

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona M. S., P. O. Berbice,
via Piet Relief, Transvaal, So. Af.
December, 30, 1930

Dear Homeland Friends:

The Zulu Christmas festivities are over, the last of our visitors left at ten o'clock this morning with happy farewell songs and now all is quiet after the busy scenes of yesterday. A beautiful soft rain is settling which is another blessing from the hand of God.

Sunday the Communion Service was held at Entungwini and the Hartland brethren came back with Helen for the service and feast here yesterday. We had a lovely day, not too hot, and a very large crowd of natives, nearly 600 I am sure. The church was packed and so very many had to remain outside (especially heathen people) we had a second service and this time nearly two hundred heathen were seated. What a soul stirring sight it was, dear friends, to look upon that crowd of unsaved men and women. We trust that the messages will bring forth fruit unto salvation for some who listened. How I do praise God that so many came this year and for what He is doing in answer to prayer.

We had the chief, Mbeka-epi, with us for the first time in a gathering of this kind. He usually excuses himself very nicely, but this time he came "to please us" he said. He is a fine looking, intelligent native and it is sad to see how he has rejected the true Light. He was very tender when we first knew him, but now is more and more taken up with the things of the world.

Isaya's burning testimony brought conviction to many hearts. How we do thank God for this true Zulu holiness preacher and for the fellowship we have in Jesus.

Mbeka-epi spoke a few words of thanks for the words they had heard and for the missionaries who had left their homes across the ocean to bring the Gospel to them. He advised the heathen to "listen and obey". Were he to obey it would mean a great turning of his people to the Gospel. He told me once that he knows it would be so but also that many would hate him and that is his great hindrance.

It was five o'clock when the second service was dismissed and the feast followed—a cow, six goats, six hens an abundant supply of stamp (crushed corn) and broth. It was after sunset when the native workers sat down to their share of the feast but they had a happy time together eating at their leisure. It had been a very busy day dressing, cooking and serving meat. Isaya was up before sunrise looking after matters, and others helped him cheerfully when they arrived.

These are very happy occasions in the natives' lives and also for the missionaries. Our hearts do yearn over the very, very many who have not yet come to Jesus, the Savior of the world and it is a blessed privilege to live among the Zulus.

May the New Year be a great one for us all in the service of our Lord, may He have His way with us.

"He is all in all to me,

And my song of songs shall be,

Hallelujah, Oh my Savior,

I am trusting only Thee."

Yours in Him.

ALICE F. STERRITT.

Read your Bible, make it the first morning business of your life to understand some portion of it, and your daily business to obey it in all that you do understand.—*Ruskin.*

CORRESPONDENCE

North Head, N. B.

Dear Children:

There were four men lived in Jesus' time. Three were blind and only one could see. But there are lots like them now-a-days. Their names were Mr. Sinner, Mr. Backslider, Mr. Hypocrite, and Mr. Saint.

Let us see what the first one is like. Mr. Sinner always was blind. He is a sad man, and sometimes says life isn't worth living. Yet he is sometimes jolly, and is always trying to be happy. But being blind, he tumbles in old wells and ditches, and gets tangled up in briars and thorns. Yet he thinks that if he tries hard, he can walk straight, in spite of being blind. He likes to go to revival meetings, but sits away back, and likes to whisper, and call things funny. But sometimes he hears that Jesus can cure his blindness, if he will follow Him, but that makes him feel awful bad, because he would have to keep out of ditches, and could not swear or smoke or go to pictures or cheat or tell little lies or row, or even properly hate the fellow he does not like, but must forgive him. He thinks he could not be happy. yet he knows he is not happy now, and that the happiest people he sees follow Jesus. I wonder why he cannot see?

Mr. Backslider is like Mr. Sinner in many ways. But he was once saved, and walked straight and Jesus gave him a new heart, and cured his eyes. He got new clothes and was so happy all the time, that it just bubbled over. He loved to go to church and pray and testify, and at home would be kind and obliging. But when he turned around and let go of Jesus, he slid back, down the bank, and into the ditch, and the mud got into his eyes. So he got blind again, and goes around with Mr. Sinner. All the time, though, he just longs to get back. He is not satisfied, but sad and weary at heart. It is all so dark, he does not see how he can get back now. Everyone sees him in the ditch, or tangled up in the thorns, and he knows they see him there. Poor fellow! He thinks he is stuck. If he would only turn around, he would find Jesus longing to pull him out, and love him again and give him all he has lost. It is awful to be blind.

