

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona M. S., P. O. Berbice,

Via Piet Retief, Transvaal, So. A.
Dear Homeland Friends:

It is Saturday evening and while many of you are gathered at Beulah to do business for the Master and to look after the interests of the work in Africa as well as in the homeland, we, in this distant land are preparing for the services tomorrow among these "other sheep." I think I could not be any happier, dear ones, were I in the midst of a blessed camp meeting, for Jesus does satisfy my soul in Africa as when in the homeland. How wonderful He is and how real is the call of God to the missionary. To be in the will of God fully compensates for all earthly losses, in fact we do not lose when we obey God—we gain.

We know it will be a rich spiritual feast to attend Beulah and we pray that His blessings may be graciously poured out and shall look forward eagerly to camp meeting news, but right here is our place of blessing until He wills otherwise, and we rejoice in this precious privilege we have. There are many conflicts, much opposition and some discouragements, but, thank God, there is also His grace and great happiness. I want to appropriate more of the wonderful grace of God and see greater victories in the name of Jesus. Our faith is too small. I fear that we hinder His glory and manifestations of His presence many times because of our lack of faith, but, praise His name, He does draw near and assures our hearts that He is with us and is leading on. The powers of darkness have seemed very strongly arrayed against us of late, but He sends a rift in the clouds, and we expect Him to especially undertake.

We had a day of prayer and fasting appointed for last Thursday. God worked in that service and I wish you could have heard the prayers that ascended to Him, but He heard, and we do praise Him.

Tulina Dhlamini had such a burden for souls and prayed until the glory of the Lord broke in upon her and she was lost in praise. She is a precious woman and carries a burden for souls always. Her face shines with the glory of the Lord and her testimonies are uplifting indeed.

There was a wonderful volume of united prayer that day and I do praise God for that service.

Yesterday we had a meeting at Kipa Nyawo, five or six miles from here. We have been attending a heathen man there who has a septic hand. He almost passed away with a hemorrhage, but God in His mercy spared him and we do covet his soul for Jesus. He attended the meeting yesterday and was deeply convicted. We had a gracious service and the testimonies were grand bringing conviction to other hearts. One woman has recently been converted and is such a changed person; she is certainly a new creature in Christ Jesus.

The man of the kraal, who is a heathen, was called by the chief (his brother) to a meeting of his men in that section, but he left such a nice message with his wife, telling us that he appreciated our coming and would have been very glad to be present. He always attends services when we go there and treats us very kindly. He used to live near Altona, and we treated him several times for bruises and other sicknesses, and one day he told us with real gratitude in his poor hard

face that we are the only people who ever cared for him (meaning Europeans I suppose.)

Tomorrow Isaya and I are going to a distant kraal on Klip Vaal for a service. Helen will remain here. The quarterly meeting is at Hartland next week and the workers will be gone for a week. We regret leaving off services at the kraals during this beautiful evangelistic season, but we trust the Lord will work in special ways to make up for it.

School is closed for four weeks and it is delightful to be free to get out among the people. We are so thankful to have two horses once more, and we do send very grateful thanks to those who have made this possible. May the Lord richly reward.

We had a good school closing. About 160 people gathered here that day. It is wonderful to see what an interest the natives take in a school closing, even heathen people come, and of course it helps to enlighten their darkness and creates an interest in what the Christians are doing.

Our teacher certainly has a special gift for his work, and is greatly appreciated. We are really fortunate in having him, but we long to see him serving God with all his heart. For this we pray.

It is a beautiful privilege to give the Word of God daily to these young people, and the cry of our heart is that it will bring forth fruit to His glory. We gave prizes to those who did best in Bible class. The parents seemed to greatly appreciate this.

Helen had a big dish of cookies, as usual, so no one felt neglected, all seemed very happy. It is truly a great responsibility to have these young people placed in our care and we do ask your prayers that this may be a place of spiritual enlightenment.

A man on Klip Vaal gave himself to the Lord Sunday. We fear he has consumption. He has been very eager to have prayers at his kraal and appreciated it so much when we went or any of the native workers. Last Saturday night Isaya had a very vivid dream about him and went to see him. The man was very hungry for prayer that day and so pleased to see him, said he was anxious to get to a meeting and give himself to the Lord. Isaya showed him that "today is the day of salvation," and urged him to do so then and told him his dream and the most did earnestly choose the Lord. We are so then and told him his dream and the man definite experience of salvation. He is a fine looking, intelligent native.

We are planning on spending a few days at Budoga after the quarterly meeting and Big Sunday at Altona (July 17).

With Christian love to you all and asking that your prayers join ours for real salvation in the hearts of these Zulu people, I am,

Yours in His service,

ALICE F. STERRITT

EMPTY SEATS

"Are you going to church this morning, Susie?" asked Dr. Clark, lying back in his easy chair, with the morning paper. "A doctor who is out day and night can't be expected."

"No. I made jelly yesterday, and I'm tired. I'm faithful to stay at home this cloudy morning," and Mrs. Clark curled up on the couch with the Bible she had not opened for a week, but it soon dropped from her hand. She was aroused by a strange voice saying:

"Now, my good imps, what have you done today to weaken the kingdom of God?"

The voice came from a suspicious looking personage seated on a throne of human skulls.

Around him was gathered a crowd of terrible beings, each with a crown of fire, in which gleamed some name, such as malice, envy, pride, hatred and kindred passions.

"We have been busy today, making empty seats in churches," began one.

"Nothing could please me better," answered their king.

"I persuaded one man that he had a headache, and kept him from a sermon that might have changed his whole life," said one.

"I induced one good man to slip to his store and fix up his books," said another, with a horrid grin.

"Good!" said the king. "He'll soon give up the Sabbath altogether."

"I was able to get one devoted young man to visit some old friends," said one imp.

"I worried a good sister about her old bonnet until she decided to stay at home until she gets a new one," spoke up the imp labelled "Pride."

"And I made several poor women who were hungry for God's word stay home to repine over their trials. I just said to them: 'O, these rich people don't care for you; you can't wear fine clothes so I wouldn't go where I was looked down upon.' That way I kept many poor people home whom the rich would have been very glad to see.

"That is one of the best ways to cheat poor people out of heaven that I know of," answered the king with approval.

"I induced a good many men and women to think they were not strong enough to go out," said one called 'Indifference.' Of course, all these men will be at their business tomorrow, even if they feel worse. But they could not go to church, where they would have no special mental or physical strain. And the ladies would have been able to clean house or go calling; but I made them think they couldn't walk to church unless they were perfectly well."

"Very good," said the king, with a sulphurous grin. "Sunday headaches might often be cured by getting out in the air, and backaches forgotten by thoughts drawn to higher things. But you lying imps must use every weakness of the flesh to help make empty seats."

They all smiled, for in their kingdom "lying" was a great compliment.

"To make ladies think that their servants need no Sunday privileges is good," suggested one.

"Very true," said his superior. "As long as we can get Christian people to cause or allow men and women to work during work hours, we can keep many empty seats in churches, and men and women away from God."

"I'm the weather imp," said one gloomy fellow. "I go around persuading people it is going to rain, or it is too cold, too damp or too hot to venture out to church. It is enough to make even your gloomy majesty laugh to see these same people start out the next day in wind and weather. One would think it a sin to carry umbrellas and wear gum coats to church."

"Confidentially," answered the king, "when I find a Christian who has no more concern about weather Sunday than Monday—determined to make as much effort for spiritual gain as he would for worldly profit—I just give him up. It's no use to try to drag back the man or woman who goes to God's house in all kinds of weather."

"I'm able to do a good deal with some of the ladies of the congregation," spoke up the