

Missionary Correspondence.

Balmoral Mis. Sta.,
Dec. 24th, 1915.

Dear Highway:

I have been having a nice time these days. Sundays I go to meetings. Not long ago I went with Faith to an outpost meeting. We only had one horse to ride between us. Sometimes we both rode together; sometimes just one of us would ride and the other walk. I enjoyed myself very much, both on the journey and in the meeting. Faith preached and I helped in the singing, and set the example by testifying first. The natives were very glad to see us. They brought along a flag we gave them to announce the meetings. This is a white flag with a red cross, and is hoisted so the people seeing it will know that we have arrived, and that the service will be at that special kraal. Before we started for home it had clouded up, and we had light rain. We did not have a good opportunity to eat our dinner until on our way back about three o'clock.

I hope soon to be able to go and hold meetings by myself. I expect to be a missionary like my father.

We have quite a variety of fruit. I have some fruit trees of my own. The last one is a spineless cactus plant papa gave me. Its fruit is about the size and shape of a hen's egg. It is very sweet, but full of hard seeds.

We are having a visit from Miss Ruth Keyes, the daughter of a missionary living in Zululand. My father and mother have been acquainted with her parents for many years. Ruth has been at a seminary in Cape Town for five years, and expects to study several years more.

Today we are decorating for Christmas. George and I cut a Christmas tree and brought a load of evergreens.

We are now about in the middle of the hot, rainy season. Snakes come out in the summer, but we have not seen very many lately, because we shoot them as fast as we find them.

I think your prayers help us, because we have very many blessings.

Your little friend,
Judson Sanders.

Paulpietersburg,
Natal, South Africa,
December 24th, 1915.

Dear Highway:

At the suggestion of Brother Baker, I have just asked Judson to write to your columns. He is now twelve years old, and has been a Christian since he was six. While he was living in Hartland he once asked me, "Papa, do you want to know how I got into a Christian." Of course I did want to know, and he replied: "Well, the dear Lord got into my heart, and that is how I got into (became) a Christian."

And Faith, you remember, was converted when but four years of age. The Lord is very good to us, bestowing His grace upon our little ones as soon as they reach the years of understanding. We appreciate this as our greatest blessing, and rejoice when others see the privilege of leading their young children to receive Jesus as their Saviour.

The Pongolo River, though quite full, was not so bad last Sunday as I was led to expect. Our meeting at Ntungwini was splendid. The attendance was large, the interest the best; while two girls were baptized and five children presented to the Lord. There are seekers to follow in baptism, and the work is in a healthy

and prosperous condition. The church gave a freewill offering of \$3.75 to aid in the relief of sufferers in Europe. For these natives this was a good offering. We hope to receive more from the church at Balmoral next Sunday. Already we have the promise of \$5 from Lydia and \$1.25 from Aloni and wife.

Aloni's brother Diki, is working away at his new home forty miles distant, where he moved to from here several years ago. He now has five candidates ready for baptism, and though other societies are near him he prefers (not without good reasons) to consider this his home church. We are trying hard to influence him to come down with this little flock for Christmas.

Today, Friday, I expect a crowd from across the Pongolo. They will celebrate Christmas with us tomorrow and remain for communion next day, on "Big Sunday."

Tomorrow will be a busy day, of which we must tell you later.

Ever yours in Christ,
H. C. Sanders.

Balmoral Mis. Sta.,
December 29th, 1915.

Our Christmas has come and gone. The Pongolo river was in flood, so none from our church over there came. The Zionists had a great feast the same day, so the number present with us was smaller than usual—about one hundred and forty. Other years our church members have contributed so we could have several goats for our Christmas feast, as well as other luxuries. But this time we had to foot the bills alone.

They did something, however, towards aiding the famine victims of the war—\$2.25, plus the gift of Lydia, \$5.00, and that of Aloni, \$1.25.

One sick man, recently converted, sent ten cents. A woman, just coming out of heathenism, brought a sixpence, saying: "This is my contribution for last year. Later, I will bring the one for this year."

Money is scarce with them, so a sixpence is quite a gift.

We gave all who are working here a gift of money, from a sixpence to a shilling each. They all expressed their thanks very emphatically.

But none of the Christmas guests remembered to be grateful. This people are naturally prone to expect much from us, and soon take it all as a matter of course. Even blaming us if the gift is smaller than they had expected. Therefore, "Lord give us wisdom."

For their Christmas they had one goat, plenty of cooked corn and sugar, and a box of matches each.

Our reward was partly realized when we met them in our church for a service just before the feast. They listened well, and I feel sure there will follow good results.

One noticeable feature was the number of seekers present who have made a start since Christmas a year ago. We praise God for the harvest of souls He continually gives us; so we are not weary in well doing. This we write for your encouragement, for we are ever mindful that you are co-workers together with us and with Him. Let us indeed keep our eyes upon Him, looking unto Jesus.

Ever yours in Him,
H. C. Sanders.

How simple it is to bring others to Christ when He is, first in our lives!

INWARD LIFE.

By Madame Guyon.

Holy souls are without impatience, but not without trouble; are above murmuring, but not above affliction. The souls of those who are thus wholly in Christ may be regarded in two points of view, or, rather, in two parts, namely, the natural appetite, propensities and affections, on the one hand, which may be called the inferior part; and the judgment, the moral sense and the will, on the other, which may be described as the superior part. As things are in the present life, those who are wholly devoted to God may suffer in the inferior part, and may be at rest in the superior. Their wills may be in harmony with the Divine will, they may be approved in their judgment and conscience, and at the same time may suffer greatly in their physical relations and in their natural sensibilities. In this manner, Christ upon the cross, while his will remained firm in its union with the will of his heavenly Father, suffered much through his physical system; he felt the painful longings of thirst, the pressure of thorns and the agony of the spear. He was deeply afflicted also for the friends he left behind him, and for a dying world. But in his inner and higher nature, where he felt himself sustained by the secret voice uttered in his sanctified conscience and in his unchangeable faith, he was peaceful and happy.—Sel.

A CLEAN HEART.

As sanctification means cleansing, to be sanctified wholly is to be cleansed throughout, in every faculty and power of the soul, and to be cleansed thoroughly. The mind, will, affections, conscience, imaginations, desires—all are made clean. Evil tempers, such as anger, pride, envy jealousy, petulance, censoriousness, are slain and cast out, giving large room for the development of love, meekness, gentleness, kindness, forbearance, patience and sweetness. The mind that was in Christ takes the place of the mind of selfishness. The love of Christ triumphs over the love of the world. The gentleness of Christ makes the sanctified strong, clothing him with whatsoever is lovely and of good report, making it impossible for him to be morose or sour. There is beauty in the sanctified life which is always attractive. It never repels by assumed graces. It "vaunteth not itself." It never treats contemptuously the attainments of others. When every thought is brought into "captivity to the obedience of Christ," envy and strife expire. The life of such a one becomes a song of praise and proves itself a benediction. It is broad, generous, noble; is a life of faith, steady, unfluctuating, ever rising to wider horizons, and leading onward to new experiences in the knowledge and love of God. He who is thus sanctified is surely nearing the state of Christian perfectness, nay, may we not assume that ordinarily he is perfect in love and filled with the Spirit? He is "dead indeed unto sin and alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord."—Bishop Merrill, in the Family Herald and Weekly Star.

Dwight L. Moody was brought to Jesus by his Sunday School teacher, who presented Christ's claim on him in a shoe store where Moody was clerking.

Colonel Hadley was brought to Jesus by a conversation with Bishop McCabe in a railway station.