

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona M. S., Transvaal,
May 1st, 1930.

Dear Homeland Friends: The natives all around this section of the country are in great excitement at the present time, as Solomon, the King of the Zulus, has arrived at one of the homes of Chief Mbeke-epi, about four miles from here. There are two motor cars with the royal party. The king arrived Saturday night, on April 19. He will be staying two weeks or more. At once men were sent out walking the roads and hills all night, blowing horns to announce the arrival of their king. Isaya and another Christian man were sent to call all the Christians from the different denominations to have Sunday service with the king at "Kipainyamo," the home of the chief. Of course all had to go, and Solomon himself read the ten commandments to them and spoke on the same. He prayed also, but by what I hear I fear he preaches a religion without faith in Jesus Christ. Isaya was the chosen one that day to speak and pray as well.

The king can help his people very much by this visit, and he can also harm them as well. We feel to pray much over this visit. He is not visiting this place alone, but is making a tour of many places, and visiting some small towns, and Johannesburg as well. My sister and I went up to see him during the week. He has rather a hard face. He wears his royal apparel and keeps a supply of the white man's whiskey on hand at all times. The heathen and many Christians are at the kraal day and night to do him honor. Many cattle have been killed to feed the people. The heathen men day after day honor him by performing before him and singing his praises and his ancestors' as well. They surely do it well.

The king's home is in Zululand, and he has an eight-roomed house furnished like a white man's, even to a piano. He has possibly three hundred wives, and within this last three years has had one hundred and sixty children born to him. "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God." His wives and children give him riches and honor.

Mbeke-epi is honoring the king also, as he is taking his tenth wife today while the king is at his home. There is to be a big time of heathen dancing and drinking beer.

This is the harvest time now, and in all directions can be seen the women gathering in their food. This last summer has been very wet. We did thank the Lord for the rains. The natives are having a good harvest, for which we are glad. These Zulu women certainly work hard; they do not have many idle days. This has been our second summer at Altona, and I want to thank the Lord that our horses have escaped the horse sickness both years. When we first came here to live we hardly expected our horses would live through the season, as reports were so bad on this side of the river; but we trusted the Lord, and He has done above what we could ask or think.

Sunday, April 27, was Big Sunday at this place, Bros. MacDonald and Purvis arriving on Saturday night. Bro. Purvis is a young man who has a call to the mission work; he is on fire for God and holiness; came out from Scotland over two years ago. He has met some of your missionaries in Durban during these two years, and has come to Hartland for six months to study the Zulu language. He was in the overseas war, was at the front.

It might be interesting to some of you to know he became hungry to know God after leaving home for England, and was converted later after

being willing to kneel in prayer at bed-time before the other soldiers who were making fun of him. The Lord at once met his soul and gave him a new heart. He arose and testified to his comrades what a wonderful thing the Lord had done for him. The laughter turned to conviction, and several confessed they were Christians but had not the courage to kneel in prayer before their ungodly companions. The fire spread and the name of the Lord was magnified. The Lord used this brother in many ways. He was sanctified on returning home. I am sure Bro. Purvis during his stay at Hartland will be a blessing to the people. He is a man of prayer.

We were sorry not to have Paul or George with us as well on Sunday, as the natives are always so glad to see the children of the 'Umfundise.' The Lord blessed his word and we had a very blessed service. The word preached was on the harvest field—a fitting subject for this season of the year.

Bro. MacDonald and wife have been with us now one year. I can say our brother has proven himself a good soldier in Africa and the Lord has used him in taking advance steps to promote the cause of holiness. We feel there is much to praise the Lord for.

The Quarterly meetings have all been well attended and blessed of God, and we can say the ark is coming up the road. But pray, dear ones, for a real outpouring of the spirit in our midst. Remember the young people especially in prayer.

We had an all-day meeting here on Good Friday. Many people came, and the Lord especially blessed His word. We certainly felt the presence of God in the service.

