

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

South Africa

Dear Young People:

Greetings in the name of our Shepherd. A few days ago I received a letter from Miss Alice Sterritt in which she told me that you have undertaken my support for this year. Oh, you don't know how I felt. Tears of appreciation and joy filled my eyes and I praised God. Joy at the thought of all you dear young people doing this for the sake of precious souls in Heathern darkness, and for the help and encouragement of believers. And then came the realization that you are all, I trust, praying for me and for the Natives. This thought was like taking a drink of clear, cool water when very thirsty. It seemed to refresh and strengthen me and renew my determination to do all I can for the work of the Lord. I do thank you all very, very much and pray that God will richly bless your souls this year.

Some of you have likely heard that I am taking a short course in the Nazarene Hospital. I am just completing my third month and feel that I should stay one more before returning to Hartland. Quite unexpectedly God opened this door and definitely led me here. It is for the above stated determination that I am here. This course will enable me to better cope with the situation and be more efficient in my appointed duties at Hartland.

I have had many precious opportunities of speaking to souls and working for Jesus amongst these Swazi people. They are very much like the Zulus in habits and customs, but dress a little differently and their language is slightly different. It makes me think of "baby talk." Though I can understand what they say and they understand Zulu, yet I frequently have to ask the meaning of some of their words or phrases. There is no Swazi Grammar. The Missionaries have to learn from the Zulu books. When I see the Missionaries here struggling with the Zulu language and most speaking through interpreters, I feel humbly grateful to God for the—shall I say—gift of the Zulu tongue. It is my heritage and I praise God with my whole heart for this blessing. It is funny how the Natives marvel over it, ask how I learned it—but it is a fact that one can get nearer to them when able to speak freely and converse with them. Again I thank God.

A mother came to Hospital about two months ago with a few-days-old baby. This was her seventh baby—six had died when only a few months old and she had the most sad, discouraged, hopeless expression I ever saw in a mother's eyes. About three weeks ago I learned the reason from her husband who came to see his baby. (They left her here hoping we could raise her for them.) As I picked baby Grace (the Sunday School children named her) up and held her out to her father to hold, he drew in a quick breath and hastily drew back clasping his hands, and said, "Oh! no! I dare not touch her." When pressed for the reason he told me the following which he firmly believed: "My wife was longing to see the baby but I would not let her come. I hardly dared come myself. On my wife's shoulder sits an animal. It is in her skin. It is that which killed my six babies. When she comes to the baby this animal (or evil spirit) jumps onto the baby. It will get very ill; in about three days die in great pain. If the mother comes near the child it will scream in terror and want me to take it. They all died in my arms. Had the mother come today instead of me to see it the child would die in from two to three days." I had a beautiful chance to tell him of the children's

home in Heaven and that those six are waiting to meet him and their poor mother, and urged him to seek God. What a beautiful babe little Grace was. All smiles and so sweet natured, and healthy appearing. All of us loved to care for her. What was our consternation a week or so later when Grace suddenly took very ill with acute pain, just screamed and moaned, then had a hemorrhage from the stomach, and died the next afternoon. The Dr. said it was congenital trouble. The parents arrived the next day and the following day I went with them to the grave with one of the nurses. The bier was borne by four "jail birds," a Native policeman, shouldering a rifle, led the funeral procession. I tried to comfort the mother's heart by pointing her to Jesus and the happy reunion in Heaven if she would follow Him. Interrupting me she said, "I cannot hear what you are saying. It will not enter. I cannot grasp it, my heart is so heavy. I knew when the baby came that it would not live." At the grave I conducted a brief funeral service—my first. With aching heart we walked back to the Hospital (about a mile). An experienced, pioneer Missionary told me as I related the man's story to her, that he means that the witch doctor has "smelled" her out as the murderer of her own babies and very likely she will soon be done away with. Do you wonder that my heart ached till I could have wept as I perceived a little of the awful gloom and apprehension that hangs over that Swazi mother, because of heathen superstition. Think of the evil practices that go on daily around us—beyond the hills which surround us in this land—where the Devil's power is unbroken by the Gospel light—where benighted souls are driven almost to despair under his reign of terror. No real knowledge of God. No Comforter or Divine Protector to lean upon. No Refuge nor High Tower to fly to for safety. Just a horrible dread of the future on earth—and a terror of death. But Jesus knew about these poor heathen when He said, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice: and there shall be one fold and one shepherd." These are the "other sheep" (or rather part of them). "AND THEY SHALL HEAR MY VOICE." So He has sent and is sending "under shepherds" out to shepherd and feed the sheep and lambs. But, Oh! so many have as yet been unreached. "So let us not be weary in well doing for in due season we shall reap if we faint not." "The Lord gave the Word: great was the company (marginal: army) that published it. Kings of armies did flee apace: and she that tarried at home divided the spoil." Yes, we are in a great battle for heathen souls. Satan and his host are are putting up a big fight. But this same Psalm from which I have just quoted (68: 11, 12) adds in verse 17: "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels: the Lord is among them . . ." Praise God, there are more with us than with them. We are surely fighting a winning battle though it may not appear so at times. Christ is the Mighty Conqueror Captain of the Lord's host. Let us stand faithfully at our post and some glad day we shall divide the spoil.

