

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Hartland Mis., Sta.

Dear Young People:

Last week I visited one of our few European or white neighbours and listened to messages broadcasted from Durban, three hundred miles away. It was my first experience with "wireless", and I was filled with wonder that it so beautifully illustrates prayer, and communion with God. I noticed our neighbour had some difficulty getting "tuned in" which reminds me of the verse, "The natural man receiveth not the things of God, neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned."

But when a poor sinner, or prodigal, forsakes his way and cries to God for mercy, he soon hears from heaven; for God sets up in his heart a "listening in station", and he hears the Spirit testifying that he has become a child of God. There after he should have continued intercourse with his Father at the Central Broadcasting Station.

One thing Mr. Lens said that impressed me was, should there be four or more of his neighbours, within a ten-mile radius, install a "wireless," like his, then he and they could hear the messages from Durban, Johannesburg and Cape Town much more plainly. This reminded me of the words of Jesus: "If two of you shall agree" in asking anything, God will hear you. And, again, "Where two or three are gathered in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

So we find that there are certain laws in the Kingdom of Grace, whereby we can reach the ear of God, and can have Him speak to us. But we must meet those conditions if we would maintain our wireless connection with Him.

I presume you have learned a lot about the laws governing "wireless" and know that neglecting one little point means failure. So in our prayer life there are many points to be careful on. One of the first is: "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear my prayer." This means anything wrong that we may be unwilling to give up. So first of all we are saved from all sins and wrong doing. The next law is that of keeping our wireless in position. "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye, shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

In the olden days, God worked by other plans. You remember that Moses listened to God for the People. Then he broadcasted the message to them. But a broadcasting station must have much more power than a simple listening-in one. There was a time in the life of Moses when he cried to the Lord for help on this line. So God took of the Spirit that was upon Moses and put that Spirit upon seventy other men, the elders of Israel, and thus made them all helpers of Moses and broadcasting stations, to all the thousands of Israel.

At that time Moses remarked, "Would to God that He would pour out His Spirit upon all His People, and that they all would prophecy," or broadcast. Then a prophet, Joel, foretold of God's new plan for the "last days," where in God would institute His new system of making His servants and His handmaids, wireless stations, not only to "listen in" but with "power from on high" so that they would sound out His messages.

On that wonderful day when God instituted His new system of wireless, the chief spokesman, among the one hundred and twenty said: "This is that which was spoken of by the prophet, Joel, . . . and the promise is to you and to your children. . . and to as many as the Lord our God shall call."

We here, at Hartland, would like a "wireless"

such as Mr. Lens has, but propose to do without because of the cost. But God's wireless is for all His people: "You and your children," even all the young people in every church.

They tell me that these "wireless sets" are a continual expense and very liable to get out of order. God's wireless is installed to "abide," praise His name.

Recently I read a testimony of Hudson Taylor, founder of the China Inland Mission. He said: "For sixty years I have walked with God, without a break." I thank God for such testimonies, and remember that, "the anointing which ye have received of Him, abideth with you." Think of the wonderful work done through Mr. Taylor during his long years of labour in Inland China. Think of the messages God gave him to pass on; of the Divine wisdom in difficulties and God-given deliverances in times of trouble and danger! His God is our God, and we too may prove His keeping power and be, in our sphere, as perfect broadcasting stations as any persons who have thus walked with God.

Yours abiding in Jesus

H.C. SANDERS

THE GATHERING THROG

"Over and over I'll sing this glorious song,
Over and over before the gathering throng."

—Balington Booth

Paulina, one of our native workers, once told me of a dream she had. The time of Christ's coming had arrived, and she was standing looking at a great throng of white and shining ones, which grew as she looked. And they were with one accord all singing a wonderful song; praise and adoration to the Lamb.

At another time she told me that at times she seems to hear wonderful music—the song sung by the throng as they gather there beyond the blue, around the throne of God—music of that song, and harps, and I know not what else beside. Depressed and weary her body would be; sharp discordant sounds grating on frayed nerves, but ever now and again, when she would pause to listen, 'twas there—wonderful music, falling on heart and soul gentle and soft as twilight shadows fall at eventide. And the burden of that song was a joy and rapture beyond the power of words to tell; in her heart and soul for perhaps the live-long day.

