

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

A Call on a Farmer

Now among these European folks in this part of Transvaal there exists a decided dislike to missionaries, I have been told, and we having had much of this prejudice to face and live down in the past, are not surprised to hear of such things here.

Part of my mission here seems to have been to the scattered white population, but so far I have only been friendly received. Some I had thought would blame or say some caustic thing, have turned out to be friends and have helped me while here. This is a case. Today I left a few minutes past 8 a. m. with just a boy for my guide. We travelled up and down many hills and crossed one considerable river, at least it must be when in flood, called Emozane. Then it was up and up till we reached a table land and came to an immense wattle grove of several acres. Here the owner of a large farm, has lived for years but now has gone to spend his old age in the town, forty-one miles away, and left the farm, a store and over 800 cattle, to the management of his two eldest sons. The younger was the only one at home. He is a youth about 19 years old.

When first we arrived I was met at the door by a native cook who told me if I waited till noon I would see this son. Well, I had come to make a call, it had taken me two hours of climbing, etc., to get there, so I meant to do my best to see some one.

Accordingly I sat in a comfortable chair in a fine room with several hundred books, mostly novels. Choosing "Snakes of So. Africa," I started to look into this when the boy said tea was served in the dining room. Now this was quite a treat, nice tea and scones and butter, so I did justice to it.

About half an hour after, this young man came in and I had a very pleasant chat about farming, growing cotton, corn and caring for stock. He had just come out of college and seems rather a frank, open hearted boy.

When I learned a store was here, I asked if he could sell me a little butter. He would not accept pay but gave me a half a pound. For this I was very thankful as mine was nearly gone.

Then dinner was served and we had a talk about spiritual matters. I found he is a Presbyterian and just before coming home from school had taken the opportunity to become a church member.

Ah! How easy to add, "God expects you to be the very best Presbyterian you can, etc."

So my visit ended, I was to go when a "carriage is coming," the boys announced. It was a woman and two boys and I met them all. The woman's story was very sad. In a few short hours her daughter, mother of one of these big boys, was taken from them by death, leaving four children, and she, the grandmother, was going to their home to get them ready for school. Now God has beautiful words of comfort and promise to pass on to those in such deep trouble as she and so we parted.

My trip was uneventful and I arrived in time to meet about 12 persons who had come for more teaching and prayer. It was a sweet service of blessing. One heathen

woman had come to see me but she is not ready yet to give herself up to the Lord.

For three days a young man has been of great service in caring for my horse. He often goes a mile away to feed and a boy can get him so much easier than girls. When he bid good-bye so as to help his mother, I asked him what he wanted. If to give this time of three days for the Lord or if he desired I would pay him. "Oh, no, I do not want you to pay me, I just wanted to help in the work of the Lord.

Next week I will tell you more of my trip.

Yours in Jesus,

MRS. H. C. SANDERS.

Balmoral Mission Station,
via Paulpietersburg,
Natal, Aug. 3rd, 1925

Dear Fellow Workers:

I hasten to tell you the good news of the grant of \$250 from Government for Hospital extension. This, we trust, will be a great blessing to all parties concerned, and tend to the extension of our work.

You may recall that Government also grants us \$25 a year for current expenses in Hospital and Dispensary work, which enables us to give comfort and help to all who ask.

Last Monday was such a crowded day in dispensary work. There were four cases from twenty miles away, besides those from nearby. All day long Miriam was busy with them getting their symptoms and preparing their medicines.

The Hospital patients are more irregular. Sometimes we are full, and Sister Alice has it pretty hard. Then there comes a falling off until only one or two or none remain, giving time for more direct ministry of the word and prayer.

But most of all, we rejoice and give thanks for the revival God is sending us. All over our field, souls are hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and coming to the fountain for cleansing. Evil spirits, bitter hatred, sinful practices, all go, together with beer and even tobacco. It is wonderful how these heathen look upon the use of tobacco as a filthy habit and receive deliverance from the appetite of this beer.

Faith, who is free to go to the kraals, tells of the smashing of many snuff (tobacco) boxes.

Two horses are no longer sufficient for our family; since the revival calls for so much work among the kraals, and our field is so large. We feel the need of, and are praying for a third.

We thank you for your continued prayers, and are glad to tell you that God is hearing and answering, by giving these heathen for your inheritance.

Our hearts ache for a certain church member, Maria Mazibuko, who died last week of consumption, and seemed to go out in darkness. We fear that she was neglected, and not prayed with enough by our native workers. At one time she asked to be brought to our Hospital, but somehow was denied. I did not learn this until after her death. Her thought was, I presume, of spiritual help as well as physical. We always sent her fruit, sugar, tea, medicine and whatever she asked.

Another cause of sadness is the helpless condition of some of the very old natives, who desire to know God, and cannot get to preaching services. They need constant visiting, or they must pass away in darkness, feeling that no one cared for their souls. And yet Christ died for these very ones. May God help us not to neglect such ones.

Yesterday in our meeting at this station, the Holy Spirit gave such clear light on: "Behold I stand at the door and knock." The time element stood out so prominently. For if one comes to the door of our house and knocks, we do not keep them waiting. So Christ seeks admittance today, this very hour—yes, this very moment.

Then, too, "He stands," and must needs weary and go away, if the heart's door is not soon opened. Perhaps some one will read these lines who hears His voice and is delaying to open unto Him. Let me warn you. There is danger in even a little delay. Your soul's salvation is too important a matter for trifling, and risks. Think! Where do you propose to spend eternity? Christ has paid all the penalty your sins deserve, and waits for you to open your heart and receive Him; that He may give you power, just now, this very moment, while you read these words—to become a son of God, and have your name written in heaven.

H. C. SANDERS.

ON GOD'S TERMS.

"Salvation as provided through the atoning merits of Jesus Christ, must be accepted by the individual on God's revealed terms, which are forgiveness, justification, regeneration, adoption, witness of the Spirit, and entire sanctification, by God the Father, who preserves the sanctified blameless in that grace, which is to be followed at the coming of the Son of God with a glorified body, through the first Resurrection.

Let us briefly analyze the above outline. Forgiveness, justification and regeneration, which are distinct elements of grace, but inseparable in the work of personal salvation: Freedom from all transgression, and the impartation of the Divine Life, is never experienced, till the individual fully surrenders, and meets every Scriptural condition, governing the law of pardoning grace.

Sanctification, which is the work of cleansing the individual from inborn Sin—to make pure, to make holy cannot be received by the justified saint of God, short of perfect consecration to all the revealed will of God. (Rom. 12:1). This consecration is sacred, and not to be broken. Then follows the visible fruits; the "oneness" of all the sanctified; hatred supplanted by love; personal ambition, surrendered for the salvation of the lost; evil speaking, substituted for prayer and sympathy; ease and pleasure, sacrificed to a life of self-denial for the good of others. In brief the glory of God, and the promotion of His cause among men, is to be embodied in every act of His sanctified ones. "By this shall all men know ye are my disciples, if ye have love one for another."—Holiness Banner.