

true believer must have a great desire to please the Christ of Calvary. Let this desire then lead us to forsake all and follow Him, as the disciples and Paul did. "Ye shall indeed drink of the cup that I drink of and be baptized with the baptism I am baptized with," which meant suffering and death. Hear Paul, "That I might know Him. . . The fellowship of His suffering, being made conformable unto His death." "I am crucified unto Christ."

Let us then dare to follow our leader and heavenly Bridegroom, that we may find ourselves, some day written on that Holy City, where we shall, through all eternity, please and glorify "Him who loved the church and gave himself for it."

H. C. SANDERS.

"When you don't know what to do, don't do it." When you run into a spiritual fog bank, don't tear ahead; slow down the machinery of your life. If necessary, anchor your bark or let it swing at its moorings. We are to simply trust God. While we trust, God can work. Worry prevents Him from doing anything for us. If our minds are distracted and our hearts distressed; if the darkness that overshadows us strikes terror to us; if we run hither and yon in a vain effort to find some way of escape out of a dark place of trial, where Divine Providence has put us, the Lord can do nothing for us. The peace of God must quiet our minds and rest our hearts. We must put our hand into the hand of God like a little child, and let Him lead us into the bright sunshine of His love.—The Still Small Voice.

LET US LEAVE OUT THE STING!

Criticism is sometimes a duty. God has given our powers of discernment for us to use in his service. We are to distinguish between right and wrong in others as well as ourselves. So from time to time it may be the duty of the Christian to point out the mistakes or wrong teachings or even the sins of others in order to keep from being misled or injured by that which is rightly criticized. But when such criticism is a duty, the love which is enjoined in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians is equally a duty. And that is where so much criticism, even when given by Christians, sadly fails. It would seem as though the very sight of mistakes or sin in some other persons offers a deadly temptation to us to sin in response; and then, in a sinful spirit of harshness and self-righteousness and unlove, we condemn that which is wrong in another, not realizing how much more we condemn ourselves in that very act. A consecrated Christian worker was speaking of a public criticism that had been made by another Christian, of a large group of professing Christians whose fundamental positions and purposes were plainly wrong and required discerning criticism. But the one referred to expressed regret that this public criticism had been made in such a way that "the sting was more noticeable than the fault to which the criticism called attention." Are we not all rebuked by this kindly criticism? When we must criticize, let us do it in such a way that even those who are criticized shall be deeply touched by a realization that love is more prominent in our hearts than fault-finding.—Holiness Era.

When you do not understand, just trust. He understands!

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Balmoral Mission Station,
Natal, April 2nd, 1923.

Dear Highway:

Death is stocking in our midst. Two native men were buried in our district yesterday, one of whom was about to ask for baptism and admission to our church. Aloni officiated at his funeral while Josefi went to bury the other man, who though a heathen, had expressed his wish for Christian burial. Before night his wife and her child, both sick, were here, asking for medicine and care. We are having an epidemic of influenza of the gastric type, which is proving very fatal. Even the young and strong find themselves unable to eat enough to keep up their strength.

Three of our European neighbors have succumbed. Mr. Aosthuizen, 65 years of age, died. Then Mr. and Mrs. Nolan, living only ten minutes walk from us, were taken down together. It is difficult to see what they would have done without us as their neighbors. Sisters Helen and Alice, with Faith's help, attended them faithfully night and day, giving the best of care from the first. And yet Mrs. Nolan passed away on Tuesday, March 27th, since which time her husband, though not seeming very sick, has gradually weakened until he will probably not last long.

Then another neighbor, Mrs. Griezel, was taken, and is being cared for by Sister Alice, while Sister Helen is faithfully caring for Mr. Nolan, who was brought down to our old church building.

These sisters deserve the highest praise for such service, especially as the first three cases are of the "poor ye have always with you."

The epidemic we had last year was bronchial, leaving the stomach strong to assimilate nourishment and keep the strength up until the fever subsided, so the mortality was low.

A native man on our farm, young and strong, is just at death's door. If he lives it will be due to our influence in getting him to accept our remedies and care instead of the physics, emetics and bleedings of the native doctors. He has always refused the light, but is now beginning to pray to our God. Sickness and death are great allies to the wide awake missionary in his efforts to win the heathen to Christ.

We had a special Easter service yesterday and are much in prayer for the sick and sorrowing about us. The only safe refuge from this epidemic is the 91st Psalm, for there we "Dwell in the secret place of the Most High and abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

Yours abiding in Him,

H. H. SANDERS.

P. S.—April 3rd—Mr. Nolan passed away this afternoon.—H. C. S.

Hartland P. O.,
via Paulpietersburg,
Natal, So. Africa,
April 9th, 1923.

Dear Homeland Friends:

It seems a very long while since I have written, but we have been extra busy

lately. There is a great deal of sickness around at present, but we praise the Lord that so far, all at the Mission Station are in good health.

Two of our nearest white neighbors were taken very ill and of course it was our duty to care for them, for there was no woman in the house. They lived about twenty minutes walk from us. In five days the woman died and just a week later the husband passed away. We trust that they have both entered into rest. The wife used to enjoy our Friday night prayer meetings and seemed to get helped spiritually. The husband told Helen that he knew he was passing away and said he had the peace of God in his heart, which was a comfort to our hearts. Another Dutch neighbor's wife was taken seriously ill just before that man died and they sent for help. I was there a week and now Helen is with them. She is much better and Helen is coming back tomorrow. We have ridden to and fro on his horses, for they live three miles away, so we are getting quite brave on horseback. We have to use the Zulu language when talking to the patient, for she does not speak English. Her husband can get along quite well with it. They are a nice family and it was good to find them looking to the Lord with a submissive spirit during this trial.

Several of the natives have died recently and today six have been brought to the mission station. This will be a bad malaria season they say, as the rains have ceased so early. We have had a little shower tonight but it seems to be clearing again. Yesterday poor Manjoli died. Dr. Sanders and Faith went to see him in the morning, but he died before night. We have mentioned him before, as we have gone to his kraal quite often. He leaves three wives who are seekers, and the last two or three times we were there he seemed quite tender. He has been sick a good deal lately and we trust that the light came to his soul during these last hours. We shall miss him. He was one of the farm men and a splendid worker. Our hearts do go out to these dear people to whom the Lord sent us. The girls who work in the homes of the white people where we have been, have showed such a kind thoughtful spirit in so many ways it has touched our hearts very much. Truly these natives are dear to us.

I wish you dear ones in the homeland could know what an inexpressible comfort our home is to us when we return from these scenes of sorrow, sickness and death. It is so sweet to have a home here in far off Africa, and we cannot fully express our gratitude to the loving Father who planned it, and the dear ones who carried out His plan for us. We do praise Him.

May the Lord richly bless you all in all things, is our prayer. He is blessing and helping us on all lines and we do love Him tonight and are so glad to be in this distant land for Jesus' sake.

Yours in Christian love,
ALICE F. STERRITT.

The devil is a liar. Don't listen to him!