

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona Mission Station,  
Delfkom P. O., via Piet Retief,  
Transvaal, South Africa

Dear Highway Friends: Jan. 23rd, 1940

It is a very cool day after having had an extremely hot one yesterday. The scenery is very nice indeed as I sit by the window and look down through the valley towards the hills near the Pongola river.

But as I look at the three kraals in sight my heart feels heavy and I find myself praying that in some way God will help the families living there to all come to Him and be saved.

The nearest kraal is owned by a half caste, as they are called here. His skin is light and his hair is different from that of a real Zulu. I hear that at one time he was a Christian and even a preacher for some denomination. At that time I believe he married a girl by Christian rites. Later he gave up his profession of faith and now I suppose he is simply a "dressed heathen."

As no children were born he sent his wife away and took another girl but after a while he went to her father's home and asked her to come back again. They were not happy, for she only stayed a short while, then one night they had an argument and he beat her. We had arrived by that time and she came to the Mission wailing and crying. She remained here that night and then returned to her father's kraal where she has remained ever since. Oh, it seems to be that the people in that kraal need salvation more than anything else! If that man really knew the dear Lord he will no doubt be harder to reach now than a raw heathen would be, but I realize that all things are possible with God and it is not His desire that any should perish but that all should come to Him and be saved. That should help our faith and encourage us to continue to pray for the "hard cases."

Then in quite a far distant kraal is another large family of half castes. All the children have very light skin and the baby of the family is indeed an oddity in a Zulu kraal, for it is white with blue eyes and flaxen hair. The mother belongs to the Kush church—one run wholly by natives—but the children came here to school and also to S. S. I had five in my S. S. from that kraal but since Christmas they have not returned, due to work in the gardens, tending the cattle, etc. I have tried at every opportunity to teach these children the Word of God. They are very bright, nice little children and I hope they will soon be able to come to S. S. again for I expect they get very little teaching about God at home. I have heard that the father was a drunkard.

In the third kraal that I mentioned there lives a witch doctor of renown, I believe, among the heathen. I have met her small son—a bright, pretty little lad. I asked him if he liked Sunday school. He said he had never been to Sunday school but his mama did not like it so he didn't like it either. He stayed quite awhile watching the children play and when he left he amused me very much by telling me he liked my baby and would like to bring him a piece of meat. I gave him a pretty card with the Zulu words, "God is Love" written upon it but I don't think his mother would let him come back. I have never seen him since that day. I have also

to be a pleasant old man but I expect he is a crafty old heathen.

How it does rejoice our hearts when we see or hear of the heathen giving themselves to the Lord!

I had a beautiful service here at Altona a week ago Sunday. I noticed as I went into the church that a pretty heathen girl was sitting with one of our Christian girls so I spoke to her and was very glad to see her. I also noticed as the service continued that she seemed very nervous but I simply thought that the reason was because everything was strange to her.

After one or two had testified she got up and started to move out into the aisle but before she got far someone else was speaking so she went back and sat down. As soon as that person had finished she got to her feet and between the tears told the people that she wanted to be a Christian. Then there was a real "shout in the camp," and I don't think there was a dry eye in the Church. It is certainly a great time of rejoicing when these who are heathen take this step, and I rejoiced with them.

Some time ago one of our boy seekers fell in love with this girl and I felt badly about it. I felt that, no doubt, she would drag him back into heathenism again but now it looks as if he has helped to lift her up. Now they are both seekers, thank the Lord. I pray that they may help one another and soon know God as their own Saviour and know that their sins are forgiven for Jesus' sake.

Mission work has been carried on in this area for some years—it is not virgin soil, but still there are so many to be recalled; so much superstition, so much fear of different things, many kraals yet with not one Christian in it, etc. May God help us to be true to our calling and count no task too hard to do for Him.

Yours for Africa's dark souls,  
GLADYS KEIRSTEAD

## COMMENCEMENT INCIDENT

A minister was invited some weeks ago to address the high school commencement in a town near his own. During the day of the exercises the pastor learned that the valedictorian of that class, a Negro girl, would not be present. She had learned that her scholastic excellence and the prominence it earned for her on commencement day were not at all pleasing to some of the parents of white students. It seemed to her more gracious not to come.

The minister and his wife drove over to the Negro girl's home the other day. He took with him and left in her keeping an autographed copy of the commencement address she did not hear. Although he had heard fine things of this girl as a student, he was hardly prepared to find that she was the oldest sister among six motherless children and had kept the home happily while completing her high school course.—Applied Religion.

And now the conscientious objector's rights are recognized by labor. In the case of a closed shop contract arranged with a Pennsylvania dairy farm employing three Mennonites, the American Federation of Labor made this provision:

"The employer and union agree that members of the Mennonite or other religious faiths, whose religious beliefs prohibit them from joining labor organizations, may be employed and retained without becoming members of the union."—The Presbyterian.

seen the grandfather of this kraal. He seems

## Temperance Column

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

NEAL DOW

On March 20th, 1940, it will be just one hundred and thirty-one years since the birth of the man who has been called the Father of American Prohibition.

In 1851, at the age of twenty-two Neal Dow became Mayor of Portland, and in the same year, and due largely to his efforts, the Maine Law, prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicants was passed by the State Legislature and rigidly enforced.

Its effects were thus described by Neal Dow long afterwards:

"There was no State where the use of intoxicating drinks was more general, where the drink habit seemed to be more fixed and irradicable. They were consuming in strong drink the entire value of all the property of the State in every period of twenty years, as the people of the United States are now doing in every period of thirty-five years. The people of Maine were poor in those days; the State was the poorest in the Union; evidences of unthrift and dilapidation were everywhere seen . . . Every grocer's shop and country traders' shop was a rum shop . . .

All this poverty and unthrift came from the drink traffic. Missionary work, continuous, methodical and persistent was undertaken on a large scale. The missionaries were volunteers working without pay. Their work was to show that the drink habit was all bad, inevitably leading to poverty and crime.

The immediate effect of the faithful administration of the Maine Law, was that within six months the jails in five counties were empty. The same was true of the work houses of the State. House to house begging for cold vituals was universal before the law, but soon after its enactment this unfailing sign of poverty and desperate want ceased entirely.

Though the liquor interests secured the repeal of this prohibition law in 1855, in 1884 the prohibition amendment to the State Constitution was carried by a popular vote of 3 to 1.

For ten years at his own expense and in his own conveyance, he and some of his faithful friends had travelled over the entire State, lecturing in churches, homes, schools and street corners, talking to men and women, and giving to each one some temperance literature, making them promise they would read it and think about it. It was a great educational campaign.

Think of Neal Dow's courage! The whole nation was wet, and also every nation in the world. It was Dow and God against the liquor business of the whole world.

"In the darkest night of the year  
When the stars are all gone out,  
Courage is better than fear,  
And faith is stronger than doubt.  
And fierce though the fiends may fight,  
And long though the angels hide,  
We know that Truth and Right  
Have the universe on their side;  
And that somewhere beyond the stars  
Is a life that is truer than fate;  
When the night shall unlatch the bars  
We shall see Him, and we can wait."

—Washington Gladden.

The creed of the true saint is to make the most of life and to make the best of it.—Chapin.