

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland M. S., Paulpietersburg,
Natal, So. Africa, Dec. 24, 1932

Dear Praying Friends:

Many of you are probably having your Christmas today, and we pray that He may make it full of the truest joy and that this New Year may be one in which He may be enabled to open to you the treasury of His unsearchable riches.

The year that has passed has seen very definite progress in this work. We never had such unity and loyalty among our workers as we just witnessed in our Quarterly which began Wednesday the eighteenth and ended with a Christmas feast the following Wednesday, the twenty-first.

There was more business than usual to be attended and some pretty grave problems to be faced, but because of their fearless love and loyalty these did not take so much time, and we feel were solved in accordance with the will of God. The spirituality and wisdom of the decision of the Native workers as a body on these problems was very comforting.

It is a hard time for the natives to leave their planting and weeding as we are having good rains and the crops are coming on. Also the river is full and all our Transvaal workers, with their Nkosazana, had to come round by the bridge. Miss Helen could not get away, but we were glad to have Miss Alice with us. Only Jona Myeni of the Ntungwini folk came. We did so miss Samuel.

The men occupied the dispensary and the hospital room, and the women slept in our front room. It is a wonderful time of getting together and when all are present we sure do have a house full.

There are forty-three workers and their wives to think of this year. Yet, it is hard for them to leave their homes for eight days every quarter, and it is a heavy full week for us missionaries, day and night, but oh, how much they are coming to mean to us all.

In the morning Bible classes, conducted usually by their Mfundisi; they have been given a thorough course on the doctrines and message of our Church. As each quarterly comes a new and very necessary phase of truth has been dealt with and we receive many beautiful testimonies from the appreciative workers who have faithfully followed this course and marked the verses in their Bibles. They have thus been enabled in case after case to silence the adversary on questions of beer, tobacco, polygamy, anti-white, etc., pointing folk to scripture till they have no answer. Also they are in a much better position to instruct the flock whom they have been called to feed.

I feel that one of the greatest victories gained is the departure from the old slavery of fear, so engrained in these poor superstitious Zulus. The Negro policy of "Black for Black . . . truth or no truth, stand up for your own kind against the White," is dying and we can see growing a beautiful spirit of unity between both white and black, and a willingness to stand for truth and righteousness even when the price they pay for a clean church means they have to do this in the face of opposition and condemnation from their own flesh and blood.

They have hours together before and after meetings and it means that the workers of this whole great field have a chance every three months to meet, compare notes, dis-

cuss problems, become acquainted and learn to love and trust one another. This is knitting the work together as nothing else can do.

The afternoon service which sometimes is a love feast, sometimes a preaching service, and sometimes a prayer meeting, and always ends in an altar service, is a real feast. It is here we have a chance to hear the workers from every part of the field, and many a time our hearts burn within us as the bread of life is broken to us, by these fine Christian Zulus.

I wish you could have been present at the meetings in which the candidates for Baptism were interviewed, not only to hear the beautiful testimony of some but also the timely questions and advice given by the native workers. Johan Mascko's old mother, Gibazinye (who took the name Moureen) is a character of some weight. The largest Zulu woman I know. Years ago she came to us to enquire if becoming a Christian she could pray God and He will kill her enemy whom she believed bewitched or poisoned her lovely baby. She has carried hatred and suspicion in her heart for years, but now her face just shines. She says God had forgiven her and she hopes He will forgive her enemy. Nine fine young people from Mbucu's came round by the bridge and gave evidence of the thorough teaching they have had, first from Paulina and mamma, and now from George Sangweni. They gave such beautiful clear testimonies, I just longed for mamma to hear them, for most of them were children presented to the Lord when she visited Mbucu's.

The Sunday services were well attended and blessed. Besides the Baptism, receiving eleven new members, and restoring three who had been disciplined, there was a beautiful ceremony in which four young Christian couples stood to present their little ones to Jesus. (One good woman stood with a cute little fellow whose father is a heathen). But it does our hearts good to see these children of Christian weddings being brought to the Lord.

Christmas Day was extra busy. First a young couple to be married—the daughter of Filimon Nkosi, one of our preachers. Then the Sunday school native worker and farm help Christmas treat. Each of the native workers received a fork, knife and spoon, the boys a pocket knife, the girls a comb, and all the Sunday school children toilet soap, candy, thread, needles, hat pins, safety pins, etc.—little trinkets which they value; the farm women headkerchiefs and the men a white shirt. The workers and some of the children had presents for each other and for us. Miss Alice presented the workers with salt. (Of course they have their own Christmas for their Transvaal workers). The candy went round to the children too small for Sunday school, and visiting, and each person present received a small gift of salt, so none were forgotten.

In the meantime busy men, women, boys and girls were preparing the goats and crushed corn for the big feast. We had just time for a hurried lunch when the crowd gathered for the afternoon service which was held on our front lawn. The missionaries and native workers sat on the verandah facing them, thus in a good position to reach the attentive audience. There has been a large number of deaths this year, and I do not remember of the Christmas message ever having been more solemn and gripping, as one after another of our Spirit-filled preachers spoke. The service was one of conviction and blessing. Quite a number of "Outsiders" (most of them were converted here, but have

since left us) were present but very few heathen.

The feast was being dished up by a few faithful ones, while the matches were distributed to the people by their Mfundisi and his helpers. The happy crowd then collected in little groups and seated themselves on the grass, where they were soon served with steaming dishes of "stamp" and goat mutton. The native workers, each in his place, all worked together, and the order and dispatch was better than any I can remember. We were blessed with much better weather than is usual on Christmas Day, and soon the crowd dispersed, happy and satisfied in spite of the fact that the feast was smaller than usual, there seemed to be plenty for every one.

A backward glance over 1932 fills our hearts with gratitude to Him who hitherto hath helped us. Looking forward into the New Year we seem to hear Him say, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, what the Lord hath prepared for those who love Him, and having 'His love shed abroad in our hearts,' by His Spirit we are assured of the 'More than this' which He is able to give us.

Yours in the fellowship of His fullness,

FAITH MacDONALD

Altona M. S., Berbice P. O.

Via Piet Retief, Transvaal

Dear Highway Friends:

It has been some time since I have written. This morning as I take my pen and look around over these beautiful green hills, I wish you all could see this wonderful scenery too, but perhaps you might not think it so grand but to me where the Lord has called me to work for Him, I think is very beautiful. I want to thank the Lord first of all for the abundance of rain He is sending this year at this place, and I cannot forget and still thank Him for so wonderfully undertaking for conditions last year when things looked so dark up to this time of year, and then how easy He turned things around what looked so impossible to man. He is able for all things. Praise Him. On this government farm about two miles away are many rocky and woody hills and at this time of year these trees are loaded with a small red fruit called "amanumbela." The natives are very fond of this fruit and go often to this place to fill their baskets. We have gone with our native help two or three times and returned home with all we could carry. We like this fruit very much and as fruit is scarce at this place, we are very glad to have it.

Surely the Lord does provide for these natives in so many ways. You can hardly imagine the quantity of these trees on these hills, and each tree loaded with fruit. The trees are not pretty but the fruit is nice.

Of course the outlook is very good now for native gardens this year and for this we are so thankful. Sunday I went to Emozane for a service; fifty people were present. We had a very sweet service. It is encouraging to see some young men at this place giving themselves to the Lord. I will mention one of them—a young married man with one wife and three children. He once wanted many wives and drank beer and was at home among the heathen men; now these desires are gone, and he comes in Christian dress to services, looking so happy and content to go the narrow way. His Christian wife is rejoicing of course.

We have a meeting here on Thursday after-