

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

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maybe I would find him but none of us knew his exact location, and now to learn we were near enough to have called and had not known it! Well we could ask Isaya to go a week from now and perhaps he could help finish the work of pointing him to Jesus.

So I could go on and on telling of the villages we visited, people we talked and prayed with but my letter would need to run into a book to report all.

I have not kept account of the number of souls saved or helped as I cannot know so soon, so only can give a partial report of the number by counting what I recognize as the most likely cases—twenty-one at least.

We have recently established our first school at Altona and have a nice teacher in Essie Kumalo. But Essie, though brought up and educated in the Wesleyan school, had never known her sins to be forgiven. Being easy to teach and knowing her Bible a little, we soon led her to Jesus and she found Him. How hungry she was to know all about the Holy Spirit and His power to keep from sin! Some four days after that and just before we left to come home, she sought sanctification. Isaya and Paulines helped much in instructing her in this and I believe she will obtain this experience.

A young man, Paul Nkosi, by name, was converted a year ago. Has been away to work and just came home the last week we were in Altona.

Sunday was a wonderful meeting, but only half of the Church members were there. However, we had about one dozen seekers. Among these were Essie and Paul.

Later he came every day for instruction in righteousness and I believe he too received this experience of Holiness. He says he wants to be like Isaya and walk with the Lord, so he too can lead men to Jesus.

Isaya is a wonderful young man and growing better all the time.

He is the young man I wrote about last year as giving up the position of headman of a very large village, for Jesus' sake. He has paid the price and obtained a beautiful experience. His talks and prayers in our itinerating journeys and visiting are so helpful and he is keeping true under fiery tests and trials.

He told me he did not mind how long the journey, nor the difficulties of the way, the hardships were nothing, if only he could reach the heathen who do not know Jesus and are not being reached. Now I understand that and could encourage him and urge him to continue right along that line.

The last night we were in his home we had a marvellous prayer time. He got to rejoicing in Jesus and thanking Him for salvation, for the help God had given him in sending us at this time, and oh how he pleaded to be kept pure in heart like Jesus! It was a lifting prayer, one that reached heaven and I believe God will answer and give him the souls he prayed for. He is humble and hard-working, willing to do anything to forward the work.

He is poor, needs three or four pounds

to buy a horse and has other needs too, as he must buy food at once, etc., etc. Well, Friends, I felt so rejoiced to hear this one of our children pray so earnestly and humbly I felt it was worth a long journey just to hear him. I tell you such ones make our hearts feel very humble. We know this is the power of God.

He is there alone, almost, as far as help is concerned, has fierce opposition at times and many burdens, poverty and hard work but he has seen Jesus dying for him. He has felt the power of His cleansing blood and knows God answers prayer.

One day, while we journeyed, just us two, I was telling him about Jesus' death and some of his awful sufferings for us. The effect was wonderful upon him. It seemed to humble him into the dust and he was so grateful for salvation.

Now we are like the churches at home, in that we seem to be placed among other denominations to preach holiness and often have opposition to face.

It is so here at Hartland and much more so over there, in certain sections. But these churches near our work are so dead the people yet so hungry under our preaching.

All I found out last year is true, our territory is large and we need more evangelists for our work over there. Could all be home, it would not be quite so needy, but some two or three will be away to help. There is no near European missionary there. We are asked to start another school at once, about halfway between Altona and the old Gold Mine, at Klipraal mine and we have a long, narrow strip of Transvaal territory to work clear across the country—probably 25 miles—into Swaziland and just how much farther I have not found out clearly. Government has given us one acre on Altona and possibly may be willing to do as much for us on this other farm of theirs, Klipraal, for this new school site.

There are expenses to be met, as each school teachers' salary is \$5.00 per month, besides board, which means a few shillings extra. But, so far, the parents wish to meet these expenses. We shall see.

One very helpful thing is, God used us to get the good-will of a native woman who was the wife of a Scotchman—now dead. She, belonging to another church, used to oppose our work years ago.

Now she has moved on Altona and has a number of grand children to be educated, so is very glad for a school so near.

A great sorrow came to her while we were there and we ministered to her preaching unto her Jesus. Her heart was so softened, she cried unto Him and was helped. Praise God!

Never was I happier nor more blessed than in this trip! God led, kept in health and gave me strength as my day and daily I hold a little praise meeting in my heart for His giving me such a blessed privilege and I cannot tell you how glad I am He caused me to follow Him all the way to Africa. Bless the Lord!

Continue to pray for every department of the work. Prayer is more necessary, even than money and you all know missionaries must have that. Oh, beloved, get to having missionary prayer meetings,

get the heathen upon your hearts, join us daily at His throne for these perishing souls.

Yours in Jesus,
MRS. H. C. SANDERS.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. CHARLES TRUE.

Sister Ellen True was the first to be given the right hand of fellowship to the Fredericton Church after we came here.

Her testimony that night was full of joy because of sins forgiven, and for the experience of heart purity. We had the privilege of visiting her at her home in Lincoln, and although suffering from heart trouble and not able to attend the Church services very often, she still testified of peace in her soul.

She contracted gangrene in her foot from which she suffered intensely. An operation seemed to be the only chance for her. While in the hospital we visited her again, and she said it was alright with her, whether she lived or died she was in her Father's keeping and wanted His will done. But she did not rally from the operation, and passed to her eternal reward June 19th, 1926, at the age of 72 years.

She left to mourn three sons: Clark, with whom she lived; Frank, of St. John, and Brown, of New York; also one daughter, Mrs. George Rideout, residing in Moncton.

The funeral service was conducted by her pastor, Rev. I. F. Kierstead, at her late home. She was buried in the family lot beside that of her late husband. A large number met to pay the last tribute of respect to their old neighbor and friend. We extend to the bereaved family our sincere sympathy, and pray that each may trust their mother's God.

I. M. K.

THAT "BIT OF STEEL"

A ship was wrecked off the Irish Coast. The captain was a careful man, and the weather had not been severe enough to make the vessel veer from its course; nevertheless, the ship went down, and many lives were lost.

So much interest was taken in the wreck that a diving-bell was sunk. Among the portions examined was the compass, and inside the compass-box was found a tiny bit of steel. The day before the wreck, a sailor had been ordered to clean the compass. Using his pocket-knife, he had unconsciously broken off the point of the blade under the edge of the box. That tiny bit of steel had changed the dip of the needle, and the pilot had driven the ship on hidden rocks.

One morning it may be brought to our notice that some seemingly noble life has foundered on the rocks. The whole community stands in amazement. What has been the cause? The tiny bit of steel hidden away somewhere. If there is a "bit of steel"—some secret sin—hidden in your breast take it away before it causes a dip in the needle of life's compass and wrecks your life.—Clipping.