as "kitchen girl," after our arrival in this district.

We had then just come from Tabamhlope and were strange to this people. There was difficulty in our getting any help whatever from the natives and we would have fared badly indeed but that a Tabamhlope girl had come with us. She was one of our converts from that place and now acted as kitchen girl as well as witness for her newly found Savior. Not least important, she would introduce us in the services, saying, "You do not know these white people, but I do. They came from across the ocean. God sent them here, not to trade and get money from the people, but to teach us the way of life."

Looking back, how different now! Today, for instance, there are nine women and three girls weeding in the garden, besides three men working on the stone for the coming church. The women and girls are from all directions, coming from far and near to work by the day or hour. The village is so distant that when they want money to buy a twenty-five or fifty cent blanket they must earn the price here or, what is very difficult, induce the husband or father to give them the money. Others wish only matches, salt, sugar or soap, as the case may be. Thus far I have always found work for those who ask, even if it be but to cut grass which may become fertilizer for the gardens. From two to four cents an hour the women receive, while the men earn from three to six in our district. Thus, in the beginning it was, "who can we get to work for us," while now the difficulty is to find employment for all who apply. Then there is the army who bring us wood and goat manure. Without this Mission Station the people would simply get on, as they formerly did, without much of the salt, matches, soap, etc., that they receive from us. We believe, too, that by thus helping them, their confidence is won and the way made easier for the next step, to attend the meetings. But to return to Losilina.

It was very gradual that the natives gained confidence in us and began to bring wood for sale, grain, fowls, etc., and to ask for work. We had tried several months to find a girl willing to learn the art of kitchen work. To our delight Samuel came one day with his sister, Losilina, then "Gabisile". We tried to hope for the best though she was then one of the worst specimens we had yet seen. Long, lank, awkward, ugly and mostly naked. This would not have been so bad had she been less dirty, away beyond the average. Her scanty attire was exchanged for a decent garment as she wished to "dress and believe". Mrs. Sanders can tell you better than I what a trial she had to train this raw heathen to be clean and tidy.

For slowness of movement, Losilina had no

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