

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland Mission Station,
November 11th, 1949.

Dear Friends:

I am sure you would have enjoyed the pretty wedding here in the church last Sunday. Paulina Mavuso, the daughter of our worker, at Lujoywane was married to Timothy Zikalala, a young man living on Balmoral. Charlie and I decorated the church, and made a nice arch of bougainvillia. The groom's party walked slowly up the road, singing an hymn, and met the bride's party at the gate. The groom then took the bride's hand and they walked slowly to the church, singing. The best man carried an umbrella and a brush to brush any specks of dirt from the bridegroom's fine blue suit, and the maid-of-honor carried a pastel colored sunshade while two train bearers bore the bride's train. The church was filled with people and this beautiful ceremony seemed to impress them too. Pauline made a very pretty bride in her white dress and veil. We took the phonograph over and played "The Lord's Prayer" as the opening hymn, Andrew Mtetwa prayed and Charlie preached. After another hymn, the wedding ceremony was performed. As the groom's brother is ill, the feasts are being postponed until he is better.

We do pray that this young couple will go on with the Lord and be out and out for Him.

In September we had the privilege of visiting with the Kiersteads and Mary for a few days and attending the official opening of the Teachers' Training College at Vryheid. Brother and Sister Parks were also there, and we did enjoy the privilege of fellowshiping together.

In October, we again met at Altona for the Quarterly, Bro. and Sister Parks being host and hostess. The Sunday afternoon service surpassed any service I have been in since coming to Africa. The Lord was so near!

The children and I stayed over for a week to visit. Bro. and Sister Parks were well initiated into life on a mission station by a session with the stove-pipe. The three of us wrestled with that thing, cleaning it and getting it back into place, and were ready to sing the doxology by the time it was in working order. We do appreciate having Bro. and Sister Parks with us, and are looking forward to another meeting of the missionary family here at the Christmas Quarterly.

We find our telephone a great convenience. It is so nice to be able to call Mary at Vryheid to inquire after Sister Gladys's health and have a little chat. When they get one at Altona, it will be doubly nice. We also send telegrams for the natives and they appreciate it very much. We feel it is another blessing that the Lord has given us.

On Tuesday, a man came with his three children, all quite ill. One had passed away at home a few days previously. The doctor from Paulpietersburg came out to see them on Wednesday and also saw them again on Thursday. They left for home this morning, all slightly improved. Charlie had had services near this man's kraal a few weeks ago and had talked with him about accepting the Lord. He and his wife are both considering becoming Christians. We are praying that they will both give themselves to the Lord now and not put it off until it is too late.

There has been and still is, much illness among the natives. Whooping cough and

measles are quite prevalent. I am hoping that Pam and Esther will not contract them. The dear Lord surely has protected them thus far. We are grateful to Him.

George's boat must be nearing Canadian shores by now. It makes me feel a wee bit—well, maybe homesick, is the word. It gave us a queer lonely feeling as we stood at the gate and waved him good-bye. We do pray that his visit will be mutually beneficial—to him and to the home church.

The warm weather, the rains, the thunder and lightning storms, the ploughing and planting time have all arrived. Our desire is to plant the word of God in the hearts of the people, that there may be a glorious harvest of souls to lay at the feet of the Master. The enemy will send the storms, the thunder, the lightning, but oh, may we be faithful and continue to sow the seed, for we know we shall reap if we faint not. We appreciate your prayers. Pray on! He has promised that if we ask we shall receive, if we seek we shall find, and if we knock it shall be opened unto us.

In Christian love,

MYRA SANDERS.

FROM SMALL BEGINNINGS

By L. J. Wason

The pathway of the Christian worker has never been an easy one and in these stern and strenuous days the burden grows heavier all the time, a fact which may easily lead to discouragement and dispirited effort. It is at such times we need to recall what mighty volumes in the kingdom of God have sometimes grown from small beginnings, beginnings originated by ordinary individuals or little groups whose chief end in life was the glory of God.

To most people in the neighborhood it would seem to have been a very ordinary occasion when a detachment of the Fourth Royal Irish Dragoons one day in the year 1791 marched into the cavalry barracks at Dunmore, County Galway, Ireland, but according to Rev. William Arthur, an eminent Methodist preacher who wrote the biography of a great Irish Saint, it was an occasion fraught with very great and blessed results in the life of at least one person, results that will be tabulated only in eternity.

It seems that in some way the doctrines and principles of Methodism had seeped their way into the hearts and lives of some members of this regiment, for shortly after their arrival in the town they hired a large room and proceeded to hold meetings. Immediately the wonder and curiosity of the community began to be aroused. What could these rough and ignorant troopers be doing and what was their design? It could not mean treason nor the practice of black magic for it began to be noised abroad that they were singing hymns, praying and reading the Scriptures, and, strangely, for those times, there was no drink.

Among others whose curiosity was tremendously aroused was a young man of good family and estate, who, unfortunately had fallen into loose and dissolute habits. He determined to discover what these men, led by their quartermaster, were trying to accomplish and if possible to find out their design. To this end he planned his campaign—he would go and see for himself. Let us quote a few lines from his biography:—"It was in April 1791 that this powerful man of twenty-nine years of age, with one eye blind and the other full of shrewdness and roguery came in and faced the

quartermaster determined to find him out. With one keen eye he watched every movement and with both ears hearkened to the exhortation of quartermaster Robinet and some of his men. When all was over what had he found out? He was compelled to confess—nothing—not even a new religion: for using all the theological lore which he had stored up in his various readings he found out that he had not heard anything but what seemed to be in agreement with the Bible and with the prayers of the Church".

Again and again our friend went to the meetings; some Methodist preachers from outside were invited to come and help in the work, and without elaborating any further let it suffice to say that the subject of this sketch came out clearly into the light of the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ. Who was this person? No less a man than Gideon Ouseley, one of the most faithful and efficient helpers that Mr. Wesley ever had, who went up and down Ireland as a flaming evangelist preaching to and praying with the people in their own native tongue, meeting and confounding the priests on their own ground and bringing hundreds of people into the Kingdom of Jesus Christ.

Do I hear somebody say, "What is the drift of it all?" Just this. In line with what was said at the outset, how little could these illiterate dragoons have guessed how far-reaching were their efforts and how great things they were to accomplish by faithfully witnessing for the Lord who bought them! Probably none of them ever knew what great work God was able to carry out through the yeoman efforts of Gideon Ouseley. By the same token how could that unlearned Primitive Methodist layman have known that the few words he feelingly uttered in the absence of the regular pastor and with a congregation of less than twenty in a church that would hold three hundred people—how little, we say, did he know that under God they would be the means of the conversion of no less a person than Charles Haddon Spurgeon?

After reading Dr. Boreham's graphic account of this incident in his book, "A Bunch of Everlastings", I could not forbear to write upon the margin these words, "Let us bravely get on with our work; sowing the seed beside all waters".

HIS PRESENCE

"There came to me an hour, so dark
I felt I could not bear it,
But when I cried, "Lord, give me strength!"
My Saviour came to share it.
A wond'rous peace o'erspread my soul—
I felt His presence there,
And then I knew there was no pain
He would not help me bear.
"Through Him I now have victory—
My heart has found its rest:
The fear of death Christ has subdued—
My God has stood the test!
And if death come again to me
I know I need not fear,
For God has sent Himself to me;
The Comforter is near.
"Let Him come in, oh, pain-filled heart;
Look unto Him in prayer.
No matter what your burden is
You'll always find Him there.
If you but look to Him for help
You'll need no other friend:
You need not fear He'll let you go—
He'll hold fast to the end."—Gospel Herald