

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from Page 3)

How our hearts bleed when we think of this inevitable hour, and the final farewells of loved ones. Truly the "love of Christ" constrains us to devoted service in winning prodigals from the paths of sin. Yes, that love of Christ who sweat drops of blood in Gethsemane, wore the crown of thorns, and poured out His life on the cruel cross, that "whosoever" will, may not "perish but have everlasting life."

Yours and His,

H. C. SANDERS.

North Head, Grand Manan,
January, 23, 1931.

Dear Children,

They "failed to meet the physical requirements of the American immigration law." This is the way it reads in a St. John daily newspaper of the 17th. instant, and refers to a company of seventy people passing through that port, on their way back to their homes, in Europe. One wonders how they feel about the failure to be received into the country of their choice.

This incident reminds me of an old woman I met at Beulah Ground some years ago. Her testimony in the tabernacle, stated that she had died and gone to heaven. But when she reached the City of God, she noticed written above the gate, "Without holiness no person shall enter here." Then Jesus came, greeted her kindly and permitted her to look inside. The glory of what she saw was beyond the power of language to express. Just then a company of people arrived seeking admittance at the same gate. These, however, like the seventy we just spoke of, "failed to meet the requirements" to enter that place of ineffable bliss. They were so disappointed that they wept and cried out in agony of soul, as they were led away and cast into outer darkness; while she stood listening to their cries of hopeless distress.

Then she decided to make a sacrifice for the sake of deceived church members. She asked the Saviour's permission to return to earth and warn people that "without holiness no man shall enter heaven." Fifteen years, she said, Jesus promised her, saying, "after that time you shall return and enter in through this gate." Her mission was to the churches irrespective of denomination. So, children, the lesson for us all is, that we take no chances but make our "calling and election sure" without delay, and avoid the greatest disappointment that a human being can know.

Your friend,

H. C. SANDERS.

A HAPPY MISSIONARY

God does choose for us where we are to go and what we are to do; and if you have been obedient to Him you will be happy in spite of the hardship and you will experience peace and blessing because you realize that in the perfecting of God's plans it is essential that you be where you are and be doing the work that you are sure He would have you do. The very difficulties about you under such circumstances, like the stones in Jacob's ladder, become rungs upon which you climb up into heavenly places.

A woman wrote me a short while ago and said, "Tell me the story of Happy Hallock; I want it for my Sunday School class." She had heard me give it in an address and wanted

her memory refreshed. And this is what I told her:

Among my seminary mates was a young fellow by the name of Hallock. He was keen witted, had an intellect of no mean calibre and was one of the most earnest Christians in the whole institution. He was such a good natured chap and apparently so light-hearted that we always called him "Happy Hallock," and "Happy" for short. Graduation came, and Happy chose the foreign field. A little later he wrote the Board that he believed God would have him support himself and his allowance could go to others. This he did by publishing an almanac. He gave the proceeds of its sale to the work, and cared for himself through the advertising he could get for it. I went over to China recently and found him in Shanghai. He took me down through the squalid parts of the city and showed me his charges. All the Chinese children seemed to know him and the mothers would smile as they saw him come. We climbed the rear stairway of a church building and went into his rooms—notice, I say rooms!—he had two—one for his study and a small place to sleep. There was no carpet on the floor and I could tell that no woman's hands had ever busied themselves with the appearance of the place. I had seen his work and the place he stayed—for you could not call it a home. On the desk were some ponderous volumes—for he has put the Church under everlasting obligation to him by reason of his monumental labors in bringing forth a concordance of the Bible in the Chinese language.

I think I must have forgotten myself for a moment; for as I thought of this friend of mine; this man with a university degree, and contrasted him with others whom I knew in this land, I must have shown in my face that I was disposed to pity him a bit, for, with a shining face, he said, "I would rather preach the Gospel here than anywhere else in the world, because I believe HE wishes it."

The day came when my ship was to sail to carry me back to home and friends and comfort. It was in the evening toward dusk. Many people were crowding the dock to wave their friends "good-bye." Happy had come clear out to the end of the dock and stood alone against the crowd, the darkening skies and the silhouetted buildings in the distance.

The boat was starting away when Happy's voice rose clear above the hum of all the rest of the general confusion of the dock, "Rah! Rah! Rah! Tiger! Tiger! Tiger! Siss-Boom-Ah! Biederwolf!"

It was the old college yell and Happy's heart was as young and buoyant as ever. I returned the salute, and every moment the boat was widening the distance between us, and my eyes filled with tears as I saw his form fade away in the distant darkness. He went back to his labor of love among the Chinese in their squalid homes, and I came back to America. But I said then, and I have said a thousand times since, every time I think of "Happy Hallock," there are heroes still in the world, and then I ask God once more to give me such a measure of His Spirit as would cause me to choose rather to live and work in the midst of hardship with Him, than to live in ease and occupy a place without Him.—Selected.

"That land is henceforth my country which most needs the Gospel."—Count Zinzendorf.

A DIARY

A Bible kept a Diary once from January 15 until September 13, and its experiences may be the same that have come to your Bible or mine.

The Diary reads as follows

Jan. 15—Been resting quietly for a week. The first few nights after the first of this year my owner read me regularly, but he has forgotten me, I guess.

Feb. 2—Cleaned up. I was dusted with other things, and put back in my place.

Feb. 8—Owner used me for a short time after dinner, looking up a few references. Went to Sunday school.

March 7—Cleaned up, dusted and in my old place again. Have been down in the lower hall since my trip to Sunday school.

April 2—Busy day; owner led League meeting, and had to look up references. He had an awful time finding one, though it was right there in its place all the time.

May 5—In Grandma's lap all afternoon. She is here on a visit. She let a teardrop fall on Col. 2:5-7.

May 6—In Grandma's lap again this afternoon. She spent most of her time on I. Cor. 13 and the last four verses of the fifteenth chapter.

May 7, 8, 9—In Grandma's lap every afternoon now. It's a comfortable spot. Sometimes she reads me, and sometimes she talks to me.

May 10—Grandma gone. Back in my old place. She kissed me good-by.

June 3—Had a couple of four-leafed clovers stuck in me today.

July 1—Packed in a trunk with clothes and other things. Off on a vacation, I guess.

July 7—Still in the trunk.

July 10—Still in the trunk, though nearly everything else has been taken out.

July 15—Home again, and in my old place. Quite a journey, though I do not see why I went.

August 1—Rather stuffy and hot. Have two magazines, a novel, and an old hat on top of me. Wish they would take them off.

September 5—Cleaned up. Dusted and set right again.

September 10—Used by Mary a few moments today. She was writing a letter to a friend whose brother had died, and wanted an appropriate verse.

September 30—Cleaned up again.

P. S.—And God only knows what next. Now, read your Bibles. Look up Job, chapter 23: 10, 11, 12.

God, the more communicated, more abundant grows.—Milton.

"He that negotiates between God and man as God's ambassador, the grand concerns of judgment of mercy, should beware of lightness in his speech."—Cowper.

True Methodist.

"The world's needs is both the cause and the cure of its greed."—Free Methodist.

"Success is a child of two very plain parents, punctuality and accuracy."—Dr. Marden.

We account the Scriptures of God to be the most sublime philosophy. I find more sure marks of authenticity in the Bible than in any profane history whatever.—Newton.

Herald of Holiness