

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland P. O.,
Paulpietersburg,
Natal, So. Africa,
October 17th, 1928

Dear Friends:

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises."

What a wonderful chapter that one in 2 Pet. 1 is? We had it for our lesson in Bible Class yesterday and it blessed us all.

There is this glorious truth too: He who gives us these promises is able to fulfill them every one.

A very encouraging testimony of one of our lay-workers came to hand recently. Amosi Metula has moved far away in the Ermelo district and has little time for work, but does as he can what he can.

He had been a tobacco smoker and seemed to be so enmeshed in this snare I feared for him.

Some months ago I had a very plain talk over this stumbling block and pointed out to him how it tended to weakness of spiritual life and must be given up.

This time he told me, since that talk, he has not smoked and that he had struggled over it and prayed much to be free. God has answered prayer. Let us praise Him.

There are problems and vexing questions to be solved and answered all the time, but we know God is able; He cannot fail so we teach these people they must obey and then have victory as that is God's will. "Who always maketh us to triumph." More of our church members are learning this truth all the time and are going forward in their experiences.

Oct. 29th.

Yesterday A. M. at six o'clock I went outside and met Paulina coming to see about saddling up to go to Bucu. At once my heart wanted to go. I considered everything carefully and decided I could go, if it be Father's will.

Accordingly by 7 o'clock we were in our saddles and off for the Pongola. The day was ideal. Cloudy by times, gleams of sunshine and a delicious cool breeze.

Each horse seemed to vie with the other, so we paced along pretty lively for three or four miles and then began the rough hilly country so we had to walk after that.

The river looked red and we considered if we could cross or not, as we caught the first view of it two miles or more away down the mountain side.

Loose stones, steep path, so we walked. However, the water was almost at low level and the horses crossed well, but this ford is bad as it is a stony bottom and many of them are large, making it difficult to get good footing.

Ah! If you could see those mountainous hills now you would have a picture! Rugged and bold, partially covered with trees and clothed from peak to foot with a rich summer green.

I had no time-piece with me but think we arrived somewhere near eleven o'clock.

Met George Sangweni who was so sick and had not been able to get to church for five weeks. This was his first Sunday since, and praised God for giving him such a privilege.

Various ones, as they came, greeted me

warmly and were so happily surprised that I had come.

Nomtombo's baby was living and well and she so grateful to God. She gave herself as a seeker when I was there last, before this child was born. She is so earnest and so longs to be free from beer, so we were able to show her how, and encouraged her to dare to take the plunge and trust God.

Another one said: "I am ashamed to confess before the 'Nkosikazi' that I am just staying. I have made no advance, etc."

Another told of her struggle over snuff and had again been overcome by it.

These and others wished prayer.

Some had victorious testimonies and praised God he had delivered them.

Then when we prayed especially for these hungry ones we heard sobs here and there. So earnest, so hungry, but not yet able to trust Him who can make them free. Brethren, pray for them.

It seemed hard to leave them so soon, but we had a good four hours ride before us and wished to get home before dark.

They thanked us for coming and asked us not to forget them.

It was a good day.

We arrived home safe and sound, tired but happy that we could go so far in one day—a good 50 miles, perhaps more.

The various reports of the evangelists, of their travels, preaching to the people and praying with the sick show deepening interest in the work and also in their own experiences. All are happy in their work.

It is planting time, everybody is busy and tired and Felitia always has rheumatism when she uses the hoe.

My heart feels like passing on to you some of the needy places, still left in the world where no light or very little of Jesus has yet come.

Some months ago I read two books on travel in South America. Then I read several accounts of some little missionary work being done there, so I felt deeply for South American Indians.

The great Amazon with its mighty tributaries, opens up the land; yes, but makes difficult travelling there as well.

Its tremendous forests, almost impenetrable forests, its torrid clime and fever ridden districts, but worst of all, the hatred of the European because of the age-old story of conquest by Spain, does not hold out a very inviting field for work, but there are thousands and thousands of Indians heathen, and some are cannibalists.

There have gone to this difficult field brave men and women. Some have laid down their lives, and the others are making a little headway but wide fields are waiting still for reapers.

I should like to quote largely from a recent article in The Christian Alliance, speaking of the great islands of the East and their dire needs. I may later, but vast areas lie untouched in Borneo, The Celebes, Sumatra, New Guinea and many many smaller islands where millions of heathen await the light.

Now you nor I may never go there, but we can pray, thank God for giving us that blessed privilege.

We may never lift a finger to help the terrible famine in China, nor be able to minister to many others in person, but, beloved, there is a closet somewhere, or a little grove or an attic where you and I can go and "tell Jesus"

"Prayer moves the arm that moves the world." Shall we do more of praying?

You have, no doubt, read of the fabulous wealth of South Africa—diamond fields, marvellous new discoveries—where there is the wealth we need to send forth lives that wait for just this money to send and support them.

Shall we not ask Father for some that we may give for these to go who are waiting?

I cannot see where, nor do I know how He can supply this great need, but I can have a part in this service by prayer.

Do you want an inheritance that cannot be touched by "the tooth of time?" Nor perish when this world does? An inheritance that will be found in Heaven? Here it is. "Ask of me and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance."

But some do not want that. It is not to their liking, but we do and we long to be so fitted and worthy that as we ask for this inheritance He may give it.

Oh! What bliss to really meet those we have prayed and worked for while travelling on this earth "As poor but making many rich."

Beloved, get busy asking. There seems to be enough to go around, but there may not be long, for many are going today, and many more will be off next year eager to enter into this inheritance (heathen) they asked God for.

Yours in Jesus,
MRS. H. C. SANDERS

OBITUARY

Mrs. Leonard Wolverton, of Knoxford, passed peacefully away at her home after just a short illness. Truly life is uncertain—how it does stand us in hand to be ready. She leaves to mourn her loss three daughters, two of Knoxford, N. B., and one of New Hampshire; two sons, one of Knoxford and one of New Hampshire. Besides these children there are a host of relatives and friends. She will be much missed in her home and community. May God richly bless and sustain the sorrowing ones. The funeral service was held the 16th of November. A short service was held at the home and continued at the United Baptist Church of Upper Knoxford, the writer officiating. Interment was made near the church.

H. S. MULLEN
Judson T. Watt

Judson T. Watt passed away at his residence at North Head, Grand Manan, on Friday, Nov. 30th, 1928, in the 70th year of his age. He leaves a wife, who was formerly Miss Grace Robinson, of Machiasport, Me., and a sister, Mrs. Alden Leighton, Lubec, Me. Mr. Watt had been in failing health for three years, but it was not until a short time ago that he was compelled to give up. Since then he has been gradually failing. He was a great sufferer but bore it all with much patience and Christian fortitude. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. H. C. Archer and was largely attended.

It is not proved that a man has sinned because he is sick; but if he has sinned and is wrong in his soul we are without warrant to expect prayer answered for his body—unless his scale of values leads him to give first place to the thing of prime importance, the salvation of his immortal soul. James 5:14.