

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Hartland P. O.,
Paulpietersburg,
Natal, Sou. Africa
April 21st, 1919.

Dear Friends:

This letter is but a supplement of Dr. Sanders' report and may contain a little of detail that he has left out.

In regard to workers and evangelists. You see we are continually getting more and, by report, they are reaching large numbers. This is all beautifully true.

Almost fifteen years ago Dr. Sanders and I took a ride towards the Pongola river. While our horses were resting a bit, after a rather stiff climb, we gazed down the valley of the Pongola river from this mountain and saw many native kraals or villages. It was a panorama indeed, and covered about ten miles. No one was then teaching these heathen, nor were many of them anxious to come to our meetings. As I gazed down that valley a great burden fell on my heart, a hunger, an intense longing to go among these villages and be the one to enlighten these heathen people. I can't remember for sure, but I think there were somewhere about twenty different kraals (villages)—no Jesus, no knowledge of God, Heaven or the Resurrection. No hope for the future, etc. I cried out to God in my heart for them and long after prayed much for these people. Only lately have I found out that Hlahlandhlela is the name of that stretch of country and that now after all these years these people are seeking Christ. A few years after my view of them Brother Kierstead preached among them several times but we never have had much results. Now, however, I believe there are twenty seekers. God never forgets. He always answers prayer even though it be "after many days." When I heard this was the same valley I remembered my burden, my longing to be the one to enlighten them and I asked, "Does God ever fail to answer prevailing prayer?" My heart answers, "No, he never does, we may not see it, we may never know it, but he does work."

This past year my work has been mostly confined to the home station. I did get away to visit the church at Utretch and one or two other places.

Once Dr. Sanders and I went to what is now Aloni's field. This too is another part of the country over which I have had great heart longings and burdens. So my heart rejoices when we gathered the people together. They chose to have a worker among them and promised to come to the services. Only a very few have kept their promises. "Many called, few chosen" may be said of them. Some months ago the Lord brought it to my mind the importance of a weekly Bible Class to teach, especially our evangelists and workers. I began them and still continue to have them every Wednesday morning. They are times of great refreshing and enlightenment. Here freedom is encouraged and all may ask questions or bring before us any subject or verse they do not understand. By doing so much of error is exposed by the Word of Truth. Best of all Jesus' presence is so very real at these classes and his blessing so sweet upon us.

Another opening God has given me is among my Dutch neighbors and visitors. The Dutch are a very religious people but I am sorry to say few are spiritual or seem to know much about God outside of their church forms, etc.

Coming in contact with some of them in trouble I began to speak of Jesus, the great burden bearer and saw God used me to help in several cases. This caused me to ponder over the thing and I became aware that he wanted me, as I had opportunity to preach unto them Jesus, especially in his power to save and keep us from sin. This I am endeavouring to do by his grace.

The Dutch as a rule resent missionaries and their work among the natives so have little in common with us, hold us off, etc., and this open door to me is the more remarkable.

I find much to do at my own door among those who pass by our door, and, too a burden seems to be laid upon me to watch out for error and correct it. This last is far from easy but very necessary as new things are springing up among believers all the time and get to those of our churches. If we watch over the flock we will be able to save many from being led away from the faith.

Lastly but far from being the least of my work is among our children. This always takes much of a mother's time and strength. I am glad to report all of them are serving Jesus and desire to live and work for him.

Now the Lord pour out upon you all richest blessing and give each pastor, each worker souls this coming year.

My heart rejoices with you all over the return of your men from the front and sympathizes with those who weep. Cling to Jesus; he knows it all.

Ever yours in Him,
MRS. H. C. SANDERS.

BEYOND THE BEND OF THE ROAD.

How many times, when flying across the country on some swift-moving express train, you have caught glimpses of a winding stream, tumbling, in its happy, heedless way, over its pebbly bed, or of a curving, country road, across which bending trees clasped hands, and you have thought that you would like to go back some day and follow the stream to its source, or find what beauties lie beyond the bend of the road. But even while the plan has been formed, you have realized the unlikelihood that you will ever carry it out. You meet people oftentimes, who interest and charm you, and you tell yourself that you want to know them better. But the changes of life sweep them to one side of the world, and you to the other, and you never know the hidden sweetness of the nature which appealed to you. One of the beautiful things about the eternal life which is promised, is that its leisure gives us a chance to carry out the plans and hopes thwarted for lack of time. There we shall have a chance to know what is beyond the sweet face we saw and could not forget.—Selected.

Resolve to keep happy. Your joy and you shall form an invisible host against difficulties.—Helen Keller.

THREE KINDS OF CHRISTIANS.

There are, as a matter of fact, three kinds of Christians.

Some Christians give God a place in their lives. They would not for a moment think of banishing Him or give up the thought of some measure of fellowship with Him. These are the nominal Christians. There are many of them, and of a most respectable class, in all our churches.

There are others who give Him much prominence in their lives. They make much of the Church, love the society of Christians, yet have not gone far enough to realize for themselves the "seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness" of the Master's requirement. These are active members and the workers in most of our churches. They keep most of the church machinery moving. They seldom, however, touch the real spiritual work of the kingdom.

Then there are those who give Him pre-eminence in all things. Christ occupies all the field. Outside of His fellowship there is nothing worth having. All of life, with its plans and aims, has been consecrated to Him. These are the real workers, those finding the real joy as well as the real fruitfulness in Christian service. To belong to this last class is the blessed privilege of every Christian; and this is the only Christian it is worth while to be.—Selected.

POWER OF PURITY.

It is a marvelous thing to see how a pure and innocent heart purifies all that it approaches. The most ferocious natures are soothed and tamed by innocence. And so with human beings there is a delicacy so pure that vicious men in its presence becomes almost pure; all of purity which is in them is brought out; like attracts itself to like. The pure heart becomes a center of attraction, around which similar atoms gather, and from which dissimilar ones are repelled. A corrupt heart elicits in an hour all that is bad in us; a spiritual one brings out and draws to itself all that is best and purest. Such was Christ. He stood in the world, the Light of the world, to which all sparks of light gradually gathered. He stood in the presence of impurity, and men became pure.—F. W. Robertson.

Great are those words of the late A. J. Gordon and worthy to be pondered: "I have long since ceased to pray, 'Lord Jesus, have compassion upon a lost world.' I remember the day and the hour when I seemed to hear the Lord rebuking me for making such a prayer. He seemed to say to me: 'I have had compassion upon a lost world, and now it is time for you to have compassion; I have given my heart, now give your heart.'" If we do this it is bound to cost. Salvation always costs; it cost the Son of God his life. The price of redemption is blood—the blood of Christ—and if we are partners with Him we shall not escape, or desire to escape, whatever of sacrifice his service may entail.—Oriental Missionary Standard.