

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Highway Friends: Altona M. S.

It is a nice cool day. Eugene has gone to take the teacher to Hartland. School opened two weeks ago in the Transvaal, but in Natal, it is beginning today. It is such a blessing to have five of our own church girls who are able to teach the smaller schools at the different outposts.

Yesterday, just as I was closing my Sunday school, someone came saying that I was needed. So as soon as possible I went out to find our worker, Trifina, and a very sad looking boy. You will remember about the girl who fell over the cliff by the Mozaan River and was taken to the Piet Retief Hospital. I wrote about her in my last letter.

On Saturday the father of the girl sent Chief Sibiya to the hospital and they found the girl dying. They put her into the car but she didn't live to get home—she died on the way. Yesterday the brother had come to tell us about it and to tell us also that they had no coffin and not even a sheet to wrap her in, so the parents were asking for a sheet. Harold said at once, "But, Mother, you can't spare a sheet," but I could and I did, for who could refuse such a request!

I was not able to learn if the girl had died trusting in Jesus but I hope that she did. She was one of our seekers from Kipinyawo and was in Trifina Msibi's class. Trifina feels very sad about it. She was called and also Daniel Sukazi, to have charge of the service.

Eugene, Harold and Johanesi had just left for Predentia when the messenger came to tell us about the funeral. They had a large crowd present and a good service. It's not far from Altona so many of my congregation went there too and I had only about twenty-five present at the Altona service. We had a good service after which Losaya had a class for the girls. Losaya is a faithful worker and a real blessing to me.

I fear the corn crop will not be very good and as corn is the chief food of the natives, it may be very hard for them. The corn borer destroyed practically all the early corn and we are not yet having green corn from that which was planted later. A bag of corn is now just about three times as expensive as when we first came here. It will likely be much higher in price next spring. It may mean famine for many natives.

We have very much to thank the dear Lord for. He does supply the needs and blesses our souls as we work for Him. We have had very little Christmas mail as yet. It is very slow in coming and we have recently had letters sent from Canada, even in August. But we are trusting the Lord to bring it safely to us, if it is His will, and I want to thank all who so kindly remembered us at that season. A word from friends, when one is in a far land, is even more welcome than when one is not so far from their loved ones and friends.

Yours in His love,

GLADYS KIERSTEAD

TAKE YOUR COMPANY TO CHURCH

George Washington's pastor said of him: "No company ever kept him away from church. I have often been at Mt. Vernon on the Sabbath morning when his breakfast table was filled with guests. Instead of staying at home out of fancied courtesy to them, he used constantly to invite them to accompany him."—Selected.

BIBLE HOLINESS—AN EXPERIENCE

By the late Thos. Cook of England

My conversion was so clear and satisfactory that I could never doubt its reality. Need I say it was an eventful day in my history when I first realized God's pardoning mercy, and received the assurance of His favor? The beginnings of this life of loyalty and love I shall never forget. It seems but yesterday, though many years have passed since the love of God was shed abroad in my heart, and I was reconciled to God, who loved me, even me. It was a change as from death unto life. A new fountain of joys was at once opened in my heart, so exceedingly precious and sweet as to utterly extinguish all desire for that which I had called pleasure before. All my fears of death, judgment, and hell were fully swept away, and I could do nothing but praise God continually. My tastes, desires, and impulses were all changed; "all things became new." I was truly a new creature, and seemed to be in a new world.

With such experiences is it any wonder I imagined the work of moral renovation was perfected, that sin was not only forgiven, but fully expelled from my soul? But soon I discovered my mistake. My highly-wrought emotions subsided, and petty annoyances of life chafed, the temptations of the devil assailed; and then I found out, as pride, envy, unbelief, self-will, and other forms of heart-sin stirred within me, that much needed to be done before I could be "meet for the inheritance of the saints in light." The "old man" was bound, but not cast out; the disease was modified but not eradicated; sin was suspended, but not fully destroyed. True, sin was stunned and deadened, and held in check by grace; its power was broken, but its pollution continued. It did not reign, but it existed, making its presence felt on a constant "bent to sinning," and at times a painful sense of duality contrasting most strikingly with the sweet feeling of with Christ I now experience. There were foes within as well as without; some of the Canaanites remained, and were thorns in my side and pricks in my eyes; the flesh and spirit were in a state of antagonism, which I saw to be manifestly only a temporary position—one or the other must eventually conquer; the light was mingled with darkness, and love with its opposites.