All of our hearts have been saddened by the passing away of our brother in the Lord, Joeli Mahlaba. He will be greatly missed in the work, and although gone from earth he will never be forgotten. Hundreds of natives have mourned for him in real sorrow. I think of this verse. Pro. 10-7: "The memory of the just is blessed: but the name of the wicked shall rot." Yes, we all miss him, but God knows best and we are trusting that by his death the work will go forward. We had a memorial service for him here which was blest of God. He was buried from the Vrydheid Hospital without a service.

By the time this letter reaches you, many of you will be planning on going to Beulah once again. May the Lord meet with you all in power.

Yours in Christian love,
HELEN M. STERRITT.

Hartland M. S.,
Via Paulpietersburg, Natal,
May, 1930.

Dear Highway Friends: When this reaches Canada it will be time for Beulah. May this year's Camp Meeting be the "best yet." May everyone get a very great blessing, which will give fresh courage and inspiration for the "narrow way." Oh! that God would send a mighty revival in Canada and in South Africa, and even throughout the whole world. We need it so! I believe God is going to give it, for He has promised. Souls all around us are hungry. Many have been softened by the death of our evangelist, Joeli Mahlaba. I believe these are the "last days," when the Bride will be completed. Soon we will hear the call, "Behold! the Bridegroom cometh! Go ye forth to meet him." Everyone should search themselves before God and find out if they are among the wise or the foolish virgins. If they find themselves among the foolish, may they see to it without delay that they are in the company of "the wise." To gain the whole world and lose one's own soul! How awful! Yet how many do this. Perhaps gain,

(Continued on Page 8)

THE MINISTER'S LOST OPPORTUNITY

By J. C. Dorman

The house is crowded with a large crowd of attentive listeners, the rich, the poor, the old and young, the saint and sinner, the Christian pilgrim who expects to be fed and strengthened by the Word, that he may pursue his heavenly journey with renewed vigour. The careless sinner has strayed in to pass away an hour. The giddy butterfly of fashion, who comes to see and be seen and entertained. A living breathing company, yet many of them dead—dead in trespasses and sin. All of these compose this priceless blood-bought company assembled in the house of the Lord.

The minister takes his place! What an hour of responsibility is this! To many it will never come again. For this hour both people and minister will be held accountable; the people for the way they receive it; the minister for his faithfulness in declaring the truth.

All heaven is interested in this hour. Angels are interested. The spirits of just men made perfect are interested. Heaven is opened, "and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God," is a deep interested spectator of the scene. Watchman, what of the night? "The night cometh when no man can work." You who are called by God, qualified by God commissioned by Christ, sent by the Holy Ghost, intrusted with the Gospel, a defender of the faith, a watchman on the walls.

The praying ones offer a silent prayer for God's blessing upon the word and the Spirit's help upon the preacher. The text is finally given and a grand one it is. We follow him half through the sermon, but no Christ thus far. The geography of the country, the beautiful rivers, the starry heavens are all depicted in a charming manner. Have patience, my soul, he will soon tell us of the 'Prince of Peace,' and 'the Mighty to save.' He is just keeping the best for the last. But still 'tis rocks and rills, and daffodils, sweet birds and flowers; authors known and unknown; science and philosophy, culture and accomplishments; these all have their place, but Christ is kept waiting without. Oh! now he begins! He mentions the name of Jesus—"the name my soul delights to hear," but the hour is ended, and he must close. No sinner warned. No conscience quickened. No hungry believer fed. No soul saved. The book is closed; the congregation dismissed. The low sweet notes of the organ follow them as they go, they seem to say in mollifying tones,

There is a picture we often see, of a cross so covered with flowers and trailing vines as to almost hide it from our view. So much was the sermon made up of the beautiful flowers of rhetoric, and the trailing vines of delicate imaginary, interwoven with the "enticing words of man's wisdom," that Christ and His willingness and power to save to the uttermost, occupied but a very indistinct place far in the background.

What an awful account will some of God's ministers have to give before the bar of God for their preaching!

"Son of man, I have made thee a watchman: therefore hear the word at my mouth and give them warning from me. When I say unto the wicked thou shalt surely die; and thou givest him not warning nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life, the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand: Ezek. 3:17, 18. Let us beware!—
Selected by D. Puddington.