

Tomorrow I am due for "Big Sunday" across the Pongola, and shall feel that your prayers are backing me, and that His presence is with me.

Monday, Feb. 16th, there were more than usual at our Communion service across the Pongola River yesterday. About a dozen were forward for prayers, most of them seemed in earnest and testified to having received the blessing they sought. Two confessed to having been doctored by having spirits put into them. For there are several different cults of devil doctors, among these natives, who grow rich by treating diseases in this manner. They go through certain ceremonies which induce demons to enter the sick one and, it is supposed, make them well. So these two women, members of our church, had yielded themselves to this influence, and now sought forgiveness from God and the Church.

Another woman in heathen dress brought her babe to be prayed for. It was not quite well she said. It was her first babe and she seemed to love it more than most mothers. She also wanted prayer for herself that she might see the way and follow Christ.

Another in heathen dress had been beaten by her husband that morning. So she told the Church how she had gone to weed in the garden early Sunday morning. Then she returned home, ground meal and cooked the breakfast for her husband and children. Because this breakfast was late, he had beaten her.

She was rather frail and went into a hysterical spasm of shaking while telling her tale of woe. She was prayed for and testified that her heart was comforted in the Lord. In such cases no one thinks of remonstrating with the husband for his brutal treatment of his wife, or even blaming him. He sits at home idle, while she brings wood, water, food from the garden, builds the fire, prepares and cooks the meals. She then dishes out for him, her lord and master, so he may eat by himself and not with her and the little ones, as that would lower his dignity. Men do sometimes work in the garden with a hoe, but they all are most at home when doing nothing but waiting for their salves (wives that they bought with ten head of cattle) to prepare their food. Then they like to put on their best, or one of their best, calf skin, "ibetshues" or loin adornment, take their fighting sticks, which they always carry, perhaps one of their shields, and away to a wedding or beer drink. There they hope to meet friends, and perhaps some charming girls to whom they always pay court.

I have seen in the hut of one such native dude as many as eight "ibetshues," mostly of nicely marked calf skins, but some made from the skins of leopards. This young man has two wives, and a mother who do all the garden work, so he has no home cares and may devote himself to sport, feasting at beer drinks and proposing to the many girls he may meet.

Two years ago he was at death's door and requested the Christians to come and pray for him. So I reminded him of this recently, but he finds the pleasures of sin his snare.

How well I know his mother and broth-

er, both members of our church. Both of his wives and his sister I have known for years as heathen. These live across the Pongola. The next kraal has another young man, ensnared the same way. I met him yesterday and tried to say a word that might send conviction to his heart. He once was an earnest seeker, and left his heathen dress. Then he decided to take a second wife, and cast away his hope of heaven.

Thus, day by day, I meet these heathen with whom I have been acquainted for years. I have made it my business to remember their faces and their names, until I know more natives within, say twenty miles, than any other person. For these I am burdened and pray that they may be saved. More or less I have won them to myself, as I always am kind to them; knowing that confidence and liking are assets in winning souls to Christ. I write all this that you at home may the more intelligently pray for these "careless Etheopians," until they "hunger and thirst after righteousness" and "stretch out their hands to God."

Yours in Him,

H. C. SANDERS.

THE TWO WAYS.

Chapter Four.

Early one morning we were led into the country where Satan's seat is, and encountered the hosts of darkness, rescuing many who had been taken captive by the enemy at his will. We all were well mounted on white horses, fleet and strong; and followed our captain who also rode a beautiful white charger. "King of kings, and Lord of lords," was written on His vesture and on his thigh," and we felt no fear when following such a leader.

The Captain did not say much of our great victory, but seemed greatly concerned in the welfare of the rescued ones. Next day he came in person to our hospitals where these were being restored to health.

Some had been pulled out of the fire and were suffering from severe burns. Others had been nearly smothered by the miry clay of the horrible pits, where they had wallowed in vain efforts to escape. These had been resuscitated, washed and were now happy; while some others were still in great agony, having eaten the apples of Sodom. Yet their colic was not much worse than the toothache, others still had from their eating so freely of the wretched, sour grapes that thrive by the broad way.

One young woman was nearly dead with wounds and bruises and putrifying sores. Upon seeing her our Captain was filled with compassion and asked, "Where is thy physician? And is there no balm in Gilead? Then why is not the hurt of the daughter of my people healed?" But Dr. Luke was but in an adjoining ward, doing his best, and ably assisted by his staff of younger physicians and surgeons and a regiment of well trained nurses.

Only a few of our soldiers had been brought, wounded to the hospitals, and none had been lost; so we considered

that we had come off more than conquerors through our Captain.

Among the rescued were many wounded in the head, more or less severely. It was here the skill of Dr. Luke was put to the actual test, for some of these wounds are long in healing. The greatest aid was the providing of new helmets of salvation, warranted proof against all the fiery darts of false doctrines.

Large numbers had developed lameness, for all who travel the Broadway are without shoes. These were treated with the indicated remedies and instructed to wear shoes of the preparation of the Gospel of peace.

Thus, in a short time, the entire number of our rescued ones were restored to perfect soundness and became valuable soldiers, clad in full armor.

Our battle cry is, "Go ye into all the world." The Captain is always with us, while we overcome by the blood of the Lamb and the word of our testimony. The weapons of our warfare are mighty, even to the pulling down of the strongholds of the enemy.

Daily we sally forth, sometimes in companies, or oftener in twos or even singly; as we soon learned that one could chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight.

One man, only a private soldier, counted the rescues he had made until there were over two hundred, he had brought in single handed. At first this man, as his history goes, had no idea of such work, but was led to it by a word from his superior officer who said, "Are you not up and at it?" This made him very angry so he reported to the Chief Captain, who upheld all the officer had said, and commissioned him to do single handed police duty, with the results we have noted. This case is but one in thousands and is mentioned to illustrate one of the many methods of our warfare.

Another example, worthy of honorable mention, is that of a Liverpool man who is reported to have rescued, single handed, more than a thousand.

(To be continued)

WHITHER TENDING.

A. L. Bubar

How mild and how very mincing and carefully reticent that minister must be when the fact is established in his mind that a fearless and faithful outspoken denunciation of the drama, the picture-house, the operatic clubs, the whist parties, the bridge-sets, and etc., to which so many of his church and congregation give a free and pessimistic support—would be immediately followed by a very severe decline in his popularity, his personal appreciation, and his financial support. Hence, to make himself secure and immune from present disaster, he must needs, like the sun, smile equally on the just and the unjust. When God uncovers the present life in the white light of the coming judgment—what then, you that are called to be the "ambassadors of God?" To the right?—to the left?