

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Hartland, Paulpietersburg,
Natal, So. Africa,
June 2nd, 1925

Dear Friends:

There are so many things to tell and so little time to write it. I am sure could a reporter follow each and everyone of your missionaries around through just one day it would entirely fill one, yes some days, two Highways, and be such interesting reading!

We are doing many kinds of missionary work and reaching two classes, two nations—the Dutch farmers and the black Zulus. "Do good unto all men, etc.," is truly our duty as well as privilege.

Yesterday Grace and I visited a young Dutch sheep farmer and his wife and little two-year-old boy.

Having been acquainted with them for some time we met as old friends and had a pleasant visit with his wife and little son. Then when he came in, we learned he had a "world of trouble." This farm he had just bought and the small round-oval (hut) was not very pleasant for him nor his wife, but he was not complaining about that, but was in trouble over the following conditions: Cattle sickness—East Coast fever—had broken out on this farm. He must build a cattle dip and get it finished in two months and he could not find decent stone to build it with. A man he had hired who was accustomed to this work had promised to be there to help him, and even he had not turned up. There were some more difficulties such as no oxen to haul stone, only little donkeys, etc. To all this I replied, "Don't be discouraged, but let us ask God about it." Twice or thrice I repeated my request and then down we went and prayed. One could feel they were helped, etc.

Coming home on horseback in the twilight we had a few words with a widow woman whom God has recently given a splendid experience. She also was in trouble. The sickness had taken two of their cattle. We had a few words of sympathy and comfort for her and passed on.

Today a young Dutch man, newly arrived in this part of the country, wanted some medicine for his horse and, while waiting for it, gave a beautiful opportunity to speak to him about his soul, lend him a book, etc.

This morning about eight Dr. Sanders and I helped with the last things in speeding Faith and Judson off to the native villages in one section of our work here.

They expected to have three meetings at three different centres and we hope to hear good reports on their return. Last week, while calling on a young Dutchman and his bride in the same section we had still another opportunity to witness for Jesus and called on several black people while passing through their villages. At one place we had prayers and this time Miriam was with me. She prayed such a beautiful prayer. Nearer home we visited another village where there was a very sick child, only a few weeks old, and had prayers with the people there.

Still nearer home we met a sad party returning from calling a relation to come

and attend the funeral of one of their number who had died from eating poisoned meat.

It seems a cow had drunk dip and was so near dead they had killed her. Many were sick who ate her, but only one died that we had heard of. This also gave opportunities to warn careless ones to be prepared, for no one knew when death would come.

At the village where the little sick baby lives, the old grandfather came in to prayers. Some time ago a thorn stuck in his finger. He took a safety-pin and tried to get it out. This set up blood poison and he came nearly losing his hand. He was here at the station for some days and, having good food, good care for his hand, he also had prayers and a certain amount of instruction in the way of life, so his heart is growing tender and we hope he will get saved soon.

A man near his age died in a near-by village and this also has tended to make men listen.

A witch doctor whom God had warned and softened by remarkable answer to his wife's prayers, when in trouble, paid no heed to these warnings and blessings. He returned to his old ways and even took unto himself more demons so he might become popular with some people. He left his home and wives here and set off to Swaziland with his newest wife.

After some months of success in his art there, he suddenly returned to his wives here, sick and in a few days died. He had evidently been poisoned by some one. Perhaps some one jealous of him. He brought his sixth wife with him. He did not want prayers but called for some one who could doctor him by the means of these demons, and died. Several of his wives here are Christians or seekers and this death has been a shock and a warning to all.

No time for more in this letter as I have a note from a nearby Dutch neighbor who says: "Can you please help me with potatoes? You must help me for sure, please. We are going to have a meeting tomorrow. I shall be glad if you can lend me a sauce pan to cook rice in, etc., etc."

Dutch people like to have a meeting on Sunday when they can, and of course many come from far so they must eat before they go home. Please pray for each and every one of us and the above people whom I have told you a little about. I have by no means exhausted my stock of interesting things and hope I have not exhausted your patience. Pray for souls.

Yours in Jesus,

MRS. H. C. SANDERS.

ANY FOOL CAN DOUBT.

Any fool can doubt, but it requires sound common sense for a man to believe. The smaller a man's mind is, and the less it has in it, the more easy it is to make a man an unbeliever. With very little trouble a few objections to Christian revelation can be got up, and the sceptic passes for clever among the ignorance. Thoughtful well informed believers pity him, for they know all that he knows, they have heard it all, perhaps, before he was born; but they know more than he; they know the replies, they know the strength of the

fortress, while he knows only the smartness of one or two assaults, which have been repulsed and have left the walls unbreached.

There are other sceptics who wish to be free to take their own course in life. The claims of religion interfere with their unlawful pleasures and sinful pursuits. They have sense enough to know that it would be folly to admit the great truths of revelation, and to go on as if there were no such truths. So they are glad to silence their own guilty consciences by doubting whether the evidences of religion are sure; welcoming doubts, and taking the statements of unbelief without honest examination.

But there are others who are honest doubters. They would gladly accept truths which they find it difficult to believe. They are sad and anxious, and no light seems to have come to them. Let such be assured that if any man is willing to follow the light given to him, and to do the will of God as far as it is made known he shall not be left without light enough to guide his steps. And as he goes forward with a sincere purpose to be right and to do right, he shall find the shadows clear away from before him, and the true light from God Himself will dawn upon his soul.—Selected.

MINISTERIAL POPULARITY.

Among the cursed blessings that are bestowed on preachers is that popularity which makes them for the time the center of attraction and the topic of general conversation. Out of a thousand or ten thousand ministers not more than two or three are likely to be famous, and it will be a mercy if these do not speedily come to be infamous.

Most famous men are over-estimated, and their popularity causes unpleasant comparisons, breeds envy and distrust, leads to criticism, slander and fault-finding; causes every error to be magnified, and every fault to be proclaimed; and, if in some unexpected hour the praised and flattered pet of society shows himself to be a man of like passions, infirmities, and sins, with others, how soon every fowl bird of prey will pick at his gay plumage and turn his glory into shame. Many a popular preacher has finished his course in shame, in sorrow, or in crime.

Young man, do not fret because your kite does not fly quite so high as your neighbor's. Hold on to the string, and you may keep it out of the ditch. It may be very pleasant to see your name in print, but that depends largely upon what is printed under it.

Keep low. Before honor is humility. Be true to God and man, and, if you miss fame, you may also escape shame; if you do not hear hosannas shouted today, you may not hear the cry, "Crucify Him" tomorrow. If you can serve your generation in this life, and get quietly into your grave without bringing reproach upon yourself, your friends, and your Lord, you will have a fine opportunity for fame and appreciation in the day when the righteous shall "shine forth like the sun in the kingdom of their father." Wait and see if it is not so.—Selected.