

March 15, 1913

THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

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Missionary Correspondence.

Paulpietersburg, Natal,
January 24, 1913.

Dear Highway—

"O Mfundisi, i wile indhlu yesonto" (O, teacher, the church building has fallen). This was the frightened exclamation of Lydia as she rushed in during yesterday's storm. Sure enough, the whole of one side of the roof had gone, while one end of the brick wall and two-thirds of a side had fallen, crushing seats and windows. Corrugated iron roofing with pieces of timber were scattered to the distance of several hundred yards, testifying to the force of the gale. With the wind had come rain and hail—the worst storm of the summer. Of three kraals not far away there remain but three huts to-day, in spite of the fact that the Natives, when they saw that their houses threatened to depart, ran out of doors and held on to the travelling airship-like houses as long as they could.

The loss of our church, like many other calamities, might have been so very much more serious that we are thankful that no harm was done. Had Bro. Kierstead and family been living there, as they were until the early part of this month, they might have been injured, or at least badly scared. Though the partition walls of their end of the church prevented the collapsing of the side wall, yet the half of the roof went away, breaking the timber like kindling wood.

Then, too, we might have been holding a service in the church part where the seats, now crushed and buried, would have been occupied by native worshippers.

The financial loss we mind, of course, yet even this side of the question has a mitigating feature. When Brother Kierstead planned to build this church he paid a man to come in from Paulpietersburg Village and give him "expert advice" as to where suitable clay for brick-making was to be found. According to this advice the bricks were made and built into walls that could not stand these storms. (The Boers of this neighborhood who are opposed to our mission work were delighted with this move and hoped it might prove the undoing of us so we would move away. I had intended to protect these walls from the rains when funds arrived, though a carpenter (missionary and friend) had advised otherwise. In his judgment the building was good for two years—no one suspected the roof might blow off, but thought the walls would be eaten down by the rains. At the end of two years a new church could be built, thought the carpenter, with the money required to protect the walls of the old one. So now one comforting thought is, there has been no outlay made to protect these walls.

And now friends, what are we to do? The enemies of mission work among the Natives, the Boers who do not favor the teaching and Christianizing of the Zulus, would like to see this mission work cease, and the missionaries "get out." For the work to go on we must have a good church building. I almost can hear you say, "Let us arise and build." Certainly, we have gone too far to now think of retreat and defeat. Before your answer can reach us it will be time to start building, as the dry season will have set in. Then, before rains again begin, we can have a church building that will stand the storms and not be dangerous to life. I am sure that you all will respond nobly to this new and imperative demand upon your generosity. So sure am I that

the work will begin at once. Stones can now be hauled and much done before the rains cease. A subscription list will likely be started in the Highway and funds sent on to us as fast as raised so that we may push the work and have it roofed before the next rainy season sets in.

You notice that "rain and hail" came with the destructive wind. This hail has made pulp of the tender garden plants such as beans and potatoes, while my best corn is destroyed. The later corn, like that of the Natives about us, will revive. Our personal loss is considerable as our garden was considered the best in the district.

The buildings and gardens are situated on gently sloping land with a large hill in the background. The surface water from our torrential rains is guided into "dongas" (natural gorges) by properly arranged ditches. These were thought large enough, but proved inadequate yesterday, with the result that much damage was caused in the garden by the great rush of water. Yet this damage might have been much worse, so there is room for gratitude. Last week's paper gives graphic accounts of a storm near Maritzburg, which destroyed completely all the crops in its track, even denuding fruit trees of their foliage.

There is always a bright side to every dark cloud. Think how secure our splendid garden will be when all the ditches are enlarged and completed. Think, too, how grand it will be for our natives to worship in a strong stone church with roof of grass and floor of clay like their own houses. How cool compared with the iron roof of the old church, and how much warmer in our frosty winter, to say nothing of the cheapness of grass. In the old church it was necessary to have a door in the storm end, as rooms were occupying the sheltered one, but in the new the storm end will be completely closed. Then the old roofing and timber will help out in other necessary building, so that expenses will be reduced to a minimum without the sacrifice of comfort.

