

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland P. O.,
Paulpietersburg,
April 1st, 1924

Dear Homeland Friends:

I do feel to praise the Lord so much for the recent conversion of a young heathen man, Kisimusi.

Last Thursday Faith and I attended his funeral, Josefha and Mateu, Lydia and Jostina also being present. About fifty natives gathered together to pay their last respects to this man who had gone before.

It was so blessed to think of this native having a Christian funeral, who only three months before was a real heathen. I do praise the Lord for his wonderful love and mercy.

We were much interested in his soul, especially when we knew he would soon die of this dread disease, consumption, and it seems natives don't last very long in this land when stricken down with it.

He was a big fine looking and bright native and was for a long time an attendant to the chief. He had two wives, one was a young bride; he had also one young child. At the beginning of his sickness he tried the cures of his native doctors; also the witch doctors; and when he really saw he could not be helped, he turned to the One who died for him that he might have eternal life.

Alice visited him different times, giving him the Word of Life, which he seemed hungry for. He also had a desire for the white man's food; so we frequently sent bread, rice and sugar to him. Paul and I went to see him a few days before he died, and he told us how he had given himself to the Lord, and how he woke up one night and sang a Zulu hymn, asking the Lord to take away his sins, which were many; and now he said the Lord will have to do the rest. He was very weak, and while Paul talked and prayed with him he seemed very anxious to hear the Word. The dear Lord continued to talk to him, and to help him to look up; later he told his people he had crossed the river, and now he said you must come too. He seemed quite happy the day he died and prayed frequently, "Jesus take me." He passed away peacefully near sunset. Alice was on her way to see him, and arrived shortly after he died. She had prayers with his people, they of course were weeping and feeling very sad. This kraal is a heathen one, and by this man's christian death, will be a wonderful help to those left behind. Dear ones, pray for his two wives and mother and brother. Remember we are held up by your prayers. Dear readers, I am so glad that the Dear Lord knows how to speak to these natives, who have spent their lives in heathen darkness, and truly the darkness is deep sometimes.

Superstition is the great delusion among the Zulus, if sickness or death comes to a kraal, very often it is believed that some one person is causing it, therefore a witch doctor is called in whom they think can find the one who is causing the trouble in the home. So they pay him well, and he soon points out the trouble maker, so the poor innocent one is sent away from the kraal.

Imagine, dear ones, if we were blamed like this, and all the people thought we were the guilty ones, how sad we would be.

But this is the fate of some of these poor souls here in Africa's heathen darkness.

Another great heathen sin is immortality which is found in all heathen lands, and these Zulus are guilty of it as well.

It takes the gospel to bring the sins of the heathen to light, and thank the Lord the Gospel of Jesus Christ can clean them up, and save them, and open their eyes to see the darkness of heathenism. Praise Him forever who is able and is no respecter of persons.

I am so glad that Jesus died for all the world and a poor ignorant heathen can be saved as well as we. I am so glad God hears and answers prayer. It is a wonderful opportunity to be able to read God's word and sing hymns to these black people in far off Africa.

I am sending a copy of the hymn that Kisimusi sang the night he gave himself to the Lord.

Yours for the help of these people and in Christian love,

HELEN M. STERRITT.

I am with many sins,
Which trouble my spirit,
I do need a deliverer
To deliver my soul,
Jesus you are my helper.

You loved me when a sinner,
You died for my many sins,
You are the one who ransomed me
To save my soul.
Jesus you are my helper.

I am not with righteousness,
My spirit it is evil.
You send the spirit to my soul,
To make it right.
Jesus you are my helper.

I have gone astray in the way,
I have not been led by you, Lord.
May I hold your word,
That it may arouse my spirit?
Jesus you are my helper.

I will go down very soon,
My soul is with fear.
You be with me, Lord,
At the time of my death,
Jesus you are my helper.

We learn from the writings of the Apostle Paul that, even in his day, there were those who were troubling the people by "perverting the gospel of Christ." He gives them careful and earnest warning against these false teachers, saying, "But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed." Paul includes himself in this strong admonition against those who would pervert the gospel and trouble the converts to Christ with their false teaching.

"Lost means to have missed something or to be missed. The sinner misses the joy of salvation and the bliss of eternal life. The church misses his service and fellowship on earth, and loved ones are disappointed at the gates of pearl."

EARLY CONVERSIONS

The brightest lights in the churches were converted in early life. Adam Clarke, the commentator, was converted at four years of age. His influence will shine in the moral heavens while the sun shines in the natural heavens. Alfred Cookman, the great revivalist, was converted at ten years of age. He will shine in the kingdom of God as the stars in the firmament of heaven for ever and ever, and thousands will rise in the judgment and call him blessed. Isaac Watts, the great poet, was converted to Christ at the age of nine years. The influence of this great man of God, in tuning the golden harps, will be felt through the endless ages of eternity. Robert Hall was converted at twelve. Jonathan Edwards at seven. William Penn at nine.

Delightful work! young souls to win
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

Children our kind protection claim;
And God will well approve
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Redeemer love.

Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
To guide untutored youth,
And show the mind which went astray
The Way, the Life, the Truth.

Almighty God, thine influence shed,
To aid this blest design;
The honors of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.—Sel.

INCREASED SALE OF CIGARETTES
LAID TO WOMEN.

More than 50,000,000,000 manufactured cigarettes were smoked in the United States in 1923, to say nothing of the billions that were rolled. This is 7,000,000,000 more than were consumed in 1922, according to the Sears Roebuck Agricultural Foundation.

"The increasing use of cigarettes by women is held responsible for the additional billions, according to statisticians. Production of cigarettes, cigars and smoking tobacco, has increased steadily in late years, according to the statistics."

This is a fearful state of things, and yet we see our preachers all about us, in the homes of the people, and on the streets, with cigars stuck in their mouths. They cannot cry out against an evil they practice themselves. It is an interesting fact that the Nazarene Church has fifty thousand members, and supports about ninety-five missionaries in the foreign field. One reason why they can keep up so many missionaries is that neither preachers nor laity use tobacco.—Exchange.

Some people seem to use their religion for a fire escape. God can get you so far beyond that with His "perfect love" that you will never smell brimstone anymore.

"The shield of faith is not injured as much by the burning darts of the enemy as it is by the burning darts on the other side."