

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona Mission,
14-6-40

Dear Homeland Fiends:

Some time ago wrote you about the need of building native churches. Well, at last we have a church well on towards being built.

About four weeks ago Johanne Maseko, the native preacher who goes to Mbucu, went to his outpost the last of the week and tore the small, old church down; then George Sanders went and helped Johanne mark off the plan of the new building which is to be nearly twice as large.

The next week George, Johanne, two other natives and I worked with a will and before the end of the week were able to place the door and four small windows in their allotted places.

Since then the building has gone on quite rapidly except for a week Johanne was at home on account of the sickness and death of one of his boys.

Johanisi, our station evangelist, has just returned home after being away ten days helping with the building. Danyeli Mtetwa, my native work helper around the mission, also helped for a like period.

I understand the walls should be finished in about a week's time. We are hoping to be able to have the church opening the second Sunday in July.

Although the church is comparatively small (24 ft. x 15 ft. inside), as judged by Canadian standards, yet we trust it will accommodate about 80 or 90 persons if crowded. The walls are of a medium blue stone; the rafters will be of vattle poles; the roof will be of grass; and the inside will have a mud floor and be plastered with mud.

The Mbucu natives (Christian and heathen alike) have helped with a will. One woman and her son have hauled barrels of water with oxen and drag. Others have hauled stone or clay after working hours. The women are cutting grass. I hadn't expected the natives would respond so readily in building. One native helper said she went by and saw walls a foot or two where a few days before there were only the stones, old grass and rafters of the old church. She said it made her so happy that she fairly danced and laughed aloud. It makes one rappy to help such people when they seem so appreciative and willing to help.

Pray for the people of this place; we have quite a number of members and many adherents there but many are backslidden and in a cold spiritual state. Pray that they may have a revival.

Yours in Him,
EUGENE A. M. KIERSTEAD

The Jewish Examiner says that the Samaritans in Palestine now number a little over one hundred. They are the only people living who observe the law written in the Pentateuch. They still offer animal sacrifices. They are not allowed to marry outside their group.—Religious Digest.

Prohibition will return to the United States by 1947 unless the campaign of organized Drys is checked, George W. Eads, of St. Louis, told the delegates to the National Beer Wholesalers Association convention at the Hotel Sherman.—National Voice.

A FOOL FOR JESUS' SAKE

In I. Corinthians 4:10 we find an inspired truth that was not only applicable at the time of Saint Paul but has been from generation to generation. It is a heritage to those going unreservedly, all the way with Jesus. Some may think disdainfully, "What a heritage for a Christian to claim!" For many think that a Christian is feted, loved by all, acclaimed, and honored.

Let us look at Isaiah (referring to Christ), "... there is no beauty that we should desire him. He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrow, and acquainted with grief; and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not. Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted."

Let us read through I. Corinthians 4 referring to true Christians), "... a spectacle unto the world, and to angels, and to men. We are fools for Christ's sake ...; we are weak ...; we are despised ... being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it; being defamed, we entreat; we are made as the filth of the world, and are the offscouring of all things unto this day." Someone may say, "What a sad gloomy picture—why I'd much rather have the world for it is bright and entertaining and not so dismal as the life of a Christian." Wait! Has it ever occurred to you that that is all the farther you have ever considered this question and that is why you are still robbed of your birthright—full salvation?

The instant a soul is born again that individual becomes a citizen of Zion—a pilgrim and a stranger to the world and as the Scripture states, the Christian has joy unspeakable and full of glory—heaven on earth is begun within the soul of the child of God. It is no trial at all to leave the entertainments of the world, its fads and fashions—in fact, those things drop from you as surely and naturally as the leaves drop from the trees during October's golden hours. Then comes the question, "Don't you feel left alone—destitute?" No, precious soul, for the Saviour has made you a new creature, old things have passed away and behold! all things have become new. The things of sin that you once loved you now hate, and the things of God that you once hated, you now love. "People ridicule and shun you, don't they?" Again let us look at I. Corinthians 4:9, "... a spectacle unto the world, and angels, and to men." How is a servant more protected than his Lord? Jesus acts as a shock absorber between Satan and us—all we are conscious of is just enough of the jolt to drive us closer to Him and we find ourselves, by His Grace, loving Him more and rejoicing in His way more than when we first found Him.

Then the time comes when the Holy Spirit reveals to the rejoicing, victorious, heaven-bound soul that it can be purged and refined by the cleansing baptism of the Holy Ghost, even fire, but he must yield himself over to death of the self life and not spare Agag in any respect. At this point there is a class who rely on poise, self-control, and lifeless faith (?), and they raise the cry, "Unnecessary," "That is not required," "Fanatical," "Going too far," etc. Are you willing to be counted a fool and go all the way with Jesus? Before the Holy Ghost comes to abide within your soul you must be yielded indeed unto a death

of self, pride in all its forms, love of ease, respect of persons, man-fearing spirit—yes, you must wholeheartedly desire to be dead indeed unto all the body of sin, for the Trinity will not dwell where any allowance is made for the vileness of inbred sin. When you go this far you will be classed as a fool by numbers of folk, for you have now counted all things of carnal self life but dung that you might be, by His grace, His earthly tabernacle. This act of completely selling out to God and to His most satisfying filling of Divine Love, causes the joy billows to surge and roll until your heart will naturally cry out, "Oh the bliss of the purified!" A long time ago you ceased thinking of the things of the world and now they are absolutely nauseating to you. The last foot-hold of Satan in the soul has been triumphantly wrested from him and you have arrived within the Second Rest—the Full Assurance of Faith. Praise God for this victory!

Lastly—Are you willing to be misunderstood, counted a fool, by those even of the household of faith? To the soul entirely God's there is no chafing—simply rest, for that soul knows and believes the promise of Romans 8:28 regardless of circumstances. Are you willing to wait the Lord's time to clear you, whether it is an hour or a lifetime? A word from the one who is misunderstood might clear things up for him immediately, but the perfect plan of God might be hindered if he would thus take things into his own hands, so he chooses to let it go on until Jesus says it is enough. How does he act or rather how does he feel about it in his innermost being? It may hurt, but there is rest, joy, peace and love for very one including the afflicting ones. There is no self-pity, no pout, no get revenge stirrings—nothing but submission and victory in the Holy Ghost. This causes the soul to grow in the grace and knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. "In all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us."—Ruth Gould.

THE MINISTER AT THE HOSPITAL.

By Elizabeth Knobel

Disease, stand back! And cower sin!
A man of God is coming in.

A quiet step; with one accord
All heads are raised around the ward.

A quiet presence; and the gloom
Is lifting from that weary room.

A quiet voice, with thoughtful heed
For quivering of the bruised reed.

On drooping souls, dry parched with pain,
His pity falls like summer rain.

Through grim despair his hand holds fast,
And there is life when he has passed.

We are too weak ourselves to pray,
So God arranges things this way—

That when our doubts of Him begin,
A man of God comes gently in.

—Selected.

When we reach the Kingdom, our temptations, and emptiness, and weakness, and grief, will be done. It is only now and here that God can thus display Himself in His grace, and long-suffering and plenteousness.—Horatius Bonar.