

August 15, 1913

THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

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Missionary Correspondence.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VII.

A Stepping Stone.

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

"Let your light so shine."

Among the books that were not left behind on the wharf in St. John is "Pilgrim's Progress," which has written on the fly leaf, "Presented to H. C. Sanders by his teacher, A. I. McKenna, as a reward for progress during school term ending Apr. 30, 1888." To stimulate our zeal, Mr. McKenna had promised a prize to the student in his large school who should make the most progress during the winter term. I was then sixteen but had never yet done any faithful studying. The teacher encouraged me by saying that I could take a teacher's license in a few years. Then, if I did not wish to continue teaching, I would find the knowledge a stepping stone to something else. With this aim in view, I set to work in earnest. Late at night I studied, and long before daylight winter mornings. The result was that in April as one dissented when the prize was awarded to me. The habit for study formed that winter has been of inestimable value to me ever since. This book, like the "Chatterbook," given me by mother, did not cost much at the store, but both mark important epochs in my life.

After two years I tried for "C" license but failed. The experience, however, helped me to see and strengthen my weak points so that the next year I was successful. It was a great event to me when I received that license. Happiness is too weak a word to express the rapture I felt. Subsequent diplomas from the Missionary Institute representing three years of study and hardship; and from the Medical College, standing, for four years of strenuous work, physical and mental, did not elate me as did this sheet of blue paper.

I was then net fishing with young Freman Perry. I had dressed the herring and they were soaking in a large tub of water in father's little fish house, while I was perched on the cross beams above, eating my mid-day lunch. Just then in came Freman and handed me the big blue envelope containing the "stepping stone." Had I been of the demonstrative type, there would have been shouting and upsetting of herring barrels. As it was, I kept on and finished my lunch, suppressing the volcanic feelings within.

The next thing in order was to step upon this "stone" by securing a school. This was not too easy for one only nineteen. But at Middleton, eight miles from home and two from Yarmouth town, I found the school trustees willing to try me. They thought I "might do" as well as some one older.

The boys there, like others, were full of fun, and sometimes mischievous. The very day I was after the school I saw a sample of their pranks. A billy goat, with a long rope attached, was in chase of a frightened girl. She was screaming with terror, while the boys came on running behind laughing at what they considered great sport. I, of course, "put my foot down" on the long rope and spoiled their fun, but the timid child ran on crying towards her home.

That winter we came to understand and love each other, those boys and "green looking" teacher. God helped me to let my light shine both in school and out, so that soon two or

three of the more sober scholars were converted. These naturally desired to see their companions saved and worked to that end. As a result, some were coming to see their need of Christ. The crisis was reached one noon hour. We were having conversation with a few willing ones when tears began to flow as the children reached the point of surrender. The only logical thing to do was to have them pray and yield themselves to God. They needed little urging, nor did it take them long to get victory. I can still recall that scene: the eager sorrowful faces, then tears of penitance followed by smiles of heavenly joy. It was the genuine work of the Holy Spirit. There was no lightness, the hush of God pervaded the room, while conviction was deepening on every side. As soon as one would receive the witness of the Spirit he or she would at once go and begin talking to some dear unsaved friend, trying to persuade them to come to Jesus.

At one o'clock the bell was rung as usual, but no one thought of studies yet and the revival flame continued to spread. Half an hour later the school was called to order as a testimony meeting. Many were ready to tell what they knew Jesus had done for them and would do for others. At half past two came recess, after which regular school work was resumed. Many times after this we held testimony services during the noon hour, but never again encroached upon study time. And yet there were those who found fault because one hour and a half of school time had been taken to attend to the salvation of immortal souls. These were church members, too, whose children might have been saved but for the attitude of their parents, which held them back. These parents did not believe in "holiness" and were against a work supported by those whose sympathies were with the "holiness people." There were others, however, who championed our cause, and conducted the war of words leaving me free to help the young converts.

After this memorable day I found it much easier to teach the school. All the saved ones helped me by being studious and quiet and by influencing others. One of the most earnest and promising of those boys was Joseph Wilson, who soon felt the call of God to His service. He has persevered, graduated from college, and is now a capable Union Baptist pastor. Another noble boy, gentle and lovable, joined the Salvation Army. But after a few brief years of service and rapid promotion, he went to be with Jesus. There were others who gave promise of lives of usefulness, but I have lost sight of them. And yet, when the roll is called up yonder, surely some of those scholars will answer, as a result of that revival in school.

There are young men, who at the age of nineteen and with the call of God upon them, would have been preaching. But I had not yet told publicly of my call, much less pose as a preacher. A young man where I boarded that winter had learned of my expectation to become a missionary and asked me when I intended to be in preaching. I recall the answer I gave him. "Of course, when I go to Africa I shall preach to those heathen, but I do not intend to preach to civilized people." I was doing only what any ordinary Christian teacher may do among their scholars.

So many times as I walked the floor of my school room that first winter it came to me, "This is training for your future work in Africa." And it certainly was, but one must never neglect present opportunities for those in the vague future.

The next summer I returned to net fishing

as teaching did not offer sufficient income. By the way, I was not sea sick in the small netting boats. When winter came I was again with a school; this time at Lake George, about twelve miles from home. I purposed to let my light shine but there was no revival. Some few homes had family prayer and there was regular preaching, but no prayer meetings. And here I found more work cut out for myself than I had anticipated. So few would take part that I was compelled to do most all the talking. Others seemed to think it the right thing that the "teacher" lead all the meetings and fill in most of the time, but to me it was very crossing. When I told mother how hard I found it she replied, "Mark my word, Herbert, the day will come when work like this will be no cross whatever to you." She was right, though at that time I did not see clearly how such a thing might be.

(To be continued.)

A MODERN PETITION.

Mrs. John B. Smith, Sharon, Conn.

O Lord, I come to Thee in prayer once more
But pardon me that I do not kneel before Thy
gracious presence,
For my knees are sore with so much walking.
In my chair I'll sit at ease
And humbly bow my head.

I've labored in Thy vineyard, Thou dost
know;
I've sold ten tickets to the Minstrel Show;
I've called on fifteen strangers in our town,
Their contributions to our church put down,
I've baked a pot of beans for Wednesday's
spree,
An old-time supper, it is going to be;
I've dressed three dolls, too, for our annual
fair,
And made a cake, which we must raffle there.

Now, with Thy boundless wisdom, so sub-
lime,
Thou knowest that these duties all take time;
I have no time to fight my spirit's foes;
I have no time to mend my husband's clothes.
My children roam the streets from morn till
night;
I have no time to teach them to do right.
But Thou, O Lord, considering my cares,
Will count them righteous and heed my
prayers.

Bless the Bean Supper and the Minstrel Show,
And put it in the hearts of all to go.
Induce all visitors to patronize,
Because I've chased those merchants till they
hid,
Whene'er they saw me coming; yes, they did.
Increase the contributions to our Fair,
And bless the people who assemble there.
Bless thou the Grab-Bag and the Gypsy-Tent,
The Flower-Table and the cake that's sent.
May our Whist Club be Thy service blest,
The Dance Party, gayer than the rest.
And, when Thou hast bestowed these blessings,
—then
We pray that Thou wilt bless our souls. Amen.

When Moses grew angry with his erring
brother Aaron, he dropped the tables of stone
upon which the commandments were but lately
engraved and fractured them, so that new
ones had to be procured. This is significant;
when preachers get angry they break all the
commandments in spirit."