

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona M. S., P. O. Berbice,  
Via Piet Retief,, Transvaal,  
South Africa, June 20.

Dear Homeland Friends: We had a special meeting appointed for yesterday and about fifty people were present. Isaya brought a message from I John 3:3 and spoke with great unction. There was a spirit of conviction upon the people and we felt to appoint a special meeting for next Thursday and asked that it be a week of special prayer and fasting at their homes. These are days when we need to pray more than ever before and we believe that prayer and fasting will surely bring victory in the work of God—for He is faithful that has promised.

We also brought before the people yesterday the matter of the new church building, asking for special contributions from them, and we felt a beautiful responsive spirit from these dear black people. We are to have a special meeting in three weeks, when they will bring their offerings.

The dear Lord has plainly indicated that it is His will that we should go forward in this matter of getting a suitable church on this mission acre, and we are trusting Him to supply the needed funds. We have secured men for brick-making to begin now, and a builder from near Moolman Station has promised to come and see us this week also. Bro. MacDonald has kindly helped us in getting an estimate of the amount of material required, and we feel that it is the Lord's time to begin the church.

We were over to the quarterly meeting the first week of June, and last Sunday Brothers MacDonald and Purvis were here for communion service, which was held this time at Entungwini. We rode up Sunday morning and Paul had already arrived from Hartland. There was a good attendance and a profitable service, we believe.

Bro. Purvis spoke from Judges 4:18-24, a plain message concerning the wiles of Satan and inevitable destruction of the wicked. Paul brought a message on repentance, from Ezra 9, which is certainly greatly needed these days.

There are many young people at Entungwini and it is very sad to see the lack of spirituality among them. We do pray for an awakening in that section and for an outpouring of His convicting spirit in all places. We do believe that a revival begins among God's people and we pray for a real time of heart-searching before Him.

A number of babies and children were presented to the Lord, and three members restored to church fellowship.

It was nearing sunset when we left for Altona—a two hours' ride. Paul returned home, crossing the Pongola river through the Entungwini hills, which is a shorter ride than from Altona to Hartland.

Monday morning a small boy was brought to us with a broken wrist. We were so glad Brother MacDonald was here to set it. The boy is very comfortable now, and we are so thankful.

June 28: These are extra busy days, and this letter has been neglected; I am sorry.

The Lord's presence was again greatly felt in convicting power in last Thursday's meeting. Helen spoke from Isa. 55:7, which was

truly His word for all hearts that day. Some beautiful testimonies followed from a number of these Zulu people, who have "forsaken their wicked way" and "returned unto the Lord," and the blessing of God came upon us in sweet refreshing. We had a blessed time singing "When the Roll is called up Yonder." Thank God for the redeemed from all nations who will gather there when the roll is called.

It would have grieved your souls to hear the prayers that followed from some burdened hearts. May He increase that burden on all our hearts, we pray. We have another meeting appointed.

We remember that you are now at Beulah, and our prayers are mingling with yours that God will greatly bless this Camp Meeting and that His will may be done in all things. We do rejoice that in Him we are one and

"Though sundered far, by faith we meet  
Around the blood-bought mercy seat."

May He be with you all in a special way as you meet together for the advancement of His cause in the homeland and in Africa. God bless you all.

We have received in this post the kind gift from Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Churchill toward the new church, with the kind Chipman memorial gift as well. We do feel so very grateful for this and it has surely cheered our hearts greatly. May the Lord bless the dear donors. I am sure He has already.

We are receiving continual favors from His dear hand and we do praise Him. The bricks are coming on nicely; the builder has been reasonable in his price, and will come as soon as the bricks are ready. Our nearest neighbor has allowed us wattle beams and rafters without cost, except for the labor in getting them cut and brought to us by our own men, so we have very much to praise the dear Lord for.

We are both well and happy, and looking unto Jesus who gives us the victory.

Yours under His Precious Blood,

ALICE F. STERRITT.

## WHO SHALL ANSWER?

S. B. McManus

When the final trumpet sounds for all, as it some day must, not may,

And the Lord of Hosts shall summon each one on the last great Judgment day,—

Then who shall answer, "It was I," when He asks in solemn wrath,

"Who led this trembling one astray from the straight and narrow path?

Who dared to ruin this God-sent life, and blacken it with shame?

Who dared to pollute this priceless soul made dear in the Father's name?"

Stand as ye stood in the city of men, before the Lord most high,

And answer, ye craven, coward soul, "It was I, Great Judge, it was I."

"Tempted, he fell," the Lord may say, "and forgiveness is sweet to me,

But to him who tempted and periled this soul, what shall his judgment be?

You won him away from his earthly home,—from a fostering, sheltering care,

And set for his untried, guileless feet, full many a fiendish snare.

You taught him the crime of ingratitude and tutored him in deceit,

And turned all the ministering things of life into rue and bitter sweet.

You taught him that goodness was weakness

in man, that virtue was only a name,  
And blotted it out from his life's fair page and left him a living shame.

You scoffed at all good and dared to laugh at the prayers that his mother said,

And held up to scorn and to ridicule, the things that were hallowed.

You labeled his courage a coward's plea, his religion as something less,

You stripped him of good and left him the rags of a beggarly recklessness.

The things that were sacred and good in life, the holiness, sweetness of years,—

You took from his life a cruel hand, and left nothing but shame and tears,

You broke, as you'd break a bauble or toy, a father's and mother's heart,

And robbed him of love and tenderness and gave him a beggar's part.

You held to his lips the cup that has damned the soul of many a man,

You murdered his life with a jeer and laugh, answer you "nay" if you can.

You made him a drunkard, a driveling sot, a creature bereft of shame,

A being so low that the mind of man must search for a fitting name.

You laughed as you said, "I his keeper am not—as he will he may stand or fall,"

But you led him in paths of sin and vice and counted your action small.

Hidden from scorn in a drunkard's grave that shelters him kindly from sight,

His name a sin and an idle word—his soul with the Infinite.

But what shall be said of you, O man, when you stand by the bar on high,

And the Lord shall ask, "Who periled this soul?" and your answer must be, "It was I,"

Better you never had lived than this—better you never were born,

Than to stand that day at the judgment throne and face the Almighty's scorn!

Too low for the thought of man to reach—too vile for the pity of Him

Who stands at the throne of Love Divine with angels and cherubim—

Is the man who perils his brother's soul and leads him in sin astray—

For his sentence shall sound as eternal doom in the last great judgment day.

—The Ram's Horn.

## "YOUR ROPE'S NOT LONG ENOUGH."

A preacher was holding an open-air meeting, in the course of which he exhorted his hearers to do good and be good; he spoke of Jesus as a pattern and advised them to follow in His steps if they would be saved. A poor woman, bearing unmistakably upon her features the marks of sin, listened attentively for some time, and then suddenly interrupted the preacher by crying, "Nay, mister, your rope is not long enough for the likes of me." Here was a case that the preacher's doctrine would not help; his rope would not reach her, and she felt it. Well, better throw no rope at all to a drowning man than mock him by throwing one that is too short. And the rope of salvation by works is far too short—nay, it is no rope at all.

God has provided a full, free salvation for all. He gave His own Son to die—not as an example to man, but as the substitute for sinners. His death met God's righteous claims, enabling Him to be just, and yet the Justifier of all who believe in Jesus. He is not simply our pattern, but our Saviour and our life.—Selected.