Yours for the "other sheep",  
GRACE M. SANDERS

The seven per cent of the world's population domiciled here in these United States maintains a standard of living which consumes half the world's coffee, half of its tin, half of its rubber, one-fourth of its sugar, three-fourths of its silk, one-third of its coal, two-thirds of its crude petroleum.—Church Management.

## Temperance Column

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging. Whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. 1:20.

## THE COST OF LIQUOR AND "SMOKES"

By H. Phelps Gates

A thrifty, abstemious family could purchase a new home every ten years with the amount an "average" drinking family spends for liquor and tobacco in the same period. The "average" drinking-smoking family in the middle class income bracket spends up to \$40 or \$50 per month for liquor and smokes. These are a few of the startling conclusions reached in a survey of liquor costs just completed by the National Voice of Los Angeles.

"Many drinking families say they cannot afford to own a home," says the survey, "yet what they spend for intoxicants and tobacco would completely pay for a comfortable home in ten years or less.

"There is a strange contrast between FHA (Federal Housing Administration) and OJB (Old John Barleycorn). Never was it easier for a family to acquire a home, thanks to the way the government is operating the FHA. Never was it easier for a family to lose a home, thanks to the way the government is managing OJB. While FHA is providing money for thousands of homes, OJB is wrecking millions of homes.

"The total of all FHA loans to date is approximately \$1,300,000,000 for all purposes. The total that OJB has taken from the pockets of the drinkers since repeal is more than \$12,000,000,000.

"In round figures, OJB has robbed the people of nine dollars for every one dollar that the FHA has provided for home construction."—Wesleyan Methodist.

Reports from Korea tell of seventy Christian ministers who are in prison for "dangerous ideas." Muriel Lester, who has just returned from the Orient, reports that an American minister, visiting a town in North China, found a considerable settlement of Koreans there, who informed him that they had been sent there by the Japanese government to live in that community. Five of their number were running opium dens by command of Japan.—Religious Telescope.

## "ADDED UNTO YOU"

"Sammy," as John Wesley affectionately called him, was a local preacher. That is, he worked for a living and preached also. One time when he was ill he received this letter from Wesley, accompanied by two five-pound notes (nearly \$10.00):

"Dear Sammy: "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

And the local preacher wrote in reply:

"Dear John: I never in all my life have seen such practical notes on any passage of Scripture as those received from you today." Selected.

Refuse to open your purse, and soon you cannot open your sympathy. Refuse to give, and soon you will cease to enjoy that which you have. Refuse to love, and you lose the power to love and be loved. Withhold your affections and you become a moral paralytic. But the moment you open wider the door of your life, and like the rose, send out without stint your fragrance and beauty, you let the sunshine of your life into your own soul.—The Tither.