

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

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native teacher Martha says, "I have taught him all I know." So now he comes to me daily and proves remarkably bright and earnest.

The second child, Fannie, a sweet little Christian, met with an accident when only about three years old, which destroyed one of her eyes. Perhaps two years ago she developed tuberculosis of the spine, and is now a poor little hunch back, and suffers terribly. She may be eight years old now.

I believe it is this sorrow, together with the child's wonderful spirituality, which first started Mpandhle thinking. Fannie was always talking about the Lord and heaven and angels, and soon Mpandhle wanted to be a Christian.

But being a Christian comes extra hard to "Old Mpengula's" children, and one after another we have seen them start, go so far and either "stick" there, or fail altogether. And this seemed to be her case too. She "could not" give up beer and snuff."

When the "Flu" came round here last October, Mpandhle had a pretty little baby about six months old. She thought the world of this child because both the others were sickly. The whole family were down and had the "Flu" badly, and while she was so low that she could not even creep to the grave side, her dear little baby died. She herself just managed to pull through and was sick for months afterwards. However, through this season of fiery trial and suffering she was drawn close to the Lord and gloriously saved. I just love to hear her testimony now. It has that vital element that speaks real spiritual life, and in her daily conversation you can see the heart change that has taken place. She has a "taste" for spiritual things which you seldom find in so young a convert.

The other day she came with Fannie to spend her time preaching to those who came to the store. This, by the way, is part of the work our native helpers do—each in turn has his or her day in this important phase of the mission work.

She went up to visit some relations of hers, and when Sunday came around and none of them went to meeting she gathered them in and held a service for them—the first ever known in that kraal. They proved so famished for the word of life that she went again the next Sunday with her little boy Titus, and found sixty people there. So she has been doing this ever since.

On June 4th, 1919, the first "Outpost Service" was held at Hlopes. I wrote you a letter at that time telling you all about it. The service was held there at his request, and he had invited all his friends and neighbors. Perhaps you will remember what a wonderful meeting we had, and how when we left he presented us with a fowl in token of his gratitude. Ever since services have been held there regularly, and Hlope has earnestly done his part towards making the work a success. His wife Losilina, and two daughters, Jahabete and Lifina, were baptized even before he was, and family prayers have

been held regularly. These two girls, according to their father's desire for them, are expecting to be teachers.

Johan Kunene, a Christian neighbour near his own age, was of one mind and heart with him. It was an inspiration to hear these two talk about the Lord and His work, and what they could do for Him.

Their ambition was to lift Christ up before men, and by their daily lives show that it pays to be a Christian. By the way they treated their wives and children, providing food and clothing themselves instead of leaving this for the mother to do, by their neighborly helpfulness, and by every means in their power they tried to show the difference between Christian and heathen.

Perhaps you can understand what a loss our church has sustained when he was called higher. The story reminds me of the "Pilgrim's Progress" description of the crossing of the river.

For every one of those who heard his dying testimony, death seemed robbed of its terrors, and but a doorway into heaven. He warned his heathen listeners to flee from the wrath to come, and his last words to wife and daughters were, "mourn not for me! I can see the angels coming to take me to Jesus. Press on! Grow not weary in the way of the Lord! I go to my King and the joys of heaven, where you will soon join me!"

Strange that three days previous to this Johan Kunene was called to his reward, so these two so close in love and purpose were not parted in death.

Praise God, who can take these souls out of the blackest heathen darkness and save them so gloriously! We who were left behind when the gates closed on their triumphant entry found our hearts aching with longing. How long must we labour and wait?

Yet deeper than this desire there burns a passionate yearning for these other souls all around us. Oh, to see them so enter!—and we can understand a bit of what Moses felt when he uttered that broken cry, "If not, blot me, I pray Thee, out of thy book which Thou hast written."

Yours for these souls,

FAITH SANDERS.

A SPINNING WHEEL.

The front gate clicked, and a woman, looking up from her sewing beside the window, saw a tramp walk around the house to the back door. She waited for the knock, then opened the door. Before her stood a young man. He was not nearly so old as she had supposed from seeing his slouching gait as he passed the window.

He asked for food, and the woman brought him in and seated him at the table while she prepared some plain fare for him, for he appeared hungry and discouraged. As he ate she learned his story.

At seventeen he left home and had been away for nearly four years. This was his twenty-first birthday. He had run away from home because of the monotony of life there and the hardships that he thought fell to his lot.

"And still, it was not so much the hard

work," he said. "I wanted a change, so I went away. My parents were kind, and they loved me; but I didn't think of that then, although I have thought of it many times since. I'm more tired of this wandering life than I ever was of the continual grind at home. A fellow like me might as well give up the job of living and drop out."

The woman was silent for a moment; then she pointed to a family heirloom that stood in the corner of the sitting room. "My grandmother used that spinning wheel for many years," she said. "My mother has told me that she used to hear her mother working away and humming an old-fashioned song after the other members of the household had gone to bed. Most of the wool that went into the clothes of the family was spun on that wheel. It served its generation well, and still it never did anything except go round and round. But to go round and round was what it was made to do. There it stood in the same corner of the room, year after year, singing its little tune and spinning out its slender thread. It was a monotonous life, and yet the spinning wheel has a place of honor in our home now. We love it because of the service it performed for those we love."

The young man finished his meal and, rising from the table, started to go. As he stepped out on the porch he turned back again and said, "Thank you for the story of the spinning wheel. I'm going home again. I've covered one big circle of several thousand miles in four years; if I had stayed at home and had gone round my little circle of daily living, I should have a home of my own now and not be begging at back doors. When I've learned to spin without breaking thread, I'll write to you. Good-bye."

The woman went back into the room, gave the spinning wheel a pat with her hand, and dusted it carefully. As she took up her sewing again by the window she said to herself:

"I believe I, too, needed the story of the spinning wheel. I'm glad I have dresses to make and stockings to darn and food to cook. I'd a thousand times rather be a spinning wheel in a home that I love than a wanderer without a friend or an abiding place."—The Youth's Companion.

We recently heard of a young Chinese student, who wrote a friend that he was reading the word of God daily and was behaving it. Of course he meant that he was living up to its standard. It is a great but not impossible thing to behave the word of God. The word of God requires a holy life which is not an impossibility. If we thought it was, we would have to reject the Bible as a piece of nonsense. The most inconsistent people in the world are those who profess to believe the Bible and yet believe its teachings are beyond practice. They accuse God of trifling.—Christian Witness.

"Christ came to bring light to those who sit in darkness; and He brings it."

"The splendour of outward success can never make up for the absence of spiritual life."