

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

South Africa,
August 15, 1937

Dear Children:

Greetings in Jesus' name to all the little "Highway" family.

My heart was touched last week when I found a Money Order for one dollar and seventy-eight cents in Mother's letter to me. A little note explained that it was from two little Northport boys. She had a little talk with them, at bed time (per their earnest request) while visiting their parents. I guess Mother must have told them something about the Mission work here, and that they have been saving their "pennies" ever since. They had a bright idea too. This money is for prizes—7 Zulu Testaments for natives (preferably heathen). How happy and encouraged I felt over this lovely surprise.

The boys' names are Kenneth and Ross Allen, four and six years old. Though outsiders (not belonging to our Denomination) yet they are two of our little brothers in Jesus, with the same interests at heart God bless them!

Today we had forty-eight to Sunday School and two visitors. Two fine native Christian school teachers (girls) divided the girls between them. I took the 22 boys. My third teacher (N. M. A. educated native man) was away. It was such a pleasure to teach those boys the Bible truths and stories. Some of you gave me some "Primary Bible Lessons" leaflets. These we have been giving out every fourth Sunday for perfect attendance prizes. We paste two together—back to back, making nice pictures to hang in their homes. The cards we give one to each every Sunday. They do appreciate the pretty pictures.

The natives' huts have no windows and just one very low doorway, so they are quite dark inside. But think how dark they must be spiritually with no Bible, no knowledge of God and His great love; no family altar; no prayers as the mothers put the children to bed on the grass mats; no blessing asked over the meals. Just awful darkness made hideous with heathen practices and superstitions. There are two little boys being brought up in a home that is like this sad picture. One is about five and the other, one and a half years old. The youngest was brought here yesterday for treatment. His mother, in answer to my questions, told me the following: She wanted to be a Christian when a girl, but her father was not willing. Later on she married a heathen man. He is very hard hearted. Will not let his wife go to church. Wants to have nothing to do with Christianity. A native preacher came to his home twice and had a meeting each time. The third time the man asked him what he was after. Was he looking for sick people or what. The preacher told him he wanted them to believe on Jesus and get saved. The heathen answered that he would beat him with a stick if he ever returned to hold meetings again in his home! Unless he changes, those two poor little heathen boys will probably never be allowed either to enter a church door or go to school. Let us pray for this family of natives. There is nothing too hard for Jesus. I believe He is working toward their salvation now. The parents are coming to us for medicine for the baby. Pray that God will put the right words in our mouths, "Is not my Word like a fire? saith the Lord: and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?" (Jer. 23:29).

August 23

There were three new ones to Sunday school yesterday. I told them about the little Allen boys' gift (which was sent especially for heathen children) and said they would be given to those who can quote the most scripture, answer most of the questions on the lessons studied during the year. I feel sure this is quite an inspiration and incentive to the children to study and memorize the Scriptures.

What these little Allen boys have done, others could do and have a blessing like unto the one they surely have experienced—for "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Yours in Jesus,

GRACE M. SANDERS

SELF

The following by an unknown writer on self is worthy of perusal and consideration. May it prove a blessing to the reader.

The last enemy destroyed in the believer is self. It dies hard. It will make any concessions if allowed to live. Self will permit the believer to do anything, give anything, sacrifice anything, suffer anything, be anything, go anywhere, take any liberties, bear any crosses, afflict soul and body to any degree—anything if it can only live. It will allow victory over pride, penuriousness and passion, if not destroyed itself. It will permit any number of rivals so long as it can be promised the first place. It will consent to live in a hovel, in a garret, in the slums, in far away heathendom, if only its life can be spared.

It will endure any garb, any fare, any menial service rather than die. But this concession must not be granted. Self is too great a foe to the child of God. It is the fly that spoils the ointment, the little fox that spoils the vine. It provokes God and man and its own possessor. It drives to insomnia, invalidism and insanity. It produces disorder and derangement in the whole physical, mental and spiritual constitution. It talks back, excuses and vindicates itself, and never apologizes. It must die.

Dying to self is a poetic expression. It sounds romantic, heroic, chivalrous, supernatural, saint-like. It is beautiful to read about, easy to talk about, fascinating to write about, refreshing to dream about. But it is hard to do. There's the rub. But it must be done (Rom. 12:1-2). There is no abiding peace, power or prosperity without it.

We must die to good deeds and to bad deeds, to success and to failure, to superiority and to inferiority, to leading and to following, to exaltation and to humiliation, to our life work, to our friends, to our foes, to every manifestation of self and to self itself. Jesus said, "The hour is come that the Son of man should be glorified."

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." "He that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake (himself) shall find it." "He that will come after me, let him deny himself."

Christ could not be glorified till after death. Nor can He be glorified in His people till self dies. In close connection with this passage Jesus says, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." Self lifted up repels. Lifted up with Christ on the cross it draws. Happy those who can say with Paul from a real experience:

"I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I

live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me," (Gal. 2:20).

"Higher than the highest heaven,

Deeper than the deepest sea,

Lord thy love at last has conquered,

None of self and all of Thee."

—Selected.

OH, FOR THE BAPTISM! FIRE!

"Suppose we saw an army sitting down before a granite fortress, and they told us that they intended to batter it down. We might ask them how? They point us to a cannon ball. Well, but there is no power in that! It is heavy, but not more than a hundred weight or half a hundred weight. If all the men in the army were to throw it, that would make no impression. They say, "No, but look at the cannon." Well, there is no power in that; it sits there a mass of inert metal. They say, "But look at the powder." Well, but there is no power in that; a child may spill it, a sparrow may pick it up. Yet this powerless powder and this powerless ball, are put into this powerless cannon; one spark of fire enters it, and then, in the twinkling of an eye, that powder is a flash of lightning, and that cannon-ball is a thunderbolt which smites as if it had been sent from heaven. So it is with our church machinery of the present day. We have our instruments for pulling down the strongholds, but, oh for the baptism of fire!"

—Rev. William Arthur.

GREW OUT OF A TESTAMENT

About the year 1812 two English artillery officers, journeying through the Province of Quebec, overtaken by darkness, sought shelter in the home of a French-Canadian. Next morning they wished to make their host a present, but he firmly declined to accept any. One of the officers, as a little token of gratitude, left behind him a small Testament. The wife, a Roman Catholic, finding her husband interested, sought the priest's advice, and was told it would not be a bad thing if the Book were lost. It disappeared later. The elder son asking his mother before leaving home what had been done with the Book, searched the loft, found it and took it away with him. In his new home, after much time spent in reading it he found out the difference between Papal and Protestant teaching. Later he and his family were received into the Church of England.

Sequel: Three sons grew up. One is rector of an important church in Winnipeg, another is a minister to the French-speaking Canadians in his native province, Quebec; the third is an agent of the C. C. C. S. among the fishermen and farmers of Nova Scotia.

The daughters married clergymen, and three sons of the next generation are to enter the ministry.

The Sabrevoir Mission and schools in the Province of Quebec for the evangelization and training of young French Canadians are the direct outcome of this conversion.

—The King's Business.

Given a man full of faith, you will have a man tenacious in purpose, absorbed in one grand object; simple in his motives, in whom selfishness has been driven out by the power of a mightier love, and indolence stirred into unwearied energy.—Alexander McLaren.