

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Amanzimtoti, Natal,
Oct. 5th, 1924

Dear Highway:

In reading Is. 60:1-3, this morning, I am reminded of the experience of Mr. Porter, of Cedar Lake, N. S. He was old enough to be my grandfather and told, when I was just beginning my ministry, many wonderful experiences, illustrating how some Christians, without special instruction, received the baptism of the Spirit.

In relating his own experience he prefaced his story by saying that in public praise he could never say "glory to God," as others did. He could say, "Praise the Lord," and use many other expressions, but the one word, "Glory," was to him too sacred. He had been led out in prayer on a higher and deeper experience than he and others were enjoying. Finally the Spirit fell upon him, like a mighty Pentecost flooding his soul with love and glory. Upon going out doors and facing the sunset sky he saw in great capital letters "GLORY," which was his experience.

The text in Is. 60 is a prophecy, fulfilled on the day of Pentecost, and since in every Spirit-filled life. Notice three dominant thoughts: (1) Blessed; (2) Attractiveness, and (3) Helpfulness. (1) "Thy light is come." "Darkness shall cover the earth and gross darkness the people, but the Lord shall arise upon thee." (2) "The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of the rising."

To make a little plainer let's borrow another figure that represents the Holy Spirit, water (1) "He that drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." (3) "He that believeth on me," out of his inmost being" shall flow rivers of living water. (But this spake he of the Spirit, which they which believe on him should receive, "for this was previous to Pentecost).

This fullness of the Spirit is the only normal condition of the Church of Christ. So let us as individual members of that church see to it that we do our part: "Arise, shine," for God has done His part: "for thy light has come, and the Lord has risen upon thee."

To return to our figure, water, we are to come and drink, as Brother Porter did. He thirsted, sought and was satisfied. Thereafter his life was always of light and blessing to others.

Beloved, are you satisfied, or still thirsting? Many times after Pentecost, the disciples we read, were filled with the Holy Spirit. The rule for us is to come and drink until we are satisfied, and then keep on drinking daily at the fountain of life, and "be not drunk, with wine, wherein, is excess, but be filled with the Spirit."

Yours drinking at the fountain,

H. C. SANDERS.

Amanzimtoti, Oct. 30, 1924.

Dear Children:

Here is a short story, well worth passing on. It illustrates the text, "Him that honoureth me, I will honour." Most likely you have heard how Mr. Geo. Muller founded faith homes where boys and girls who had no one to care for them could be housed, educated and trained to become good and useful Christian men and wom-

en. Mr. Muller trusted the Lord to supply all their needs and never asked any one else for help. This story is told by a gentleman who was present at Mr. Muller's funeral.

"It had been arranged that all the children in the homes were to march in the front of the hearse to the cemetery. The time for the funeral was near, the children were all getting ready, but a terrific storm was raging outside. Many thought that the funeral would have to be postponed, but no, the superintendent said that the Lord would see to the weather. They had asked Him to send fine weather, would he answer? Many thought no, but those in the home thought differently; they had learned how faithful he had always been. It was now nearing the very minute when the funeral was timed to leave, but no abatement in the storm. The pallbearers had already taken their places, when suddenly the storm ceased, and a beautiful cloudless sky appeared with sun shining down upon them. After the funeral was over the children and friends marched back again to the homes and they had scarcely got inside when the storm returned with all its former fury."

A week from today we expect to leave here for home. Every post from Balmoral has brought us good news of how the Lord is helping them in bearing double burdens during our absence.

Yours in Jesus,

H. C. SANDERS.

Hartland P. O.,

Paulpietersburg, Oct. 6, 1924

Dear Homeland Friends:

I fear I have overlapped my time for my Highway letter. Please forgive me.

Another big Sunday has just passed by. Quite a large number of people were to the service, and as Mr. and Mrs. Sanders are still in Durban on their holiday, Faith did the preaching, the word was indeed blest, and Christ was held up to the people. We had a blessed time indeed.

Dear ones, please continue to pray for these people, for we know prayer availeth much. Some are growing in faith and others are not. Well, dear ones, the spring rains have come once again, and people have begun to plant. The natives as usual are glad as their food supply in many, if not all homes, is getting low by this time.

One day last fall when I was kraal visiting, I came to the home of Manjoli's widow. I got a little curious and asked to look in the hut where the eldest wife had her supply of winter food. It made me think of the cellars at home. It was a new neat looking hut, and she had her pumpkins, corn, ambece and other grain piled up neatly each by itself.

The natives also dig round holes in the ground which serves as cellars for their different grains. Much beer is made from these grains, I am sorry to say.

The natives are very wise on some lines and can teach the white man some interesting things. They very often remind me of the Indians at home.

We had some very cold frosty days in June and July, an exceptionally cold winter I believe; it was cold enough to make ice different nights.

As the rainy season has come now the school children are beginning to decrease in number as they are needed at home to dig and plant.

This winter I had over forty enrolled, but never had more than twenty-seven to attend at one time. Native children all study aloud so you can imagine the noise when they all get extra studious at once. They bring their dinner pails with them like the children at home and at the noon hour they all gather together and have a good time eating their lunch.

They are like white children also when the teacher leaves them alone for a few minutes, then they have a fine time talking and laughing; they all love to come to school and some are very bright indeed.

We got one of the little farm boys to live with us for a few months to look after our horses. We had also the school in view for him, for I was very anxious to get the little fellow interested in reading, so he started to learn in the primer and now is doing nicely and I am so pleased. He is a very cute little boy. Mpendu is his name. I made him a Sunday suit not long ago, and of course he is very pleased with it, and he looks quite delighted indeed when he is dressed in it. He is very timid at night, and has some very strong native superstitions. One day he told us that some nights he has something come up in his throat and he can't swallow and he thinks it is an evil spirit. A few nights ago we were awakened by his calling and crying. We went out in a hurry to his room found his lamp lighted and he in bed with his face bathed in tears. He was badly frightened and said he heard queer noises over his head. We let him come in the kitchen to finish his sleep, and he was comforted.

We do trust this little boy will grow up to be a real Christian.

So many of the young men seem to think so much of themselves, and dress and courting girls, in other words they are indeed courting the world as well. There has been lots of beer drinking going on this winter. A heathen man got his leg broken in a drunken row three months ago. It was a bad break and bruise. He had the doctor from Paulpietersburg set it as it would be a court case. The doctor comes in to see him every two or three weeks and one of us go down to dress the wound every day. This gives us a good chance to sing the good old gospel hymns to him, read the word, talk and pray. I truly believe these months of having to be laid up has been a blessing to him. The poor man is very patient. As he was hurt at his uncle's kraal he has to stay there, as he could not be moved very well, and also he has been near us where we could attend him. But he longs so much to go to his own home and be with his wife and family. His old mother stays with him faithfully all the time and very often she is drunk.

It is really wonderful the beer drinks that the natives have during the winter months. You can hear them singing their heathen songs until late hours of the night.

The cancer patient that went to Vryheid returned home several weeks ago. She suffers greatly, but is trusting the Lord. Some one from the mission station goes to see her every day. She can't live very long. Perhaps you remember about the death of Kisemusi that we wrote about a few months ago. His youngest wife is quite an earnest seeker now for which we do thank the Lord. It is wonderful how