She asked me if I had ever heard it, and I said I never had. At times there has swept over my soul showers of blessing from above, and my heart has melted with God's love. Some times I have walked over these African hills, and have felt the same adoration and bliss that they know in the gathering throng, and all discord has ceased, and I walk this earth as if it were a paradise. Oh, the peace and joy of God, when heart and soul and spirit are borne away to the heavenlies on billows of transcendent glory!

From all tongues and kindreds and nations they come—the holy bloodshed ones, whom the world knew not, of whom the world was not worthy—to join the gathering throng. Ever and again we hear of some dear soul who has gone to be with Christ. Some mother or mayhap grandmother—Jesus calls them, and they are gone, leaving the vacant chair, and heart filled with a strange emptiness. What dear memories they leave! Seated in the old arm-chair, in the afternoon sunlight, a smiling old lady, hair white with many summers, a Bible open in her lap, and on her features the light that comes from before the gathering throng—from the throne of God. Just one more weary heart laid to rest, just

one more dear soul that has heard the Saviour's call: "Come home."

"No more shall beat the flood of years
Across these forms so frail and worn;
No more shall roll the sea of tears
Across these hearts by anguish torn."
"Beyond the Blue."

—Frank H. Mashaw

Many there be that were taken to join the gathering throng when they were but in the fair bloom of childhood. Their smile had lightened the whole day. But the Saviour knew what was best. Through gathering tears one feels constrained to say, "Too rude the winds that blow for aught so fair." Ah! He shall lead His sheep in green pastures, where flow still waters; and He shall gather the little lambs into His bosom. And in the sorrow and woe, that causes all around to droop and darken, ones' sight is drawn upward, and one's ears are constrained to listen, to the glories of the gathering throng, and to the new, new song they are singing there. So the things that are not cares of the life that now is, drap away, and seen grow closer, and the insistent noises and begin to seem what they are—things that do not much matter; for beneath it slita edtn not much matter; for beneath it all is the music and the vision of that gathering, growing throng of those who have been faithful in life and in death, and who, pleading nought but the blood of Christ, that cleanseth from all sin, have passed into that ineffable harmony, that rolls and swells as the noise of many waters, low and soft as the breeze of a summer twilight, yet deep and strong as thunder of the storm; have passed into that unspeakable and perfect glory that glows and gleams and glistens on that great multitude—have passed into the joy of the Lord, into the presence of the King.

Some have gone to join that throng whom we counted as hardest to be spared. Just as life was open before them for usefulness and blessing and talent for others, they were called away. 'Mid the problems, duties and perplexities of life, it seemed but a sigh, an upward look, a glory o'er the whole countenance—and they are gone! Just a pause in the thronging duties, just for a moment the pen is dropped, just one heave of a heart too full from one golden gleam of the glory over there, just beyond the veil, and the noble soul has gone. So much still left undone, so many to mourn their loss, but the fullness of time had come. The work is the Lord's, and He is master of the vineyard. More and more are gathered to swell the growing throng, and Heaven's light grows clearer and yet more clear, as we, with open face, gaze as in a glass on the glory of the Lord, and are changed from glory unto glory. More and more the song they are singing there steals over one, and the soul, with cramped pinions beats its prison bars, yearning to depart and be with Christ, which is far better.

JUDSON SANDERS

JOYFUL DEATHBEDS

"Have you long been a Christian?" I once asked a doctor. "No, I was an unbeliever until a few years ago." "What made you become a Christian?" "Seeing many deathbeds," he replied. "It so happened that the duty of telling patients that their case was hopeless, and that their days were numbered, very frequently devolved on me, and I observed that while some feared and others were brave and died game, the Christians were filled with joy as though I had told them some piece of rare good news. Assured that the faith that could do that must be the true one, I became a Christian."—C. T. Studd in Good Tidings.

When we see God we are revealed to ourselves.
—Heart and Life.