

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Balmoral Mission Station,
South Africa,

Nov. 25th, 1922

Dear Children:

Here is an allegory for the boys, but it can apply as well to the girls. There is a Prince who needs soldiers to help Him defeat His enemies. Only volunteers are wanted and His recruiting officers have gone into all parts of the world seeking the ones willing to join.

These officers are under instructions to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, for the Prince is honorable and would not deceive. Many hardships await the recruits, while the training camp demands the strictest discipline. Obedience to orders is the first rule; but boys trained at home to obey parents and school teacher do not have much trouble on this line.

No matter how young, all boys may join. In fact the youngest ones become the best soldiers. Perhaps the hardest of all is that they must be willing to leave father, mother, brothers, sisters, friends, houses, lands and everything and go to live at the training camp with the Prince.

There they receive daily instructions in all the arts of war, defensive and offensive. The order of the day would be about as follows: First knee drill with a high power rifle that sends a bullet beyond the highest cloud, and is able to penetrate the thickest plate armour of the enemy. After breakfast there is generally practice with the sword and shield, followed by marching instruction in recruiting, etc.

Perhaps the strangest part of all is that the enemy often invades the very training camp and sends his fiery darts in all directions. But the boys soon learn to catch them on their shields, when the fire is immediately quenched. A few sword thrusts or a volley from the high power rifles, soon puts the enemy to flight. Some of the more timid boys get frightened during these skirmishes and desert. Such ones may return later, or may never come back, greatly to the sorrow of the Prince, who loves them all dearly. If the boys but knew, there really is no danger of defeat, for the Prince himself keeps an eye on each one, and sees that he is not assailed above that he is able to bear, and somehow always makes a way of escape.

There is a shoe shop, where the boys make their own shoes, without which they could never stand the long marches.

Their helmets, too, of first importance, though given them upon arrival, must be kept bright by daily polishing.

Breast plates of the very best metal are provided from the first, but each boy is taught to weave new stands of steel into this as the days go by.

You may not think it, but to see one of these soldiers in full uniform is splendid. The helmet and breast plate brightly polished, the flashing shield, the golden girdle holding the white linen coat and trousers, even down to the polished shoes, make a picture that men and even angels admire.

But the best is to see a whole regiment in marching order, facing the rising sun and reflecting its glory. One has described

it thus: "Fair as the moon, clear as the sun and terrible as an army with banners."

Every boy is taught to ride. Only white horses are used, and they the sturdiest and fleetest known. When the time comes to invade the enemy's territory, all the armies will be led by the Prince in person. He and they all will ride white horses. The battle will be short and decisive. The famous general of the opposing armies will be taken captive, led back in chains and shut up in the king's prison for many years.

Best of all there had been no doubt from the beginning as to which side would win in the war. The Prince had several times met the enemy general in single combat and always was victor.

The Army of the Prince is made up of volunteers, as you know, called and chosen and faithful and who loved not their lives unto the death.

By this victory the Prince finds His Kingdom much enlarged. Many men are needed to help rule and fill important offices. All of these are chosen from among those who voluntarily become his soldiers.

What about all the other boys who chose to stay at home and refused to join the army? The sad truth is, they found themselves in the enemy ranks and were most all slain in the great battle, where their general was captured.

The Prince is so in love with His army that He writes His name on every member, leads them where they drink of the river of perpetual youth and eat of the tree of life, which grows in the midst of the glorious garden, owned by the King.

Years and years go by; all the other boys have died. But these volunteers find to their unutterable joy that they have ceased to be tired or weak or sick or even to grow old. Like their Prince and like the angels, they are immortal and fitted to enjoy their surroundings, which are the best the Prince was able to prepare for them.

Today the recruiting officers are abroad. Every soldier is commanded to do his best to find new recruits. Let us do our duty and persuade boys and girls and grown-ups to join the ranks of the Prince before it is too late.

Yours recruiting for the Prince,
H. C. SANDERS.

Hartland,
Natal, So. Africa,
Dec. 25th, 1922.

Dear Highway:

Yesterday was communion Sunday and the dedication of our new church. We are truly grateful for this comfortable and substantial building which will accommodate all except the crowd that usually comes for the Christmas feast.

A young couple plighted their troth, pledging their word to avoid the sinful customs of the heathen, walk in God's laws, and be true to each other until such time as they may be married by Christian rites. Two children were presented to the Lord by their mothers, who took vows to bring them up according to the teaching of God's word. Five candidates were baptized and received into church membership, together with a woman whose own

church is too far away. The blessing of God was manifestly upon all the services, and the people, we believe, helped nearer to God.

This morning, bright and early, the goats began to come from all directions. By nine o'clock there were five on hand and others in sight.

Dec. 28th. Fourteen goats were slaughtered and cooked, together with corn meal and crushed corn. Thirteen cooking pots, large and small, were huddled together over one great fire, while cooks, male and female, stirred and chatted.

About six hundred natives were present at our afternoon service, in the wattle grove, where we trust some good was done. After the lunch each native received a box of matches, which, to most of them, is considered quite a gift. The crowd entered by one gate, received their Christmas token and went out by another gate. This sounds simple, but it took considerable attention to keep many of them from returning to the first gate a second time. Some would do this to make a laugh, but most for the sake of what they could thus obtain. One burly young fellow was stopped as he was making a run for a third time. Perhaps half a dozen got through the gate twice, but the other would-be-smart ones were disappointed. On the whole, we could not complain of disorder. Though the meat, which is to them a rare luxury, was very small in proportion to the crowd, yet there was very little grabbing such as we have seen before now.

The blood was all cooked in one pot, but no Christians partook of that. The goats' heads with the ears are cooked with the hair on them, while the tripe and intestines, with lungs, spleen and parts we reject are, to them, good meat.

Quite a number of fowls helped out the feast. These are cooked with head and feet, etc., so there is very little waste.

The serving platter was a long sheet of corrugated iron, while stout sticks were sharpened at the points and used to lift out the huge pieces of meat. The food was served in dish pans, bread pans, etc., and one large bath tub. The last named contained the goats' feet, cooked with the skin and hair, some porridge and gravy, together with other pieces of meat not very desirable, and reserved for the hungry boys. It was wonderful to see that tub grow empty. Hands served as forks and spoons, while teeth took the place of knives.

But the natives wonder at our complicated manner of eating, with so many dishes, as much as we wonder at their primitive method of gathering about one common pot and using their hands only.

Yours in Jesus,
H. C. SANDERS.

How different the peace of God from that of the world! It calms the passions, preserves the purity of the conscience, is inseparable from righteousness, unites us to God and strengthens us against temptations. The peace of the soul consists in an absolute resignation to the will of God. —Fenelon.