

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland M. S.,
Paulpietersbrug,
Natal, So. Africa

Dear Homeland Friends:

A good many of you will probably remember Mamma's letters to the Highway telling about "Mbucus" where God so wonderfully blessed and used Paulina Maseko, the young orphan girl who for eight years lived like a daughter in our home. The work there is doing well, going on now under George Sangweni, a very spiritual man, one of her converts.

Paulina was married to Phillip Lukele soon after Father and Mother left. Her husband is earnest and spiritual though much younger in faith and experience. They have two little boys, Charlie and Norman Lukele.

In a very wonderful way great difficulties and discouragements were met and overcome—a church site secured, an old roofless but well built stone house renovated as a church, and Paulina and Phillip moved to this new work at Mooleman as workers.

Last week-end my husband and I with a band of workers and Christians, had the privilege of visiting this work.

The meeting had been announced and a congregation of about 45 gathered into the neatly thatched stone church. To our surprise on entering we found new benches, rough hewn from wattle trees. Phillip had made a good job of them, having them wonderfully straight and uniform for the unaided work of an untrained native. Every bench was filled, on one side of the house with young men, on the other with girls. The women and babies sat on the floor on straw mats, while Phillip had two quaint little home-made chairs for us. A nice little pulpit with green cloth, a few stools and benches for the workers and the church was furnished complete. On a stool in one corner sat a fine type of Zulu manhood, portly and dignified with greying hair and beard, and instead of the crafty look so often found on the face of men of his class, a dignified and kindly aspect. He has stood back of this work and aided it in many ways from the first given his whole family to seek the Lord, and best of all Mbuli himself has come forward as an earnest seeker.

David Madhlopa and his wife Anna, two of our church members, moved into this district years ago, backslid in that they went back to beer and snuff, though they never have ceased to pray. David has had a helpful and tender spirit from the first, but his wife is an awful drunkard, a wicked woman and a trouble-maker. She has attended very few of the services.

Bertha and Lucy, two of her half-sisters, came with us, more especially on her account. Aina was in the meeting with a new baby to present to the Lord. As Lucy told of her own awful bondage to beer, hardness of heart and wonderful deliverance, she turned to poor Aina and spoke to her directly very earnestly and tenderly: "I have come today from "Ebadeni" (our home section) for you, poor corpse, for you are my sister and dead in sin as I once was"—and she dealt with her straight and in a wonderfully touching manner. Poor Aina tried to laugh it off, but later stood with tears, humbly confessed her backsliding and sin, and asked for prayer. David likewise and many more. The whole congregation came forward for prayer and many sought the Lord with tears. God's presence

was very real in the whole service and all of our hearts were stirred.

The condition in this community is much worse than in ours. Quite a percentage of the people are nominal Christians, mostly Lutherans. This Lutheran congregation goes to church with pails of beer which are placed beneath a tree outside. Before, during the service and after it beer is freely imbibed. Sometimes part of the congregation is dead drunk before the service is over. Their minister will not bury in the graveyard one who dies under the influence of beer, but this seems their only protest in this district, which is an exception. The farm owners themselves are also beer drinkers and levy a tribute from every batch of beer made on the farm, have beer brewed for their weeding and reaping and Christmas feasts, etc., and generally encourage this evil.

The people are just dying for lack of shepherding. They can get no one to come and pray with them when they are sick and many cannot even get a preacher to bury their dead, church members though they be.

Thus a great door and effectual is opened for us in this Mooleman district. The people all over this section are ready to welcome those who will pray with their sick, bury their dead and declare and live a gospel which delivers from sin and prepares them for Heaven.

We have a good Christian teacher who has gathered a nice number of children and is a great help to the work.

Let us continue by prayer and supplication to further the cause of Holiness in this needy field.

With loving greetings to each dear friends.

Yours for souls won from Africa's night,
FAITH MacDONALD

SATISFACTION FOR CHRIST

James Robertson

"And David longed, and said, Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, that is at the gate."—1 Chron. 11:17.

When David uttered these words he was in the cave of Adullam, located southwest of Jerusalem, in the plain of Judah. Saul had avowed his purpose to slay David. Thither also resorted his relatives, through fear of Saul, and four hundred desperate men whom poverty and misery drove to flight. It is noteworthy that in the desultory warfare which ensued for a number of years between the king and David, the latter never employed any weapon but flight; David would flee his country rather than raise his hand against the king.

On this occasion David was calling for water. But do you suppose that his longing was for the physical water? It is doubtful; for there must surely have been water somewhere near by. Besides, he expressly stated that he wanted the water of the well of Bethlehem. No, David was homesick. He yearned for the scenes of his childhood and youth. He was meditating upon the times when he used to roam over the Judean hills, when, as a lad, he tended his father's flock. Then, was it not at Bethlehem that Samuel divinely anointed him king over Israel? The memory of the well of Bethlehem played havoc with his keen imagination and led him to camouflage his real feelings.

David's longing for the water of the well of Bethlehem is symbolic of the panting of mankind after a Deliverer. Never has there been so much talk about peace as at present; never has there been so much preparation for war. World

peace will not come through the signing of treaties, nor by the deliberation of world courts or leagues of nations. Today we are far removed from Bethlehem, but it is at Bethlehem only that peace may be found.

In this period of depression and unrest, let us betake ourselves to Bethlehem to secure solace for our troubled souls and to obtain relief from the fears that vex us. As we wend our faltering steps, not to the royal palace of some earthly potentate but to the humble stable which houses Deity, let us be assured of a royal welcome. And into the heart even of the cynic and into the heart even of the skeptic there will steal a peace that passeth understanding, imparted by Him who is the Prince of Peace.

The companionship of friends brought no relief to David. And David had at least a few sincere friends, for we know that three of his mighty captains, on hearing his request for water, immediately bounded down to Bethlehem, hazarding their lives, for the town was at that time in the hands of the Philistines. Nor did his position of authority bring him the satisfaction he craved. Nothing would satisfy but the water of the well of Bethlehem.

David is not exceptional in that he tries to camouflage his real feelings. The dancer does not long for the ballroom; the drunkard does not crave liquor; the soul of the atheist finds but scant satisfaction in cold intellectual pursuits—all are trying to camouflage their real desires. The traveler may circle the world and return weary and dissatisfied. But a sincere coming to the Christ of Bethlehem will bring peace and satisfaction to the hearts of all classes and conditions of men.

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."—Isa. 55:1.
—God's Revivalist.

WHAT CHRIST IS TO MEN

To the artist He is the One altogether lovely.

To the baker He is the living bread.

To the builder He is the sure foundation.

To the doctor He is the Great Physician.

To the educator He is the Great Teacher.

To the florist He is the Rose of Sharon.

To the geologist He is the rock of ages.

To the jeweler He is the pearl of great price.

To the oculist He is the light of the eyes.

To the philosopher He is the wisdom of God.

To the preacher He is the word of God.

To the sculptor He is the living stone.

To the servant He is the good master.

To the student He is the incarnate truth.

To the theologian He is the author and finisher of our faith.

To the toiler He is the giver of rest.

To the lawyer He is the counsellor, the law-giver, the advocate.

To the farmer He is the power and the Lord of the harvest.

To the newspaper man He is the good tidings of great joy.

To the sinner He is the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.

To the Christian He is the Son of the Living God, the Saviour, the Redeemer and Lord.

—Selected

Some minds are like concrete, thoroughly mixed and permanently set.—Wesleyan Methodist.