

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGE

"Let no man despise thy youth"—I. Timothy 4-12

Editor: REV. B. COCHRANE, Marysville, N. B.

Hartland M. S.,
July 1, 1940

Dear Friends:

On the 22nd of June, a party of three of us, two of our spiritual native workers and I, went on bicycles to our Grootspuit outpost, where Alfred Metula is our native pastor. The distance is about 31 miles. The day was cool, and God kept the rain off so that it did not hinder us. The providence of God seemed to be very marked: we even had a lift, bicycles and all, on a large truck, which took us up a steep hill and enabled us to arrive at our destination about an hour earlier than would have been possible otherwise.

The service had been well announced so that we found the people waiting for us and soon we were in the work of questioning candidates for baptism. All but one of the seven gave a clear testimony to sins forgiven and one was sanctified as well. I sent the people on ahead to our baptismal pool, which was the Bazangoma river, while I prepared myself with other clothing to officiate. It was very cold in the water, but God gave us such a blessed service that we did not mind this. After our return we had a brief service and closed the afternoon meeting.

The evening service began about eight o'clock and did not close till about four o'clock the following morning. I just wish you could have been to this service to hear the wonderful testimonies the Christians gave; testimonies of victory, definite and clear. I admit that our service was rather lengthy, and between the cold spells endured when the fire burned low, and the smoke that filled our eyes and bothered our throats when they did make the fire burn with more life: we had these physical inconveniences to endure but it was worth it. How much the sinners will endure for a show or a dance and why should we not be glad to suffer a little for the joys of salvation. Alfred is a man of God who had the Holy Ghost experience, and he knows his Bible; and a good number of his flock are like him. I was refreshed as these followers of Christ gave definite witness to the saving grace of God and to His sanctifying power that was operating in their lives. Naturally it followed that sinners got hungry and the altar service was well attended with earnest seekers who did not need any coaxing. There were a few Shangane people to the service and they testified too. One of these was a seeker for pardon at the altar and he became so desperate over his lost condition that he repeatedly said that he did not want satan, but he wanted Jesus. Finally he said that he would stab satan with a needle. In the afternoon service of the next day this Shangane man got victory and his face showed the joy of sins forgiven.

To hear these Shangane people speak, sounded similar to hearing some of our missionaries shortly after they begin to speak the Zulu language. And it seemed so funny to hear black people of this land having difficulty to speak the Zulu language.

I was entertained in Alfred's home and could have had more rest but you know when people begin to talk of the kingdom of God,

it is not easy to stop while the fire burns in their souls. I had only about twenty minutes sleep as a result. The Lord's day service began about eleven and closed a little more than three hours later. Four of the six candidates for baptism were received into church membership. Also there were eight children dedicated to the Lord. I usually think of my father when we have this dedication service: he used to have such blessing in performing it.

Again this Saturday night, with the same two male workers, I enjoyed a similar watch-night service at our outpost where Kelina is the pastoress. This is a nearby place about two and a half miles. Kelina and Andrew, her husband, were present. This is a hard section, and the devil had his plans made, but God triumphed gloriously. When the service was at its hottest and the saints were weeping for sinners and joying with great joy in Christ for His greatness and love, at this stage a demoniac rose and fled, extinguishing our small lamp as she passed and made her exit into the night. She left us in darkness, but soon the lamp was re-lit and the best of all the light of God was unaffected by her wild actions. The demoniac was captured by her husband and his brothers, about a mile distant. Near the close of this service there were about a dozen children, and one sad widow, who gave themselves to seek God as prospective members of our church. Two of the children belonged to the widow mentioned, and their action proceeded and seemed to have quite a weight in causing the poor mother to give her efforts to seek Christ. O, the loving compassionate Christ! How willing He is to seek and save the poor lost sheep. Let us continue to help in seeking the lost while we have the chance, ". . . for the night cometh when no man can work."

Yours happy in Jesus,
CHARLES D. SANDERS

Hartland M. S.,
June 23, 1940

Dear Young People:

Looking over a few snaps this morning, I came to three taken while visiting at Stegi, Swaziland, in April this year. One of the Dispensary, and the other two of a sick native man who was being moved, on a stretcher, from his sleeping hut to an ambulance. The whole scene came again vividly before my mind's eye, and I feel I must tell you about it.

The Missionary Nurse was called to see a very sick man who lived about a mile away in the native reserve. I accompanied her. It was a pleasant walk. At the last we had to wind our way through corn-patches, and through yards, and around several kraals, till we came to his hut. We found him very sick indeed. Hardly able to speak from pain. He looked thin and about ready to die. The nurse decided it was a case for the hospital, so telephoned the doctor. He had the ambulance sent out the next morning. I knew this was very likely my last chance to ever see this man. As we were about to have prayers with him, I felt constrained to urge Him to seek the Lord. I found he occasionally attended church but was unsaved. When I asked

him if he wanted salvation he hungrily answered, "Yes." The nurse felt I should not talk much with him, he was so ill, but I felt—if he can talk to me he can talk to God. So in a few words explained how to get saved, and told him that I would pray for him first, then he, if he really wanted to get saved, should pray to God himself. As soon as my prayer was ended he quickly began praying in a very earnest tone—made a good, quite long prayer. In it he gave himself to God and asked God to remove the evil of his ways. I think he, as best he knew, was confessing his sins and seeking God. I could not tell if he really got through or not. We helped him off the next morning and on my way home, three weeks later, I heard he died in hospital, having never spoken a word, nor was he able to, he was in so much pain all of the time, and his senses seemed dulled with pain. How glad I am I obeyed the Spirit and urged him to seek God. I trust he did find God, if not at that time, then later during those few weeks of suffering. Had I not—how could I face him at the Judgment? Oh, how careful we should be to obey the Spirit. To speak a word for Jesus to "the weary in the way," when He tells us to. So often we allow the "cares of this life" to crowd out the time to speak these "words," to some who came here for one thing or another.

I do thank you, dear young people, for the much appreciated support financially and prayerfully which you have so faithfully given me these three years. They have been blessed years to my soul. I have had the joy of leading a number to find Jesus. Often "reaping where another had sown." But I always think of the way the spoil was divided in the olden days—those that "stayed by the stuff" shared alike with those who had gone to battle and come back victorious, loaded with spoil. So there will surely be many "sheaves" put to your credit.

We don't know what the future holds—but we are not fearing but trusting God. We are believing Him for great things—so let us "ask largely" of Him that we may abundantly receive of Him.

Yours for souls,
GRACE M. SANDERS

Hartland M. S.,
June 2, 1940

Dear Children:

How are you? I am still well. There are two girls here, working for us who are very bad heathen. They believe that any one who dies is killed by the "Batakati" (witches).

I often deal with them but they do not want to give themselves to the Lord for fear they will backslide.

The little brother of one of these girls is named "Mnukeni" (smell him out). He is working for Uncle Charlie. He was very hard to win, but he did choose the Lord. When I talked with him he would get something to fiddle with so he would not hear me. There was a boy of about 16 who was saved while Miss Moe was here. He helped me to get him interested. One of his excuses was that he must get permission from his father. I found