How many headaches and heartaches I had in struggling with my bosom foes, no language can describe. All the time I was enjoying sweet fellowship with Christ, was blessedly conscious of acceptance in Him, was an earnest worker in the Lord's vineyard, and would rather have died than wilfully sinned against Him. But though I never was a backslider in the ordinary sense, my Christian life was unsatisfactory, at least to myself. There was much of vacillation about it, sinning and repenting, advancing and retrograding, swinging like a pendulum between God and the world. My experience was full of fits and starts, changeable and uneven. I was conscious also of a mighty want; there seemed a vacuum in my nature which grace had not filled, a strange sense of need, which I cannot describe, but which all who love the Lord Jesus with less than perfect love will understand. My religion moreover was full of action, but I saw little result from my efforts. I fear now that to furnish subject-food for self-worship was the great end in much that I did, and not the glory of Jesus.

For three years this sort of half-and-half

life continued, when I was so dissatisfied that I felt unless I had something better I could not go on any longer. Reading Methodist biographies about this time stirred my heart, and filled me with hope of better things. I thought what God had done for others He could do for me; and an inexpressible longing possessed me to enjoy the fullness of which they spoke. I began at once to seek it, determined to give God no rest until I was sanctified wholly. The more earnestly I sought the worse I seemed to become. What a view I had of the sinfulness of my own heart! I saw what a charnel-house it was—a depth of depravity there which would at once have utterly paralysed my faith, and extinguished my hope. I then apprehended the goodness of God in not revealing to me my need of cleansing when I sought forgiveness. It was enough that I should realize my guilt and exposure to the pangs of the second death when I came to God at first. Had I then saw my own heart sin as I saw it afterwards, I believe I should have despaired in view of the difficulties; so God's revelation of my need was tempered in mercy until I had strength enough to receive it. It was in my case very similar to that of Professor Upham: "the remains of every form of internal opposition to God appeared to be centered in one point—selfishness!" I had once prayed to be saved from hell, but prayer to be saved from myself now was immeasurably more fervent. How I struggled and wrestled for the victory I shall never be able to tell, but sin and self died hard.

From experiences I had read and listened to I imagined it would be all gladness entering into this rest, but I soon found it a different process. The way was through the garden and by the cross; I had to learn the hard lesson that every victory is gained by surrender, and that the place of life is the place of death. I saw it all clearly enough, that before there could be a full and glorious resurrection to spiritual life and blessedness, there must first be a complete death of self—my hands must be empty if they would grasp a whole Christ. Again and again I searched my heart, and surrendered, praying all the while that any idol might be uncovered of which I was unconscious, that the Holy Spirit would make demand after demand until self were exhausted. Perhaps my reputation was the last thing laid on the altar. How concerned I used to be for the good opinion of my fellow mortals, instead of seeking the honor which comes from God only! But I see now that I never had any reputation until I gave it to God. Blessed paradox, "He that loseth his life for My sake shall save it," and in all other matters this is equally true. Acting upon the advice of one deeply experienced in Divine things, I wrote upon paper the several items included as well as the obligations assumed in the complete consecration of myself to God. I did this to secure definiteness of surrender.

As last I felt sure, so far as I knew it (and we are not responsible for what we do not know), that upon all I had I could honestly inscribe "Sacred to Jesus." The language of my soul was "None of self, and all of Thee." But still the Lord tarried. Why did He not come and fill His temple? I afterwards saw that it was because I did not receive Him by simple faith. In consecration we give all, by faith we take all, and the one is as essential as the other. I had received justification by faith, but was seeking sanctification by works. What strugglings and wrestlings and tears I might have been saved, had I known the