

## CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from last issue)

believers and sweet fellowship with His dear children.

From there we returned just in time to attend the ordination service of Brother Stillman Mullen, at Marysville, and I had a short and busy visit with dear Brother and Sister Kiesstead, leaving Saturday night for Meductic.

Our time was limited, so we spoke three times Sunday, at Brother Briggs' three appointments, crossing the St. John river over the ice four times and having some thrilling adventures, as the ice was very soft and mushy for about six feet or more from the shore. However, the Lord protected and blessed us and we were glad to do it. We had a lovely visit with Brother and Sister Briggs, and her mother and Brother Frazer Dunlop were there for one of those days.

Then Mr. and Mrs. Lester came along and took us down to Woodstock again for another little visit, where she, the dear soul, made two new dresses for me, both of which were gifts. We had another meeting or two, and told of the hardships and miracles of our parents' pioneer life.

On Monday, Dec. 21st, I left for the long promised Christmas holiday with my dear uncle, Charles Kinney, here in Caribou. I have had a lovely Christmas—though the first few days somehow I got the lumpy throat feeling, for this is my first away from home, yet before the 25th He comforted me, and we really had a Merry Christmas, and have had a very pleasant, though not a very restful holiday.

Of course in a short account like this, I cannot go into detail, and tell you of all the lovely homes, and kind entertainment, and thousand sweet blessings and tokens of God's children heard, etc., but I just hope you can read between the lines, and imagine what a wonderful three months it has been. Of course this is not the regular tour of the churches—just a little unofficial visit which the Board saw could be squeezed in. They tell me they are planning next spring and summer to send me around among all the churches, and give me plenty of time to become acquainted with all our people.

They have also told me that the winter season, on account of storms, and cold and bad roads, is not suitable for this work. While I was in Nova Scotia He began to press home upon my heart the fact that He had something better for me than that this time should be spent just visiting around among relatives, as had been suggested, and as I waited upon Him, has made it clear that I should go to Eastern Nazarene College, as a special student for those months. I consulted the different members of the Mission Board, and the ministers as we met, and continued to wait on Him. Svery one seemed to see it the same way, and have given their approval. Three different times, as I asked Him for a special sign, He sent in funds unexpectedly, which total over 150 dollars, and given and sent in such a way that I could not but see His hand in it all.

My thought in this has been what my Father said before my departure from Africa. He told me his vision, which was also mine, that our work needs a Bible Training School for the native workers, and that when I go back we want to start

it, and I feel that the extra training should be a great help in this thing.

So I have applied for entrance this coming semester, Feb. 1st, and have been accepted as a special student.

I am leaving here Monday, and plan to hold services at Fort Fairfield, Perth, Woodstock and Fredericton on my way.

Trusting that your special prayer may continue to uphold His work in that field, where so many open doors now lie before us,

Yours for Africa's unreached millions,  
FAITH SANDERS.

## ABIDE IN CHRIST—AND IN HIS LOVE.

(Continued from Page 3)

the tenderest compassion He bows to our weakness, with patience inconceivable He bears with our slowness, with the gentlest loving kindness He meets our fears and our follies. It is the love of the Father to the Son, beautified, glorified, in its condescension, in its exquisite adaptation to our needs.

And it is an unchangeable love. "Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them to the end." "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee." The promise with which it begins its work in the soul is this: "I shall not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of." And just as our wretchedness was what first drew it to us, so the sin with which it is so often grieved, and which may well cause us to fear and doubt, is but a new motive for it to hold to us all the more. And why? We can give no reason but this: "As the Father hath loved me, so I have loved you."

And now, does not this love suggest the MOTIVE, the MEASURE, and the MEANS of that surrender by which we yield ourselves wholly to abide in Him? This love surely supplies a motive. Only look and see how this love stands and pleads and prays. Gaze, oh, gaze on the Divine form, the eternal glory, the heavenly beauty, the tenderly pleading gentleness of the crucified love, as it stretches out its pierced hands and says, "Oh, wilt thou not abide with me? Wilt thou not come and abide in me?" It points thee up to the eternity of love whence it came to seek thee. It points thee to the cross, and all that it has borne to prove the reality of its affection and to win thee for itself. It reminds thee of all that it has promised to do for thee, if thou wilt but throw thyself unreservedly into its arms. It asks thee whether, so far as thou hast come to dwell with it and taste its blessedness, it hath done well by thee. And with a Divine authority, mingled with such an inexpressible tenderness that one might almost think he heard the tone of reproach in it, it says, "Soul, as the Father hath loved me, so I have loved you: Abide in my love." Surely there can be but one answer to such pleading: Lord Jesus Christ! Here I am. Henceforth Thy love shall be the only home of my soul: In Thy love alone will I abide.

That love is not only the motive, but also the measure of our surrender to abide in it. Love gives all, but asks all. It does so, not because it grudges us aught, but because without this it cannot get possession of us to fill us with itself. In the love of the Father and the Son, it was so.

In the love of Jesus to us, it was so. In our entering into His love to abide there, it must be so too; our surrender to it must have no other measure than its surrender to us. Oh, that we understood how the love that calls us has infinite riches and fulness of joy for us, and that what we give up for its sake will be rewarded a hundredfold in this life! Or rather, would that we understood that it is a LOVE with a height and a depth, and a length, and a breadth that passes knowledge! How all thought of sacrifice or surrender would pass away, and our souls be filled with wonder at the unspeakable privilege of being loved with such a love, of being allowed to come and abide in it for ever.

And it doubt again suggest the question: But is it possible, can I always abide in His love? Listen how that love itself supplies the only means for the abiding in Him; it is faith in that love which will enable us to abide in it. If this love be indeed so Divine, such an intense and burning passion, then surely I can depend on it to keep me and to hold me fast. Then surely all my unworthiness and feebleness can be no hindrance. If this love be indeed so Divine, with infinite power at its command, I surely have a right to trust that it is stronger than my weakness, and that with its almighty arm it will clasp me to its bosom, and suffer me to go out no more. I see how this is the one thing my God requires of me. Treating me as a reasonable being endowed with the wondrous power of willing and choosing. He cannot force all this blessedness upon me, but waits till I give the willing consent of the heart and the token of this consent He has in His great kindness ordered faith to be—that faith by which utter sinfulness casts itself into the arms of love to be saved, and utter weakness to be kept and made strong. Oh, Infinite Love! Love with which the Father loved the Son! Love with which the Son loves us! I can trust thee. I do trust thee. Oh, keep me abiding in Thyself.

Selected from "Abide in Christ," written by REV. ANDREW MURRAY.

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

(Continued from page 6)

follow the Lamb who was led to the slaughter and did not exalt self, or even resist evil. He said, if My kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight. It was "through death that He conquered him who had the power of death, that is the Devil."

Here we do not choose the chief seats of honour for ourselves. But when He will exalt the humble ones, who have overcome on the lines of "following the Lamb," and say, "Come up higher and sit with me in my throne."

Yours, learning of Jesus,

H. C. SANDERS

## A BLIND PREACHER'S PRAYER.

My God, I have never thanked Thee for my thorn. I have thanked Thee a thousand times for my roses, but not once for my thorn. I have been looking forward to a world where I shall get compensation for my cross, but I have never thought of my cross as itself a present glory. Thou, Divine Love, whose human path has been perfected through sufferings, teach me the glory of my cross, teach me the value of my thorn.—George Matheson, D.D.