"Faith without works is dead" will apply most emphatically in this emergency. We have no place large enough to hold our meetings until the coming church arrives, so, beloved, please act at once, and send along the needed funds.

Yours in Him,

H. C. Sanders.

THE RUM AND THE MISSIONARY.

It is a sad comment on American civilization that the same vessel that takes the missionary of the Cross to the foreign land, with the Gospel to save the heathen, also carries a cargo of rum to damn their souls. It is said on good authority that for every missionary we send to the foreign field, we Americans send there 1,495 gallons of distilled liquor. In an article issued by the International Reform Bureau, Shanghai, China, dated July 5, 1912, the following statistics are given:

"Amount of liquor passing Madeira, a port of registry, for the coast of Africa, in one week, 28,000 cases of whiskey, 30,000 cases of brandy, 30,000 cases of Old Tom, 36,000 barrels of rum, 800,000 demijohns of rum, 24,000 butts of rum, 15,000 barrels of absinthe, 960,000 cases of gin.

"In Sierra Leone, during one-fourth of a year, 250 tons of liquors were unloaded at a "dry town," to be transported to towns of the interior.

"Some cheap, so-called whiskey is now be-

ing sold at Swatow, Amoy and other ports, to Chinese, at \$2.00 a case. Foreign liquors are on the rapid increase in China."

If the liquor question is not a burning one, we cannot conceive what would constitute such a thing. Following closely in the path of the Gospel and Christian civilization goes the rum traffic to tear down the Gospel work and to disgrace the civilization the Gospel establishes. How much longer will the people suffer this unmitigated curse to exist?—*Selected.*

JOHN WESLEY'S PREACHMENT.

The following interesting description of Wesley's personal appearance and style of preaching was copied from the journal of Samuel Carwen, written on the 7th and 14th of September, 1777:

"In the afternoon, walked to a street adjoining King's Square to attend John Wesley's preachment; he being seated on a decent scaffold, addressed about two thousand people, consisting of the middle and lower ranks. The preacher's language was plain and intelligible, without descending to vulgarisms.

"September 14. In the afternoon I attended once more, John Wesley, having the heavens for his canopy, he began with an extempore prayer, followed by a hymn of his own composing, and adapted to the subject of his discourse. He wears his own gray hair, or a wig so very like that my eye could not distinguish. He is not a graceful speaker, his voice being weak and harsh; he is attended by great numbers of the middling and lower classes; is said to have humanized the almost savage colliers of Kingswood who, before his time, were almost as fierce and unmanageable as the wild beasts of the wilderness.

"He wears an Oxford master's gown; his attention seemingly not directed to manner and behaviour,—not rude, but negligent, dress cleanly, not neat. He is always visiting the numerous societies of his own forming in England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland though near eighty years old, he reads without spectacles the smallest print. He rises at four, preaches every day at five, and once besides; an uncommon instance of physical ability.

WAR ON THE "WET" CANTEEN.

Col. Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia, has taken a very decided stand against the "wet" canteen. In a recent speech, the Minister left no doubt that he was strongly opposed to the sale of liquor in the canteens of the militia. Undoubtedly, there are many who believe that the "wet" canteen is harmless and supplies a normal and legitimate demand of the men at camp. There would be others who believe that instead of the "dry" canteen obviating the danger of drinking, it simply transfers it outside the lines beyond official jurisdiction.

In spite of these and similar arguments, it is much to the credit of the Minister of Militia that he has shown so strongly the courage of his convictions. He believes that liquor is not for the good of the service, and exerts his whole power to keep it out. He stated definitely that the choice must be made between Hughes and the canteen. Quite apart from the discussion of the question involved, such courage of conviction is worthy of commendation.—*St. John Daily Standard.*

It is really refreshing to find a man who stands by his convictions when it endangers his position.—Ed.