

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

A LETTER FROM AFRICA.

P. O. Hartland,

via Paulpietersburg, Natal

Dearest Faith:

My! We were so glad to get your beautiful letters, and to know you are better. How we long to see your face again. The Natives cannot understand why you don't come and visit us a little while, then go back again. Ndali's wife is one. She asked if we drove you away. She said, "Do you still really love her?" I told her it was because we loved you so, that we let you go to have a rest, and so on.

Today as I was passing the Hospital Hut, I remember how busy I was last Sunday. How happy in the morning to find their temperatures down and how in the evening they went up again. Then Papa (on reading a book of articles on malaria, collected from hundreds of magazines) found two grains of Quinine was given every two hours, making cures. We tried it. Got an alarm clock from the store, showed Kelina Nzima how to wind and set the alarm for the night hours. So they were given the two and three grains of Quinine regularly, night and lay, and in two or three days they left. Now the hospital is empty.

Tuesday we children went for an outing—a fine cool day, between two rainy ones—and had a nice time. 'Twas too cold for bathing so we just fished. I caught a tiny eel. The smallest I have ever seen. Paula Kunene was lunch-and-fishing-tackle carrier, our donkey "Sixpence," pack donkey. We stuffed coats in a sack and tied it on the pack-saddle on his back. He caused us much amusement when, several times going and coming, the pack would slip way round on one side and poor Sixpence go hobbling along, till one or another of us fixed it again. But it is no wonder the way it bobbed up and down and bounced from side to side on his barrel-shaped back. If I find it hard enough to stay on, what must a sack do? At last Norman (when two-thirds of the way home) took it off and carried it in front of him.

When I got home I did not visit my patients till late the next day; it was not necessary, but they missed me. That evening I went, found Mkubose dressed and sitting on a mat, eating a pomegranite. She smiled when I came over to her and said, My! Where have you been this long time? I thought you had forgotten us, seeing we are getting better. I told her I spoke a few words to her about following Christ. I do hope she does. Also that Ndali and his wife's hearts will be softened.

Monday, March 7th.

Last night a little before supper, along comes Ndali's wife saying that now Kelina and her youngest have both got Malaria and she wished to bring them both here. We told her she had better. It is now about four p. m. and they have not come yet. Her husband is still very sick. "Crazy," they say. She tries to persuade him to come here but he says "No! What shall I go to Umfundise's for? To break his things?" I guess a thermometer got broken last time.

We had a nice meeting Sunday. I always love to see Matopa (Jumaima) testify. Yesterday she said, "Ngi Yai tanda Inkosi, kakulu" (I love the Lord dearly) and a few more words. Helena Nkambule gave a nice one

too. She wants to follow the Lord and not go backwards "like a hen scratching." She had back-slidden, you remember?

Miriam went to Lindeni's, Zoboy asked Mama if she could go and ride Miss Helen's horse—"Grey-Boy"—Miss Helen and Alice are in Durban.

In meeting yesterday, Ida was there with her two children. The youngest was sitting down facing his brother (Mboneni) when he suddenly lost his balance and fell backwards, bumping his head. He began to cry, first Mboneni thought that he was playing, so he laughed; then when he saw he was really crying, saw his mother reach over to lift him up, he quickly put his arms around him and helped lift him up, then said something and pounded the floor. It was so cute.

Dwabu and Lea have a little boy. Also Joana—a boy born Friday. Our evangelist, Samuel, and Lizabeta, got a boy yesterday.

This forenoon as I was feasting on deliciously sweet grapes, I wished I could pass you some. Why can't your picture talk to us? And why can't it eat grapes? It just smiles at me while I eat and does not tell me what I long to know about you. I wish you would step out of it one of these days.

With heaps of love, from

GRACE.

