

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland M. S.,  
Paulpietersburg,  
Natal, So. Africa,  
Sept. 27, 1931

Dear Friends:

The early spring rains for which the parched country has waited so long, have not come yet, and now unless we get rain soon, the stock is going to die. The drought is bad in a large part of South Africa, and famine conditions threaten many thousands of these poor natives. Things are worse than usual this year, as it is so hard for the men to get work and wages are low. South Africa is suffering from the depression so world wide, and even the poor natives in our district are feeling it. The wives and mothers are the ones who have the hardest times of all. While the improvident husband, awakened at last to the necessity of getting work, goes off to the towns, the poor mother with her little flock of starving children, is left foodless and penniless to shift for herself. Day after day she has to travel weary miles, borrowing a small supply from this relative, begging a bit more from that, selling a goat here and a hen there, and in every way she can think of getting a little corn for her hungry babies—usually more hungry herself. Daily such come to us, begging or asking for work or trying to sell one thing or another for food. We simply can not turn them away—but our own supply is so limited—the help we can give is so small. This is part of the heart-ache of our mission work just now. Famine brings nakedness and sickness and want in its train, and now there are many who are quite destitute.

Johanisi Mhlanga and Aaron Mkonza brought in a glowing report of their reception by the people on the two farms of the Korh Brothers at Moleman. These farms adjoin and both brothers are friendly, desiring us to work among their numerous tenants, the majority of whom are heathen, and even the nominal Christians so neglected and living in sin that they not only are as bad as heathen, but promise to be almost as easily won. One big kraal gave them a very special welcome. These people years ago had been converted under Samuel Mavimbelo's ministry at Entungwini, and moving to this distant place had united with the Swedish Holiness church there. They say, however, that the preacher only visits them once in six weeks to collect their offering and when sick or dying, no one cares for them in their distress, so they want to come back to their home church.

The German farm owner is anxious that we should build immediately and has offered a sufficient supply of good lumber to build the walls of stout poles besides supplying the rafters.

George Sangweni was here Monday, his face just shining. He and his wife, Kelmelina, have been making a tour of their district, having prayer meetings in every home, and the people are being stirred. A young heathen who had been a seeker and gone back, recently made a lot of trouble for us by having a heathen wedding, taking one of our good young Christian girls who had promised us she would not marry him thus, but afterwards weakened. George had prayer in this home and the young man was all broken up and made his surrender. On the following Sunday he stood up and gave himself to seek the Lord asking what he should do. George told him "One of the first things is to go and get married by Christian rites like you prom-

ised your wife you would." He is in service to his "white man" now, but will soon be free. George himself, having been married in his heathenism, is anxious to have the Christian ceremony and expects to go to Pietretief with this young man for his own license. The school there at Mbucu's is doing well. Even grown women are attending and Priscilla, the teacher, has started a Sunday school. The very Sunday this young heathen man gave himself, another, a backslider from the Lutheran's, gave himself, and two women, each with her baby gave themselves, making "six" in one service, which certainly made George pretty glad for the special effort he had been putting forth.

Another very encouraging bit came last post when we received government grant of half an acre on the farm "Gunselling," where Jona Myeni has his home. The farm on which our Entungwini church is built has changed hands three times lately, and two new owners each in turn have warned us off, though ultimately giving us temporary permission to stay. Jona's home on government land is about one-half mile from this church, the grass of which will roof the new building. Dan is at Altona today and will visit Entungwini tomorrow to start this new building. Samuel's call was to this field where for so many years he has faithfully and successfully labored. The people there love him as a father and as they are short-handed we are planning for him to move on to this new grant which must be occupied within six months. He will be near Jona who has offered to plough for him, and the church people will gladly help him move and weed.

Truly we are finding open doors on every hand. If funds are low and depression everywhere His promises cannot fail, and if we continue to pray, trust and obey we shall see a harvest from this African field which will enable us to "come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves."

Yours in the fellowship of His glad service,  
FAITH MacDONALD

## CORRESPONDENCE

Millville, N. B.

Dear Brother Trafton:

I want to report that I am in receipt of many of God's blessings both along spiritual and material lines. I am proving continually that Scripture where it says: "I will not see the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread."

On Tuesday evening, Oct. 20th, the parsonage was the scene of a very pleasing time for those present, and profitable time for the pastor. I tried to play the role of host and hostess to some seventy of the church and surrounding community of Millville.

The evening passed quickly and pleasantly for all present, with the help of cakes and sandwiches of all kinds.

Following which our venerable Brother Sharpe presented, with a few well chosen words, the pastor with a very substantial purse. This was responded to by the pastor followed by prayer. All we can say is God bless these dear people and come again.

The following Thursday evening upon our return from prayer-meeting at Maple Ridge, we were surprised to find that the parsonage had been entered and a nicely warmed and lighted house greeted us.

"The True Blue" girls Sunday school class worked a complete surprise for my birthday.

Never again shall I believe that women cannot keep secrets, for they kept this one.

For one half hour they kept me looking through the house for parcels. I did not know that the parsonage had so many nooks and corners.

They say that the road to a man's heart is through his stomach. If that be the case, then the "True Blue Class" is well on its way to my heart, for the taste of such delicious cakes and sandwiches topped by a birthday cake, lingers with me yet.

Many of the tokens left by the class will make for better housekeeping.

This is a class guided by the faithful efforts of their teacher, Mrs. J. K. Liston and assistant, Mrs. W. C. Estey, of which any school might be proud.

We thank you and also say come again.

The cruse of oil was not exhausted with the two efforts on the part of Millville.

Lower Hainesville, who has so graciously remembered us with quilts and comforters for the cold months just ahead, is still proving the promise that if you bring the tithes into the storehouse God will pour you out a blessing that you will not be able to contain.

We are taking this opportunity to thank these good people for the generous table offering presented to their pastor Sunday morning, Oct. 25th.

We have our ear to the ground and believe we can say with the hymn writer: "The end is not yet, praise the Lord."

May the Lord bless those who out of their little have given much to the cause.

REV. S. G. HILYARD, Pastor

## PROMISES UNCLAIMED

Years ago an aged and ragged Indian wandered into one of our western settlements, begging for food to keep him from starving. A bright-colored ribbon, from which was suspended a small, dirty pouch, was seen around his neck. On being questioned, he said it was a charm given him in his younger days; and opening it, displayed a faded, greasy paper, which he handed to the interrogator for inspection.

It proved to be a regular discharge from the Federal army, entitling him to a pension for life, and signed by General Washington himself. Here was a name which would be honored almost anywhere, and which, if presented in the right place, would have insured him support and plenty for the remainder of his days. And yet he wandered about hungry, helpless, and forlorn, begging of the charitable bread to keep him from famishing.

What a picture of men with all the promises of Jesus in their hands—and of Christians, too, with the charter of their inheritance in full possession—yet starving in the wilderness!—Anon.

## CONTROVERSIES WITH SCEPTICS

The old fable tells us of a boy who mounted a scavenger's cart with base intent to throw dirt at the moon; whereat another boy, with better intentions, but scarcely less folly, came running with a basin of water to wash the moon, and make its face clean again.

Certain sceptics are forever inventing new infidelities with which they endeavor to defile the fair face of the gospel, and many ministers forsake the preaching of Christ crucified, to answer their endless quibbles; to both of these the ancient fable may be instructive.—Spurgeon.