

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona M. S.,
P. O. Berbice,
Via Piet Retief,
Transvaal, S. A.,
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Dear Homeland Friends:

We are having beautiful rains ever since September, and we are so thankful to the Lord. It does mean so much to the natives to have a good rainy season and have plenty of food in their gardens.

Last week we had a tremendous wind and rain storm. Had we got the full force of its fury, it would have been destructive, but the worst of it was further down country. As it was, we had a wonderful exhibition of tempest and storm and praised God for His loving protection. My heart felt so peaceful and happy through it all—we knew we were "under His wings."

Saturday afternoon Paul came over with Joeli to spend Sunday in this section and we were indeed glad to see him. A rain came up that night and again Sunday afternoon. He and Helen returned from Emozane in a downpour of rain. Emozane is about 5 miles distant. They had a good service and the natives are always so pleased to have any of the others come to have a service with them too. They do appreciate it. Yesterday noon it was clearing nicely, so Paul and Joeli started for home, not knowing whether the river was crossable or not. At supper time Joeli returned with the two horses reporting that the river was tremendously full. He would not attempt it, and Paul had difficulty in getting safely over, had to leave the horse in mid-stream and swim himself to get safely landed, the horse being carried along down stream by the force of the current and came to land on the Transvaal side, so Paul had to make the rest of his journey on foot. I can imagine he was very tired when he reached Hartland last night. It will be interesting to hear his account of the experience when we see him.

Next week the quarterly meeting is to be held at Hartland and unless the river subsides and we have no heavy rains before then we will have to take the long route by Comondale Bridge. We do not feel brave enough to ford the Pongola River when it is as dangerous as that. We can face it when the horses are wading up to the shoulders, but when it comes to swimming them, our courage fails. We do praise the Lord for the lovely rains anyway, and I am sure it will be worth the long ride to meet together again in the quarterly meeting. We do see much to encourage our souls in God and are trusting Jesus for greater victories in the work. He is leading on!

Sunday we had a good meeting. The Holy Spirit moved upon our hearts in a special way and we praise Him who alone is worthy. Two heathen women gave themselves to the Lord. New faces are seen every week in the services, and we have had fifty at the Sunday meetings. Last Sunday only 30 were present. Isaya was not well so did not go to an outpost; was here for a change. He brought a heart-searching message from Heb. 12:14-15. My soul was much blest and greatly burdened also to see more like this once wicked heathen young man now chosen of God to be a preacher of righteousness, telling what God has delivered him from. His testimony and exhortation was certainly soul-stirring.

Friday we had the school closing. The children brought two goats for a farewell feast.

Helen gave them each soap and had candy and cookies for them. We were surprised to have about 175 people attend, and trust it will arouse an interest that will bring more children to the school. It was interesting to hear them recite from memory, read and translate English, take down dictation, and arithmetic sums, and their singing was very nice also. Some of them recited portions of Scripture very fluently, and we pray that the Word of God will find lodging in their young hearts. They had a nice exhibition of crochet work and sewing. After the exercises they played ball and had a general good time until near sunset. A good number of young people from Entungwini were present, and many from other churches came to see the school of the "white people." We felt to praise the dear Lord for His guidance during the day.

We are praying for much of God's blessing on the Christmas services to be held here after the quarterly meeting at Hartland. Last year it was a gracious time. It was the first gathering at Altona of the native workers from the different outposts, and Dr. Sanders was here for the first time also. Isaya testified afterwards of the joy it gave him, and said, "A fire was kindled today that will never go out." We are so glad it is true, the fire is spreading and growing brighter, and we do praise Jesus, but we want to see much more. "Burn on! Burn on, O fire of God, burn on," is the cry of my heart before Him.

Yours in Jesus,

ALICE F. STERRITT

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING

A number of ministers were assembled for the discussion of difficult questions, and among others it was asked how the command to "pray without ceasing" could be complied with.

arious suppositions were started, and at length one of the number was appointed to write an essay upon it to read at the next monthly meeting; which decision was overheard by the servant who exclaimed:

"What! a whole month wanted to tell the meaning of that text! It is one of the easiest and best texts in the Bible."

"Well, well, Mary," said an old minister, "what can you say about it? Let us know how you understand it; can you pray all the time?"

"Oh, yes, Sir!"

"What! when you have so many things to do?"

"Why, sir, the more I have to do, the more I can pray."

"Indeed! well, Mary, do let us know how it is; for most people think otherwise."

"Well, sir," said the girl, "when I first open my eyes in the morning, I pray, Lord, open the eyes of my understanding; and while I am dressing, I pray that I may be clothed with the robe of righteousness; and while I am washing, I ask for the washing of regeneration. As I begin work, I pray that I may have strength equal to my day; and when I kindle the fire, I pray that God's work may revive in my soul; and while preparing and partaking of breakfast, I desire to be fed with the hidden manna and the sincere milk of the Word. As I sweep out the house, I pray that my heart may be cleansed from all its impurities; and as I am busy with the little children, I look up to God as my Father, and pray for the spirit of adoption, that I may be His child—and so on all day; everything I do furnishes me with a thought for prayer."

"Enough, enough!" cried the minister, "these things are revealed to babes, and often hid from the wise and prudent. Go on, Mary," said he, "pray without ceasing. And as for us, my brethren, let us bless the Lord for this exposition, and remember that He has said, 'The meek will He guide in judgment.'" —Selected.

GOD IS REFUGE

During the Irish rebellion of 1798 the "Welsh Horse" were the most dreaded by the inhabitants of the island of any in the whole force of British invaders. One day a company of these troops, riding through a town of Shorey, suddenly surrounded a church where a congregation had assembled. One frightened cry, "The Welsh Horse! The Welsh Horse!" ran from lip to lip, and started every one to his feet; but there was no possibility of escape. The captain dismounted, and marched into the midst of the unarmed assembly. As he strode up the aisle, an old man, one of the few who retained proper presence of mind, called on the minister to pray. The minister, Mr. Thomas Campbell, standing in his pulpit, repeated in a strong clear voice the forty-sixth Psalm: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed. * * * The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge." Struck with a strong awe, the trooper captain stopped in the aisle. He stood still and listened to the end. Then, to the astonishment of all, he bowed, and turning abruptly about, walked out of the door. The next instant the whole company were galloping away as rapidly as they had come.—Sunday School World.

LEST WE FORGET

"I shall pass through the world but once. Any good, therefore, that I can do or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

With this motto our readers are doubtless familiar; it has long been a favorite on the walls of school rooms and in other places where wholesome instruction is given on the value of time. The autumn time has many lessons of this kind to teach. The words *spring* and *fall* are very suggestive, the first speaks of vegetation springing up at the challenge of sunlight and warmth, and the second of fading leaves and the harvest time.

How are we proceeding with the record of life? Are we "redeeming the time" and keeping our accounts with God and man in such shape that at any time the recording angel could close the book without any further entry? Is anything short of this a safe kind of life to live? "Procrastination is a thief," not only of time, but of good intentions and about every other good thing. When asked how he could do so much work in his office, and at the same time attend to numerous social duties, a French statesman replied, "I do it simply by never postponing till to-morrow what should be done to-day."

"Blucher" was one of the promptest men that ever lived," says a certain writer. He was called Marshal Forward, and it was Blucher's timely arrival with re-enforcements at the Battle of Waterloo that turned the tide, and Waterloo was one of the world's few decisive battles. It determined that the Protestant countries, England and Germany, and their allies, should live in the freedom of national life without being dominated by the Catholic Napoleon and his dreams of super-state.