

"rock" upon which He builds His church. It is the "faith of God" the (verse 1) "substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Behold Enoch, verse 5, walking with God, and having witness borne to him, "that he pleased God," and was ready to be caught away to the "city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." Are we thus walking, "not of this world," laying "up treasure above," and counting "that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us?"

The truth is, beloved, that this glory which shall be revealed, or unveiled, "in us", is imparted to us in this life. We revel in its light as we walk with God along the way. It is (Rom. 8:23) "the first fruits of the Spirit." And we are waiting "for the redemption of our body, the manifestations of the Sons of God", the full harvest.

Christians are not to be pitied, for they have the inward glory now and here. Christ "suffered without the gate that He might sanctify the people." Notice, too. (Heb. 2:11) "For both He that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one; for which cause He is not ashamed to call them brethren." He, Jesus, is to be "the firstborn among many brethren." "And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as He is pure." Who would not be a Christian? The true answer is, only those blinded by "the god of this world."

My heart swells with gratitude when I remember the words, "the glory that thou gavest Me I have given them": present perfect tense, denoting something finished just now.

The unveiling or manifesting of this indwelling glory is the thing awaited by the "great cloud of witnesses," (Heb. 12:1). The revealed plan of God is that "they (Heb. 11:40, without us should not be made perfect." "(or (1 Thes. 4:14:18) the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven," bringing with Him this cloud of witnesses, that they may be "made perfect" to us, by receiving resurrection bodies that will permit the inward glory to shine through. Not till then is it seen that we are like Him, having been "conformed to the image of His Son."

In Heb. 11:13 we are startled by the words, "through faith the worlds were framed by the word of God." Then, Heb. 12:2, hushes our hearts with awe, for Jesus there is our great example as having the outlook of faith: "Who for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame." This joy is consummated when He descends "from heaven with a shout." (Thess. 4:16) to raise the dead in Christ." It is then the loveliness and glory of His purchased Bride will be unveiled to the admiration of both worlds and be presented before the Father and His holy angels with "exceeding great joy." "Wherefore comfort one another with these words."—H.C.S.

God does not give us treasures to hoard, but to invest. If you are consecrated, what business of yours is it where God want your money?

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

P. O. Hartland,
Paulpietersburg,
Nov. 10th, 1924

Dear Highway:

Such a rainy day! In fact it has been a rainy week, with more or less rain every day. The rivers are "full," as the natives say, so Paulina could not reach her appointment.

Sampel, too, has his circuit across the Pongola and lives on this side; but he straps his clothes on his shoulders and swims the river, when it is not too high. Paulina also can swim, as can all the natives who grew up near the river. For playing in the water is one of the few sports these little children have. On the other hand all the natives who did not, as children, live near a river, for we have no lakes, have grown up without learning this useful lesson.

So when they must cross a river in flood, they are helped over by some strong swimmer who lives near the crossing and charges one shilling for each person he "swims" across.

We are now in the midst of two epidemics, measles and influenza. Our hospital patients were never so many before, except during a bad malarial season. Today we count fourteen, several of whom are very sick with pneumonia. One woman has three of her children here all sick at one time. Her sister-in-law also has three here, one very ill. Each sick one who comes is cared for by one or more who cooks for and attends them. Thus we have fourteen invalids and thirteen caretakers. Our hospital buildings and equipment are very primitive yet, making the work harder for the doctor and very much more so for the nurse. However, we are hoping for better accommodations later on; while, in the meantime, we try to count the blessings we do have. For instance, in a small hospital hut, with floor space only large enough to accommodate one single bed nicely, there slept last night nine people, all on the mud floor. When our hospital gets more civilized and gives each person a bed, we will need a much larger floor space than our present system demands.

Cold days they build a fire in the center of the mud floor and enjoy the warmth while there food is cooking. In hot weather, cooking is done in a three legged iron pot out of doors. This is the way they do it at their homes and are quite satisfied and happy to have it this way here.

But what about the nurse, who must come in and look at her patients in the smoke? We have them make their fire on a piece of sheet iron, so when she goes her rounds the fire and smoke can be set outside for a time.

Faith has just gone to Durban for a holiday, so Sister Alice is over-burdened with patients and inconveniences and smoke.

The run of dispensary patients we are having is wonderful. Miriam spent four hours taking symptoms and dispensing medicines yesterday.

A conscientious homeopathic physician does not prescribe imperically or offhand, but, by careful thought or study or both, finds the remedy indicated by the totality of the symptoms of each case. And how is one to tell if his patient is "flushed" or

"pale," or "one cheek red and the other pale," or "dark rings under the eyes?" How many times I have wished the natives' skins were white!

Then to get them to describe their symptoms requires not only patience but genius and a good knowledge of Zulu. Sometimes one gives up in despair, for they will say yes to any symptoms one may ask.

One little boy, brought here yesterday, reminds one of the famine pictures. It is difficult to believe that he was well and in good flesh three weeks ago. But this is what his mother tells us. At first we had no hope of his recovery, but already he seems brighter. If he lives it will mean the bringing of more such hopeless cases. Another, still smaller boy, who came this morning has corneal ulcer. One eye is inflamed and gone beyond hope of recovery, while the other one is involved.

Yesterday we heard the first intimation of the passing of our beloved editor, Brother Wiggins. In spite of the knowledge that he has gone to be with Jesus, we have been feeling very sad, almost lonely, as if one had lost an only friend. So often we say, as we hear of the home-going of those we have known and loved, "Our friends are fast passing away." We realize, too, that a younger generation is coming to the front. As our Moses and Elijahs are called to higher service, God is certain to find Joshuas and Elishas to fill their places and carry forward His grand and glorious work. Our denomination was begotten by our departed brother and other fathers in Israel. They have laid the foundation, have sown the seed of holiness unto the Lord; while now the young men must come to the front and reap the harvest, until the morning of reunion, when those who have sown shall rejoice with these who now reap.

Then the outlook of faith and hope to this time is the thought that comforts those that mourn. This last week I got new light in the text "for an helmet, the hope of salvation." It is the "hope" that becomes the helmet, and not the "salvation." The "salvation" spoken of here refers to the completed work of Christ and looks forward to the time when "this mortal shall put on immortality" and the "righteous shall shine forth as the stars in the Kingdom of their Father." I am more and more coming to see that the New Testament teaches us to preach this hope as an helmet to the head, a comfort to the heart and an anchor to the soul.

Yours in Jesus,

H. C. SANDERS.

"That the sinner has a part to perform is illustrated by a story that is told of a boy who was sent upon an errand on a cold winter night. He was overtaken by a dreadful storm. The snow fell so thick, and drifted in such a manner that he lost his way. He continued to wander about for several hours. He finally began to cry "Lost! Lost! Lost!" A gentleman who lived in the community heard the cry. A search was instituted and the boy was saved; but the boy had to sense his danger and cry for help. So we must sense our danger and cry for mercy. If this is accompanied by genuine repentance and faith, He who came to seek and to save will deliver."