

The King's Highway.

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness.

And an Highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The Way of Holiness.—Isa. 35-8

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THE MISSIONARY PROBLEM

"Only about eight per cent. of the population of New York City are members of Protestant churches." This quotation is from *The Preacher's Magazine* for February, 1927. Why so few? The only answer is, lack of spiritual power. But why the lack of spiritual power?

The answer to this second question is more complicated. Spiritual power comes from the Holy Spirit, and is manifested through the believers who meet certain conditions. What are these conditions? One is that the believer must fall in line and work in unison with the Spirit.

The Holy Spirit's work is to glorify Christ: "For He shall not speak of Himself * * * He shall glorify Me." Here, then, is the cause of weakness in the church; her aim is not purely to exalt Christ, therefore the Spirit is grieved, and retires.

All heaven joins in praise to "the Lamb that was slain," but here, in the church where Christ should be glorified, we find too much of self-exaltation, which is not of God, but of the world.

The remedy is back to Pentecost, whose fires can burn out all worldly pride and self love, and clothe with power to witness for Christ. The garment of Holy Ghost power for service can be worn only so long as humility is the undergarment.

Here is another quotation from the same magazine, of the population of New York City: "Nearly one-third is Hebrew, and more than one-third atheist, infidel or nothing at all." And all of this is in spite of missions, street preaching and all manner of effort to win these people to Christ.

But what has these figures to do with our "Missionary Problem?" It helps to show us that Christ meant what He said, "This gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations." A few will accept, but the majority refuse to walk in so narrow a way. Whereas, during the millenium the nations will all be won by the gospel.

Again, "Back to Pentecost" is the remedy. Purse-strings will be loosened or burned by those holy fires until no man will count what he has as his own. Crowds of qualified, Divinely qualified workers, will clamour: "Here am I, send me," to the regions beyond.

Even tithing (that is, not robbing God) would put new life into the foreign mission enterprise. Our policeman told us this morning that he always tithes. Further, he gave two interesting incidents as follows: His father-in-law, after moving into Natal, and seeing that the local farmers never tithed, decided to follow their example. Immediately his sheep began to die. Neighbors told him the trouble was that his new farm was unsuitable for sheep. He returned to his former custom of tithing, and lost no more sheep.

His second story: A severe hailstorm this summer destroyed the crops of a non-tithing father and one grown son, but stopped at the

line fence of the other son, who is a tither. All three belong to the same church at Paulpietersburg.

This reminds one of words: "Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase: so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses burst with new wine."
H. C. SANDERS.

Hartland P. O., via Paulpietersburg,
Natal, So. Africa.

Dear Homeland Friends:

Helen and I have returned from a trip to Durban which was necessary owing to the condition of my eyes and our need of dental work. We were given continual tokens of the Lord's favor all along the way, which was most comforting to our hearts, and though it was a rather busy time, we did enjoy the change and the beauty of Durban and old ocean very much. But how glad I was to return home and take up the life to which God has called us among the Zulus, and my heart is singing for joy this morning because He has a little place for us in His great harvest field.

Last year our trip to Durban was more restful, for we went for that purpose. This year it was a time of many errands, and we found Durban full of dengue fever, which brought us in contact with the sick. We praise the Lord that He answered prayer and kept us from the disease, for it was raging on all sides. Ten thousand cases were reported.

We had the pleasure of meeting Paul once again, as he came to Durban to attend a conference with other missionaries of the South African General Mission. The Lord was gracious to them also and all were kept from the fever.

In a Sunday afternoon meeting of the S. A. G. M. we heard Paul address the natives, and it was really a blessing to our souls. There is no question as to his excelling the others in the Zulu language, and all recognize the fact. He knows just what Zulu expressions to use to make the truth more effective, and I must say that we felt proud of him as he stood before the people that afternoon. His father-in-law looked justly proud of him, and a lady missionary told us that she never sees Paul without praising the Lord for him. But, as Paul says, "Success does not always depend on our knowledge of Zulu, though it is such a great asset; true success comes from our knowledge of God and our obedience to His will."

We had a service one Sunday morning with the Mauritians—colored people who speak English. We were blest of the Lord and felt it was a blessed privilege the Lord gave us. Helen was there once last year with Miss Johnston and she can see that the Lord has greatly worked among these people during the past year, for there is a great change in the place. Miss Johnston was unable to fill her appointment, as she was recovering from dengue fever.

Last evening Paulos Mhlope came to see us and related some of the experiences he has been

passing through. Dear friends, I wish I could picture to you this native, whose face shines with the glory of the Lord and whose voice is full of tenderness and joy as he talks of Jesus.

You remember that I wrote you about the anger of his people when he refused to go with them and the witch doctor. They have never forgiven him and reported him to the chief, hoping that he would be compelled to go.

Last Sunday Magubulundu, the chief, sent a messenger to call him. It was Communion Sunday at the M. S. and Paulos felt that he could not leave the service of the Lord, and asked if he could wait and go very, very early on Monday morning. He was told that he would probably be whipped, but his heart so longed to be with the people of God, he felt he would rather take the whipping than lose the service. It was not an unwillingness to obey the chief, but he said, "I did not know how to throw away the meeting," and he remembered that Jesus was scourged and despised and rejected of men, and was comforted. It really must have taken courage to decide thus, for the Zulu people certainly do believe in honoring their chief, in fact they dare not do otherwise.

"When it was still night," he left his home and reached the chief's kraal very early on Monday morning. He was questioned as to his delay, and gave his reason. The chief threatened to punish him and even took a stick in hand to do so—but the dear Lord prevented him; he simply laid it down again and ordered another police to saddle a horse and march him on to Swaziland, where the people were awaiting his arrival. As they went on their way, Paulos said to the Lord: "I am a prisoner now, Lord Jesus, for your sake; I don't know what is before me, but I cannot go in with the people to the witch doctor. Be with me, Lord, for I am willing to die for your sake," and he walked on until evening—no food, and the way was very long.

When they arrived the people were assembled for the performance of the witch doctor. The police questioned him about the matter and Paulos said: "I am a Christian, I cannot take part in this matter; my heart does not consent to it and I cannot go." To his surprise and joy, the police let him off, excused him from the whole performance—a second token of the Lord's mercy. Late that evening when the matter had ended, he was given food and a place to rest his weary body. Next day he was allowed to return to his home.

On Saturday another message came from the chief. Paulos and his accusers must appear before him on Sunday at the kraal on this side where I go to have a service. While I was reading the Word from Eph. 5, and longing that the chief and his men would come into the meeting, I did not know that the dear Lord had for Himself a living witness to that very truth, out there among that heathen crowd. He had given me the lesson early Sunday morning and especially directed me to speak from verse 6 to 14. We

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