

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Hartland M. S.,  
Paulpietersburg,  
Natal, So. Afr.  
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Dear Friends:

I want to thank the Lord for His choice for me. You were doubtless expecting me to come home on furlough with Father and Mother and the rest of them, and I myself was looking forward to it, and counting on the opportunities and privileges which this would give, but about a month before their sailing God showed me very plainly that I was not to go, but He chose for me to stay. Though I know not what He saw in me, I am very glad that He has been able to use me for His glory. For the last two years I can say, I have not once wanted for His strength and guidance. I want to thank Him for unbroken victory in my soul; He is teaching me and leading me out into a place of greater blessing and usefulness. He promised me that I should see our work in all its branches, and see souls saved, and He has granted that. The Lord is my constant companion and during these two loneliest years of my life I have known very few lonely hours.

The revival meetings which have continued on the Mission Station for a month, have during this week been held at my much neglected outpost (being Dan's interpreter I had to go with him on all his outpost trips, which left this work at the tender mercies of an untrained and unsuitable Bible woman who was on trial and having proven untrue we have recently had to dismiss).

At the week's service the Lord has given much blessing. The native workers and Christians from other outposts have come in good numbers and shown an earnest and helpful spirit, my own people have turned out and attended well, at least two backsliders have been restored, three women delivered from beer, three others from snuff, some receiving witness to sins forgiven, some not having come out clear are still seeking. There have been a good number of heathen to these meetings and the greater majority knelt at the altar and made a little start toward seeking God. Many needy souls have been blessed and strengthened. In two of these services I had the pleasure of having my sister with me and we were blessed together. Samuel is able to ride on horseback now, and in spite of the loss of his foot is a great help and blessing to the work. He has been appointed as the evangelist for this section and given as helper Andalia Mtetwa, an earnest young man who has recently been appointed as on trial as a native worker. He has a great burden for the young men, and his messages are very helpful. The people are quite happy at having been placed under the care of a regular evangelist and I feel quite safe now in leaving my outpost, as Samuel is a power for God, and seems to be getting better all the time.

Meetings have been announced for two neighboring outposts during the coming week, which I hope my people will attend. Our plan is to have a regular campaign which will go on all winter and reach all the outposts, and we are looking forward to a great time of revival and blessing in which many precious souls will be saved.

We are surrounded on every hand by the awful powers of heathen darkness, evidences of demon possession are seen in almost every meeting, though God has crippled them since

our first two meetings and they have not been able to break up a meeting or spoil an altar service. Many poor victims are asking to be prayed for for deliverance, and many are coming through. We very earnestly request the prayers of all those who want to be helpers with us in pushing the battle for souls.

Trusting Him for still greater victories,  
Yours happy in His will,

GEORGE SANDERS

## PRAYING DICK

Some of the railroad men declared it was only a fortunate accident; but others, even some of the wickedest, always insisted it was a providence. As for Praying Dick, he would only say, "That's the way it was," and never tried to explain it.

Dick Cameron, known to the other railroad men on the Missouri division of the A., T. & S. F. Railroad as Praying Dick, was day operator at——. In fact he was the only operator at—— and also agent. He went on duty at 6 o'clock in the morning, and worked till half past seven in the evening, selling tickets, handling freight, baggage, and express, and doing all the telegraphing.

—— was a very sorry sort of a place; a little rain-splashed, sunburned town of fewer than two hundred people. It was situated near the bank of a torpid, dirty little river, and most of its inhabitants were of that class contemptuously referred to as "river rats." There was not a church in town and only one Sunday school, which met Sunday afternoons, as that was the only time Cameron, the superintendent, could leave the depot.

It was his interest in this Sunday School, together with the constant appearance near his telegraph keys of a well-worn Bible, from which he sometimes sent messages over the wires when business was slack, that gave him his nickname.

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The dispatchers sat at their keys in the railroad building at Mayfield, headquarters for the Missouri division. It was a pleasant May night. And a vagrant breeze wandered in through some open window and stirred the sheets on the dispatchers' tables. One of the dispatchers relaxed for a moment, and yawned. Everything was running smoothly. The limited was on time, and there was no congestion anywhere along the line.

His companion, the dispatcher handling the east end, and on whose line was now the fast California Limited, checked that train out of M——, looked at his watch—it was exactly 2 o'clock—and turned to speak to Griffin, the night chief, who had just come up and stood leaning on the railing behind him.

Instantly the dispatcher whirled and caught the key. Quickly and sharply he asked a question of the night man at W——, and grew deathly pale as the answer came back haltingly. With nervous haste he ordered W—— off the line and called M——, the next station below——.

"Is the limited out of the yard?" The answer fairly cracked along the wires.

"Yes," came the answer.

"Goodness! Griffith"—the dispatcher turned a ghastly face to the night chief—"there's going to be a wreck. Fool at W—— forgot orders. Limited and fast freight headed straight for each other. Get out the wrecking crew, and take every doctor in town."

The terrible news ran through the railroad building like a shudder; and the first thought in every man's mind was of the suffering and death in store for the passengers who were sleeping

securely, and of their fellow trainmen hurrying on those two monsters to their own death.

Every man about the building who could leave his post ran up to the dispatchers' rooms. Among them was the superintendent, who had just come in on a train, and stopped at his office to leave some orders.

The dispatcher was still trying desperately to find some way to stop one of the trains. The superintendent and others, most of whom were old operators themselves, stood with drawn faces, silently reading off the wire the messages that went and came.

"For heaven's sake, man," the dispatcher was saying to the operator at M——, "can't you reach —— some way? Can't you do something?"

"Nothing," came the reply. "Station there closes at 7:30; no night telephone service; no time if there was."

The dispatcher leaned back, and breathed heavily. He took out his watch, and most of the men did likewise.

"They will meet"—he stopped as if choking for an instant—"in six or seven minutes. It will be about a mile beyond ——, on that crooked stretch of road. Nothing on earth can save them."

No one spoke, but each man watched the second hand of his watch as it crept around and around. Outside in the yards the shrill whistle of the wrecking train blew again and again, calling the crew to duty; the trainmaster was busy at the telephone calling doctors; along the platform and in the yards men raced in preparation for the rescue train.

But inside the men stood silent, paralyzed by the horror of it, watching the seconds tick away.

One minute, two, three, four—

The dispatcher could stand the silence no longer. He caught the key, and began to abuse the operator at W——.

Then some one down the line broke in. The dispatcher ceased, and stared at the key as if he saw a ghost. And every man of the scared, anxious group leaned forward in amazement.

"The Lord is merciful and gracious," the message came slowly and evenly, "slow to anger and plenteous in mercy; He hath not dealt with us after our sins——"

He grabbed the key, and called frantically, "CG, CG, CG."

"As a father pitieth his children——"

"CG," desperately repeated the dispatcher, and then Cameron answered his call.

"Goodness!" exclaimed the dispatcher. "That is praying Dick."

"Red light quick—stop train," said the dispatcher.

"All O. K.," came the slow, even reply. "Freight now on siding."

Several of the men turned away, not daring to look into one another's eyes.

The relief was too great; the dispatcher's hand trembled so that he could not hold the key. The night chief stepped in, and took hold of the instrument.

"How long have you been there?" he asked of Cameron.

"About five minutes," answered Dick.

"How did you happen to be up this time of night?"

"Don't know."

"What waked you?"

"Don't know. Just waked up, and came to the depot. Heard the dispatcher talking to M——. Got out and flagged freight."

That was all the explanation he ever gave, or ever could give.