



THE PLACE OF DEATH

Eric Heywood

It's true that death is mentioned in the Bible. It's true that men were, so it seemed, snatched from the jaws of death. It's true that we see death many times striking here, there, all over the world. Death is no respecter of persons. The place nor time of death is no pleasant scene. No one likes it to come to them or to their home.

But the place of death I speak of and refer to is not far from Altona Mission Station. Perhaps as the crow flies, some three or four miles distant.

However, before I go on, let us remember that the Zulu race is a proud race. They are the people, the strong, the rulers. Their Kings were mighty men. They were strong and powerful. When they spoke, thousands responded. When a raid was planned, every man was available, none refused, none dared to. A flick of the finger, and the unsuspecting would be killed. Slaughter of the innocent for pleasure was the Kings past-time. They played with death. It seemed that bloodshed was their vocation.

What of the lesser rulers, the chiefs for instance? True, they were subjects of the King, but in their area they were absolute rulers. Who the chiefs were about here in the olden days, I do not know. I do know this, they were despots, ruthless to the unsuspecting, and to their enemies.

To this place of death hundreds, more perhaps, came to meet their death, while the chief, his subjects and soldiers, made light of their hapless captives.

Can you not picture them? Stand with me on a hill near this awful place.

Listen!!

What is it, you ask?

It is the sound of a horn. The chief, or King, is in the area.

Look! Look over there!

Yes, my friends, there comes the chief but look! Who are those he has with him?

Captives, captives taken during a raid on a neighbouring tribe.

They are marching, only as a Zulu marches, a part run and part walk, covering the ground very fast. In the crowd, forced to keep up, are the captives. If they fall, they are beaten until they get on their feet, forced to keep in line, by warriors carrying spears.

In the group are women and their children. Captives are captives to these despots. Tears are absent from their faces, but in their dejected looks we see fear, and perhaps an inkling as to where they are being taken. One can almost feel their thoughts.

They trudge wearily over the uneven ground. The chief is in a hurry. He seems to be in a hurry to enjoy the torments that he has in store for his captives.

The place of death is reached at last. What a wild place it is. A high cliff overlooking the swift, turbulent, treacherous Pongolo River. It's a wild place, forlorn and dark. It seems as if it is the very home of the foul fiend himself. Indeed, covered with countless rocks, both large and small. On the few bushes among the stones, are perched the birds of death. It's a long drop to the bottom.

The captives are brought to the edge, made to stand there and listen to the taunts of their captors.

One by one they are led to the edge. The executioner

gives a mighty blow with his knobkerrier on the shoulders of the captive. The person standing unable to fight back, and now, because of the blow on his shoulders, cannot lift his arms. The executioner gives a push and over the cliff goes victim midst shrieks of laughter. Then there is a silence, silence unbroken except for a far-away thud.

Another takes his place, and again the process is repeated. This goes on until none are left.

Today this place can be seen, should one desire to see it. Terrible were the scenes that took place here.

Can or will any of the men who are descendants of these past tyrants ever find Christ? Surely God can save them! God is no respecter of people. The Gospel is for all men!

Pray for these Zulu chiefs. May the message reach their dark hearts. May God have mercy on them. What an influence they could be for God and righteousness!

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OUR MISSION

"We are not storerooms, but channels,
We are not cisterns, but springs,
Passing our benefits onward,
Fitting our blessings with wings;
Letting the water flow outward,
To spread o'er the desert forlorn;
Sharing our bread with our brothers,
Our comfort with those who mourn."

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RECENT REVOLUTION IN HAITI

Thelma Rose

Letters from missionaries in Haiti have been telling of the political upset of that country during recent months. From Mrs. Ed. Hayes we read: 'Has anyone told you of the revolution here? There were a couple of bombings; one man was blown to bits a little way from us. There was a lot of shooting and many were killed or wounded. One house about four blocks from us was burned by Magloire's men. He (Magloire, the last president) has been driven from the country.'

From Miss Helgen's letter of Dec. 26: "You probably have read or heard about the revolution: 200 were put in prison, some killed; business on a strike; the president deposed and driven from the country; there has been upheaval in various government posts."

Miss Helgen continues: "Just before this I felt an overwhelming urge to get the Gospel out in print. Dale (the Bidwell boy of 10 years) and I went out on Monday. Others joined us on Tuesday morning. I was delighted by the gracious response, especially in government offices. God was giving the people a chance to get the truth before the hubbub of revolution broke out. After things had subsided some, Lemaire and I went with literature like 'Herald of His Coming,' for those who could read English. Brother Hayes, Lemaire and I succeeded in getting audience with DeVallie, the candidate for president, and gave him a gift of three books, 'God Runs My Business,' by La Tourneau, 'Peace with God' by Billy Graham, and 'The Life of Schweitzer,' . . . all in French. We have not thus far succeeded in getting entrance to the president pro-tem, Charles Louis, nor the candidate, De Joie, but we have sent letters and hope for favorable replies that we may give them the same gift."

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Prayer—secret, fervent, believing prayer—lies at the root of all personal godliness. Wm. Carey.

Prayer is the creator as well as the channel of devotion. E. M. Bounds.

The King's Highway