

MISSIONARY PAGE

A Kraal Visit

By William Morgan

There was nothing particularly unusual about it. In the essentials it was like most other like occasions.

My interpreter and I had walked up the long hill. The sun was hot. We stopped near the entrance of the kraal. It was not a large kraal, just medium. To our immediate right stood the traditional cattle kraal. This one was fenced in by old tree stubs placed on end in the ground. Often they are fenced with stones, occasionally by wire. We announced our presence by calling lustily "Ikaya," a usual Zulu arousal greeting. When the response was answered we informed them that we had come to pray.

At this our host disappeared into a nearby hut. We were left standing in the hot sun. While we were standing there I began to take in the situation around us. To our right were mealie plots growing nicely. Immediately in front was a hut, behind and to our left another, while further in front and a bit to our right was another larger one. It was from this large one that small clouds of dust arose from time to time assuring us that preparations were being made for our entrance.

Upwards of a dozen children were playing around the yard and peering at us from several vantage points with eyes full of question marks. Two roosters put on a sparring match in the cattle kraal to entertain us. A large dog came out, greeted us and then returned to his shady nook and went back to sleep.

Presently we were told we could go inside. We took off our hats—for two reasons; because it was polite, and because it made us that much shorter to get through the little hole called a door.

Once on the inside it took us a few minutes to re-focus our eyes so that we could see. This was an exceptionally large hut with no light except what could gain entrance through the so-called door. There were only three occupants, two old people and a boy. We learned that all the others including those of other near-by kraals had gone to work in the fields of the European on whose farm they live.

We sang a song and I read from Rev. 21 after which I spoke briefly about the judgment and the need of having our names written in the Book of Life. Then I asked my interpreter to lead in prayer.

The old man sat through the service very courteously. I noticed that he had placed his cigarette (some tobacco wrapped in a piece of heavy paper) behind his ear. He was dressed in Christian manner and no doubt claimed to be a Christian. Oh, the tragedy! Christian dress and their names on a certain church book are in many of their minds the only necessary requirements for entry into the celestial city. Thousands are dying in this land every year either in unbelief or resting in this false hope. Their names are not written in the Book of Life. Their hearts have not known the transforming power of the Gospel.

In my mind, here is our challenge, at least in this part of South Africa. In most cases it is not that they have not heard but rather that they have heard wrong. They have heard wrong because they were not willing to hear

FOR EFFECTIVE SERVICE

We ought to be Martha and Mary in one. We should do much service and have much communion at the same time. For this we need great grace. It is easier to serve than to commune. Joshua never grew weary in fighting the Amalekites, but Moses, on the top of the mountain in prayer, needed two helpers to sustain his hands.

See to it that sitting at the Saviour's feet is not neglected, even though it be under the pretext of doing Him service. The first thing for our soul's health, the first thing for His glory, the first thing for our own usefulness, is to keep ourselves in perpetual communion with the Lord Jesus, and to see that the vital spirituality of our religion is maintained over and above everything else in the world.—Spurgeon.

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right. The rugged way of the cross was too demanding. The false way was the easy way. The broad way called for less sacrifice. The straight way was too compressed.

And so they drift on in the current of unbelief and false security. They will awake in hell. Can we not awaken them before? Can we not arouse them this side of the grave? No! BUT GOD CAN. And we can help! Pray, Pray! Pray that our efforts may be strengthened by the mighty presence of the Holy Spirit.

Only the Holy Spirit can speak loudly enough and authoritatively enough to penetrate into their Satan-doped minds. Pray that the Word of God which is left with them from time to time may be as the hammer that breaks the rock asunder. Pray that pungent conviction and condemnation may rest on the hearts of those who are unbelieving and indifferent to the claims of God upon them, until we have a revival of old-fashioned sin-killing religion. PRAY!

From Louwsburg

Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ,

We greet you in the name of the "Lord of the Harvest," and wish you His blessing throughout this New Year.

Once again parcels from the homeland have come, and have reminded us of the friends across the sea, who are with us by prayer, and behind this effort to reach these natives with the message of full salvation.

Our Christmas was made much brighter, and more exciting, by the useful articles you had so beautifully wrapped. We all appreciated them very much, and take this opportunity to thank you for your thoughts, and wishes, and presents, and prayers. May the Lord bless you, seems the best we are able to say in return.

It is a privilege to be here labouring for the Master. He keeps day by day, and continues to supply our needs. Just when we need Him most He is there.

We are praying for greater things in the spread of the Gospel this year. There are many signs of progress that are encouraging to observe in this work: New seekers, new candidates for baptism, new outposts being opened up, new churches being built, and an old Mission house being put up, as good as new. Young and old natives going to Bible college to study for the ministry, and one who returned this last year. New missionaries coming to fill the gaps in our staff, and others training in the homeland, preparing to answer the call of God, to this field.

But when we compare these advantages with the great need we find everywhere within our present borders, and when we begin to look beyond our borders and see still greater needs, we begin to feel that we have not done very much after all. It also reminds us of the urgency to speed up our effort. The words of Jesus in John 9:4 are good for us to think about: "I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work." The present short day of opportunity will soon be ended, and night will be upon us, and doors that are open now, will be closed and souls that could be saved now, will be beyond our reach, lost for eternity.

Yours happy in Him,
C. D. M. and MRS. SANDERS
and FAMILY.

WOODEN INDIANS

"Sophie," a converted scrubwoman who said she was "called to scrub and preach," was made fun of by someone who said she was seen talking about Christ even to a wooden Indian in front of a cigar store. Sophie replied: "Perhaps I did. My eyesight is not so good. But talking to a wooden Indian about Christ is not so bad as being a wooden Christian and never talking to anybody about the Lord Jesus."—Selected.

MISSIONARY HOT SHOT

A missionary-minded person is one who is looking in the same direction as God.

Can the pure in heart see God—and not missions?

"The uttermost part of the earth" means going to the extremes with the gospel.

Some folks' Gospel interest is like a baseball crowd; focused on the home base.

—Selected.

The King's Highway