

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland M. S.,
Paulpietersburg,
Natal, So. Africa.
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Dear Praying Friends:

Pray on! God is working mightily in our midst these days. The services have continued one, two or three per day all through the week, and souls being saved every day. Our prayer meeting lasted from Tuesday, Jan. 27th to Tuesday Feb. 3, 2 a. m., when after a final night watch service we all went to rest. The prayer-chain unbroken through all these hours has been one of the most wonderful things our work has ever seen. Native workers, Christians and Missionaries have each had their turn, day and night, and we have evidence that not one of those who took this hour's lone vigil in the presence of God but whose heart was deeply searched and their soul richly blessed. The interest is deepening and we have announced another prayer chain to commence Tuesday evening, February 10, and one service per day (at least) all this coming week.

Wednesday's crowd almost filled the church—looked like "Big Sunday". They stayed on and on reverend and hungry, hours after the usual closing time. The crowded altar service was followed by a good testimony service in which nearly all the seekers took part. We have had well over a hundred different seekers at the altar during these meetings, an unusual number of heathen included. A good majority are continuing to come and go to the altar at every invitation, gradually getting more light and real victory.

For a while it looked as if demoniacs were going to hinder many hungry souls from getting the help they need. Monday afternoon, tired as we all were from Sunday's awful battle they started up screaming and fighting, three new ones, and yesterday's whom we believed delivered seemed to have a relapse. I thought "Ah God, this is too awful—there are so many of them in this district—enough to spoil every meeting. We simply can't afford so much time and strength while needy souls are unhelped, Jesus just had to speak the word and souls were delivered. We need more faith." Praise God He soon gave deliverance to five of the six. The other was helped and has not broken out since, but a subtle 'religious' demon whom his victim hardly recognizes enough to want to be delivered from. He started in by professing to be the Holy Spirit, and the poor boy still thinks he has both the Holy Spirit and a demon! The second boy was a very similar case but was delivered then and has been coming beautifully since.

A very fine looking young heathen man was here Sunday, Wednesday and today and has been to the altar each time, in real hungry seeking. He is from Tilimon's section.

Johan Kunene's sister who was baptized the Sunday of father's and mother's farewell, and is a bright beautiful Christian, came here one night about 11:30 with her youngest son. He is a boy of about 10 years and had fallen on some rocks cutting his forehead and tearing his mouth open two or more inches on one side. The wounds were sewn up and dressed, the brave little fellow never wincing, and have healed beautifully.

During these meetings we have had twenty or more staying at our home daily besides George's and Paul's native help. This has meant a tremendous lot of care and work, that none be neglected. It has been so blessed and comforting to have our dear native workers and Christians, come into our home like brothers and sisters and just take hold wherever help is needed, day and

night, putting their shoulder to the wheel till one felt so comforted and blessed. Naturally, if I were not to hold back and neglect the work, I had to relegate the care of my precious babies to others. This is not easy (to the flesh) but these women have been so good and stepped in one on Sunday all day and two others day and night for some of the heaviest days, of their own accord offering their help to our nurse girl. It gave me such a lift, I just thank God for them.

Johan's sister took the responsibility of cooking for this crowd and was thus a great help. She is a lovely woman and greatly burdened for her two older children a fine young man and woman who are still heathen. Her husband is a hard old heathen and they live in a section of **many hard heathen who need our prayers.**

A special service has been announced for next Sunday at the mine compound in Alfred Metulas section where we are hoping to open up a new work. Timote Mkonza is to come from his Utrecht post, and Johan Kunene is to go up with George and Dan. Jostina and one of the Christian women from her section are also going.

Yesterday Samuel was the speaker here at the station. He told of how after the rest of us left the church and went to rest Tuesday at 2 a. m., he, Johan Kunene, Alfred Metula and a young Johan Mtadba from Alfred's home, remained in the church to sleep, but their desire to sleep left. They prayed and sang and prayed again and the presence of God came down and seemed to light up the whole place. They got the assurance that God's power is going to overcome all the power of the adversary in this place. Amen.

We believe it is in God's purpose that this revival should be deep and lasting and spread to all the outposts, and that this coming winter with its evangelistic opportunities should be the best our work has ever known.