The next man, dear children, is Mr. Hypocrite. You can't guess what he does. He lives in a house, always newly-painted, in front of which stands a large-spreading big old apple-tree, which is as dead as a door-nail! He would not be seen with Mr. Backslider, or Mr. Sinner, because they are blind, and often muddy from tumbling around. Yet he likes to get them to his house, and pull the thorns out of their feet, and the pricks from their hands.

He spends hours every day under his old dead apple-tree. He is worse than blind, he sees things all twisted and different than they are. He has a chair with a cushion in it, and sits and gazes up into the dead old tree looking so pleased. Quite a few dead old apples still hang on it, and once in a while one drops off. These he eats, and tells his friends that apples never taste better than those off of his beautiful green tree. He thinks they are melting and luscious, but they are shriveled, and wormy and dry.

When he is not admiring his tree of good-works, he is finding faults with the things he sees in the church members about him.

He sits in a front seat in church, and his long prayers and testimonies are as dry and shriveled as his apples. He is unhappy, but will not admit it. He is even harder to cure and restore, than Mr. Sinner or Mr. Backslider. Though he never swears or joins in their revels, yet he

hates someone way down hidden in his heart, and will not forgive. If he would make up and forgive, Jesus would save and restore him; he would see straight again, cut down and dig out his old apple tree, and plant a new little live one. Though he thinks himself so different from the other two blind men, he is just like them, blind and unhappy.

The last man is the one who is not blind. Mr. Saint once was a sinner too, just as bad or worse than others. He was stuck fast in the mud and all tangled up in the thorns. He heard that Jesus would save him and cure him, if he would follow Jesus, and fight to stay on the right way.

He tried to get up and come away. The mud held him feet, his hands were pierced and held by the thorns. He tried but could not go when Jesus called. At last he gave up, and cried, "Jesus come and take me; I will do all you ask if you will save me." Then Jesus lifted him out, gave him a new heart, washed him, changed his clothes, and cured his blindness.

So then his name was changed from Mr. Sinner to Mr. Sinner-that-got-saved, or Mr. Saint for short.

Now Mr. Saint is happy all the time. His hand in Jesus' he walks with Him. He loves Jesus with all his heart and soul and spirit, and has a mighty strong determination to follow Him forever.

He loves to go to Church, pray, and testify, and home he reads his Bible and prays as regular as he eats his breakfast. He has sweet friendship with the other saints, and likes to help the Minister, and Sunday-School Superintendent all he can.

He is not afraid he will backslide, because he loves Jesus too much to lose Him. He takes time to pray, read the Word, and talk with Jesus, and thus make the bond between them stronger. He just loves to keep all His commandments, and is so happy, he never misses the worldly pleasures he gave up.

But nobody can follow Jesus and just drift about or lie around. Mr. Saint finds he has fights, and temptations and troubles and trials. Jesus has him for a soldier, and you know soldiers have to fight terrible battles. Folks sometimes say and do things that hurt Mr. Saint. People laugh at him. But how can he be downhearted for long with Jesus by his side to comfort and praise him. And, oh, he loves Jesus so, that he willingly endures and suffers to please him.

So this is my story, Dear Children, about the four men that lived long ago, and three were blind. But nowadays there are lots of people like each of them. You will meet them all your life. In fact you will know, if you stop to think, that you yourself are like one of them. I hope it is the one who can see.

Yours under His banner,

JUDSON SANDERS.

Seal Cove, Grand Manan.

Dear Highway:

I think your readers will be glad to hear about our meetings at Seal Cove and Wood Island. We had a three weeks' meeting at Seal Cove, beginning December 25th. T. W. DeLong was the evangelist and Emery Cosman was our very efficient song leader and soloist. These two men make a great team in revival work. Bro. DeLong did great work in preaching the Word but the old "opposer of revivals" was on his job and made us fight for whatever victory we got. The closing meeting looked the nearest like a "break" of any during the entire meeting, when six persons were at the altar. However we had some