

secrated for Holy Communion, so that if we wanted to communicate at any time we might have it." The Bishop has often said, we in England hardly realize how being deprived of Communion for months together, tends to the lowering of the spiritual life of the missionaries just when amid heathen surroundings they need all possible help.

"We took it in turns to read the service, and we sang hymns together and made it as nice as we could. After our service was over we had breakfast, and after breakfast we began each to take his own way. Brothers Dyer and Butelezi went out to other places to take services, and I remained at home for the home service. There were some English, or rather European people about six miles from us, where Brother Dyer used to go and take a service, and others—Native Christians—about twelve miles off, where Brother Butelezi went on Sundays. I was left at home with a few boys and we waited for the outside people, who of course were heathen. Sometimes they came too early, sometimes too late, so we had no fixed time for our service, but began as soon as we thought no more were coming. We used to carry down forms into a large outhouse, as our little chapel was too small for the people who came. If the people came early we had our service at 11 a.m., or later; if they came late, we had it at 2 p.m., or later. We had Matins and Litany (we sang the Litany), and a very long 'speaking to them,' or sermon.

Evidently heathen Africans are not so afraid of long services as are most Christian Englishmen! "After the service was over, I used to have another long talk with them about God. On a fine day we sat down on the grass in the open air and had a very good talk, sometimes I used to forget all about my dinner. If many did not come to our service, I used to go out to see them at their homes. If I came to a kraal where they did not know me, I would first say 'Erungani,' which is the expression of honoring the people of the place. Then after I have sat down, all would say, 'good morning.'"

Perhaps, here I may as well describe one of the kraals to which our friend went, as he described it to me by word of mouth:

"In the centre is an enclosure for cattle belonging to the master of the kraal, and round it stand three or four or more round huts for the accommodation of his family. Each of his wives has her own hut and lives in it with her small children. When the boys and girls get big, they are put to live in two separate huts reserved for the sons and daughters of the family. I used to ask in which hut the man was, and go to that, and then the people would flock in to see for what I had come. They would ask me, where do I come from, and

where am I going to? and I would tell them all they ask, and also tell them what I have come to them for, and ask them if they would let me speak to them and tell them about God. I would tell them they must not speak while I am speaking, but if they want to ask anything or say anything, they should wait till I have finished."

I wonder how you or I would start to speak to a heathen about God? How should we begin? This is how our friend does it:

"I begin by asking them about the trees, the world, the sun, everything, and ask them how they came, and they tell me 'Umkulukulu made it.' Umkulukulu or 'the great great one' is their word for God. Then I ask 'where is Umkulukulu now?' and they always say, 'He is dead, He made us and left us.' Then I ask them, where does the rain come from, and how do the trees grow and the corn? and I try to show them that if God left the world it would end and we should die; and that is all I try to teach them in one day. Next time I go I ask them if they still believe that Umkulukulu leaves them, and then I begin to tell what he wishes them to do. As a rule, they are very fond of hearing, if anyone offers them a story, so they always keep very good order. In the evening I would walk back over the hills, and about 7 p.m. we were all back at home again, and we had our quiet Evensong together about 8 or 9 p.m."

This, dear children, is just a simple, truthful account of the way some people are trying to do God's work in the Diocese of Lebombo. It is a work of which we must take our share. Our prayers can do much to open the hearts of these poor people, more perhaps even than the words of the missionaries themselves. Remember, one man may *teach* another, but only God the Holy Spirit can convert him, or make him wish to lead a new life, and it is your prayers and mine that will bring the Holy Ghost's power down upon these poor ignorant worshippers of evil spirits. Then, too, the pennies we subscribe and collect, and the needlework we do, or the trouble we take over any plan for the good of the Mission, are all in God's sight a part of this same work that is being done in Africa for His glory.

HYMN 227.

O saving Victim, opening wide
The gate of Heaven to man below,
Our foes press on from every side,
Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.

All praise and thanks to Thee ascend
Forevermore, blest One in Thee;
Oh, grant us life that shall not end,
In our true native land with Thee.

—Church Hymnal.