Hartland Mission Station,

Paulpietersburg, Natal, So. Africa,

20th March, 1927

Dear Children:

I have a story to tell you about a little bird here in Africa. On the shady side of our house in the corner of an ell, there stood a big cage, in which were some birds we had caught with bird-lime. On two sides of the cage, the house cut off the morning and noon sunlight, and on a third side a large jasmine bush with yellow flowers cast a deep shade. In fact the little birds had not the luxury of a single beam of sunlight during the whole day.

I stood a mirror in the sun so as to throw a ray into the cage, to see what the little birds would do about it. One little fellow standing on the floor, cocked up one eye, and hopped up onto the perch, right into the bright spot. Where did it come from and how did it get there? He did not stop to worry his head about such questions, but I guess he knew what sunlight was good for, and there he perched in delight pitiful to see, preening his little brown feathers, all because some kind hand had sent a bright warm ray to warm up his chilled, sad little heart, where the sun never shines.

The Sun of Righteousness has long since risen, but there are many places which, like some cold, dark ravines in the Alps, have never yet felt the warm rays of the sun.

When we came to this station there was no one in the district to shine the light of the gospel. Now what a change. Hundreds have believed on Jesus Christ and confessed Him. But hundreds more have not turned back from the paths of heathenism.

What does the heathen live for? For the pleasures of this life. What is their comment when one of them dies? "He has eaten." Not what has he done for mankind, or was he famous? No, let him lie there, he has enjoyed his pleasures.

They live in the bondage of Satan, constant fear and torment. When they see the sun set, they know not but it shall rise on their dead corpse, poisoned or bewitched by

some enemy for hate, or jealousy for their greater prosperity, etc., slain by subtlety, a lethal power working in their vitals, against which they are helpless. "Who, through fear of death, are all their lifetime subject to bondage."

The Angel of Death came to a heathen whom my father knew. The light shone unto him, but he rejected it, saying, "When I get three wives I will believe." Coming home one night from a ber drink he missed the path, and father found him the next morning badly injured, his thigh-bone broken and protruding. He had fallen down a steep donga. Father was just in time to see the last. They closed his eyes and the first of his three wives took up the lament, "My bridegroom, my bridegroom, where hast thou gone? Thou art gone out in the darkness. Woe is me!" He had gone out into the blackness of despair, gone to meet the unappeased wrath of an angry God, who's gift of mercy and salvation he had put off until too late; he had passed out into the region where the sun never shines.

How awful is the departure of the heathen who has never heard the gospel.

"Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.

Change and decay in all around I see."

Rev. E. H. Lyte.

And without comfort or hope, he sinks in the chilling tide of death. As the knell of doom come tones of molten anguish and despair, "No man cared for my soul." Angel tears fall fast, and Christ looks down with heart near to breaking with sorrow far beyond our ken, for He has done His part, and in a Christian land a wicked and slothful servant lies sleeping with his talent in a napkin and his lamp burning low.

"If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those who are ready to be slain. If thou sayest behold we know it not; doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? And He that keepeth thy soul, doth not He know it? And shall not He render to every man according to his works?" Prov. 24:11-12. Seek the Lord diligently, pray earnestly for guidance, what does the Lord want you to do, are you called to be a foreign missionary?

How different is the picture of a converted heathen at his deathbed! Fred from the pall of heathenism he has tasted of the joys of the world to come, fears not death for his sins have ben forgiven, his robes have been washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. Heavens glories break in upon his soul, and his last message is, "Weep not for me, I am departing to be with Christ, which is far better." The golden bowl is broken, and the silver cord is loosed, and his spirit rises to be born on angel pinions through the pearly gates, to join that multitude which no man can number. There he joins his voice in the wondrous song, the song of praise to the Lamb. There he shall see the wondrous King of Glory, sitting on the right hand of the Father, dwelling in the light that no man can approach unto, glory passing comprehension. He shall with swelling rapture hear the hymn of praise, the paeon of joy sung in the perfect harmony of angel voices, the deep and swelling acclaim of the numberless adoring multitudes, the thunders' reverberating voices, and then falls a breathless hush, a mighty silence, while the Bride of Christ,