Let us continue to claim His promise, "Ask of Me and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance." Ps. 2:9.

Yours, believing for a real Holiness work among these Zulus,

FAITH McDONALD

THE ENDURING SATISFACTION

Fourth Radio Sermon by Rev. W. Edmund Smith.

Text: Matt. v:6. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled."

In these beatitudes Christ poured contempt on all human pride and vainglorious philosophy. Carnal wisdom would never make beatitudes after this order, and fails to see their deep spiritual beauty and blessedness. Instead of saying "Blessed are the meek", we naturally say "Blessed are the spirited, the proud and the aggressive, that will allow none to trample them down: Blessed is the man that has a strong punch in either hand, for he shall be able to defend his rights". We do not naturally say, "Blessed are they that mourn;" Who can see blessedness in sorrow? Does not the World say, "Blessed are they that laugh"? For "laugh and the World laughs with you, weep and you weep alone."

I can think of the proud Roman asking Jesus, 'Rabbi what have you come to do? What is your mission to this World?' "And Jesus replies, "I have come to establish a kingdom", And then a disdainful smile is seen on the lip of the Roman and he asks scornfully, "Where are your legions? Where is your fighting force? You can never establish a kingdom without these. They represent power to crush down all opposition, and subdue the wills of men."

But Christ replies, "My kingdom is not of this World." It is something more potent and more permanent than that. They that take the sword must perish by the sword. All earthly kingdoms must wax and wane. Mine is a kingdom in the hearts of men, not of meat and drink but of righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. It is a kingdom that cannot be moved; I am the Eternal King."

And did not the proud but humiliated Napoleon, from his lonely home of exile, pay a most eloquent tribute to the permanency of Christ's Kingdom? He said, "Alexander, Charlemagne and myself builded kingdoms upon the principle of force, and they have perished; our followers have been dispersed and we have been forgotten. But Jesus Christ the despised Nazarene, built his kingdom upon the principles of truth, holiness and love, and after eighteen hundred years that kingdom is more firmly established than ever before. Multitudes of Christ's followers would come forward gladly to seal their testimonies with their blood, rather than deny Him".

Yes! Jesus did say "blessed are the meek," for he saw they had in their passive meekness a greater offensive power than he that taketh a city with carnal weapons. He did say "blessed are the pure in heart"; for they have eyes to see things that are glorious, and courage that makes their strength as that of ten because their hearts are pure. Jesus did say, "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness sake"; for they are they that have perpetuated the faith once delivered unto the saints; they have made all the Spiritual history that is worth reading; they have inscribed their names in God's Westminster Abbey, and of them the World is not worthy.

Jesus did say, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled"; "Filled with the fruits of righteousness that are by Christ Jesus to the glory and the praise of God"; Filled with what one has called, "the enduring satisfactions of life."

"Hunger and Thirst;" how suggestive of human suffering and want! Yet these words mean far less to us who live in a land of comparative plenty, than they mean to the Oriental, who lives in the land of poverty and distress. The crowd followed Jesus for the loaves and fishes because there was no bread for them at home. Today in India and China, they tell us that multitudes rise in the morning with the gnawing of hunger at their vitals, carry that awful feeling all day long and go to bed with it at night. Seldom do they eat to the full of the coarsest kind of food.

But we have never known real hunger. We have never gotten far from the well-filled larder. We have never felt thirst for we have never gotten far from the bubbling spring, the old oak-bucket or responsive faucet. In Oriental lands there are vast arid wastes and often the water supply of the caravan becomes exhausted, and terrible is the suffering.

Now what does hunger and thirst suggest? They suggest Life. The cemetery has no food problem but the nursery has. Everything that has life, whether it be shrub, tree, lower animals or man, must have food and drink to nourish and refresh. Death inevitably ensues without these. The little babe newly born, presents a food problem. He has no language but a cry, but he soon lets it be known that he is around. He is perfectly willing to work for his living, if he can get a job. He finds that opportunity on his mother's breast. He has only to eat and sleep and grow. And how the fond parents watch his progress! Mother weighs the babe about every three days and registers his development in ounces. She cries to her neighbor with