

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Hartland, Paulpietersburg,
Natal, So. Africa,
8th January, 1925

Dear Fellowsoldiers:

Greetings in the name of Him who loved us and "washed us from our sins in His Own Blood." We all join in wishing you every one a new year of effectual and fruitful blessing.

Of our quarterly baptismal service, in which thirteen bright young Christians were added to our numbers, the Saturday service of prayer that preceded it and the Christmas feast which was celebrated on the following Monday, others will probably write you. These three days saw much blessing and joy in our midst and to my own soul.

The Lord gave my little brother, Norman, and me a beautiful holiday in Durban and Pietermaritzburg. He filled each day with blessing, pleasure and profit, and gave us many privileges and opportunities of blessing and occasional service, though on the whole it was a time of real rest and recreation.

We had ten days in and about the beautiful capital of Natal, meeting and making several new and precious friends, among them a young college girl who may come here to teach the children. But the sweetest part of all came the night we left for home, when a fine young man of 20 came into the experience of sanctification, and had his call renewed to the foreign field. It has been a great inspiration to our souls.

Norman and I were especially blessed together in daily prayer and reading of the word. Had some one told me before hand what a blessing and inspiration that little fellow was to be during those happy days—and since—I could hardly have credited it. Many time as he lay weeping before the Lord with the burden of souls the Heavens would just open above us and faith and prevailing prayer come easy. It has continued thus since we came home, and the rest of them often join us and the Lord meets us there. I guess we all echo Norman's statement, "It just makes me feel awful when we miss a day. The Lord blesses my soul and makes me very happy when we pray, but I am not satisfied. The more I get the more I want! Praise God He has it for us all. He is showing us one after another that it is in His purpose to send us a revival during 1925.

On Christmas Day, Luke Kunene, Filita's son, who has been an awful wicked boy, and under conviction seeking pardon for six or eight weeks, came through and received the witness of sins forgiven. 2 On New Year's Day Mcingile, a poor old disease eaten woman who has been staying in the hospital here for treatment and hungrily seeking salvation received it, and in saying good-bye promised, "If we meet no more on earth I'll see you in heaven."

Saturday there came to us a young woman who had been possessed of demons. She had been prayed for by Joeli and delivered. The day before she attended the funeral of her father-in-law's brother, who died a heathen, and she could not sleep for thinking "If I die, I'll go to hell

too." She had been under awful conviction for some time and asked to be prayed with that she might know her sins were forgiven. The Saviour met her and washed her sins away so she went on her way rejoicing.

On the last Sunday of the old year the Lord met over 20 of us in an after service of prayer, richly blessing. Now, the first Sunday of the new year though numbers were few he gave another such beautiful service, and one more hungry soul found peace and pardon.

Yesterday was a day of special blessing both in class, in the reports from the native workers' Sunday services, in our little hillside prayer meeting, and in the evening prayers for the native help. Three stayed for further prayer, and God met us in awful travail of soul for one in our midst and brought him and us through. His sins were washed in the precious blood and he was weeping for joy.

This is Jerimia Mkonza, son of Aloni Jostina, our native workers. He has been very wicked and a great sorrow to us all and the object of long months of prayer. It may be that the Lord wants both him and Luke Kunene to work for him, for they already have a good foundation Bible training, having been taught of godly parents. Luke, by a great hunger for Bible teaching, and an interest and burden for souls already gives evidence of his call.

Paulina, who makes her home with us, is being lead out in great hunger for the salvation of souls, and God is surely working in our midst.

Miss Lovelace, one of the Nazarene missionaries from Swaziland, was with us a few days last week, and has gone with Miss Helen for a two weeks trip to Durban. While she was with us she took our Friday evening prayer meeting. The message was inspiring and searching. She told us of a wonderful revival that has been going on amidst their boys and girls school for some months. Here they have young Swazi men and women training for the work of the Lord. They are all baptized church members and Christians. But it is among these that God has been working convicting of hidden and unconfessed sin, putting such a hunger for God that days are spent in fasting and nights in prayer. Confessions and resolutions have been many, and soul after soul has come through into a deep rooted, solid experience of holiness. There are, she says, about seventy now, real jewels, shining for God, and bringing hunger and conviction on other professors. Praise God for the good news! It makes our hearts glad. But it also brings upon us a great hunger. That is the kind of a revival this work needs. Pray with us that it may come.

George and Grace left here on New Year's days to pay Paul and his family a short visit at the S. A. G. M. station in Swaziland of which they are in charge. We hear from Paul and Ruth often, and the Lord is blessing them. They are looking this way again and waiting for the Lord to provide.

We earnestly crave your prayerful

support in this His great work.

With Christian love to you all, dear folks.

Yours all for Jesus and for the perishing souls of Africa,

FAITH SANDERS.

LITTLE THINGS.

God works through the little things—I Kings 18. The little cloud brought blessing of rain to the people who had had none for years.

The little maid taken captive, even in her captivity was the means of leading her master to the Saviour.

The little things of life also harm us almost as much as the big things. Solomon 2:15.

The little foxes that destroy the vines. The little secret sins of life that hurt our life and influence.

The little tongue is an unruly member, and doeth great harm. None can know or comprehend the harm done by the tongue, even among Christians. We should therefore pray for strength to bridle it. These also show us how we should try to excel in the little things or simplicity.

Christ said, "Except ye become as a little child ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven."

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me."

"Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."—By Miss G. F. Edwards.

A FIERY PENTECOST NEEDED.

A book that was classic among the Methodists for half a century was William Arthurs "Tongue of Fire." It was in the Course of Study till the rationalists got to making up the Courses and they ran it out. In that book Mr. Arthur says:

"We want in this age, above all wants, fire, God's holy fire, burning in the hearts of men, stirring their brains, impelling their tongues, glowing in their countenances, vibrating in their actions, expanding their intellectual powers and fusing all their knowledge, logic and rhetoric into a burning stream. Let this baptism descend and thousands of us who up to this day have been but commonplace or weak ministers, such as might easily pass from the memory of mankind, would then become mighty. Men would wonder at us if we had been made new; and we should wonder not at ourselves but the grace of God, which could thus transform us."—Arthur's Tongue of Fire."

How easy one may slip out of life and be forgotten! A little mound in the graveyard, often without the mark of carved stones, and a few hearts that bleed awhile, and then the years pass. The mound has sunk, the broken hearts are mended, and the world forgets and goes its way. But God never forgets, and in the great resurrection He will search us out and give to us a glorious body like unto the body of our Lord, and we shall live with Him forever. No foul assassin shall shy this hope within us.—The Methodist Protestant.